

THE

214

# PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER.

---

VOL. I.

---

PRINTED BY JOHN T. ROBINSON.

1850.

# INDEX.

## A

Abraham and the Idolatrous Traveller	114
A Battle Song for Hungary,	105
A Complaint against the Rail Road,	229
A Cloud,	172
A Good Beginning	538
A Meditation after Dinner	70
A Lecture of Dr. Nisbett	512
Ancient and Modern Colonization	120
A Private Letter from a Public Letter Writer	17
A Rarity in Early Virginian Annals	106
A Trip to the Levant	60
A Visit to the Old House	394

## B

Battle of Thrasimene	529
Benyowski	272
Bethesda	209
Blindness	9
Books and Business	198, 248, 303, 348

## C

Carthage	552
"Ce qu'on voit, et ce qu'on ne voit pas,	135
Changes of the English Language in America	6
Chateaubriand	475
Correspondence of the Princeton Magazine	162
Counsellor Phillips	438

## D

Dialogue	319
Discoveries at Dinner	564
Duval	311

## E

Economy of Thought	185
Economy of Words	297
Education among Merchants	28
Evening before the Battle of Brandywine	499

## F

Fairfax's Tasso	86
Freedom of Speech	32, 73
French Manners of the Old Court	173
Friendship	300
From our Correspondent in South Smithville	416

## G

Gentlemanly	327
Girard and Astor—Mr. Bristed and Mr. Mann,	211
Glee of the Anvil	218

## H

Ham and Eggs	365
Happiness	421
Hercules	373
Herod Agrippa	295

## I

Interesting Fragments of Correspondence	524
Ishmael	391

## L

Land of My Fathers	247
Le Pays Latin	57, 153
Letters on the Early Latin Writers	444, 488, 542
Lisbon in 1838	203

## M

Machinery and Labour	398
Melody and Harmony	67
Merry Men	181
Monosyllabics	152
Montaigne	220
Monuments	128, 165
Mother Country and Father Land	369
Mutability	419
My Old Schoolmaster	411

## N

## NEW BOOKS NOTICED—

A Discourse on the Baconian Philosophy. Tyler	140
A Treatise on the Breeding of Domestic Poultry	140
Address before the Bible Society of the University of Virginia. Rev. B. M. Smith	287
A Biographical Sketch of Governor Franklin. Whitehead	430
An Address on the Missionary Aspect of African Colonization	527

Addresses at the inauguration of Charles King as President of Columbia College	95
Annals of the Queens of Spain	95, 429
Cantica Laudis	526
Cuprices	48
Deck and Port. Colton	95
Dietetical and Medical Hydrology	234
Discourses by Prof. Taylor Lewis	288
Domestic History of the Revolution. Mrs. Ellet	429
English Grammar. Fowler	430
Gobat's Abyssinia	238
Hierosolyma	431
Hints towards Reforms. Greely	237
Inauguration of the Hon. John H. Lathrop, LL.D as Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin	288
India and the Hindoos. Ward	479
Lake Superior. Agassiz	143
Lectures and Poems by Washington Allston	140
Letters of a Traveller. Bryant	210
Letters and Papers of Lady Powerscourt	431
Life of Jean Paul Frederic Richter	239
Life Here and There. Willes	429
Lives of Eminent Literary and Scientific Men of America	383
Los Gringos	94
Mazilla	142
Mahomet and his Successors. Irving	144
Mothers of the Wise and Good	239
Notes from Nineveh	240
Passages from the Diary of Christopher Marshall	334
People I Have Met. Willis	48
Physician and Patient. Hooker	95
Poems for the Sea. Sigoroney	139
Prejudice and its Antidote. Hamilton	335
Prospectus of the Stylus	480
Rail Road Economy. Lardner	338
Reminiscences of Congress. March	382
The Czar, his Court and People. Maxwell	92
The Aborigines of New Jersey. Gifford	187
The Morning Watch	138
The Works of Edgar A. Poe	188
The Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution	192
The Women of the American Revolution. Ellet	141
Talbot and Vernon	234
The Gospel its own Advocate. Griffin	236
The Pillars of Hercules. Urquhart	240
The Earth and Man. Guyot	335
The Lone Dove	335
The Poetical works of O. W. Holmes	336
The American Journal of Insanity	336
The Fathers of the Desert. Ruffner	429
The Robbery of the Treasury of New Jersey in 1763. Whitehead	430
The Poems of Elizabeth Barret Browning	430
The Mormons	527
Waraga, or the Charms of the Nile	48
Washington's Farewell Address	
Woman in America	188

<b>Woman's Friendship</b>	- - - - -	190
<b>Woman's Whims</b>	- - - - -	191
<b>Nil Admirari</b>	- - - - -	551

## O

<b>Odyssey</b>	- - - - -	501, 567
<b>Of the Term Aesthetics</b>	- - - - -	241
<b>Old Commencement</b>	- - - - -	379
<b>On Beggars</b>	- - - - -	406
<b>On the Exclusion of Clergymen from the Legislation</b>	- - - - -	261
<b>Our Visit to the Somerset Farmer</b>	- - - - -	424
<b>Out of Door Philosophy</b>	- - - - -	457

## P

<b>Pedagogics</b>	- - - - -	469, 481, 557
<b>Persian Proverbs</b>	- - - - -	343
<b>Pinel</b>	- - - - -	156
<b>Princeton in 1801</b>	- - - - -	1
<b>Private Eloquence</b>	- - - - -	22
<b>Prospects of the Mechanic</b>	- - - - -	77
<b>Prospectus of the National American Preparatory School of States- manship and Legislation</b>	- - - - -	267
<b>Provincial Courts of New Jersey</b>	- - - - -	11

## R

<b>Rambles of an old Philadelphia Lawyer</b>	- - - - -	136
<b>Readings on Shenstone</b>	- - - - -	321
<b>Reflections for the Dog-Days</b>	- - - - -	253
<b>Reminiscences of Patrick Henry</b>	- - - - -	97
<b>Reminiscences of John Robinson</b>	- - - - -	193
<b>Robert Walpole</b>	- - - - -	362

## S

<b>Seeing the World</b>	- - - - -	376
<b>Some People</b>	- - - - -	280
<b>Something New</b>	- - - - -	394
<b>Song</b>	- - - - -	437, 487
<b>Stanzas</b>	- - - - -	228
<b>Swallows</b>	- - - - -	164

## T

<b>The Battle Field</b>	- - - - -	465
<b>The Certainty of Inductive Reasoning</b>	- - - - -	466
<b>The Complaint</b>	- - - - -	178
<b>The Goths and their Sons</b>	- - - - -	49
<b>The Home Evening</b>	- - - - -	341
<b>The King's English</b>	- - - - -	286
<b>The Lawyer's Alibi</b>	- - - - -	283

*Index.*

vii

The Minor Works of Dr. Johnson	-	-	-	-	-	-	387
The Night Mare	-	-	-	-	-	-	55
The Night Voice	-	-	-	-	-	-	130
The Phantom Hand	-	-	-	-	-	-	454
The Persian Language	-	-	-	-	-	-	402
The Physiognomy of Houses	-	-	-	-	-	-	433
The Rans de Vache	-	-	-	-	-	-	289
The Reconstruction of Society	-	-	-	-	-	-	25
The Riches of the English Language	-	-	-	-	-	-	359
The Tailors' Strike	-	-	-	-	-	-	330
The Wedding	-	-	-	-	-	-	197
The Working Man's Aim	-	-	-	-	-	-	123
Time's Scythe	-	-	-	-	-	-	127
To My Pen	-	-	-	-	-	-	328
To Nun	-	-	-	-	-	-	134
Translation	-	-	-	-	-	-	308

**U**

Utilitarian Poetry	-	-	-	-	-	-	81
--------------------	---	---	---	---	---	---	----

**W**

Walter Minto, LL.D	-	-	-	-	-	-	38
Westminster and Washington	-	-	-	-	-	-	517
Wordsworth	-	-	-	-	-	-	145

**Z**

Zachariah Johnston	-	-	-	-	-	-	367
--------------------	---	---	---	---	---	---	-----

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

PRINCETON IN 1801.

In the spring of 1801 I passed through Princeton, on my way to New England, where I spent the summer. One object of my visit was to become acquainted with the flourishing colleges of the northern and eastern States; as many of the commencements as possible were therefore embraced in the tour. The failure of a horse in some degree frustrated the plan.

At Harvard, I had the pleasure of being introduced to President Willard, Professors Tappan, Pearson, and others. I was also able to attend the commencement at Dartmouth College. In passing from Massachusetts over the mountains of New Hampshire, I lodged within a few rods of the house of a farmer, the father of the Honourable Daniel Webster. The old gentleman came over to the tavern in the morning, and chatted for half an hour. Among other things he said that he had a son at Dartmouth, who was about to take his bachelor's degree. The father was large in frame, high-breasted and broad-shouldered, and, like his son, had heavy eyebrows. He was an affable man, of sound sense and considerable information, and expressed a wish that I might be

acquainted with his son, of whom it was easy to see that he was proud.

Arriving at Hanover, the seat of the College, a day or two before the commencement, I put up my horse and secured a room at one of the two public houses. On the morning of the commencement I presented my letters to President Wheelock, and was received with a profusion of ceremonious inclinations; for it was pleasantly said that the President suffered no man to have the last bow. This, it was reported, was put to the test by a person of some assurance, who undertook to compete with him in the contest of politeness. He accordingly took his leave, bowed himself out of the mansion, and continued to bow as long as he was upon the premises: but the President followed him to the gate, and remained in possession of the field. Dr. Wheelock was a man of learning, especially in the department of history. It was said that he had a great historical work in preparation, but none such ever appeared.

When I afterwards returned to the tavern, I was surprised to find the whole house filled with a strange and motley multitude. My own room was occupied by a company of gamblers, and the usual circle of lookers-on. I loudly asserted my claim to the room, threw myself on my reserved rights, and made appeal to the host. He declared himself unable to turn the people out: the Green Mountain Boys appeared to be good natured, but perfectly impracticable. At this juncture I began to consider my situation quite deplorable, when relief came from an unexpected quarter. A note was delivered to me from a gentleman of the village, inviting me to become his guest: by singular resolution he had kept exclusive possession of his house, the only one in Hanover exempt from invasion. I found ample room and hospitality. It appeared that a letter from Salem, Massachusetts, had named me to this worthy friend, as a clergyman of Virginia, making a first journey through New Eng-



land. In this house I made the acquaintance of the only other guest, the Reverend Theophilus Packard, now Doctor Packard; whom I accompanied to his home in Shelburne, and there spent a very happy, and as I think, profitable fortnight.

At the Dartmouth commencement, General Eaton, of eccentric memory, was marshal of the day, and was unceasing in busying himself about the order of the procession to the church; giving each graduate, of every college, the place due to his seniority. Among the speakers was young Daniel Webster. Little dreaming of his future career in law, eloquence, and statesmanship, he pronounced a discourse on the recent discoveries in Chemistry, especially those of Lavoisier, then newly made public.

Princeton was taken in my journey homeward. In this town, likewise, it was no easy matter to find a place to lay my head, so great was the concourse of strangers. But my friend Mr. Henry Kollock, afterwards distinguished as a preacher, and who had recently been a tutor in the college, kindly introduced me to the house of old Mrs. Knox, where the students of divinity had their abode.

The appearance of the Trustees and Professors struck me with awe. I seriously question whether such a body of men, for dignity and importance, as then composed the Board, could have been found in any part of the country. I need only name Dr. McWhorter, Elias Boudinot, LL. D., John Bayard, Esq., Dr. John Woodhull, the Hon. William Paterson, Dr. Green, the Rev. James F. Armstrong, the Hon. Richard Stockton, Governor Bloomfield, and Judge Wallace. The class then commencing Bachelors of Arts included the late Mr. Biddle, Mr. Robert Goodloe Harper, the Rev. Andrew Thompson, Mr. Henry E. Watkins, Professor Cook of Kentucky, the Rev. Dr. Johnson of Newburgh, and the Rev. Dr. John Mc Dowell of Philadelphia.

The President, Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, I had seen in

Philadelphia, six or seven years before; and certainly, viewing him as in his meridian, I have never seen his equal in elegance of person and manners. Dignity and winning grace were remarkably united in his expressive countenance. His large blue eye had a penetration which commanded the respect of all beholders. Notwithstanding the want of health, his cheek had a bright rosy tint, and his smile lighted up the whole face. The tones of his elocution had a thrilling peculiarity, and this was more remarkable in his preaching; where it is well known that he imitated the elaborate polish and oratorical glow of the French school. Little of this impression can be derived from his published discourses, which disappoint those who do not know the charm of his delivery.

On this occasion Dr. Smith appeared to great advantage, for though he had passed his acme, he was erect and full of spirits. The formality used in the collation of degrees does not appear to be of much importance, but with the sonorous voice and imposing mien of President Smith, it added dignity to the scene, and left an indelible impression.

The College of New Jersey at that time contained some young men who were far above the ordinary level of attainments; distinguished for a high sense of honour, which preserved them from the despicable courses in which misguided youth sometimes seek distinction. It was gratifying to observe, that these young men were the favourites of the President, and that, in their turn, they were strongly attached to him. Some of them still live, to reflect honour on their *Alma Mater*; but I will not name those who occur to me, lest I do an unintentional injustice to the rest. Some, alas, are extinct; but some may be found, shining as stars, with a mild but brilliant lustre, in the civil as well as the ecclesiastical firmament.

Doctor John Maclean, a native of Scotland, after pursuing the path of science with indefatigable zeal, so far as it

was open to him in Edinburgh and Glasgow, visited France, that he might avail himself of the increased facilities afforded for physical researches in the schools of Paris. After accomplishing this purpose, Dr. Maclean emigrated to America, in 1795, and became one of the most popular professors who ever graced the college. He was at home almost equally in all branches of science; Chemistry, Natural History, Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, successively claimed his attention. It is believed that he was one of the first to reproduce in America the views of the New French school in Chemistry: on this subject he waged a successful war with Dr. Priestley, the great champion for phlogiston. No one could attend a commencement at Princeton, without perceiving that Professor Maclean was, as it were, the soul of the faculty. He enjoyed the attachment of all the students, unless perhaps some of the idle and abandoned; it is these who, in all Colleges, display the opposite temper.

At the time of my visit, Dr. Maclean was in the prime of life, a gentleman of fine appearance, polished manners, and a disposition remarkable for kindness and cordiality. He is now remembered, as the students' friend, with sincere and tender attachment, by many of his surviving pupils. It is no part of these paragraphs, to follow any of the persons named into their subsequent life, but only to note these incidents of a day which was full of interest. After the other honorary degrees had been announced, the Trustees by a consultation at the moment on the stage agreed to confer on the writer the degree of Master of Arts; an act, which, it seems, was never entered on their minutes: and in the evening he was initiated into the American Whig Society.

## CHANGES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IN AMERICA.

The progress of colonization in all ages has given rise to changes in language. Whether a sea or a mountain range is interposed, from the moment that the younger state is separated from the mother country, dialects begin to show themselves. It was only three hundred years after the Hebrews came into Palestine an undivided people, that they began to diverge in their pronunciation of the hissing sound. Only the Jordan was between them, yet one side said *Shibboleth* and the other *Sibboleth*, and the terms have become a proverb. The Greek colonies were not far distant from the parent state, but we know how soon a new sort of language formed itself. We do not perceive these changes while they are in progress, and yet the extremes of difference which they reach are marked and surprising.

Our own country is destined to exhibit some of the most remarkable phenomena in the formation of language. At this moment no language is spoken over so large a territory with uniformity, as the English in America; yet every practised ear at once detects the transatlantic mode of English speech, and in the older settlements provincial pronunciations, words and idioms are becoming more fixed every day. New England, Philadelphia, Virginia, and South Carolina especially have their infallible criteria: in course of time these may become as unlike as the Ionic and Doric, or as the German of the Alps and that of the Baltic.

Some problems in philology and ethnology are in the process of solution in our country, which connect themselves in a highly interesting way with the history of other nations; we mean especially those which concern the mingling of races and tongues. In former stages of our republic, the infusions from abroad were so small as to be scarcely worthy of note: the French and Dutch which prevailed in Louisiana and New York were soon absorbed into the general circulation.

Yet while the language of Holland is rapidly dying out of the old Dutch families on the North River and the Raritan, it has left some traces in the provincialisms and vulgarisms of the people. New Yorkers are known by their use of terms made out of the Dutch; *portaal*, *kohl-slaa*, and *stoep*. But a new stage in this progress of language-making is reached by the accession of German emigrants, not as in former years by hundreds, but by hundreds of thousands. During their earlier settlements in Pennsylvania, the process was going on to a considerable extent; how much more may we expect it now. In the borders of such counties as Berks and Lebanon, and in Reading and Easton, we have often been struck with instances both of the German-English and the English-German. Of the former, examples are numerous. Only a German or a Pennsylvanian would understand such idioms as "What *for a man* is Webster?" "Leave me go!" Yet these are common phrases in the Northern Liberties. So also *Chriskinkle*, a horrible burlesque of one of the most lovely diminutives in any tongue, namely, *Christ-kindchen*, or the infant Jesus. On the other side of the account, the Germans have taken from us *Stohr*, *Caunty*, and a multitude of words; with still more numerous idioms, and constructions, some of which are sufficiently amusing. Where the German colonies are of pure blood, they will retain such a dialect as may prevail in their native region, for many years; but even this must break down before such causes as the terms of law and politics, which are carried in with a tide by our courts and our constitution; while no cordon can keep out New England enterprise from their most sacred recesses.

It is a serious question how far this natural tendency of things should be meddled with, by religion, letters, or legislation. Meddle as we may, the most we can do is to take an inappreciable quantity from a mighty stream. There are causes operating here, which are as uncontrollable as the most rigid physical laws. Notwithstanding Dugald Stewart's

exploded whim, we can no more make a language than we can make a river. The very constancy of these laws of language is among our chief securities, in making ethnological deductions from linguistical data. Disturbing influences can but retard the progress. Such are the use of a language in divine service and schools; the publication of the laws in other tongues besides English; and above all the tender love which the best men feel for their vernacular. Examples of this mighty affection abound in history. One of the most touching instances is an analogy from the Hellenic colonies in Italy. The Sybarites, when subjected to the manlier Romans, still retained such a love for Greece, that when forced to adopt the Latin tongue, or as Aristoxenus expresses it, to be 'barbarized,' they were accustomed to assemble yearly, on one of the great festivals of their native land, in order to keep up the associations of their origin, to weep over their loss, and to address one another in their own beautiful Greek. We owe the affecting story to Athenaeus.

In the history of our forefathers, the same thing occurred, first in the resistance of the Celtic Britons to the Saxons, and then in the like resistance of the Saxons to the Normans. The same unequal struggle went on in Hungary, where it had the strange result that the common language of a large portion became and continues to be Latin. On a smaller field, we observe the same conflict in the Highlands and islands of Scotland, in Ireland, in the Isle of Man, in Cornwall, in Brittany, and in the Basque provinces.

It is a very safe prediction, that, a century hence, over and above the changes produced by the development of English by its internal forces, there will be extant a language in which the antiquary of that day will discern traces of continental tongues, and above all of the German. This will more remarkably be the case in those regions where the population has been homogeneous; as in Gasconade county in Missouri, and the district lying south of the Missouri river. But as in celestial mechanics, the attraction of the greater

by the lesser mass is sometimes incalculable, so here, the principal change will be in the predominance of the English tongue. Yet we should reason on a very insufficient basis, if we were to expect no wider deviations from our present tongue than such as we have hitherto observed from the scanty admixtures of Dutch and German in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Statistical calculators will not forget, that nearly two-fifths of the citizens of New York, according to the enumeration of 1845, were of foreign birth, and that including the children these form a majority in that city; and that in 1847 there arrived at that single port not less than seventy thousand Germans, to be dispersed through our land. In regard to this particular race, it is worthy of note, that the sameness of the original Teutonic stock, in German and English, renders the mingling of the tongues, to a certain extent, more easy than that of either would be with the dialects of southern Europe. The speculation here suggested, though perhaps trifling in the eyes of such as have not kept pace with the modern revelations in ethnology, opens interesting prospects, in regard to the future destinies of our singularly expanding nation, and connects itself with every question of law, colonization, civil progress, learning, and religion.

---

### BLINDNESS.

'Tis a world where blind men wander  
Through ten thousand flowery ways,  
Thickets hung with tendrils fonder,  
Than the infant when he plays  
Clinging 'mid the hushing lays.

\*

Hoodwinked throng of mortals straying  
Through tall woods, by margins green,  
Till blue mountains broad displaying  
Changeful hues afar are seen,  
Sightless ones! they plod serene.

On they journey, stupid ever,  
Rose or rainbow nought to them,  
Glens where founts the granite sever,  
Grottoes rough with many a gem,  
Gardens which the smooth lake hem.

Forward, thronging, all are going,  
Nought care they where streamlets wind,  
Silent springs or torrents flowing,  
All alike are left behind—  
Still they travel;—they are blind.

Eyes they have for sleep and winking,  
Outlets for the brine of tears,  
Sometimes wearied they are sinking,  
But they look not, in their fears;  
Nought in all around appears.

Clouds of heaven sometimes hover,  
Morning dapple, evening-red,  
But to our blind race discover  
Not one glory over-head;  
Sure they are not less than dead.

Angels glide from upper heaven  
Radiant with the garb of dawn,  
Yet the darklings have not given  
One look higher than the lawn  
Their weary footsteps tread upon.



'Tis our world of dead wayfarers,  
'Tis a fable of our souls;  
Steady, constant, like corpse-bearers  
On the dark procession rolls,  
While the booming death-bell tolls.

Nought believing, nought inquiring  
Of the better world above,  
Sightless joying, sightless grieving,  
Blind to God, and blind to love,  
Deathward all unknowing move.

Y

---

#### PROVINCIAL COURTS OF NEW JERSEY.\*

This beautifully printed book forms the third volume of the collections of the New Jersey Historical Society, and is a valuable addition to the literature of the country. It is the result of great research and much labour, and although the subject "addresses itself in a peculiar manner to members of a single profession," the author, who is a distinguished member of the New Jersey Bar, has succeeded in producing not only an instructive but a highly attractive volume. Although Courts of Justice existed in New Jersey as early as the year 1668, it was not until the year 1675 that they were regularly established by legislative enactment; and in the courts as then organized we may trace the germ of our present judicial system. The laws to be administered were few and simple, and as would be thought from their examination wholly inadequate to the object intended. But the first settlers of New Jersey brought with them as their

\*The Provincial Courts of New Jersey, with sketches of the Bench and Bar. A Discourse read before the New Jersey Historical Society by Richard S. Field. New York: 1849. Bartlett and Welford. pp. 311,

“birthright” and “inheritance,” the Common Law of England, whose “abundant resources supplied all their deficiencies.” They possessed too under the name of “Grants and Concessions” a constitution given to them by the first Proprietors, Berkley and Carteret, and it is an interesting fact that the inhabitants of New Jersey have never lived under any other than a free constitution, “that there is not one barren waste of despotism in all her colonial story, not one hour when Jersey men were slaves to the unrestrained and uncovenanted power of any master.”\* These concessions, which were issued on the tenth day of February, 1664, breathed the spirit of genuine freedom, and were substantially the same with the constitution under which we lived until the adoption of our present system in 1844. They proclaimed religious liberty in its fullest extent, declaring that no man should be molested, disquieted, or called in question for any difference of opinion or practice in matters of religion. They declared that “no tax, custom, or duty whatsoever, should upon any colour or pretence be imposed upon the inhabitants but by the authority of the General Assembly.” They offered to the people a free plan of government, a Governor, a legislature composed of a Council and Assembly elected annually by the people, and a judiciary adapted to the infant state of the colony. They in fact proclaimed those important and fundamental principles, in defence and maintenance of which, the inhabitants of the American colonies, more than a century later, were driven to the last resort of freemen, and compelled to pass through a long and bloody conflict, which eventuated in the total dissolution of all political connection between those Colonies and the “State of Great Britain,” and their permanent establishment as “free and independent States.” Even at this early day, the elements of resistance were to be found in the infant colony; for we learn from the colonial

• Hon. S. L. Sonthard.

records of the day, that at the meeting of the legislature on the third day of November, 1668, four of the members elected refused to take the oath of allegiance and fidelity, and were in consequence expelled from the house; and that in the same year the inhabitants of Shrewsbury and Middletown refused to pay the quota of tax assessed upon them.

It is certainly a most extraordinary circumstance, that so free a Constitution, founded upon principles of enlarged and rational liberty, should have been furnished to the people by Lord Berkley and Sir George Carteret, courtiers of Charles the II, and deriving their title to New Jersey from the Duke of York. Mr. Field accounts for this circumstance from the fact that New Jersey was at that time a wilderness, and to make it of any value to the Proprietors, it was necessary that it should be peopled. It had no mines of gold or silver to tempt the cupidity of adventurers, other lands, more fair and fertile and equally accessible, were open to the emigrant. Hence, settlers were to be allured by tempting offers of the largest liberty. The Concessions were published and circulated both in England and throughout the Colonies. Emissaries were sent to New England to proclaim that beyond the Hudson was to be found a safer and a securer asylum for freedom; and Puritans were soon seen flocking to the banks of the Passaic and Raritan. The "Grants and Concessions" of Berkley and Carteret were given to East Jersey. Those of the Proprietors of West Jersey were still more liberal, and we yield our hearty assent to the opinion expressed by our author, "That a more beautiful fabric of free government was never reared." The account given of the early settlement of West Jersey is singularly interesting, and will richly reward the labour of perusal. The author apologizes for dwelling at such length on the early history of our State, adding—"but there is a charm about it which it is difficult to resist." We have truly found it so, and reluctantly pass on to the other topics discussed in the volume.

On the surrender by the Proprietors of all their rights, to the crown, the colonial existence of New Jersey may be said to have commenced. The first session of the Supreme Court was held at Burlington, on the second day of November, 1704, and the volume before us contains a highly entertaining account of the proceedings at that and its succeeding sessions, with interesting sketches of the chief and associate justices of the Provincial Courts. Of Roger Mompesson, the first Chief Justice, a descendant of William Mompesson, the pious and heroic Rector of Eyam, who during the plague in 1666, performed the functions of both priest and physician, during the whole period of the calamity, to his afflicted parishioners. Of his successor, Thomas Gordon, the acute and inflexible Scotchman, noted for his decided and unyielding opposition to the administration of the profligate Lord Cornbury. Of David Jameson, distinguished by his able and intrepid defence of Francis McKemie, a Presbyterian clergyman, who was arrested by Lord Cornbury and subjected to indignity, imprisonment and persecution for preaching without license in the vicinity of New York. Of William Trent, from whom the capital of our State derives its name, it having for a long time been called Trent's Town. Of Hooper, and Farmar, and Smyth, the latter of whom was the last Chief Justice of the Colony of New Jersey. He was appointed on the seventeenth of October, 1764, and continued in office until the adoption of the Constitution of 1776. The colleagues of Judge Smyth, on the bench of the Supreme Court at the breaking out of the American Revolution, were David Ogden and Richard Stockton. In speaking of David Ogden, the author says, "The name of Ogden seems to belong in an especial manner to the Bar of New Jersey. For the last hundred and twenty years, never has there been a time when the profession has not been graced by at least one eminent individual of that name."

With the name of Richard Stockton, who is not familiar? A citizen of Princeton, and a member of the first class that

ever graduated from the College of New Jersey—an institution, a large portion of whose pupils passed from her walls to the ranks of the revolutionary army, and of whose four hundred and sixty-three students graduated before the Revolution, not one proved “recreant or apostate to the cause of liberty.” An institution which “gave up her staff and her stay to her country, when her Witherspoon wended his way to the first Congress, to pledge life, fortune, and sacred honour in behalf of the land of his adoption, and who gave the first fruits of her academic labours, when her Stockton affixed his name to the same glorious instrument.” Richard Stockton was born, lived and died in Princeton, which is still the residence of his descendants, among whom is numbered the author of this volume. Mr. Stockton suffered much in the cause of his country. His estate was laid waste, his property pillaged and destroyed, he was subjected to insult and indignity, and underwent an ignominious and cruel imprisonment, which doubtless shortened his valuable life. He expired at his residence in Princeton, on the twenty-eighth day of February, 1781. His remains were taken to the chapel of the College, where a funeral discourse was pronounced by the Vice President, the Rev. Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, in the course of which he said: “It was one of his earliest honours to have been a son of this College, and it was one of the first honours of this College to have given birth to such a son.”

In the account given in this work of the Court of Chancery, Mr. Field corrects an error into which some historians have fallen, in supposing that the first Court of Chancery ever held in New Jersey was in 1718, and shows that there had always been such a Court in the Province, that under the Proprietary Government it was a part of the Court of Common Right, and that as early as 1705, Lord Cornbury, by virtue of his commission as Governor, and with the advice and consent of the Council, passed an ordinance for the erection and establishment of a High Court of Chancery in the Province of New Jersey.

It is worthy of note, in connection with the history of the periodical literature of our country, that the first periodical of any description published in New Jersey, and the second magazine of the kind on the continent, was edited by the Hon. Samuel Nevill, one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, of whom a sketch is given in the work before us. It was called the *New American Magazine*, and was printed at Woodbridge, in the county of Middlesex. The first number appeared in January, 1758, and it continued to appear regularly until March, 1760, when it was discontinued for want of patronage. It is to be hoped that a different fortune awaits those who, in the present more enlightened age, venture in the same path of literary enterprise.

The notices of the Provincial Judges of New Jersey involve, to a great extent, the history of the stirring times in which they lived and acted; and Mr. Field has made the best use of his materials. He has selected his incidents with taste and discrimination, and has presented them to the public in a style peculiarly graceful and pleasing. We would venture to suggest that, when the next edition of this volume is published, the author should discard the form of an address, and also incorporate the valuable and interesting matter contained in the notes to this edition with the body of the work.

We agree with Mr. Field that the history of New Jersey remains to be written, and that when it is, "it will be found to possess an interest which has never been thought to attach to the annals of our State." There is a circumstance which is alluded to in a note to this volume, which will furnish materials for an interesting and important chapter in the history of the State. It is the fact that, while in other sections of the country the Indians were duped or coerced into a sale of their lands, the settlers giving beads and baubles for an empire, or marking every step of their acquisition with violence and blood, not an inch of the territory of New Jersey was obtained from the aboriginal possessors, except by fair and honest purchase. This

it was that induced the Six Nations, in Convention at Fort Stanwix in 1769, to confer upon New Jersey the title of the "*Great Doer of Justice*," and which prompted the venerable Delaware Chief, Bartholomew Calvin, in an address made to the Legislature of the State in 1832, to say, "*Not a drop of our blood have you spilled in battle—not an acre of our land have you taken but by our consent*;" and to declare that "nothing save benizens" could fall upon our State from the lips of a Lenni Lennapi. We hope to see the history of New Jersey written, and we know no one who could better discharge that duty than the accomplished author of the "Provincial Courts."

---

A PRIVATE LETTER FROM A PUBLIC LETTER-  
WRITER.

SMITHVILLE, March 20, 1850.

MY DEAR GENERAL,

I sit down at once to answer your inquiries with respect to our profession and your prospect of succeeding in it. To a stranger, I should write with more reserve; but your generous assistance in procuring me a situation, first as a bar-keeper, then as a school-master, then as an itinerant lecturer, and lastly as an editor, gives you a claim to share in all the knowledge and experience that I have been enabled, partly by your friendship, to acquire. I begin then by saying with all candour, that the trade is at present rather overstocked; but I lose no time in adding, that in this, as in the other liberal professions, there are blanks and prizes, so that the number of competitors does not destroy the chances of success in any single case. I know of several country papers, which would be delighted to obtain a cheap but taking correspondent. Among these are the *Talented American* and *Semi-weekly Advertiser*, of Thompsonburg, the *Farm-*

er's and Mechanic's Journal and Independent Morning Star and Telegraph of Springfield, and the Weekly Washingtonian of New Washington. Having been connected with them all, in the way of my profession, I can take the liberty of recommending you to either, unless something better should present itself. In the mean time let me give you a few hints derived from my experience and needed to correct certain errors into which I perceive that you have fallen. You are right in supposing that your letters, in order to succeed, must be dated from Washington or one of the great cities or from foreign parts. But you are greatly mistaken in believing that they must be written there, and that your personal presence at any of those points is therefore indispensable. I could easily show you, as to all of them, that no such thing is requisite, though perfectly allowable, and on the whole desirable, if quite convenient. For the present I confine myself to Washington City, as confessedly the greatest focus of epistolary commerce in the country. If in reference to this grand centre, I can satisfy you that the supposed necessity of being there in propria persona is a mere chimera, you will certainly dispense with any proof as to the others. This I propose to accomplish not by reasoning, but by simply stating a few facts and laying down a few rules furnished by my own experience. In the first place, then, I beg leave to inform you, that my letters from Washington, six years ago, to the Bonfire and Beacon Light of Tyler City, those to the Register and Plough Boy two years later, and the series published last year in the Washingtonian, of which you are pleased to speak in terms so flattering, were all composed in this good town (I should say city) of South Smithville, at the very table where I am inditing this epistle. Do you ask how this is possible? I answer by propounding my first rule, which is as follows. Take the latest telegraphic news of which you can obtain possession and put it into an epistolary form, with date and signature and postscript of the most authentic fashion. The cheapest and best stuffing, to impart



the necessary bulk, is composed of two ingredients. One of these is epithets, applied to speakers, speeches, bills, resolutions, messages, measures, administrations, and whatever else you chance to introduce as themes or topics. These epithets, if properly put down, will keep for several seasons, and indeed until the fashion in slang-phrases changes, and even then you would only have to drop one or two, retaining all the rest until the next change. There are some indeed which have remained in vogue since I began to practise, such as "chaste," "splendid," "luminous," "talented," "thrilling," together with some doublets, such as "frank and fearless," and a dozen more which I have neither time to recollect nor room to record. The other ingredient in this cheap and wholesome stuffing is quotation, which can be had at any shop, or indeed on any shelf, where a half of an old Shakespeare happens to be lying, or still better at a theatre, if you are living near one, as you then can get the fresh pure slang of all the modern plays, without the trouble of opening a book, and free from the musty flavour of old writers. On another occasion, it will give me pleasure to exhibit my own stock of cured and smoke-dried scraps and, if you please, to share it with you. But at present, I must hasten to propound my second rule or recipe which, besides being valuable in itself, will greatly enhance the effect of the first, by adding without labour to the bulk of your production. The second rule is, to take sides as a thorough-going partisan, so as not only to express an opinion of your own upon the merits of all questions, but to characterize speeches and debates, in every case, on party grounds. Never even seem to admit for a moment, that a speaker on the other side can have a ray of common sense or a particle of information. Such concessions may be well enough in England, and for lumbering affairs like the Times or Daily News; but they will not do for us. You need not think of joining our fraternity unless you can persuade yourself to act upon the maxim, that the men upon the right side (as you think it) always write

best, speak best, and behave best, in deliberative bodies. This will save you an immensity of trouble in discriminating and distinguishing, according to the actual performances in every individual case, to do which with success would indeed require you to be actually present. But by following this simple rule, I can sit here in my office at Smithville, and without a possibility of error, give an accurate account of every speech, as to argument and eloquence, and even as to its effect upon the looks and deportment of the audience. Here too it will be found economical to keep on hand a good assortment of preserved or pickled phrases, in two different parcels, for the use of the two parties. If the name of a speaker on your own side is transmitted by the telegraph, sit down quickly and describe his speech, not by its contents, which cannot yet be known to you, but by its general qualities, inferred from the political position of the speaker. Such a speech may be always safely enlogized as luminous, and logical, and chaste, and all that, while a speech from the opposite direction may be no less safely blackballed in advance, as empty, incoherent, and declamatory. If however you have reason to suspect that its logic bore down rather hard upon your own side of the question, you had better speak of it beforehand as "most scurrilous." The favourite term in our peculiar dialect for unanswerable reasoning on the other side is "ribaldry." So too with respect to the effect produced upon the spot. You need not wait for the Washington papers to inform you, that a speech from your own side of the question always makes the adverse party, and especially the adverse speaker, "quail," and may therefore with advantage be described as "scathing," "withering," and what not. These descriptions, it is true, may seem astounding or ridiculous to those who were present at the scene you have thus described. They may laugh or wonder when they read that a member, who perhaps was absent, or absorbed in a newspaper with his feet upon his desk, during the utterance of a certain speech, had turned pale, trembled, or

in short had "quailed" at its delivery; or that a bit of twaddle, which had passed unnoticed at the time of its enunciation, was felt by one half of the hearers or non-hearers to be "withering" &c. But then your letters, as you well know, will be written not for the use of Congress but for "news into the country," and the only caution necessary will be to avoid such a vast accumulation of these witherings and quailings, upon any one occasion, as might seem to leave the house a desolation and its members in the last stage of paralysis. The only other rule that I shall lay down in this letter is, that you must keep up with the boldest and least scrupulous of your contemporaries in professing to be deep in the confidence of all the notabilities, both foreign and domestic. It will never do to hesitate or doubt as to the views or motives or intentions of the cabinet, the party-leaders, or the diplomatic corps, or any individual of either class, whose movements may be at the moment objects of interest or curiosity. The mistakes you will inevitably make are nothing to the life which these disclosures will impart to your communications and the éclat which you will acquire by a few successful guesses, even though outnumbered, ten to one, by the most atrocious blunders. Of these the only safe corrective is to let them alone, and never upon any pretext to retract, explain, or qualify, however slightly, what you have once distinctly said, however falsely. These very crude suggestions, gathered wholly from my own experience, are entirely at your service, my dear General, and can easily be multiplied, if you desire it, in a subsequent communication. In the mean time allow me to assure you with what pleasure I shall welcome your accession to the ancient and honourable brotherhood of Letter Writers. Do not scruple, I entreat you, to command my services, if you should need them, as a referee or signer of certificates, attesting your capacity or previous achievements, as a talented, chaste, luminous, and splendid writer, before whose performances the whole world (on the other side) may be expected, first to quail, and then to wither.

## PRIVATE ELOQUENCE.

Among the Greeks and Romans, oral discourse was in its glory, having no such rivals as sermons, lectures, reviews, and newspapers. The dialogues of Plato and Cicero, though often imaginary conversations, as much as any of Fenelon's or Landor's, give us doubtless an exact representation of the tone and character of easy talk among men of letters in Athens and Rome, and there is nothing about these productions more delightful than the openings thus afforded into everyday life. In this by-play, we give the preference to the Roman. In almost every one of his dialogues, even on the profoundest subjects, the introduction presents a background to the scene which transports us to Tusculanum or Puteoli. For an example take the grave dialogues *De Legibus*, where Cicero, which is rarely the case, appears in his own person, conversing with his brother Quintus and his exquisite, and indispensable, but time-serving friend, Atticus. What in England are called state-dinners, are not without ancient resemblance in several instances. Public dinners or *coenae*,—for the prandium was but a lunch—afforded a chance for free display. Students remember the bitter pleasantries against Verres, that he dined not only *in publico*, but *de publico*: it may be still affirmed of some. The little work *De Partitione Oratoria* is an easy conversation between Cicero and his son. Passages of much beauty are to be found in all the dialogues, illustrative of the social habits of polite Romans, and the value set upon conversational eloquence; and each of these is a little picture, occasionally with the adjuncts of landscape, trees, brooks, buildings, and (as in the *Laws*) the gentle play of the surf. If we had any complete remains of genuine Roman comedy, we might learn as much of the gaieties of common parlance, as Aristophanes has taught us concerning Athens. But Plautus, with all his *vis comica*, is rugged with the gross fun of a sturdier period;

and at best he only reproduced the Greeks; and Terence, familiar as he was with two of the most celebrated talkers of his age, is little else than a Latin Menander. It is almost unnecessary to say, that state matters were talked over, and often settled, then as now, out of the senate-house, at banquets and country houses. But we have no Campbell to lift the curtain, and reveal the effective gossip of ancient Loughboroughs and Eldons.

Conversational tact and power have scope in lobbies and committee rooms; and it is well known that the heavy work of legislation is done in these less public places. It is not always, perhaps not often, that great ten-hour speeches turn the ship of state. There are men of weak voice and bashful mien, who yet have their turn at the helm. No reporter sends abroad the broken discourses, uttered in hushed voices, in ante-rooms, coaches, and offices, at dead of night, which seal the fate of bills, and rend or heal commonwealths.

The daily intercourse of statesmen, during the hours of relaxation from public business, has an influence on national affairs, which is not easily computed, and which indeed is not generally known. To one unacquainted with the odd and indirect way in which the world is governed, it is strange to see orators who have been all day darting rhetorical bolts at each other across the hall of legislation, walking home arm in arm or exchanging badinage at the evening assembly. It marks an evil day when such courtesies are altogether proscribed. Free social intercourse thus tends to still the agitation of political turmoil, and many a wound of the Senate House is healed in the familiar meeting. In the history of diplomacy, the powerful intervention of the gentler sex has been acknowledged to be sometimes irresistible. The soirées of the Revolution were only less mighty than the clubs. Even when not ostensibly political, like the reunions at Madame Roland's, they had their effect on leading minds, and so on government and legislation.

It is not every man who can shine equally in the public

and the private circle. Great men are sometimes saturnine and inflexible, determined to be heroes even to their valets de chambre. Some who are prodigious in their heavy armour, are awkward and slipshod by the fireside. It was the reverse with the Elder Pitt, with Fox, with Erskine, and even with Eldon, who with little literature after he left Oxford, and with very dubious wit, was nevertheless free and easy in his broad humour. Hamilton and Burr, differing as they did even to death, were both endowed with this faculty. Jefferson was an ordinary speaker in public, but of extraordinary influence over individuals. John Quincy Adams, without any competitor in learning among his countrymen, and bred in all the great courts, was certainly instructive in private, but cold and tardy. The fascination of Jackson was acknowledged by his enemies, and Mr. Clay can never be surpassed in the warm persuasiveness of his common talk. Mr. Calhoun, the absence of whose voice we are called to lament, is possessed of a peculiar intensity of downright manner, which impresses and commands all who come within his circle. Among our statesmen and orators, no one can ever forget the easy attractive flow of the late Mr. Southard, who perhaps owed his early rise as much to this as to his ready elocution and manly reasoning. But there are hundreds in the legislative bodies and thousands out of them, who are perpetually operating on public sentiment by their powers of conversation; powers altogether independent of the ability which shows itself in the arena of debate. The conditions of eminence in public speaking are mysterious, and defy all prediction. Erskine's debut in the case of Captain Baillie was unforeseen and wonderful. The same may be said of Pitt. These men were perhaps astonished at themselves. On the other hand D'Israeli was long before he could command a hearing; and Macaulay even now shines in the House of Commons chiefly by reflection from his works without. Just so is it with colloquial ability; the fruit of a long, peculiar, but generally unintentional culture;

obtained in hours of ease, by those who bring little study to the onset, and who task neither themselves nor their hearers. It is very doubtful whether Dr. Johnson, the prince of debaters, or Coleridge, the enchanter in lofty disputation, could have kept their laurels in parliament, or held out longer than single-speech Hamilton.

Great talkers are not always eloquent, and never so when they mean to be. It is commonly when least casting about for method or words, that the heaviest blows are struck in the social battle. Excellence here is widely remote from great stores: Lord Bacon has noted the distinction in his Essays. We have seen great philosophers who were deep wells without buckets, as well as rattling conversers who were all windlass but no water.

So much stress is laid upon speeches, books, and printed matter, that, in our humble judgment, gross injustice is done to the no less potent operation of common talk between man and man. Of the latter, the aggregate quantity is of course vastly greater. What is said is uttered with as much increase of the velocity, as diminution of the mass. These repeating rifles do marvellous execution, even when compared with thirty-six pounders. The shots tell, and opinions, as we all know, are more easily changed, where there are no witnesses: and is not the change of opinion the object sought in debate?

---

## THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOCIETY.

### A PATRIOTIC SONG.

AIR—*The University of Gottingen.*

#### I.

When others, once as poor as I,  
Are growing rich because they try,

While my capacity and will  
 Give me a taste for sitting still ;  
 When all around me are at work,  
 While I prefer to act the Turk,  
 Or spend in drinking or at play  
 The greater part of every day ;  
 And, as the upshot of it, feel  
 That I must either starve or steal ;  
 The only remedy I see  
 For such abuses, is the re-  
     construction of society,  
 Construction of society.

## II.

When others know what I know not,  
 Or bear in mind what I forgot  
 An age ago, and dare to speak  
 In praise of Latin and of Greek,  
 As if a tongue unknown to me  
 Of any earthly use could be ;  
 When bookworms are allowed to rule  
 In University and School,  
 While I, because I am a fool,  
 Or happen, by the merest chance,  
 To have learned nothing save to dance,  
 Am set aside, or thrust away,  
 Or not allowed to have my say ;  
 The only remedy I see  
 For such abuses, is the re-  
     construction of society,  
 Construction of society.

## III.

When judges frown and parsons scold,  
 Because a gentleman makes bold



---

To laugh at superstitious saws,  
And violate oppressive laws;  
When pinching want will not atone  
For taking what is not your own;  
When public sentiment proscribes  
The taking of judicial bribes,  
And with indignant scorn regards  
The gentleman who cheats at cards;  
When men of wit no longer dare  
To tell a lie, or even swear;  
The only remedy I see  
For such abuses, is the re-  
construction of society,  
Construction of society.

IV.

When, after turning round and round,  
And occupying every ground,  
As preacher, poet, rhetorician,  
Philanthropist and politician,  
Ascetic, saint and devotee,  
Neologist and pharisee,  
I seek in vain to gain respect  
By founding a new-fangled sect,  
And find the world so cautious grown  
That I must be the sect alone;  
The only remedy I see  
For such abuses, is the re-  
construction of society,  
Construction of society.

V.

When, over and above the scorn  
Of men, which leaves me thus forlorn,

I find an enemy within  
 Who dares to talk to me of sin,  
 And whispers, even in my dreams,  
 That my disorganizing schemes  
 Can never conjure black to white,  
 Or clearly prove that wrong is right,  
 A nuisance that can never cease  
 Till conscience learns to hold its peace,  
 And men no longer can be awed  
 By apprehensions of a God—  
 Ah! these are griefs for which I see  
 No solace even in the re-  
     construction of society,  
 Construction of society.

---

## EDUCATION AMONG MERCHANTS.

Ours is a country in which the merchants are princes, as truly as in ancient Tyre. The little boy who is sweeping out the store, or carrying the parcel from the post, or marking the case of goods, may be mayor of a great city; or he may be a minister plenipotentiary; or he may command armies; or he may be president of the United States. Even if none of these things happen, great merchants, who become great capitalists, have more reason to be warned against pride, than stirred up to a sense of their importance. There is no social rank in America which is not reached and adorned by mercantile men.

Wealth does not necessarily bring refinement. A millionaire, who lives in a palace, and has thirty thousand dollars laid out by his agents for copies of paintings in Rome, Florence and the Louvre; who keeps several carriages, has a princely villa, ponies for his boys, whiskered Pandours for

his girls, libraries and champagne for his company, a pew in the most brilliant church and a box at the opera, may nevertheless be an ignoramus. An ignoramus he assuredly is, if he has bestowed his whole time on merchandize, to the neglect of science and letters; and this is the very tendency of things among the mercantile class. Leaving all moral considerations out of view, the current of feeling and practice sets strongly towards mere success in business, and rapid fortunes, without regard to mental cultivation; in Philadelphia, New York, New Orleans, Boston and Cincinnati. Many a man comes to deplore this when it is too late. His accomplished daughter, his graduated and travelled sons deplore it; but a handful of bonds and mortgages cannot buy refinement. The evil is enormous, and arises from want of foresight. He meant to be rich and to be fashionable, but he never foresaw that his new position would bring demands for mental acquisition. The brilliant instances of exception, in the case of some distinguished scholars among merchants, only throw the mass into deeper shade.

The chief cause of this evil is obvious: it is the absorption of mind in the ways and means of wealth. Is there any hurry on earth more feverish and constant than that of merchants? It increases with their prosperity. Vary as it may in different branches of business, it reigns in all. Great merchants tell us, as they tell their wives, that it is neck or nothing. The business of a leading house cannot be carried on moderately. If the concern is not pressed to its utmost, trade will flow into other channels. *Festina lente* might do for Augustus, but not for the rising merchant. What can such a man devote to letters? Half the year, half our citymen do not dine at home. In certain directions, their minds are wonderfully trained, to exquisite sharpness; in all that concerns trade, exchange, currency, customs, and such parts of politics as mingle with these. But their education is from the ledger, the newspaper, the bank, and the exchange. The fact is patent, that a man may become mighty in wealth,

while his thoughts have been conducted for half a century in a very narrow channel.

These undeniable propositions show the advantage of going to school awhile in one's boyhood, and of getting a taste for books. We say a taste for books, because many a man, who sits of a Sunday evening in a regal fauteuil, under a resplendent gas-light, with the heaviest gold eye-glass, reading the most gloriously gilded volume, does not know whether his book is not upside down, while his lips are muttering, "Deduct half the interest at seven per cent,—eight thousand and fifty-five dollars and one cent." What stupidity to say that a boy need not go to college because he is to be a merchant! It is the reason of reasons why he should go forthwith, and why he should have a double allowance of all a college can give. As well might you say, I will give my horse no oats this morning, because I mean to ride all day without drawing bridle. We are willing to put this to the vote of all those eminent merchants who came to the desk with a liberal education: they know full well that the mathematics, physics, political economy, chemistry, and classical reading have in no degree damaged their finance. Next to these, we should like to have the voice of that increasing class, who without the formalities of academic learning or degrees have wisely managed to keep up a constant familiarity with the best authors. We rejoice to number such among our choicest friends. For a companion commend us to an intelligent and accomplished man of business. In such a one we have the temper of the blade without the rust of closets. It is not a fine library, nor even multifarious reading, which insures this sort of accomplishment. The well-bestowed evenings of busy days suffice for immense accumulation; much more for all the graces of letters. Who has not observed, at horticultural shows, that the prizes for luscious pears and sunny apricots are half the time carried, not by the gardener, but by some eccentric tailor or clergyman who trains a single tree beside his window? So it is with learn-

ing, the ripest fruits often fall into the lap of those who cherish books as their diversion. But accomplishment in commercial cities is difficult; requiring self command, reserve, long-sighted providence, love of home, freedom from the toy-yoke of fashion, and above all quiet of mind. Go on, if you choose, full speed after the highest gains; sit up over orders and invoices; let your children see you only at breakfast and on Sundays; keep it up your fifteen, your twenty years; and then retire to your elegant country residence: *nota bene*, you will find yourself destitute of the capacity to enjoy that retreat. No man can safely predict that at a certain day he will retire. That which was his task-master has become a fatal and indispensable necessity. Thousands realize the truth of Coleridge's story about the wealthy London soap-boiler who retired from that savoury business: after trying elegant leisure for a year, he begged his late partners, that he might be allowed "to look in on boiling days." Ah! it is Esop's fable of the cat turned fine lady: she would be mousing. Habits are habits; and the retiring merchant should have learned that the secret is to retire every day. Neither religion nor quiet can be bought; neither religion nor quiet can be taken, after a prescribed term of years, in the lump. Salt is an agreeable condiment, but a hogshead of it all at once at the end of one's career would be *un peu fort*: yet this is what business men plan for. By the time the hurried man reaches that period of retirement, his blessed wife has grown grey, and the children with whom he might have chatted of books and mighty deeds, every day for twenty years, have escaped from the home which in his zeal for money he visited more as a guest than a father. We say again, men of business who would enjoy literary retirement must begin betimes; they must retire every day. You reply, it is impossible, in the present state of mercantile life. Very well; then the state is a wrong, a wretched and a perilous one, intellectually and morally. You may help to keep it up, and make yourselves as rich,

apoplectic and miserable as you please. Our hope is that your children will read this homily, and do better.

*A. B.*

---

### FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

However jealous we may be of this prerogative in politics and social life, there is one department in which we are far from enjoying its perfection. I refer to composition and the use of language for rhetorical or literary purposes. That so few of our educated young men become eminent as writers, may be owing to this very restriction. Knowing something by experience, as well as observation, of its sad effects, I may perhaps do some one a kind office by a simple statement of my case, leaving others to derive from it such precepts and examples as may seem to be afforded by the narrative.

I was taught when young that in order to write well I must be careful to use words in their established and familiar meanings, and that in order to do this, I must know precisely what I meant, as well as how to say it. Upon these fundamental rules I practised many years, and am purposely adhering to them in these prefatory observations, for the purpose of showing their necessary tendency to produce a dry and rigid style. Another rule of the same kind is the one requiring some coherence in the thoughts, if not a close logical connection. By adhering to this antiquated method for some years I was at last convinced, that I could never accomplish any thing by means of it, and under this conviction was about to abandon the whole effort in despair, when it was happily suggested to my mind, that these rules of composition were tyrannical restrictions imposed by arbitrary power on the human mind, and therefore gross violations of that precious and inalienable birth-right, Freedom of Speech.

This idea I soon carried out to its remotest consequences, and thus reached the conclusion, that the customary requisition of precision in the use of words, distinctness in the thoughts, and coherent unity in the discourse, is ruinous to all ease and fertility in writing, and that a general emancipation of men's minds from this degrading bondage would inevitably flood the world with an abundance and variety of writings, both in prose and verse, sufficient to supply the whole race with "light reading" to the end of time. Were this discovery introduced into our colleges and schools, and there allowed to supersede the old and worthless rules of rhetoric, who knows but that every man, nay every child, might soon become an author? That a consummation so devoutly to be wished is not by any means chimerical, I undertake to prove by my own experience. I have said already that I never could write any thing, at all satisfactory to myself or others, on the ancient method. But no sooner did I make this great discovery, than a multitude of rich veins were opened in my mind, and I was able, with a very slight expenditure of time and labour, to supply the columns of a dozen periodicals with essays, tales, and sonnets, not only pleasing to myself but perfectly congenial to the taste of the contemporary public, which has long since given me a place among its choicest favourites. Let me illustrate the foregoing statement by a few examples. Had I been required, under the old régime, to write a chapter of historical romance, full of local and personal allusions and well stuffed with dates and proper names, I might have spent whole years in searching libraries, without being able to assure myself that I was right on any one point of geography or history. But in writing on the new plan, I am freed from the necessity of pausing for a moment to consult authorities or even to recall my long-lost knowledge. I have only to give free loose to my thoughts, and write as fast as I can move the pen, in order to produce any given quantity of matter like the following, which I hereby certify to be the genuine product of my method, furnished instantane and for this occasion.

## THE FANDANGO OF OSIRIS.

On the green bank of the Ipecacuanah, near the base of the majestic Pampas, lived in early times a saponaceous Barbican, descended from the royal Serf of ancient Opodeldoc. In his small but comfortable saraband, composed of green viaticum and aromatic certiorari, this neglected surrogate enjoyed a varicose retirement with his only child, the fair Sarsaparilla. Oft in the stilly night, the traveller, as he crossed the Gutta Percha, or gazed from the summit of Papyrus on the valleys of Neuralgia, has heard the voice of this insensate anodyne, as she swept the chords of her bandanna, and poured forth one of the sciatic capsules of her native Gypsum. Sometimes her plastic form was seen, hypothetically muffled in an olla podrida of dark senna, or more abstrusely veiled in a habeas corpus of thin centipede. One morning in the spring of the year 1539, soon after the defeat of the Pragmatic Sanction on the field of Bonafide by the gallant Discount, as the aged Barbican was sitting with his daughter at a table of highly polished emory, partaking of stewed parasangs and neuter verbs, the shrill sound of a chrysolite aroused them, and the form of a Fandango, clad in chloroform and armed with a calvinistic diaphragm, appeared before them. Sarsaparilla trembled as she gazed upon the obese stranger; then applying her lips to a catapult of silver, which she wore suspended by a bill of lading, she uttered a cameo so subdued and piercing, that the fierce Fandango grasped his tocsin and withdrew into the otoman.

So much for romantic fiction; but this method is equally effective in declamatory eloquence. When a boy at school and college, I could never write a speech to save my life or credit. Why? Because I foolishly waited till I should know what I meant to say, and could find words exactly to express it. But now, you have only to suggest a theme, and



I am ready to declaim upon it ad infinitum. Let us take for example, as the subject of a Fourth of July speech,

THE FALL OF HUNGARY.

Amidst the wild swell of tumultuous misanthropy, careering on the asteroids of public grief, methinks I see an oleaginous paralogism slowly ascending from the miasmatic vestibules of hapless Hungary. From a thousand viaducts of blooming iodine, the poor mephitic paynims of Bulgaria and Tyrol mingle their beatific sighs with those of aboriginal siroccos. Oh what a diatribe of stalwart curses must distill upon the petrified antennæ of the tyrant, as he sits devout upon his callous throne, and wields his nascent and sporadic sceptre. From the unctuous pinions of the palsied eagle, as he flaps them over the inchoate altar, there exudes a palinode of arid tears, enough to cauterize the iris of a Goth or Vandal, while from every tear an apoplectic whisper fills the lurid ear of benedictine Europe with the galvanizing distich, *Vox populi, Kossuth go brag!*

With equal ease, I can apply my method to the most abstruse metaphysical inquiries, which of old only served to give me a headache or a fit of nausea. At that time, I would just as soon have undertaken to square the circle as to venture an opinion upon any question of philosophy; but now I am ready, at a moment's warning, to grapple with the hardest, for example with the

DIAGNOSIS OF THE I AND THE NOT-I.

Assuming, as we safely may, that all the reflex actings of the rational idea towards the pole of semi-entity are naturally complicated with a tissue of non-negative impressions, which can only be disintegrated by a process of spontaneous and intuitive abstraction, it inevitably follows, as a self-sustaining corollary, that the isolated and connatural conceptions, formed

in this ante-speculative stage of intellectual activity, must be reflected on the faculty itself, or, to speak with philosophical precision, on the I, when viewed concretely as the not-I; and in this reciprocal self-reproduction, carried on by the direct and transverse action of the Reason and the Understanding, modified of course by those extraneous and illusory perceptions, which can never be entirely excluded from the mutual relations of the pure intelligence on one hand and the mixed operations of the will and the imagination on the other, may be detected, even by an infant eye, the true solution of this great philosophical enigma, the one sole self-developing criterion of the elemental difference between the not-I and the I.

I might multiply these specimens forever, with the utmost ease and pleasure to myself; for it is really delightful to write on currente calamo without the trouble or anxiety of finding either thoughts or words; but my decreasing paper warns me to conclude, and I shall therefore only add one other sample, which indeed I could not possibly omit without doing gross injustice to myself and my discovery. However useful this might be in helping the whole population, old and young, male and female, to write prose with a fertility and ease almost appalling, it would not after all claim a standpoint in the first rank of world-historical discoveries, if it did not afford equal aid in the production of good poetry. I know that it is like showing the brick as a sample of the house to give a single specimen of my poetical manufacture; but as I cannot now do more, and certainly will not do less, I proceed at once to plan and execute a beautiful

IMPROMPTU TO THE SPIRIT OF DREAMS.

How evanescent and marine  
 Are thy chaotic uplands seen,  
     Oh ever sublapsarian moon!  
 A thousand caravans of light  
 Were not so spherically bright,  
     Or ventilated half so soon.

## II.

Methought I stood upon a cone  
Of solid allopathic stone,  
    And gazed athwart the breezy skies ;  
When lo, from yonder planisphere  
A vapid atrabilious tear  
    Was shed by pantomimic eyes.

## III.

Adieu, Miasma, cries a voice,  
In which Aleppo might rejoice,  
    So perifocal were its tones ;  
Adieu, Miasma, think of me  
Beyond the antinomian sea,  
    Which covers my pellucid bones.

## IV.

Again, again, my bark is tossed  
Upon the raging holocaust  
    Of that acidulated sea,  
And diapasons pouring down  
With lunar caustic join to drown  
    My transcendental epopee.

With equal ease and equal elegance, I hereby pledge myself to write instanter any quantity of prose or verse, on any subject, known or unknown, at the lowest market prices. Should additional samples be required, I hold myself in readiness to furnish them in any measure, style, or quantity, at a moment's warning, with a view not only to my personal emolument, but also to the demonstration of my darling dogma, that the grand prerequisite to universal authorship is neither genius, sense, nor taste, but unrestricted and irrevocable

*Freedom of Speech.*

## WALTER MINTO, LL. D.,

LATE PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS AND NATURAL PHILOSOPHY  
IN THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY.

It is a matter of regret that so little pains have heretofore been taken to perpetuate the memory of the early professors of the College of New Jersey. Of Wm. Churchill Houston, Walter Minto, John Maclean and William Thompson, all men of distinguished merit, three of whom occupied successively the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and the fourth that of Languages, between the years 1787 and 1808, few memorials are yet before the public. To rescue the memory of forgotten merit from perpetual oblivion is always a grateful task, and such is the object of the present sketch. Of the history and attainments of this learned man, little is known in this country. Although as appears from indisputable evidence, his reputation in Europe for erudition and scientific research was fully established and universally acknowledged; yet in America he lived comparatively obscure, and has attained no posthumous celebrity. The facts which we are about to detail, are derived from an unquestionable source, and will admit the strongest evidence in favour of their authenticity.

Walter Minto was born at the village of Cowdenham, in the county of Merse, in Scotland, on the fifth day of December, 1753. His family, according to his own account, was of Spanish origin, and had once held an elevated rank; but his parents appear to have lived in a state of distressing poverty, occasioned probably by some reverse of fortune. Whatever may have been their situation however, they undoubtedly gave their son, to use his own expression, the education of a gentleman. At the age of fifteen, we find him attending the lectures in the University of Edinburgh, and enjoying the instruction of Hume, Ferguson, Robertson and Blair. That his academical career was not wholly without

distinction, is sufficiently obvious, from a recommendation which he afterwards received and which shall be mentioned in its proper place.

After completing his preparatory studies he turned his attention to Theology, rather it would appear from subsequent events, to meet the expectations of anxious friends, and in compliance with the wishes of a pious father, than from his own unbiassed choice. The time during which he bore the title of a student of divinity, was passed probably as a teacher, in the house of Mr. Watson, a gentleman of Perthshire. During this period his leisure moments were amused in a manner, which plainly shows that his mind was not always engrossed by cold abstractions, to the exclusion of literary taste and fanciful conception. With several periodical works he maintained a constant correspondence, the productions of his pen being marked by a variety which strikingly displayed the versatility of his talents. His contributions soon attracted notice, and were highly valued both by the editors whose labours they relieved, and the public whose curiosity they gratified. To those who knew Dr. Minto, personally or by reputation, only as the votary of abstract science, it may be interesting to learn, that at this early period, he was most distinguished among the writers of the magazines to which he lent his aid, as a poet and a humourist. It is probable, however, that his subsequent devotion to a species of knowledge, which, above all others, diverts the attention from the lighter but more elegant pleasures of literature, effectually debarred him from continuing the pursuit. The publication to whose columns he most largely and frequently contributed, was the "*Gentleman and Lady's Magazine*" of Edinburgh. His communications with the editor were made through a bosom friend of Mr. Minto, a young man of Edinburgh, of congenial spirit and equally attached to the fascinating employment of writing for the public. With this friend he maintained a regular and probably a romantic correspondence. This would at least appear

from a circumstance, which, as attested by himself, it may now be proper to relate.

Like most young men of taste and talents, who have recently been engaged in classical pursuits, Mr. Minto had for years cherished a warm desire to visit the different countries of Europe, and above all, Italy. In this too he found a companion in the friend whom we have mentioned. Their sentiments and wishes on the subject were entirely coincident. Their romantic longing for foreign travel arose at length to such a height that its gratification could no longer be delayed, and as neither was sufficiently rich nor exempt from the controul of others to accomplish the end in an ordinary manner, it was necessary to devise some extraordinary scheme. The method which was finally adopted was to traverse Europe in the garb of Pilgrims, subsisting on the charity of the pious along the way, till they reached the Italian frontier. This singular plot was not only laid, and that with the profoundest secrecy, but on the very point of being executed, when an unexpected occurrence prevented it, by removing the necessity which led to its formation. Mr. Hume sending suddenly for Minto, invited him to become the travelling tutor of two boys who were about to visit Italy for the completion of their education. It is needless to say that the offer was cheerfully accepted; and although his pleasure in the acceptance was probably diminished by the loss of his friend's society; he no doubt looked forward with rapture to so speedy and pleasing an accomplishment of his fond and romantic wishes.

The gentleman, whose sons Mr. Minto had agreed to receive as pupils, was the Hon. George Johnstone, formerly governor of West Florida and member of the British parliament. As Governor Johnstone is well known in American history, as one of the Royal Commissioners, who, in 1778, came over as bearers of the conciliatory bills and agents to bring about a friendly accommodation between the mother country and the colonies, it may not be uninteresting to our

readers to learn something of his history and character. He was a Scotchman and a son of Sir James Johnstone, and had been appointed Governor of Florida by Lord Bute. He was an active member of the House of Commons and a steady opponent of Lord North's ministry. He possessed considerable powers of oratory, and excelled in personal invective. On his return from America, he seceded from his party, and took part with the ministry, and his speeches were marked with great bitterness of feeling towards his former political associates. The other commissioners were the Earl of Carlisle and Mr. William Eden, and as Governor Johnstone had been, throughout his public career, an ardent patriot and steady friend of colonial rights, and had generally been put forward by the opposition as being a bold and animated declaimer to open the debates on the subject of the war, it was supposed that his appointment would be peculiarly acceptable to the American people. During his stay in this country, Governor Johnstone endeavoured through the instrumentality of Mrs. Elizabeth Ferguson, an American lady, married to the British commissary of prisoners, to open a negotiation with General Joseph Reed, a member of Congress from Pennsylvania. The object of this negotiation was to secure the influence of Gen. Reed in promoting a reunion between the two countries, and he was informed that if the object should be effected through his influence, he might command ten thousand pounds and any colonial office in the King's gift. To this offer, General Reed unhesitatingly replied that "he was not worth purchasing, but such as he was, the King of Great Britain was not rich enough to do it." General Reed having communicated these circumstances to Congress, that body issued a manifesto, in which it was declared that "this offer was a direct attempt to corrupt and bribe the Congress of the United States, and that it was not compatible with the honour of Congress to hold any manner of correspondence with George Johnstone, Esq., especially to negotiate with him upon affairs in which the cause of liberty was interested." Governor Johnstone

issued a counter manifesto, and soon after returned to England. We would here notice the fact that the secretary who accompanied the commissioners to America, was Dr. Adam Ferguson, who had been one of the instructors of Mr. Minto during his connexion with the University of Edinburgh. Governor Johnstone appears to have been a man of strong mind and generous feeling; but that these qualities were accompanied by great irascibility and violence of temper, is evident from his subsequent conduct towards Mr. Minto. The latter entered upon his charge in 1778, being then five and twenty years of age, and after a short stay in London, set sail for Italy. The place where he fixed himself with his pupils for the purposes of study, was Pisa, where he resided in the family of Dr. Slop, Professor of Astronomy in the University of that city. It is probable that to this association and the advantages it furnished, his devotion to mathematical science may justly be ascribed. There is no reason to believe, that his mind had been particularly turned to that department previous to his leaving Scotland: we know indeed that the bent of his genius was at that time rather towards literature and the arts. On the other hand, there is sufficient testimony, that during his residence in Italy, he pursued the study of mathematics, and prepared at least a part of those works upon the subject, which still lie in manuscript among his papers, covered with the dust of more than half a century.

After the departure of Mr. Minto from Great Britain, Governor Johnstone sailed for America, on his errand of conciliation. After the abortive result of all that the commissioners could do, and when a war between France and England appeared inevitable, he transmitted to Italy directions for the return of his sons, in time to meet him on his arrival. Mr. Minto prepared, therefore, to leave his situation in Italy, and looked forward to a residence in his native country. He doubtless anticipated much from the patronage of Johnstone, and his expectations were not unreasonable. From what he knew of that gentleman's character and disposition,



he was well assured that if his conduct were approved, the expression of his approbation would be prompt, liberal and substantial. It was not his good fortune, however, to enjoy the favour which he had in prospect. A sudden illness with which the younger of his pupils was seized, when on the point of embarking for Great Britain, detained them in Spain for several months, and this disappointment was soon followed by an angry letter from Governor Johnstone, bitterly reproachful of Minto's person, and warmly resenting his disobedience to positive command. From this display of ungenerous feeling, so cruel to his own sons as well as to their teacher, Minto perceived that he had nothing to expect. In a highly dignified letter, which he despatched without delay, he calmly but proudly resigned all claim upon the patronage of Johnstone; and although the little invalid was not yet restored to health, his anxiety to dissolve the connexion would admit of no delay. He, therefore, embarked as soon as possible on a homeward bound English vessel. They had been but a few days at sea, when they were captured by a French man-of-war and carried into a French port. They were soon released through the intervention of the British consul, and Mr. Minto finding a friend of Governor Johnstone, to whom he resigned his charge, returned expeditiously to Scotland. Whether any further communication passed between them subsequently we are unable to determine.

Mr. Minto now resided in Edinburgh as a teacher of mathematics. His reputation as a man of science appears to have been considerable, arising probably from his correspondence with the philosophers of Great Britain, and several minor publications on the subject of Astronomy. At length, however, he united himself with the Earl of Buchan in the composition of a life of Napier of Merchiston, the inventor of Logarithms. To the Earl was allotted the merely biographical portion of this work; while Dr. Minto—for he had now received the honorary title from the University of Aberdeen—undertook the other and more laborious part, which

consisted chiefly of minute scientific details, and a vindication of Napier's claims to the original invention. This work which is scarcely known in America, was laid in manuscript before the King, and received his approbation. It was no doubt the means of extending Dr. Minto's reputation and bringing him further into public view. At the same time that he was employed in the execution of this design, he was engaged in a scientific correspondence with the Astronomer Royal at Greenwich, and contributed various papers to the archives of the Royal Society.

It is difficult to determine at what period the attention of Dr. Minto was directed to America as a place of residence. From early youth he appears to have been warmly attached to liberal political principles, and to have espoused warmly the cause of American Independence. It is not likely, however, that he had formed any definite plan as to crossing the Atlantic, until after his return from Italy. The representations which he then received from friends who had previously emigrated, as to the state of society, the civil and religious advantages, and the natural charms of the scenery and climate, no doubt had a tendency to create in his mind a disposition to change his abode. His residence in Italy assisted this impression by exciting a desire for more cloudless skies, and less repulsive scenes than those of his native land. However this may be regarded, he sailed for America in 1786. The immediate motive of his departure at this time appears to have been a statement which he had received as to the College of New Jersey. This institution had attained a high reputation on both sides of the Atlantic. With the names of Dickinson and Burr and Edwards and Davies and Finley, the British public had long been familiar. The number of distinguished young men, who year after year went forth from this College, and were rapidly filling the highest offices in the church and State, tended to strengthen and advance that reputation; while an additional interest was thrown around her from the fact that Scotland had furnished the

individual who then occupied the Presidential chair, and whose name was known and honoured wherever learning, piety, and a love of liberty were held in esteem and veneration. The representations which had been made to Dr. Minto respecting this seat of learning, induced him to regard it as a desirable station, where he might enjoy an honorable independence, associate with men of learning, and continue without hinderance or interruption his favourite pursuits. It is believed, however, that before his leaving Scotland, he had received no overture from the authorities of the College; and we find him soon after his arrival in New York, settled as the principal of Erasmus Hall, an institution then recently established at Flatbush in Long Island. From this situation he was called in 1787 to the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in the College of New Jersey, as the successor of Dr. Ashbel Green. He accepted the appointment, and immediately removed to Princeton.

From this period, the life of Dr. Minto furnishes little variety of incident. He found himself at Princeton, in the society of a few but very distinguished literary men. The faculty of Nassau Hall, was at that time, perhaps, composed of men more remarkable for learning, and more favourably known to the public, than that of any other College in the Union. John Witherspoon, Samuel Stanhope Smith, Walter Minto, and John Maclean formed a corps of teachers, whose aggregate value is not often to be found within the compass of so small a number. Of his colleagues and his pupils, Dr. Minto enjoyed the confidence in an unusual degree. He was the treasurer of the corporation, and received continual applications from anxious parents, to receive their children beneath his roof, on account of the advantages which they supposed would be enjoyed within the limits of his domestic circle. With respect to his method of instruction, it need only be stated here, that the text books in Mathematics which his pupils used, were prepared by his own hand.

With the exception of the *Life of Napier*, Dr. Minto left behind him no published works as the evidence of his

learning and attainments; but we have seen the manuscript of his Mathematical works, arranged and prepared by himself for publication, the plates having been engraved and the work completed and ready for the press, when his plans were arrested, and the publication of the work prevented by his death in 1796. The only production of his pen, which was ever given to the public in America, so far as we have been able to ascertain, was an oration delivered at Princeton on his inauguration as Professor on the evening preceding the annual commencement of the College in 1788, and which was printed in the same year at Trenton by Isaac Collins. The subject of this discourse was the Origin, Progress and Importance of the Mathematical Sciences; and it is an earnest and eloquent defence of the subjects of his profession. He declared in the outset, that he would not attempt to entertain his audience with eulogies on the Founders, Trustees, and Faculty of the College, as their works sufficiently praised them; and that as he was devoted to a study, in which the fewest and simplest terms were used, he begged them to dispense with those ornaments, which usually distinguished inaugural orations. He repelled in a forcible and indignant manner the charge frequently made that this science tended to make men skeptics in every thing which was not susceptible of mathematical demonstration; he declared it to be the very handmaid of religion, and that if it were possible for a student of that branch of science to be wanting in religious reverence, he would rank him with those whose understanding God had taken away. The discourse concluded with an address to the Supreme Being, in which he prayed that the interests of science and literature might be prospered in the United States, that these interests, might be ever subservient to the promotion of liberty, happiness and virtue, that this rising and extensive empire might be preserved from the ill-boding spirit of conquest, and continued as a secure and happy asylum to the oppressed in all quarters of the Globe, that the inhabitants of the eastern hemisphere might be enlightened in the knowledge of the rights of mankind and the

arts of government and peace, that truth and reason might obtain a glorious and everlasting victory over error and violence, and that all the nations of the world might be instructed in the ways of uprightness. Dr. Minto appears to have looked back with great satisfaction upon that portion of his life which was spent in Italy, and declares in this oration that Italy from having been the scene of the noblest actions, and the mistress of Europe, in the arts and sciences and in civilization, is in the eyes of a philosopher the most interesting spot on the surface of the globe. The name of Galileo, which frequently occurs in this discourse, reminds us that we once saw among the papers of Dr. Minto, a manuscript obtained by him while resident at Pisa, which purported to be an autograph of the Great Astronomer, on which was endorsed, in the handwriting of Dr. Minto, the words "The Great Galileo." We will close this sketch with a simple statement of the fact, that several original treatises, and several valuable translations by Dr. Minto, together with a large portion of his scientific correspondence with Slop of Italy and Rittenhouse in America, are still in preservation but unpublished and unknown. Dr. Minto was married after his removal to Princeton to Miss Mary Skelton, and his widow survived until the year 1824, but they left no descendants. Dr. Minto died in Princeton, on the 21st day of October, 1796, in the forty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in the grave-yard at Princeton, in which are interred the illustrious men who preceded and were associated with him in the Faculty of the College. A plain marble slab covers his remains, which bears the following simple inscription :

WALTER MINTO, LL.D.

Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy

In the College of New Jersey.

Was born

In the County of Merse, in Scotland,

Dec. 6th, 1753.

And died in this Town,

October 21st, 1796.

## NEW BOOKS.

**PEOPLE I HAVE MET**, or Pictures of Society and People of Mark, drawn under a thin veil of Fiction. By N. Parker Willis. New York, Baker & Scribner. 1850.

The reputation of Mr. Willis as an elegant and fascinating writer has long been established, and we think the present work will compare favourably with any of his former productions.

**WARAGA**, or the charms of the Nile. By William Furniss. New York, Baker & Scribner, 1850.

The title of this book, the author informs us in the preface, is a term applied by the Arabs to all charms in general; and he expresses the hope, that this one may prove potent in dispelling the ennui of his readers. The volume commences with the author's entrance into Egypt, arrival at Alexandria, and journey from thence to Cairo, both of which cities he describes; and is principally devoted to his excursions up and down the Nile, his visit to Thebes and other ruins, his passage across the desert and his ascent of the pyramids. The work is accompanied by eight handsome illustrations.

**CAPRICES.** New York: 1850. pp. 154. 12 mo.

A tantalizing little volume; no name of author, no preface, no hint of his latitat; whether of Charleston or Boston, married or single, a doctor of physic or a doctor of divinity. The very title stirs our choler. We should pronounce the author to be a professional man, if he did not write such smooth verses, and a man of the world if they were not so thoughtful. As we fear from this beginning that he is in danger of the fate which Locke foretells for successful poets, we utter our warning voice, beseeching him to enter on a course of counter-irritants, as for example (supposing him to be a doctor) on law-studies. The surprise and novelty of drawing a declaration, or the pleasantry of Coke upon Littleton would perhaps draw these humours out of him. But the volume is so rapidly bought up, that we scarcely hope our prescription will be followed.

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

THE GOTHS AND THEIR SONS.\*

When it is considered that, with some slender exceptions, all we have of the language spoken by the mighty Goths is contained in one translation of the New Testament, and that of this there is but one manuscript, it is remarkable that so many grammars and glossaries should have appeared. Two of the most important works have been published since the literature of the Gothic was posted up by Bosworth, in his learned but rambling preface of two hundred pages; we mean the "Glossarium der Gothischen Sprache, von H. C. v. d. Gabelenz und Dr. J. Loebe," (Leipz. 1843, 4to. pp. 294,) and the book named above this article. The grammar which accompanies the former of these is thorough and exhaustive; founded on the latest conclusions of Bopp, Pott, and Grimm, respecting the Indo-European languages, and offering aids for the study of all the Teutonic tongues, especially of the Anglo-Saxon. Here, as in the somewhat mortifying instance of Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, English scholarship has lain still, and allowed the palm to be taken by continental research. Even now, the copies of Rask which have fallen under our eye, are printed at Copenhagen.

\* *Gothisches Glossar*, von Ernst Schulze. Mit einer Vorrede von Jacob Grimm. Magdeburg. 4to. pp. xxii. 454.

If we shall be permitted some day to give a memoir of Rask, we shall hold him up as the knight-errant of modern ethnology. Mr. Schulze has availed himself of the patronage of Jacob Grimm, a matchless name in this department; and it is unquestionably the preface which gives currency to the work. Under such auspices, it takes its place by the side of Grimm's ponderous German Grammar, a monument which nothing in English even imitates, still less emulates, and with the *Sprachschatz*, of Graff. These profound researches are indispensable to those who would learn the mysteries of our own language. A few years ago, it was a feat of erudition to bring out the spoils of Anglo-Saxon; and the *Diversions of Purley*, with its radical errors, placed a crown on the head of Horne Tooke; he was *unoculus inter coccos*. Since his day, Anglo-Saxon studies have revived, under many such men as Thorpe and Kemble; but it is because they have sat at the feet of Rask and the Grimms. They have however discovered that their excavations must go far deeper than the time of Hengist and Horsa, and must reveal the obscure treasures of the Gothic and the Old High German, or to speak with the Romans, of the Getae and the Suevi. But he that pushes his adventurous quest thus far discovers that there is a yet remoter fund of surpassing wealth, in the analogies of the Sanscrit and the Zend. Just here the labours of English scholars in Hindostan, and solitary philologists in Germany, come together; and the confused masses of the Asiatic Researches and missionary vocabularies and grammars, come under the methodizing wand of the Bopps and the Grimms. The Gothic remains have received illumination and system from this influence. The process may be compared to what has been done for fossil anatomy by Cuvier and Agassiz. We shall be understood by any one who will collate the *Glossarium of Junius* (Dort, 1665) or even that of Reinwald (ed. of Zahn, 1805) with the two above cited. The whole face of the sub-



ject is altered, as much as when we place a Linnaean *hortus siccus* by the side of an arrangement by de Candolle or Torrey. It is the magic of order, generated by principle. In due course of time, these discoveries, through several strata of thick-headed resistance, will percolate into the chaotic, pulpy mass of English Grammar. Already the doctrine of the strong and weak verb begins to emerge into notice in the later British manuals; a doctrine as simple as it is self-evident, and absolutely necessary to give a ray of light to the labyrinth of conjugation. Few, even in England, know that R. Rask has a special treatise on the English forms of grammar; our copy was printed in Denmark, in 1832: it is entitled "Engelsk Formlære." Under this treatment those forms which the superficial teacher regards as anomalous, such as *taught*, *flung*, *help*, are seen to be precious remnants of a flexion common to all the ancient Indo-European tongues. Similar to this is the beautiful classification of vowel declensions, by Loebe and Gabelenz; we might add the trilogy of original vowels, one of the few points of connexion with the Semitic tongues, as set forth by Nordheimer and Hupfeld.

Those who perceive the bearing of ethnology on the question of races, the authenticity of biblical ethnography, and the philosophy of history, will not undervalue such researches, which run parallel with those of the geologist and the paleontologist. Such will wish to go further than the meager sketches of Wiseman, and the absurdities of Doig in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. They will find gratification in the history of the German Language by Jacob Grimm; (Leips. 1848, 2 vols. 8vo.), which is in reality a classification of all that is known respecting the Germanic languages, including the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon. The Grimms, a beautiful example of fraternal love, have grown old together in joint research and authorship. Known to us first by their *Nursery Tales*, in which they trace up the legends of our

infancy to the remote sources of the Teutons, they continue to evince the same childlike poetic genius in their most recondite accumulations. Probably no dry subject was ever so enlivened before, as are the grammatical comparisons of the work last named, by the soft idyllic pictures of primitive life. It is to be regretted, that Grimm's complete investigation of the Anglo-Saxon *origines* does not exist in a separate form, for English students.

As few of our readers are likely to purchase Gothic works, we think it proper to say, that the resemblance of English roots to pure Moeso-Gothic is often very striking, even to the casual observer. Not less interesting is the sisterhood of words, when we compare younger branches of the Indo-European household. For example, our noun *Brother* is in Gothic *Brothar*; Old Saxon, *Brothar*; Anglo-Saxon, *Brothor*; Old High German, *Brodar*; Swedish, *Broder*; Danish, *Broder*; Dutch, *Broeder*; German, *Bruder*; Latin, *Frater*. To take a wider range, showing the Asiatic connexion, compare our numeral Three (thrice) with the Sanscrit, *Tri*; Zend, *Thri*; Greek, τρεῖς; Latin, *Tres*; Slavonic; *Tri*; Gothic; *Threis*; Old High German, *Dri*; Anglo-Saxon, *Thri*; Norse, *Thrir*; Swedish, *Tre*. The Glossary of Schulze does not go into these matters of comparative lexicography so much as that of Loebe, or as the elaborate work of Diefenbach; but rather undertakes to illustrate the Gothic by itself. We propose, as occasion offers, to present some notices in regard to the progress of inquiry abroad, on points which connect themselves with our beloved mother-tongue. This may be done, we are persuaded, in such a manner as to bring even the reader of general literature into familiarity with some periods of its history, which, to a great degree, have escaped the attention of scholars profound in other things.

In our boyish days, as many a greybeard will attest, chits at school were taught that Latin was made out of Greek, and

Greek out of Hebrew. Accordingly as we muddled over our dictionaries we used to try hard to establish these affinities on resemblances equal to those of Monmouth and Macedon. A precious remnant of this method, shored up with abundance of perverse erudition, may be found in a work no less ambitious and costly than the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, in the article *Philology*. There we learn that the Greek article was imported from the Hebrew, and that one language is pretty much a growth from the other. That any Latin words or forms were coeval with the Greek did not enter our poor little school-boy noddles. The Greek was the mother; the Latin was the daughter: this was a fixed fact. It agreed well with a prevailing disposition to disparage the Roman tongue. In process of time, it began to leak out, that there were sturdy roots and stocks in Latin which refused to own any such lineage; that in several important respects Latin forms were strikingly more antique in their look than the answerable Greek forms; and, at length, that both these kinsfolk, as sisters, betrayed an undeniable and almost appalling family likeness to a mother-tongue, away off in the East. Here it was that the study of the Sanscrit came in to supply links, and reveal laws of which there had been before only an inkling. It is this connexion of the classical tongues with the sacred language of the East, which is the key to all modern philology. In proportion to the advance of British arms in India, British learning was made acquainted with the most regular, and so to speak most grammatical, of all grammars, and every new discovery added classification to the structure of Greek and Latin. But this was only a part. Not only the Greeks and Romans were found, as the Bible teaches, to be descended in point of language from the dwellers in the high regions of Asia, but the Germans, those Goths and Vandals whom we had regarded as so many Mohawks or Karens, were as undeniably proved to have the same origin. Differ as the classic

branches might from the Teutonic, opposite as might be the speech of Attica or Rome and the speech of Moesia, both branches were seen beyond possibility of contradiction growing out of an Eastern trunk, of which the last representative is the holy language of the Bramins. Comparison, then, ensues of the Asiatic and European tongues; the Indo-Germanic, or Indo-European languages, as they have been collectively called. Every thing suggested by etymology is instantly confirmed by geography and history. The records of the barbarian irruptions acquire a new interest. Research is carried back into the earliest Germanic documents, the Kero, the Edda, and Ulfilas, the oldest of all. Truth becomes more evident when it is seen that the further back you go in the Germanic tongues the more they resemble the Asiatic; but it is the Asia not of Shem but of Japheth. "When I read Ulfilas" said a great ethnologist, "I feel as if I was reading Sanscrit." This at once explained how resemblances, long known, but entirely irreconcilable with former hypothesis, could have been produced; as between whole lists of words in Persian and in English. The key is before us; Persian leads us up to Zend and Zend to Sanscrit; English leads us up to Saxon and Gothic and Suevic, and so to the same Sanscrit; or, if you please, to that anterior speech of which Sanscrit is the oldest daughter. Here we are brought to the point of connexion between the study of English or Anglo-Saxon and the study of Moeso-Gothic. Though the truth fundamental to this whole inquiry lay dormant during the Babylonish Captivity of language, it had been nevertheless enunciated as early as 1665, by no less a man than old Francis Junius; we have never seen the passage quoted, and the volume is rare: "Francicam enim Anglo-Saxonicamque ex vetere Gothica promanasse, ipsam vero Gothicam (ut quae sola dialecto differat a Graeca vetere) ab eadem origine cum Graeca profluxisse judicabam."

Fully aware how dry these statements are to most readers, we must hasten to say, that the incomparable Grimm has collected everything that antiquity and the middle-ages can furnish, in regard to the origin, emigrations, boundaries, dialects, and offspring of the Gothic tribes. Across this warp of stout and varied learning his adroit and restless shuttle has thrown a rich and particoloured woof of Northern mythology. How nearly this concerns us is apparent from the very names of our week-days. How it bears upon English law, freedom, and trial by jury, has been beautifully shown by Kemble and President Woolsey. How it vindicates the Mosaic account of the Sons of Noah, is evinced by Schlegel, Wiseman, and Prichard. How it accords with all we have of ancient geography, is learnedly set forth by Dr. Anthon, in his recent work. But how it opens a vista for the Anglo-Saxon or rather Indo-European conquest of the earth, is a problem reserved for some constructive and prophetic mind of the next age.

J.

---

### THE NIGHT-MARE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CAPRICES.'

Hist! 'tis the throb of her tramping;  
Hold! 'tis the rush of her stride;  
Up, through the shadows of midnight,  
Echoless here to my side.

Vague as the phantoms of fever,  
Dark as the river of death,  
Cold, dull and leaden-eyed, foamless,  
Dim though I lie in her breath.

Clogged is my life in its currents,  
Stagnant the fountains of rest,

Chill grows the heart as she kneeleth,  
And lieth upon my breast.

Up! I am slave to her bidding:  
Mount! I am bound to her will:  
Off, into darkness and distance;  
Out, over moorland and hill,

Spirit, nor fire in her motion,  
Flashing nor light in her eye,  
Cold, dull, unpanting and foamless,  
Fleet as the meteor on high.

Out, over mountain and moorland;  
Mad, through the desolate street;  
Off by the caverns and waters;  
Through, where the cataraets meet.

Echo nor sound of her rushing;  
Noiseless the fall of her hoof:  
Night closes deeper around us,—  
Night, upon forest and roof.

On, without struggle or quiver:  
On, with the precipice near:  
Cold sleep the pulses of terror;  
Choked are the voices of fear.

Down, where the gulf gives no answer,  
Down without vision or mark:  
Cold, dull, unpanting, remorseless;  
Down in the fathomless dark.

Fast!—I am here where I slumbered.  
Whither? Hold! saw you her stride?  
Low laughs a voice on my pillow;  
Warm heaves the breast by my side.

## LE PAYS LATIN.

## NO. I.

Before I entered college, my father, whose business led him almost every year to Europe, put me to school at several places both in France and England. When it was too late, he found out that he would have done better to keep me with old Mr. Ross, at the corner of Fourth and Arch. Though I learned to fence and box, and to talk a little monk's Latin, I got scarcely any exact grammar, and no discipline. In Paris I wandered about those precincts of the Sorbonne, which in a remote age received the name they still bear of the Latin-land, because all the clerky people talked the language of the learned and the church. The name struck my fancy, and suits the whimsies wherewith I refresh my evenings, after sweating over Analytical Geometry and Demosthenes.

The attention paid to Latin and Greek metres in the great schools of England is carried forward at the Universities: there is nothing more characteristic of English scholarship as compared with that of France and Germany. Some of the poems produced in these forcing-beds have become celebrated. I need scarcely name Owen and Vincent Bourne. It is a singular fact that the Latin works of Owen acquired a celebrity even in Spain, where some of them were published in 1682, under the auspices of Francisco de la Torre. But the book of the witty Oxonian made so free with popery, that the *Agudezas de Juan Owen* were placed on the Index Expurgatorius. As to "Vinny Bourne," he that has read either Cowper or Lamb, will remember him. Several of his delicate trifles were put into English by Cowper. There is in Princeton a copy of his poems which once belonged to Charles Lamb, and which has on the inside of the title an autograph of the only Latin epigram he ever wrote, entitled *Suum Cuique*;

with interlineations and changes. It is printed in his life by Mr. (now Sir) Thomas Noon Talfourd. I annex a few specimens of the lighter verses of Cambridge and Oxford.

## I.

I am his Highness' dog at Kew,  
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

Pope.

By R. R. W. Lingen, B. A., Fellow of Baliol College,  
Oxford.

Principis en catulum, convivam respice regum!  
Tu mihi dic, sodes, unde catelle, venis?

## II.

As I was a going to sell my eggs,  
I met a man with bandy legs,  
Bandy legs and crooked toes:  
I tripped up his heels, and he fell on his nose.

By the Rev. Francis Hodson, B. D., Eton College.

Ibam forte forum vendendis impiger ovis;  
Obvius incurvis vir mihi fit pedibus,  
Cruribus et varis: mihi supplantare misellum  
Sors erat; in nares incidit ille solo.

## III.

Ride a cock-horse  
To Banbury Cross,  
To see an old woman upon a white horse:  
With rings on her fingers  
And bells on her toes,  
She shall have music wherever she goes.



---

From the *Arundines Cami*.

Infans, quadrivium ad Banburiensium  
Manno te celerem corripe ligneo :  
Illic quadrupedem flectere candidum  
Miram conspicies Anum.

En, quinque in digitis sex habet annulos  
Tintinnabula sex in digitis pedum !  
Felix, dulce melos, quod ciet undique,  
Quoquo vertitur, audiet !

---

IV.

*Sur le collier d'un chien.*

Ne te promets point de largesse :  
Quiconque me trouvera,  
S'il me ramène à ma maîtresse,  
Pour recompense la verra.

---

By Henry John Hodgson, M. A., of Trinity College,  
Cambridge.

Errantem reddas : non indotatus abibis :  
Aspicias dominam, nec pete plura, meam.

---

V.

'Who comes here?' 'A grenadier.'  
'What does he want?' 'A pot of beer.'  
'Where's your money?' 'I forgot.'  
'Get you gone, you drunken sot !'

---

By the Rev. Henry Drury, M. A.

'Quisnam est qui venit hic?' 'Miles procerus et audax.'  
'Quidnam est quod poscis?' 'Da liquidam Cererem.'  
'Ast ubi sunt nummi?' 'Sum nummi oblitus et expers.'  
'Furcifer, ad corvos, ebrie, pote, tuos !'

E. I. N.

## A TRIP TO THE LEVANT.

In the month of February, 1827, I found myself on board a sloop of war in Boston Harbour, in what capacity it is not necessary to state. The vessel was under orders for the Mediterranean, and all on board was noise and commotion. The orders of the officers, the nautical terms, the voices of the seamen, the creaking of the cordage, and the altercation with the shore boats, formed a combination of sounds new and strange to the ears of a landsman, and suggested to his mind some faint idea of what must have been the confusion attendant upon the erection of the tower of Babel.

Our destination I have said was the Mediterranean, and our object was to reinforce the American squadron. The Greek revolution was drawing to a close, and a conflict of six years by sea as well as land, had called into requisition so many privateers and adventurers, that piracy was a matter of daily occurrence. The commerce of the country and the safety of our citizens required that a strong maritime force should be maintained in those seas.

Every body on board had been for weeks occupied in the various duties of the ship, such as setting up the rigging, starting water, taking in wood, receiving and storing away provisions, and making lanyards for the fire buckets. The day on which I for the first time in my life set foot on the deck of a man of war, was a day of bustle and preparation; and all hands appeared to be employed in setting up topmast, and topgallant rigging and preparing to unmoor the ship. At eight o'clock on the morning of the birth day of the immortal Washington, a dark dismal day, in the midst of a pelting rain this object was effected. A gun was fired and a cornet hoisted for all boats and officers, and in two hours we were under way standing out of the harbour. We fired a salute of seventeen guns, in an hour and a half passed Boston light house, made all sail by the wind, and ascer-

tained by the log that we were going at the rate of ten knots an hour.

Of the events of the next two weeks I have little or no recollection. Any one who has suffered from sea sickness, will never forget the languor, the total helplessness, the sinking of the heart, and the indifference to all around and even to life itself which attends it. I did not venture on deck until the sixteenth day, when after a sound and refreshing sleep I was aroused by the noise overhead, and on making my way up found that the wind was blowing, as the sailors said briskly, but as I thought hard; and as I reached the deck I heard all hands called to furl the mainsail and top-gallant sails, to take two more reefs in the topsail, to hand the mainsail, haul aft the maintrysail, and send down top-gallant yards.

Nothing of moment occurred during the remainder of the voyage; we had the usual alternations of storm and sunshine, and our time passed pleasantly. We had a noble ship, an intelligent and gentlemanly set of officers, and as to our captain I will content myself with saying, that a more gallant and accomplished officer, a more thorough seaman and a more true-hearted gentleman never stood on a quarter deck. The affection he excited in the minds of the crew rendered them active, orderly and obedient, so that the colt was no more required on board his ship than it would be in a church.

On the thirtieth day out land was discovered, which proved to be Cape St. Mary, distant about forty miles: and at this time a bank arose in the East and the weather became squally, requiring us to take in all the light sails and single reef the topsails, when the ship became immediately obscured as in a fog, with clouds of mist and fine dust or sand. Three days after, early in the morning, we spoke a Spanish felucca from Corunna bound to Barcelona, and in the afternoon of the same day we were standing into the harbour of Gibraltar. On the next morning all hands were called to work the ship

into port; but this was not a matter to be accomplished as expeditiously as I had supposed for we were several hours employed beating into the anchorage, and it was not until evening that we came to, moored the ship and fired a salute of twenty guns, which was promptly returned from the shore.

I have no intention of describing Gibraltar. So many descriptions have been given of that rocky promontory and its impregnable fortress that every reader must be familiar with it, and our stay there was very short. Notwithstanding the many excellent properties of our vessel, she had proved to be rather a dull sailer. This was attributed to her being too full built about the after part of her frame, and to her having too great a quantity of ballast and other articles of weight, which brought her full counters too low upon the water; and though a very easy ship and remarkably stiff, owing to the dead water she drew after her she would steer very wild when going before the wind. Our captain thought that by lightening the ship a great improvement in sailing and steering might be produced, but no opportunity was afforded of doing it now.

Failing to meet the Commodore at Gibraltar and learning that he was quarantined at Mahon, we got under weigh on the first day of April, worked out of the harbour, and in a couple of hours were standing to the eastward under all sail. On the next day we discovered the coast of Africa, on the day following touched at the Spanish town of Adras, and two days after stopped at Almeria for water. We had a succession of pleasant days, and on the fourteenth day out of Gibraltar were standing along the western side of the island of Majorca. Passing the little island of Cabrera, we on the sixteenth of April made the south point of the island of Minorca. We now cleared away the anchors, fired a gun for a pilot, ran along the land standing off and on, hauled up the courses, jib and flying jib, and called all hands to work the ship into the harbour of Port Mahon. Here we

found the flag-ship of the American squadron, and many vessels of war of different nations. We spent two weeks very pleasantly in harbour taking in water, cleaning and painting the ship, and giving and receiving visits. At the expiration of that time, on as beautiful a morning as is ever known in April, we might have been seen with topsails and top-gallant sails set and royal yards crossed, standing out of that harbour.

I pass over the succeeding three weeks, at the end of which we came to in the harbour of Malta. Our stay here was from some peculiar circumstances very short, and I had no opportunity of examining the place; but I thought much of her renowned and gallant Knights and of her centuries of celebrity and power, as well as of the important events connected with her name in modern history: for I remembered that an illustrious British statesman had said of her that in both the expeditions to Egypt, that which conquered and that which rescued it, Malta was as it were the first stage of their progress and the first earnest of their success.

We took in water at Syracuse, and towards the close of May were in the harbour of Milo. As we passed Cape Colonna and I got a glimpse of the temple of Minerva, I felt a strong desire to examine the antiquities of the place, and could not forbear exclaiming,

“Place me on Sunium’s marble steep,  
Where nothing but the waves and I  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep.”

But we pressed on, passing the island of Ipsara and standing along the shore of Scio, and on the evening of the third day were beating up the gulf of Smyrna.

For some days I had much food for reflection. I was among the isles of Greece where Aristotle had taught, where Sappho had loved and sung. I passed from the surpassing beauty of the scene to recollections of past grandeur, the

writings of sages, the monuments of former glory, the brilliant successes of another age and the degeneracy of the present.

“Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
But all except their sun is set.”

As I gazed upon the shores of Scio, I could not but think of the appalling events which had but recently occurred there; events scarcely paralleled in atrocity in the history of the world. This beautiful and populous island, with its peaceful, inoffensive and defenceless inhabitants, devoted to agriculture and commerce and almost ignorant of the use of arms, who had not joined in the insurrection against the Turk, but remained tranquil in their slavery, and submissive under grinding oppression, where wealth, intelligence, refinement and hospitality were to be found in no common degree, a few hours of rapine had changed into a scene of blood and devastation. Men, women and children, the hoary-headed patriarch and the tender infant alike fell beneath the Turkish yatagan. Of its eighty thousand inhabitants twenty thousand were butchered, twenty thousand were converted into slaves, and the remainder were skulking amid rocks and in caverns like hunted beasts. “The din and tumult of the carnage ceased; but there was no human voice heard there; the whirlwind of destruction had swept over it and left it desolate.”

We were engaged for some time in giving convoy to vessels, and now commenced a cruise full of interest and incident. The depredations committed on our commerce had been so frequent, that it was necessary to take active measures to check them. The commander of our vessel seemed to be in a peculiar manner suited for this enterprise. He was both sagacious and energetic, and possessed an intrepidity never exceeded. I was filled with admiration at his untiring vigilance, and it would fill a volume to narrate one tenth of the incidents of our cruise. Our ship appeared to possess

the power of ubiquity. One day we were looking into Milo, to see if there were vessels there wanting convoy, and then we would be abreast of Cerigotto. At one time off Syra, and then in the gulf of Suda. We were cruising principally between Cape Matapan and Cerigotto, thus guarding the entrance to the Archipelago; but our captain seemed to take peculiar delight in hovering about Garabusa. This was the stronghold of the pirates; the place where they obtained provisions and deposited their plunder. No suspicious sail ever escaped his eagle eye, and vessels of all descriptions, Felucca, Tratto and Mistico, were overhauled and seized; and at one time we had more than one hundred prisoners on board our ship. Some idea of the activity of our operations may be formed, when I state that after capturing a large boat off Garabusa to leeward of the harbour, we immediately went in chase of a brig making to windward. She was soon overhauled, and proved to be a fine vessel of one hundred and eighty tons. The brig was hardly disposed of, when a suspicious looking craft was seen coming round the west end of Candia; we immediately pursued it, but getting becalmed while the other vessel was favoured with a breeze, we lost her. That night, off Cape Spada, another suspicious sail hove in sight, which we chased all night and a part of the next day up the gulf of Napoli, when she she made her escape either into Spetzia or by bearing away for Hydra. We soon after captured one vessel and burnt another, in a small bay off the isle of Andros, and sunk a schooner off Syra. Besides all this, our commander frequently landed at different islands, compelling the authorities to disgorge the plunder deposited with them, and sometimes exacting the most signal satisfaction for outrages committed on our commerce.

In this manner the summer and autumn passed rapidly away, as we cruised among the beautiful islands of the Ægean Sea, often returning to Smyrna, which afforded me an opportunity of seeing much of that great and bustling mart of the Levant. Smyrna, owing to its capacious harbour, is the

resort of merchants from the four quarters of the earth; and here the products of all lands are exposed to sale. It is one of the cities claimed as the birth place of Homer, and I was shown the spot where he was said to have been born, and the cavern in which he wrote his poems. I visited the baths of Diana, and the ruins of a temple said to have been once dedicated to her worship. Here I heard all tongues spoken, and saw men of all kindreds and tribes, Parthians, Medes and Elamites, the dwellers in Mesopotamia, Judea and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians. Smyrna was truly a pleasant place to me, and I shall not easily forget its noisy bustling bazaars, its olive trees and vineyards. An incident occurred at this place, which to me was peculiarly interesting. We were at Smyrna, on the fourth of July. The flag ship of the American squadron, and several vessels of war of different nations were in the bay. At eight o'clock we hoisted our colours, with the American ensign at our fore, mizen, and gaff-end. At meridian we followed the Commodore in a salute, when a British frigate in the harbour hoisted the American ensign at the fore and fired a salute, which was returned by the Commodore, who hoisted English colours at the gaff-end and we at the fore while saluting. The French, Austrians and Dutch performed the same ceremonies. At sunset the Commodore again fired a salute, when the different ships in port each ran up the American ensign at the fore, except the Dutch, who had kept our flag flying from the time of saluting us at mid-day. All the vessels hauled down the flags at our last gun. That night the mosques in Smyrna were illuminated.

But my cruise was drawing to a close, and the time was at hand when I must bid farewell to the gallant ship which had been my home for twelve happy months. On the 22d of February, 1828, just one year from the day on which I first trod her decks, we came up with a strange sail, laid our



main-topsail to the mast and spoke her. The quarter-boat was lowered, and few minutes sufficed to place me on board the brig *Caroline*, bound for Baltimore. I did not remove my eyes from the noble vessel I had left while a speck of her was visible. I felt sad and lonely as she filled away, and breathed a fervent prayer for her success and that of her gallant crew, as I saw her with top-gallant sails, royals and flying jib set, standing through the Doro passage.

---

## MELODY AND HARMONY.

There is a stage in musical education in which we appreciate nothing but melody, and that the simplest. We observe it in our children, and in uncultivated persons, whether in civilized or savage lands. Let a harmonized production be heard by one thus far advanced, and it gives pleasure only so far as the principal melody, or air, can be abstracted from the mass of sounds. In process of time, the ear becomes familiar to the more easy chords, the fifth and third, with the octave; and many persons who practise what is called singing second, do nothing but drone an accompaniment of the common chord, like that of a miss with her guitar, or a negro with his banjo. At length some insight is obtained into the elementary parts of harmony, and pleasure is taken in the proper sequence of chords, changes of key, preparation and resolution of discords. At this juncture, for the first time, any intelligent satisfaction can be had in the higher works of great masters. Just here however the self-gratulating novice is in danger of a gross error, which pervades and dis-tempers much of the musical criticism of the day, and which it is the object of this paper to expose.

Because harmony is essential to great music, it does not

follow that it is every thing, or that melody is to be thrown out of doors. The young lady who lisps bad 'Italian, exclaims, "O I dote upon counterpoint, and care nothing for melody!" The lovely creature has something yet to learn, for this is not the language of great composers. As justly might a painter say, "I despise drawing; give me *chiar'oscuro*." On this subject one of the first scientific musical writers of Great Britain has said, "The study of melody is by far too much neglected. Harmony has generally in these days usurped its place: and we find ten good harmonists according to rule, for one good melodist. The reason is, that a man without real musical genius may become a very good scholastic harmonist, while a great melodist must be a man of great genius. Handel was in his day one of the most remarkable musicians for general excellence in both melody and harmony; but he was a man of the highest musical genius, and his profound skill in all the harmony of his time could never altogether check the flow from the spring of melody which existed in his mind. In his oratorios and his operas this spring is never failing." In correspondence with these observations of Mr. George Farquhar Grahame, it may be observed that whatever may be the value of the composition, even in the extremest instances from Haydn or Bartholdy Mendelssohn, it is some melodic idea which is the basis, and which is felt as constantly present, even in polyodic passages. Confirmation is derived from the great part which national melodies play in celebrated compositions. Rossini is known to have built half an opera on strains from a Jewish Synagogue. The Scotch airs in *La Dame Blanche* ring in every body's ears. Composers are therefore on the look-out for every thing new and *frappant* of this nature, and the source is large. "Although Italian music," says Doni, "seems the most excellent of all, still let us remember, that *non omnia fert omnia tellus*; but that one nation abounds in one thing, another in another thing, according to the different genius of each." He therefore directs the composer to the airs of

France, Spain, Germany and Portugal. The Italian ear is so quick to catch new melodies, that opera airs are heard all over the streets, especially in Venice.

Reicha, one of the profoundest modern writers, places Haydn and Mozart above all others, for the diversified use they make of a fundamental melody; and here, as elsewhere, the most accomplished learning is found to confirm the judgments of unsophisticated nature. Half-bred musicians turn away contemptuously from a simple Scotch or Irish strain: not so the mighty masters, who snatch these up and reproduce them in a thousand forms. It is not so easy as some prolific composers think to originate a melodic idea. Something more is necessary than a series of notes, in rhythm and grammar. Sometimes the operatic composer borrows from the people, and sometimes the song of the streets is taken from the great musician. The Marseillaise is now admitted to be by Mozart: and the common English song *O Happy Fair* is made out of a church chant of C. P. E. Bach. Few are aware what melodies they are sometimes singing in church. The tune called Greenville is perhaps recognised as a dream of the infidel Rousseau; but hundreds of our crude hymn-tunes are extracts or parodies of airs from operas. Mr. Grahame asserts that the modern fashionable composers have had recourse to older and forgotten masters, and pillaged them without mercy.

These remarks have an application which we cannot overlook to the important subject of church-music. As it is obviously impossible to produce a regular, balanced, and effective harmony in the multitude of a common congregation, we must, if we insist on part-singing, either resign the matter to a choir, or allow the most extravagant voluntaries below. One shrill contralto in a house, privateering in complacent bravura, is enough to derange and ruin the noblest sacred composition. These prominent voices are usually self-ordained to the work wherein they delight. What shall be done? We answer—though in the face of ordinary prac-

tice—what the Germans do; and no nation is more musical, nor is there any in which the ample swell of congregational singing more prevails. Let the congregation, as a general rule, confine itself to the air. It is the only part which, in the long run, the masses can sing correctly. Shall you have no harmony? We answer, better simple unison, than the unmusical failures arising from mock-harmonies, forbidden progression and downright discords. But where an effective choir, or a sufficient instrument exists, the harmony may be safely entrusted to these. Exception is to be allowed, in favour of those whose voices do not reach the extreme notes of the air; but such persons are seldom called upon to add much to the volume of sound.

It is an error to suppose that the place here given to melody is against the judgment of musical authorities. We have before us a collection of celebrated Roman Catholic pieces, printed in Munich, in 1845. The learned editor, in giving certain ancient tunes, quotes the following words from Wackernagel: "It may be said, that scarcely a beginning has been made towards a history of melodies; and yet *Melody is all in all, the beginning and end of music*: with this all pleasure in music begins, and to this all refined taste comes back. There prevails in our day an exclusive interest in complicated music, in harmonic and symphonic artifice; this we cannot venture to condemn, but we hope that taste and study will revert at length to what is simple and primitive, that is, to melody."

C. F. v. K.

---

### A MEDITATION AFTER DINNER.

Let me draw inward from the garish day;  
And dream those dreams which the half-closed eye

Lets in, fantastic, a light-swimming train,  
Wave following wave, self-moving, changeful, dim ;  
Then brightening with a fire-fly suddenness.  
Not matter, not for sense ; yet not the links  
Of reasoning sledge-and-anvil, but free, free,  
All free as air, and, airlike, streaming in,  
Sweet denizens, as bees to their own flowers.

Come gentle Darkness ! I have done thee wrong !  
Thy tracts are ebony easels, on whose face  
The taper-fingered Phantasy doth lay  
The colours of her rainbow-palette thick.  
Give to broad day its real and its trite,  
Its tedious, daily, forms,\* its souls succinct,†  
Its stiff, unliving matter, its wire-edge,  
Its useful din, and glory comfortless.  
My world is here ! Here sit I as a King !  
Nor all the janizaries of all courts,  
From lackered China to rough Muscovy,  
Shall dare to lay the lightest tipstaff touch  
On sylph or gnome of all my retinue.  
Has the day gone ? Then do I breathe again !  
The day—the bold, outstaring, gaudy day,  
All heat and radiance, made for artizans,  
Prying with Eastern scrutiny the den  
Of mouse monastic, and of bard unshorn.

Sweet Evening, let thy grateful curtain fall ;  
Scented with spring-dews, thick, voluminous,  
An arras all with broidered tale bedight,  
Where antique tourney, Frankish pageantry,  
And clashing tilt of quaint-emblazoned arms,  
Start from the pictured wall ; and, at a change  
Of Fancy's show, some half-seen Grecian girl,

\* *“Taedet harum quotidianarum formarum.”* Terence.

† *“Pectora succincta curis.”* Statius. *Silv.* V. 1, 77.

In stonelike drapery, with shouldered urn,  
 Thrids the green, darkening copse, to summer spring,  
 While Pan and satyrs through the woodland gleam.

Not real! No. REALITY were rich,  
 Could his brick colonnades, his frescoed walls,  
 His unread libraries, show aught like thine,  
 Queenly Imagination! Let the town,  
 The square, the straight, the built, the palpable,  
 Sleep till to-morrow. Time enough for all  
 The cyclops-hammers, and gold-spinning wheels,  
 And miserly accountings of dead things,  
 Called men in scorn, and time enough for gain,  
 And moil and carking cares, when the sun comes.

But stay thou, balmy Night! Thy cressets shine  
 With flames unbought by blood of mining slaves;  
 The coronet is made of silver suns  
 That tempt one upward, as they twinkle high  
 In fields where hands unbodied beckon higher,  
 And call to cantons laid down in no map,  
 Hypothecated in no Wall-Street, nor annexed  
 By vote or treaty of black-kerchieft sage;  
 Regions beyond our Thule, Oregon,  
 Tahiti, California, or the Pole,  
 But now explored, yea further than balloon,  
 Or latest gaze of piercing Cambridge glass  
 Hath ventured to approach. Alas! in vain  
 Manhattan heareth of it! 'Tis not writ  
 In Mammon's Bible; the Directory  
 Speaketh not of it; the Director's thumb  
 In holy conclave never hath turned down  
 The mystic corner of a note from thence.

Hours sacred to sweet musing, go not by!  
 No white-gloved, whiskered opera man is here  
 To wonder and to scorn with smirk inane.

Let not the day-bright hemisphere turn back,  
Till I have for a little space emerged.  
Stay thy vast shadowing wing, with kind eclipse,  
Till my long-dazzled eye hath caught the forms  
Which poise their hazy seeming in mid-heaven.  
—But lo! 'tis coffee, sublunary urn  
Once hight ambrosia, which Dan Homer stole  
From Arab wanderings; 'tis our Hebe pours  
The stream of opposites, the black, the white,  
And crystals saccharine confirm the bans.  
*Probatum est*: my hat and stick—Good-b'ye.

v.

## FREEDOM OF SPEECH, No. II.

Besides the tyrannical restrictions usually imposed upon young writers, as to the use of words and phrases, there is another equally oppressive, as to the train of thought or succession of ideas. It is surely an intolerable check upon the active and excited mind, to require a close adherence to one subject, which moreover tends to weary and disgust the reader. Freedom of thought and speech in this respect, would render composition a source of pleasure to both parties. This improvement might indeed be pushed so far as to recognise variety of topics, not merely as allowable, but as a most desirable end, to be deliberately sought by the exercise of ingenuity and skill. For example, if instead of wearing one theme threadbare, in our books prepared for children, they were constructed on the plan of the kaleidoscope, with what delight would the youthful reader turn away from the monotony of Esop, Bunyan, or De Foe, to such a treat as the following

## ZOOLOGICAL TALE.

As I was sealing up a letter of importance, and for that

purpose had a taper burning on my table, I was startled by a loud noise at my door, and running out beheld, to my astonishment, a man holding a reindeer by the horns. Before I could interrogate him, the rhinoceros suddenly sprang towards me, and before I could avoid it, threw me down, and whapped its trunk around me. Having heard of such a case before, I silently drew out my penknife, and plunged it into the throat of the serpent, which immediately relaxed its grasp. Perceiving that it was about to roar, and dreading the effect upon my nervous system, I seized the lion's mane and twisted it about my arm until its eyes began to start out of its head. I seemed now to have it in my power, but remembering that the ostrich, by the flapping of its wings, can break a man's arm, I contrived to mount upon the bird's back, and was carried by it into the great desert. After riding several hours, I began to feel exhausted, and by pressing on the camel's hump, induced it to kneel down. I then alighted and surveyed with admiration, the variegated stripes of my zebra, which was browsing in a lazy and indifferent manner; but a shrill cry from the desert made it lift up its head and stretch out its long neck in a manner peculiar to the young giraffe. Having suffered it to rest, I once more mounted on my antelope, which started like an arrow from the bow, but afterwards relaxed its efforts. This is not uncommon with the best Arabian horses, such as mine unquestionably was. At length it neighed and stood still, nor could any thing induce it to go on. I threw myself upon the ground and slept. On waking I discovered that my hippopotamus was in the water, but it soon came out and quietly received its burden. As I knew the habits of the animal, I was afraid that other crocodiles might see mine and attack it, and I therefore kept as far as possible from the river's side; but to my extreme mortification, I had not gone more than half a mile before I saw a herd of buffaloes approaching, exactly like the one on which I rode. I therefore urged mine in an opposite direction, till we reached a precipice of rugged rocks.



Forgetting the peculiar habits of the creature, I used no precaution to prevent its leaping from rock to rock, in a way which nothing but a wild goat could have practised. I was every moment in the most appalling danger, but at length arrived safely at the bottom of the precipice, where my faithful beast regaled my ears with one of those sonorous brays peculiar to the wild ass of the desert. This brought immediately around me a large flock of sheep from all the neighbouring pastures. An ungovernable instinct led my wolf, and me upon his back, at once into the midst of the poor animals. As soon as he had slaked his thirst of blood, he set off in the same direction as before, but we had not gone far when the cry of hounds apprized us that a fox-chase was in progress, and my sly fox stole away into the mountains. Here the cold would have been insufferable, but for the warm shaggy coat of the bear on which I sat. As we approached the inhabited part of the country, he began to run, and did not stop till with a loud bark he set me down at my own door. Patting my faithful dog upon the head as a reward of his exertions, I took him up and carried him into my chamber, where I laid him on the table. Having trimmed my lamp and mended my fire, I took up the sealingwax again and sealed my letter.

With suitable questions at the bottom of the page, such as "Zebra, how coloured?" "Giraffe, what kind of neck?" this story would no doubt be well received by that class of teachers who are chiefly afraid of tiring their pupils or allowing them to see with their own eyes.

But it is not merely to the very young that this improvement is adapted to be useful. It may serve an equally important purpose for those children of a larger growth who love variety of incident, and care not how fictitious or improbable it may be, if only free from uniformity and sameness. For such, provision may be made, not only in the form exemplified above, but with a slight modification, which instead of introducing new themes in perpetual succession, blends

---

two or more of them together through the whole course of a narrative, as in the following

ORIENTAL TALE.

As Reis Ibrahim was one day walking in the great square of Zakakah, his mule stumbled, and threw him on his head, which destroyed the equilibrium of the boat, and it began to fill with water. At this critical moment, an adventurous stranger made a sudden jump at the horses' heads, and brought them to a stand-still, whereupon Reis Ibrahim threw open the window and implored the people to save him from the devouring element. As several engines were now playing on the flames, it was supposed that they would quickly be subdued; but at a sudden turn in the road, they again took fright, and by a violent motion, brought the gunwale under water. The passengers, perceiving the imminent danger, alighted on the very edge, and looking down the precipice, beheld Reis Ibrahim lying senseless in the street, and his mule standing by him. The smoke was so thick and the flames so hot, that they could not reach him, as he stood at the window, making gestures of entreaty and despair. At length, one of the firemen belonging to the Hook and Ladder Company, threw off his coat, and jumping overboard, swam round the vessel, and by means of notches which he cut with a hatchet in the surface of the rock, reached a projecting ledge about half way down the precipice, and raising Ibrahim upon his feet, assisted him in walking to a neighbouring shop, where he was laid upon the floor, and all the methods used for his resuscitation, which are commonly resorted to in cases of drowning. While they were thus employed, old Abdallah came upon them unarmed, and seeing his son in that condition, drew his sword, and rushing on the advanced guard of the enemy, was taken prisoner. A loud shout from the Hook and Ladder Company followed this exploit. Excited by the example of their comrade, they

descended one by one into the water, till they reached the ledge, and thence by means of ladders got upon the roof, which was now fast disappearing as the waves washed over it. The crackling of the timbers aroused Reis Ibrahim, who no sooner saw his aged father chained and guarded by the enemy, than he rushed into the thickest of the battle, and had just succeeded in disentangling the frantic animal by cutting the harness, when the roof fell in, and at the same moment, the mainmast went by the board, crushing the carriage and severely injuring the driver. Old Abdallah was now hanging by a twig over the precipice. Another wave would either cause the wreck to disappear, or break his hold upon the vessel. At this awful crisis, while the smoke and flame prevented any one from entering, and all were waiting in breathless terror for the next wave to wash over them, the twig broke, and the enemy advancing rapidly, without a shot or shout, surrounded them and called upon them to lay down their arms. At this insulting summons, Abdallah took his stand upon the burning rafters, and Reis Ibrahim upon the bowsprit which was still above the water, while the terrified postilion still retained his seat upon the remaining horse, and the lady remained inside of the carriage. In this posture, while the drums and trumpets mingled with the roar of the artillery, they all leaped headlong from the verge of the precipice into the flames, and were buried together in a watery grave.

---

## THE PROSPECTS OF THE MECHANIC.

American working-men are said to hold their heads a little high; and they have a good right. A man that by fair healthy business, just about enough to keep his muscles in play can have his snug house, all painted, papered and

paid for, with his cow, pigs, turkeys, flesh every day, puddings and pies, and a sweet bouncing family going to school, may very easily grow into the notion that he is a better sort of creature than a Yorkshire weaver, or a man that breaks stone at eighteenpence on a foreign highway. This is a case when you look no further than to-day, when the honest, hardy, temperate working-man, is what we call in America poor. By poor, we mean in America a man who has no landed estate, no invested funds. You may meet ten thousand of such poor Americans any week that you choose to set about it; broad shouldered, laughing, rosy-cheeked fellows, who never knew what a day's fast was, never passed six hours without fish or flesh, never knew the weight of a sheriff's finger, and never suffered a wrinkle from care about diet or clothing. These poor creatures, unable to comprehend their own misery, have merrier faces than your Wall Street gentry, whether bulls or bears. Go into the Bowery about sunrise, and see them pouring down from the upper regions in procession, with those everlasting tin things, for which I never could learn a name, but which are a cross of the tin pot on the tin-cup, and the neverfailing sign of one who is going to make a day of it. There they go, pouring in from every cross-street, enlarging the stream as they press down towards the working regions. If humming and whistling be any sign of wealth, you may stake a guinea that each of them is worth ten thousand dollars. That fellow, with face like Lord Brougham, is a Scotch marble-polisher; his short pipe, which he smokes fast, so as not to lose a whiff of Miller and Mickle's small-cut, is as significant of inward satisfaction with the broiled shad, rolls and coffee which he just left as a steam-whistle is of fire in the locomotive. Donald has gained sundry pounds, since he left the Gorbals. As he goes to his little Scotch meeting in Franklin street, on the Sabbath, with shorn face, white neckerchief, and psalmbook, wife, three children and servant-lassie, he twists his wiry muscles into a grimace of pleasure, as who should say, 'Aweel, Jeanie, an'

this be the gate puir bodies gang, I wuss I'd a known o't langsyne!' Yes, these poor working folks in America are rich in their own conceit, and look happier than several sour-faced merchants in Water street, who die of envy and fear lest their country-seats should be outvied, or lest somebody at the opera should remember who was their father. These same poor men look well in uniform. The other day, at a grand turn out, a most soldierly person made half a step out of line to give me a salute; when lo and behold! it was my tailor!

All this I say is true of our mechanics and labourers to-day, taking them just as they are, if they never lay up a cent. But think of to-morrow. Think of the little sums going every week into savings-bank, into snug little bonds, into nice little properties in Eighty-First street, into stock for new business, into twenty safe ways that poor working-men know in America, of making a little nest-egg increase into a brood, cackling and laying and hatching and multiplying faster than she of the golden eggs, whatsoever she was. Think of this, and that every day of your life this is going on, and that the lad that is now on your housetop, hammering away on your slate roof, and throwing peanuts at your maids in the garden, will marry one of them five years hence, and twenty years hence be worth his hundred thousand dollars. This is what raises the feather in the cap of our young democracy. In the absence of a hundred repressing and coercing influences, which keep the transatlantic workman with his nose at the grindstone all his days, our American mechanics see with their own eyes a thousand instances of fortunes made by builders, masons, hatters, boat-makers, machinists, and cartmen. It is a grand piece of folly to think that only merchants and bankers get rich. Besides the hair-breadth risks that they run, so that half of them are unhorsed once or twice during the steeple-race, they have as a class, in proportion to their number, no more chances than mechanics.

And then did it ever properly come into your head, that there is one extraordinary advantage which he of the me-

chanical calling has over him of merchandise, and especially over him of the liberal profession? It is this: When the working-man is rich, he can work by proxy; he can lie abed, while his factory starts in the morning. He can go in one of his ships to France, while John or Charlie sees to the model-loft. Not so the heavy importer or jobber; not a week can he spare from his counting-room, during busy times. Not so the broker; he would have a fit, if he passed twenty-four hours away from those mysterious folios in which are the daily quotations. Not so the eminent Aesculapius in Bleecker Street; he must visit the sick lady himself; the son or young partner will not do; he must cut off the alderman's leg in propria persona. Not so the pale, wealthy, worn-out lawyer; he cannot argue his cause *per alium*. These great doctors cannot for their lives stop doctoring; these great lawyers have heavier burdens and worse nightmares the older and goutier they grow. They fall down, like omnibus-horses, and die in the traces. This it is which makes my young ship-carpenter or brass-founder stride so gaily down Broadway on Sunday afternoon. He feels the glow of health, and he looks forward to a time when with God's blessing on his honest toil he can have something that deserves to be called rest. On a deliberate survey of the case, I am seriously of opinion that if a man has a healthy trade, in a good line of work, with right habits, a proper wife, Christian principle, and a clear conscience, he need never envy those who are in trade or in the professions. And this is doubly true of such as have wit enough to see in time that there is no comfort in an empty head, and that a few hours a day upon books and learning go just so far to prepare for rising in the world.

Nor do I see that merchants as a class are better informed than mechanics as a class. Mechanics have five times as much time for study as city-merchants. Take the thousand clerks in dry-goods houses in New York. What do they study? What can they study? When or where shall they do it? Leave out news-

papers and religious reading on Sundays with the more serious ones, and what advantage have they above the apprentice? Nay, is it not a marked fact, that for one self-taught man among merchants there are twenty among working-men? I say this not certainly to disparage the mercantile class, which has its fixed position in our country, but to encourage young working-men, by removing a prejudice which stands in the way of their advancement. My heart I own often glows, when I consider how happy the dwellings of our mechanical classes might be, in this blessed land of knowledge, freedom and peace, if they could only be persuaded early to fix right principles, and shun those seductions which are as fatal to worldly wealth as to virtue; if they could only beautify and guard their houses by temperance, knowledge and true religion.

C. Q.

---

### UTILITARIAN POETRY.

We hear continual complaints of the decline or dearth of poetry, and various explanations of the melancholy fact, accompanied by sad prognostications of the ignominious doom which seems to threaten our beloved country, as a land essentially prosaic and incapable of producing even one great poet. Whatever mitigation of the public grief may be afforded by the noble effort, so auspiciously begun, to vindicate the rights of man to the Freedom of Speech, I am persuaded that this stain upon our national escutcheon cannot be entirely wiped off, until one great fundamental error of our poets is corrected. Every age of the world requires a literature of its own, and more especially a poetry adapted to its character and tastes. The same is true of countries, which have anything peculiar in their social or political condition. If a given age or country be heroic, sentimental,

or romantic, it must have heroic, sentimental, or romantic poetry. Now nothing can be more notorious than that our age and country are utilitarian in their character and spirit. Nothing can please us much or long that is not useful in its tendency, that is, useful as a means of making money or political capital. The muses must be naturalized or lose their places. This suggestion furnishes a key to the whole matter. Let it be used, and in a few years poetry will be seen sitting at the receipt of custom. Interest-tables will be versified, vulgar fractions dramatized, and cotton take the place of chivalry. In humble prosecution of this great reform, I modestly submit to an enlightened public the following fragment, as the first fruits of my monetary muse and utilitarian inspiration.

THE BANKS,

*A Reminiscence of the last Suspension.*

Of all the inconveniences which we  
 Are called to suffer, there is none, I think,  
 More really vexatious than the one  
 Which springs from what is usually called  
 Derangement of the currency. From this  
 Proceed a multitude of worthless notes,  
 Shinplasters, counterfeits, and bills on which  
 You are obliged to pay a heavy discount.  
 It is not easy to determine what  
 Is really the cause of this distress;  
 But all appear to be agreed that it  
 Has some connexion with the banks; and this  
 Is highly probable; because if they  
 Had no existence, there would be no notes,  
 And all the evil would be at an end.  
 This is the anti-banking doctrine, but  
 I know that there are some who entertain  
 A very different opinion. These



Believe that the abuses which exist  
Arise from the mismanagement of banks,  
And not from their existence. As to this,  
I do not feel prepared or called upon  
To state my own opinion. It will be  
Sufficient to describe the state of things,  
And let the reader ascertain the cause  
Or causes, at his leisure. I invoke  
The muse's aid in my attempt to sing  
Of stocks and dividends, exchanges and  
Deposites. In comparison with these,  
What are the heroes of romance, or what  
The wars of ancient times? The days are past  
When poets were compelled to choose their themes  
From such remote, unprofitable quarters.  
Homer was not to blame because he sang  
About Achilles and the siege of Troy;  
Nor Virgil for a similar offence,  
As to Eneas and his Trojans; but  
There was no monetary system then.  
Political economy had not  
Been then discovered or invented. Banks  
Had no existence in the modern sense.  
The ancient poets, it is true, describe  
The banks of rivers, which they represent  
As very beautiful, and so they are;  
But what of that? They may be picturesque,  
But if they are not lucrative, they have  
No claim to the attention of a poet.  
Money is now the subject of his dreams  
And inspirations. Nor is this to be  
Regarded as unreasonable; for  
If money cannot be obtained, you know,  
Starvation is the consequence. A bank,  
Not one of snow, of clouds, or of a river,  
But one of discount and deposite, is

An object full of poetry ; but if  
 You make a run upon the bank, it will  
 Be broken or suspended, as to this  
 No less than as to its financial credit.

Not at all as a fair sample of what might be done by a superior genius, or even by myself in other circumstances, but as a proof that the reform proposed is applicable no less to dramatic than to epic composition, and to political as well as commercial subjects, I subjoin a scene, in which I have imitated Shakspeare's practice of presenting English constables and justices under Italian names and in out-of-the-way places.

BUNCOMBE, OR THE ISSUE.

*Scene—The palace of the Doge of Venice. Enter Duke and Gonfalonieri.*

*Duke.* What sayest thou? At nine? It cannot be.  
 I tell thee, the committee is in session.

*Gonf.* Nay, good my lord, but the minority  
 Have brought in a report against the bill,  
 And Don Sebastian—

*Duke.* Ha! what of him? speak,  
 Or my stiletto—

*Gonf.* Patience, my good Lord—  
 He has prepared an answer to your speech,  
 In which he makes a perfectly new issue.

*Duke.* What is it? Say, what aileth thee, my friend,  
 That thy inconstant colour comes and goes?

*Gonf.* Heard not your grace a strange unearthly noise?

*Duke.* I hear the calling of the yeas and nays,  
 And people talking in the lobby.

*Gonf.* Nay,  
 'Tis something more sepulchral, and comes up  
 From some deep cavern.

*Duke.* 'Tis the sound of mirth

From subterranean grog-shops, where the minds  
Of legislators are refreshed with rum.  
Speak out and fear not, I will hold thee harmless.

*Gonf.* Alas, my Lord, I have not much to say,  
Except that Don Sebastian has resolved  
To change the issue, and by this foul means  
To make a vast amount of capital,  
Before he once more takes the stump. This day,  
Unless the previous question should be moved,  
He will consume his hour, and then to-morrow,  
Will introduce a resolution, which  
May give him an occasion to say more,  
And thus to poison your constituents,  
Unless you can do something to forestall him.

*Duke.* Something? what something? I am in despair—  
Advise me.

*Gonf.* I perceive but one resort,  
To wit, that as you have the floor to day  
Upon another subject, you should make  
A speech to Buncombe, and resist all arts  
Or violence employed to put you down.  
Will you attempt it?

*Duke.* Marry, that will I.  
I thank thee, Gonfalonieri, for  
This kind suggestion, and if I succeed  
In getting re-elected, will bestow  
A clerkship, consulate, or embassy,  
To testify my gratitude. And now,  
To thee, oh Buncombe, I address myself,  
And humbly sue for a propitious hearing.  
If thou give audience, what need I care  
For inattention, or for cold neglect?  
What though the members should be all intent  
On franking documents, or writing notes,  
Or reading novels, or the news? What though  
They crowd the lobbies, or swarm round the fires,

Discussing Webster's speech or Webster's trial?  
 What though the speaker should himself collapse  
 Into a fevered sleep, and on the steps  
 Of his tribunal, the exhausted page  
 Should sink unconscious, till aroused again  
 By paper slapped upon the desk? Nay more,  
 What though the members, who have still held out,  
 And nodded in my face, or chewed their quid  
 With vacant stare, revolving their own speeches,  
 Should yield at last and hasten to the door?  
 Provided that a quorum still remain,  
 What care I for their spite or their contempt,  
 If thou, oh Buncombe, condescend to hear?

---

#### FAIRFAX'S TASSO.

Few men have uttered more numerous wise sayings than Don Quixote, and few of his sentences are wiser than that in which he likens translations to the wrong side of a web of tapestry, in which one has all the figure but none of the grace. If this is true of a close translation in prose, it is equally true that poetical versions embroider new colours on the reverse of the tapestry. Hence Bentley said concerning the great English Iliad, "It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you ought not to call it Homer." Partly for this reason, and partly for a reason derived from the unpoetical character of their language, the French have been fond of giving even the poetry of the ancients in prose versions.

In reading a translation we commune at least as much with the mind of the translator as with that of the author. When therefore the work falls into feeble hands, it appears as a dilution, if not a travesty. Beyond most great poets Tasso has suffered from such treatment; and English readers have been the more ready to accede to Boileau's false judg-

ment about *le clinquant du Tasse*, from forming their acquaintance with the Italian epic through the weak reproduction of Hoole.

Among many healthful symptoms in English taste is the return to several authors of the age of Elizabeth and James, who had been pushed aside by the tame and regular verswrights of the eighteenth century. The new editions of Fairfax are tokens of this revival. Many are astonished to know that we have a version of Tasso by this old poet, which is immeasurably superior to the later ones, in freedom, vigour and imagination. It would be absurd to make Fairfax equal to Spenser; yet he is of the same school, and in single passages often rises to a purity with him. This has been set in a fair light by Mr. Leigh Hunt, in his Introductory Essay. Among translators, Fairfax deserves to be placed on the very next shelf to George Chapman; and, after two hundred and fifty years, his stanzas are still fresh and delightful. But, as we shall show, he is not a close translator, but embroiders the wrong side of the tapestry with many a flaunting needful of his own, at which Tasso would have smiled. It is not possible to adduce a more striking example than that given by Mr. Hunt; It presents the poet and his two English admirers side by side. We mean the famous trumpet stanza; and it will be observed that here, as every where, Fairfax adheres to the original metre:

“Chiama gli abitator dell' ombre eterne  
 Il rauco suon della tartarea tromba;  
 Treman le spaziose atre caverne,  
 E l'aer cieco a quel romor rimbomba;  
 Nè sì stridendo mai dal le superne  
 Regioni del cielo il folgor piomba:  
 Nè sì scossa giammai trema la terra,  
 Quando i vapori in sen gravida serra.”

Lib. iv. 3.

#### HOOLE.

The trumpet now with hoarse resounding breath  
 Convenes the spirits in the shades of death;  
 The hollow caverns tremble at the sound;  
 The air re-echoes to the noise around;  
 Not louder terrors shake the distant pole,  
 When through the skies the rattling thunders roll;

Not greater tremors heave the labouring earth,  
When vapours, pent within, contend for birth.

FAIRFAX.

The drearie trumpet blew a dreadful blast,  
And rombled through the lauds and kingdoms under,  
Through vastness wide it roared, and hollowes vast,  
And filled the deepe with horror, feare, and wonder ;  
Not half so dreadful noise the tempests cast,  
That fall from skies with stormes of haile and thunder ;  
Not half so lowd the whistling windes do sing,  
Broke from the earthen prisous of their king.

Fairfax abounds in synonyms, as a make-weight, but he throws them in richly. Thus of Tancred :

Nato fra l'arme Amor di breve vista,  
Che sì nutre d'affanni, e forza acquista.

Bred in the dangers of adventurous arms,  
And nurs'd with griefs, with sorrows, woes, and harms.

'Dolcemente feroce' is a bold phrase ; but Fairfax catches the spirit in his 'nest where courage with sweet mercy breeds.' Yet this is but one instance out of a thousand in which he adds an entirely new image. Such also is the whole verse, II. 14 : 'The field of love, with plow of virtue ear'd.' Such is, II. 34 :

Death hath exchanged his shafts again with love,  
And Cupid thus lets borrowed arrows fly.

Such also, and with a quaintness familiar in England but foreign to Tasso, is the addendum, I. 38 : 'By which bright sign well known was that fair inn.' A verse in the next stanza is equally gratuitous : 'Her dame a dove thus brought an eagle out ;' and I. 58 : 'A rose sprung from a brier.' Still more daring is the introduction of two Homeric characters not thought of by the author ; I. 94 : 'Let Paris court it, Hector lov'd to fight.' Indeed where the metre asks it, Fairfax had handfuls of supplemental fancies to work into the texture. He puts in, without a hint from the Italian, the gayest additional colours, but they are pure British dye. 'And thought she wish'd to kill, who longed to kiss ;' III.

20. The stately Tasso would have blushed at such a liberty; nor does he hint that Clorinda's tresses, *le chiome dorate al vento sparse*, were 'like sunny beams on alabaster rocks;' III. 21. These, let it be remarked, are not free translations, nor interpolated epithets, but absolutely new thoughts, sometimes brilliant in fancy. Bethlehem is 'a pearly in steel, a diamond set in brass;' III. 57. All that the severity of Tasso allows is

Betelem, che'l gran parto accolse in grembo.

But the climax seems reached, when Armida, beyond all that the poet says, is described as Byron might have done:

The marble goddess set at Gnidos,\* naked,  
She seemed, were she unclothed, or that awaked.

One of the most dewy verses of the poem, in the same description, and one which might well defy translation, is

Sola rosseggia, e semplice la rosa.

Her lips, where blooms nought but the single rose,  
Still blush, for still they kiss while still they close.

Reading straight forward, however, we get into such good humour with the merry Englishman, that at length we let him say just what he pleases. Seldom, except in Chapman, have we seen such a series of ebullitions, sparkling in the sun. If he does not give us the phrase, he always gives us something which we would not miss. Sometimes he falls below the mark. *Beltà dolente* is only 'mourning beauty.' The well known 'Call it fair, not pale,' is in Tasso, *Che non e pallidezza, ma candore*, and in Fairfax 'Her damask late now changed to purest white.'

The noted approach to Jerusalem reminds scholars of Xenophon's army coming in sight of the sea. The old translator presents the scene with much life:

Feathered their thoughts, their feet in wings were dight,  
Swiftly they marched, yet were not tired thereby,

\*The American lection is 'Guido's!'

For willing minds make heaviest burdens light ;  
 But when the gliding sun was mounted high,  
 Jerusalem. behold, appeared in sight,  
 Jerusalem they view, they see, they spy ;  
 Jerusalem with merry noise they greet,  
 With joyful shouts, and acclamations sweet.

We cannot refrain from inserting the original, for its classical density and reserve, as compared with the sprightly wordiness of the gay translator :

Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede.  
 Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge,  
 Ecco da mille voci unitamente  
 Gerusalemme salutar si sente.

Enough has been said to show that Fairfax is not Tasso, and yet that he is not Hoole. The Darwinian swell and Johnsonian prance of Hoole, suited for any thing better than to represent the elegant ease, fluency and varied rhythm of the epic stanza. This, at least, we have in Fairfax. Those who read no Italian may learn more of the gentle poet here than anywhere else. The story—and after all it is the story which delights us in an epic as truly as in a fairy tale—is fully and vivaciously told. Many of the trappings indeed savour much more of Cheapside than of Palestine, or even of Ferrara ; but we see the personages, and become delightedly entangled in the plot. The translator never nods. True he is sometimes merry where Tasso is grave ; he is epigrammatic where Tasso is childlike in simplicity ; and he scintillates with puns where Tasso is all pathos : but we remember that Shakspeare and Spenser mingled the same extremes, and we are determined to like Fairfax till we find something better.

We had almost forgotten to say, that Edward Fairfax came of a good family in Yorkshire. Thomas, his brother, was knighted in 1591, and was a distinguished soldier ; he died in his 80th year, as Lord Cameron. King James the First caused a second edition of Fairfax's 'Godfrey of Bulloigne' to be printed: it was indeed his favourite poem. It served to lighten the prison hours of Charles the First. It had the



cordial praise of Waller. "Spenser and Fairfax," says Dryden, "both flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; great masters in our language, and who saw much further into the beauties of our numbers than those who immediately followed them. Milton was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families. Spenser more than once insinuates that the soul of Chaucer was transfused into his body, and that he was begotten by him two hundred years after his decease. Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original; and many besides myself have heard our famous Waller own, that he derived the harmony of his numbers from 'Godfrey of Bulloigne,' which was turned into English by Mr. Fairfax." In Collins's Ode on the Highland Superstitions, there is a memorable tribute to the strains of Italy, 'by British Fairfax sung.' Fairfax was a zealous member of the Established Church, in behalf of which he made free use of his pen. He is supposed to have died about the year 1632. His son William was a man of learning. His five nephews, whom he educated, were still more eminent. The elder of these, the second Lord Fairfax, was the father of the parliamentary general; William and John fell in the same engagement in 1641.

The rudeness of metre which shocks us in the earlier writers, such as Donne and Hall, is not found in Fairfax, who in this respect is more like a still earlier race of poets. Denham and Waller learned from him the art of modulating their verse. Yet Johnson, while he cites Fairfax with this admission, cites him with a sneer. It is, however, amazing to observe, that in the same page, the Titan critic, in correcting the absurd statement that *alliteration* was invented by Waller, seems utterly neglectful of its being not merely allowed, but enjoined, by the law of certain English verse. What he says of Gascoigne and Shakspeare only confirms our belief that he had paid little attention to the numerous early poems in which alliteration was as necessary as rhyme, or as the kindred

*asonante* of the Spanish ballads. His friend, Percy, might have taught him better; but in Johnson's age there was no taste for the strong and original poetry of the people. Only in our own day, under such guidance as that of Gifford, Ellis, Ritson, Lamb, Wordsworth, and Coleridge, has this taste returned: the danger at present is that injudicious people will carry it to an extreme. We should like to whisper in the ear of more than one versifier of these times, that one may have the roughness of Donne, the quaintness of Quarles, and the abandon of Herrick, without a spark of poetry, and that all their ragged verses, obsolete terms and outrageous tropes, do but add conspicuous meanness to a pedestrian muse.

---

#### NEW BOOKS.

**THE CZAR.** His Court and People, including a tour in Sweden and Norway by John S. Maxwell. New York, 1850. Baker & Scribner.

The fact that a third edition of this work has been called for is a sufficient evidence that it has been duly appreciated by the public. Mr. Maxwell is a son of Hugh Maxwell, Esq., the eloquent and distinguished advocate of New York, and is himself a member of the legal profession. We notice Mr. Maxwell's book with the more pleasure from the circumstance of his being an alumnus of the College of New Jersey, he having been graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1836; and it will always afford us especial gratification, to bestow merited commendation upon the literary productions of such of the sons of Nassau Hall, as by their talents, virtuous deportment or scholarship attain distinction, and thus reflect a portion of the honour they acquire upon the institution in which they laid the foundation of their success. Mr. Maxwell

visited Northern Europe in circumstances which gave him great and peculiar advantages for observation, and his sketches of Sweden, Norway and Russia, his descriptions of the appearance of the country, form of government, peculiarities of the people, system of farming, police, laws, schools, universities and festivals, life at inns and on steamers, journeys in canal boats, carriages, and droskeys, are to an uncommon degree spirited and agreeable. The great excellence of Mr. Maxwell's book is its freshness and novelty. Instead of following in the dusty and beaten track pursued by other travellers; he gives his readers information on subjects of which they were entirely ignorant in relation to the countries he visited. We have been greatly interested in the chapters descriptive of St. Petersburg, the climate, appearance and festivities of the capital, and the general condition and manners of its population. The assurance he gives of the high estimation in which our country is held by the nations he visited, the account of the unfurling and display of our flag, in unity with that of Norway on the birthday of the youthful king, which was also that of American Independence, and finding a parlour decorated with likenesses of all the American Presidents, with his notices of Yankee farmers and mechanics, and Yankee thrift and enterprise in Russia will prove highly attractive to all his readers., We will not venture on giving any outline of the plan of the work, or transferring any passages to our columns, as we do not wish to detract in any degree from the pleasure our readers will derive from a perusal of the entire book. In the preface to this edition, the author pays a beautiful tribute to the late noble but unavailing struggle of the Hungarians, "for all that is dearest to mankind, their homes, their laws, and their institutions," and bears cheerful and earnest testimony to their high spirit and gallant bearing. He states that the Hungarian nobles have for a long while been obnoxious to the house of Hapsburgh, and that during his stay in Vienna, they were the only men, who dared to speak

aloud in condemnation of the policy of Metternich, and that frequently in the resorts of the aristocracy of that gay capital, he has heard expressions of opinion which were as startling as they were unusual in Europe, and that he always found them to proceed from the chieftains of Hungary. The readers of this book, will unite with Mr. Maxwell in the regret he expresses that he had not included in the work, a sketch of his sojourn in Hungary. We trust however that the success which has attended this his first effort at authorship, and the interest now felt throughout this country, in all that relates to that oppressed and subjugated people, will induce the author to present to the public his observations on that country.

LOS GRINGOS, or an inside view of Mexico and California, with wanderings in Peru, Chili and Polynesia, by Lieut. Wise, U. S. N. New York. Baker & Scribner. 1849. 12mo. pp. 453.

Another book requiring a preface to explain the meaning of its title, which in this case is a term of reproach used by the Mexicans towards those of Anglo-Saxon descent. Since the publication of *Ebthen*, it has become very fashionable to give hard names to books, as though the wonderful popularity of that work was to be attributed in any degree to its title.

Mr. Wise visited California in 1846, and after participating in the stirring events which occurred in that region made a journey from San Blas to the city of Mexico. He took part in sieges, battles and blockades, at one time doing duty as a sailor at another as a dragoon. He associated intimately with the inhabitants of the country in hall and cabin, and describes every thing that he saw and heard in an easy, spirited and familiar manner. The style of the work is at times careless, and the descriptions are frequently too diffuse; but from beginning to end it is totally free from any thing like dullness, the principal characteristic of the book

being its great vivacity. The ability displayed by the gay traveller does but give worse prominence to the license of certain passages, and to his unfounded, perverse and cruel judgment concerning the Christianity of the Hawaiians, to which he seems to prefer their former brutal paganism.

**ADDRESSES AT THE INAUGURATION OF MR. CHARLES KING,**  
as President of Columbia College, New York, on November 28th, 1849. New York, 1849.

Columbia College, besides keeping our literary institutions at the top of their speed by the thoroughness of its classical instructions, and the work of its Anthon's, Drislers and Hackleys, has done a more special disservice to New Jersey by taking from her an accomplished citizen. President King appears in his inaugural, as every where else, the exemplar to our youth of liberality, enlarged information, and courteous ease. That happiness which he so characteristically wishes for others, we heartily wish for himself.

**ANNALS OF THE QUEENS OF SPAIN,** by Anita George.  
New York. Baker & Scribner. 1850. 12mo. pp. 423.

This book possesses at least the merit of novelty, and will be favourably received by a large class of readers. While we are abundantly supplied with histories of the Queens of France and England, this is the first attempt ever made in English to portray the characters of the female sovereigns who have at different times occupied the Spanish throne. This volume, though complete in itself, is the first of a series and embraces all the sovereigns of Arragon and Castile down to the period when these two kingdoms were united by the marriage of their respective princes, Ferdinand and Isabella. Although the early portion of the book, which treats of the Gothic queens is comparatively dry and barren of incident, the interest increases as we proceed, and as we approach the fourteenth century, we find it abounding with anecdotes of the court, and instances of romantic valour, devoted loyalty,

and deeds of chivalry consonant with the spirit of those times. We learn from a communication to the publishers by William H. Prescott, Esq., that the author is a Spanish lady, a fact we should not have inferred from the style of the work which is both copious and correct. The volume is embellished with a beautiful engraving of her present majesty Isabel II.

**DECK AND PORT; or Incidents of a Cruise in the United States Frigate Congress to California, with sketches of Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso, Lima, Honolulu and San Francisco.** By Rev. Walter Colton, U. S. N., author of *Ship and Shore*, etc. New York. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 408.

The Rev. Mr. Colton, equally well known in the navy, the clergy, and the magistracy, here presents to us a history of his late cruise; reserving however for another volume his three years in California. It is a book of easy reading and good principles. We commend to general attention what is said about the seductive and ruinous spirit-ration; about the value of religion to sailors, and about the Christian civilization of the Sandwich Isles. It is remarkable that all the testimony of navy-officers, of high rank, is favourable to the American missionaries. The tribute every where paid throughout this volume to our gallant and philanthropic fellow-citizen Commodore Stockton, affords us a gratification which we will not affect to conceal.

**PHYSICIAN AND PATIENT: or, a Practical View of the Mutual Duties, Relations, and Interests of the Medical Profession and the Community.** By Worthington Hooker, M. D. 1 vol. 12mo. New York: Baker & Scribner.

A capital exposure of empiricism in all its forms, and a faithful exhibition of the relative duties of physicians and patients.

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

REMINISCENCES OF PATRICK HENRY.

From my earliest childhood I had been accustomed to hear of the eloquence of Patrick Henry. On this subject there existed but one opinion in the country. The power of his eloquence was felt equally by the learned and the unlearned. No man who ever heard him speak, on any important occasion, could fail to admit his uncommon power over the minds of his hearers. The occasions on which he made his greatest efforts have been recorded by Mr. Wirt, in his *Life of Henry*. What I propose in this brief article is to mention only what I observed myself more than half a century ago.

Being then a young man, just entering on a profession in which good speaking was very important, it was natural for me to observe the oratory of celebrated men. I was anxious to ascertain the true secret of their power; or what it was which enabled them to sway the minds of hearers, almost at their will.

In executing a mission from the Synod of Virginia, in the year 1794, I had to pass through the county of Prince Edward, where Mr. Henry then resided. Understanding that he was to appear before the Circuit Court, which met in that

county, in defence of three men charged with murder, I determined to seize the opportunity of observing for myself the eloquence of this extraordinary orator.

It was with some difficulty I obtained a seat in front of the bar, where I could have a full view of the speaker, as well as hear him distinctly. But I had to submit to a severe penance in gratifying my curiosity; for the whole day was occupied with the examination of witnesses, in which Mr. Henry was aided by two other lawyers.

In person, Mr. Henry was lean rather than fleshy. He was rather above than below the common height, but had a stoop in the shoulders which prevented him from appearing as tall as he really was. In his moments of animation, he had the habit of straightening his frame, and adding to his apparent stature. He wore a brown wig, which exhibited no indication of any great care in the dressing. Over his shoulders he wore a brown camlet cloak. Under this his clothing was black; something the worse for wear. The expression of his countenance was that of solemnity and deep earnestness. His mind appeared to be always absorbed in what, for the time, occupied his attention. His forehead was high and spacious, and the skin of his face more than usually wrinkled for a man of fifty. His eyes were small and deeply set in his head, but were of a bright blue colour, and twinkled much in their sockets. In short, Mr. Henry's appearance had nothing very remarkable, as he sat at rest. You might readily have taken him for a common planter, who cared very little about his personal appearance. In his manners he was uniformly respectful and courteous. Candles were brought into the court house, when the examination of the witnesses closed; and the judges put it to the option of the bar, whether they would go on with the argument that night or adjourn until the next day. Paul Carrington, jun., the attorney for the state, a man of large size, and uncommon dignity of person and manner, as also an accomplished lawyer, professed his willingness to proceed immediately, while



the testimony was fresh in the minds of all. Now for the first time I heard Mr. Henry make any thing of a speech; and though it was short, it satisfied me of one thing, which I had particularly desired to have decided; namely, whether like a player he merely assumed the appearance of feeling. His manner of addressing the court was profoundly respectful. He would be willing to proceed with the trial, but, said he, "My heart is so oppressed with the weight of responsibility which rests upon me, having the lives of three fellow citizens depending, probably, on the exertion which I may be able to make in their behalf, (here he turned to the prisoners behind him,) that I do not feel able to proceed to-night. I hope the court will indulge me, and postpone the trial till the morning." The impression made by these few words was such as I assure myself no one can ever conceive, by seeing them in print. In the countenance, action, and intonation of the speaker, there was expressed such an intensity of feeling, that all my doubts were dispelled; never again did I question whether Henry felt, or only acted a feeling. Indeed, I experienced an instantaneous sympathy with him in the emotions which he expressed; and I have no doubt the same sympathy was felt by every hearer.

As a matter of course the proceedings were deferred till the next morning. I was early at my post; the judges were soon on the bench, and the prisoners at the bar. Mr. Carrington, afterwards Judge Carrington, opened with a clear and dignified speech, and presented the evidence to the jury. Every thing seemed perfectly plain. Two brothers and a brother-in-law met two other persons in pursuit of a slave, supposed to be harboured by the brothers. After some altercation and mutual abuse, one of the brothers, whose name was John Ford, raised a loaded gun which he was carrying, and presenting it to the breast of one of the other pair, shot him dead, in open day. There was no doubt about the fact. Indeed, it was not denied. There had been no other provocation than opprobrious words. It is presumed that the

opinion of every juror was made up, from merely hearing the testimony ; as Tom Harvey, the principal witness, who was acting as constable on the occasion, appeared to be a respectable man. For the clearer understanding of what follows, it must be observed that the said constable, in order to distinguish him from another of the name, was commonly called 'Butterwood Harvey;' as he lived on Butterwood Creek.

Mr. Henry, it is believed, understanding that the people were on their guard against his faculty of moving the passions and through them influencing the judgment, did not resort to the pathetic, as much as was his usual practice in criminal cases. His main object appeared to be, throughout, to cast discredit on the testimony of Tom Harvey. This he attempted by causing the law respecting riots to be read by one of his assistants. It appeared in evidence, that Tom Harvey had taken upon him to act as constable, without being in commission ; and that with a posse of men he had entered the house of one of the Fords in search of the negro, and had put Mrs. Ford, in her husband's absence, into a great terror, while she was in a very delicate condition, near the time of her confinement.

As he descanted on the evidence, he would often turn to Tom Harvey—a large, bold looking man—and with the most sarcastic look would call him by some name of contempt ; "this Butterwood Tom Harvey," "this *would-be-constable*," &c. By such expressions, his contempt for the man was communicated to the hearers. I own I felt it gaining on me, in spite of my better judgment ; so that before he was done, the impression was strong on my mind that Butterwood Harvey was undeserving of the smallest credit. This impression, however, I found I could counteract, the moment I had time for reflection. The only part of the speech in which he manifested his power of touching the feelings strongly, was where he dwelt on the irruption of the company into Ford's house, in circumstances so perilous to the

solitary wife. This appeal to the sensibility of husbands—and he knew that all the jury stood in this relation—was overwhelming. If the verdict could have been rendered immediately after this burst of the pathetic, every man, at least every husband in the house, would have been for rejecting Harvey's testimony; if not for hanging him forthwith. It was fortunate that the illusion of such eloquence is transient, and is soon dissipated by the exercise of sober reason. I confess, however, that nothing which I then heard so convinced me of the advocate's power, as the speech of five minutes, which he made when he requested that the trial might be adjourned till the next day.

In addition to this it so happened that I heard the last public speech which Mr. Henry ever made. It was delivered at Charlotte, from the portico of the court house, to an assembly in the open air. In the American edition of the *New Edinburgh Encyclopaedia* an account of this speech and its effects is given, so charged with exaggeration as to be grossly incorrect. There is more truth in the statements contained in Mr. Wirt's memoir. In point of fact, the performance had little impression beyond the transient pleasure afforded to the friends of the administration, and the pain inflicted on the Anti-federalists, his former political friends. Mr. Henry came to the place with difficulty, and was plainly destitute of his wonted vigour and commanding power. The speech was nevertheless a noble effort, such as could have proceeded from none but a patriotic heart. In the course of his remarks, Mr. Henry (as is correctly stated by Mr. Wirt) after speaking of Washington at the head of a numerous and well appointed army, exclaimed, "And where is the citizen of America who will dare to lift his hand against the father of his country, to point a weapon at the breast of the man who had so often led them to battle and victory?" An intoxicated man cried, "I could." "No," answered Mr. Henry, rising aloft in all his majesty, and in a voice most solemn and penetrating, "No; you durst not do it; in such a parricidal attempt, the steel would drop from your nerveless arm!"

Mr. Henry was followed by a speaker afterwards noted in our national history; I mean John Randolph of Roanoke; but the aged orator did not remain to witness the debut of his young opponent. Randolph began by saying that he had admired that man more than any on whom the sun had shone, but that now he was constrained to differ from him *toto coelo*. But Randolph was suffering with the hoarseness of a cold, and could scarcely utter an audible sentence. All that is alleged in the Encyclopaedia, about Henry's returning to the platform and replying with extraordinary effect, is pure fabrication. The fact is as above stated: Henry retired to the house, as if unwilling to listen, and requested a friend to report to him any thing which might require an answer. But he made no reply, nor did he again present himself to the people. I was amidst the crowd, standing near to Creed Taylor, then an eminent lawyer, and afterwards a judge; who made remarks to those around him, during the speech, declaring among other things that the old man was in his dotage. It is much to be regretted that a statement so untrue should be perpetuated in a work of such value and celebrity.

Patrick Henry had several sisters, with one of whom, the wife of Colonel Meredith of New Glasgow, I was acquainted. Mrs. Meredith was not only a woman of unfeigned piety, but was in my judgment as eloquent as her brother; nor have I ever met with a lady who equalled her in powers of conversation.

At an early period of my ministry, it became my duty to preach the funeral sermon of Mr. James Hunt, the father of the late Rev. James Hunt, of Montgomery county, Maryland. The death occurred at the house of a son who lived on Stanton river: Mr. Henry's residence, Red Hill, was a few miles distant, on the same river. Having been long a friend of the deceased, Mr. Henry attended the funeral, and remained to dine with the company; on which occasion I was introduced to him by Captain William Craighead, who

had been an elder in President Davies's church. These gentlemen had been friends in Hanover, but had not met for many years. The two old gentlemen met with great cordiality, and seemed to have high enjoyment in talking of old times.

On the retrospect of so many years I may be permitted to express my views of the extraordinary effects of Henry's eloquence. The remark is obvious, in application not only to him but to all great orators, that we cannot ascribe these effects merely to their intellectual conceptions, or their cogent reasonings, however great: these conceptions and reasons, when put on paper, often fall dead. They are often inferior to the arguments of men whose utterances have little impression. It has indeed been often said, both of Whitefield and of Henry, that their discourses, when reduced to writing, show poorly by the side of the productions of men who are no orators. Let me illustrate this, by the testimony of one whom I remember as a friend of my youth. General Posey was a revolutionary officer, who was second in command, under Wayne, in the expedition against the Indians; a man of observation and cool judgment. He was in attendance on the debates of that famous convention in which there were so many displays of deliberative eloquence. He assured me, that after the hearing of Patrick Henry's most celebrated speech in that body, he felt himself as fully persuaded that the Constitution if adopted would be our ruin, as of his own existence. Yet subsequent reflection restored his former judgment, and his well considered opinion resumed its place.

The power of Henry's eloquence was due, first, to the greatness of his emotion and passion, accompanied with a versatility which enabled him to assume at once any emotion or passion which was suited to his ends. Not less indispensable, secondly, was a matchless perfection of the organs of expression, including the entire apparatus of voice, intonation, pause, gesture, attitude, and indescribable play of countenance. In no instance did he ever indulge in an expres-

sion that was not instantly recognised as nature itself: yet some of his penetrating and subduing tones were absolutely peculiar, and as inimitable as they were indescribable. These were felt by every hearer, in all their force. His mightiest feelings were sometimes indicated and communicated by a long pause, aided by an eloquent aspect, and some significant use of his finger. The sympathy between mind and mind is inexplicable. Where the channels of communication are open, the faculty of revealing inward passion great, and the expression of it sudden and visible, the effects are extraordinary. Let these shocks of influence be repeated again and again, and all other opinions and ideas are for the moment absorbed or excluded; the whole mind is brought into unison with that of the speaker; and the spell-bound listener, till the cause ceases, is under an entire fascination. Then perhaps the charm ceases, upon reflection, and the infatuated hearer resumes his ordinary state.

Patrick Henry of course owed much to his singular insight into the feelings of the common mind. In great cases, he scanned his jury, and formed his mental estimate; on this basis he founded his appeals to their predilections and character. It is what other advocates do, in a lesser degree. When he knew that there were conscientious or religious men among the jury, he would most solemnly address himself to their sense of right, and would adroitly bring in scriptural citations. If this handle was not offered, he would lay bare the sensibility of patriotism. Thus it was, when he succeeded in rescuing the man who had deliberately shot down a neighbour; who moreover lay under the odious suspicion of being a tory, and who was proved to have refused supplies to a brigade of the American army.

A learned and intelligent gentleman stated to me that he once heard Mr. Henry's defence of a man arraigned for a capital crime. So clear and abundant was the evidence, that my informant was unable to conceive any grounds of defence, especially after the law had been ably placed before the jury

by the attorney for the commonwealth. For a long time after Henry began, he never once adverted to the merits of the case or the arguments of the prosecution, but went off into a most captivating and discursive oration on general topics, expressing opinions in perfect accordance with those of his hearers ; until having fully succeeded in obliterating every impression of his opponent's speech, he obliquely approached the subject, and as occasion was offered dealt forth strokes which seemed to tell upon the minds of the jury. In this case, it should be added, the force of truth prevailed over the art of the consummate orator.

A. A.

---

A BATTLE SONG FOR HUNGARY.

I.

Our Fatherland 's in danger !  
Arouse from hill and vale,  
From rocky steep, and forest shade,  
With helm, and plume, and mail :  
The tyrant's heel is on our soil,  
His hordes are on our plain,  
Oh ! drive these thirsty blood-hound's back  
Into their homes again.

II.

The shouts of gathering legions  
The whispering breezes bear,  
And splintering lance, and bugle horn,  
Break on the startled air ;  
But we will hush the battle drum  
Awhile, and bend the knee,  
And ask that He will make us strong,  
And set our Country free !

## III.

Our cause is just and holy—  
 We strike for home and hearth ;  
 Around us lie the sacred graves  
 Of those who gave us birth.  
 And shall the Cossack clown and slave  
 With rude and reckless tread,  
 Insult the living in their homes,  
 And trample on the dead ?

## IV.

The time for might and power,  
 To bind the despot's chains  
 Is gone ! and Freedom's altar fires  
 Are blazing on our plains ;  
 And by their pure and dazzling glare  
 We'll arm us for the fray ;  
 While crown and sceptre, throne and king,  
 Forever pass away.

## V.

To arms ! then proudly gather  
 From mountain, stream, and crag,  
 And, like a rainbow in the sky,  
 Unfurl our stainless flag.  
 The foe is up ! but we'll not fear  
 The tyrant's cursed band,  
 For we will pray to God above,  
 To save our Father-land.

W. H. W.

---

**A RARITY IN EARLY VIRGINIAN ANNALS.\***

We have the unusual pleasure of naming in the margin to our antiquarian readers a publication which has all the charm

\* *The Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia ; expressing the Cosmo-*



of novelty with all the venerable authority of age. It is a work from the pen of William Strachey, the first secretary of the Colony; now first brought to light, by the enterprising zeal of the Hakluyt Society.

The Hakluyt Society was established for the purpose of printing rare or unpublished Voyages and Travels, and the volumes produced are distributed among the members alone. As the work named below cannot therefore be found in the market, we are the more prompt in pointing out its contents. It may be proper to premise that the president of the society is Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, and that among its active members are Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, Dr. Whewell, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, Sir Henry Ellis, Mr. Milman, and R. Monckton Milnes, Esquire.

The volumes already published include Sir Richard Hawkins's Voyage to the South Sea in 1593; Sir Walter Raleigh's Discoverie of the Empire of Guiana; Sir Francis Drake's Voyage, in 1595; and a selection from inedited manuscripts in the British Museum, concerning the Northwest Passage. Among the publications contemplated may be named, Frescobaldi's Travels in Egypt and Syria, in 1384; Bethencourt's Discovery of the Canary Isles, 1402-25; and Virginia in the years 1584-1600, from narratives of Arthur Barlowe, Ralf Lane and Thomas Hariot. It is evident on the bare reading of these titles that historians and antiquaries have reason to expect much satisfaction in regard to points hitherto left in darkness.

The value of the book before us is derived from the particular eventful period to which it relates, the station of the author, and the fact that it has lain unpublished more than two centuries. The author was a man of sober and observing mind, and of great learning after the

graphic and Comodities of the Country, together with the Manners and Customs of the People. Gathered and collected as well by those who went first thither as collected by William Strachey, Gent., the first Secretary of the Colony. Now first edited from the original manuscript in the British Museum, by R. H. Major, Esq., of the British Museum. London: printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1849. 8vo. pp. 203.

model of King James. It is evident that he intended to make a great work, of which these two books are only the beginnings. The existing authorities for the early voyages are found in books of which few copies exist in America, which must be our apology for naming them.

1. G. Best. Discourse of the late voyages and of discoveries for the finding of a passage to Cathaya by the nord-weast, under the conduct of Martin Fraboisher, general, with a particular and thereunto adjoined of Meta Incognita. 4to. *London, Bynneman.* Reprinted in Hakluyt.

2. A prayse and report of Maister Martyne Forboisher voyage to Meta Incognita, now spoken of by Thomas Churchyard, gentl. Imprinted for Andrew Maunsell in Paules Churchyard, at the sign of the Parrot. 8vo. *s. l. (circ. 1580.)*

3. R. Hakluyt. (After whom the society is named.) Divers voyages touching the discoverie of America and the islands adjacent unto the same, made first of all by our Englishmen, and afterwards by the Frenchmen and Bretons, 4to. *London, 1582.* This first publication of Hakluyt is now in the press.

4. A discourse upon the intended voyage to the hithermoste parts of America, written by Captaine Carleill for the better inducement to satisfie such merchauntes, as in disburseing their money do demaunde forwith a present returne of gaine; albeit their saied particular disbursement are in such slender sommes as are not worth the speaking of, 4to. 1583. Reprinted in Hakluyt.

5. A briefe and true report of the new found land of Virginia, &c., discovered by the English Colony there seated by Sir Richard Greinville, Knight, in the yeere 1585. . . . by Thomas Hariot. 4to. *London. 1588.*

6. Hakluyt. The principal navigations, voyages and discoveries made by the English nation. folio. 1589. Reprinted with additions in 1599.

7. De Bry. America, sive navigationes in Indiam Occidentalem. *Francofurti. 1590.* Of this famous work the first

part appeared in English, at Frankfort, 1590, but was not continued. It is almost impossible to secure a complete copy of de Bry. The best copies known are those in the British Museum, and those of two or three American gentlemen, whom it is not necessary to name to bibliographers; two of them being members of the Hakluyt Society.

8. A brief and true relation of the discovery of the north part of Virginia, by Capt. G. Waymouth, written by G. Rosier, a gentleman employed in the voyage. 4to, goth. *London*, 1605.

9. Nova Britannia offering most excellent fruits by planting in Virginia. 4to. 1605.

10. Virginia, richly valued by the description of the maine land of Florida, her next neighbour, &c., written by a Portuguese gentleman of the city of Elvas, and translated by R. Hakluyt. 4to. 1609.

To Hakluyt, says Robertson, "England is more indebted for its American possessions than to any man of that age;" yet, so far as we know, not even a hamlet bears his name, while we have scores of Washingtons, Jacksons, Cassvilles, and Taylorsburgs. It was Hakluyt's activity and entreaties which led King James to grant the patent of April 10, 1606, for the settlement of two plantations on the coast of North America.

Strachey, we have said, was a gentleman and a scholar. It has been strangely imagined by some that the adventurers to Virginia were only 'deboshed swashbucklers.' Not forgetting Raleigh and Smith, we take leave to add the names of Master Hunt, the first chaplain; of George Sandys, who made his translation of Ovid in Virginia, as he says in his dedication to King Charles, in 1632; and of Thomas Hariot, named above, who after his return immortalized himself by his work, *Artis Analyticae Praxis*. This contains the genesis of all equations by the continued multiplication of simple equations; a step needed to complete the progress of Vieta

and Gerard. He observed the spots of the sun as early as December, 1610, not more than a month after Galileo. Hariot's manuscripts are preserved in the collection of the Earl of Egremont.

The narrative of Strachey must have been written before 1616, as appears from the title given to Sir Francis Bacon, in the dedication. Two manuscripts exist, one in the British Museum, and one in the Ashmolean Manuscripts at Oxford. The present edition is brought out by R. H. Major, Esq., F. R. G. S., Honorary Secretary of the Society. It is embellished with etchings by Mrs. Major; comprising fac similes of signatures, Captain Smith's map, the same which appears in Dr. Rice's neglected but patriotic edition, and several spirited illustrations from de Bry. It has also a copious glossary of Indian words, which is invaluable to the comparative philologist. Apropos of the last article, we note one or two curiosities. The familiar term *pone*, for a flat loaf of corn bread, is found in the aboriginal noun *apone* or *apones*, bread baked in the ashes. *Checkniquamin*, a miniature chestnut, is plainly the chinquepin of our infant recollections, the *castanea pumila* of Michaux. *Tockowhough* is an esculent root, retained in the name of creeks in Virginia and in New Jersey, as well as in the cant term Tuckahoe, which sportively designates the people of lower Virginia; while the correlative appellation of the up-country Scotch-Irish is Cohee, as is said, from their use of the phrase 'quoth he,' or *quo' he*. *Asapan*, or hasty pudding, is the *supawn* or mush, of Jersey. *Pessemins* are our persimmons, *diospyros Virginiana*, L. *Muscascus* is the musquash.

The first book contains the geography and topical description; with a full and graphic account of Powhatan and his realm.\* Some of the accounts of Pocahontas in her girl-

\* No Virginian needs the information, that the traditional pronunciation of Powhatan lays the accent on the last syllable. Ignorance of this has spoiled some quite pretty verses concerning the Indian king. It may be added that the old settlers write Pocahuntas, as the name is still universally pronounced among her descendants.

hood are peculiarly amusing and unexpected, though innocent; nor dare we copy them. Then follows a minute picture of manners and customs, certainly equal to any thing we have ever read on this head. As compared with Smith, we observe Strachey's superior ability as a writer; though pedantic in ancient citations, he is clear, and for his time neat in language: and his account bears the marks of a reserve as to the marvellous, which is wanting in that of the great captain. The only specimen of an Indian lyric is found on the 79th page; it is a satire on the white men, ridiculing their ideas of pain, and mocking at their swords and fire-locks.

The second book occupies itself with the early discovery, and is overladen with a good amount of unseasonable erudition, concerning Columbus, Vespuccius and Cabot, Raleigh and Drake. It will, however, add materially to the stores of all future collections, in regard to some important periods and dates. The notices, moreover, are not confined to South Virginia, but contain much about the northern colony on the river Sadachehoc, and the adventures of Sir John Popham. The period occupied by Strachey's history ranges over 1610, 1611, and 1612; and this brings us very near to the first permanent colonization, which it will be remembered was in 1607. It is to be compared with the map of Virginia, published by the same W. Strachey, at Oxford, in 1612. A specimen of our author's manner will not be unwelcome. It relates to an Indian Queen named Oholac.

“Twice or thrice in a sommer she hath come unto our towne; nor is so handsome a savadge woman as I have seene amongst them, yet, with a kind of pride, can take upon her a shewe of greatnes; for we have seene her forbear to come out of her quintan or boat through the water, as the other, both mayds and married women, usually doe, unles she were carryed forth betweene two of her servants. I was once early at her howse (yt being sommer tyme) when she was layed without dores, under the shadowe of a broad-

leaved tree, upon a pallett of osiers, spread over with four or five fyne grey matts, herself covered with a faire white drest deare skynne or two; and when she rose, she had a mayd who fetcht her a frontall of white currall, and pendants of great bnt imperfect couloured and worse drilled pearles, which she put into her ears, and a chayne, with long lyncks of copper, which they call Tapoantaniniais, and which came twice or thrice about her neck, and they accompt a jolly orament, and sure thus attired, with some variety of feathers and flowers stuck in their haire, they seeme as *debonaire*, quaynt, and well pleased as (I wis) a daughter of the house of Austria behune with all her jewells; likewise her mayd fetcht her a mantell, which they call puttawus, which is like a side cloake, made of blew feathers, so articyally and thick sowed together, that it seemed like a deepe purple satten, and is very smoothe and sleeke; and after she brought her water for her hands, and then a braunch or two of fresh greene asshen leaves, as for a towell to dry them."

"In some part of the country," he elsewhere relates, "they have yerely a sacrifice of children; such a one was at Quiyougheohanock, some ten miles from James Towne, as also at Kecoughtan, which Capt. George Percy was at, and observed. The manner of it was, fifteen of the properest young boyes, betweene ten and fiteene yeares of age, they paynted white; having brought them forth, the people spent the forenone in dauncing and singing about them with rattles. In the afternoone, they solely led those childrene to a certayne tree appointed for the same; at the roote whereof, round about, they made the childrene to sitt downe, and by them stood the most and the ablest of the men, and some of them the fathers of the childrene, as a watchfull guard, every one having a bastinado in his hand of reedes, and these opened a lane betweene along, through which were appointed five young men to fetch those childrene; and accordingly every one of the five tooke his turne and passed through the guard to fetch a child, the guard fiercely beating

them the while with their bastinadoes, and shewing much anger and displeasure to have their childrene so ravisht from them ; all which the young men pacyently endured, receaving the blowes and defending the childrene with their naked bodies, from the unmercifull stroakes, that paid them soundly, though the children escaped. All the while sate the mothers and kinswomen afar off, looking on, weeping and crying out very passionately, and some in pretty waymenting tunes singing (as yt were) their dirge or funeral song, provided with matts, skynnes, mosse, and dry wood by them, as things fitting their children's funeralls. After the childrene were thus forceably taken from the guard, the guard possessed (as yt were) with a vyolent fury, entred upon the tree and tore yt downe, bowes and branches, with such a terrible fierceness and strength, that they rent the very body of yt, and shivered it in a hundred peeces, whereof some stuck of the branches and leaves in their haire, wreathing them in the same, and so went up and downe as mourners, with heavy and sad downcast lookes. What els was done with the childrene might not be scene by our people, further then that they were all cast on a heape in a valleye, where was made a great and solemne feast for all the companye; at the going whereunto, the night now approaching, the Indians desired our people that they would withdraw themselves and leave them to their further proceedings, the which they did; only some of the weroances being demanded the meaning of this sacrifice, made answeare that the childrene did not all of them suffer death, but that the okeus did suck the blood from the left breast of the child whose chaunce it was to be his by lott, till he were dead, and the remaine were kept in the wilderness by the said young men till nine moones were expired, during which tyme they must not converse with any; and of these were made the priests and conjurers, to be instructed by tradition from the elder priests."

We have said enough concerning this singular work, now

rescued from darkness, to direct to it the attention of that rapidly increasing class of American antiquaries, who are enriching our literature with the fruits of research among treasures at home. Many of the histories now in common use pass over the striking traits of early adventure and original manners, with a tantalizing carelessness. For the elucidation of the period which has been under survey, we can refer to no work which in this respect is comparable to the "Introduction to the History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia," by Charles Campbell, Esq., of Petersburg.

J.

---

#### ABRAHAM AND THE IDOLATROUS TRAVELLER.

ALL who have read Jeremy Taylor's excellent treatise on the "Liberty of Propheying," will remember the celebrated story of Abraham and the idolatrous traveller, which he introduces and applies with so much effect. The story is in itself touching and beautiful, and the truth which it is designed to illustrate a most important one. There is besides, quite a history attached to it, and as our attention happens to have been lately, called to the subject, we subjoin a few particulars which may not be wholly uninteresting. It runs thus :

"When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man eat and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him, that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so



zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee. God answered him, *I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonored me; and could'st not thou endure him one night?*"

Where Jeremy Taylor got this story from, was for a long time a matter of no little curiosity, and gave rise to many learned conjectures. He says generally that he found it in the "Jews books;" but gives no particular reference to his authority. The writings, however, of the most celebrated Rabbins were searched for the passage in vain, and it was generally believed that Taylor had invented the fable himself, for the purpose of teaching more impressively the lesson he was inculcating. But Bishop Heber, in his admirable life of Jeremy Taylor, has shown very clearly the source from which this beautiful apologue was drawn. It is to be found, not indeed in the writings of a Jew, but in a dedication, prefixed to the translation of a Jewish work, by George Gentius, published in 1651. This dedication is in latin, and is addressed to the chief magistrates and Senate of Hamburg. We give a literal translation of the passage in question, that it may be compared with the one taken from Taylor.

"The most noble author *Sadus*, has given us an illustrious example of venerable antiquity in the patriarch Abraham, so celebrated for his hospitality, that he scarcely deemed himself happy, or his roof blessed, unless he could find some stranger, whom he might welcome and honour as his guest, and upon whom he might bestow every office of kindness. Upon one occasion, when no traveller had come to his house, he went out and searched the valley in quest of one, when by chance, he beheld a man, bowed down by age, and weary with his journey, reclining under a tree. He received him courteously, led him to his house, and extended to him

all the rites of hospitality. But when supper was prepared, and Abraham and his family were invoking a blessing upon it, the old man stretched forth his hand to the food, without any act of religious worship. When Abraham saw this, he thus addressed him: "Oh, old man, it hardly becomes thy grey hairs to partake of food, without first calling upon the God of heaven." But the old man replied: "I am a fire-worshipper, and am ignorant of any such rites; my fathers never taught me such acts of piety." Whereupon Abraham, horror-stricken at finding himself in the company of one, who was a profane idolater, and a stranger to the worship of the true God, removed him from his table, and thrust him from his house, as a polluted wretch, and an enemy to all religion. But no sooner had he gone, than the voice of the great God was heard calling to Abraham: 'Oh Abraham, what hast thou done? Is it thus thou hast been taught to act towards thy fellow man? I have given to this old man life and sustenance for more than a hundred years, notwithstanding his ingratitude to me; and couldst not thou give him one meal, or bear with him a single moment?' Then Abraham, admonished by the divine voice, called the old man back, and took him again into his house, and treated him with so much kindness, and shewed so much piety, that he won him by his example to the worship of the true God."

Did this translation do justice to the original, it would be seen, we think, that Taylor has not improved much upon the story as told by Gentius. On the contrary, the beauty of it is marred by the omission of the closing paragraph, which points the moral of the fable, and teaches, that it is by toleration and kindness, and not by fierce and angry denunciation, that men are to be reclaimed from their errors. But who is the noble author *Sadus*, to whom Gentius acknowledges that he he is indebted for the story? At one time it was supposed that the reference was to a Jewish writer by the name of *Saadus*. But upon further investigation it was discovered, that it was not to a Jewish

writer that Gentius alluded, but to a Persian author, the celebrated poet *Sadi*. The passage is to be found in the second book of his *Bostau*, (the Orchard,) and he gives it as *related to him*, but without saying by whom. It seems, that Gentius was well acquainted with the works of Sadi, having himself published an edition of the finest of his poems, the *Gulistan* (the Garden of Roses) in Persian and Latin. Sadi, it is known, spent thirty years in travelling, and did not begin to write until he was ninety; and in the course of his wanderings, having been taken prisoner by the Franks, he was obliged to work on the fortifications of Tripoli, in company *with some Jews*. So that, as Bishop Heber observes, the story after all may have been originally derived from a Jewish source. The following is a translation of the passage in Sadi as given in a note to the life of Jeremy Taylor.

“I have heard that once, during a whole week, no traveller came to the hospitable dwelling of the friend of God, whose amiable nature led him to observe it as a rule, not to eat in the morning unless some needy persons arrived from a journey. He went out, and turned his eyes towards every place. He viewed the valley on all sides, and beheld in the desert, a solitary man resembling the willow, whose head and beard were whitened with the snow of age. To encourage him, he called him Friend, and, agreeably to the manners of the munificent, gave him an invitation, saying, ‘Oh apple of mine eye, perform an act of courtesy by becoming my guest!’ He assented, arose, and stepped forward readily, for he knew the kind disposition of his host, (on whom be peace.) The associates of Abraham’s hospitable dwelling seated the old man with respect. The table was ordered to be spread, and the company placed themselves around. When the assembly began to utter, ‘in the name of God’ (or to say grace) and not a word was heard to proceed from the old man, Abraham addressed him, in such words as these: ‘Oh elder, stricken in years! thou appearest not to me in faith and zeal like other aged ones, for is it not an obligatory law to invoke,

at the time of eating your daily meal, that divine Providence from whence it is derived!' He replied, 'I practise no rite which I have not heard from my priest, who worshippeth the fire.' The good-omened prophet discovered this vitiated old man to be a Gueber, and, finding him an alien to the faith, drove him away in miserable plight, the polluted being rejected by those that are pure. A voice from the glorious and omnipotent God was heard, with this severe reprehension: 'Oh friend! I have supported him through a life of an hundred years, and thou hast conceived an abhorrence of him all at once! If a man pay adoration to fire, shouldst thou withhold the hand of liberality.'"

It must be admitted that this is rather tame when compared with *Gentius*, and that it is to him we owe, much of the beauty of the story, and nearly all of its spirit and point.

But we have not yet done with the history of this celebrated story. We find it, with some slight variation, in Lord Kaimes's "*Sketches of the History of Man*," published in 1774. He introduces it in these words; "The following parable against persecution, was communicated to me by Dr. Franklin of Philadelphia, a man who makes a great figure in the learned world." It is divided into verses, and he calls it a fine imitation of the historical style of the old testament. From Lord Kaimes's work it was copied into an edition of Franklin's writings, and attracted much attention. Lord Kaimes certainly supposed it to be Franklin's own composition, and it was published as such in all the collections of his works. Some surprise then was felt upon discovering that a similar story was to be found in the treatise of Jeremy Taylor, and a charge of plagiarism was made against Franklin in consequence of it. He alludes to this charge in a letter to Benjamin Vaughan, written in 1789, for which see 10 *Spark's Franklin*, p. 401. He says in this letter that it was published by Lord Kaimes without his consent, that he never claimed more credit for it than what

related to the style, and the addition of the *concluding threatening and promise*. It is singular enough however, that he does not say where he got the story from. The probability is he did not derive it from Taylor, for the story as told by Franklin contains the closing incident related by Gentius, but omitted, as we have seen, by Taylor. There certainly does appear to have been a want of candour, to say the least of it, about Franklin in reference to the whole matter. He suffered it to be ascribed to him for years, and to be published in his works as an original composition; and never disclaimed the authorship of it, until he was accused of plagiarism. And yet, as a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* for September 1816, well observes, "a man so rich as Franklin had no temptation to steal."

Franklin was very fond of introducing this parable upon all occasions. He arranged it in verses, and used to divert himself by passing it off upon his friends as a chapter out of the Bible. He is said to have gone so far as to have had it bound up as a leaf in his Bible, the better to impose upon them. As a specimen of the style, and to shew what he meant by the concluding threatening and promise, we give the last five verses.

11. "And God said, 'Have I borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night.'

12. And Abraham said; Let not the anger of the Lord wax hot against his servant—lo, I have sinned—lo, I have sinned; forgive me I pray thee.

13. And Abraham arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him, and returned with him to the tent, and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away on the morning with gifts.

14. And God spake again unto Abraham saying; 'For this thy sin, shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land.'

15. But for thy repentance will I deliver them, and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance."

But it may well be questioned, whether the concluding *threatening and promise* do not take from, rather than add to, the beauty of the story; and as to the *style*, Franklin's version lacks much of the terseness and simplicity of Genetius and Taylor.

---

#### ANCIENT AND MODERN COLONIZATION.

One of the first things that arrests the attention of the philosophical student of antiquity, is the Colonies planted by those nations, through which the stream of civilization has run. Their causes and consequences open to him a subject of investigation of no little interest and importance. Indeed the history of these establishments is the history of civilization, during a long tract of ages; it carries us back to those remote times, where the thick mist that hangs over the whole field of research gives unnatural dimensions to the few objects whose dim outlines we can now and then discern. Hardly had the Hellenic race emerged from barbarism, before we see the parent stock sending out off-shoots to various and distant regions. Ionians, Eolians, Dorians take up their line of march for Asia Minor, Italy, and Sicily; while others, prompted by a more daring spirit of enterprise, stop not until they reach the banks of the Euxine on one side and the shores of Gaul on the other. The causes of this spirit of emigration is involved in a good deal of obscurity. In the case of the Phenician colonies the reason probably was the overcrowding of the population, and the consequent difficulty of obtaining the means of subsistence; but no such cause could have operated in Greece at the period when emigration

was most active ; all that we can say of it is, that it was just the result of a wide spread eagerness to seek for new abodes.

History shows that the civilized world has been periodically visited by this spirit of colonization. Such was the case with the maritime countries of Europe, for a hundred and fifty years after the discovery of our continent by Columbus. During this period, Spain, Portugal, Holland, France, Britain founded colonies in Africa, Asia, and America. Towards the close of the 17th century this thirst for colonial empire abated, and during the whole of the 18th, Europe may be said to have remained at rest and at home. Within the last thirty years, however, there has been a remarkable revival of the old spirit of removal ; and now, from the seats of the Teutonic race, two streams of population are flowing eastward and westward, each of them already large, yet every day increasing in volume, and spreading themselves over the vast and comparatively unoccupied regions of Australia and North America. The subject of colonization, therefore, is not merely a theme for the antiquary, but is one of living interest, and is closely connected with some of the most important practical questions of the age. A full discussion of the topic would require many more pages than we can devote to it ; our simple object is to throw out a few hints respecting the difference between ancient and modern colonization.

Wherever Greece established a colony she founded an independent state. Her sons carried with them to their new abodes the religion, language, arts and forms of government of the mother country, but in developing these elements of civilization they were perfectly untrammelled. They were their own lawgivers ; they could modify their social institutions as they pleased ; they were forced to rely upon themselves ; and this kind of independence produced among them its proper fruit ; for many of the Grecian colonies equalled the mother country in the cultivation of art and science, while some of them surpassed her in wealth and political power. But though the independence of these new settle-

ments opened the way for the free development of their energies, and gave a mighty impulse to their growth, other causes, no less necessary than that just mentioned, combined with it to produce the splendid result. Among these was the form which the Phenician, Grecian and even the Roman colonies (though the last in all respects greatly differed from the former) invariably assumed. It was that of a city; and the utmost care was exercised by the colonists in the selection of its site. The beauty of the spot, no doubt, had its influence; but the main circumstances that determined the position of the new city were its healthfulness, its convenience with reference to commerce, and its capability of being defended without foreign aid. During the period of colonial infancy, while the new comers were few in number, and before they had been able to establish relations of amity with the native tribes, these cities would be exposed to attack; but danger from this quarter would soon cease, not only from the rapid increase of their power, but from the policy pursued towards the aboriginal inhabitants. The interests of both were in fact coincident. As the colonists resided within the walls of the town, or very near them, they did not need the lands of the natives, and of course had no motive to drive them into the interior. On the contrary, it was their interest to induce those who had before led the roving life of the savage, to fix themselves in permanent abodes, to cultivate the earth, and to receive the elements of civilization.

Now in all these respects, the modern method of colonization, whether Spanish, Dutch, or British, presents a remarkable contrast. The usual and most appropriate name of these divisions of the British empire, for example, is dependencies. Such they have been from the beginning, and the policy of the mother country is to keep them in a condition of tutelage and dependence. The effect of this kind of treatment is patent to all the world. The Canadian provinces were among the earliest European settlements on the North American continent; yet how immensely are they behind the adjacent



states of the Union, in all the institutions of social life; in agriculture, commerce, the arts, education, in a word, in all the forms of enterprise. When the Thirteen Colonies achieved their independence, good old George III. thought that he had lost the brightest jewel in his crown. Never did mortal make a greater mistake. The United States are at this moment worth to England a hundredfold more than they ever could have been if they had not broken the tie which bound them to her throne. Managed as Canada has been, is, and will be, so long as she holds the position of a colony, the energies of her people can never have free and full scope; they never can feel that they stand on the same level with their fellow subjects at home; their most important officers will be sent to them from abroad. So with all the other dependencies of the empire. And what after all is the benefit to Great Britain? The costly and barren honour of being a monarchy upon whose possessions the sun never sets.

It would extend this article to an undue length, if we should dwell upon the other points of contrast between ancient and modern colonies. The subject possesses little practical interest to us as Americans, because the policy of our government and the nature of our institutions are alike anti-colonial. We cannot have, we do not desire any such dependencies. Wherever Americans go, they carry along with them the principles of self-government; in whatever regions they may establish themselves, it is not as colonists, but as the founders of new states.

---

### THE WORKING MAN'S AIM.

I have often wished, when I have found myself suddenly overhauled by a gang of roaring boys from the Dry Dock or the Engine-Works on the East river, careering down Chatham street or falling into Broadway, that I could have

their patient ear long enough to say a few words about matters which might do them service. But if so grave a person should come in upon them, amidst their roistering, he would have more of their scoffs than their attention. I have perhaps an overweening admiration for the muscular development and high daring of a bold, dauntless, athletic workman. To see them in the *melée* of a fire, where their strong points are brought into full play on the side of humanity, or even to observe them in the ranks of our army, is awakening to hope for one's country. But alas! alas! by hundreds and by thousands they are going to ruin; and this chiefly because they set so low a mark in life. It is not the making of a fortune, that I would hold before them; though the way is open to this, and though dissipation and riot are pitfalls in the way. There are better prizes than this, and prizes offered freely to every journeyman and every apprentice in the land; intellectual and moral prizes, inseparably connected with their ultimate happiness. Let no young man say, this is none of my business. As the old playbook says, 'Every thing is my business that belongs to my race.' They are my fellow men and fellow countrymen, and when I see them going post-haste to ruin, I have a right to be in earnest to stop them in the descent. It is an instinctive impulse. Why does a noble fellow plunge into the dock to pluck out a drowning stranger? Why does he even risk something to save a generous horse from rushing headlong over a precipice? When I look at our fine young men of the productive classes, who sustain so large a part of life's burdens by the power of their muscle and the dexterity of their hand, and who have such capacities and such temptations, I own I am prompted—not to flatter, not to fawn on them, as demagogues and social reformers do—but to tell them their faults and point out their dangers.

What the young working-man needs is a high aim. Better aim high, even if you miss. But the most have no aim at all, except that which is barely above the animal instincts.

Such a being was assuredly not made to eat, to drink, to sleep, to grow, to rest, to avoid bodily pain; in other words, he was made for something higher than a horse, cow or dog. The unbridled mirth and indulgence of licentious evenings and nights is only a degree higher. The brutes indeed cannot laugh, blaspheme; or get drunk; but need argue that the creature named Man was made for more than this? It would touch the feelings of an ingenious mechanic to see a beautiful steam-engine driven beyond its strength, or applied to some base purpose, such as cleansing out a common sewer. But this prostitution of a fine mechanism is the merest nothing, when compared with the abuse of a spiritual and immortal creature.

Pride is never right; but there is a feeling sometimes called by that name which is really a proper sense of the dignity of manhood. This feeling may be lawfully appealed to, in the minds of young men, beginning life. Exercised in a right direction it will cause the youth, who has not a dollar that he can call his own, to resolve most solemnly that he will try for a prize which is beyond all that dollars can buy, were they all the dollars of Girard and Astor. In America, certainly, if not elsewhere, though hinderances may exist, and some mortifications may depress, 'a man's a man for a' that.' And every day we are seeing before our eyes cases to show that the genuine man—he who deserves the name—may break his way through all the obstacles. We need not go to such cases as those of Thomas Ewing, or Elihu Burritt. Where is the town or village, in which men are not found who have risen to the post of universal honour and wide usefulness, by intelligence, industry, temperance, public spirit, and benevolent principle?

In this sense, no young man ought to be willing to sit on the lowest round of the ladder. And the way to rise is to stick to regular business; to be great in his own line; to shun every alliance and every practice which offends the wise and good; and above all to look every moment beyond the poor rewards of the present life. Let a young man feel

what the soul is which he carries within him, and he will spurn the baits which are held out by vice. He will regard the comrade who tempts him to idle or vicious indulgence, with as indignant a warmth as if one sought to pick his pocket. He will never be content with his present attainment, in mental or moral pursuit. He will love to believe, that there is that in him which is not to be all spent on the manual arts and slavish toil of his outward calling. These employments indeed are needful, profitable, invaluable to the country, and truly honourable. None but a conceited fool will be ashamed of them; and the meanest of blockheads is he who is above his business. Yet the business does not, and cannot use up all the faculty, all the energy, all the soul, that is in an immortal being. Think of this, young man! There is vastly more within you than you seem to have found out. If you did but know it, pinions are springing, with which you may wing your flight to a higher region.

There are lands, I know, where the man of toil is held down all his life; it takes all his strength, all his days, to keep soul and body together. Such a land, blessed be God, is not ours! The most industrious may have hours which are their own; and these are the hours which youth of foresight will deliberately invest, as the miser invests his gains. Begin soon, yes, begin now, to live for something more than meat and drink. Begin to learn something, that your minds may open and enlarge. It is impossible for you to comprehend, before you have made the trial, what a pleasure there is in new knowledge. It is like a new sense. It is opening your eyes on a new world. It is coming out of the coal-mine in which you have lived so long, to the sights and sounds of the upper region, and to the glories of day. Find me, if you can, among hundreds who have thus emerged, one who is willing to go back into ignorance.

Let a friend take you by the hand, and utter a word of counsel, which cannot but be disinterested. If you wish to assert your place in society; if you wish to establish the

dignity of honest labour: if you wish to gain something more than the reputation of being a clever workman; if you wish to ascend to a higher level; if you wish to possess new delights of which you now have no more notion than the blind have of colours; if you wish to add a serene glory to your fireside, and redouble the sacred joys of love and wedlock; if you wish to have friends worth the name, and the happiness which comes from making others happy; then **AIM HIGH.**

If with God's blessing, you put yourself under a discipline which shall carry on the training of your mind and heart towards their perfection, you will be only doing that for which you were created; and in any other course happiness is impossible. It is infinitely right. You know it, you feel it to be so. Something within confirms every word I have said. A divine sanction is added to the truths which are so familiar. By all the reverence you owe to Him who made you for himself, I charge you to awake and set about it.

C. Q.

---

### TIME'S SCYTHER.

Time once knocked at an old man's door,  
(A very old man—he was just five score,)  
Glass in hand, which he turned once more,  
As he turned it a hundred years before.  
He had laid down his scythe,  
And the old man trembled in voice and limb,  
As he slowly opened the door to him,  
Then laughed as he peered o'er his spectacle's rim:  
Such a laugh! 'Twas a very curious whim—  
So old and so blithe.

“Father Time,” he exclaimed, “how well you look  
Since you’ve laid aside that rusty old hook,”

And the silly flatterer’s accents shook  
Like the rattling leaves of a wind stirred book.

Time held up his glass,  
Lo, the sand was out! he turned it no more,  
But glided away through the open door;  
And a figure lay stretched on the silent floor,  
Pulseless and cold, and the face still wore

Laughter’s seal, alas!

Alas for the old! the time honoured old,  
The days of their years were like visions of gold,  
Yet they passed them away as a tale that is told,  
Till their scarce beating hearts have grown selfishly cold

And their senses so dull,  
That, as time goes by at his old, stealthy pace,  
They think him absorbed in the wrecks of his race,  
And so callous the heart that it has not the grace  
To admit what the eye may conceive out of place.

Is not this sorrowful?

---

## MONUMENTS.

### No. I.

The interest now so generally felt throughout the country on the subject of national monuments is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. This interest has been gradually increasing for years, and has at length declared itself in some decisive measures in many of our large cities. It is very desirable, at the outset, while public attention is awakening to this subject, that the public taste should be properly directed at the same time. Upon no subject is there deeper

need of competent criticism, at the present crisis, than upon this. Upon the views now taken by the public is depending the very serious question whether we proceed to erect monuments that shall be honourable to the memory of our departed great men, or that shall stand as stigmas upon ourselves.

Monumental Architecture is probably the most abstruse and difficult of all the species of the arts of form. Perhaps in no single department of the products of taste are there to be found so large a number of short-coming or of extravagant examples. A visit to our best modern cemeteries will painfully convince any person of correct judgment, that to design and fashion a really beautiful monument is by no means an easy task. There may be many things there that might be tolerable, or even handsome, elsewhere—but it is the property of beauty in a monumental piece that it shall be sacred to itself; and hence precisely is it so hard to seize and fix it in a fit design. For the same reason every failure leaves an object which is not simply worthless on the spot, but which is more than commonly execrable. Violations of good taste in houses for the living we are able to pass by without much feeling; but when bad taste shows itself in monuments for the dead, our sense partakes a shock which is peculiarly distressing. In no case is a mistake so odious, in none is vulgarity so abominable. At a ridiculous building we may laugh as at the antics of a buffoon, but in the case of a vile monument our regard for the solemnity of its purpose shuts us off from that natural liberation of feeling, and we are obliged to pocket the insult to our good sense out of a deeper pity for the outrage done to the memory of the dead. We feel the proper reward for a man who has made a bad monument to be the punishment which is due to sacrilege.

To make a beautiful monument is a more difficult thing than to make a beautiful house, because in the one case the principle of its beauty is absolute, and of course fugitive; in the other it is constructive and tangible, in other words, because the one is more nearly a pure idea, while the other is

the result of obvious associations. To make a handsome building it is chiefly necessary to allow the principle of actual fitness to assume its own law of proportion and ornament,—but the beauty of a monument is to be breathed into it. A monument certainly must be appropriate to the particular end in view, and only the more so because it is a monument; the life and worthiness of it consist in its conditions being well fulfilled. But this its fine propriety is the more difficult because less accessible, having relation to no principle of utility at all, but only to a sentiment. It is, therefore a work not of imagination and good sense merely, but of feeling, and of feeling that is competent by nature, education, and conscience to act in each particular case. As none but Milton could have written his *Lycidas* so none but the Milton in that case transformed into an artist could have made a monument for *Lycidas*. If a great building of well composed architecture is an epic, then a monumental piece is a sonnet, which completes its own idea so exquisitely that the thought and the form are not to be divided. What the rose, which is the only perfect sonnet in the world, the Grecian vase, the Corinthian capital are for the living, such should be our commemorative offerings upon the graves of the dead.

No man except a real artist ought ever to imagine himself capable of designing a monumental piece. It taxes the imagination more absolutely than to design an original statue. There are few remains of ancient art which so powerfully call forth our respect for the authors of them as does that small, but so exquisitely as to be sublimely beautiful fragment, the monument of *Lysicrates* in one of the streets of *Athens*. If then we would fill our cemeteries with appropriate monuments we should go to our first-rate artists for the designs. It is alarming to think what a fulness of contributions might be properly gathered from the same as they now exist, for the purpose of offering the collection to some abnormal *Dagon* or *Pandemonium* image, if such might be found extant. Perhaps some such may be found after the



completion of certain designs which have, within a few years been patented as designs for public monuments. Should the national monument at Washington, for example, ever be completed (from which may we be safely delivered) according to the plan which has been published, of an Egyptian obelisk growing out of a Grecian Cuklostyle, then to no fitter purpose could the same be dedicated than that it should at once be made the central Typhon in that "congregation of lesser imps" which might be collected, as already said, from the various cemeteries of the land. There might the thing stand as a general stumbling-block, and be somewhat useful in its way,—stand, with its minions a hateful set for good people to cast stones at. Would the collection especially the ruling spirit of it might be fixed also in some valley of Hinnom!

In seeking for the best form in which to embody our feelings of gratitude and reverence for the memory of a public benefactor, there are these two principles to guide us. In the first place we should recollect that, we are erecting a monument to him; that is, we are making a pure and single offering to his memory, and not an offering to our own vanity, or to any other feeling of personal or of public profit. It is a shame for citizens to make the name of a public benefactor an occasion of self-glorification in any manner. Monuments should have no name upon them except the name of him whom they commemorate. Monuments should never be erected as ornaments for cities; the low spirit which is actuated by such a view would of course bring forth a city-like thing for its object, but a city-like monument would be as far removed from the true idea of a monument as noise and affectation are removed from the grave and truth. The second principle that should guide us in the choice of a design for a public monument is that it be appropriate. Under the conditions which have been stated as applying to monumental architecture considered as one of the most recondite of the arts of form and sentiment, every monument should

indicate, and if possible express the character of the one commemorated. We should not erect a triumphal arch in honour of a poet, nor a sentimental urn to the memory of a warrior.

The design which has been adopted by the Washington Monument Society of New York city is in violation of both these principles. Engravings of that design are quite common, and may be seen in the windows of most of our city print stores. The plan is that of a Gothic Tower-house. It is to rise to an elevation of three or four hundred feet, and, were it intended as a monument to the chief bully among the "men that were giants in those days"—it ought certainly to be esteemed a very proper object. It is to be a house, or museum, or laboratory in the basement part of it, and, were it intended to be the general head-quarters of the various telegraph wires of the country, it would doubtless answer a very good purpose. In such a case the colossal Washington on the top ought to be a Jupiter Tonans, holding the wires in his two hands, while they might be made secretly to pass down to the batteries below, so that it might seem to be "his thunder" after all. But it would hardly appear to be worth while to go to the additional expense of erecting a monumental watch-tower to Washington when there are so many shot-towers to be had already, or to build a large house with rooms in it, when there are so many public edifices in our cities that might easily be consecrated without further trouble to that purpose. It is however nearly a hopeless task to undertake to make our people feel what a monument properly is, namely that it is an offering to the memory of the departed, emblematic in some sort of the character of the departed and typical of the offerer's sense of that character. A *monument* to the memory of a person is a *gift* to his memory, and should be appropriate, beautiful, and pure, that is, with a single eye to his honour. A monument is not a house to go into—it should have no interior, except its consecrated silence and the remains of the dead. When we make a gift to one who has done with this life,

then all utility stops, any touch of it is a vulgar desecration, it should be a pure idea. This brings the matter back again to the ground of absolute art and shows us the reason why in ten thousand monumental designs all but one or two are sure to be worthless—they are so because the artists are working on low grounds when they ought to be creating in the region of pure imagination. They are offering houses to the dead who have no need of houses. It is painfully true that our people for the most part, go to see fine buildings for the purpose of gossiping over the curiosities of the workmanship and ascending the steeple or the marble roof to take a look from, rather than to yield themselves to the spirit of beauty that pervades them.

There is an engraving frequently to be met with of a monument to Sir Walter Scott in the city of Edinburgh. A comparison of this with the design for the Washington monument at New York, will show how far superior the taste of people on the other side of the water is to ours in these respects. The monument of Scott is a grand Gothic canopy covering the statue of the deceased. It towers, and it has a right to tower because it has a perfectly unboastful originality,—with its multitude of pinnacles and flying buttresses, to the skies. It is a most beautiful thing, enlightening to look upon, and entirely ideal, which is, indeed, the true secret of its beauty. It endows the air and neighborhood with its own subduing influence, for true beauty is venerable wherever we find it, and he who does not so feel it has not a soul to know it:—No one but a person quite wanting in correct taste would have so much as a thought of entering beneath the arches of this fine monument to scrutinize the features of the statue which it so religiously enshadows. On the contrary the other monument invites you to go into it, as freely as you would go up the broad steps of the American Museum. There is so sense of awe about it; it is nothing more nor less than a great, boastful matter-of-fact building, into which you may run and romp and shout as you would in the most

wholly secular public-room in the land. There is nothing original, nothing ideal, nothing praise-worthy, nothing appropriately monumental in the whole affair.

---

TO NTN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CAPRICES.'

How it grasps me,—giving  
 Purpose to the wind,—  
 Treasured schemes of living,  
 Structures of the mind.

Siren Present,—wasted  
 All the warning past :  
 Pleasure's bowl is tasted,  
 And the die is cast.

Talk of pregnant ages,  
 Prose experience,  
 Preach, when passion rages  
 In a storm of sense,—

When the heart is burning,  
 When the blood is hot,  
 No calm voice returning,  
 Reason chiding not.

Solemn Present,—broken  
 Is the staff of trust ;  
 Hark ! the word is spoken,—  
 Pride is in the dust.

Sit beside my pillow,  
 While the tide of pain,  
 Billow after billow,  
 Ebbs and flows again ;

---

When the watchmen languish,—  
Watchmen of the heart,—  
And the coward anguish  
Plays a traitor's part.

Counsel with my fever :  
Yes,—I should be calm ;—  
What is hope's forever  
To this dread,—I am.

Vain are sage discourses,  
High resolve and vow ;  
Nature yields her forces  
To the tyrant—Now.

Iron Present,—crushing  
Promise, faith and power ;—  
So the doom is rushing  
Ever to its hour.

---

*"Ce qu'on voit, et ce qu'on ne voit pas."*

Trifling in the noon-day, flaunting in the sun,  
With the trick and tinsel of unmeaning fashion on,—  
Faultless glove and perfume, and foppery's display ;  
A thousand eyes are turning admiringly that way.

Noiseless in the shadow, shrinking from the crowd,  
With his deep rapt eye cast down and his shoulders bowed,  
In the spell of visions,—glimpses from on high ;—  
No man feels his presence as the seer's step goes by.

## RAMBLES OF AN OLD PHILADELPHIA LAWYER.

Twenty years ago I suddenly ceased to haunt the courts of Philadelphia. At that time I knew by name every judge, lawyer, clerk, tipstaff and crier, and by countenance and costume all the loungers in the lobbies and around the stoves. In my memory the faces of Tilghman, Duncan, Jared Ingersoll, Morgan, Hallowell, Morton, Peters, Washington, Hopkinson, Barnes, Wharton, Reed,—all gone!—associate themselves with the benches of the United States, State, District, County and Mayor's Courts. At the bar were Duponccau, Rawle, Chauncey, Biddle, the McIlvaines, Kittera, Meredith, Sen'r., Keatting, Keemle, Laussat, Atherton, and a long list of others—all in the grave!

After the interval of a score of years, I lately strolled into the same old nest, at the corner of Chestnut and Sixth. I first turned into the Quarter Sessions, then into one branch of the District, then into the other, then into the *Nisi Prius*. The first thing that struck me, in all but the last, was the dingy, dirty, dilapidated appearance of the rooms. I could account for their barbarous condition only by supposing that the neglect was suffered as an inducement to the county commissioners to push on the project of an entirely new edifice for the purposes of justice. The papered walls, clean carpets and cheerful aspect of the Supreme Court were a pleasing exception to the rest of the building.

But these new judges and new lawyers; new constables and new hangers-on—I thought a century could have been necessary to make such a change. Must I ask their names? Must I stand back in awe of the wands of the fellows in the high chairs, and take my place, hat in hand, with the vulgar outside the bar, and be included in the crowd who were ever and anon sharply addressed with "Silence in the court!" Who are these upstarts that give me no nod of recognition—offer me no seat—and who bustle about as if they had the right, and as if I had not known everybody

there, and been somebody myself, before they were out of their petticoats!

In all the rooms I could recognise none of the practising lawyers of twenty years ago, excepting the late Vice President of the United States, and another, now on the bench. Of course every thing and person seemed degenerated. I missed the living as well as the dead. There was no Binney, nor Sergeant, nor Ingersoll; no courteous Williams nor joking Ingraham, nor smiling Brown. Yet the bars were full—but they were not *my* bars.

I could not endure the unventilated atmosphere of the other courts, so I took my seat in the Supreme, where a venerable judge was holding a *Nisi Prius*. I had often heard of his name as a leading man in public affairs in the interior of the state; but he was a new man to me at that long desk where I had so often looked in profound reverence upon the row of justices, the centre of whom was at first the dignified chief, Tilghman, and afterwards the more easy Gibson. My new judge soon interested me. I saw he was a very "Rough and Ready" in his way, but quick, shrewd and driving. He could have no patience with the counsel who departed from the rules of evidence in examining witnesses. "I will not allow you to do this." "I will teach you the law now once for all." "I don't care what his character was—we are not trying an indictment." The old judge wrote faster than the young lawyer, and would spur him up with "hurry on General." The lawyer was evidently discomposed at not being able to have his own way, and went rather out of order in intimating to his Honour, "I believe I know my case," for which he got, "I don't think you do." It was all however, in rough good humour. "His Honour says go on," said the opposite counsel. "Oh," interjected the judge, "he does'nt mind *me*." As a peace-offering, the irregular counsellor declared he would rather try a cause before his Honour than any other judge in Pennsylvania.

All parties were thrown into a laugh by a soliloquy ut-

tered by an aged female witness whose testimony had been abridged very much against her will by preventing her running into irrelevant matters; she expressed her opinions as she walked slowly from the stand to the door and then very politely exclaimed, "Well, gentlemen, I bid you all a good morning."

It was evident that the business of the courts has greatly increased since my time, and that the judges despatch their work without unnecessary delay. There were no lazy legs protruded from bench or chair in the face of the audience or of a brother judge or attorney. When a case was called, no time was lost in waiting for parties, witnesses or counsel. If any were not on the spot, the case went on without the absentee, or the next case on the list was summoned. Irrelevant testimony was shut out the moment it showed its face, and counsel were not permitted to argue, or to read authorities on points well settled. "I will not hear it. If I know any law, I know this. You shall not read the case. I care not what the opinion is, if it is against such an established principle," were some of the peremptory ejaculations I heard from one of the judges who had some trouble in putting down a young rebel, who would fain insist on reading a book-opinion which he thought would do everything for his side.

It is lamentable that briefless lawyers, or laymen of leisure have not made current memoranda of the anecdotes and curiosities of our courts. Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Chief Justices of England* show how much rich matter may be gleaned from the materials of long past ages. It would be easy for some of the retired lawyers (I believe judges never retire) of our several bars to collect amusing and instructive memoirs of one judicial century or two. "*Lives of American Judges,*" or *Reminiscences of the Bench and Bar of the City of —, or State of —,*" would bring together a fund of strong illustrations of character, and not a few memorials of greatness, now little



known by many, and fading from the memory of the few. Mr. Field's "Provincial Courts of New Jersey" is a capital beginning, and it is to be hoped will excite many followers.

My readers will see the marks of the old man in my digression. It was with a melancholy feeling that I descended the worn stair-case of the old court house, determined never again to visit the apartments where ancient associations had been so rudely violated. The great men of *my* day had gone to their graves, or to their retirement. I had no desire to see or know their successors, though they have my best wishes (but feeble hopes) that they may in the next quarter of a century come up to the standard of the better times.

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

---

## NEW BOOKS.

POEMS FOR THE SEA. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. Hartford, H. S. Parsons & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 152.

Critics, in their less savage moods, are wont to say of books that they ought to be in every drawing room or every library; here is one which we heartily wish were in every vessel on the sea. Our praise will seem less equivocal to those who remark that the gifted and philanthropic author has written these poems for the very purpose of being read in the dim fore-castle. It is one of her happiest thoughts, and has been carried into act in her best manner. The gentleness, quiet rebuke and Christian consolation of the book make it one of the best gifts for a sea-faring brother, husband or lover that we ever saw. Those will buy the whole who shall happen to read 'Icebergs,' the 'Sister's Farewell,' or 'What could they do without us?'

**A TREATISE on the Breeding, Rearing, and General Management of Domestic Poultry, embellished with seventy-five portraits of fowls, and engravings, most of which are entirely original, the portraits being from life. By John C. Bennett, M. D. 12mo. Boston, 1850.**

If Virgil had written a fifth book of Georgics, here is the subject he would have taken. At this season, the man is not to be envied who has no callow chicks chirping in his barn-yard, and no new laid eggs on his breakfast table. But vast are the diversities of eggs and broods, as may be learnt from these portraits, more affecting to our sensibilities than all in Lodge. Whoso would acquire the gentle art, and know all the points of the Poland and the Dorking, let him come hither. The subject is fascinating even to an amateur. We have made a speculative repast on all the varieties, and commend all our valetudinary readers to the regimen of Dr. Bennett.

**A DISCOURSE OF THE BACONIAN PHILOSOPHY, by Samuel Tyler of the Maryland Bar. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850. 12mo. pp. 426.**

This is a learned and elaborate work, and is devoted to the consideration of the influence of the Baconian philosophy, the Baconian method of investigation, the theory of mind assumed in that investigation, the place of natural theology among the sciences with the nature of its evidences, and the connection between philosophy and revelation. The author defends this philosophy from the charge of materialism and atheism with which it is so often assailed, and contends that this charge has no foundation either in its principles, or the influence which it has actually exerted upon the opinions of men, maintaining that it is the only system which is consistent with Christianity.

**LECTURES ON ART; and Poems by Washington Allston.**

Edited by Richard Henry Dana, Jr. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850. 12mo. pp. 380.

Mr. Allston was a painter, a scholar and a poet; and this edition of his works will be gladly welcomed by the numerous admirers of his genius. Mr. Allston was a native of South Carolina, and was educated at Harvard College. On receiving his degree in the year 1800, he disposed of his patrimony at a great sacrifice, to obtain the means of devoting himself to the study of his favourite pursuits. Repairing to London he became a pupil of the Royal Academy, of which his countryman, the celebrated West, was President. After three years spent in England, he visited Paris, and then Italy, where he spent four years devoted exclusively to the study of his art. At Rome he formed an acquaintance which ripened into intimacy with Coleridge, to whom, (he declares in one of his letters), he intellectually owed more than to any other human being. Among Mr. Allston's friends in England, besides Coleridge and West, were Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, Sir George Beaumont, Reynolds and Fuseli. In 1810 he delivered the poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at Cambridge, and in 1813 his first literary production was given to the public. Mr. Allston died at Cambridge, a little after midnight, on Sunday, July 9th, 1843. He had passed a day and week of labour in his studio, upon his great picture of *Belshazzar's Feast*; "the fresh paint denoting that the last touches of his pencil were given to that glorious but melancholy monument of the best years of his life." In addition to the lectures on art and poems of Mr. Allston, this volume contains a sketch called *The Hypochondriac* and a series of aphorisms written by Mr. A. on the walls of his studio. We are happy to learn from Mr. Dana's preface that an additional volume containing the biography and correspondence of Mr. Allston will soon be published.

**THE WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Elizabeth**

F. Ellett. Vol. III. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.  
12mo. pp. 396.

This volume completes the series to the preparation of which Mrs. Ellet has for several years devoted herself with an industry and assiduity worthy of all commendation. The materials for this volume have been procured entirely from private sources, and the facts narrated are to be found in no historical work. Mrs. Ellet has in several cases appended to the sketches of the women, notices of brave men nearly related to them whose services deserved mention, with anecdotes illustrative of the war or the state of the country; but this has been done only where no account of the individual or of the incident is given in any published work. Mrs. Ellet has not only performed a grateful task in rescuing from oblivion the names and acts of the patriotic and heroic women of the revolution, but in many cases she has brought to light and presented well authenticated facts which will prove of great value to the future historian. The third volume opens with a sketch of Mrs. ANNIS STOCKTON, of Princeton, the wife of Richard Stockton, and sister of Elias Boudinot, and contains notices of no less than forty-five  
“WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.”

**MAZILLA AND OTHER POEMS:** by George W. Sands, Lindsay & Blackiston, Philadelphia: 1850.

We never like to predict the success of a young poet; for we have peculiar notions about what success depends upon. We believe that hard work has much more to do with good poetry than most people imagine.

If an uncommonly fine start, however, promises anything we have much hope for Mr. Sands.

Some of his shorter pieces are exquisitely beautiful; one or two of them extraordinarily so; and that without taking into account what we understand is true, that he is very young and that he has had the very poorest advantages of society and education.

The longer pieces are in some instances made heavy and less readable by passages which more practice would lead the writer to leave out; and we may remark, that the volume generally bears evidence of the need of that particular cultivation of his genius to which in the nature of things the writer must expect yet to attend.

Whether Mr. Sands will be heard of hereafter as one of our distinguished poets is in our opinion very much a question of labour. We think we are saying nothing too hopeful of him when we express our belief that humanly speaking, if he lives, he may be anything in this particular line that he is at the pains to be.

**LAKE SUPERIOR**, its Physical Character, Vegetation, and Animals, compared with those of other and similar regions. By Louis Agassiz; with a Narrative of the Tour, by J. Elliot Cabot. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1850. 8vo. pp. 428.

This large and handsome volume gives an account of a scientific tour for the study of the natural history of the northern shore of Lake Superior, by Professor Agassiz, Dr. William Keller and fourteen of their pupils, and is accompanied by a large number of elegant illustrations by Mr. Cabot, the author of the narrative, and Mr. Sourel, a Swiss artist of distinction formerly employed by Prof. Agassiz, at Neuchatel, but now resident in this country. The narrative of the tour occupies one hundred and thirty-three pages, and the remainder of the volume is devoted to the natural history of the region visited. In addition to the investigations of Professor Agassiz there are valuable contributions from Dr. John L. Leconte, Dr. A. A. Gould, J. E. Cabot and Dr. Thaddeus W. Harris. The scientific portion of the volume contains a comparison of the Northern vegetation with that of the Jura and the Alps, observations on the vegetation of the northern shores of Lake Superior, classification of animals from embryonic and palæozoic data, remarks upon the

cleoptera of Lake Superior, catalogue of shells with descriptions of new species, fishes of Lake Superior compared with those of the other great Canadian Lakes, description of new species of reptiles and also of birds collected and observed in the region of Lake Superior and of some species of lepidopterous insects taken during the tour, with a dissertation on the erratic phenomena, and the outlines of Lake Superior and the geological relations of the various copper deposits of that country. This scientific corps left Boston on the 15th of June, 1848, and pursued their investigations until the 25th of August. Every moment of time appears to have been devoted to the object of the tour; and whenever they came to a halt for purposes of rest or refreshment, Professor Agassiz would display his portable black-board (consisting of a piece of painted linen on a roller), and deliver a lecture on the region which they had just passed over.

**MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS.** By Washington Irving.  
Vol. II. New York: George P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo.  
pp. 500.

It is unnecessary to say any thing in commendation of the writings of Washington Irving, as the reputation of no writer is more fully established. This work forms the thirteenth volume of Mr. Putnam's edition of his works, and is supplementary to his *Life of Mahomet* which is completed in the preceding volume. This volume traces the progress of the Moslem dominion from the death of Mahomet in 622 to the invasion of Spain in 710, and the account given of the extension of the Moslem empire and faith, the subjugation of territory, and the subversion of empires, possesses an air of wild romance. We have followed the author with great interest through his history of this wonderful career of fanatical conquest, and hope that he may at no distant day "resume his theme, cross with the Moslem hosts the straits of Hercules, and narrate their memorable conquest of Gothic Spain."

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

WORDSWORTH.

The recent death of Wordsworth affords an irresistible invitation to say something about his poetry. So long has he been before the public, that for some years past men have sat in judgment on him with almost the coolness which we ascribe to posterity. It is hard to say whether he has suffered most from his enemies or his friends. His excesses, simplicities, and almost hoaxes, such as Peter Bell, the Idiot Boy, and those Lyrical Ballads in which he did a violence to nature, and brought the Muse not only into the highway but into the very mire, together with his drowsy, dreamy, long-winded homilies in measured prose, have been embalmed and worshipped by a certain class of his admirers. This has done him more harm than Jeffrey's insulting sneers and unrighteous garbling, or than all the laughter exploded against the Lake School.

That Wordsworth will assume his place among the classic poets of England cannot be doubted for a moment. That he will occupy the same level with Shakspeare and Milton, it would be ridiculous to predict. Great contemporaries and rivals, not excepting his bitter lordly satirist, have recorded later judgments, which ought to hush the petty snarlings of

those who measure all poetry by the rule of Darwin Hoole and Robert Montgomery. Setting aside those who might be considered parties in the case, such as Southey, Lamb and Coleridge, we hear with deference the award of authors who belong wholly to the adverse school, especially Crabbe and Scott; and it is delightful to learn from them how real greatness may soar above all the jealousies of literary pride. Scott could laugh at Wordsworth, but it was with a bonhomie which would have been enjoyed by the brother poet himself. "With my friend Jeffrey's pardon," said he, "I think he loves to see imagination best when it is bitted and managed, and ridden upon the *grand pas*. He does not make allowance for starts and sallies and bounds, when Pegasus is beautiful to behold, though sometimes perilous to his rider. I do not compare myself, in point of imagination with Wordsworth; far from it; for his is naturally exquisite, and highly cultivated from constant exercise. But I can see as many castles in the clouds as any man, as many genii in the curling smoke of a steam-engine, as perfect a Persepolis in the embers of a sea-coal fire. My life has been spent in such day-dreams. But I cry no roast-meat. There are times when a man should remember what Rousseau used to say, *Tait-toi, Jean Jacques, car on ne t'entend pas!*" Scott loved and admired Wordsworth, and has several explicit testimonials on this head. But he touched the very spot of weakness and soreness, in the above metaphor.

The case would soon go against Rydal Mount, if poesy should be judged by the perverse attempts to glorify potters, pedlars and asinine reverberations. And as none saw this more clearly than Coleridge, so none has more philosophically pointed out the fundamental error to his friend, in those maxims on which he aimed to build a new art of poetry. We can scarcely be misunderstood, but the principles which we mean, and for which Wordsworth contended valiantly, even to the extreme of putting them ludicrously into practice, are these: that common every-day objects are all-suffi-



cient as the themes of verse ; that the rustic language, somewhat purified of grossness, is the proper dialect of poetry ; and that between the language of prose and the language of metrical composition, there neither is, nor can be, any essential difference. Into these errors Coleridge never fell : he disavowed them in prose, and exemplified the contrary in verse. The richness of his versification always satisfies the ear, and those seeming irregularities of metre in which the verse overruns, as to the mere number of syllables, are really conformed to as strict canons as the like variations of rhythm in Greek iambics. It is a pity that our fugitive sonnet-teers, whose sprawling lines defy all scansion, would not find this out. Wordsworth also is always correct ; but then he loves to disappoint the ear as well as the mind. Fastidious in regard to all that is measured and falsely sweet, he throws in anomalies, which balk the expectation. And the acme of his fault is reached, when pedestrian metre coincides with pedestrian thought, as in the verses :

“ Then did the boy his tongue unlock ;  
 And thus he made reply :  
 ‘ At Kilve there was no weathercock,  
 And that’s the reason why.’ ”

This was, however, not incapacity in the poet, but frowardness. When nature and genius wrought mightily within him, he shook this yoke from his neck ; and these are the strains on which his reputation will be founded. In those youthful effusions which preceded the period of the Lyrical Ballads, and before he had any foregone conclusion to uphold, the verse of Wordsworth is in many specimens melodious and ear-filling ; it might even be called luxuriant, and this was probably suspected and feared by himself. What he could have done in the school of Rogers and Campbell may be surmised from the Alpine Tour. Take samples almost *ad aperturam libri*.

“ Where falls the purple morning far and wide  
 In flakes of light upon the mountain side ;  
 Where with loud voice the power of waters shakes  
 The leafy wood, or sleeps in quiet lakes.”

"From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted jay,  
And slow the insulted eagle wheels away."

"There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw  
Rich golden verdure on the wave below ;  
Slow glides the sail along the illumined shore,  
And steals into the shade the lazy oar."

Each of these is metrically perfect, while each is marked with an excellence characteristic of the poet, and which adheres to his very worst performances; we mean truth to nature in individual pictures. As Gainsborough carried crayon and sketch-book in his pocket to secure every lineament of trees, or vines, or clouds, on the spot; and as Goethe was accustomed actually to describe the scene before his eyes in audible words, that it might be fixed in his memory in all its details; so Wordsworth caught each phase of outward things with the precision of a daguerreotype. Hence there is not a borrowed or an overcharged picture in all his works: they may not always be striking, but they are always true.

How much stress he laid on this, and how determinately he sought it, is manifest from his admirable criticisms, in the long Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*. Of the metaphysics of that and another prefatory treatise, especially the arbitrary and now popular distinction between *Fancy* and *Imagination*, we shall only say at present, that we regard it as a beautiful whimsey. But the strictures on the British descriptive poetry of the iron age, must abide among the noblest monuments of sound criticism. Their contents have been already incorporated into the literature of our day; but it was the merit of Wordsworth to have scourged out the meretricious muse. Of his own success it would be impossible to give the secret more concisely or fully than in his own words: "I have at all times endeavoured to look steadily at my subject, consequently, I hope there is in these poems little falsehood of description." This explains to us why we are so often struck with a single dash of his pencil; we see the very object; and we see it because the poet did not write without seeing it himself. Hundreds of proofs might be

given; here are two of which there can be but one opinion; and first the Green Linnet:

“ Upon you tuft of hazel trees  
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
    Yet seeming still to hover;  
There! where the flutter of his wings  
Upon his back and body flings  
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
    That cover him all over.”

“ Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves  
The violets of five seasons reappear  
And fade, unseen by any human eye;  
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on  
For ever,—and I saw the sparkling foam  
And with my cheek on one of those green stones  
That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees,  
Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep,  
I heard the murmur, and the murmuring sound,  
In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure,  
The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,  
And on the vacant air.”

But it would be endless to cite passages of a peculiarity so abundantly exemplified. Although the tendency of Wordsworth to hover long over his subject renders him less quotable than most poets, especially in small parcels or pungent aphorisms, it is nevertheless remarkable that certain sayings of his have become household words, and only cease to be recited because they have become trite. This is one of the happiest contributions of a poet to the culture and happiness of his countrymen. We will string together a few of these, though they are already in the memories of many readers, perhaps of some who know not whom they have to thank.

#### BURNS.

“ Of Him who walked in glory and in joy  
Following the plough along the mountain side.”

#### MEMORABLE DAY.

“ One of those heavenly days which cannot die.”

## FARMS.

—“ These pastoral farms  
Green to the very door.”

## DAILY GOOD.

—“ That best portion of a good man's life  
His little, harmless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love.”

## EVENING.

“ The holy time is quiet as a Nun,  
Breathless with adoration ;”——

## MILTON.

“ Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.”

## ENGLISH.

“ We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakspeare spake, the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held.”

## GRATITUDE.

“ I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning ;  
Alas ! the gratitude of men  
Hath oftener left me mourning.”

We might add the “ Sea Shell ”—“ O joy that in our embers yet doth live ”—“ The child is father of the man ”—and “ Our birth is but a sleep and forgetting.” But our object is not to give bricks from a building so familiar, nor yet to extract beauties, but to show how truly Wordsworth has attained that peculiar eminence which is indicated by the adoption of his words into the circulation of common life. The man who can do this innocently is indeed a benefactor ; and of no one can this be more truly said than of William Wordsworth. He is not always, nor in our view, generally, great ; but good he always is. Peaceful contemplation of nature, in a mood of serious philosophy, may be given as the character of all his writings. We dare not call him so much a Christian, as a religious poet. When he touches Christianity it is with holy awe, but Christianity in his system of thought is rather a subdivision of philosophy. He is the

poet of temperance, of peace, and above all of rustic innocence and converse with nature. Playfulness, humour, irony, sarcasm, invective, passion—these are seldom present. One turns to the Ballads or the Excursion, not for excitement but for soothing. Far more truly is Wordsworth the Quaker-poet, than he who bears the name; even in garb and manners he likened himself to the quiet friendly folk.

Though numbered also among the Lake Poets, no one is more unlike the lamented bard than his friend Coleridge, and no one has criticised him more searchingly or more impartially pointed out his merits. The first year that they lived as neighbours, they talked over their respective plans. The results of their theories when realized, diverged as widely as *Christabel* and the *Ancient Mariner* from the *Lyrical Ballads*; one species owing its charm to supernatural shadows of the imagination, and the other to “things of every day.” We should despair of amending the catalogue which Coleridge has given of Wordsworth’s pre-eminent qualities. These are austere purity of language both grammatically and logically; freshness of thoughts, so that “they have the dew upon them;” sinewy strength of single lines and paragraphs; perfect truth in images and descriptions; meditative pathos; and the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word, according to their own distinction. We shall only add, and with no low estimate of the tribute intended, a virginal purity, which exempts his entire works from the lightest breath of suspicion from the most rigid moralist. Such a writer may well be lamented, when he passes from the earth in a gentle and beautiful old age. J.

## MONOSYLLABICS.

## I.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,  
 Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak.  
 To whom can this seem true, that once has heard  
 The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,  
 When want or woe or fear is in the throat,  
 So that each word gasped out is like a shriek  
 Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange wild note,  
 Sung by some fay or fiend. There is a strength  
 Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,  
 Which has more height than breadth, more depth than  
 length.  
 Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,  
 And he that will may take the sleek fat phrase,  
 Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—  
 Light, but no heat—a flash, but not a blaze!

## II.

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts,  
 It serves of more than fight or storm to tell,  
 The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,  
 The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,  
 The roar of guns, the groans of men that die  
 On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well  
 For them that far off on their sick beds lie ;  
 For them that weep, for them that mourn the dead ;  
 For them that laugh and dance and clap the hand.  
 To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,  
 The sweet plain words we learnt at first keep time,  
 And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,  
 With each, with all, these may be made to chime,  
 In thought or speech or song, in prose or rhyme.

B. SHORT.

May 18, 1850.

LE PAYS LATIN.

II.

The Sorbonne was originally a "Collegium pauperum magistrorum studentium in theologica facultate." But my poor masters in divinity came at length to be the most famous doctors in Paris, overshadowing the whole theological faculty, which in process of time was called the Sorbonne. In the ages preceding the Reformation, the *Pays Latin* was as potent in European science, as the Bourse is in exchange. When the Sorbonne fulminated against Rousseau and Marmontel, at a later date, the guns were found to be somewhat honeycombed. The sacerdotal personages who steal along under the shade of the high walls have a different air from the menacing doctors of the day when *Celarent* and *Baroco* were more potent than sword or pike. In our day Latin is talked more in jest than earnest, in the collège de Dainville, or des Cholets. The Hotel Cluny remains a perfect specimen of mediæval art, but the youth who chatters Latin under its gothic ornaments are meditating pasquinades on M. Thiers, amidst the smoke of poor cigars. Here is one of them; not the less piquant for being made by an Englishman.

Dic sodes, animose, dic Thiersi!  
 Tantus quum fueris domi forisque,  
 Illa denique natione cretus  
 Quæ jacentia, quæ minuta, verbis  
 (Nôsti) magnificis solet vocare;  
 Dic, quum sis patre major in culina  
 (Nec tamen pater infimus coquorum)  
 Cur tanto ingenio unice maligni,  
 Te Galli vocitent tui *Coquinum?*  
 Quare te minuant ita, O Thiersi?

Many people fancy that Italian is more like Latin than Spanish; but I never could find a boy who could produce half a dozen lines of which the words are equally Italian and Latin. It has often been done in Spanish; for example:

Scribo historias, graves, generosos  
 Spiritus, divinos Heroes puros,  
 Magnanimos, insignes, bellicosos ;  
 Canto de Marte, defensores duros  
 Animosos Leones, excellentes,  
 De rara industria, invictos, grandes muros,  
 Vos animas illustres, præcëminentes  
 Invoco, etc.

Mr. Ticknor tells of a whole dissertation which could be read in both languages, and of examples in a Dialogue by Fern. Perez de Oliva, and a Sonnet by Rengifo.

Malherbe's Rose is known as a gem. Here it is, with a version by an Oxonian, Mr. Booth.

Elle étoit de ce monde, où les meilleures choses  
 Ont le pire destin ;  
 Et Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,  
 L' espace d' un matin.

Nata fuit terris, ubi quæ potiora vigescunt,  
 Prima eadem fato deteriore cadunt ;  
 Illa Rosæ fragilem cepit cum nomine vitam,  
 Una dedit cunas, funus et una dies !

Among school-boy quirks of the Pays Latin is the following verse, which may be read backwards as well as forwards :

Si bene te tua laus taxat, sua laute tenebis.

But more remarkable still is a distich, which may be treated in the same way, and which savours so of heresy, that the good fathers put us upon bread and water for irreverently reciting it.

Signa te, signa ; temere me tangis et angis :  
 Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.

I might insert among oddities of literature a Latin hymn, sung with enthusiasm at a college not unknown to fame, by doctors, masters, bachelors, and freshmen, sometime within the last two years ; but I forbear, as none of my acquaintances have been able to reduce its scansion to any of the metres of Hermann. A most jawbreaking Latin epitaph,



paraded in certain New York papers, would also appear, were we not in dread of raising the ghost of Priscian. The respective authors may be comforted to reflect that Sir Nathaniel said *bone* for *bene* ;\* that Luther, in a nodding moment, wrote *bibliam* ; and that all their elegancies may be sustained from passages in Ortuinus, and the *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*. My dear old master, James Ross, who made a Pays Latin of his school room in Fourth street, and administered the 'tawse' with Roman austerity and diction, sometimes strayed into verse. My surviving classmates will not have forgotten his Vocabulary, with the original Sapphics at the end. They were better as to quantity than quality. The good old man's prefaces were crabbed though grammatical. He attended Dr. Wilson's church, and had Greek and Latin Bibles in his pew. His was the last American school, in which, so far as I know, the common talk was in Latin ; and these pages may meet the eye of a learned friend, who in his boyhood came from the Valley to buy one of the old gentleman's publications, and incurred his wrath for blundering in his penultimates. Forgive me, dear fellow-sufferers of by-gone years, in that unventilated school-room, if I awaken your thoughts by a few verses ; though, as one says in Shakspeare, 'Why should I write this down, that's riveted, screwed to my memory ?'

Re x, Phoenix, bombyx, chalybs, varix,  
 Grex, vortex, sores, volvox, calix,  
 Gryps, cespes, hylax, limes, ensis,  
 Glis, fomes, torris, gurgis, mensis,  
 Vepres, impes, vermis, vertex,  
 Bes, callis, caulis, fustis, vervex.

E. I. N.

• Love's Labour Lost, Act V. Scene 1.

## PINEL.

Philip Pinel was born on the 11th of April, 1745, at St. Paul's, a village near the town of Castres, now included in the Department of Tarn. His father practised medicine and surgery; his mother was a model of piety; but his parents had a numerous family and a very moderate fortune. They sent their son Philip first to the college of Lavaur, where he received the first principles of education; but as he was destined for the church, he was removed to the school of Toulouse, where he followed a course of philosophy under a professor who assisted him in becoming an excellent mathematician. He now desired to commence the study of theology, but circumstances altered his intentions. With the consent of his father he quitted the university, and having freed himself from all dependence on his friends, he commenced giving lessons in mathematics and philosophy. By his own exertions he earned sufficient to enable him to pursue his medical studies. He was chosen by one of the professors as his assistant, and on the 22d of December, 1773, after having undergone his examination with great honour to himself, he received the title of Doctor. Pinel was then in his twenty-ninth year, and his prospects were not the most brilliant. He had lost his father, and could not expect anything from his family, while the small profits of his teachings were scarcely sufficient for his present necessities, and he looked to the future with anxiety. The hope of bettering his circumstances, and above all, of increasing his knowledge, induced him to go to Montpellier, where he arrived in 1775.

While acting as tutor to the son of a gentleman of Montpellier, he employed his leisure hours in increasing his medical knowledge, in studying chemistry and natural history and the Greek and English languages. He also composed theses for the young students, and generally took for his subject some question of Hygiene. But the desire of in-

creasing his knowledge, from the greater opportunities which he might there enjoy, and perhaps a secret conviction of his own powers, and the opportunities offered by a more extensive field on which to display them, induced him to repair to Paris, where he arrived in 1778. Through the instrumentality of M. Coresin, the celebrated geometrician, to whom he had been recommended and who was struck with his display of genius for mathematics, he was enabled to obtain as many pupils as would support him, and at the same time leave him leisure to pursue his favorite studies. Contributions to the Medical Journals, the translation of various works, medical and scientific, the study of botany and of chemistry were his principal occupation, and though he followed hospital practice, he declined opportunities of seeing and treating the sick.

About this time (1785) a circumstance occurred which gave a new direction to his views and led him to that course for which all his previous studies appear to have been preparing him. A young man to whom he was much attached, became deranged through too close and constant application to his studies, and having wandered in the night from his father's house, the fragments of his body torn by wolves, were found next day in the woods. Pinel was singularly struck with so cruel a catastrophe, and his attention forcibly turned to the most afflicting class of diseases to which human nature is subject.

About this time an institution was opened for the treatment of the insane and the first patient was placed there by Pinel and from that time he devoted himself successfully to the treatment of that class of disorders.

Notwithstanding all the reforms which had been attempted, the hospitals of Paris were in a "deplorably barbarous condition, and of them, that of Bicêtre presented the most revolting aspect. Vice, crime, misfortune, infirmities, diseases, the most disgusting and most incongruous were there mingled. The buildings were uninhabitable. Men there crouched

covered with filth, in cells, all of stone, narrow, cold, damp, deprived of air and of the light of day, and provided only with a pallet of straw, rarely renewed, and soon becoming infected; frightful dens where we would scruple to place the vilest animals. The insane thrown into these sinks were at the mercy of their keepers, and these keepers were malefactors taken from prison. The unhappy patients were loaded with chains and bound as convicts. Thus given up without protection to the wickedness of their keepers, they served as a laughing stock for insulting raillery or to a brutality as blind as it was gratuitous. The injustice of this cruel treatment transported them with indignation; and despair and rage consummating the trouble of their disordered reason, extorted from them day and night cries and howlings which rendered even more frightful the noise of their irons. Some more patient or dissimulating, shewed themselves insensible to many outrages; but they concealed their resentment only to gratify it more completely. They watched with their eyes the movements which their tormentors made, and surprising them in an embarrassing position, they struck them blows with their chains upon the head and prostrated them expiring at their feet."

The changes in political affairs had placed Cousin, Thouret and Cabanis in the administration of the hospitals; they groaned over this state of the different institutions, more particularly that of Bicêtre; they were all friends of Pinel and judged that he was the only man in Paris and even in France, who was able to rectify these evils. They accordingly nominated him Physician in chief to the Bicêtre, and he entered upon the discharge of his duties there in the latter part of the year 1792.

He found there a man admirably calculated to assist him in his arduous undertaking, and of whose zeal and tact in the management of the insane, he speaks in the warmest terms. This man, Pussin, had made the experiment of removing the chains from some of the unhappy individuals, and had

endeavoured to do what lay in his power to contribute to their relief and comfort.

But under the enlightened management of Pinel the whole condition of affairs changed, and humanity, philanthropy and kindness took the place of cruelty, barbarity and ferocity. Although several instances of his mode of procedure have been frequently narrated, we cannot forbear again relating them. "The first man on whom the experiment was to be tried was an Englishman, whose history no one knew, as he had been in chains forty years. He was the most furious among them; his keepers approached him with caution, as he had, in a fit of fury, killed one of them on the spot with a blow from his manacles. He was chained more rigorously than any of the others. Pinel entered his cell unattended, and calmly said to him, "Captain I will order your chains to be taken off, and give you liberty to walk in the court, if you will promise me to behave well and injure no one." "Yes, I promise you," said the Captain, "but you are laughing at me; you are too much afraid of me." "I have six men," answered Pinel, "ready to enforce my commands if necessary. Believe me then, on my word, I will give you your liberty if you will put on this waistcoat." He submitted to this willingly, without a word; his chains were removed, and the keepers retired, leaving the door of his cell open. He raised himself many times from his seat, but fell again on it, for he had been in a sitting posture so long that he had lost the use of his legs. In a quarter of an hour he succeeded in maintaining his balance, and with tottering steps came to the door of his dark cell. His first look was at the sky, and he cried out enthusiastically, "How beautiful!" During the rest of the day he was constantly in motion, walking up and down the staircases and uttering short exclamations of delight. In the evening he returned of his own accord into the cell, where a better bed had been prepared for him and he slept tranquilly. During the two succeeding years which he spent at the Bicêtre he had no return of his

previous paroxysms, but even rendered himself useful.

The next unfortunate being whom Pinel visited was a soldier of the French Guards whose only fault was drunkenness. When once he lost his self-command by drink, he became quarrelsome and violent, and the more dangerous from his great bodily strength. From his frequent excesses he had been discharged from his corps, and he had speedily dissipated his scanty means. Disgrace and misery so distressed him, that he became insane. In his paroxysms he believed himself a general, and fought those who would not acknowledge his rank. After a furious struggle of this sort, he was brought to the Bicêtre in a state of the greatest excitement. He had now been chained for ten years, and with greater care than the others, from his having frequently broken his fetters with his hands. Once when he had broken loose, he defied all his keepers to enter his cell until they had each passed under his legs, and he compelled eight men to obey this strange command. Pinel, in his previous visits to him, regarded him as a man of original good nature, but under excitement, incessantly kept up by cruel treatment, and he had promised speedily to ameliorate his condition, which promise alone had made him more calm. Now he announced to him that he should be chained no longer, and to prove that he had confidence in him, and believed him capable of better things, he called upon him to assist in releasing those others who had not reason like himself, and promised, if he conducted himself well, to take him into his own service. The change was sudden and complete. No sooner was he liberated than he became obliging and attentive, following with his eye every motion of Pinel, and executing his orders with as much address as promptitude. He spoke kindly and reasonably to the other patients, and during the rest of his life was entirely devoted to his deliverer. In the course of a few days Pinel released fifty-three from their chains; (the use of chains was not however abolished until three years afterwards.) The result was beyond his hopes. Tranquillity and harmony succeeded to tumult and disorder,

the whole discipline was marked with a regularity and kindness which had the most favorable effect on the insane themselves.

The Bicêtre is the Hospital designed for the reception of men: the Salpêtrière, designed for the women. After two years' devotion to the insane at the Bicêtre, he was called to effect a similar change in another institution, where the same abuses prevailed, the Salpêtrière. To this institution the insane were brought after being submitted at the Hotel-Dieu to the treatment then generally followed for such disorders. "Chained sometimes entirely naked in cells, almost entirely underground and worse than dungeons, they often had their feet gnawed by rats or frozen by the winter's cold."

To this institution Pinel remained attached for the remainder of his life. His work on Mental Alienation published in 1809, is decidedly stamped with originality and will always be of infinite value on account of its facts, of the methods and views which he suggests, and the moral lessons which parents and those entrusted with the education of youth may derive from it. He has firmly established the truth that, with the insane, kindness is the most influential remedy and justice the most imposing authority, and there is nothing which can enter into an establishment formed for them which the attentive humanity of Pinel has not pointed out in this work.

Pinel was of short stature, of a lively countenance, an impatient temper, and a remarkably vigorous constitution. In 1823, he had a first attack of apoplexy. He had scarcely recovered when, though weak and feeble, he insisted on visiting the sick, but he was soon unable to live except in seclusion. At last, notwithstanding the enlightened attentions of his numerous pupils, who surrounded his dying pillow, a final attack carried him off, October 25th. 1826.\* JC.

\* The facts in the above account have been drawn from an *Eulogy pronounced by Pariset before the Royal Academy of Medicine, of Paris.*

## CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

SOUTH SMITHVILLE, May 15, 1850.

AFTER many attempts to get the Magazine in circulation here, I am compelled to own that it is a dead failure. The standard of taste is so unusually high, and the judgment of the most authoritative critics so adverse, that I can only wish you better success elsewhere. With a view to your obtaining it, however, let me mention one or two of the objections which have been particularly urged against you in this highly intelligent village, I mean city.

1. The first and one of the most fatal is, that you are dull. A drowsy lecturer on socialism, phrenology, and what not, sealed the doom of the first number by pronouncing it decidedly heavy. There have been some feeble fluctuations since, but that, in my opinion, was the fatal blow. A report did reach us that the thing contained a few attempts at wit; but we have never yet been able to discover them, and if we have laughed, it has been only at the soporific, solemn dullness of the whole affair.

2. Our bookseller's clerk, who also keeps the post-office and a cake and candy shop, declares that the work is without a tincture of philosophy or poetry. The sneers at transcendentalism, and the poor attempts to ridicule the modern style of composition, show it to be utterly behind the age. The young man quoted Schiller and Schlegel to prove this, but I cannot give the passages. He also stated, and it may be true, that in the three first numbers there is not one trace of inner life or ideality, nor one quotation from Ralph Waldo Emerson.

3. Your third crime is, that you are too provincial. Mrs. Furbelow, the milliner, who was once at the opera, and O. Lustral, the perfumer, who was twice at Niblo's Garden, have pronounced the thing particularly rural. This alone



would have sufficed to kill it. The same authorities have taught us, that the absence of theatrical and musical criticisms is enough to stamp a work of this kind with rusticity.

4. The last fault I shall mention is your personality. It is well understood here that the work is full of personal allusions to the people of South Smithville. Why all the guns should be aimed at us is not explained. Great progress has been made in tracing the particular reflections in the three first numbers. The poem on Blindness is a cruel showing up of One Eyed Dave, the oyster-merchant. C. Q. is brimful of malignity against our poor mechanics. "Freedom of Speech" is an impotent burlesque upon the style of Virus, our newspaper poet, and of J. Black Smith, our political orator. The Life of Walter Minto is an ill-disguised fiction; intended to ridicule an excellent Scotch weaver in our midst. In short, the whole thing is alleged to have been got up for the purpose of deriding or reviling the good people of South Smithville. This is emphatically true, however, of that wretched failure called "The Reconstruction of Society," in which the author has evidently gone along our main street, and taken the inhabitants exactly in the order of their houses. Even G. Smith Black, our coloured poulterer, has found a half line aimed at him. In vain do I assure him that the author is most probably in gross and utter ignorance of his existence. The allusions are too pointed and malignant to admit of such a supposition, and would no doubt rouse our small but patriotic population to a frenzy, were it not for the consolatory fact, which they have fully ascertained, that this piece, with all its venom, is so dull, that no one has ever yet been able to get through it, which accounts for its never having been republished, answered, parodied, or scolded at, but justly treated with silent contempt.

These are some of the reasons given by the good folk of South Smithville for refusing to subscribe, in view of which I trust it will not seem unkind or disrespectful if I venture to decline the thankless and invidious task of acting as your

agent, though a work less dull, unphilosophical, provincial, personal, would no doubt have found many patrons in this city, with its teeming population of two hundred souls.

S. SMITH SMITH.

---

## SWALLOWS.

### ANAPAESTS.

Come again from the fields of the blossoming spring,  
 Over plains of the wind-ruffled grass as ye sing,  
 And in circling array, merry minstrels on high  
 Let the voice of your warbling descend from the sky.  
 To the plowman's soft furrow, the wain of the hind,  
 Many sad ones uplifting to pleasure of mind.  
 For as briskly ye twitter, as swiftly ye sweep  
 Over acres of tillage and miles of the deep,  
 Ever turning, returning, and sailing aloof,  
 Ever dipping and diving, now skimming the roof,  
 Or now kissing a window or missing a bough  
 Or encircling a chimney we scarcely see how,  
 Penetrating a mist-cloud, emerging in light,  
 And attempting a bath in your whimsical flight,  
 Ye can carry us upward, as graceful ye soar,  
 Till we lose us in azure and see you no more :  
 All amaze we peer emptily into the blue,  
 When as sudden ye greet us and sail into view.  
 Like to thoughts are your gambols, to fancies serene,  
 Or to flashes of wishing, or memories green,  
 Like to dreams of the morning, or hopes of the eve,  
 Debonair vernal guests, here our greetings receive.  
 At your hour of approach every scene gather's light,  
 Whether dewed by the morn, or fast shading to night.

---

Come again fitful visiters, gracefully come,  
Gently uttering cries, or as happily dumb,  
When ye will, as ye will, ever lightsome and free,  
Your arrival is welcome dear swallows to me !

---

## MONUMENTS.

### No. II.

There is this obvious difference between a Grecian and a Gothic building, that while the one is seen to have obtained full possession of itself, the other has the appearance of something constantly liable to be carried beyond its own power of resistance. About a Gothic building the genius of the place is felt to be brooding, it is paramount over it, and under its power the building itself remains hopelessly but reluctantly submissive. A Grecian building is one which has, by an effort since concealed, taken complacent possession of its own law, and is always the consenting exponent of it. It has made friends with itself, and the spirit of its beauty is kindly resident within it, not portentously hanging over it.

Those who have studied the subject of expression in such matters, must have remarked how aptly inanimate objects become the representatives of mental and moral characteristics. The tendency, which is so common, to relate the impressions made upon our senses by external objects to something already existing in the mind shows that in this matter of inanimate expression there is a sphere of truth, recognized by all men though not distinctly understood by any. It is certainly possible therefore to make a monument which shall be appropriately representative of the general character of a man, without making it symbolical of particular traits—the attempt to do which must always run into burlesque, as we may perceive in most of our naval monuments. Successful

art, whether in monuments or in other things, becomes suggestive in virtue of its general truthfulness, and not by means of any finical sort of artifice.

If then the question were to erect a monument to the memory of a man who had been a hero over others, in distinction from the man who had been a hero over himself, we should naturally resort to the Gothic, or "Romantic" style for that purpose. But if the question were to erect a monument to the hero who, in the exercise of a deeper power than the other, had brought his will into subjection to his reason and conscience, then we ought to seek for him a style of art characterized by some principle less partial and less conventional than that which is the foundation of the Gothic style. To represent by means of a monument the man whose character is distinguished by a great degree of self-control, we ought to proceed at once to the Grecian, or "Classical" style of art. Such a man was Washington. Doubtless in his having consented to subject his will to the better dictates of humanity and conscience he has lost, in the eye of the world, much credit for intellectual greatness; while to those who look upon things aright, this is itself the principal view of his greatness. Christian humility, too seldom found in the hero, is nevertheless intellectually a greater thing than either heathen or middle-age valour, for the plain reason that it is more difficult to attain. It is not difficult for a man, under that intoxication of being which always results from the exorbitant indulgence of any single passion, to be led on to the performance of apparently great deeds, but which are in reality great chiefly in the sense that they are preposterous. The greatness of Washington is most plainly seen in the depth and universality of that degree of self-government to which, in the midst of trying circumstances and in resistance to a naturally wilful temper, he succeeded in bringing himself. The result has expressed itself in that settled peace which is the reward only of a well fought contest, and which as it spread itself over the face of the nation

whose battles he conducted, in one way, spread itself and took its rest upon the face of the great hero in another. Washington stands majestically before our minds as a being made almost unearthly by the lofty calmness that reigns about him. To represent such a man in a monument of either the Gothic or the Egyptian style—and these two, as they have both been adopted for that purpose, so they both possess more points in common than would be at first sight imagined—is to go as wide of the mark as possible. If there is any truth at all in aethetical expression, a greater mistake could not be made. The artist who would design an appropriate monument for a man marked by the stately grandeur and equanimity of a Washington, must have for the time being no heart or eye for Romantic style. The power, or rather the force of that style (for it has little determinate power) consists in its being an unlimited overgrowth of a single thought; just as the entire development of the wild age, in which among other things it took its natural rise, was such. But Washington was a universal man, and all his faculties took part in his total character. The architect who built the Jupiter Olympus was the man to make a monument for Washington.

It so happens, for the benefit of the American people, if they will but consent to take advantage of it, that the artist who fashioned that renowned figure of the Olympian, did leave a work as though for the identical purpose this nation is now so happily bent upon. As his Jupiter would probably be the best statue that could be made of Washington, were it not lost, so that other work, which is still remaining, is at hand to answer for his monument. I refer, of course, to the Doric temple on the Acropolis of Athens. Of the Doric style of architecture we have no more than the merest fragments in our modern buildings, and even these fragments are necessarily so associated with things of a contrary character in the building, such as windows, steps, and door-ways, that their peculiar expression is very nearly lost in the general

confusion. The Athenians made no higher use of the florid orders, the Ionic and Corinthian, than as pastimes. The Doric Order is the Grecian Style; and a complete Doric Order, that is a great peripteral building, surrounded with columns, filled with sculpture, and having no break either by windows or panels in the exterior walls, is not in existence in the modern world. Perhaps the most effective fractions of a Doric order in this country, are to be found in the porticoes of the Custom-house in Philadelphia. The porticoes of the Custom-house in New York are of better proportions and of more accurate workmanship, but the situation of the side walls with their embrasures and pilasters, have well nigh destroyed the porticoes. In the case of both these buildings also we must notice the absence of the sculptures, which are to the Grecian architecture what life and intellect are to the human face. Enough however of the essential spirit and sentiment of Doric art is contained in them to assist us, with study from ancient sources, in gathering a general notion of the full style.

Every visitor to Philadelphia must have been arrested before the beautiful front of the Custom-house in that city. The best time for looking at it is in the evening. Sometimes they have gas lights burning concealed behind the columns, which adds a very pleasant effect in revealing their proportions. By the reflection of the light on the wall in the back ground the outline of the columns is rendered more distinct, and an additional beauty is thrown over the whole. There is scarcely any single object of human workmanship which is able to make so exquisite an impression on the mind, as the view, in certain situations, of a doric column sustaining its entablature,—this is more especially true of the corner column of the row. From a certain position you will catch a view of it where it seems to stand so quietly strong and beautiful, with such dignity and perfect rest, receiving the weight of the ordinance above and insensibly dispensing it,—and when the brow-like addition of the cornice lets fall

its influence upon it, you may easily fancy it to have taken the place of one of the chief divinities of that Olympus which the imagination of an Athenian alone could people: it becomes in itself a perfect and powerful object of beauty. Now let there be a congregation of such columns, supporting an appropriately simple and massive entablature, and enclosed from above with a triangular pediment which with its bold cornices and the heavy shade thus made to reside within it, forms so noble a finish to the style beneath,—and in the whole you will have a work which few things of man have ever matched. Thus much for one front of a full Doric order so far as the mere architecture is concerned. Now add another front of the same description and unite the two with rows on each flank, of twice the number of columns in the front, so as to get that long horizontal stretch in which the repose of Doric art so essentially consists; then place the whole upon a continuous basement (*not* fragile steps) of three heavily graduated courses, fill the pediments and frieze with sculptural figures having a calm and forceful bearing like the building, let there be no vile intrusions in the way of windows or panels to destroy the back ground of the columns and fritter away the principal idea of the style which can only coexist with the unbroken solidity of the walls of the building—then seat the whole upon a remote and isolated hill, and you will have an object which of all things made by man is certainly the nearest to perfection, and which well used will do your own mind and the nation's good.

It is impossible in words to describe the kind of impression which is made upon the mind by so glorious a piece of work as the peripteral Doric temple. We have, as already said, in our modern fragments of that style just enough, with the aid of other things, to quicken the imagination in its search after the whole. Said an ostracised Greek of ancient days, while endeavoring to describe his people's style of architecture to a foreigner, "our architecture was one of rational expression and sentiment, the strict embodiment of princi-

ples and ideas, as much as our poetry, and even more definite and final. But it is not possible for me, in the language of speech, to convey to you my feeling of its beauty. I wish that I might transport you to the days of the immortal Pericles, and to the paved summit of that glorious Acropolis, and could there under one of Attica's moons, place you in sight of that world's wonder, and every Greek's love, the unequalled temple of Minerva, the Virgin. There it lies like a creature of the gods that has trailed the airs of Olympus along with it, having a kind of grandeur so severe and imposing as to be awful, yet seeming to slumber as gently as an infant, and you scarcely dare to breathe for fear of disturbing it; so massive and compact in its style and strength as to seem a necessary part of the great globe on which it rests, yet it could at the first warning rise from its foundations and float away, leaving the place desolate. How hushed and noiseless does it rest in the atmosphere made effulgent about it—how intense and devout its silence—how placid and benignant its repose! There you would as I have so often done, stood before it till I have wept in the quiet extacy of my joy. There you would feel what I can never express, and what Phidias himself could never have expressed in any other way, so simple and absolute was its perfection, so single and severe its truth."

The paramount impression made upon the mind by the Doric architecture is that, as above described, of a beautiful and grand repose: not by any means of a repose which is the result of negative qualities, and that which is in consequence a most active triumph over opposing things. An intelligent examination of Greek art shows that the peculiar quiescence which characterizes it in every department, is the result of its universal comprehension and mastery of the truth in each instance. The great number of things, principles and laws which are held in subjection throughout the architecture of a Grecian building are not so obvious to the sight only because they are never violated, as in the Roman, and



never thrust themselves forward as in the Gothic. Greek art is purely intellectual and no doubt requires study to be well understood. Just as Washington was a man whose simplicity of character is the result of the variousness of his life, times and temper brought under an humble but powerful control, the effort of which is concealed in the success of it, so the simplicity of a Doric temple is the created result of science and feeling acting upon a vast multitude of particular facts and obstacles. The one is for the other. Place them side by side, and it will be seen that there is nothing in this world that could so well represent, that so well embodies the majestic and peaceful character of Washington as a monument built after the pattern of a complete Doric temple such as we find it in the age of Pericles.

Let us select a national site, let it be some quiet hill in a remote but accessible place, let it be near the spot where he was born and where he died. Let some capable artist and scholar, be sent to the land of Greece to study the principles upon which they selected the site of their temples. We may rest assured they did so upon some principles which we are not wholly aware of. The same exquisite punctuality of genius which appears in the adjustment of the triglyph and in the channelled necking of their columns, as well as in many other instances which we are still obliged to imitate without knowing why—certainly did not lay the site of their buildings without a sufficient reason in every case. Let that be first discovered. Then let a perfect copy in pure white marble of the temple of Minerva Parthenon be erected on the spot. Commission native artists of Greece and Italy and England, that they may study the sculptures which remain of that great building, and so prepare to fill the pediments and frieze of this, with the battle scenes of the Revolution. Let there be no wall openings to break the deep silence of the house, except the great door-way in the Eastern front, and when the last stone has been set upon its summit, let the nation go reverently forth to be witnesses, while this monumental

tomb shall open to receive the remains of him for whom it waits; after which let it be closed and sealed till that voice shall be heard which alone has right to enter the graves of men.

We should thus obtain, in the first place, a worthy and appropriate monument of Washington. In the next place we should obtain a perfect Grecian building, which is a thing the modern world has never seen, and from the obvious necessities of modern life, never can see except such be erected for the purpose of a tomb. We should, in the abundance of its sculptures, give great encouragement to American art, in the multitude of its historical narrations have a living poem of the American Revolution, and in the excellence of its beauty, a constant and most constraining lesson for the hearts and minds of the American people.

---

### A CLOUD.

Drifting on with snowy pennon,  
 Thou art sailing through the air,  
 Ravished that its sapphire bosom,  
 Caught a form so wondrous fair.

Oft I've watched thee when the Morning  
 Broke from out the arm of Night,  
 And like Psyche from her slumber,  
 Thou hast risen pure and bright.

And, as upward thou wert going,  
 Floating gently o'er the sky,  
 I have wished thy breast could bear me,  
 As it bore thee, proud and high.

And when twilight shadows, ghostly,  
Trode with misty feet the earth,  
I have seen thee furl thy pennon,  
Beautiful as at thy birth.

While again, an earnest longing,  
Stole across my throbbing brain,  
That with thee I might be resting,  
Free from weariness and pain.

Free from all the toil and sadness,  
Strewn along Life's crowded way;  
Where the worn and dusted pilgrim,  
Watches for the brighter day.

For thou wert a thing so holy,  
Stretching toward the Spirit land,  
That from thee I sought to gather,  
Glimpses of its Angel band.

Silent o'er the vault of heaven ;  
Bending with the sighing gale ;  
Onward, upward, thou art soaring,  
Like a phantom dim and pale.

W. H. W.

---

## FRENCH MANNERS OF THE OLD COURT

The little spasm which is called a genteel bow in modern drawing rooms is as different from the slow and stately curvature performed by our grandfathers, as a modern ship from an old Spanish galleon, or a French watch from the corpulent spheroidal mass of the early horologic ages. A stage-courtesy may give people some idea of the ceremony which

took place within hoop and farthingale two centuries ago; but who can reproduce the lofty and elaborate performances of the court, when swords, perukes, peach-blossom coats, laced bands, minuets and trains rendered a meeting of friends as solemn an affair as a military review? Perhaps the same weariness of accustomed thing which brings out of garrets and lumber rooms the paralytic fauteuils of the Huguenots and fills the show-rooms of joiners with patterns of Louis Quatorze buffets and bedsteads may restore before long the mien and motion of the same magnificent period.

As the French have always claimed precedence in the elegant forms of life, so they arrived earliest at a system of rules for all the minutiae of manners. In these respects Louis le grand was as exacting as in regard to the conduct of his generals in Flanders. As has often been said he was resolved to belie the proverb, and to be a hero even to his valets de chambre. His going to bed and getting up were as formally adapted to a prescribed etiquette, as his fortresses and lines to the diagrams of Vauban. The letters of Mesdames Scuderi and Sévigné and of Bussy-Rabutin afford frequent glimpses of the voluminous extent which the code of petty-morals had attained: and it cannot be denied that amidst all the needless pomp of the man-worshipping ritual there was as much dignity and as much elegance as in modern times has ever been combined. In that day no man could venture to come to court, or even into the salons of Rambouillet or Livry, without a foregoing drill as punctilious as that of the parade. Nor could any one fall back, as now, on the maxims of common sense and good feeling. The rubrics of society were numerous and they were inexorable. The art was carried out into all its details: and the omission of a genuflection or a kiss might cost an aspiring courtier his fortune.

We have no English word for that which was the foundation principle of the whole French manners, and which they call *bienséance*. It comprehends the minor actings of several

virtues which shine in a higher sphere, and co-exists with modesty, self-respect, deference, and gentle benignity. It is the decorum of morals in common things. The neglect of this produces the flashy, thrasonic, insolent flourish of mock-gentility. The Bussys and Louvois would run you through the body with more softness and respect of manner than many a noisy Congressman employs in bestowing his highest favour. Accordingly this flattering hypocrisy often lacquered over the most debauched morals. It was part of this accomplished science however to discuss the real dignity of humble and respectful demeanour. It has been observed in all ages, and has been expressed by the first gentleman of the times: *Modestia est per quam pudor honestatis claram et stabilem comparat auctoritatem.*

We have gathered from books of the time a few curiosities of etiquette, in the age of Louis the Fourteenth. They sometimes coucur with modern usage, and sometimes deviate to an amusing degree: always however a penetrating glance will detect the reason of the rule, lying deep among the principles of *bienséance*. We shall frequently use the very words of admitted authorities, in the latter half of the seventeenth century. It should be observed that these rules generally concern the approach of a gentleman to persons of distinction.

It was held to be impolite to tell a superior to put on his hat, but equally so to wear one while the great man was uncovered. It was an offence to remain covered in presence of the king's table, or when servants were carrying by the royal meal. To walk up and down an antichamber in waiting was ruled to be vulgar; and if done in the precincts of the court, would lead to expulsion by the huissiers. When any elegant trifle was presented, it was indispensable to take off one's glove and kiss the hand of the giver. It was forbidden to be covered except when commanded, or to sit side by side with a grandee, or to sit cross-legged, or to be ungloved, or to take snuff without being asked, or to play with the tongs,

or to let a lacquey present a screen or a fan when you could do it, or to omit raising the hat and bowing on occasion of a sneeze.

Great care must be taken to avoid too long a visit. If the *personne qualifiée* does not give you your *congé*, seize a moment to go, when there is a pause, or when a servant is summoned, or when there is some other token of avocations elsewhere. But in this case, take your leave without ado, and even without speaking if any third person is entering to take your place. But if notice be taken of your retreat, and some civility be proffered as you depart, do not make yourself ridiculous by resisting it; this would be to suggest that your entertainer does not know what is the proper thing; and who knows but you may be hindering him in motions not connected with your departure.

In apartments where as was usual, there was a bed, the part of the room so occupied was always the superior part. In promenading, the well mannered man, at every turning, assumes the lower place. Where there are three, the middle is the place of honour; the right is second, and the left is lowest. In meeting a superior in the street, give him the upper side from the mid-kennel; where there is no such indication pass him so as to leave his right hand free. Coming from the country you will be more formal in your salutation; make a profound inflection of the body, remove the glove, and carry the hand down to the very ground, but without precipitation or flurry; always taking care that if the other party return your compliment you do not strike him on the head. In case of a lady of high rank, you are not to salute her cheek, even if she offers it out of courtesy: in such case make a feint of kissing, merely approaching her *coëffea*.

Just as parvenus are discovered in our day by the superstition of the silver-fork, and by nervous eschewing of the knife altogether, so Cardinal Mazarin is said to have discovered an impostor prince at his table, by his taking olives with

a fork: the ton required them to be taken with fingers or spoon. Oranges must be cut across and not lengthwise like apples. Nuts are taken with the fingers, as are all dry fruits and bonbons. Remove the hat, on being helped to any thing at table. It is disrespectful to ask for wine aloud; speak in a low voice to the servant behind you, or employ a sign.

When we are visited at home, say the doctors of the courtly science, we must not imitate the vulgar in making opposition to acts of courtesy on the part of a distinguished guest. The dictate of good sense is to yield to whatever he commands, so as to make it apparent that he is master in our house.

In a treatise published in 1676 at Paris, it is said that many conventionalities were undergoing change; and it is remarkable that some of these are things which Englishmen make matters of censure, in speaking of the French. "It was once allowed," says our author, "without losing caste to spit *un gros crachat* on the ground before persons of quality, on taking care to put the foot on it: at present it is an indecorum. It was once allowable to yawn, always provided that you did not talk while your jaws were agape: a person of quality would now be shocked at such a spectacle. Formerly it was no breach of manners to dip ones bread in the sauce, if it had not been nibbled: it would now be a sort of rusticity. Formerly one might take victual from the mouth and adroitly throw it on the floor; it would now be regarded as a slovenly act; and so of many other things. It is therefore certain that custom may polish, abolish, and perhaps change a part of the rules which we give: but nevertheless as politeness essentially proceeds from modesty, and modesty from humility, and these like other virtues, rest on immovable principles, it is a constant truth that much as fashion changes, fundamental politeness does not change; and that he will always be polite who is modest, and that he will always be modest who is humble." \*

\* *Nouveau Traité de la Civilité qui se pratique en France, parmi les honnêtes gens.* Paris. 1671.

## THE COMPLAINT.

## A FRAGMENT FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

I am thoroughly disgusted with the unphilosophical character of every thing around me. After labouring for many years to raise myself above the unideal, sensuous, and tasteless vulgar, I am constantly pulled down from my hard-earned elevation, by the want of sympathy in those with whom I am compelled to come in contact. If I venture into mixed society, I hear even educated well-bred people talk of the weather and of politics, precisely as their parents did, without the least regard to the intervening march of mind, or the revolutionary changes wrought by the conquests of the new philosophy. If I go to church, instead of large generalizations, thorough analysis, and an idealising ratiocination, I hear the old story about faith and repentance, justification and adoption. My attempts to remedy the evil only make me ridiculous or odious in the eyes of those who cannot understand me. When I ask my tailor why his bill is drawn up so empirically, or charge my butcher with being a follower of Locke, on account of some expressions which he uses, they both laugh in my face. If I stop a neighbour in the street to inquire what his mode of thought is, he looks as if he actually thought me silly.

Connected with this is a deplorable æsthetical deficiency. I was lately invited by a highly esteemed friend to look at his new pig-stye, and on going out, could hardly credit my own eyes when I found there was not a trace of Gothic! Giving directions for a wood-shed in my father's yard, I stated distinctly to the workman that I wished it to express the idea of indefinite duration, and the fellow actually made it without ends. But the truth is these vexations pervade all society. The very advertisements and sign-boards are disgusting from their want of keeping with the better spirit of the age. You may read whole columns without meeting



with the slightest indication of improvement on the old modes of thought and forms of speech.

What alarms me most is that the schools for children threaten to perpetuate the evil. Instead of a scientific analysis and classification of the elements, the child is taught that ridiculous old A B C. I asked a little girl, whom I met the other day, what was the relation of articulate sound to thought, and she actually could not tell me. Only think too, of the multiplication table being still taught to the children in the middle of the nineteenth century. Newton's Principia, or even one of the big French Algebras, might be tolerated; but old fashioned Arithmetic is too much. I should not be much surprised to find that these pretended teachers still use copy-books, and make the child begin with strokes and pot-hooks, instead of setting out from the elementary idea of form, and its significant relation to sound, and then developing from this a theory of scientific graphics.

I am sick even of the faces that I see around me, so prosaic, so empirical, so inexpressive of the inner life, the Reason, the Idea. On the other hand, if I allow my own intellectual and moral self-consciousness to shine through my features and my countenance, the vulgar herd, by which I am encompassed, laugh at me and charge me with conceit and affectation.

---

### THE NIGHT VOICE.

I heard a gentle voice by night,  
My slumber softly breaking,  
Methought the moon shone doubly bright  
As when I was thus awaking.

What gentle voice is this, I said,  
Sure 'tis not of a stranger;

That tone around my infant bed  
Once warned my soul of danger.

The self-same voice of love and awe,  
Long years ago address'd me ;  
In childish fear my fancy saw  
A form that deep impressed me.

Bright in dim glory there it stood,  
And beckoned me to follow ;  
The way displayed a bleeding rood,  
Beside a tomb-like hollow.

Beyond, far off, a mountain top  
Shone clear in azure seeming,  
The lonely vision did not stop,  
But showed a fair star gleaming.

“Come,” said the vision gently, “Come,”  
And moved as if ascending ;  
The heavenly accent struck me dumb ;  
My heart seemed upward tending.

My childhood failed to heed the call ;  
But it was scarce unwilling ;  
And year by year, those notes would fall  
With memories sharp and thrilling.

'Tis the same call ; my locks are grey,  
My weary limbs are failing ;  
Yet still it beckons me away,  
But lo ! the star is paling !

The voice grows fainter—“Come !” but hark !  
What grace have I been slighting !  
For in the pathway now so dark,  
That Cross still stands inviting.

---

O gentle voice, would God my soul  
Had heeded thy entreating,  
When yet no tyrant did control  
My heart's fresh infant beating!

O that I had ascended then  
The hill of my salvation,  
And left the ways of erring men  
At thy first invitation!

Y.

---

### MERRY MEN.

Natural mirth is only the expression of an inward health, in which ease of body and mind prevail so abundantly as to overflow all others. Let the system be disused, and cheerfulness ends; at best we have only the dignified fortitude of a grave and patient philosophy. Or, supposing the *corpus sanum*, trouble of mind stops up the channels of genial humour; the powers turn inward, and come under the control of a sombre selfishness. Absolute seclusion may give peace, but the solitary is not mirthful. Bursts of gaiety in private are generally accompanied with some feigning of a witness or a companion, some remembrance of intercourse, some fancied friend or circle, in a word something social. Merry men are therefore men of society, and too often convivialists. The fatal cup draws its chief incantations from its power to dissolve separations between man and man, by lessening forms and fastidious shyness, and turning the stateliness of conventional reserve into childish communion and good fellowship. It is with this winning proposal that wine makes its first conquests, which it follows on to degradation and ruin.

Students and toiling professional men are generally

spoiled for unaffected merriment. At any rate, they must give the palm to those who never think but when they are talking. Men of the world soon discover that brilliancy in the drawing room is to be purchased at a cheaper rate than midnight oil. A sense of this drives the accomplished English gentleman into months of rural and forest diversion and years of travel to the remotest coverts or wildernesses. The revulsion from solitary musing and converse with the dead, leads to remarkable adventures. From the chambers of Oxford and Cambridge, men bred in luxurious letters and science, dash into expeditions to Caucasus, Siberia, or Timbuctoo.

Merry men, according to vulgar traditions, are always fat, ruddy and sleek; this is their type and normal condition. Yet in real life the case is found to be otherwise. There is the mirth of Prince Hal as well as that of Falstaff. Indeed the exuberance of merriment, the sudden bursts which electrify a table, not unfrequently proceed from gaunt, lanthorn-jawed, cadaverous, tallow-skinned fellows, whose livers are out of all proportion and who owe their spasmodic fun to the nervous jerks of their dyspepsia. There is a certain degree of plenitude and muscular power which seems even to deaden the inward glow, or hinder the expectoration of gaieties. Chronic good nature, placid contentment and unvarnished serenity are a different thing: these unquestionably depend on the due observance of the non-naturals, and the absence of all lesion in the organs. Such men have regular pulses, sound sleep, and infantine breath and complexion. But your merry men have their ups and downs; transgress organic laws; know both feasts and fasts; sit up late, lie long in the morning, and after a while pay heavily for their irregular and lavish sportiveness.

The sight of a decayed joker is often appalling. "Where be your gibes now? your gambols and your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?" Such a case was that of Fred Raikes. Small in

person, wiry, agile, hurried, red in the face, always traveling, loud and shrill of voice, ubiquitary in cars and steamboats, courts and lobbies, never missing at dinners and levees, Fred was almost indispensable where there were gatherings and champagne. A good pipe and a score of songs, with a delectus from the best anecdotes and bon-mots of almanacs and afterpieces, made him incomparably welcome in every new company. More fatty matter among his muscles would have spoiled the play of his face, and this was the accompaniment which gave zest to the song or story. Strangers gathered around him, the moment his voice was heard, as naturally as bees about a sweet-locust in full blossom. Learned he certainly was not, and learning would have injured his small wares. He remembered several good things out of Ruddiman and Mair, and all the sophisms in logic; but his notions were obscure on many points in mathematics and theology. From the genial company of lawyers, relaxing over oysters and additamenta at their lodgings, he had picked up a goodly number of forensic phrases and jests, and could sport a law-maxim in Latin. But whatever he spake of was enlivened by the play of his restless nature, which worked perpetually like the soda-fountain under a druggist's counter. At a funeral, no amount of weeds availed to hide the muscles of his countenance, even though an additional cravat or shawl disguised his chin and mouth. The very crow's feet under his hat were hieroglyphics of fun. At church he was seldom and late, and manifested his satisfaction by a bowing of the head and a closing of the eye, which were unlike his waking self. He outlived more than one generation, and re-issued all his good things with perhaps increased value to the grandsons of his earliest comrades. But at length he outlived his pleasantries, and poor fellow, his occupation was gone!

I had the melancholy satisfaction of falling in with Fred Raikes about five years before his death, at Schooley's Mountain. In the days of his prime he usually looked in

upon the company there for about three days during the season; his budget of excitements did not last longer than this, and was emptied with extraordinary quickness in the piazzas and under the trees on August afternoons. Now he had come to that scanty but bracing fount to tighten up the flaccid nerves. As he was helped out of the carriage I recognised his dapper form, but was shocked at the face which glared from under a straw hat. A blush was still on his cheek, but it was that of a withered red-streak apple. The blue eye was deep in a cavernous socket. The unnatural whiteness of baked teeth did not comport with the thin purple lips. The visage was a cobweb of wrinkles, and the hands drawn up like the claws of certain birds, seemed to be restlessly feeling about for some support. In dress every thing was scrupulous and elegant, but too young by twenty years. Alas, alas! the tale of effete merriment is soon told. Fred was poor, for merry men are seldom rich. Worse than this, he was friendless: boon companions do not help one another, and friendship is a grave and tender relation.

- He was unfurnished in mind; books he had never courted; science had been always repulsively solemn: the literature of the sporting papers and gay novels had long since foamed and frothed away to nothing; philosophy was as alien to him as to a court-fool; and religion, the true solace of infirmity and age, he was instinctively afraid of. The gun, dog and angle which were pompously carried in were like the sword and cloak on a military coffin; and the brass-mounted hat-box rattled with phials and pill-boxes. A flask of effervescent liquor left uncorked becomes just what Fred Raikes had now become.

The lesson is graver than my opening promised. Sound and innocent mirth is a wholesome thing; but it is the condiment of life and not its support. We feel no respect for classes of men whose profession it is to make sport; for comic songsters, comedians, and merry-andrews. Timely merriment clears away the atmosphere of society, but it should never be the stock and staple of character. For

genuine enjoyment in the decline of life there must be provision laid in during many years. There must be health, ensured by regularity and temperance; knowledge, accumulated by reading and discourse; wisdom, the fruit of self-scrutiny and meditation; friends, secured and maintained by candour, beneficence and sacrifice; respect, always yielded to solid worth; a good conscience, habits of religious thought and will; and a hope that looks serenely towards the world beyond the grave.

---

### ECONOMY OF THOUGHT.

Next to Freedom of Speech, the most essential requisite to universal authorship is a wise economy of thought. No wonder men do not write much, when they waste all their ideas on a single composition. Boys should be taught at school to husband their resources. They should even be flogged for using more than one thought to a sheet of foolscap. This would accustom them to spin or hammer out their few ideas in a serviceable manner, and instead of throwing them out at once in a crude and shapeless lump, to twist and turn and mould them into infinite variety of forms, without the slightest change of substance or increase of bulk. Without weighing a grain more, they would fill many inches more of space. The saving will of course be greater still when the elementary idea is itself begged or borrowed, not to say stolen.

Let me illustrate this by taking a proverbial theme; familiar to all readers, and endeavoring to show how far a judicious economy of thought will make it go in the instruction of mankind, especially if aided by an imposing show of logical arrangement and precise distinctions.

### HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

It seems to be commonly admitted, as a dictate both of

reason and experience, that a straight-forward course of conduct really promotes the interests of those by whom it is pursued, and as a necessary corollary from this indisputable proposition, that a disingenuous and tortuous procedure is injurious, not only to those whom it is immediately intended to deceive, but also to the self-deluded victim of his own devices, who, in seeking to impose upon his neighbours, very often succeeds only in imposing on himself.

It may not be so obvious, however, or so promptly admitted by the mass of those to whom the idea is suggested for the first time, that uprightness and sincerity, in character and life, besides their intrinsic rectitude and goodness *per se*, apart from all practical effect and bearing on the good or evil fortune of the person to whom these qualities belong, have in this respect also, no less than in abstract theoretical truth, a vast advantage over insincerity, duplicity and fraud, inasmuch as the first are necessarily promotive of the welfare of the agent.

To illustrate these important principles may be described as the design of the ensuing essay, in attempting to accomplish which it will be found conducive both to perspicuity and strength to lay down a few elementary principles, on which, as on a firm foundation, the whole theory or doctrine may be easily and safely built.

1. We may assume it as a kind of axiom or first principle, that freedom from duplicity and sinister design, or what is usually called an honest purpose, must, from its very nature, be a safer state, that is to say, less open and exposed to dangerous mishaps, than one of selfish and unworthy aims, requiring for its aid dissimulation and concealment, or in other words, that honesty is the best policy.

2. Another principle of great importance to the just appreciation, and indeed to the correct apprehension of this subject, is, that an upright and sincere intent may and in many cases does secure the very ends which a selfish indirection vainly seeks to compass, so that the arts of the inge-



nious schemer are in fact less effective than the artlessness of the ingenuous truth-teller, or as it may be more pithily expressed, honesty is the best policy.

If any one, by means of the most searching analysis, can find the slightest traces of progressive thought in this profound lucubration, it will only be one of the many cases in which he who reads a book knows better what is in it than the man who wrote it. By a faithful application of the same sublime and simple principle, whole folios might be written, without any limit but the one arising from the poverty of language, or its insufficiency to furnish more than a certain variety of terms in which to clothe the same idea. That this is not a new discovery, but only the revival, of a lost art, may be seen from the innumerable volumes thus produced in the first ages after the invention of printing. It may even be a question whether some works of the present day were not composed upon this very plan.

F. O. S.

---

#### NEW BOOKS.

**THE ABORIGINES OF NEW JERSEY.** By Archer Gifford, Esq. Newark. 1850.

This is one the publications of the New Jersey Historical Society, and was read before that body at its annual meeting, on the 18th of January, 1850. The author has explored a new and most interesting field, and has produced a work which will commend itself to the attention of every citizen of New Jersey. Mr. Gifford in this discourse, attempts to solve the questions as to who were the aborigines of New Jersey—from what race they sprang—and from whence they came to this continent? and in doing so he has been compelled to pursue the enquiry through many ages and over a very large extent of country. Although the result of the

author's examination of the subject is contained in a pamphlet of thirty-seven pages, it is a work of great research, and reference is made to no less than a hundred authorities, consulted during its preparation. Mr. Gifford dwells with force and feeling upon the importance and duty of locating the Indians remaining within the territory of the United States in a collective body, with a government of their own, securing them in the possession of their lands, and encouraging them to make such improvements as may serve to attach them to their homes, and induce them to participate in the privileges and enjoyments of social and civilized life.

**THE MORNING WATCH: A NARRATIVE.** New York. G. P. Putnam. 1850. 12mo. pp. 175.

This poem appears without the name of the author, and is most probably a first production, but there is neither preface nor introduction to aid us in forming any conjecture as to the source from which it proceeds. It is a strange thoughtful book containing much that is striking and original; and affords evidence that the author possesses an imagination both refined and vigorous.

**THE WORKS OF EDGAR ALLEN POE; With Notices of his Life and Genius.** By N. P. Willis, J. R. Lowell, and R. W. Griswold. In two volumes. 12mo. New York. J. S. Redfield. 1850.

The first volume of this work contains the Tales, the second the Poetry and the Miscellanies of Mr. Poe, the two volumes containing nearly a thousand pages. A letter from the mother of Mrs. Poe, which is appended to the first volume, informs us that before leaving home for the last time, on the 29th of June, 1849, being under the impression that he might be called suddenly from the world, Mr. Poe requested that Mr. Griswold should act as his literary executor and superintend the publication of his works; and that Mr. Willis should write such observations upon his life and character, as

he might deem suitable to address to thinking men in vindication of his memory. The fidelity with which Mr. Willis has discharged the duty thus devolved upon him, will be acknowledged by all who read the sad and touching tribute which he here pays to the memory of his erratic and unhappy friend. Mr. Willis describes, with beautiful simplicity, the devoted affection cherished for Mr. Poe by his mother-in-law, who was also his aunt. "It was," he says, "a hard fate that she was watching over. He was always in pecuniary difficulty, and with his sick wife, frequently in want of the necessaries of life. Winter after winter, for years, the most touching sight to us, in this whole city, has been that tireless minister to genius, thinly and insufficiently clad, going from office to office with a poem, or an article on some literary subject to sell. Sometimes simply pleading, in a broken voice, that 'he was ill,' and begging for him. \* \* Her daughter died a year and a half since, but she did not desert him. She continued his ministering angel—living with him—caring for him—guarding him against exposure, and when he was carried away by temptation, amid grief and the loneliness of feelings unrequited, and awoke from his self-abandonment prostrated, in destitution and suffering, *begging* for him still. If woman's devotion, born with a first love, and fed with human passion, hallow its object, as it is allowed to do, what does not a devotion like this—pure, disinterested, and holy as the watch of an invisible spirit—say for him who inspired it?" A notice of Mr. Poe's life and works by James Russel Lowell is prefixed to the work, and it is embellished with a beautiful mezzotint likeness of Mr. Poe.

**WOMAN IN AMERICA; her Work and her Reward.** By Maria J. McIntosh. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1850. 12mo. pp. 155.

A beautifully printed volume by the author of "Charms and Counter Charms," "To seem and to be," etc. The volume contains ten chapters which treat of natural princi-

ples, and their application to moral subjects, the offices and powers of woman, the hand of God in the history of the American people, feudalism and its consequences, social life in the United States and woman the reformer, Christian civilization, the west, south, northern and middle states of the Union. That portion of this little volume in which the author vindicates the dignity of labour, and the superiority of a civilization which looks to the moral and intellectual cultivation of all, over that which presents evidence of the refinements in luxury and art enjoyed by a few, may be read with profit by all classes in the community, both male and female. The author illustrates her subject by sketches of two characters whom she distinguishes as Flirtilla and Egeria—the American woman of fashion as she is and as she might be; and although the first of the two sketches is characterized by great severity, we cannot say that it is in any particular unjust. We notice with pleasure, the indignant emphasis with which the author denounces that “national *humility*,” which makes us ever ready to yield our own sense of what is suitable, convenient, or agreeable, to the caprices of a leader of *ton* in London or Paris, and the tendency which exists among us to become servile imitators, the apes of every folly, and apologists of every vice to which European custom has given a sanction. The author with great earnestness entreats her countrywomen so to act, that their social life shall reflect the free, independent spirit of our people; and that the old American life, noble in its simplicity, shall not be stifled beneath a mass of foreign fripperies, meaningless at least to them.

**WOMAN'S FRIENDSHIP; A Story of Domestic Life.** By Grace Aguilar, author of 'Home Influence.' New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 357.

This is a pleasant and interesting story, and is told in a manner lively and agreeable; and although a work of fiction, it is a book of good principles and inculcates many seasonable and important truths. The duty of keeping the feelings

and inclinations in subjection to principle, the advantages arising from a strict adherence to truth in all circumstances, and the multiplied evils resulting from the present system of fashionable training, are discussed and illustrated with great effect. Much wholesome, but we suspect unpalatable truth may be found in the eighteenth chapter, in which the author shows up in an admirable manner, the contempt entertained in the fashionable world for a solid English education, and the astonishment created by the bare suggestion of there being any possible occasion for instruction in morals and religion, such things being supposed to come completely by instinct. With people of this way of thinking, nothing more is thought necessary for the thorough education of girls, than a knowledge of French and German, singing, painting, embroidery, phrenology, animal-magnetism, chemistry, etc., etc. The chapter which treats of "woman's influence over woman," is also worthy of notice. "It is," says the author, "the fashion to deride woman's influence over woman, to laugh at female friendships, to look with scorn on all who profess it; but perhaps the world at large little knows the effect of this influence—how often the unformed character of a young, timid and gentle girl may be influenced for good or evil by the power of an intimate female friend. There is always to me a doubt of the warmth, the strength, and purity of her feelings, when a young girl verges into womanhood, passing over the threshold of actual life, seeking only the admiration of the other sex; watching, pining for a husband or lovers, perhaps, and looking down on all female friendship as romance and folly."

**WOMAN'S WHIMS.** New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.  
12mo.

This is a tale in the epistolary form by the author of *Picciola*, and although it is by no means equal to that most ingenious and touching story, it still possesses considerable merit and will doubtless meet with a favourable reception from the public.

**THE PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION; or Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Scenery, Biography, Relics and Traditions of the War for Independence.** By Benson J. Lossing. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. 8vo.

Two numbers of this elegant work have been published, and it is calculated that it will be completed in fifteen numbers, making a volume of about a thousand pages. The work will be exceedingly interesting to all who desire to make themselves familiar with the scenes and characters of the American revolution. This book combines the characteristics of a book of travels and a history; and the author states that he has visited the places described and illustrated, and sketched the natural scenery; relics of the past, such as headquarters of officers still standing, interior views of remarkable buildings, and remains of fortifications; many interesting relics preserved in historical societies and elsewhere; and every thing of interest which fell in his way connected directly or indirectly with the events in question. Plans are given of all the battles, exhibiting the relative positions of the opposing troops in action; portraits of persons domestic and foreign, who were distinguished actors in those scenes, as well as of individuals still living who were engaged in the war; with fac similes of autograph names, medals, documents, and plans of fortifications. To obtain materials for his work, the author, during the years 1848 and 1849, travelled more than seven thousand miles, and made nearly four hundred original drawings. During these journeys, he gathered up details of local events from the lips of those who were participants therein, or from their children, and has in many ways rescued from utter oblivion, much which in a few years would have been irrecoverably lost. The author has mingled with the graver details of history, the incidents of his journey, descriptions of scenery, sketches of character, and other materials which aid in forming an attractive book of travels.

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

A REMINISCENCE OF JOHN ROBINSON,  
THE FOUNDER OF A PROFESSORSHIP IN WASHINGTON COLLEGE,  
VIRGINIA.\*

As few persons are now living who were his contemporaries, it seems proper that a man who contributed so much to the promotion of literature and science should not be entirely given up to oblivion.

John Robinson was a native of Ireland. When a child, he lost his father, and by an uncle was bound to a weaver to learn the trade. After a few years, he became dissatisfied, and determined to emigrate to America. How he was released from his indentures, or how he got the means of paying his passage, is not known. As I first knew him he was an itinerant weaver, going from house to house, where looms were kept. He was probably about sixteen or seventeen years of age; a good-natured, jovial lad. After some time he found a permanent home at the house of General Bowyer, near Lexington, Virginia. His good temper and good behaviour, with a

\* We are indebted to a correspondent, who writes with a knowledge of the facts, for this article of biographical reminiscence. Its connexion with a valuable literary institution adds to its interest.

spice of Irish wit recommended him to the gentlemen of the neighbourhood. After following his trade for a year or two, Robinson saved money enough to buy a poor horse; he had a strong admiration for those of fine form, good gait, and high spirit. By careful feeding and training, the animal was improved beyond expectation, and, being allowed a free use of hay and other provender at the General's, soon came into good condition. Robinson now determined to ride to the town, on a court day, and make a trial of his skill in trading horses. His success was encouraging; for by an exchange of his sleek and well-looking horse he obtained one much younger and larger, though poor in flesh, with a considerable sum to boot. He pursued the same plan as before, and in a month his new acquisition was so improved by capital treatment, that he was worth in market, double the price paid. The shuttle was henceforth thrown away, and Robinson became a regular horse-jockey. His skill in judging of their points was not surpassed. Meanwhile he maintained a good character for honesty; he practised none of those deceptions which are common among men of this profession. By pursuing this business for some years Robinson accumulated a considerable sum of money; for his expenses were small. He now began to think what he should do with his money, which was increasing every month. In the Valley of Virginia there were many returned soldiers of the revolution, who were very necessitous, but who were in possession of government certificates entitling them to receive pay for their services. The Federal Government had not gone into operation, and the prevalent opinion was that these certificates would never be redeemed, at least at a par value. But some more sagacious persons judged that the time would come when they would be valuable. Robinson adopted this opinion; and commenced a speculation in soldiers' certificates; of which he found abundance offered for a trifle. The average price was, perhaps, not more than two and sixpence in the pound. This specula-



tion did not in the least interfere with his regular business of trading in horses; indeed the two aided each other. He acquired certificates to the value of several thousand dollars; still laying out all the money he could gain by horse-trading in buying this kind of paper. In these transactions he was chargeable with nothing fraudulent. He bought at the usual price. Indeed, very few were willing to purchase them at any price. The owners were very needy and very willing to take what he offered, and he ran the risk of losing all that he had paid for them.

When the Federal Government went into operation, one of the first endeavours of Congress was the payment of the public debt: the question arose whether a discrimination should be made between the original holders of these certificates, who had actually performed the service, and those who had purchased them for a trifling sum. It was earnestly contended by many, that the speculator who had bought up the soldier's rights for one-tenth of their nominal value, ought not to take an equal share with the veteran who had exposed his life and often shed his blood in defence of the country. But, on the other hand, it was alleged, that if the soldier had bartered his rights for a small sum, the fault was his own; that those who purchased had run a great risk, had confided in the uprightness and solidity of the government, and were fairly entitled to the full value of securities thus obtained. After a long and animated debate it was determined, that no discrimination could, or ought to be made. While this matter was under discussion in Congress, Robinson was much agitated. His fortune was suspended on the decision; and until this time, I believe, no one ever saw him in the least perturbed; for he was not only pleasant in temper, but sober, cautious, and prudent. The result, however, was in his favour; and from that time he felt that he was a rich man—rich, I mean in comparison with the people among whom he lived. As the public debt was funded, and yielded a regular interest, he had nothing to do but

to sit down and enjoy from year to year a handsome income. But it is hard for man to be satisfied with earthly possessions. Robinson had no family and did not like to be altogether idle. He cast about in his mind for something to do; and was struck with the notion of superintending a fine farm. Without experience in this kind of life, and viewing only the bright side of the picture, he entirely overlooked the perplexities, difficulties, and disappointments, which, from various causes, must occur to the most skilful farmer. General Bowyer owned at that time a beautiful tract of land, called Hart's Bottom. There is scarcely a more fertile or attractive property in the state. On this Robinson fixed his mind, and though the price was reckoned high, he cheerfully gave what was asked by his old patron; and sold out as much stock in the government funds as was sufficient for the purpose. The difficulties of managing the property soon thickened about him. He must now buy slaves to work the land; and those in market, are commonly of the worst sort; addicted to running away, or pilfering, or some other evil habits. At any rate such were the kind of labourers he happened to procure, and they were a continual vexation to him. He was totally unacquainted with the proper method of governing slaves. The seasons were unpropitious, and various unforeseen disasters destroyed his crops. To crown his trouble, Robinson lost his health. Having no family or relations, and thus cut off in a great measure from society, he who, when a poor lad was always merry, was now, as a rich old man, completely miserable.

As old age began to creep on him, he was led to think what disposal he should make of his estate. He was a member of no Christian society, had no taste for literature, and though sober and moral, and possessed of good sense, was remarkably without resources of happiness in his declining years. He had not even chosen any one to be his heir; nor did he entertain the idea of leaving his estate to any private persons. This subject occupied his thoughts several years, and

various plans of disposing of his property occurred to him, or were suggested by his friends. There were a few persons however, in whom Robinson placed confidence; and by their influence he was at length persuaded to bequeath the whole of his valuable estate to Washington College, at Lexington, Virginia. The bequest, however, was clogged with many conditions, some of which, I believe, are found rather inconvenient to the trustees. The tract of land which has been mentioned, is, if I recollect aright, never to be alienated. But I do not know the several provisions of the will. The property is very valuable and was sufficient not merely for the foundation of one professorship, but to answer various other purposes. The moral reflection from what has been said is that wealth cannot make men happy; and that as a general rule, men commit a great mistake when they engage in a business to which they have not been brought up.

---

## THE WEDDING.

### I.

Face to face each loved one meeteth  
One, his own: both look above.  
Hand in hand the plighted greeteth,  
Heart to heart responsive beateth  
Keeping time in pulse of love.

### II.

Eye to eye beams true reflection,  
Soul to soul is mirrored here;  
Sigh to sigh breathes soft dejection,  
Lip to lip seals chaste affection;  
Twain in one henceforth appear.

## III.

Arm in arm I see them wending  
 On the chequered path of men;  
 Smile to smile blithe hope is lending;  
 Voice with voice is tuneful blending  
 In love's lasting deep AMEN.

MAX.

---

 BOOKS AND BUSINESS.

ADDRESSED TO A MERCANTILE FRIEND.

LETTER FIRST.

You have prescribed for me, my dear Blanchard, a harder task than you meant in asking me to give you some directions about your library and your reading. The beautiful repositories which you showed me might tempt to the enumeration of many volumes both costly and agreeable, and the cabinet opening into your green-house is a retreat which might have delighted Cicero, Temple, Rousseau or Haydn, each of whom added the delectations of sense to the cultivation of internal taste. It would be easy to fill your shelves, and with a pile of catalogues at my elbow it would not take me long to run up a list as comprehensive as your largest invoices. I could name the sciences and the arts, and sketch you a plan like those which fill our books on education, and which seem prepared rather to blazon the resources of the prescriber than to shorten the scholar's toil. But you have informed me of the draught made on your hours by the ever-moving wheel of merchandise, and I have observed the self-control which is necessary to redeem even the scanty hours which you bestow on literature and society. My duty is therefore plainly that of compression and sim-

plification. When you make a voyage, you are careful to secure abridgment, and though in your own vessel you economize every niche and cranny of your trunks and state-room. In the present instance the same rigid frugality is demanded; only the treasure to be used so sparingly is Time. You tell me you need the *multum in parvo*, and this shall be my maxim in the hints I have to give.

Glittering rows of unread volumes in Turkey morocco and gold are not your object, or I should promptly dismiss you to other guides. You might jot down items from the catalogue of the trade sales, or regulate your purchases by the bids given to Cooley and Keese. I trust you have long since learnt the preciousness of many a homely volume in russet covers; and, what is a greater attainment, still discovered that true knowledge and the exquisite delights of truth are not dependant on multiplicity of books. Your very means of purchase which Providence has made so great, and the symmetry which your bookshelves might easily have with your other meubles, offer a snare at the outset. My very first advice therefore is that you dismiss from your mind all disposition to treat books as furniture. They may go for such in your ledger and policy of insurance, but if they go for such in your thoughts, I abandon you at once as an incorrigible member of the bourgeoisie. Go on and store your mahogany cases with all the *editions de luxe* which issue from London and Paris. Take your guests and correspondents into the princely saloon gleaming with plate glass and adorned with tall folios and plates of atlas-folio. But never dream of letters properly so called. If on the other hand you sincerely desire to cheer and beautify the remaining years by converse with the wisdom of the great and good, and seek only how to make the most of your time; if you feel the chagrin resulting from the absorption of your thoughts in the ways and means of attaining wealth, and readily acknowledge that the exercise and development of the mental powers have been narrow and in one direction; so that you gladly seek some methods

of husbanding your middle and later years—come on! It is my privilege to cheer you, and to show a royal way, in spite of the proverb; if that way can be called royal which is open, spacious and smooth, overhung with vines, diversified with flowers, and winding amidst the beauties and glories of every prospect. Knowledge, my dear friend, is that attainment of which books are but the means and vehicle. If the means can be lessened, if the road can be shortened, if the machinery can be simplified, if the catalogue can be weeded out, it is so much clear gain. And hence I would seriously exhort you, if the customs of society and the rivalry of mercantile display force you to have a great and wealthy collection of splendid books, to do by them as a great British divine is said to do with his table,—offer the banquet largely to the guests, but dine upon a plain joint. Or as Newton made a large hole in his study door for the cat and a small hole for the kitten, so do you furnish a library for the praise and glory of your palatial dwelling, but reserve a snug closet for yourself—and me.

I wish I could imprint on your mind one truth derived from a life spent among books, namely that there is power and delight in *a few volumes*. And do we not find increasingly every year that it is not to the thousand, but the few, that we come back for the solace and corroboration of friendship? To nine-tenths of what even great scholars read they are driven by an ignoble emulation. They are ashamed not to have read this or that, which young men or young women talk about. This might answer very well when there were four or five printers in America, and when all the books of our grandsires were imported at high cost. But who is there out of Bedlam that will undertake to peruse—I will not say all the books, but all the good books that issue from our press? Not only selection is needful but austere selection. Even men whose calling is literary or scientific find this indispensable; how much more such as are engaged in trade? For such the *non multa sed multum* of Seneca has a new signi-

ficancy, and might well be carved upon the lintel of your closet. A few books—I repeat it urgently—a few books must be your chief companions in those hours which you have laudably devoted to the repairing of wastes made by too devout a service at the shrine of gain. Wishing as you naturally must to have a mental culture which shall keep pace with your enlarged means, and the brightening accomplishments of your children, and the mental activity of the circle around you, I do not wonder if you seize convulsively on scores of volumes, and then fall back in a sort of despair. Now I earnestly enjoin it on you to refrain from all such futilities. Remember the fable of the greedy child and the narrow-necked jar. Be aware that the ripe fruits of learning may be grasped without traversing this boundless field. Revert to the grand truth that all knowledge consists of streams from a few fountains, and hasten upward to the springs. If your powers are small, you will make little attainment on either or on any method; if they are great, or even respectable, you will gain more by beginning high up where the springs are, and tracing principles into their results, than by wasting strength and life in restless, wearisome, endless ramblings among the multiplied illimitable waters of the plains below. He who learns principles, learns much in little, or rather learns all things in a few. Therefore do not carry your excellent counting-house maxims so far as to go by tale and measure: make no entry of the number of tomes or pages; erect a different standard, and accustom yourself to forget the means in the end. These are some of my reasons for urging you to confine your more serious reading to a few books.

The next counsel flows so naturally from the former that you have thought of it already. *Read the best.* At present we will not inquire what they are; for however difficult it may be to answer that question, it is a difficulty which must be met on every plan of self-culture by reading. Some books are clearly better than others, and a few are better

than all the rest. You need no Friar Bacon's head to tell you this. Use any criterion, or venture any choice, however paradoxical, my advice is, what books soever you deem the best, procure these, begin with these, adhere to these. What! no variety! no expatiation! *Tonjours perdrix!* Slowly and fairly, my blessed sir. It is one thing to read for culture and by pre-concerted plan, and another thing to read cursorily, *obiter*, as the lawyers say, and for occasional reflection; just as it is one thing to make voyages to Liverpool or Canton in regular trade, and another thing to dash out to the fishing banks in a spanking yacht, with silk pennons and champagne. That figure, on such a July afternoon, has almost spoiled my whole lecture: thank Miss Genevieve for it, who wrote me so picturesque an account of your late cruise. "Let us resume our studies:" those ten, thirty or ninety works, which on a fair survey of literature you soberly conclude to be the best, shall be installed in their peculiar place of honour, from which they shall never be removed as long as you live. You will come to them again and again; till you love the very editions, till the covers gape open; till like Chancellor Kent's volumes they swell and strut with sibylline interleavings, till the pencilled margin almost overruns the text, like some that Coleridge borrowed from Lamb, and till certain passages are engraved in your memory. You will weary of returning to such books just as little as you weary of calling at a dear old friend's door which opens to you without ringing—or of coming to a cherished tree which bears fresh fruit every autumn—or of hearing an ancient song for the five hundredth time—or of laying your arm around the neck of her to whom you thus testify an affection which every year has strengthened.

Of all men living, I know none who need this particular advice more than men of business, who are yet men of reflection, and who desire to make up for lost time by seizing all possible profit during the remaining eventide.

S. L. R.



## LISBON IN 1838.\*

It is nine o'clock at night. The gun of the English flagship gives the signal for its sailors to retire, and all the vessels of war in the roadstead respond to it by discharge of musquetry. How beautiful is the Tagus at this moment. Lit up by the rays of the clearest moon, one might call it a silvery plain, whose surface trembles beneath the breath of the breeze. Here and there, swift boats, like the gondolas of Venice, pass with full sails amidst the anchored ships, and the eye takes pleasure in following them in their wandering course until they disappear in the shade. To your right is a point darker than the rest; it is the Moorish tower of Belem, a state prison wherein were detained, before their punishment, the Duke of Ancin and the beautiful Marchioness of Tavors, falsely accused of having, in concert with the Jesuits, attempted the life of Joseph I.; further off the varying flames of the light-houses of Bugio and St. Julien light up the entrance of the river, protected by these forts; and lastly, opposite to you are the hills of Almada, which conceal the fields of the Piedade, whereon was fought, on the 14th of July 1833, the battle that delivered Lisbon to the Duke of Terceira.

If ever your happy star leads you to this beautiful country, come sometimes to muse by night on the esplanade of *Cals so dré*, and alone, with the display of nature before your eyes, you will pass delightful hours there. Only ask for nothing that recalls the recollections of the horrible earthquake of 1755; you will find no trace of it anywhere. A new city, incomparably more beautiful, has risen upon the ruins of the old, thanks to the genius of the Marquis of Pomal. When this great disaster befel gold was overflowing among the Brazilian merchants, and the able minister of Jo-

\* From the French of the Baron Dembowaki.

seph I. succeeded in attracting them to Lisbon by offering them titles of Portuguese nobility, on condition that they would come to settle in the metropolis and build upon its rivers. It is thus that the new city rose as by enchantment. Imagine forty-three thousand houses arrayed in an amphitheatre upon the southern slope of seven pleasant hills that border the Tagus in a stretch of more than six miles from Belem to Xabregas; beautiful squares, admirable public buildings, an aqueduct worthy of the Romans, the work of Emanuel de Maya, and lastly the delightful terraces of San Pedro d' Alcantara; such is Lisbon at present. Formerly it was surrounded by a wall whereon were seventy-seven towers which all fell in 1755; it is now defended by the famous lines of Torres Vedras, against which all the efforts of Massena were unavailing, and by the redoubts of the platform of Ourique erected by Don Pedro in 1836.

Viewed in detail, Lisbon has a dull appearance, as well owing to the excessive uniformity of its houses, all built after the same pattern, as to the little stir among its population. Of its ancient monuments it has nothing left but the immense convent of St. Mary of Belem, a curious jumble of Gothico-Moorish architecture, built by king Emmanuel upon the spot whence Vasco de Gama set out for the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope; this convent, in 1835, was turned by the Empress of Brazil into a vast asylum and school for all trades for a thousand orphans. Those of the old quarters that resisted the shocks of the earthquake are uninhabitable during the summer. All kinds of ordures are thrown out of the windows without any other precaution than crying *agua vai!* and the poor pedestrian, to escape the fetid dew, has no other resource than to climb at full speed, with handkerchief at nose, the most difficult ascents. To make up for this, the lower town is neat, well lighted and above all, well paved.

A life of comfort is as dear at Lisbon as at London, the cookery greasy and heavy, but the preserved fruits excellent. The distances are immense; the cabs, drawn by two mules

driven by a postillion, are very dear and very uncomfortable. Nicolas Tolentino, the Beranger of Portugal, has said in a sonnet that they are still affected by the famous earthquake. It is not long since omnibuses were introduced, which run from the square of *Poleirinho* where executions formerly took place, some to Belem, and the others to the charming village of Benefica.

The common people are very courteous and bear resemblance to those of Madrid. The men are very polite to strangers, and if the air of the person asking them a question indicates ever so little a rank superior to their own, they take off their hats when they answer him. The women are likewise very gentle, but in general far from handsome; they wear an enormous shell-comb in their plaited hair, never leave off the *mantelet*, and tie a handkerchief under their chin. In the lump there is no local colouring among the common people. The long sojourn of the English armies during the continental war and the intimate relations that have at all times existed between the two countries have obliterated nearly all its ancient originality. When the Duke of Wellington organized the Portuguese army, he fashioned it so much in the English style that even now, if one could confound the tawny figures of the grand nephews of the Moors with those of the fair descendants of the Saxons, he would be tempted to believe that the latter still kept garrison in Portugal. The suppression of napkins in the inns, the general use of tea among all classes of the population, the transparent slice of bread, and, lastly, the disappearance of the ancient national costume, to which the cheapness of the English cloth has put an end among the men, are, as we are told, some other traces of British occupancy. You will never meet a lady of the higher classes walking in the street; they do not even go out to go to church: the greater part of the houses have a chapel.

The nobility reside during three fourths of the year in their *quintas*, delightful country houses in the vicinity of

Lisbon. The Count of Farrobo is the one among them who best does the honours of Portuguese hospitality. A passionate lover of the fine arts, the Count supports them as *Mæcenas*. More than one Portuguese painter and Portuguese sculptor is indebted to his bounty for having become a distinguished artist by going to study the works of the great masters at Rome. His house is kept upon a very original footing: he requires that all his valets shall know how to perform upon an instrument or that they shall learn under his direction; he himself takes part in their concerts, which are truly remarkable. He maintains in the gardens of his *quinta*, which is altogether princely, a costly menagerie of wild beasts; during the autumn, the choicest society of Lisbon come to act plays in the pretty theatre which he has caused to be built near his delightful retreat.

The Count resides at the palace *Das Necessidades*, where the Cortes of 1821 sat. Among the royal residences, that of Ajuda is the most remarkable, first on account of its extent and likewise on account of the innumerable portraits of John VI. who, in his character of king, being the only one ignorant of his ugliness, delighted in having his deformed figure painted in all imaginable attitudes.

The Queen spends the summers at Cintra, a delightful village in sight of the sea, equidistant from Lisbon and that famous convent of Mafra, which is the Escorial of Portugal. It is so vast that in 1811, ten thousand encamped therein, quite at their ease. Cintra announces itself to the traveller at a great distance by the sight of two turrets which one would be tempted to take for two of those *atalayas*, watch towers, with which the Arabs studded the coasts of the peninsula. These turrets are merely the chimneys of the royal kitchen; under this title and by reason of their enormities, they might figure honourably among the factories of the Cyclops. At Mafra, is to be heard a magnificent peal of one hundred and four bells; they play waltzes, country-dances, minuets, in short a complete musical repertory. The mechanism that

sets the bells in motion resembles that of the organs of Barbary. There is besides a set of keys of four octaves for fancy pieces. The organist plays by striking with his fists upon the stops corresponding to the high notes and by energetic kicks upon the pedals of the bass notes. The majestic harmony of these sounds speaks to the soul; only we ought not to have before our eyes the poor organist wrestling like one possessed with the stops and pedals of his instrument. Amongst other rarities which this convent presents, are a magnificent library and immense kitchens wherein marble is lavishly used in the minutest parts. These kitchens are equal in number to that of the dishes which were served for dinner to the three hundred monks who formerly dwelt here. Traversed on ass-back, the walks of Mafra and Cintra are the most agreeable and amusing imaginable, especially if one selects a windy day; then one is accompanied by the plaintive cries of the thousand windmills that fill all this charming country, and, if one is at all fond of meditation, he has a clear field before him.

Whilst travelling, and even in the interior of the cities, strangers have a right to carry arms for their own defence. Moreover, their houses are respected as foreign property, and the police cannot enter them except in presence of their respective consuls. In case of a lawsuit, a judge conservator watches over the maintenance of their privileges. Among those granted to the English towards the close of the last century was that of having a cemetery for themselves, on condition, however, of placing, instead of the words *Protestant Cemetery*, which they wished to write over the gate of the entrance, this other inscription which is still to be read thereon, "Hospital of the English Factory;" doubtless that it might not be said that there was a cemetery of heretics at Lisbon. In this cemetery, which is the handsomest in Lisbon, is seen the tomb of the celebrated Fielding, with this touching epitaph, "*Luget Britannia gremio non dari fovere natum.*" England mourns to see her child out of her bosom.

As to the native population, it kept up, until the expulsion of Don Miguel, the custom of burying their dead in churches; and when Don Pedro commanded that in future the interments should be made in the *Campo Santo* which he opened near the *quinta das Praseres* (whence came the singular name of *Cemetery of the Pleasures*) sharp remonstrances reached him from all sides. Among their number is mentioned one very original, addressed by the family of a very noble old lady, deceased in the odour of sanctity. They complained in it of the nocturnal racket in which the dogs and cats indulged in this new residence of the defunct. Don Pedro, like a philosophic prince, comprehended that a lady so respectable ought not to be condemned to pass the long nights of future times in such bad company and granted the request.

There exist at Lisbon three clubs, *the Lisbonese Assembly* into which women are admitted and all the members of which are Chartists; *the Foreign Assembly*, composed almost entirely of English; and lastly *the Lisbonese Club*, formed by Don Pedro with the design of counterbalancing the influence of the English club.

I spare you the long list of scientific and benevolent establishments of the city, for, from want of money, the greater part exist only in name, and I finish my letter by saying to you that when we compare the immensity of Lisbon with the narrow limits to which the Portuguese monarchy is now reduced, this capital produces upon the observer the effect of a giant's head upon an infant's body. We can conceive of Lisbon with the vast empire of the Portuguese in the Indies, when they formed the first maritime power in Europe; we could conceive of it wonderfully well if destiny had made it the metropolis of all the Iberian peninsula; but already despoiled of Brazil, and perhaps on the eve of losing its colonies in Africa if the suppression of the trade is conceded to the demands of England, this city is now too large by half.

**BETHESDA.****A SACRED BALLAD.****I.**

Beside Bethesda's glassy pool,  
There lay in sorrow long,  
Withered and blind and halt and lame,  
A helpless anxious throng.

**II.**

The porches of that lazar-house,  
All full of woes and fright,  
At times a vision visited  
With unaccustomed light.

**III.**

For there an angel did descend,  
The sluggish pool to move,  
And if a wretch could thither wend,  
His limbs did healing prove.

**IV.**

'Twas but the first to totter in  
That felt the saving arm,  
And many a child of pain and sin  
Sighed for the healing charm.

**V.**

One day there came a Holy One,  
One feast-day of the year,  
In guise a man, king David's Son,  
A meek and mighty seer.

**VI.**

Unspoken grief had marred his face,  
But heaven was in his eye ;  
His glance of love discerned the place,  
And pity drew him nigh.

## VII.

He stands beside a helpless wight  
 Who eight and thirty years  
 Had sorrowed on by day and night,  
 Nor gained by all his tears.

## VIII.

He caught the sufferer's sunken eye,  
 He read his inmost soul,  
 And with a smile of royalty  
 Said 'Wilt thou be made whole?'

## IX.

'Whole!' faintly sighed he in despair,  
 As thinking none can save,  
 'Sir, I have no man, who shall care  
 To help me to the wave.'

## X.

Behold! the stranger bows his head;  
 And hark the silver tone!  
 'Rise, take thy bed and walk!' he said,  
 And straight the deed is done!

## XI.

The crippled limbs refuse no more,  
 The doubled frame grows young,  
 And, leaping on the marble floor,  
 To praise he yields his tongue.

## XII.

The Sabbath work is work of love,  
 Though Pharisees repine;  
 That Saviour from a realm above,  
 That Saviour, soul, is thine!



GIRARD AND ASTOR.—MR. MANN AND MR.  
BRISTED.\*

A more highly flavoured brace of brochures has not often been bagged by us. The contest between two scholars, diametrically opposite and equally earnest in their opinions, cannot but be full of animation. Mr. Mann is universally known as a brilliant writer, who gains frequent audience by his boldness of avowal and his almost unexampled fertility of tropical illustration. This has indeed been his snare, for while there is hardly a limit to the pleasure of an easy assemblage, hearkening to an hour's talk *pour s' amuser*, there is an equal sense of dissatisfaction when the same scintillation of wit is played off on a matter of high argument. We grow weary of perpetual antithesis and the kaleidoscopic glitter of similitudes. They bear the same relation to the real combat of reasoning, that Chinese fireworks do to heavy artillery. To this we ascribe the undeniable fact that one of the most popular and fascinating writers in America has fallen so far below public expectation in his parliamentary efforts. We are delighted with the *feu de joie*, but we sink before the storm-battery; hence we turn with a sort of fearful craving from the speeches of Mr. Mann to those of Calhoun or Webster.

All this would be true, if the agreeable and accomplished author maintained nothing but truth; how much more so when he lends himself to some of the seductive errors of the populace. Few works contain mere error; most, even of bad books, have a preponderance of good; and Mr. Mann's lecture contains many things highly valuable and expressed

\* A Few Thoughts for a Young Man; a lecture, delivered before the Boston Mercantile Library Association, on its 20th anniversary. By Horace Mann, the first secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education. Boston: 1850. 18mo. pp. 84. 2. A Letter to the Hon. Horace Mann, by Charles Astor Bristed, late Foundation Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and one of the Trustees of the Astor Library. New York: 1850. 18mo. pp. 54.

in a way which is truly engaging. Yet the drift and tendency of his lecture is thoroughly radical, and involves a scheme of ethics which is low and misleading. There is a sickly and overweening care for bodily good, which sometimes seems almost to resolve all morals into the physical *virtus* of the lower nature. Beginning with the postulate that man desires happiness, the lecturer never rises much above the mundane plane of epicurean or Benthamite virtue. We honour and desire bodily health, as among God's best gifts, but we cannot sacrifice eternal ethical distinctions to the iridescence of a metaphor or the epigrammatic clink of the *style coupé*. We cannot accept the jingling half-truth that "not only 'lying lips,' but a dyspeptic stomach, is an abomination to the Lord." The cleverness of the jest ill conceals its horrid pregnancy of moral confusion. We reject, however perfumed, the carnal doctrine taught to the young men of Boston, that thought, passion and love are only emanations from organized matter. Though backed by all the Mesmers and all the Combes, and authenticated by all the clairvoyance of modern progress, we repudiate the system which even savours of denying a clear, fundamental distinction between physical and moral good. The source of all this wretched blundering and metaphysical obtuseness is patent, when we find what masters Mr. Mann prefers to the Christian philosophers of the past. Lest we should be disbelieved, for alleging what is so absurdly naïf as to be almost incredible, we name the page, (the fifty-third,) on which he gravely assures these young men, that "Gall, Spurzheim and Combe have done for Metaphysics, or the science of mind, as much as Bacon did for physics, or the laws of matter!"

Much of what is said concerning the use of great wealth meets our cordial approbation; but even here the way in which it is said smacks of the acrid, rooted error of the day. Some of the propositions obscurely enunciated go the length of social levelling in regard to property, and would end in

arming the poor against the rich. In their extreme, they are realized in the splendid contradictions of Eugene Sue.

But what confers its chief attraction on these pamphlets is an unfortunate step of Mr. Mann over the grave of John Jacob Astor. Speaking of the ultimate account, Mr. Mann says: "On that day, it will be revealed, whether the man of vast wealth, like Stephen Girard, has welcomed toil, endured privation, borne contumely, while in his secret heart he was nursing the mighty purpose of opening a fountain of blessedness so copious and exhaustless that it would flow on undiminished to the end of time; or whether, like John Jacob Astor, he was hoarding wealth for the base love of wealth, hugging to his breast, in his dying hour, the memory of his gold and not of his Redeemer; griping his riches till the scythe of death cut off his hands, and he was changed, in the twinkling of an eye, from being one of the richest men that ever lived in this world, to one of the poorest souls that ever went out of it." And then in a note, "I make this reference to Mr. Astor from no personal motive whatever. So far as my own feelings are concerned, it gives me pain to mention his name. I select him 'to point a moral' only because I suppose him to have been the most notorious, the most wealthy, and, considering his vast means, the most miserly, of his class, in this country. Nothing but absolute insanity can be pleaded in palliation of the conduct of a man who was worth nearly or quite twenty million of dollars, but gave only some half million, or less than a half million of it for any public object. If men of such vast means will not benefit the world by their *example* while they live, we have a right to make reprisals for their neglect, by using them as a *warning* after they are dead. In the midst of so much poverty and suffering as the world experiences, it has become a high moral and religious duty to create an overwhelming public opinion against both the parsimonies and the squanderings of wealth."

Here we are brought by the most natural transition to the letter of reply. Mr. Bristed, a grandson of Mr. Astor, is

said to be a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge; and he shows in every line the results of the best British training. Less practised as a writer than Mr. Mann, he belongs to a better school, and gives signs of that muscular tension and athletic discourse which can do without embellishments. It is a mystery to many people how cogent simplicity should be a product of long converse with classic poetry and art, which they ignorantly suppose teach a man to career "in a whirlwind of metaphor." Yet the fact is before us, in such polemic diction as that of Bentley, Pitt, Fox and Gifford. We say Mr. Bristed belongs to this school. We are far from agreeing with every thing he advances, but we go along with him in his indignation and admire his earnestness, while we subscribe to his ethical and Christian doctrines.

Mr. Bristed points out the imperfect logic in the attempt to cry down certain conduct as 'insane.' Here he administers a subcostal nudge, in regard to Mr. Mann's abolition speeches in Congress. He gently hints that even Boston Transcendentalists have been called insane. If he means Mr. Mann—*curia vult advisare*—for his materialistic and utilitarian scheme is anything but transcendental. He gives an account of Stephen Girard, which, we believe, is just: "Dying without intimate friends, he left his whole property, with the exception of a few trifling legacies, to establish a college for orphans, *within the premises appropriated to which no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, is ever to be admitted for any purpose.*"\* The plan, material, and dimensions of the collegiate buildings were most particularly specified, but insuperable architectural difficulties prevented these directions from being carried out to the letter. To support the roof of the main building, it was necessary to erect a portico of Corinthian columns—a lucky necessity, as it enabled the architect to convert a very plain into a very splendid exterior."—"The

\* See the ninth subdivision of the twenty-first clause of his will.

children are to be brought up 'sober, truthful, industrious,' 'according to the purest principles of morality;\*' there is nothing said about their being brought up *Christians*, and certainly they are *not* to be brought up according to the tenets of any denomination or denominations of Christians, all such teaching being stringently excluded from the college. And as all Christians belong to *some* denomination, if Mr. Girard intended that his scholars should be Christians, either he must have looked forward to their constituting a sect of their own, or he must have had some idea of a *general Christian*, without any distinctive rites or theological opinions, like the *general man* of Plato, and those who, after him, believed in the independent existence of general ideas apart from their individual attributes—which is a very ingenious metaphysical notion (though even as that, it is now pretty much exploded,) but not to be carried out, or conceived of as able to be carried out, in real practical life."—"One effect of this restriction, I think, must be obvious to any one who considers the matter seriously. It has a perilous tendency to give the scholars a prejudice against all clergymen. These orphans are fed, clothed, and taught gratuitously; they naturally are grateful to their benefactor, and learn to respect his memory and value his opinions. They find out that no ministers of the Gospel are allowed to enter the college. If they inquire into the reason of this prohibition, it will reach their minds in some such form as this—that it was because ministers of different sects are apt to quarrel. I do not see how the *prestige* can be otherwise than unfavourable. As Mr. G. intended that the children should be left to 'adopt such religious tenets as their maturer reason might enable them to prefer,' he probably was afraid of their acquiring a prejudice in favour of some denomination while at college, which would be most effectively prevented by giving them an impartial prejudice against the ministers of all denominations."

\* See the same clause of the will.

Our only regret is, that in pursuing his opponent into the hiding places of his corrupt philosophy, Mr. Bristed had not allowed himself more space. He has given us the elements of an argument against the violent equalization of wealth, against the absorption of all human literature and art into the vortex of the *soi-disant* useful sciences; and against the craniological and mesmeric and socialistic gnosticism, which is so popular among the masses. He has done this without sparkle and without irony, with directness, earnestness and a strong but rapid touch. A happy and comprehensive specimen must close our selection; it relates to the phrenologic imposture which still remains undetected in certain places and now pleads the authority of a member of Congress:

“Here, then, we arrive at the great conclusions of your advice to young men, which I have found it convenient to consider in a nearly inverse order—a dogma, that craniology is at the head of all desirable human knowledge—another dogma, that rich men are dangerous to the community,—a deduction that it is wrong to encourage literature and the fine arts, and a practical inference that the best use a man can make of his money is to found a systematically irreligious college with it.

‘An phora cæpit

Institui; eurrente rota cur urceus exit?’

For really, if we deduct the dietetic maxims, very proper in themselves, though expressed with unnecessary extravagance and violence of language; and the description of the beauties of the natural world, gorgeous and glowing enough to command admiration as a mere piece of writing, but of no particular value in their connection; these four points are the principal original proposition in your lecture.

“Yet I must own that to myself, the perusal of your ‘Thoughts’ caused no disappointment. I enjoyed the blessing promised by Dean Swift to those who expect nothing. I never do expect anything from modern radicalism. For the magnificence of its general promises is the inverse measure of its particular performance. Its professions and practices

form a contrast that would be amusing, were it not so lamentable. Proclaiming fraternity and kindred intercourse among all nations, it begins by destroying the citizen's affection for his own country. Preaching brotherly love and sympathy among all classes of the community, it stimulates one class against another by unfounded invectives. Denying the claims and value of ancient lore, it confers the once honoured title of professor on every itinerant cobbler. Parading a great show of reverence for the physical and metaphysical sciences, it sets up over their heads the pseudo-sciences of craniology and mesmerism. Barely deigning to believe in God, it has no hesitation to believe in the absurdest ghosts. Ostentatious at times in its patronage of Christianity, it carefully drops out all the vitality of the system, and virtually turns the Saviour of mankind out of his own religion. In short, it is, in all general phraseology, sublime and comprehensive,—in all minutiae of detail, narrow-minded and unwise,—reminding one perpetually of the astrologer in the fable, who was so occupied in watching the stars, that he never saw the pit under his nose until he tumbled into it."

This closing allusion made us recur to our incomparable *La Fontaine*, who has given new life to the more scanty original of *Aesop*: honesty forces us to confess that we believe astrology and not craniology was in his mind:

"Charlatans, faiseurs d'horoscope,  
"Quittez les cours des princes de l'Europe :  
"Emmenez avec vous les souffleurs tout d'un temps :  
"Vous ne méritez pas plus de foi que ces gens."

With the writers of these pamphlets we are equally unacquainted; and we certainly have no predilections for *Astor* over *Girard*. But the productions are in the shops and are public property, and the matters treated belong to the domain of ethics, religion, and public order. Amidst much in the first that we approve, and a little in the second that we disapprove, we perceive a controversy to be waged on a great moral topic, in which we are wholly and warmly on the side of the younger and more recent champion.

## GLEE OF THE ANVIL.

Room for the iron! 'tis hissing hot;  
Strike quick, strike well, and tarry not.  
See how it fuses! see it fly!  
Strike fast and swing the hammer high:  
Ding, ding, for the hissing bar;  
Let it carry the proof of your skill afar.

Ding, ding for the heavy plough,  
So useless in the furrow now.  
It must cut through roots—it must tear up stones;  
Strike for the health of its broken bones:  
Ding, ding for the good old plough;  
Strike till the sweat rolls off the brow.

Ding, ding for the brand-new shoe:  
Let the faithful steed be shod anew;  
It must stand the stamp of his iron limb—  
For days and miles it must carry him;  
Ding, ding for the snug horse shoe,  
It shall fit him well and stick like glue.

Ding, ding for the broken scythe,  
That it suit the hand of the mower blithe;  
Close and quick must the field be shorn—  
Close and all, on the morrow's morn;  
Ding, ding for the taper scythe,  
That it glance in the hand of the mower blithe.

Ding, ding for the broad round tire;  
It needs the arm and it needs the fire;  
It must jolt through ruts, it must leap o'er stones,  
It must rumble on though the axle groans:  
Ding, ding for the circling tire;  
Oh, what a hearty friend is fire!



Ding, ding for the iron spike,  
As long and strong and tough as you like.  
It must hold the plank, it must pierce the beam,  
Fast and firm shall it draw the seam :  
Ding, ding for the straight, strong spike ;  
Ah ha ! well done ! that is something like.

Ding, ding for the clanking chain—  
Link after link from the sharp white flame.  
Its place is the dark, damp dungeon floor ;  
In the blessed light it will lie no more ;  
Ding, ding for the galling chain—  
Such music it ne'er will sing again.

Ding, ding for the bolt and bar ;  
They must bide the shock of wrench and jar ;  
For the merchant's gold is the toil of years—  
Count it out and you number his cares ;  
Ding, ding for the bolt and bar,  
Strike quick, strike well, and do not mar.

Ding, ding for the hoop and ring  
Of the bucket which sinks in the deep, cool spring.  
It will dash and dance through these narrow walls,  
It will break from the rope in frequent falls.  
Ding, ding for the hoop and ring,  
As you love to drink from the cooling spring.

Ding, ding ! see, the iron is cold ;  
But it hath the strength and it hath the mould.  
The sun has set and my breast is bare :  
Work enough for the morrow there !  
Ding, ding is the glee I sing,  
As the sharp, white fire around I fling.

## MONTAIGNE.

No one who would enjoy the peculiar aroma of Michel the Seigneur of Montaigne should read his work in any version, and least of all should he attempt a modern one. To appreciate his never-tiring gossip one needs to forget contemporary manners, to think of the Gascon humourist amidst his antique appointments, his basse-cour, stables and hounds, among the hangings of his tessellated halls and the vellum tomes of the library which he has so largely transplanted into the Essays. At intervals, the name of this epoch-marking Frenchman comes up with fresh interest; lately in America through Mr. Turnbull's translation of Vinet's monograph. But still we return to the old book, with the old spelling, and in an old edition.

The charm of Montaigne is not in the erudition, though immense, nor in the keen searches into men and manners, nor in the gleams of free philosophy which shine like tapers in a tomb, but in the immethodical ramble of the thoughts, the delightful egotism and *égoïsme*, the autobiographic confessions of virtues and weak denial of vices, and above all the quaint raciness of the old French style, which has the tang of the root and cannot be decanted into a new language.

The heads of the chapters are oddly misleading. It is the property of the Essay as such to be written *currente calamo*. It is talking on paper. The essayist does not know whither he is going: the current 'wanders at its own sweet will.' In Montaigne, it is the ancient seigneur chatting in his arm-chair. Who could surmise what is to come on the table, when the bill of fare offers such titles as *Des Noms—De l'aage—Des Coches—and Des poulices?* Montaigne is often intolerably broad, and sometimes indecent. He was a free-thinker within prison-bounds. If he had known the Reformation better, had been a better man, and had lived longer with Buchanan, he would have joined hands with *la religion*,

as Protestantism was called. But he had the prejudices of the chateau and parlement, to do the work of the prejudices of the Church. As a book of morals the Essays are naught; as the portrait of a man full of humours and idiosyncrasies, they are inimitable. When we lay them down, to complete a siesta—and no man would read Montaigne but on the sofa—we see him before us in dreams; the high, close, bald forehead, ploughed into parallel furrows by bodily pain and crabbed reading; the *nasus aduncus* relieved by a verjuice smile from under the trim moustache; the scanty beard shorn but not shaven; that broad frill holding the head as in a charger; and the close habit which becomes the swordsman. Only half the traits belong to the age; the rest are a pure subjective growth.

Never was a man bred after the same fashion. No wonder he quotes Latin on every page; for it was the language he first spoke. His nurse was chosen because she heard no French, and all his attendants in the nursery and playground talked to him in Latin. The rule of the house was, that his mother and even his valet should in his presence utter nothing but the few words of Latin with which they had been crammed for the nonce. He was six years old before he heard a word even of the patois of his province.

With every advantage of hereditary wealth and title Montaigne went on to acquire the proudest aristocratic badges and orders. He boasts of his bull of Roman citizenship and transcribes it. He was mayor of Bordeaux, as his father had been. Writing was his pastime, and he anticipated an *abandon* which has since given zest to magazines, but could not exist in massive folios of the sixteenth century. The Essays first appeared in 1580, the seventh year of Henry the third. The author died in 1592, at the age of fifty-nine. Though visited with a most painful malady, the torment of sedentary men, he abjured all aids of medicine, in this acting on the obstinate absurdities which he had published. His father, forsooth, had reached seventy-four and his grandfather sixty-

nine, and his great-grandfather eighty, all without doctors; and he would do the like.

Montaigne lived more among books than in the world, though a man of the world; and more among the ancient classics than his coevals; for he seldom cites a modern, while there is Greek or Latin in profusion. The virtues he commends are heathen virtues; but viewed with the eyes of Frankish chivalry; just as Latin words, on the irruption of the barbarians, fell into the ranks of Germanic construction. The exceptions are usually in favour of Italian. Lamenting, or rather avowing, the worst memory in the world, so as not to know his servants' names, he is almost the prince of quoters, coming near to Burton and Bayle. It is easy to trace in Montaigne the influence of his favourite Plutarch, whose *Morals* are of all ancient writings the most like the modern essay. The Greek lacks the pungency and naïveté of the Frenchman; but there are the same sauntering nonchalance, the same easy philosophy, and the same redundancy of anecdote. But the difference of style is immense. "J'ai naturellement un stile *comique et privé* . . . *mon langage est trop serré, desordonné, coupé, particulier.*" Who would wish it otherwise? None but he who would extract the blotches from birds-eye maple, or wash the bloom off a plum, or shear the prickles from a moss-rose. In Queen Anne's days all this purgation was attempted in English; but under Carlyle and the Benthamites, we so affect the crudities of our forefathers that the danger is all the other way. We are getting to like sapid wines, with an *arrê-re-gout* or such as taste of the wood. Joinville, Philip de Comines, Luther, Vico, Bacon, Bunyan, have each a peculiar smack of flavour, which distinguishes them as much as a Seckel pear from a Bartlett. Dugald Stewart, like Dr. Johnson, (much unlike as they were) aimed at a style without idioms; hence he is so easy to foreigners. Scotch and American writers are prone to the same defect; from their dread of not writing pure English, they leave no colour in their diction. War-

burton or Cobbet could lay the bridle on the neck of the style and go neck-or-nothing through a thicket of Anglicanisms. All purism in language is at the expense of ease and strength, and the man who never dares to utter anything till it has been said in England is as much straitened as the orator whom Cicero rallies for not daring to laugh for fear it should be told to his friends the Stoics. Here, as in fighting, the best discretion is valour; or as Caesar says, *Melius semel subire, quam semper cavere*. There were no such fears about Montaigne. It is very plain why he doted on the *mignardise* of Terence, whose Latinity was such as was heard at the tables of Laelius and Scipio. In regard to Plautus, the gentlemanhood of Terence, servile as was his state, gave him the preference with Montaigne, who nevertheless says bold words for Lucretius, even in presence of Virgil. Why he clung to Rabelais, Boccaccio and Johannes Secundus, is too manifest. But he came back for constancy to his Plutarch and his Seneca, as others come back to him; *car elles n' ont point de suite et dependance des unes aux autres*.

Dugald Stewart gives a place to Montaigne, at the head of the French writers who drew attention to mental philosophy. "I study myself," says he, "more than any other subject. This is my metaphysics; this my natural philosophy." He has accordingly produced a work, *unique* in its kind; valuable in an eminent degree, as an authentic record of many interesting facts relative to human nature; but more valuable by far, as holding up a mirror in which every individual, if he does not see his own image, will at least occasionally perceive so many traits of resemblance to it, as can scarcely fail to invite his curiosity to a more careful review of himself. In this respect, Montaigne's writings may be regarded in the light of what painters call *studies*; in other words, of those slight sketches which were originally designed for the improvement or amusement of the artist, but which on that account, are the more likely to be useful in developing the germs of similar endowments in others.

Stewart admits the skepticism of Montaigne, and is rather feeble in extenuating it; he also refers to the charge that the Essays contain the germ of numerous paradoxical theories which Helvetius and others have since expanded. In our judgment the influence of Montaigne upon philosophical opinion has been greatly overrated, but such as it is, we regard it as by no means favourable to truth or Christian morals. Aiming perpetually, like his beloved ancients, to arm the mind against pain and death, he studiously does so irrespectively of the great panoply, religion. Nowhere is the beggarly nudity of mere philosophic consolation more opprobriously revealed, than in these parts of the Essays. They are decidedly more Gentile than Cicero's Dialogues. To argue thus, since the Incarnation of the Son of God, is to pry into the heavens with naked eye after the invention of the telescope, or to burn rush-lights in an equatorial noon-day. Nor have we any admiration for the polished and epicene philosophy of the quondam Edinburgh school, which gave a grateful patronage to a Christianity such as that of Robertson, Blair and Hume, but continued to reason academically upon every sublime truth revealed by revelation.

Much more austere was an earlier estimate of Montaigne, by another celebrated metaphysician. The work of Malebranche is so seldom perused in our day, and so few would think of looking into it for such a discussion, that we may claim something like novelty for the statements. They occur in the second book and fifth chapter, which treats of Imagination. The metaphysician does justice to the graceful negligence of Montaigne, and ascribes his popularity to his *air cavalier*, sustained by erudition. But he complains that the essayist works without a foundation. "A passage of history," says he, "proves nothing; a little story carries no demonstration; a couple of verses from Horace, and an apothegm of Cleomenes or Caesar should not persuade men of reason; yet these Essays are but a tissue of historical

passages, little stories, *bon mots*, distichs, and apothegms." He declares the book to be as dangerous as it is inviting, because pleasing error almost always makes its way. He even proves Montaigne, despite his reclamations, to be a pedant. He disallows his claim to utter incontinence of memory, and lays him under censure for affectation and egotism. And he treats with the scorn of an offended philosopher Montaigne's assertions of Pyrrhonic skepticism.

"What can be said of a man who confounds mind and matter; who rehearses the most extravagant opinions of philosophers about the soul without contempt, and even with an air betraying his approval of those which are the most unreasonable; who sees no necessity for the immortality of the soul; who thinks it cannot be reached by human reason, and regards the alleged proofs of it as dreams engendered in us by our wishes; *somnia non docentis sed optantis*; . . . who makes more difference between some men than between man and beast; who ascribes to spiders deliberation, thought, and conclusion; and who, after mentioning that the arrangements of man's body give it no advantages over that of the brute, willingly adopts the sentiment, that it is not by reason, by discourse, and by the soul, that we excel the brutes, but by our beauty, good complexion, and fine disposition of members, for the sake of which we must abandon our understanding, prudence, and every thing else," &c. These observations, though founded on truth, betray the polemic, and especially the outraged Cartesian. To one who adopted the maxim, *Deus anima brutorum*, the attribution of mind to a spider was little short of impiety. But let us hear the good father out: •

"But we must not deny justice to any, and therefore must honestly state what the character of Montaigne's mind was. He had little memory and certainly less judgment; but it is not the union of these two qualities which makes what the world calls genius. It is beauty, vivacity, and reach of

imagination, which sets one up as a *bel esprit*. Most people esteem brilliancy and not solidity; because they love what touches sense more than what instructs reason. So putting fine imagination for fine mind, we may say that Montaigne's mind was fine and even extraordinary. His ideas are false, but beautiful; his expressions irregular and bold, but agreeable; his discourses ill-reasoned but well-imagined. His whole book shows an originality which gives boundless pleasure. Copyist as he is, he has no signs of copying; and his strong, adventurous imagination always gives an original turn to what he borrows. In fine, he is all that is needed in order to please and be imposing; and I think I have sufficiently shown that he is admired by so many people, not so much because he has convinced their reason, as because he has turned their minds to his side by the ever victorious vivacity of his predominant imagination."

Madame de Sévigné, herself a Cartesian by a droll sort of party adhesion usual in her day, nevertheless doted on Montaigne, for she loved an inspissated idiom, and her own letters are a ragout of such spicery. "Ah l'aimable homme, qu'il est de bonne compagnie! C'est mon ancien ami; mais à force d'être ancien, il m'est nouveau." Voltaire seems to have in his head Milton's 'badge doctors of the Stoic fur,' when he mentions the scholastic babblers whom Montaigne laughed at, and he doubtless loved him for his doubts. To explain one allusion of the following verses, it ought to be observed, that when Charron, the bosom friend of Montaigne undertook to make some deviations from Catholic verity much less notable than those of his teacher, he fell under censures which threatened to turn into something hotter still. The lines of Voltaire are in the Epistle to the president Hénault.

“ Montaigne, cet auteur charmant,  
 Tour-à-tour profond et frivole,  
 Dans son château paisiblement,  
 Loin de tout frondeur malevole,  
 Doutoit de tout impunément,



Et se moquoit très librement  
Des bavards furrés de l'école.  
Mais quand son élève Charron,  
Plus retenu, plus méthodique,  
De sagesse donna leçon,  
Il fut près de périr, dit-on,  
Par la haine théologique."

Montaigne is said to have died a good Catholic; by which perhaps is meant that mass was celebrated in his chamber, and that the elevation of the host took place just as he expired. But this did not prevent the malignant virus of many sayings of his from spreading after his death, or the indulgent humour with which he talks of his vices from seducing the youthful mind. These evils have been stigmatized in a noble section of the Port Royal Logic.

More than eighty complete editions of the Essays have appeared, not to speak of extracts and translations into every European language. Among these two of the most eligible, each in five volumes, are those of Johanneau, in 1818, and Leclerc, in 1826.

The old French of Montaigne certainly differs from that of our own day, but it presents only temporary hinderances to the English scholar, who finds himself so much nearer to the phraseology of Littleton on Tenures. Indeed the student of philology meets resemblances which no longer exist between the French and English, from the disuse of certain forms which we still retain in the Norman part of our vocabulary. In other cases the Latin etymology is more apparent in the fulness of the obsolete orthography. Thus we have 'Maistre,' *magister*; 'Fallace,' *fallacia*; 'Escrits,' *scripta*; 'Escole,' *schola*; 'Poinct,' *punctum*; 'Nef,' *navis*; 'Peust,' *possit*; 'Adminicules,' *adminicula*. And of the other class, 'Accountance,' *acquaintance*; 'Attraire,' *attract*; 'Cancel,' *chancel*; 'Estrangler,' *strangle*; 'Bestes,' *beasts*; 'Estrangers,' *strangers*; 'Divertir,' *divert*; 'Forclose,' *foreclose*. In regard to the growth of the French language out of the Latin, and all the variations of the lan-

*gue d' Oc* and *langue d' Oui*, those who are terrified by the volumes of Raynouard may find pleasing information in Villemain's introductory chapter to his *Literature of the Middle Ages*.

---

### STANZAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CAPRICES."

Human lives are river courses,  
 Running to a common sea ;  
 Divers in their size and sources,  
 Landscape and rapidity.

Some boil up on craggy mountains,  
 And go madly down the steep ;  
 Some stray off from Summer fountains,  
 To the glens where cattle sleep.

Here a silver brook winds errant,  
 Through the fields of fragrant grass ;  
 There a foul and slimy current  
 Threads the frowning wilderness.

Human joys are sunny places,  
 Here and there, by garden sides ;  
 Where the flowers may see their faces  
 Looking out from smiling tides.

Human griefs are sombre billows,  
 Waters sad, that sob aloud,  
 In the tears of weeping willows,  
 In the gloom of rock and cloud.

Human intrigue is an eddy ;  
Crime and care go whirling in ;  
All are sweeping, surely,—steady,  
Where they may not come again.

Onward,—sternly onward fleeting,—  
Onward to that shoreless sea ;  
River, brook and torrent meeting  
In the same eternity.

---

### A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE RAILROAD.

“Ferventesque auras velut e fornace profunda,  
Ore trahit, currusque suos candescere sentit.”

METAM. II. 229.

My privacy has been invaded by the Railroad Company, coming through my premises and cutting asunder my barn from my house, turning my back into my front, and setting fire to two haystacks by sparks from the locomotive. Upon the *bene qui latuit bene vixit* plan of Ovid, I soon after graduation determined to cultivate retirement, and thought I had attained it ; but who can calculate on anything in these days of galvanism, steam, and Drummond and Bude lights, to say nothing of Payne's, which has been snuffed out. Since the paroxysms of my commencement speech, and the horrors and publicities of the ensuing ball, where I figured according to the mode of that day in clubbed hair, and small-clothes, I resolved on a hermitage ; but the steam-car has ruined all !

Who would have thought that the cosiest nook in the Jerseys could have been transmuted as by magic into a focus of observation ? Diligently did I eschew all high roads. There was not a post-office within ten miles. A swamp on one side and a mountain on the other made my locality, I thought, as

inaccessible as the vale of Rasselas. My books were piled on my front porch, when I had done turning them over under the willow tree. I played old tunes on my single-keyed German flute with no more dread of molestation than Alexander Selkirk. My back yard, now my front, was an Arcadia of milk-pans, and a tame calf browsed on the grass. As to tailor's bills, they extended only to the wedding-dress when Amy was married, and my old coats and clouted shoes gave me that solace which Lucullus with his two thousand vestments never knew. Alas and alas! My twilight is turned into noon-day. My house is like that of Spurius, who, as Plutarch says, desired his builder to make him one into which all the city of Rome might look at will. I cannot enter into my closet, for private chambers we have none. The howl and shriek of the steam-whistle gives me night-mare panics after my first nap, and the smoke of the moving volcano eclipses my skies. My wife and daughters are twice a day dressed and seated upon our *ci-devant* back piazza; and I am fain to retreat to a neighbouring barn to avoid a reconnaissance by curious passengers. To complete my misery, a station has been fixed half-a-mile from us, which turns our rural solitude into a mimic forum.

The Company has paid me for my half acre of land, but what compensation on earth can indemnify me for the loss of my sovereignty! I was a man of peace, glorying in the *noli me tangere* insulation of a nook which nobody knew any thing of: now all the world is passing every few hours, peering into my windows and scanning my petty garden, counting the hen-coops, the pieces in my laundry, and the very dishes on my frugal board, and ogling my respectable but too inquisitive wife and daughters, who have never been able to satiate their curiosity in regard to this intrusive wonder, nor to abide at any in-door work from the time they hear the sound of the cars.

I am loath to fly to Snake Hill or Schraalenburg, where I am told ancient virtue is still unmolested, and too rigid to

change my habits. • Chagrin has eaten out my comforts. Home is no home, in sight of a railway. I have already sent my Zimmerman to auction. My evening walk used to be in the very line now overlaid with the iron plague. My orchard is divided into twain. In short I feel stript and exposed to the gaze of an impertinent generation; whose whole business it seems to be to career from place to place by means of this perverse miracle of degenerate art.

Think not, that I have ever compromised my dignity by entering one of these vehicles! The car of Phaeton would not be more dreadful, and I would sooner yoke me to the horses of the sun. Dear old Lord Monboddo ascribed the decline of Europe to the effeminate use of coaches: what would he have thought of a steam carriage! A pedestrian of sixty year's practice, you may be assured that when I exchanged my crabstick, it was for Doll, my easy ambling nag, on whose back I might jog and read without fear of losing my iron-rimmed glasses, and who has often grazed along the sides of green lanes, when her master was deep in the Alciphron of Bishop Berkeley. *Ubinam gentium sumus?* What evil spirit possesses our people? What gadfly has bitten them into this furor of locomotion? Whence come the thousands who look out of those impudent windows as they steam by like lightning? Whither are they going? Who pays for the transit and the time? Who cares for their forsaken households? How do they find food and lodging? How many hecatombs of neat cattle must add to the smoke of our capitals? Resolve these questions, O gifted ones, for an injured, invaded, and bewildered solitary. I have in vain turned over Adam Smith for a clearing of my doubts.

The ancient civil law provided for action in case of *stillicidium*, or injury by the dropping from a neighbour's eaves: but here is eaves-dropping on a gigantic scale, and family secrets revealed to a world in motion. Cicero tells of a suit brought by a Roman against one who by building on the opposite hill obstructed his prospect: but all my prospects are

blackened by what issues from this fiery Leviathan. I have read in Coke, that every man's house is his castle; but mine is a castle invested by foes, and attacked *ferro et igne*, by rails and steam. In railing, indeed, I could match them; but before I could begin my objurgation the audience would have vanished, and I should talk to the air.

Imagine the beautiful ruralities of America cut up by a reticulation of railways such as covers the recent maps of England! Since Alaric there has been nothing so barbaric. A green sequestered lap of land will soon be as rare as the Phoenix or the Dodo, and we shall understand half of our classic or descriptive poetry no more than we do the characters on the bricks of Babylon. City merchants, I hear, breakfast at home forty miles off, and then get to daily business in Front Street or the Bowery. This is the next thing to fighting against nature. Half the old manor-houses within twenty miles of the great towns, where lofty trees and lawns of velvet and wildernesses of shrubbery bespoke the quiet abode or noble hospitality of better days, are bought up by city, who spend in them their nights and Sundays. *O tempora, O mores.* I say nothing of markets. My foolish daughters grudge me the very egg I used to take with my breakfast; and my strawberries go in little baskets to Washington market. Sorry am I to add, they must needs go themselves! And I wish you could see the fashions with which they return. My good woman, though deaf as a post, (no disadvantage, they tell me, in the cars,) has been long providing herself a series of caps, wherewithal to make a grand appearance on a projected visit to a cousin in Bridge street; and I expect soon to be called on to sell another piece of land to pay the costs.

In the book *De Finibus*, the philosophic Roman says nothing of one great constituent of human happiness; it is expressed in the phrase *Let me alone*. There are scattered up and down, in every country, hundreds of old fellows, who live honestly, pay their taxes, and, till lately, have slept in their beds at night, and ploughed in the furrows of their sires;

troubling no one, plotting no invasions of Cuba, content that the Union be undissolved, prying into no one's larder or desk, picking holes in nobody's coat, reading old books, and wearing old doublets: all they ask in return for these virtues is that they be let alone. They go to bed early, dine at noon, and smoke their pipe in shady places while the cows are coming home; affect beechen shadows in the woods, springs where they drank in childhood, and angling in dark, out-of-the-way brooks. For their self-possession and ease of conscience they demand exemption from domiciliary inspection. But what shall I say! This flaming, vapouring Asmodeus has taken the roof off their houses, and laid their secrets open to the day. A sound of tremendous roaring is in their ears, and in this world they can no longer look for a tranquil day. Even the once silent Sabbath is metamorphosed into a time of special merrymaking and jaunting, and the Sunday passengers proverbially drink more, shout more, and stare more, than those of all the six working days put together. My choler is by no means disgorged; *tumet jecur*; but strength would fail me; and I do but augment the bitterness by thus stirring up the bile. Tell me, O tell me, of some corner, so hemmed in by nature, so begirt with Serbonian bogs, so rugged with crags, so arid with sandy wastes, that the army of surveyors, contractors and diggers shall never convene to mutilate or deform it. Reveal to me some basin among mountains, where I may sit at sunset *in cuerpo*, with none to molest me, or may lead my colts to water at the brook, without having them set to scamper away at the apparition of the uncouth, snorting anaconda, that now crashes through our vale, breathing out fire and fury. Comfort me by noting some limit to this advance of civilization, art and insolence, which has begun to sacrifice all homely delights on the altar of a corporate Plutus. Give me the hope of yet conning my Latin authors in quietude and independence, however humbly; 'Dic, quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.'

TULLY TESTY.

## NEW BOOKS.

TALBOT AND VERNON. A Novel. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1750. 12mo. pp. 513.

This is an interesting and entertaining story, and is told in a spirited and agreeable manner. The purpose of the work is to illustrate the strength of what is called circumstantial evidence, the author insisting that many a villain "goes unwhipt of justice" through the unreasonable squeamishness of the public on this subject, and the unhealthy appetite most jurors have for what they call "proof." The scene of this book is laid both in the United States and Mexico, during the period of our war with that republic, and the work contains some beautiful descriptions of the country and scenery in the vicinity of Saltillo and Monterey, with a glowing and animated account of the great battle of Buena Vista.

DIETETICAL AND MEDICAL HYDROLOGY. A Treatise on Baths; including cold, sea, warm, hot, vapour, gas, and mud baths: also, on the watery regimen, hydropathy, and pulmonary inhalation; with a description of bathing in ancient and modern times. By John Bell, M. D., Member of the American Medical Association, formerly Lecturer on the Institutes, etc. etc. etc. Philad. 1850. 12mo. 658.

We have looked at this valuable and well-written treatise from an unprofessional point of view, and have derived from it instruction and entertainment. Omitting the medical hypothesis, we find in it the richest store of facts and lessons on the uses of water, which we have ever seen. If any man can read it, and continue to live unwashed, we shall stand amazed at his obstinacy. Here is a full account of the costly and voluptuous baths of ancient times, and of the apparatus and usages of the Orientals and the Russians. What is, somewhat absurdly, called the Hydropathic System, or



water-cure, is put upon its true scientific basis, as to what is good in it. Sea-bathers have a full code of directions for gaining the maximum of pleasure and health from that fascinating exercise. The chapters on cold, cool, and temperate baths, are worthy of being inculcated by every householder. Nothing is more striking than the cautious way in which the principles are laid down, so as to escape the common error of pressing a good practice to extremes. The daily ablution, recommended by Dr. Bell, is, as we have reason to believe, gaining more prevalence in America than it formerly had, especially with the enlarged supply of water in our cities; but the time is not distant, when no school or college will be regarded as well furnished, which has not ample conveniences for bathing, such as are not denied even to the inmates of poor-houses and gaols. Dr. Bell speaks warmly in favour of swimming, which he thinks should form a part of education. Sandwich Island children look on the upsetting of a canoe as an occasion of amusement; and the mothers float about in the sea with their infants. The volume is one which may be read with gratification by all classes. The name and standing of the distinguished author give the stamp of authority to his scientific declarations.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA. New York, 1850. Folio and quarto. pp. 56, xlix.

This costly work, of which a limited number of copies is struck off, results from the acquisition by a literary gentleman of New York, of the precious autograph of Washington. This manuscript had been from the date of its publication in the hands of Mr. David C. Claypoale, of Philadelphia, editor of the old *Daily Advertiser*. The corrections were all in the hand of the author. In 1825, a report was made to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, which settles all doubts as to the justice of ascribing the entire address to Washington himself. The letter of Chief Justice Jay to

Richard Peters, Esq., had previously given valuable information respecting the unique and precious paper. The memoirs in the appendix furnish a complete answer to all questions respecting the planning and construction of the document. A peculiar value is conferred on this rare edition by two engravings, from paintings owned by the editor and possessor of the autograph. One of them is by James Peale, the elder, and represents Washington as he was in 1778. In some respects it is highly to be prized, as showing the great commander in the military dress of the revolution, and with a countenance as yet unimpaired by years. The other is from the celebrated full-length of Gilbert Stuart, painted for Mr. Peter Jay Munro. The whole work is elegant and patriotic.

**THE GOSPEL ITS OWN ADVOCATE.** By George Griffin, LL. D. D. New York. Appleton. 1850. 12mo. pp. 352.

Dr. Griffin is known throughout our country as a venerable representative of the great lawyers who distinguished the bar of New York. His forensic eloquence and extensive practice have placed him among acknowledged leaders. In the comparative seclusion of his later years, he has followed the example of Mornay, Grotius, Locke, West, Littleton and Greenleaf, by recording his testimony in favour of revelation. We regard it as a truly useful book, presenting many novelties of sound argument, analyzing parts of the evidence with a skilful and practised acumen, and amplifying some neglected proofs with liveliness and impression. The style is warm, figured, and perhaps now and then redundant. If justice is done to the treatise, it will be extensively read, especially by members of the legal faculty.

**THE DULCIMER; or the New York Collection of Sacred Music, &c., &c.** By I. B. Woodbury, Organist and Director of Music at the Rutgers Street Church, Editor of the *American Musical Review*, and author of various musical works. New York. Huntington & Savage. pp. 352.

No books of church-music entirely satisfy us, because they all too much confound the distinction between the choral composition and the more seductive air; and they all embarrass us by profusion and variety. Taking things however as they are, and judging on the principles almost universally and increasingly coming into practice in America, we must give high praise to this collection. Its author is both a professor and a composer, who, after the best opportunities in Boston, availed himself of such masters as Novello and such models as the cathedral schools of England. The characteristic of the work is its fulness; for two hundred different composers are here represented, in more than seven hundred tunes. Though so much compressed, these appear with more distinctness than could have been expected, by reason of a new and clear type. The preface informs us that between three and four hundred of the articles are old tunes, many of which had fallen into disuse. Whatever our own scruples may be, we respect the care and taste of the compiler, and have no doubt that his work will precisely meet the common demand. It would be difficult to buy elsewhere as much music for the same money.

**HINTS TOWARDS REFORM, IN LETTERS, ADDRESSES, AND OTHER WRITINGS.** By Horace Greeley. New York. Harpers. 1850. pp. 400.

Mr. Greeley requires no introduction to the American public, but his volume disappoints us. It is better and worse than we expected; better, as to doctrine, and worse as to style. Few men have all talents, and Mr. Greeley's is that of a keen paragraphist. He is less happy in a continued flight. Take for example, the lecture, on Human Life. The title is wide enough, but not so wide as the author's ramble, which is in the style of a clever sophomore speech. The essays bear the marks of having been penned in haste, under the temptation to eke out small material by florid and declamatory common-places. The latter part of the book is

made up apparently out of cuttings from the newspaper, and we assure Mr. Greeley that we could have made a selection much more to his credit from any year's file of his influential journal. The theology is amusing; so above all is the refutation of the familiar dictum, that man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever. On the whole, considering the radicalism of the opinions taught, we are somewhat relieved, to observe them maintained with so much rhetorical wordiness and so little dialectical address. The good humour and kindness of the author however always command our applause.

**RAIL WAY ECONOMY.** A Treatise on the new art of Transport, its management, prospects and relations, Commercial, Financial and Social; with an exposition of the practical results of the railways now in operation in the United Kingdom on the Continent and in America. By Dionysius Lardner, D. C. L., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. 12mo.

This is certainly the most learned and elaborate work on railways ever given to the public, and contains a thorough and comprehensive investigation of the elements of the railway system. To those interested in the "new art of transport," the work will be invaluable, and to all classes of readers the discussion of the tendency of railways, their origin, progress, advantages, defects and probable improvement, must prove highly entertaining as well as instructive.

**JOURNAL OF THREE YEAR'S RESIDENCE IN ABYSSINIA.** By Samuel Gobat, now Bishop of Jerusalem. Preeceded by an Introduction, Geographic:al and Historical, on Alys-sinia. Translated from the French by Rev. Sercno D. Clarke. Accompanied with a Biographical sketch of Bishop Gobat, by Robert Baird, D. D. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1850.

Bishop Gobat's narrative furnishes the public with more

precise and credible information concerning this comparatively unknown country than the travels of either Bruce or Salt; and will be eagerly sought for by those who desire to learn more of Abyssinia, and its climate, productions, customs and religion than has yet been presented to the public. The biography of Bishop Gobat by Dr. Baird, which accompanies the work, will also be found highly interesting.

**MOTHERS OF THE WISE AND GOOD.** By Jabez Burns, D.D. Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston. 1850. 12mo. pp. 288.

The author of this interesting volume, being satisfied that the first and deepest impressions are made on the minds of children by their mothers, has endeavoured to furnish in a portable volume, a series of delightful instances of the success of proper maternal influence, interspersed with various striking passages in prose and verse, calculated to improve the mind, accompanied by short essays on the duties and responsibilities of mothers. A distinguished writer says that this work "presents to the reader a bouquet of charmed names—a cabinet of charming reminiscences—a tissue of facts and morals, of incidents and principles, at once delightful and edifying. And as a gallery of 'elect ladies' and their sons, it would be a profitable study for all who fill the important relation of son and mother."

**LIFE OF JEAN PAUL FREDERIC RICHTER.** Compiled from various sources. Together with his Autobiography. Translated by Eliza Buckminster Lee, translator of Walt and Vult. New York, D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia, George G. Appleton. 1850. 12mo. pp. 397.

This entertaining biography is not a translation of any one of the biographies of the great German Poet, but is taken from a variety of sources. The first part is a literal translation of his autobiography which was continued only to his thirteenth year, and the residue is derived from "*Wahrheit aus Jean Paul's Leben*," "Spazier's Biographical Commem-

tary," and Paul's correspondence with his friends. The translator has selected from these materials, which are comprised in no less than twenty volumes, such parts of the letters, as are calculated to throw light upon Jean Paul's personal concerns, and explain the peculiarities of his character.

**LETTERS OF A TRAVELLER; or Notes of Things seen in Europe and America.** By William Cullen Bryant. G. P. Putnam: New York. 1850. 12mo. pp. 442.

Mr Bryant is by universal consent conceded to be *the* poet of the United States, and public expectation has been greatly excited since the announcement that the present volume was in press. The style of the author is easy and elegant, and he describes what he saw in an agreeable and captivating manner. This work is not a book of travels, but recollections of former journeys in different parts of Europe, the West Indies, and the United States.

**THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.** A Narrative of Travels in Spain and Morocco. By George Urquhart, Esq., M. P. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. 2 vols. 12mo.

The author of these volumes seems to have possessed every quality requisite in a traveller. He is certainly a man of learning and a close observer, and has given to the public a work of rare interest which is throughout both interesting and entertaining.

**NOTES FROM NINEVEH, AND TRAVELS IN MESOPOTAMIA, ASSYRIA, AND SYRIA.** By the Rev. J. P. Fletcher. Philadelphia; Lee & Blanchard. 1850. 12mo. pp. 366.

Mr. Fletcher was sent in 1842, on a mission of inquiry into the present state of religion and literature among the ancient Christian churches of the East, and the result of that inquiry is contained in the present volume. The author states that his remarks on antiquities have been considerably abridged, in consequence of the ground being in a great measure pre-occupied by M. Layard.

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

OF THE TERM AESTHETICS.

To keep out a new word is as hard as to keep out an imported weed from our cornfields; and we may as well sit down contented with some of the recent inventions, as we have done with the dandelion and the Canada thistle. It is not long since the word *Aesthetics* was as strange in Europe, as it still is to some in America. Like the modern *reliable*, stamped by Sir Robert Peel, it is made in an unscholarlike manner, against analogy; but we needed it, and it will pass into the currency. The Greek adjective *αισθητικος*, from the verb meaning *perceive, be sensible of*, is employed by ancient writers to denote whatever belongs to perception, sensible apprehension, especially by feeling; then, secondarily, for one quick of perception; and sometimes, by later authors, passively, for that which is perceptible. No classical instance can be produced, in which it is applied to the cognizance of the fine arts, as objects of taste. In the nomenclature of modern German philosophy, however, *ästhetisch* and *ästhetik* have become common and indispensable terms. Hence what was once called simply *taste*, with or without a qualifying epithet, is familiarly *ästhetisches Gefühl*, or aesthetic feeling.

The time can be nearly fixed, when it began to be used in

the Latin treatises of the German scholars of the last century. The followers of Wolf made frequent use of the word. We were surprised to find it in a title of Baumgarten's, as early as 1750, *Aesthetica*. Again in 1779, a work appeared at Buda, by Szerdahelly, intitled, *Aesthetica, seu Doctrina boni gustus ex philosophia deducta in scientias et artes amoeniores*. Here it will not escape the classical reader, that even *gustus* is used in a sense unknown to the ancients. Heyne was probably the earliest author of purity in style who ventured to adopt it into elegant Latin. It is unnecessary to say that Heyne is a great authority. To him and Winckelmann the modern philology owes its chief impulses. In point of time, Heyne stands between Ernesti on one side, and Wolf and Hermann, who carried on the work which he began. But scarcely less noted was the great Ruhnken, a Pomeranian, but usually referred to Holland, where he lived and laboured. Among modern Latinists he has a high reputation. He is universally preferred to his friend Valckenaer, and has been placed by some among the best of the Romans. Indeed he almost forgot his mother tongue. These statements give peculiar interest to any contest between two such classics as Heyne and Ruhnken, on a point of Latinity; and we have an instance germane to our subject. In the preface to his celebrated Virgil, Heyne had employed the word *aesthetica*, unknown to Caesar, Cicero, or the poets; and it grated on the Augustan ear of Ruhnken, who thus berated his German correspondent.

“In praefatione ad Virgilium, et alibi, tibi excidit vox *aesthetica*, quam belli homines, qui nunc in Germania bellas literas colunt, voluntque Graecis et Romanis, a quibus toto differunt coelo, similes videri, quam igitur illi minus belle fixerunt. Eam graecam non esse hoc sensu, inde colligas, quod vir in Graecis literis primarius, Valckenarius, ex me, qui ut Germanus scire deberem, quid hoc vocis esset, quaesivit, et ubi dixissem, Germanorum ineptias risit.”

In explanation, let it be observed, that Valckenaer, of



Franeker, in Holland, was the most accomplished Grecian of his day, and that he is commonly named after Hemsterhuys, whom Ernesti pronounced the prince of all philologists. Valckenaer was as great a reader of Latin as his friend, but it was for purposes of Greek illustration, and he could not command the purity of Roman style which Ruhnken possessed. Yet Ruhnken considers an appeal to him as final, when the signification of a Greek word is in question; and we find the learned Hollander altogether ignorant of what aesthetic means, and going to Ruhnken to interpret the German innovation. As a curiosity of literature we have recorded this incident in the history of a term, which many regard as a fair derivative from philosophical Greek. Krebs, the modern arbiter in regard to Latin usage, stigmatizes the word. It is however firmly established in German, and widely, though often improperly, used in English. It may be regarded as fairly embalmed in our technical glossary.

The later cycle of German philosophy begins with Kant and ends with Hegel. We equally exclude Wolf and Leibnitz at one end, and the contemporary strugglers and would-be improvers at the other. The circle seems to be complete; and if, as is likely, metaphysics has new courses to run, it will be in other periods, perhaps in other lands. But each of the German systems gave a large place to aesthetics. We shall advert to the first and the last of the series.

Kant treats concerning the subject in most of his works, but in one of them he professedly analyzes the idea of Beauty. His very first proposition is that "the judgments of taste are *aesthetic*." The term here acquires that meaning which has prevailed in Germany, and which received renewed currency from the essays and the poems of Schiller. The theory of Kant with regard to the Beautiful is worthy of more attention than it has received from English and American writers; and as the book is untranslatable, it ought to be condensed into an intelligible form; which

would be easy, if some one would do for Kant what Dumont has done for Bentham. "Taste," according to this earlier definition, "is the faculty which judges of an object, in or out of the mind, under conditions of pleasure or displeasure, and *without interest*," or disinterestedly; that is, not as means to an end. It is this which mainly enters into aesthetic views as such. Burke's whimsey may be compared with the German. Our readers must be quite Germanic to accept the following, which is one among several definitions of beauty given by Kant. "Beauty is the form of *aptitude* in an object, so far as it is viewed without the perception of an *end*." Whereupon the philosopher makes the following characteristic note.

"As an instance contravening the definition, it may be alleged, that there are things, in which we discern adaptation, *without knowing for what end*. For example, a stone implement is dug out of a mound, with a hole in it, as if for a cord. Here is manifest adaptation or design; yet for what particular end—we know not. But is there any one, say they, who will pronounce this stone implement beautiful? I reply; in the very act of recognising this as a work of art, we acknowledge its configuration to be adapted to a given end. There is therefore no immediate complacency in the contemplation. But a flower, as for example a tulip, is considered *beautiful*; because it shows *aptitude*, which however in our thoughts is referred to no end."

Though Schiller adopted this singular definition of beauty, it was too severely Kantean for most of the art-critics, and they more and more revolted against it. Schelling and the Schlegels, among others, indulged lofty ideal views of the beautiful, as something transcending all limits of fitness or form; views which have become somewhat prevalent even among ourselves in this era of art-idolatry. Jean Paul, the most unsystematic of men, published an introduction to *Aesthetics*. Almost every philosopher and poet broached his hypothesis; but the one which now most flatters the pride of

scholars, is that of Hegel, whose opinions influence to a certain extent whole schools in France, and occasionally re-appear, imperfectly, or disguised, in English treatises of the newest fashion.

Besides occasional notices in other works, Hegel has professedly treated of Aesthetics, to such an extent as to fill three volumes of his collected works. In the judgment of some, no part of his speculations is so valuable as this, which is accepted by many who care little for the other portions.

Hegel's system is antipodal to every thing taught in English or American books. Morell may give as much as most readers will care to know. It might have been expected that the theory of beauty would naturally rise high in a philosophy which maintains that thoughts are the only concrete realities. In the philosophy of Absolute Mind, there is this order; we have first Aesthetics, secondly Religion, and thirdly Philosophy. In the progress of civilization, first comes Art, next Religion, and then Science. In the "Lectures on Aesthetics," edited by Hotho, we find the subject thus divided, (1.) Beauty in the mind, or idea; (2.) Beauty in the object, or historically, in what we call the Fine Arts; and (3.) Beauty in its perfect realization.

Into the caverns of the absolute aesthetics we know not how to descend; and it is not necessary here, where we are treating thus cursorily of a favourite term, and not of a science. "The object of Aesthetics," says Hegel, "is the wide realm of the beautiful; and its field is, more particularly, Art, and especially the Fine Arts." He admits the impropriety of the term; *aesthetic* would strictly denote the *science of sense*. He also rejects the term *Kallistics*, as too wide; because the science regards artistic beauty alone. "The proper phrase would be the *Philosophy of Art*, or more definitely the *Philosophy of the Fine Arts*." This of course excludes the beauty of nature. "Beauty in Art is mind-born beauty, and re-born beauty; and as much as

mind and its products are higher than nature and its phenomena, so much is artistic beauty higher than natural beauty." This is all consistent with the philosophy which resolves every thing into Mind or Spirit. The statement opens a view into the course which the speculation takes.

Though not within the purposes of these pages, it deserves passing notice, that Hegel's volumes on Aesthetics contain many remarkable details of criticism on the stages of literary and artistic development. His scheme obviously exalts the Beautiful to a seeming parity with the True and the Good; an equality which had been dreamed of by Plato, but which has become the reigning principle of the modern beauty-worship. Associated in the Prussian metropolis with the representatives, of modern painting, sculpture, architecture, and dramatic art, Hegel gave himself unreservedly to the luxury of taste. It was, in some sort, his religion. He connects it with the philosophy of history. He treats of the heroic period of art; of Greek and Roman works; of sculpture, in its idea; of architecture and painting and music; largely and ably of the Greek drama and the chorus; of the wonderful and the romantic; not omitting War, as an aesthetic object; and he reduces these particulars to the few elements, into which all the complex of matter and mind resolves itself in the almost chemic analysis of the modern idealism.

Though repudiated by Ruhnken on the part of the philologists, and by Hegel on the part of the philosophers, the term *Aesthetics* is as well fixed in our language as the equally vague *Metaphysics*, which no two writers explain alike. It has its place in the omnibus of Dr. Noah Webster, as "the theory or philosophy of taste; the science of the beautiful, or that which treats of the principles of the belles lettres and fine arts." The definition is a good one.

J.

## LAND OF MY FATHERS.

BY EDWIN E. IVES.

Land of my fathers, I will found thy praise,  
Not in gray feudal ruins, nor in ways  
Of Roman stone, worn deep by wheels of woe,  
And hoofs triumphal centuries ago ;  
Nor cloistered abbeys, nor gold-covered fields,  
Nor crusted arms, nor blazonry of shields,  
Carved with quaint emblems of a murd'rous brood :

But thou art old in pathless solitude,  
In rivers thundering with mountain pride,  
In lakes that lay their sea-like mirrors wide  
To catch heaven's symbols in their silver floods  
Plains of interminable verdure, woods  
That frown in monumental pomp of age,  
And hill and dale—a boundless heritage !

Land of my fathers, love I less thy name,  
Because few centuries have rolled, since Fame  
Broke with strange message on the listening breeze,  
A new world naming in the Western seas ?  
The sacred feet that leaped upon thy shore,  
Though faint not fugitive, faith's heroes bore,  
With Christian freemen's charter, to their rock,  
And marked the ground for freedom's battle-shock.

Young among nations, thou hast yet been strong  
To bear great sons, to cast off mighty wrong ;  
To push thine arms to oceans on each hand,  
To shed thy harvests on pale Erin's land,  
And speak thy welcome to the tide of souls  
That full, yet welcome, from the old world rolls.

When days not distant shall new visions bring  
 Of power undreamed by Caesar or by King ;  
 When our soft flowing English sends its waves  
 To flood each coast the far Pacific laves ;  
 When Christian millions till the western plains  
 Where yet barbarian night unbroken reigns ;  
 Then freedom's sons, around the sacred fires  
 On lasting altars lighted by their sires,  
 Shall turn with awe the retrospective eye  
 On names whose constellations deck the sky ;  
 Thine, matchless WASHINGTON, pure TAYLOR thine !  
 Twin guardian lights, o'er all our heaven ye shine !  
 Greatest in peace, though unsurpassed in war,  
 Land of my love, thy sons thy glory are !

---

## BOOKS AND BUSINESS.

### No. II.

In my previous letter, my dear Blanchard, I acted the part of schoolmaster, so far as to chalk out for your studies some general line of direction. As your docility exceeds my hopes, I will proceed to add a few details, which have at least these merits, that they flow from good will and are sustained by experience. When I said that the way of knowledge is a way of pleasure, I by no means intended that it has not some of the toils and discomforts of other pilgrimages. The journey of life has already taught you, that the highest zest of enjoyment ensues upon some self-control, fatigue and delay. It is so in literal voyages and travels, in the chase, in athletic sports, and the foil only adds brilliancy to the gem. The pain of discipline moreover, as well in things intellectual and moral as in things physical, carries with it that peculiar satisfaction which arises from the sense

of exertion, the stimulus of hope, and the attainment of victory. Languid pleasures scarcely exist. Exertion is an element of rational complacency. This is especially true in activity about knowledge, as it has its highest realization in activity about moral and spiritual objects. Prepare for work. It is the secret of secrets. If our frames were not frail and our souls diseased, the best direction for the highest enjoyment would be keep in perpetual activity; and this is no doubt the condition of happy progress in a better state. Set it fully before you, that the maximum of enjoyment from books, as truly as of profit, is not to be gained without some positive labour and some dogged perseverance. I therefore suggest it to you as a leading maxim: **MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO UNDERTAKE A LITTLE HARD STUDY.**

It would be easy and seductive to spread before you a refection of gay, amusing, diversified and at the same time elegant trifles; and it might be called literature. For this there would be good precedent. The leisure hours of some men, and the whole time of others, is expended on just this sort of reading. Any column of publishers' advertisements, or any counter of a bookstore, will show you what I mean. The object is to entertain, to kill time. The production of such works is unlimited. Not fiction merely—for all fiction is not bad—but books in every nominal division of letters are constructed by hundreds for those who open a volume as they would go to a play. Such effusions stock the market; the demand for them proceeds from all ages and professions; they propagate the evil by increasing the number of unthinking readers; and they are the very books upon which men of much business and little education are prone to fall. In their place they are admirable, but their place is to be wisely chosen. Short of vicious studies, a more disastrous method of reading could not be pursued than the perpetual dealing with such productions as seek only to amuse; whether these be romances, fugitive poetry, or (*sit venia verbo*) Magazines.

You need, not a drowsy saunter among flowers, nor a nap in the fragrant arbour, but a true mental gymnastic. You need it the more, because your days are spent in a routine which is not favourable to the highest development of intellect and taste; because your busy days leave you only brief seasons for study; and because the course which you take must be comprehensive and compendious. Unless you are prepared for some efforts that shall occasionally knit your brow and try your temper, you had better seek other advisers. But if you desire the richest fruit and most concentrated delight, come along and buckle on the harness. I have touched the tender spot in most amateur scholars. They affect learning, and accumulate books, but they have never learnt the secret virtue there is in a little severe application. Perhaps the suggestion is new to you. Examine whether you have ever, in all your evenings of reading, attacked a work which gave you half the headwork which you have experienced in balancing your books. You have a new pleasure in reserve. To enjoy it you must imitate the pugilists, and put yourself into training. You must learn the luxury of conscious faculty and unceasing power; the elation of a self-controlling mind; the grateful freshness of the breeze that shall fan you after attaining by earnest steps the hill-top of truth. Amusement in books you may and shall have; but there is something awaiting you much more exquisite than amusement; and it is to be got by hard study.

After you have properly digested this rather forbidding dose, I lay down another unexpected and it may be unpalatable canon; which is **FALL TO WORK AT ELEMENTARY STUDIES.** fancy your disgust. I see you throw aside my letter, as you would Dr. Bluepill's autograph for the druggist. But better thoughts will supervene. When you read further you will comprehend that I am not for sending you back to your dame's school. I postulate your knowledge of the alphabet, the multiplication-table, and several succeeding stages of



juvenile training. And yet I am very firm in the opinion that the great majority of self-educators, (a name of honour and power) stumble at this stumbling-stone. If the foundation is laid amiss, you know the consequences; if it is not laid at all, no superstructure is possible. Take for granted elements which do not exist, and you conduct your whole subsequent trade on imaginary capital: you must be bankrupt. An indisposition to mend holes in the early work of learning, a contempt about primary branches, a false-shame in confessing ignorance or mistake even to oneself, are the prolific causes of ill success in voluntary study. Go wrong here and you are astray forever. Some heroism is required to brave the terrors of such a conflict as I propose; but I presume on your nerve. Dig deep, and begin at the beginning.

You ask me where I would have you to begin? A prescription is impossible unless I know precisely your case; but if you come to the surgeon you must expect the probe. Assume that there are certain acknowledged beginnings of education—first lines—fundamental topics: they form in all countries the bases on which future accumulations are to be reared. I need not name them: they are the broad part of the pyramid. The danger is that you will at all hazards take these for granted. But I cannot be your tutor after the fashion of M. Jourdain's Maitre de philosophie. I must insist on your jotting down on a slip of paper the names of these arts and sciences, beginning with the humblest. How few men act on the acknowledged principle that every thing depends on these? How few learn in time that blunders here cannot be repaired in after life? Examine yourself, as you would examine your boy; you may do so, if you choose, with the door locked. See how much you know about the elements. On some of these matters you will find a satisfactory proficiency. Even in these, deal honestly, strictly, austerely, inexorably. Note errors; supply defects. Be not ashamed—what I have often done—to recur to the school-book. Review of elements is always advantageous

even to the mature scholar. In some of these departments, you will make up for lost time, in an hour; in others in a day. There will be some, however, concerning which you will say—and wisely—Ah! here are stitches dropped! Here are gaps to be filled! Here is ill work to be ravelled out! Here are old tasks to be performed!

Forgive me for pressing on you an example or two. What lies nearer the ground-level than English Grammar. Every gentleman is supposed to speak and write the English language with propriety. Do all the gentlemen we meet at dinner tables or on 'change, or in literary circles, realize this supposition? Nay; not one in twenty. Half the time the hypergrammatical solecisms are worse than the slips of the illiterate. Did you ever hear a blue stocking say "He called on Charlotte and I?" or a genteel coloured gentleman talk of a message sent "*on* yesterday?" I wish in my heart I could be assured that I ever penned five consecutive pages without tripping in my English. My word for it, you will not peruse such a work as Dr. Bullions's Grammar, with a pencil in your hand, without taking note of sundry deformities in your idiom. Let one example serve for many. Go through with the schedule, and say nothing about it to your ignorant neighbours; such only will misunderstand your aims. A few weeks spent in turning over manuals—and those always the very best—on Geography, a great and noble science, illustrated by the Humboldts, Ritters, and Guyots; on General Mathematics, making no pretension to recondite details; on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry. You would not err much by taking in hand the programme of studies in any respectable college, omitting the profundities of science and those parts which are obviously aside from your line of progress. These lists are carefully arranged so as to embrace what the common consent of learned men prescribes as the material of education. But having thrown out the principle, I need not descend to its particular applications. Deal with elements. Make sure of your basis.

Draft your plan with exactness. Do not shrink from a little preliminary shaking up of the cerebrum. This is the surest of all literary investments; the returns, if not rapid at first, are safe, constant, and increasing in a high compound ratio. Elementary, rudimentary, discipline is the master-key, for lack of which thousands wander all their lives in the corridors of knowledge without ever entering its treasure-chambers.

Now, beware, I pray you, of the very natural error of supposing that there is no gratification in these more rugged paths. In some parts of them there may be the highest. Intellectual pleasure as already hinted is not supine or slothful. It is the pleasure of a mind in action, of faculties put upon their mettle, of exertions crowning themselves at every step with the meed of conquest. This assertion belongs to the admitted principles of mental progress. Hence you will find that the enthusiasm of devoted students is expended, not on the amenities or curiosities or entertainments of science and letters, but on what ignorant and inexperienced persons would consider formidable difficulties. Even habitual pleasure-seekers know that their prizes cost them something, and the traveller, the hunter and the fly-fisher throw in the length and hardship of the way as enhancing the value of the acquisition. You will tell me, before long, that out of this forbidding mine of elementary knowledge you have quarried the instrumentalities of a delight of which you had never dreamed.

---

## REFLECTIONS FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

The arrival of the Dog-Days and the accounts furnished in the newspapers, of the number of dogs daily sacrificed in the large cities at the shrine of public apprehension and terror,

have produced the annual panic on the subject of hydrophobia. That such a disease is numbered among the many ills which flesh is heir to, is unfortunately too true, but we believe it to be equally true that this cry of "mad dog" is rendered more appalling than there is any necessity for, by the ignorance, superstition and early prejudices of the great mass of society. "How does it happen," says a distinguished writer on the subject, "in these enlightened days, when the mists are dispelled which clouded the vision of our forefathers, and men have begun to look at, and to examine things for themselves, that there is still one subject which retains all its tremendous power over every class of society—women and children, heroes and statesmen, the most illiterate and the most learned, all are filled with terror when the name is introduced of that most terrific of diseases, hydrophobia. Upon it hangs universal panic; and it seems as if contagion were to be feared even from an examination into the real nature of so formidable an enemy."

It is only within a few years that this examination has been made, and the science, learning and intrepidity of those humane men who ventured to assail popular prejudice and ignorance, while they have, not entirely dispelled a delusion, which was at one time universal, have at all events effected a great change in public opinion; and the day is gone by when it was deemed necessary to the public safety that every person who received a bite from a dog reputed to be mad, should be forthwith smothered between feather beds.

Eminent medical men, both in Europe and America, have after patient and laborious research, declared their firm conviction, that the madness of the animal inflicting the wound, has no effect upon the madness of the person who receives it, and that the bite of an animal free from all symptoms of hydrophobia is as likely to produce those symptoms in the person *bitten*, as though it was in what is called a rabid state. We can only glance at a few of the reasons advanced in support of this opinion. There is no soundness in the supposi-

tion that the saliva of the animal possesses the virulent property which occasions the disease, and the argument adduced that a bite inflicted on the naked flesh is more frequently followed by the disease than when any part of the clothing has intervened, because the saliva is absorbed and does not pass into the wound. The fact is, that in the latter case, the bite is less severe, owing to the resistance of the clothing. In the next place, the effect of all known poisons is certain and determinate, and they cannot be received into the system without producing these effects; and the time is also specific at which their operation begins and ends; but if the saliva of a mad dog is poison, it actually has no effect at all on the great majority of those subjected to its influence, and even in those supposed to be affected by it, the time at which the symptoms appear is altogether undetermined. The interval which is said frequently to occur, between the infliction of the wound and the development of the disease, clearly proves the absurdity of the commonly received opinion; an interval in some cases so long that "literally speaking it may be said to be not the same individual who pays the penalty for the bite." During a period of thirty years, only six or eight cases of hydrophobia were known at St. Bartholomew's hospital in London; and of twenty persons bitten at one time, only one had the disease; so that the exceptions from the effects of this supposed virulent poison, here seem to form the rule, while the observance of the usual laws of cause and effect, if the received theory of hydrophobia be a true one, are very rare; not more than one in twenty.

The disease called hydrophobia in man, differs so entirely from the disease in brutes, that there can scarcely be said to be any resemblance. The disease which is usually called madness, may doubtless be communicated to other animals, but never by a bite. It may be communicated as the distemper and other infectious diseases are communicated; and it probably often prevails as an epidemic, as the cases are numerous where the disease spread among all the dogs in a

neighbourhood, when it was well ascertained that none of them had been bitten.

That fatal effects frequently result from the bites of dogs, we are not disposed to deny; but we must bear in mind the fact that more persons are bitten by this animal than any other, owing to the greater number of dogs, their peculiar habits, and their dwelling among men; but that these effects have resulted from a disease, inoculated by a specific virus generated in the mouth of the animal, under a particular morbid excitement, we utterly disbelieve.

But the question recurs, why is it that this fearful disease so often follows the bite of a dog or other animal? and this question we now proceed to answer. An able writer in the *Westminster Review* to whom we are indebted for most that we have said upon the subject, first propounded the theory which now has many advocates, that the cause of this malady originates in the *nature and shape of the wound*, and not from any *virulent matter injected into it*. This opinion derives force from the fact that a wound made with a nail or other pointed instrument is frequently followed by *tetanus* or locked jaw; and the same consequences have succeeded a wound when the nerve has been injured without being divided. Although ten animals are said to be susceptible of this disease, it is only the dog, wolf, fox and cat that are supposed to possess the power of communicating it, and it is worthy of particular note that these four animals have teeth of a similar form. They would make a deeply punctured wound; which is precisely the kind of wound which more than any other produces tetanus. The symptoms of hydrophobia differ in no material point from those of tetanus, and when there is a difference it is when they have been modified by the peculiar constitution of the patient. They agree in their principal characteristics; in being spasmodic, in peculiarly affecting the muscles of the throat, and in producing the same great excitement in the whole nervous system. There is nothing in the symptoms of the one disease, which

has not in its general character been found in the symptoms of the other. Powerful opiates produce no effect in either case. Excision is said to be the only remedy in both diseases; and on each it is equally powerless after the nervous excitement has once commenced.

This theory receives strong support from an essay read before the Philadelphia Medical Society, on the 4th of March, 1828, by J. C. Rousseau, M. D. The author asserts that he has witnessed all the symptoms which are said to be peculiar to hydrophobia in other diseases, and expresses his conviction that it is not a terror resulting from the sight of water or of other liquids, which harasses and distresses the sufferers; and that many patients after recovery have declared that their agony arose from the dread of having the liquids forced upon them, when they felt their inability to swallow them, and recollected what they had undergone in former efforts. The inability to swallow liquids proceeds according to Dr. Rousseau, from a constriction of the fauces; or from a too exalted state of the irritability in the organs of deglutition; or from a rigidity of the epiglottis preventing the shutting of the trachea, in consequence of which the passage of liquids into that tube, on their way to the oesophagus occurs.

The author of this essay relates numerous cases occurring in his own practice, one of which is so pertinent and conclusive that it cannot with propriety be omitted. The case was that of a sea-faring man, who had been bitten by a dog a considerable time before, and exhibited the mark of the wound on his leg. His sensations were such as he said he had never felt before. He could neither eat, drink, or sleep, and ejected all liquids with violence; and so great was the panic created by his case that no one could be persuaded to take care of him. No doubt was entertained by those who visited him that his case was hydrophobia from the old bite, but Dr. R. pronounced it a case of decided tetanus. Having demonstrated the impossibility of his biting in consequence

of his jaws being closely locked, he with difficulty prevailed on some of his friends to pay him the necessary attention during his sickness. On the third day of his illness Dr. R. was informed by the attendants, that a large swelling was observable on his right wrist, and that they had learned from one of his visiters that six months before he had a very sore hand. Dr. R. examined the part and found that some foreign body could be felt in the wrist between the tendons. The former wound being completely cicatrized, Dr. R. laid it open and found a splinter of wood more than two inches in length, and three-eighths of an inch thick. The tetanic symptoms continued however for some time; but the exhibition of large doses of opium, amounting sometimes to the quantity of thirty-six grains in twenty-four hours, produced at last a relaxation. Had death in this instance taken place, without the discovery of the cause of the disease, it would have been considered as an indubitable case of rabies.

Another case related was that of a little boy who was taken ill and soon become so agitated that he could with difficulty be kept in bed. He rejected all drinks, slabbered considerably, and talked incoherently and wildly about cats. The cat of the house was looked for but could not be found, and on learning that it had run away in a fit, the cry of madness was immediately raised. Two of the most accredited physicians were immediately sent for who pronounced the case to be beyond controversy one of decided *hydrophobia*. From this opinion Dr. Rousseau dissented, and after the death of the child proposed an examination of the body which was assented to, and a quantity of flowers of the belladonna was found in the stomach, which with the turgescence and inflammation of the parts showed clearly to what the death of the boy was to be attributed.

We agree with the author of the essay that ignorance, prejudice, superstition and imagination have much to do in producing what is called hydrophobia. Dogs being in general of an irascible temper and naturally prone to bite, it



is not at all surprising that a general dread of them should be imbibed in infancy, and retained in maturer years; and this circumstance must incalculably aggravate the consequences of a bite, and may be productive of those very results that have been attributed to a specific virus.

The terror propagated from generation to generation by the popular tales of hydrophobia, has been the cause of more mischief than the pretended rabid poison itself, and more than a few have become mad from the simple fear of turning mad.\*

We cannot approve of the indiscriminate massacre of dogs so common at this season—"the *bellum ad exterminationem*, proclaimed against a species." The indications of madness in dogs as given by writers on the subject are so various and contradictory that few of the poor animals would be likely to escape condemnation during the "dog days." They are said to look "dull and stupid," they "pant, keep their mouths open and hang out the tongue;" "they look dirty," "their ears and tails hang down," "they move slowly," "they run faster than ordinary, but in an irregular manner," "they go straight forward and if you move out of the way they will not hurt you," "they snap and bite at everything they meet with." There is no symptom, however, so prominent and undeniable as the "tail between the legs." It is this which spreads terror and dismay throughout all classes of people, when a moment's reflection would or ought to convince any one, that this appalling symptom is nothing more than an indication of fear and timidity, observable in all dogs passing through a strange neighbourhood.

We cannot conclude our remarks more appropriately than by an extract from one of the inimitable essays of Oliver Goldsmith. A dread of mad dogs is the epidemic terror which now prevails, and the whole nation is at present actually groaning under the malignity of its influence. The

\* Dr. Rousseau's Essay.

people sally from their houses with that circumspection which is prudent in such as expect a mad dog at every turning. The physician publishes his prescription, the beadle prepares his halter, and a few of unusual bravery arm themselves with boots and buff gloves, in order to face the enemy, if he should offer to attack them. In short the whole people stand bravely upon their defence, and seem by their present spirit to show a resolution of being tamely bit by mad dogs no longer. . . . A crowd gather round a dog suspected of madness and they begin by teasing the devoted animal on every side. If he attempts to stand upon the defensive, and bite, then he is unanimously found guilty, for "a mad dog always snaps at every thing." If on the contrary he strives to escape by running away, then he can expect no compassion, for "mad dogs always run straight forward before them."

Were most stories of this nature well examined, it would be found that numbers of such as have been said to suffer, were no way injured; and of those that have been actually bitten, not one in a hundred was bit by a mad dog. Such accounts in general, therefore, only serve to make the people miserable by false terrors, and sometimes fright the patient into actual phrenzy, by creating those very symptoms they pretend to deplore.

But even allowing three or four to die in a season of this terrible death (and four is probably too large a concession); yet still it is not considered, how many are preserved in their health and in their property by this devoted animal's services. The midnight robber is kept at a distance; the insidious thief is often detected; the healthful chase repairs many a worn constitution; and the poor man finds in his dog a willing assistant, eager to lessen his toil, and content with the smallest retribution.

"A dog," says one of the English poets, "is an honest creature, and I am a friend to dogs." Of all the beasts that graze the lawn or hunt the forest, a dog is the only animal

that leaving his fellows, attempts to cultivate the friendship of man; to man he looks, in all his necessities, with a speaking eye for assistance; exerts for him all the little service in his power with cheerfulness and pleasure; for him bears famine and fatigue with patience and resignation; no injuries can abate his fidelity; no distress induce him to forsake his benefactor; studious to please and fearing to offend, he is still a humble, stedfast dependant; and in him alone fawning is not flattery. How unkind then to torture this faithful creature, who has left the forest to claim the protection of man! How ungrateful a return for all its services.

---

#### ON THE EXCLUSION OF CLERGYMEN FROM THE LEGISLATURE.

A very natural dread of incurring in our own country the evils of priestly domination, such as existed under religious establishments, led our forefathers to exclude every thing from the constitution which savoured of clerical precedence, or even the favouring of one form of Christian worship above others. But this principle was distorted and abused, when certain states went the length of debarring ministers of the gospel from holding a seat in the legislature. We are unable to say in how many states this disfranchisement was established. In New York it prevailed for a time, and the pitiful indemnity of exemption from taxes to a certain amount was offered to the clergy. It is not long since the question was warmly discussed in Kentucky. In our own happy little state, ministers of the gospel have never been debarred from mingling in legislative councils; they have repeatedly sat as members; and no complaint has ever been made.

So far as we know, there is not any one class or profession of citizens, who as a body have shown less disposition to seek this honour. Where they have allowed themselves to be

members of Congress, they have often done good service: the country will not forget the wisdom and patriotism of Witherspoon, or his able contributions to the financial policy of the revolution. At the same time, we admit that it is not desirable as a general rule that clergymen should be legislators. This we maintain, however, not on political, but on religious grounds; and hence the matter is placed beyond the sphere of constitutional or legislative provision. When it has been sanctimoniously urged, in debates on this topic, that clergymen are injured by political agitation, and that the purity of their robes should not be exposed to the contamination of the arena; that they become less holy and less useful in their parishes: the reasons may be good or may be bad, but they are out of place. The clergyman may well plead *coram non iudice*. Suppose that sitting in the legislature made the divine a Bonner or even a Judas, the evil is an ecclesiastical and a religious one, and as such is beyond the reach of the state. The very argument presupposes that what the law terms religious men are not to be recognised as such, but only as citizens. The argument rests on the American doctrine that religion is separate from the state, and that the state as such knows no religion. The state does not and cannot assume the watch over the spiritual consistency of clergymen, any more than over the philosophical theories of physicians. Is it not manifest that the whole train of reasoning shifts itself over to the obsolete ground which is verbally forsaken? For what is that ground, but that church and state are separate? If so, church acts and church men are unknown to the government, except in their civic capacity. If the churchman infringes the law, he is not exempt from civil jurisdiction, as in some Roman Catholic states; he is animadverted on by the secular arm; but it is in his quality of citizen and not of clerk. To treat him as an ecclesiastic, or as if an ecclesiastic were less, or more, or other than a citizen, is to revert to the canonical doctrines, which must stand or

fall with an establishment. The exclusion therefore of clergymen, under a pretence of securing a holier clergy, is a reassertion of the proposition that it is a function of the state to exercise censorship over the conduct of the church, as such.

We are aware that this mode of reasoning is abandoned by the more sagacious opposers of the clerical right to aid in making laws. Their argument is certainly more consistent with the theory which separates church and state. They rest on the dangers of clerical domination. Clergymen are among the people, and able to influence them. They belong to a class which has proved injurious to liberty. Hence they should not be eligible to the legislature. It is unquestionable that every guard should be erected against every species of domination by a class. But to make the reasons good, it must be shown, first, that it is as legislator that the power of an ambitious clergyman is put forth, or that it is in the halls of assembly that he lords it over mankind; secondly, that clergymen are the most likely, or the only persons likely, to use an illegitimate sway over public opinion. Military commanders have sometimes endangered liberty as much as priests, but military commanders are still eligible to posts of vaster influence than the watched and checked and mutable seats of lawgiving. Again, the argument would exclude the clergy from other fields than the legislature, because there are other fields of influence where they may attain power and bias judgment.

The minister of the gospel stands among his brethren as a plain citizen. As such he votes, pays taxes, and shares the common burdens. If he is from person or profession unfit for public trusts, the question is one for the constituency, and not for the authorities. To go behind the bare citizenship, is to deviate from the spirit of our provisions, and prejudice a question which the people may claim as theirs. It is to open the door to further inquisition. If I may ask a man's trade or profession, in order to judge him

eligible, I may by parity of reason ask his habits or his means. Voters may rightfully so ask, but to proscribe certain portions is to curtail their freedom of choice. The line if followed out may conduct to such results as these; that because exorbitant wealth gives undue patronage, no man shall go to the legislature, who possesses half a million; or that because very bad laws have been made by intemperate statesmen, no man shall ever be on a ticket who drinks his bottle of wine; or that because foreigners seldom comprehend our constitution, no emigrant, however naturalized, shall ever be a candidate. There is a beauty or rather a grandeur in the Federal Constitution, which contemplates all citizens as standing on an equality; and it is most untenable to establish the only exception in a matter which above all others our system ignores.

Having already made allusion to President Witherspoon, whose celebrity reflects some rays on the place where we write, and whose sepulchre is with us, not far from that Tusculum where he laboured and philosophized among the shades of rural nature, we will annex a publication of his, which has remarkably escaped notice in all the debates on this interesting question. While the reader will enjoy the quiet sarcasm of the whole, running in that characteristic vein which caused Witherspoon to be often compared to Swift, he will more particularly yield to the argument wrapped up in the irresistible wit of the closing paragraph.

#### “ON THE GEORGIA CONSTITUTION.

“SIR—In your paper of Saturday last, you have given us the new Constitution of Georgia, in which I find the following resolution, ‘No clergyman of any denomination shall be a member of the General Assembly.’ I would be very well satisfied that some of the gentlemen who have made that an essential article of this constitution, or who have inserted and approve it in other constitutions, would be

pleased to explain a little, the principles, as well as to ascertain the meaning of it.

“Perhaps we understand pretty generally, what is meant by a clergyman, viz: a person regularly called and set apart to the ministry of the gospel, and authorized to preach and administer the sacraments of the Christian religion. Now suffer me to ask this question; Before any man among us was ordained a minister, was he not a citizen of the United States, and if being in Georgia, a citizen of the state of Georgia? How then has he lost, or why is he deprived of this right? Is it by offence or disqualification? Is it a sin against the public to become a minister? Does it merit that the person who is guilty of it should be immediately deprived of one of his most important rights as a citizen? Is not this inflicting a penalty, which always supposes an offence? Is a minister then disqualified for the office of a senator or representative? Does this calling and profession render him stupid or ignorant? I am inclined to form a very high opinion of the natural understanding of the freemen and freeholders of the state of Georgia, as well as of their improvement and culture by education, and yet I am not able to conceive, but that some of these equally qualified, may enter into the clerical order: and then it must not be unfitness, but some other reason that produces the exclusion. Perhaps it may be thought that they are excluded from civil authority, that they may be more fully and constantly employed in their spiritual functions. If this had been the ground of it, how much more properly would it have appeared, as an order of an ecclesiastical body, with respect to their own members. In that case I should not only have forgiven, but approved and justified it; but in the way in which it now stands, it is evidently a punishment by loss of privilege, inflicted on those who go into the office of the ministry; for which, perhaps, the gentlemen of Georgia may have good reasons, though I have not been able to discover them.

“But besides the uncertainty of the principle on which this

resolution is founded, there seems to me much uncertainty as to the meaning of it. How are we to determine who is or is not a clergyman? Is he only a clergyman who has received ordination from those who have derived the right by an uninterrupted succession from the apostles? Or is he also a clergyman, who is set apart by the imposition of hands of a body of other clergymen, by joint authority? Or is he also a clergyman who is set apart by the church members of his own society, without any imposition of hands at all? Or is he also a clergyman who has exhorted in a methodist society, or spoken in a quaker meeting, or any other religious assembly met for public worship? There are still greater difficulties behind:—Is the clerical character indelible? There are some who have been ordained, who occasionally perform some clerical functions, but have no pastoral charge at all. There are some who finding public speaking injurious to health, or from other reasons easily conceived, have resigned their pastoral charge, and wholly discontinued all acts and exercises of that kind; and there are some, particularly in New England, who having exercised the clerical office some time, and finding it less suitable to their talents than they apprehended, have voluntarily relinquished it, and taken to some other profession, as law, physic, or merchandize—Do these all continue clergymen, or do they cease to be clergymen, and by that cessation return to, or recover the honourable privileges of laymen?

“I cannot help thinking that these difficulties are very considerable, and may occasion much litigation if the article of the constitution stands in the loose, ambiguous form in which it now appears; and therefore I would recommend the following alterations, which I think will make every thing definite and unexceptionable.

“No clergyman, of any denomination, shall be capable of being elected a member of the Senate or House of Representatives, because [here insert the grounds of offensive disqualification, which I have not been able to discover]



Provided always, and it is the true intent and meaning of this part of the constitution, that if at any time he shall be completely deprived of the clerical character by those by whom he was invested with it, as by deposition for cursing and swearing, drunkenness or uncleanness, he shall then be fully restored to all the privileges of a free citizen; his offence shall no more be remembered against him; but he may be chosen either to the Senate or House of Representatives, and shall be treated with all the respect due to his brethren, the other members of Assembly.' "

---

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE NATIONAL AMERICAN PREPARATORY SCHOOL OF STATES  
MANSHIP AND LEGISLATION.

Professor Z. Montesquieu Peck Sharp has at length the satisfaction of announcing, that his long cherished dreams are realized; in other words, that he has, after many years of toilsome effort succeeded in establishing an institution, the influence of which will be felt hereafter in our halls of legislation, no less sensibly and healthfully than that of West Point on the battle fields of Mexico. With a pardonable pride, he has abstained from promising the public any thing, until he could ascertain his power of performance, and for this self-denial he now reaps the rich reward of being able to describe his Seminary, not as a mere project or idea, but actual reality. Before proceeding so to do, he has only to write, what many know already, that he has long been training for this great national service, by protracted labours as a writer and lecturer on elocution, mesmerism, phrenology, mnemonics, English Grammar, natural magic, transcendentalism, aesthetics, and political economy, the fruit of which he

now deposes, with a proud humility, on the altar of his country. With this preliminary hint of his own claims to the attention of the public, he now proceeds to describe the organization of his demagogical and legislative institute.

The school consists of a limited number of young gentlemen, divided into two great classes, corresponding to the houses of the national legislature. Each of these is subdivided into states, and every pupil is designated by his fellow-students and instructors as the senator or member from such and such a state, as the case may be. The two school-rooms are miniature copies of the Senate Chamber and House of Representatives. No expense or trouble has been spared to make the former as comfortable, and the latter as hard of hearing, as their several originals. The boys act in turn as sergeants-at-arms, door-keepers, messengers &c. The furniture, although less expensive, is the same, in general appearance and design, with that at Washington. So much for the mere external arrangements of the school. Now for its educational principles and methods.

In his first experiment Professor Z. M. P. Sharp used text-books and delivered lectures on Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, Constitutional Law, the Law of Nations, and the theory and practice of Nomothesy or Legislation. But he soon abandoned this laborious method, for two reasons; first, because it was intolerably dry and irksome both to self and pupils; then because it did not really prepare them for the most important part of their legislative functions. Resolving, therefore, to confine his plans and efforts to those subjects and accomplishments which seem to be most highly valued and most frequently called into requisition in after life, he proceeded to organize a system of practical instruction, which is now in active operation and of which he begs leave to submit the following details.

From the first reception of a pupil he is constantly accustomed to speak without being listened to, and even to increase the loudness of his voice and the violence of his action, in

proportion to the negligence and inattention of his hearers. As a part of the same process, he is taught to read the newspaper, write letters, and converse aloud, while others have the floor. The proficiency of some of the young gentlemen, in this important part of their preparatory studies, is most striking.

In order to discipline the pupils' minds for the extraordinary efforts to be made hereafter in the framing of laws to govern a great nation, a large part of every day is spent in calling the yeas and nays, moving the previous question, stating points of order, making personal explanation, and correcting newspaper reports, occasionally varied by a motion to adjourn, a call of the house, or the pretty play of passing between tellers.

Another subject, to which special assiduous attention has been paid, is that of Franking. Old letters, newspapers, and even rags, are made to undergo this process, in which so large a part of the legislator's time will hereafter be consumed; and lest the attention of the boys should flag, a prize is given, at the close of every session, to the pupil who has franked the greatest number of letters and Pub. Docs. during the hours of public business.

That the spirit of their future calling may be perfectly anticipated, they receive a nominal per-diem at regular intervals, and attend a short course of familiar lectures on constructive mileage. They are also exercised, at proper times, in the important art of selling books, public documents, and even stationery. This part of the system has produced the most cheering and remarkable results, in fostering a national and legislative spirit with respect to money.

To prevent embarrassment and awkwardness in future life and active service, the young gentlemen are accustomed to use half a dozen pen-knives, paper-knives, and such like articles at once, being carefully reminded at the same time that they need not pay for them. In this way, it is hoped, they will be taught a generous economy in husbanding the

public money. It is true, the articles so used at school are old and worthless ; but diligent practice upon these as dummies will make them all the better able to appreciate the genuine article in after life. For similar purposes a quantity of old ink-bottles has been provided, which are filled with water and distributed daily, with a lavish profusion. Several wheelbarrow loads of sand from a neighbouring pit are applied to the same beneficial use.

Twice a week, the pupils have an exercise in fisticuffs, under the direction of an old boxing-master, now an ostler at the village tavern. This is not intended to strengthen their bodies or improve their health, but simply to prepare them for the manual exercise, in which they will hereafter be expected to engage on suitable occasions. To give more reality to this part of the system, every exercise is made to take the form of a fight on the floor of the house, the belligerent parties standing at their desks, and the others looking on as usual. This is rendered still more natural and life-like by the practice of giving one another the lie, or venting some equivalent abuse, before the fight begins. Sometimes, to vary the exhibition, an old broken pistol or a rusty knife is introduced with excellent effect ; and in every case, the intimate connection of the whole affair with legislation is recalled to mind by the appointment of a few boys as a committee of investigation, who report what all the school has seen with its own eyes, pronounce both parties in the wrong, and recommend them to mercy.

All this has an obvious tendency to form the manners of our future Solons. This effect is furthermore promoted by some minor regulations and instructions. All the pupils are required to spend a certain portion of the time with their feet upon the desks, and a small reward is periodically given to the one whose feet attain the greatest altitude above his head, and retain that elevation longest. Those pupils who are more effeminate, and shrink from this exposure, are permitted to commute by lying nearly on their backs in an atti-

tude of legislative nonchalance, casting looks at once languishing and supercilious, at a small gallery erected for the purpose, and usually filled with servant-maids and school-girls from the neighbourhood, to represent ladies of the real capitol. The only other exercise, connected with the forming of the pupils' manners, is that of spitting, which is diligently practised, both with real and mock tobacco juice, according to the stomach or the taste of the performer.

It will be seen at once that several of the methods here described have a bearing, not on manners only, but on morals, and that these rehearsals, as they may be called, bid fair to make the youthful actors in them fully equal to some older actors on the greater stage of real legislation. It is not to be supposed, however, that the subject of religion is forgotten. Two of the boys are required to officiate in turn as chaplain, during which performance the others are drilled by the instructors in small squads, some reading, some writing, some sitting with their hats on and looking about them, with an air of vast superiority to such superstitious mummery; while those who cannot be induced to join in these contemptuous proceedings are allowed to take part in the devotions. So great has been the success of this ingenious method, that some of the boys are thought by good judges to behave almost as ill, in time of prayer, as any full-grown member of Congress past or present.

The only wish of the Professor now is to give his Institute a national character and standing. For this purpose he proposes to visit Washington with his pupils, and obtain the use of the legislative halls there for a public exhibition. If the success of this new system has already been so great under every local and external disadvantage, he is thoroughly persuaded that its exhibition on the real spot, and before the faces of the real actors in the farce of legislation, would force them either to reward his methods or to change their own.

Z. M. P. S.

## BENYOWSKI.

Many persons who have read with delight the tragedy of Benyowski as published in the German Theatre, are not aware of the fidelity with which the author throughout the play has adhered to the facts detailed in history. And fewer still are probably aware that the life of the hero possessed an interest so romantic, that even the skill and genius of the dramatist could add nothing to it. In the whole range of biography we have not met with an individual who passed through greater vicissitudes and perils, and whose life presented so rapid a succession of startling and extraordinary events.

Count Mauritius Augustus De Benyowski was a magnate of the kingdoms of Hungary and Poland, and was born at Verbowa in Hungary in the year 1741. He received the education common to the young nobility of that age and country, and having adopted the profession of arms, was at the age of fourteen years appointed a lieutenant in the imperial army; and was present at the battles of Lowositz, Prague, Schweidnitz, and Darmstadt. He remained but a short time in the imperial service, and in 1758 retired into Lithuania to take charge of an estate inherited from an uncle. While here he received intelligence of the death of his father, and also learned that his brothers in law had taken possession of the whole family estate. Hastening to Hungary he found every thing in the hands of these kinsmen, who by force prevented his entrance into his own castle. Assuring himself of the fidelity of his vassals, he placed himself at their head, and was after a brief struggle reinstated in the possession of his ancestral halls. Incensed at their ejection, his brothers in law by false representations at court procured from the empress-queen a decree, which not only deprived him of his property but expelled him from his native country.

After making several voyages, for the purpose of acquir-

ing a knowledge of navigation, he was induced to visit Warsaw, where he united with a confederation then forming, the members of which bound themselves by an oath, to oppose the Russians by force of arms, and not to forsake the colours of the confederation so long as a Russian soldier remained in Poland.

He soon after visited Vienna, and after an unsuccessful effort to obtain a restoration of his privileges and estates was on his return to Poland, when he was taken ill at the house of a Mr. Hensky a distinguished gentleman of Hungary, whose daughter after a few months became his wife; and he settled down as he supposed to spend the remainder of his life in the enjoyment of domestic happiness. No such good was in store for him. The confederate states of Poland about that time, had raised a standard of defence, and observing the name of the Count Benyowski among the first signers of their union at Warsaw they summoned him to join them. Constrained to obedience by the oath he had taken, and not venturing to inform his wife, he departed secretly for Cracow, and on reaching that city, was at once appointed General of cavalry. In July 1768 he conducted a Polish regiment of six hundred men through the very camp of the enemy; defeated a body of Russians at Kremenka; reduced Lendecroen, which Prince Lubominsky with two thousand regular troops had long attempted in vain; and with great gallantry and skill succeeded in throwing supplies into Cracow then besieged by the Russians.

Having lost sixteen hundred men in this expedition, he was compelled to retreat the moment he had effected his purpose; and being closely pursued by the Russian cavalry composed of cossacks and hussars, he had the misfortune to have his horse killed under him, and fell sorely wounded into the hands of the enemy. The high reputation acquired by Benyowski for courage and address, induced the Russian commander to make great efforts to seduce him from the cause of the confederates. Rejecting with scorn the most tempting

offers, he was at length liberated, on the payment of a heavy ransom by his friends; and returning to Cracow was received with open arms by the whole confederacy. In an engagement which soon after took place with a party of cossacks, Benyowski was again wounded and made prisoner, loaded with chains, and placed in a dungeon with no other subsistence than bread and water. After a painful and prolonged confinement in the prison of Cazan he was once more set at liberty; but on the night of the 19th of November 1769 he was betrayed by a pretended friend into the hands of twenty Russian soldiers who knocked him down and conveyed him to the fort of St. Peter and St. Paul, where confined in a subterraneous dungeon, he was after a three days fast, presented with a morsel of bread and a pitcher of water.

On the fourth of December 1769 Benyowski was removed at midnight from his dungeon to the court of the prison, clothed with a sheep skin garment, thrown upon a sledge to which horses were attached, and which was at once driven away with the greatest rapidity. The darkness of the night prevented the count from discerning the objects around him, but on the approach of day he discovered that a number of his friends and brother officers were now his fellow prisoners. The prisoners after suffering from the brutality of their conductors a series of the most unexampled hardships, passed through Tobolzk the capital of Siberia, and reached the harbour of Ochoczka on the twenty-sixth of October 1770, at which place they were embarked for Kamtschatka. On the third day of December they reached their destination, and in this dreary, distant, and inhospitable region of the globe, they were employed in the meanest labour and most cruel drudgery to obtain their daily subsistence. But the count Benyowski was not born to be a serf, and possessing a singular power of agitating and impelling the minds of men, he soon acquired the confidence of all the prisoners, and forming them into a congress he imparted to them his determination to resist their oppressors, and bound his companions to fidelity by a solemn oath.



While these transactions were secretly passing, the fame of Benyowski's rank and abilities reached the ear of Mr. Nilow the governor, who after cultivating his acquaintance for some time, and finding that he was a learned and highly accomplished gentleman, speaking several languages with great fluency, received him into his house as the instructor of his three children, a son and two daughters. Possessing a handsome person, commanding presence, most insinuating address, consummate skill in chess, and a rare talent for influencing the minds of all whom he approached, the young count in a short time obtained a complete ascendancy over the mind of Aphanasia, the youngest daughter of the governor, a beautiful girl of sixteen years. So entire was the control which he had acquired over the female members of the family, that Mrs. Nilow, losing sight of all the disadvantages of his situation and the fact that he was an exile and a servant, on the eleventh of January 1771 proposed to Benyowski that he should be solemnly betrothed to her daughter. This however by no means accorded with the plans of the count. He had cultivated and obtained the affections of his fair pupil, but he had acted from policy rather than love, intending to use her interest as a means of carrying into effect the meditated escape of himself and his companions. He contrived to suspend the nuptials for a time during which the exiles were busily and secretly at work.

The plans of the prisoners became accidentally known to Miss Nilow through her maid, who following the example of her mistress had a lover among the exiles; and on receiving the information, Aphanasia sought an interview with the count, threw herself into his arms in a state of distraction, informed him of the manner in which she had become convinced of her own unhappiness and his treachery, and declared that she would have spared him the confusion of hearing this, but for the conviction she felt that she could not survive the affront, and her strong desire to bid him a last farewell. Benyowski though taken by surprise retained his

self-possession ; and said that nothing but the acquaintance and affection of the lady had prevented his long since freeing himself from tyranny by self-destruction ; that the possession of her was as necessary to his existence as liberty itself ; that in order to regain his rank, fortune and dignity, it was necessary for him to leave Kamtshatka ; and that it had always been his intention to make her the companion of his escape. On this assurance she embraced him, entreated his forgiveness for her want of confidence ; and declared her readiness to follow him to the furthest limits of the universe.

On the twenty-third of April 1771 Miss Nilow conveyed secret information to Benyowsky that she had reason to fear that the plot was suspected by her parents, and it was arranged that she should narrowly watch the motions of her father, and send the count a red ribband in case the government should determine to arrest or attack him. The apprehensions of this faithful and heroic girl for the safety of the man she loved, were far from being without foundation ; and on the twenty-sixth of April she sent him two red ribbands, to signify the double danger to which she perceived he was exposed. The count coolly prepared to brave the impending storm ; and issued orders to the leaders of his associates to place themselves at the head of their divisions and be in readiness for action. That night a corporal and four grenadiers were sent to arrest Benyowski, but getting possession of their persons by stratagem, he bound them together and deposited them safely in his cellar. This measure was, of course the signal for the outbreak, and issuing at the head of his companions, Benyowski made an immediate attack upon the fort. The guard being cut down, the draw bridge passed, and the gate blown open by a petard, the count at the head of his insurgents entered the fort. Mrs. Nilow and her children implored the count to save their husband and father, and he repaired to the room of Mr. Nilow and offered him his protection. Mr. Nilow rejected the offer and fired a pistol at the count wounding him severe-

ly. Benyowski still expostulated, representing that all resistance was useless, and his wife and children threw themselves on their knees before him but without avail; he flew at the count and seized him by the throat when Mr. Panow one of the insurgents entered at the head of a party. He entreated the governor to set Benyowski at liberty, but not being able to prevail on him to do so, he at once despatched him by splitting his skull.

Benyowski was now complete governor of Kamtschatka; the fort with its cannon and ammunition had fallen into his hands and the number of his associates rapidly increased. But the object of this bold commander was flight, and he despatched a message to the cossacks who had invested the town and were about to starve it into submission, informing them of his resolution to drive all the women and children into the church, and there burn them to death, unless they laid down their arms. This menace had its effect and the count not only received into the fort fifty two of the principal inhabitants of the town as hostages for the fidelity of the rest, but prevailed upon the archbishop to preach a sermon in the church in favour of the revolution.

We now behold Benyowski, not in the character of a designing captive meditating schemes for the attainment of his liberty, but in that of an intrepid commander, at the head of obedient followers, boldly seeking their vagrant fortunes as fate or fortune pointed the way. The conspirators before the breaking out of hostilities had prudently secured a corvette riding at anchor in the port of Bolska, and they were now enabled to provide her with all necessary stores. On the eleventh day of May 1771 Count Benyowski with sixteen of his fellow captives as quarter guards, and fifty seven foremast men, together with twelve passengers and nine women, went on board this vessel; and on the next day weighed anchor and stood out of the harbour on a southern course. We must not omit to mention that Miss Aphanasia Nilow, disguised in sailor's apparel, accompanied Benyowski on the voyage.

Benyowski pursued his course enduring many hardships, and after touching at Japan arrived on the second day of August at the island of Formosa. A party sent on shore for water was attacked by the Indians, many of them were dangerously wounded and Mr. Panow the count's most faithful and trusted friend was killed; Benyowski landed his men and went in pursuit of the enemy. On arriving at their town a terrible conflict took place, in which he killed eleven hundred and fifty six of the enemy, and took six hundred and forty three prisoners, after which he set fire to their town. On Monday the twelfth of September the count and his associates sailed from Formosa; on the Thursday following the coast of China appeared in sight; and two days afterwards the vessel was piloted into the port of Macao. At this place he was treated with great respect by the governor and principal men of the town; and an offer was made to him on behalf of the directors of the English East India Company, of a free passage to Europe, provided he would bind himself to entrust his manuscripts to the company, engage to enter into their service, and make no communication of the discoveries he had made. But he had already accepted proposals from the French directors, and soon after returned from Macao to Europe in a French ship.

He was received in France with great cordiality and distinction, and accepted the command of a regiment of infantry, on condition that he should be employed in forming establishments beyond the Cape. In consequence of this condition a proposal was made to him to form an establishment on the island of Madagascar; and to a romantic mind, and adventurous spirit a proposal like this was irresistible. Having received assurances that he should certainly receive all supplies necessary to promote the success of his undertaking, he set sail on the twenty second of March 1773 from Port L'Orient for Madagascar. But he was doomed to suffer a cruel disappointment; for all supplies were withheld, and every thing possible done to thwart the success of the enterprise.

But the spirit and ambition of Benyowski could not thus be subdued; and he managed matters with such courage, dexterity and address, that he was invested with the sovereignty of the nation, received ambassadors and formed alliances in the capacity of a king, made war and peace, led his armies in person into the field, and received submission from his vanquished enemies. On the eleventh of October 1776 he sailed for Europe in order to form a new and national compact with France, but his proposals were rejected. He then made offers of his services to the Emperor of Germany but without success; and on the twenty fifth of December 1783 he offered, in the character of sovereign of the island of Madagascar, terms for an offensive and defensive alliance with the King of Great Britain: but this proposal was also declined.

None of these disappointments however could quench his ardour or abate his courage, and expressing his contempt for Kings who could be so blind to the interests of their people; he sent for his family from Hungary, and with some of his associates sailed from London for Maryland on the fourteenth of April 1784. He took with him a most valuable cargo, consisting of articles suited to the Madagascar trade, and having been furnished with a ship by a respectable commercial house in Baltimore, who had been induced to join in his scheme, he sailed from that place on the twenty-fifth of October 1784, and landed at Antangara on the island of Madagascar, on the seventh of July 1785. He immediately commenced hostilities against the French; and in consequence of his movements the Governor of the Isle of France sent a ship with sixty regulars on board, who landed and attacked the count, on the morning of the twenty third of May 1786. He had constructed a small redoubt defended by two cannon, in which with two Europeans and thirty natives, he awaited the approach of the enemy. The blacks fled at the first fire, and Benyowski having received a ball in his right breast, fell behind the parapet; whence he was dragged by the hair, and in a few minutes expired.

It may be noted that the Hungarian and Polish name is *Benjowsky* (pronounced *Benyowsky*.) The count's autobiography was in French; of this an English version was published in London by Nicholson, in 1790, in two octavos, with plates. In 1791 German versions appeared in Leipsic, by Forster, and in Hamburg, by Ebeling. The drama of Kotzebue, to which we have alluded, is his *Verschwörung in Kamtschatka*. The events were well suited to the peculiar genius of this popular, meretricious, and ill-fated author.

The eighteenth century, quiet even to deadness as it was in some respects, was nevertheless an age marked not only by revolutions in states, but by the romantic heroism of single adventurers. Of these not a few were connected with the fortunes of our own country, such as Kosciusco, Pulaski, and Jones. Others, like Trenck and Latude, expended in resistance against personal assault an energetic bravery, which might have led them to conquest and dominion. The study of such characters is fascinating to youth, but should be guarded by wise discrimination. Viewed with such cautions the life of Benyowski appears to us to merit a greater attention than it has generally received. The turbulent stream of time will continue to cast up on its surface men of this sort, whose inward fires cannot burn in a narrow enclosure, and who rush into the fiercest perils of any field that lies open to the soldier of fortune. It is moral tendencies alone which determine whether the genius thus impelled shall become a Wolff or a Bernadotte on one hand, or a Francia, a Santa Anna, a Lopez or a Benyowski on the other.

---

### SOME PEOPLE.

1. SOME PEOPLE seem to think that egotism means self-praise, and that they may talk forever of themselves without incurring this reproach, provided they avoid all boasting, and

confine themselves to simple narrative of their adventures, or to medical details of their constitutions and complaints, or perhaps to self-depreciation and confession of their faults. The same error is committed by those preachers, who imagine that they cannot preach themselves except by open self-glorification, and have no suspicion that they constantly commit this sin by speaking of their own "poor hearts" and of themselves as "worms of the dust." Egotistical speech consists in saying too much of one's self, whether good or evil.

2. **SOME PEOPLE** imagine that the only way in which they can be disagreeable is by ill nature or severity. They never dream that they may be too gracious, or that most men can bear any thing in manner with more patience than that bland assumption of superiority, which shows itself in patronizing condescension.

3. **SOME PEOPLE** cherish the delusion, that in order to enjoy the pleasures of taste, they must be inventors, or at least performers. They forget that the great majority must always be the passive recipients of such impressions. Under this delusion many waste their lives in making themselves mediocre draughtsmen or musicians, and still more deny themselves such pastimes altogether, when both classes might have derived untold pleasure from thankfully enjoying what is done by others, without ambitiously attempting it themselves. If the same mistake, which thus exists about the fine arts, were equally operative in literature, what would the result be? If no man dared to read a poem without writing one, the world would either have too many writers to be read, or too few readers to let writers live.

4. **SOME PEOPLE** think it is a conclusive argument against a given course of conduct, that if all men followed it society could not exist. In the shallow ethics of the world, no formula is more approved than "What if every body did so?" The same logic would demonstrate that because if all were doctors there would be no patients, men must all be patients and none doctors; or because if all preached there would be

no hearers, therefore none must preach and all must hear without a preacher. The most valuable functions are precisely those which would be worthless if they could be universal.

5. **SOME PEOPLE** are forever prating about knowledge of the world, and of the human heart, and pitying the poor souls who derive their ideas from books. As if the writings of the wise men of all ages could not give as deep an insight into human nature as the tattle of the drawing-room, the squabbles of the bar or bar-room, or even the discussions of the counter and the shop-board. Let the mere bookworm be despised as he deserves, but let not his despisers fondly dream that the greatest minds of many generations can know less of human nature than the smallest mind of one.

6. **SOME PEOPLE** honestly imagine that they are the first samples of the class or species, which they represent, ever exhibited to public view. This is the darling error of the school-boy and apprentice in his Sunday clothes. Many a youthful coxcomb, rich and poor, would be less lavish of his killing airs, his petulant and supercilious treatment of his seniors, if he bore in mind or even knew, that some at least of those whom he is seeking to impress, have had the happiness of seeing half a dozen or a dozen generations of the same breed, and have learned from each successive generation to expect less from the next.

7. **SOME PEOPLE**, if they condescend to read these paragraphs, may feel disposed to poach upon my manor and write others, whether in mere continuation or by way of parody and refutation. All such are hereby notified that they may spare themselves the labour and exposure which they meditate, as the feelings which prompt to such a course had better be kept secret than exposed to public view; and as to the continuation of these thoughts, it is commonly conceded, that the person who begins to say a thing is for the most part the best qualified to finish it.

S. P.



## THE LAWYER'S ALIBI.

[We think there is objectionable matter in the following verses, which will probably call down on us much indignation from an excellent lady. But we agree to publish, throwing all the responsibility on the author. He will be recognised as N. E. Inventus, Esq., a worthy lawyer of Flaggtown. We have known Mr. Inventus for many years, and never before knew him guilty of any philandering with the Muses. Our 'Critic,' however, whom we keep after the approved mode among magazines, declares that the metre is limping, and the last word nonsense, unless it be Low Dutch, Mrs. Inventus having been a Van Harsimus of Pluckamin. We will not name this excellent lady without expressing our belief that Mr. Inventus has exaggerated her earnestness about getting him out of the office. The said office, *nobis attestantibus*, has been an Augean stable for ten years, Mr. I. having allowed cobwebs and dust to obliterate a print of Sir Matthew Hale, which hung over his almanac. We have looked into Coke Littleton, lib. iii. § 13 for the words quoted, and are led to apprehend that the counsellor's copy is defective. The passage from the poet is also ruined as to prosody. A copy shall be sent to the sea-shore, where Mr. I. is probably disporting himself among the Tritons. ED.]

“Summer sitting hurteth health ;  
 Working is not always wealth.”  
 So my spouse is ever saying,  
 Singing, screaming, scolding, praying,  
 Sweeping, scouring, to and fro,  
*Vi nunc prece, pretio.*  
 This in Latin I will hide  
 Lest by Madam it be spied ;  
 When with implements of thrift,  
 Brush and pail, she maketh shift  
 To send her goodman clean adrift.

Well, so be it, old ink-horn  
 Thou art corked to-morrow morn;  
 Pleas and *Narr.* and fee-book laid  
 In the green bag's mouldy shade.  
 Pompey, Patrick, hand ye down  
 In a trice my fustian gown,  
 Bathing trews and straw sombrero,  
 For I flee like Jews from Pharaoh.  
 Nothing can this house-flood staunch  
 But a sally to Long Branch.

Heigh-ho! 'tis not writ in Coke  
 That one's close should thus be broke,  
 Or that wedlock gives such claim:  
 "En tiel cas n'ad rien la feme;"  
*Vide libro tertio,*  
*Capite tredecimo.*  
 Yet 'tis common law I ween,  
 That the wife doth rule as queen.  
 Forth the old portmanteau bring,  
 Thither two case bottles fling.  
 And four packs of—bless me!—sermons,  
 And the costs against the Germans.  
 Let the wagon hither roll  
 At the hour when matins toll.  
 Hold! I must bethink me how  
 Coming trials stand me now:  
 Monday week—in the receiver,  
 Note the term—nay don't believe her!  
 Sea-air, bathing, so they say,  
 Give the cramping muscles play,  
 And send home with brightened zeal  
 Special pleaders keen as steel.  
 Twice three hundred—let me see,  
 Clerks can scarcely trusted be!  
 But the maxim holds to-day  
 Valid, "All work and no play"—

*Verbum sat* ; the horses feed ;  
Wife, I leave thee ; 'tis agreed.  
Clients, if they venture nigh,  
Learn I plead an *alibi*.  
Ticket well the window rail,  
" Home on Monday without fail."  
Boys, to business have an eye,  
Drive the quill, while vagrant I  
Take these bundles in red tape,  
Next term case to con and shape.  
Playtime shall not go to wreck :  
Depositions at Colt's Neck,  
Searches two at Freehold rolls,  
Chat with counsel over bowls,  
While around to heat the furnace  
We have squads of gay attorneys.  
Sure 'twill save the time from waste,  
Though vacation be misplaced.

Idling I regard with grudge,  
Hard from table 'tis to budge ;  
And to spy the matter close, I  
View the jaunt as *error loci*.  
Surf may suit the courts marine,  
Or if *flotsam* should be seen,  
I might muddle o'er the case  
Thus to gain Fire Island's grace.  
But when higher powers control  
Quiet should possess the soul.  
If the yoke too stiffly draw,  
Lawyers should submit to law ;  
While in inmost heart I feel  
From this court there's no appeal.  
Ten days' notice had been better,  
But 'tis vain to clank the fetter.

Dearest spouse, I own thy sway,  
 While Achilles like I stray,  
 Though in grief, affecting joy—Oh!  
 To the surge *poluphloisboio*.

N. E. INVENTUS.

THE KING'S ENGLISH.

- A. Oh, I am so glad to see you, I wanted to talk to you—  
 B. Wanted to talk, my dear! I suppose you mean you wish to converse.  
 A. Certainly, I thought I said so—what did I say?  
 B. If you mean to ask what it was that you remarked, I cannot tell you.  
 A. I was just beginning to say—  
 B. Beginning to say! Is all my labour thrown away? Beginning to say! You mean no doubt, that you commenced remarking—well proceed.  
 A. How beautiful the green grass looks!  
 B. No, Miss it does not. It looks beautifully—will you never learn to use the adverbs correctly?  
 A. I am sure I meant to use them right.  
 B. You intended, doubtless to employ them correctly, but you did not.  
 A. May I not say that the flowers smell sweet?  
 B. Certainly not, it would be very vulgar. They smell sweetly.  
 A. And must I say that my little sister looks prettily?  
 B. Yes—no—yet—I rather think it would be more correct.  
 A. It is beginning to rain—I mean it commences raining.  
 B. Now, I am glad to perceive you growing more attentive. See, my dear, how very wet that poor child looks.  
 A. Wetly, I think you must have meant to say, that is to remark.

- B. It does not look well—  
A. Welly?  
B. No, child, well is an adverb—I was about to remark that it does not look well for a young person to correct one older, that is, not so young.  
A. How am I to know what is good English?  
B. From the practice of the best writers.  
B. But the best writer use the words talk, say, begin, and speak of flowers smelling sweet, and looking beautiful—  
B. They do! What writers, if I may be so bold?  
A. Why Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, Burke, Goldsmith, Scott, and Irving.  
B. Even they are at times very negligent and incorrect.  
A. Who is to decide then?  
B. The County Convention of Teachers and Friends of Education have decided all these questions, and it is absurd in such a child as you are to appeal from their decisions.  
A. Dear me! that name sounds very strangely and longly—I often think—  
B. Not often, oftentimes—  
A. That before I grow up—  
B. Ere you reach adult age—  
A. Perhaps—  
B. Perchance—  
A. I shall know nothing—  
B. Naught—  
A. Good-bye.  
B. Adieu.

MISS MARY.

---

NEW BOOKS.

**THE TESTIMONY OF SCIENCE TO THE TRUTH OF THE BIBLE :**  
an Address delivered before the Bible Society of the Uni-

versity of Virginia. January 27, 1850. By Rev. B. M. Smith, pastor of the Staunton Presbyterian Church. Charlottesville. 1850.

This discourse derives importance, first, from the interesting academical body before which it was delivered; then from its momentous subject; and lastly, from the learning and ability of the reverend author. It may be confidently recommended to general study.

INAUGURATION OF THE HON. JOHN H. LATHROP, LL.D.,  
Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin, at the Capitol.  
Madison, January 16, 1850. Milwaukee. 1850.

A few years ago the very name of Wisconsin was scarcely known except to the trapper or the student of old French travels: now they have a University. The discourse and the whole proceedings afford ground for the most sanguine hope. Wherever our emigrants go, they carry with them American principles, good laws, and a purpose to diffuse education.

NATURE, PROGRESS, IDEAS. A Discourse on Naturalism, in its various phases, as opposed to the true scriptural doctrine of the Divine Imperium. Delivered at Union College, Schenectady, July 24, 1849. By Tayler Lewis, LL.D. Schenectady. 1850.

Another academical discourse. Dr. Lewis is already known to all classical and philosophical readers, as a learned, intrepid, and ingenious champion for sound conservatism, against the legionary forces of German infidelity and French socialism. Having transferred his centre of operations from the New York University to Union College, he shows by the unflinching stand here made, that he has not changed his ground nor mitigated his defiance. We do not subscribe to all Professor Lewis's philosophical doctrines, but we admire his learning, zeal and candour, and rejoice in agreeing with his general conclusions on the matters which he has most at heart.

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

THE RANZ-DES-VACHES.

Every body talks about the Ranz-des-Vaches, and not one in fifty knows what they are. This man can affirm that they are Swiss or perhaps Alpine; the other has heard of their effect in promoting homesickness; while a third considers the phrase as the name of a single tune and tells you that he has heard it. Two or three clear notions on the point will not be unwelcome to our musical friends.

In the patois of the Swiss the word *Ranz* signifies a row, line, or file, of moving bodies; and *Ranz-des-vaches* therefore means a *row or procession of cows*. "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea." In the mountain pastures, the ideas of wealth, liberty, and pastoral joy are associated with the herd, and the lowing kine are beloved by the peasantry and made the subject of their song. The lays which bear this name are many in number, varying with the different cantons and districts, and the provincial dialects belonging to each. Some of the songs are in German and some in French. The most familiar is that beginning *Quand reverrai-je un jour*; which has been translated by Montgomery. But most of them are in the patois of the valleys, sometimes very like German, sometimes towards the south savouring strongly of the Italian or Romance. We shall say something first of the

songs and then of the airs, concerning neither of which any satisfactory publication has been made in America.

More than seventy effusions are in our possession, known as *Ranz-des-vaches*, collected by Professor Wyss. By far the greater part of these have a German character, and with a little recourse to a glossary are easily intelligible. One of the longest and most famous is that of the Oberhassler, beginning "Har Kuehli, ho Lobe! die unte, hoch abe!" In almost every one of the two hundred and twenty lines there is by direct mention or allusion something concerning the darling herd; with a quaint jingle, which is well fitted to the melody, and of which some idea can be gained from a stanza, even by such as read no German.

"Har lustig und gustig!  
 Gang Bueb reich d' Melchrustig!  
 Chast d' Eimer nit finde,  
 Die Kuehli nit binde;  
 Jetz muss zur huke Hand  
 Das Schnutzli und Schnepfli,  
 Das Chuzli und Chröpfli,  
 Die Idi und Gämpfi,  
 Das Chibi und Stämpfi,  
 Der Muni z'erst a d' Wand;  
 Jetz sy si am Bare-n, da sy s'is zug'or'net  
 Im Schwytzerland "

Some of these songs of the herdsmen, as well in the French as in the German patois, are in parts unintelligible to Swiss scholars: the difficulties often arise from the sportive names given to the kine, such as might be likened to our Whitey, Blackey, Brindle, Dun, Crumple, Speckle, &c. Thus, in a song of the Gruyères Alps, we have in the refrain:

"Viné dé toté, blianz' et nairé,  
 Rodz' et motailé  
 Dzjouven' et otro!  
 Dézo on tschano."

That is: "Come all, white and black, red and brindled, young and others, under an oak, &c."

An intense patriotism prevails in some of the lays. Others are very simple love-ditties, often in dialogue, quite arch and



clever, and with an occasional hit at the priest, in the Romish cantons. Several zealous Swiss poets have produced modern songs in the mountain dialects, adapted to favourite national airs. This has been done especially by the Rev. Mr. Kuhn, the Rev. Mr. Roux, and MM. Huber and Kuenlin. One of the loveliest Swiss airs is immortalized in *Wilhelm Tell*, by being joined to Schiller's hunting-song, *Mit dem Pfeil dem Bogen*. In Mr. Peter's translation of the play he gives a second version of the words so as to suit No. 53 of the Ranz-des-Vaches.

The characteristic instrument of the Swiss, and that which is inseparably associated with these melodies, is the Alp-horn. Often as it appears in prints and pictures, it merits a more exact description, from national authorities. Cappeler, in his description of Mount Pilate, gave an account of it, in 1767; where, following Gessner, he compares it to the curved staff of the Roman augurs. In the fourteenth century it was sometimes used among the crags of the Alps as a speaking-trumpet. Of late years the alp-horn, like its congeners the Irish harp and the mandolin of Italy, has become less frequent. Wyss heard it however to great advantage in Emmenthal, Haken and elsewhere. Those which he inspected were from four to five feet long, made of fir root, in two pieces, hollowed with a hot iron and glued together, so as to secure the curvature and trumpet-like aperture. Gessner saw them eleven feet, and Cappeler twelve feet, in length.

"The Alp-horn," says Huber, "is an instrument that never fails to give pleasure when heard at a proper distance. The wind carries its tones to a great extent, and at certain distances softens them to such a degree that they resemble those of a well played clarionet. Such is the tone when no other mouthpiece but the simple extremity of the wood is used; which is usually the case in the Alps. The alp-horn commonly consists of two parts; the upper one is made of a young fir, which may be five feet long, running off thicker towards its lower extremity, and burnt hollow with iron. The

other part joins on this, and is formed of bent fir wood, in two parts, of longitudinal section; the inside being hollowed out by means of a spoon-like iron tool. This lower portion is about eighteen inches long, and opens so much that the bore spreads to two inches and a half at the bottom. But here there is a difference. Some alp-horns have a calibre of five or six fingers at the greater end, while the smaller is not more than an inch and a half. The tone of the alp-horn comes nearest to that of a somewhat muffled trumpet, but rather more acute, especially in the high notes. So carelessly are the instruments made that it is hard to find two which agree in pitch. After several trials with such mouth-pieces as are used with trumpets, I found that the effect of these was to make the tone of the alp-horn fuller, rounder, and therefore more agreeable; at any rate for those who are near. But at the same time the sound is not altogether that natural one which is peculiar to the simple horn of the herdsman. The compass of this instrument may be fairly said to be that of the trumpet." The Bern edition of the Ranz has in the vignette of the title page a conspicuous representation of this instrument.

The labours of Mr. Huber, in collecting and arranging the national airs, have laid the musical world under an obligation. The difficulties were great, particularly in those melodies which are most popular and characteristic. Some of the notes, being made in the throat, by the process called *yodling*, defy all attempts at musical notation. Many of these inimitable transitions are said to be common also to the Tyrolese. The Alpine shepherd, free as the air he breathes, sometimes wakes the echos by running through the whole gamut on a single vowel. Their variations *ad libitum* are so great, that it is sometimes difficult for them to repeat exactly, even when requested. In executing the air called the *Rogonuzer*, the singer applies the palm of his left hand to the left ear, at the same time putting the right thumb into the other ear, by which means he gives additional force to the sound. This manipulation is represented by a plate.

The Ranz-des-vaches are out of place in the drawing-room. They require powerful lungs, a sonorous voice, and the open air. Their true accompaniment is the echo, the cascade, and the lowing herd. Indeed no organ but the Alpine throat can execute some of them; those who have ever listened to the Tyrolean singers will comprehend our meaning. Mr. Wyss admits that travellers have done an injustice to those mountain airs by their pompous eulogies. To hear them in a cottage, even from native singers, is not satisfactory; they require the vehemence of the Alpine voice to be modified by distance. It is evident that the words were merely an addition to the airs, which were first uttered by the upland hind as he gaily descended the solitary paths gathering his herds for the milking. It is seldom that a female voice is found equal to the execution of the Ranz, which sometimes are little else than rapturous outcries of joy. The violinist Viotti wrote down one of the airs heard in the mountain pastures, and used to perform it with such effect as to draw tears from London audiences. How much was in this case due to the imagination, how much to the artist, and how much to the original pathos of the air, we dare not determine. The allusion in Rogers's Pleasures of Memory to the nostalgia produced by these tunes upon Swiss soldiers in foreign lands, is accessible to all our readers. The effect of the Ranz-des-Vaches on Wordsworth, as heard by him on the top of the pass of St. Gothard, is recorded in a sonnet.

"I listen—but no faculty of mine  
Avals those modulations to detect,  
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect  
With tenderest passion; leaving them to pine  
(So fame reports) and die; his sweet-breathed kine  
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked  
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject  
The tale as fabulous. Here while I recline  
Mindful how others love the simple strain,  
Even here upon this glorious mountain (named  
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence)  
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,  
Yield to the music's touching influence.  
And joys of distant home my heart reclaim."

The collection of the *Ranz-des-Vaches* which we use contains twenty-six articles, with a French preface, accompanied with a duodecimo volume of the texts, with notes and glossary, in German. The edition is a beautiful one, in long quarto, lithographed throughout, with a steel plate frontispiece, representing a Swiss gathering and festivity, and a number of spirited vignettes, faithful to the national costume, and illustrating the Alpine customs and scenery. Except in the case of a few dances, the airs are uniformly presented with an accompaniment for the harp or piano forte, as well as one for the guitar.

It would give but little satisfaction to describe musical performances in words, nor shall we attempt it. Many of the melodies are variations of the same theme. In the larger ones the change of time is abrupt and striking. There is room for great diversities in the leading melody. Some are brilliant and merry, while a few are inexpressibly pensive. Those which express pastoral quiet, longing for home, and youthful attachments, are marked by much sweetness; they are airs which linger in the memory, and would pass equally current among the populace and the learned. Indeed several of them have been caught up and perpetuated by the greatest composers. One, which sets forth the comic distress of a man who tried first an old wife, and then a young one, is irresistibly humorous, and the comic succession of German syllables, in a chattering rapidity, is not less provocative of mirth than the *Largo al factotum*. But the prevalent mood is that of languishing sadness, attempered by the pure atmosphere and snowy heights of the beloved Alpine summits, and shaded valleys, of which the familiar names appear and re-appear in the songs. We can easily imagine that the *Quand reverrai-je* when executed with taste and feeling might produce all the effects ascribed to Swiss music by travellers and poets. This air is inserted by Laborde in his *Essay on Ancient and Modern Music*. It is in three-eighths, key of G major, an andante but with an allegro

passage in the middle, affording happy contrast. Nothing can be more simple or more touching than the song, which is a breathing of nature itself :

“ Quand reverrai-je un jour  
Tous les objets de mon amour ?  
Nos clairs ruisseaux, nos côteaux, nos hameaux  
Et l'ornement de nos montagnes,  
La si gentille Isabeau ?  
A l'ombre d'un ormeau  
Quand danserai-je au son du chalumeau ?  
Quand reverrai-je un jour  
Tous les objets de mon amour ?  
Mon père, ma mère, mon frère,  
Ma sœur, mes agneaux, mes troupeaux, ma bergère !  
Quand reverrai-je un jour  
Tous les objets de mon amour.”

---

## HEROD AGRIPPA.

### ACT. XII.

- “ A train without ! a foreign train,  
With suppliant words and gift of gold  
From Tyre and Sidon : they would fain  
Their purposes unfold  
To the immediate, royal ear  
Of him they seek in trust and fear.”
- “ Admit them : this indeed ! 'tis well.  
I'll learn the most they have to tell,  
And dearly, too, they'll find I sell  
Forgetfulness of wrong.”  
Anon they bend before his eye—  
Anon their gifts around him lie,  
And thus speaks, low and falteringly,  
The foremost of the throng.
- “ Oh king ! we sue for peace. 'Tis true  
That not unjustly have we blame,  
But pass it by ; for peace we sue  
Oh King of mighty name !”

Impatient grew the monarch's brow,  
And startling came the accents, "How,—  
How hast thou dared to think  
That my displeasure can be stayed?  
No! Tyre and Sidon shall be made  
Of bitterness to drink."  
He spoke in wrath—a step drew near,  
And Blastus in his master's ear  
A timely word of prudence told,  
And pointed to the offered gold:  
The monarch's brow grew clear.  
"Lead them away: we'll think of this:  
To pardon may not be amiss.  
Our will they soon shall hear."

The day was set—the morning shone;  
The king sat proudly on his throne,  
And from his vesture fell the flash  
Of silver and of jewelled sash,  
And on his head the crown;  
And o'er his courtiers gathered near—  
And on his suppliants, bent in fear,  
He looked imperious down.  
Then rose upon the attentive ear  
A strain of eloquence and pride  
Such as an angel host might hear  
And sorrow when it died.  
He told of his resistless sway—  
Vaunted the glory of his day,  
Until the breath of all around  
Seemed melted, hushed and charmed away,  
So magic was the sound.  
He spoke of justice—then of love:  
His words o'ercame their awe,  
And, gathering life, around, above,  
Burst forth their wild hurrah.

“A god! a god! and not a man!”  
From mouth to mouth in echo ran.

The hour was his; he could not turn  
From that intoxicating bowl  
But felt its maddening current burn  
And drank and lost his soul.  
With curling lip and glancing eye  
And flush of sudden ecstasy,  
He left his stately throne;  
He reached the ground, but from his face  
The smile, the flush, the pride were gone:  
He fell—and, crowding round the place,  
They heard his dying groan.  
They saw!—then fast along,  
With horrors look and palsied tongue,  
Rushed out that fear-struck throng;  
For he, so late the god-like source  
Of eloquence, now, ghastly lay,  
A foul, repulsive corse,  
And worms, beneath his vestments gay,  
Were eating him, piecemeal away.

### ECONOMY OF WORDS.

A writer in the Princeton Magazine has undertaken to make authorship easy by enjoining what he calls a wise economy of thought, the object and effect of which would be to make a few ideas do instead of many. This might once have been a valuable proposition; but at this day, when ideas are abundant, and our only want is that of room to write and time to read them, there is need of some very different expedient, to enable men to write without prolixity and read without impatience. Such an expedient I would

now propose, founded on the universally acknowledged fact, that the difficulties and delays of composition are connected for the most part, not with the substance but the form. It is not the expression of the main ideas over which men pause and bite their nails, but the artificial structure of the sentences, the filling up, the mere connectives. This might be borne with, if the pang endured by the writer added to the reader's pleasure. But the melancholy truth is, that the parts of composition which are least important in themselves, and which generally cost the writer most exertion, are precisely those which an immense majority of readers would be glad to see omitted, and which many as it is, contrive to set aside by the irreverent and ungracious art of skipping. Now what is thus spontaneously suggested to so many readers, and as it were unconsciously reduced to practice, must be worth the writer's notice too, if not as a great principle, idea, or law, at least as a necessity which knows no law, although it is the mother of invention. The inference I draw from this instructive skipping of the very things that cost the writer most, is simply that in mercy to himself and to his readers, he had better skip them in advance, or in other words not write them. In order to determine what may safely be omitted, we have only to refer to an analogous though altogether different and unconnected case. I refer to the art of taking notes, as distinguished from the writing out of a discourse. This art is sometimes practised by the speaker, as a preparation for his task, and sometimes by the hearer, as a means of preserving what he hears, although he cannot take it down verbatim. In both these cases but a small part of the whole discourse, as actually spoken, is reduced to writing. By what rule then is the selection made? Any person who has ever practised either of these methods will reply at once, that he puts down the substance, the thoughts, arguments and illustrations, and perhaps the most remarkable expressions, and omits what the memory will be sure to retain without assistance. This is the principle which



I propose to lay at the foundation of my great reform. Instead of economising thought, I propose to economise expression, by omitting mere conventionalities and set forms of speech, unmeaning expletives, which consume more than half the time of composition, and embitter the perusal to a multitude of helpless readers. The practical method of applying this discovery, will be for every author to print his sketch or plan without completing it. The lawyer would then send the printer his brief, the preacher his skeleton, the lecturer his syllabus, so far extended as to be intelligible but no further. In order to inculcate the new method on the rising generation, it may be expedient to translate some well known works into this short-hand, to be used as models. And as books, in consequence of that prolixity which I propose to remedy, are almost out of fashion, a beginning might be made with the newspapers, by which they have been supplanted. Take for instance the following elaborate exordium of a speech in Congress, as revised by the orator himself.

“I had no intention, Sir, to take part in the general discussion of this subject, so deeply interesting to all sections of our great and growing country, and took my seat this morning, fully prepared to listen to the eloquence of those who should address the house, calmly and impartially to weigh the arguments which they might urge, and then conscientiously and fearlessly to give my silent vote, on that side of the question, which should after all appear to my unbiassed judgment to be the side of truth, of duty, and of safety, to the general and sectional interests of our great and growing country. But when, Sir, I consider the vast bearings and results of this important measure, the great principles of foreign and domestic policy which it involves, and its particular relation to that portion of the country which I have the honour in part to represent, a body of constituents, I trust I may be allowed to say, as frugal and industrious, as wise and patriotic, as intelligent and generous, as any that the sun illumines in his daily course—I say, Sir, on considering all this, I feel

that I should be unworthy of my place here as a representative of such a people, nay, that I should be recreant to a high and holy trust if I consented to give a silent vote on this occasion, and that consequently, I propose to state, at great length and in full detail, my views upon this bill, and also in relation to our foreign and domestic policy, and the past, present and prospective condition of our great and growing country."

On applying my new process to this eloquent passage, the result is so surprising, that I almost hesitate to make it public, as I may be suspected of some juggling trickery. But if the reader will believe me, he may rest assured, that this long paragraph may be reduced to two short sentences or clauses—

"Nothing to say—Must say something."

N. Q. N.

---

## FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship may be defined the union of two congenial minds. It is distinguished from general benevolence, though not inconsistent with it. It is also different from the instinctive affections of human nature, such as the mutual attachment of husband and wife, of parents and children; though it may be superadded to those, and may give inward activity and pleasure to the exercise of these affections. Persons actuated entirely by selfish affections are incapable of genuine friendship; which in its nature is disinterested. Professions of friendship are often made when there is no reality in the thing. On account of the frequency of these false pretensions, the very name of friendship as a disinterested union of kindred minds has by many been scouted, as a mere imaginary thing which has no real existence among men. These opinions are very naturally entertained by such as being in their own feelings entirely selfish, are not susceptible of the refined feelings of true friendship.

In ancient mythology, we have an instructive lesson on this subject. "In one of the Islands of the Ægean sea, in the midst of some ancient poplars, an altar was formerly dedicated to friendship. Day and night ascended from it a pure incense, grateful to the goddess. But soon it was surrounded by mercenary worshippers, in whose hearts she beheld only interested and ill-assorted connexions. One day, she said to a favourite of Cræsus—'Carry thy offerings elsewhere; they are not addressed to me, but to Fortune.' To an Athenian, who put up vanes for Solon, whom he called his friend, she answered, 'By connecting thyself with a wise man, thou wishest to partake of his glory, and to cause thy own vices to be forgotten.' To two women of Samos, who embraced each other affectionately, near her altar, she said, 'A love for pleasure apparently unites you, but your hearts are gnawed with jealousy and soon shall they be rent with hatred.' At length two Syracusans, Damon and Pythias, came to prostrate themselves before the goddess. 'I receive,' said she 'your homage—I will do more—I abandon a place too long polluted by sacrifices that are offensive to me, and wish no other asylum than your hearts. Go and show to the tyrant of Syracuse, to the world, and to posterity, what friendship can effect in souls animated by my power.' Dionysius, on some frivolous pretext, condemned Pythias to death. He requested permission before he was executed, to go and settle some affairs of importance in a neighbouring city; his friend Damon promising to answer for him, and to suffer in his place if he did not return by the time appointed. The day arrived but Pythias—necessarily delayed—did not make his appearance; and the compassion of the multitude was excited toward Damon; who, however, remained perfectly calm; and marched to the place of execution, serene and unmoved. The fatal moment had come—but lo! a tumult among the crowd—Pythias has arrived! he runs, he flies to the place of execution, and insists upon taking the place of his friend, over whose head the sword was suspended. In the midst of tears and

embraces, the two friends contend for the happiness of dying for each other. The spectators are dissolved in tears, and the tyrant himself descends from his throne, and entreats them to suffer him to participate in a friendship so noble, and fully granted a pardon for the offence committed." With this remarkable story every school boy is familiar; but it is worthy of being continually repeated. Friendship has its foundation in mutual esteem; but it includes more than esteem; it is a warm attachment arising from congeniality of disposition. Often, we esteem others for their virtues, as highly as we do some friend; but to him, there is besides a peculiar attachment. It is not necessary to this congeniality, that there should be a similarity in disposition. Sometimes, persons of very opposite temperament run together, and are cemented in the bands of closest friendship. There is a congruity between certain souls which is known to exist, but cannot be described.

Friendship is most common between persons of the same age, engaged in the same pursuits, and of equality in wealth and station. Aristotle says, "Kings are too great to have friends." But there are exceptions to this rule: "Eudamides, the Spartan, contracted a friendship with two persons who were very rich, though he himself was poor. When about to die, having only two children, he left one of them, by will, to each of his wealthy friends, as a legacy, he having nothing to give them. They with the greatest cheerfulness accepted the legacy, and took the children home; the one a boy, the other a girl. And when they were grown, they were respectively united in marriage to the children of their benefactors; and equally shared in their fortune. The description of friendship by Pythagoras, is remarkable, "*My friend is my other self.*" In friendship, sincerity, confidence, and courtesy are requisite. It is a mistake to suppose that the gospel is inimical to friendship. The divine author of our religion has himself left an example of tender friendship. And where do we find a nobler friendship than between David and Jonathan?

## BOOKS AND BUSINESS.

## NO. III.

Another counsel, my dear B., you will soon learn to be indispensable: **LIMIT YOUR FIELD OF STUDY.** In hours resigned to unbending the mind, no such caution is required: you may then wander among varieties, as you stroll in your country garden, without selection or rule. But sometimes you go into your garden, not to stray among its hues and odours, but to handle the hoe, the dibble, the budding-knife and even the spade. Mental culture demands some reserve and demarcation, as truly as the tillage of the earth. On a small farm no wise man will try all sorts of crops. In a short lifetime no enlightened merchant will aim at universal knowledge. A few Bacons and Broughams there have been, who have dipped into every stream of human science; but most of us will wisely select a few. It is not less true of departments in learning, than I have shown it to be in books. You must sit down in quiet ignorance of many things, which are of importance. Hear the Father of Medicine: "Life is short, but Art is long." Pretending to everything makes smatterers. With certain modifications, to be hereafter noted, the rule will still hold, that in regard to the general cultivation of a private gentleman, a score of subjects may be set aside as out of the question. Making allowance for some strong penchant, of which anon, you may shut with bolt and bar a number of doors in the temple, as closely as Blue Beard's chamber. Spread the nets too widely, and you risk entire failure. Judicious reserve is here more difficult than you imagine, especially as providence has given you the means of satisfying your most extravagant wishes in regard to the purchase of books. But unless you close your eye to temptation, you will find yourself before long feasting your eyes on the backs, covers, and plates of your superb collection. You will enjoy the visits of scholars, who will enjoy and praise, and who de-

parting will mutter, "Fools make feasts and wise men eat them."

You will scarcely find life long enough to acquire new languages. You possess the French; beyond this I would recommend only so much Latin as you may learn by stealth. You will deny yourself the doctrine of curves, and all the higher mathematical analysis. A solid groundwork of physics and astronomy is within your reach. But where do you expect to find time for reading La Place, or experimenting on the Polarization of Light, or calculating the formation of epicycloids, exterior and interior? German metaphysics would fill up the entire spaces of your remaining lifetime. It is a great part of sound education to know what to reject. By ignorance of this, some men, otherwise not deficient, are daily making themselves ridiculous. Consider a moment, that neither you nor I lose caste, even among scholars, by avowing want of familiarity with the botanical nicetes of de Candolle or Schleiden, or the last work on Roman Law or Servian poetry. The evils are very small and not at all imminent, which are to be apprehended from the extreme of reserve and limitation. With your facilities you will easily enough break over the line, from any one of the cantons in which you professedly confine yourself: but to come back from expatiating—*hoc opus, hic labor est.*

As allied to the last, and auxiliary to it, suffer me to propose this precept: **REGULATE YOUR CHOICE OF BOOKS BY YOUR STUDIES, NOT YOUR STUDIES BY YOUR BOOKS.** A rule for the library as well as the study. Negligence of this makes observance of the preceding impossible. For instance; you have been some weeks making yourself familiar with two or three prime writers on political economy, and have their works before you; when you see at Putnam's or Penington's a splendid folio on the Orchidaceous Plants of South America. It is instantly ordered. Now, if you buy this for display, or for your guests, it is another matter: you have as much right to furnish with a twelve guinea book as with a candelabrum.

But if you meditate a new study, you have already spoiled all your foregoing plan. Next week the series will be interrupted by a dozen fresh volumes of French history, to be followed by works on metallurgy and coining. Even if the picture is highly coloured it is true. All men except the very poorest, are sometimes in this way. They cannot refrain from taking up a study because they have a book on it. What do I recommend as the opposite method? Simply this; that in all cases connected with your personal cultivation, you first determine on what you have to learn, and make this your guide in opening volumes. Otherwise you will only be one of ten thousand book proprietors, who dip here and dip there, know much of titles, prices, trade-sales, prefaces, engravings and indexes, but nothing symmetrical or full concerning any one science or art. Be liberal, if you please be lavish, in spreading your shelves with books for your family and your visitors, and indulge yourself in large accumulations for occasional relaxation, but when it comes to your own case and the tillage of your own mind, confine your reading to those books which pertain to the topic you have marked out for yourself. Every day somebody will tell you about some book which you have never read, as they will tell you of some fast horse that is owned by your neighbour; but what then? Mental powers of digestion are not infinite. No man tastes, still less devours, all the dishes on the table. Your private, treasured, darling cabinet of books should have sifted out from it every publication which is not demanded by some part of your prescribed plan. Keep separate apartments for the gorgeous array of volumes which you mean never to peruse. Unless your library is very small, it is no good reason for studying a book that you happen to possess it, and the true method is to seek the book for the sake of the study.

LET YOUR STUDIES LIE CHIEFLY IN THE FIELD APPROPRIATE TO THE AMERICAN GENTLEMAN. I say chiefly, to provide a postern through which to go out presently with some pet exceptions; and I say the "American" gentleman, not because

scholarship differs in essentials on the two sides of the Atlantic, any more than good-manners, but because there is a large class of most interesting and valuable topics, which are connected with our history, territory, constitution, jurisprudence, commerce, and arts. But there is a common ground of learned toil and pleasure, as distinguished from the particular cantons of certain arts and professions, and the nooks and corners of certain out-of-the-way students. Not every man is called upon to understand special-pleading, or surgery or engineering, or steam-machinery. Not every man is expected to be a bibliographer, or an observer of fossil infusoria, or an antiquary. But every instructed gentleman, whatever be his profession, is held to have some familiarity with General History, and above all with American History; with the common terms of Mental Philosophy; with Ethics in all its applications; with the Constitution of the United States, and the outline of English and American Law; with the principles of physical science; with elegant letters and poetry, and last not least with Revealed Religion. This is not an exhaustive catalogue, but it may serve as an illustration.

Let me earnestly recommend it to you as a rule, to CONSULT INDIVIDUAL TENDENCIES. This, you will agree, is a pleasant rule. It is only telling you to study most what you like best. For a professional course, it would be a sadly misleading precept; but with an amateur scholar the case is different. Every man has his penchant. We need not discuss the vexed question how much this is due to original genius, and how much to circumstances; the fact is obvious. There are certain branches for which you have no liking, or for which you have no fitness. Into such doors you may and must sometimes enter for a survey, but these are not the apartments in which to linger or dwell. For such studies as I am prescribing, Shakspeare's rule holds good.

Some little dipping into unaccustomed books will be neces-



sary, in order to discover to you your own capacity and even your own tastes. These sometimes reveal themselves late in life and unexpectedly. The richest veins are often struck in the most unlooked for quarters. Cato learned Greek in old age; and one of our sweetest poets has become one of our most profound geologists. But having once discovered what you can pursue with warmth and pleasure, you will be unwise—if it be a department of real knowledge—not to turn your steps in that direction. It may be mathematics, or philology or mechanics, or one of the inexhaustible fields of natural history, or philosophy or theology.

Cultivate a little enlargement of view, my Blanchard. Be a little pliant towards odd fellows like me who have odd pursuits: you will need such forbearance yourself when you get a little more gout and wrinkles. Do not think that there is no good travelling but on the macadamized high road of learning. There, it is true, all the regular coaches, heavy wagons, and trim parcel-vans and carts, go and return; it is their vocation. Law, medicine and divinity, run steadily in those deep ruts and among that gritty dust. But did you never observe little roads leading off from the great one, and sinuous lanes winding away to the upland, now lost in copses, now sunk away among the willows and alders which betray the latent brook, and now reappearing far off in snaky turns, till the thread of the pathway cuts through the gap of some blue distant range? Such are the by-paths of knowledge; and if you have found one that suits you well—cherish it. If so shady and retired that no one knows it—*tant mieux*. When you have lived awhile, you will battle with nobody, and sneer at nobody, for having an innocent crotchet in the way of study. There is Dr. Pillow, who clerk as he is, takes nevertheless to heraldry; a useless pursuit you will say; but it pleases him, and admits of connexion with many niceties of history. A learned bishop turns over his Latin poets and indites neat versions. Well, he cannot always sit in lawn, with his crozier in his hand. If you should catch me tinkering at a sun-

dial, or peeping for the new comet near *Bastaben* in *Drace*, you need not laugh; nor shall I, if I find you deep in the mysteries of *Des Cartes* and *Arnauld*. Stick to something. Discover a taste and talent for something. Make accumulations of knowledge in something. The common bond of science will conduct from this into other and higher matters. More important it is, be assured, for you, to awake with lively interest to any one innocent pursuit, in the way of learning, than to spend your life in trying this, trying that, and advancing in no one particular.

---

### TRANSLATION.

The characteristic fault of the fine writing of the eighteenth century is febleness of style, arising, in a great degree, from the disposition to avoid peculiar idioms, by merging them in those diluted forms of speech common to all languages. There is no stronger proof of Dr. Johnson's intellectual and moral strength than the energy by which his writings are distinguished, notwithstanding this immense disadvantage. It is not strength of style that gives or gave him influence, but strength of character and strength of mind, too great to be neutralized even by a style essentially weak from its unidiomatic insipidity. That the true source of the weakness is the one suggested, may be proved or corroborated by the fact, that the strong writers of the eighteenth century, with reference exclusively to strength of style—are eminently idiomatic in their diction, even those most distinguished for their learning, such as *Warburton* and *Bentley*. Pursuing the distinction which has just been taken between strength of thought or feeling and of style, it may be said without a paradox, that *Swift*, *De Foe*, and even *Goldsmith*, are *stronger writers* than *Johnson*, *Robertson*, and *Gibbon*. The influence of the

latter class, exerted by example, tended constantly to make the common herd of imitators weaker and more diluted in their English, so that this became characteristic of the age, as compared not only with preceding periods but with our own. For although the present race of English writers has not yet recovered the lost art of blending rugged strength with flowing harmony, the best of them are certainly much nearer the Elizabethan standard as to this point, than the best of the unidiomatic school of writers under Queen Anne and the Georges.

Of such effects it must be worth while to inquire for the causes, and the object of this paper is to point out one, which continues still to operate, and with the same result. This is the practice of what is called free translation, both as a pedagogic method and a mode of composition. There is no means of acquiring a good English style, more frequently or warmly recommended by the writers of the period in question, than that of free and elegant translation out of foreign languages, and more especially from Greek and Latin. And we know from the biography of some of the most eminent, that they practised what they preached, or spoke from their own experience. There is not, perhaps, in literary history, a more marked instance of miscalculation, or of means, designed to bring about a certain end, promoting one diametrically opposite. The very reason for encouraging the practice of "elegant translation" was that it would prevent the intrusion of foreign idioms; but it did so only by a kind of compromise, in which the individual complexion of both languages was mixed and confounded in a neutral tint. The old English writers were assiduous translators, but retained their own idiomatic English, for the very reason, strange as it may seem to many, that they took no pains whatever to invest the ancients with a modern dress, but left them in all their antique singularity or nakedness.

The philosophy of all this is by no means recondite or far to seek. A bold and bald translation is instantly recognized

as something foreign, merely rendered intelligible, but not to lie incorporated with our own vernacular peculiarities. It requires nothing but a thorough knowledge of the meaning and steadiness of hand to reproduce it with fidelity. But "elegant translation" imposes on the writer the delicate and difficult task of writing well in English, with the mind actually full of foreign idioms. None but the very highest class of writers can perform this task successfully, and we need scarcely add, that this is not the class on which the labour of translation generally falls. The difficulty of succeeding, and the bad effects of failure, are of course vastly greater in the case of school-boys, whose taste and judgment, mastery of language, and command of their own powers, must on the whole be much inferior to those possessed even by the lower order of mature translators.

Corresponding to the gradual increase, within a few years, of idiomatic strength and character in English composition, is a growing relish for severe translation. The great originals of other tongues are now more welcome in their nude simplicity, even to the general reader, than the freest and most elegant of those diluted paraphrases, which our fathers and our grandsires called translations. The baldest prose version of the *Iliad* is more congenial to the taste which now again begins to prevail, than all that Pope and Cowper have together furnished. This change, far from threatening to corrupt our English, is the best means of preserving it from that insensible alloy which cannot but be generated by the vain attempt to make Greeks and Romans talk "good English," or exchange the tunic and the toga for the sack and bang-up. The error which we have endeavoured to expose, although it bears its fruit in authorship, is planted and takes root in elementary instruction, where it is likely to be long maintained, not only by the bad taste of too many teachers, but by the authority of such names as that of Dr. Arnold, whose general success as an instructor, and acknowledged wisdom as to other parts of education, give an undue weight to his opinions on

a subject of which his own style by no means shows him to have been a master. With all his learning, he was certainly ignorant of one fact, namely, that the practice of "construing," for which he felt so much contempt, was one main secret of the nervous idiomatic English which prevailed, before the despotism of old Lily was assailed by revolutionary innovation.

RICHARD.

---

### DUVAL.

There is great advantage in keeping before the minds of the young remarkable instances of the power which true genius has, of breaking a way through difficulties, and arriving at eminence in science or the arts. Hence we have always looked with complacency on those books which treat of the pursuit of learning under difficulties. This is almost the title of one in the admirably entertaining series of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and our countryman Dr. Edwards has furnished another in his *Biography of Self Taught Men*. It is true, there are great differences of original power and capacity. Not every shoemaker can become a Gifford, nor every blacksmith a Burritt. Yet much is gained when we persuade the panting youth, in poverty, that the hills which surround him are not insuperable. As there is no necessary connexion between genius and wealth, the presumption is that a fair proportion of those who are now engaged in manual labour, might in other circumstances have become scholars, statesmen, and poets. Even in spite of hindrances, the number is remarkable, of those who have emerged. What is needed to increase the examples of such, is not so much outward means, as inward stimulation. This is afforded by nothing so certainly as by signal instances of success.

A certain class of writers, especially in Europe—we rejoice that they are well nigh extinct—have affected great apprehension at the spread of knowledge among those whom they are pleased to denominate the lower classes. But if there were no higher motives for dismissing such fears, we might derive arguments from the politico-economical view of the question, as connected with the rapid changes which are taking place in the conditions of labour. The effect of these changes is manifold: they increase the leisure of the lowest operative, by causing one man to do the work of many; by causing one hour to produce the value of many; by elevating mechanics to speedy competency, and corresponding social position; and by increasing the demand for science in the higher applications of art. The consequence is, that even the humbler class have time for the seeking of knowledge; the poor man, expecting in such a country as ours to be rich, feels ashamed of ignorance; and every person of ordinary shrewdness is led to observe that there is no branch of skilled labour, in which philosophical research may not be applied so as to save toil and increase profits. We take peculiar pleasure in urging on all who look wistfully towards the paths of knowledge, even though their youthful hands may be hardened by the rudest tools of industry. It is with hope concerning such that we reproduce a biography, which will cheer their endeavors, while it cannot be perused without pleasure by any intelligent reader.

Valentine Jamerai Duval was born in the year 1695, in the little village of Artonay, in Champagne. At the age of ten years, he lost his father, a poor labourer, who left his wife and a large family of children, in a state of the most abject poverty, at a time when France was desolated both by war and famine.

Young Duval was accustomed from his infancy to a rude life and the want of almost every necessary; but this state of misery, instead of extinguishing the happy dispositions

with which he was born, served to develop that masculine courage which he retained to the last moment of his life.

At the age of twelve years, when he was just beginning to read imperfectly, he entered the service of a peasant to take charge of his poultry. The uniformity of such an employment did not agree with the natural vivacity of his disposition, but he found the means of relieving it by his sports and frolics, which attracted about him all the boys of the village. He presided in their amusements, invented new games, and his wit and cheerfulness made him the delight of all his associates.

In the beginning of the severe winter of 1709, Duval left his native place and while travelling towards Lorraine, was attacked with the small pox, and must have died but for the care of a poor shepherd near the village of Monglat who placed him in a sheep pen, but whose poverty was such that he was able only to furnish him with a truss of straw for a bed, and coarse bread, and water for his subsistence. The disease left him in a state of such horrible deformity that scarcely a trace of humanity could be discovered in his appearance.

On his recovery he resumed his wanderings and stumbled by accident on the hermitage of La Rochette, near Deneuvre, where he shared the labours of the hermit, and determined to embrace his mode of life. His stay in this retreat was however short, and on leaving it, he carried with him a letter of recommendation to the hermits of St. Anne, a few miles beyond Luneville. In passing through Luneville, which was the first town he had ever seen, he was filled with astonishment, and regarded it as the centre of magnificence and pleasure.

In the year 1713, Duval arrived at the hermitage of St. Anne and was kindly received by the four solitary inhabitants. He had a natural love for reading and now devoured with avidity all the books which fell in his way, whatever might be their subjects. Here too he began to learn to write.

One of the old men traced for him with a trembling and decrepit hand some very wretched copies; by his zeal and ingenuity however, he was soon able to write an indifferent hand with tolerable readiness.

Duval spent a portion of his time in laying snares for game that he might be able to purchase maps and books of geography; and after a desperate and successful encounter with a wild-oat, he became a bold and indefatigable hunter. His persevering skill in the chase and the money he procured for his game had already enabled him to make a small collection of books, when an unexpected event furnished him with the means of materially increasing it.

Walking in the forest one day in autumn, and striking the dry leaves before him, he perceived something shining on the ground, and on taking it up found it to be a gold seal with a triple face engraved on it. Having had his discovery published in the church at Luneville on the next Sunday, a gentleman afterwards visited St. Anne's and enquired for the hermit's boy, and on the appearance of Duval said, "You have found a seal?" "Yes sir." "I will thank you for it; it belongs to me." "A moment's patience," said Duval—"before I give it to you, you will be so good as to blazon your arms." "You are laughing at me young man; you can surely know nothing of heraldry." "Be that as it may sir, you shall not have the seal till you have blazoned your arms." The gentleman whose name was Foster, surprised at the decided tone of Duval, asked him a variety of questions on different subjects, and finding him equally informed on all, he described his arms and gave him two guineas as a recompense—Duval also at his invitation breakfasted with him at Luneville, on every holyday, and received a crown-piece at each visit.

Duval continued his studies acquiring a considerable share of various kinds of knowledge; and the number of his books had increased to four hundred volumes, but his costume continued the same, a coarse coat and wooden shoes constituting



nearly the whole of his dress. His frequent visits at Luneville, the opulence and luxury that prevailed there, and the state of ease he began to feel, did not tempt him to abandon his original simplicity; and he would have considered himself as guilty of robbery, if he had spent a farthing of what was given him, or what he gained, for any other purpose than to satisfy his passion for study and books.

Seated one day at the foot of a tree with a map before him, which he examined with the most eager attention, a gentleman suddenly approached him and asked with an air of surprise what he was doing—"Studying geography," was the reply. "And do you understand any thing of the subject?" "Most assuredly! I never trouble myself about things I do not understand." "And what place are you now seeking for?" "I am trying to find the most direct way to Quebec." "For what purpose?" "That I might go there and continue my studies in the university of that town." "But why need you go for this purpose to the end of the world? There are universities nearer home superior to that of Quebec; and if it will afford you any pleasure I will point them out to you." At this moment they were joined by a large retinue belonging to the princes of Lorraine, who were hunting in the forest, and after some conversation with Duval it was proposed to him that he should continue his studies in the college of jesuits at Pont-à-Mousson. He felt the importance of this proposal but desired time for consideration; adding that he valued his liberty, and would never quit his retreat, without being sure of preserving this precious gift of nature.

His apprehensions on this subject having been dispelled, his books and effects were removed to Pont-à-Mousson; and he was clothed and an annual pension assigned him. His natural taste for study, added to the desire of answering the expectations of his patron, made him an assiduous student, but the sedentary life which he now led, seriously impaired his health, and disordered his imagination.

While a member of this college, and while in this state of

mental and bodily indisposition, Duval came near losing his life in a very extraordinary manner. Having fallen desperately in love with a young lady whom he had accidentally seen, he struggled in vain against the passion, and reading one day in St. Jerome that hemlock was a certain cure for it, he procured a large quantity of the herb, and ate it as a salad. He was at once seized with a dangerous illness, the effects of which were long felt by him.

The improvement of Duval was very great, and in 1718, he made a journey to Paris in the suite of his patron the Duke of Lorraine. On his return the next year he was appointed professor of history in the academy at Luneville. He soon after delivered public lectures on history and antiquities: they were attended with the greatest success, and frequented by a number of young Englishmen, among whom was William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham. Duval, struck with the distinguished air and manly bearing of the young man, more than once predicted his future fame.

Duval in his prosperity did not forget St. Anne's, the cradle of his fortune, or the good old hermits who had been the friends of his forlorn boyhood, and he determined to consecrate to this object the whole of his savings, and show his gratitude by building anew the hermitage. A handsome square building, with a chapel in the centre, and surrounded with a considerable quantity of land, consisting of a garden, orchard, vineyard, a nursery of the best fruit trees, and some arable ground, were the result of this generous intention. His principles of beneficence led him to render this institution beneficial to the public, and the hermits of St. Anne were accordingly required to furnish gratuitously, and at the distance of three leagues round, the produce of their nursery, and every kind of tree that should be demanded of them, and to every person without exception. They were further obliged to go and plant them themselves if it were required, without exacting any reward, or even taking refreshment, unless they

found themselves at too great a distance from the hermitage to return to dinner.

Duval had spent many years in perfect content when his felicity was interrupted in 1738, by the death of his patron and unwavering friend, Leopold, Duke of Lorraine. The new duke on his accession, exchanged the duchy of Lorraine for the grand duchy of Tuscany, and although Duval was urgently entreated to continue to hold the professorship at Luneville, he preferred accompanying his friend to Florence, where he was placed at the head of the ducal library. The science of medals upon which Duval had already delivered lectures in Lorraine, became now his favourite amusement, and he set about making a collection of ancient and modern coins. He was deeply engaged in this pursuit when the emperor Francis, who had formed a similar design, invited him to Vienna that he might have the care and management of the collection, which invitation he accepted.

In 1751, Duval was appointed one of the preceptors to the arch-duke Joseph, afterwards emperor; but he refused the office, flattering as it was to his vanity. He was beloved by all the imperial family; but from his extreme modesty he was scarcely acquainted with the persons of many individuals of it. The eldest arch-duchesses passing him one day without his appearing to know them; their brother, who was a little behind them, and who perceived his absence, asked him if he knew those ladies? "No, sir," was the reply. "I do not wonder at it," said the prince, "it is because my sisters are not antiques."

A philosopher in the strict sense of the word, Duval thus lived in the midst of luxury and human greatness, a life truly pastoral, never deviating from his first plan, and never more happy than when in the depth of his retreat.

His health becoming again impaired by close application to study, he was advised to take a journey for its re-establishment. He accordingly returned to France, and arrived in Paris in 1752, where persons of distinction vied with each

other in showing him civilities, and rendering his abode agreeable.

On his return he passed through Artonay, the village in which he was born, and purchased his paternal cottage, which one of his sisters had been compelled to sell; and having caused it to be pulled down, he built on the spot a solid and commodious house, which he made a present of to the community for the abode of the schoolmaster of the village. His beneficence was also extended to a hamlet near Artonay, where finding that there were no wells, he had some dug at his own expense.

On his return to Vienna, he resumed his old habits, and devoted himself assiduously to his studies. From his good constitution, hardened by fatigue, and his active and virtuous life, he reached the age of seventy-nine years, without feeling any of the infirmities of old age; but in his eightieth year he was suddenly attacked with a most painful disorder, which brought him to the brink of the grave. Owing to the constant care and attention of the empress, his disorder took a favourable turn, and he was at length restored; but in the following year he was seized with a fever which put an end to his life on the third day of November, 1755. We have thus traced the history of this extraordinary man through all his vicissitudes, from his humble origin to the eminence which he subsequently attained, from being the loathsome and deformed tenant of a sheep pen to the companionship of emperors and princes. And surely the name of that man is worthy of commemoration, who to raise himself from that state of obscurity and depression to which his birth seemed to have condemned him, opened for himself a way, and overcame difficulties which genius, energy and perseverance were alone capable of surmounting.

## DIALOGUE.

It is certainly a curious and interesting fact, that the master-pieces both of Greek and Latin prose composition are in the form of dialogue. We refer of course to the best works of Cicero and Plato. The same thing can hardly be affirmed of any cultivated modern language, although no French or English prose is likely to last longer than that of Fenelon and Landor, both of whom have shown a very marked predilection for this form of composition. It has also acquired great popularity as forming the body or substance of the modern romance, which differs from the older compositions of the same name in nothing more remarkably than in the relative amount of space allotted to mere narrative and dialogue respectively. Another familiar application of this method is in books of a didactic character, especially such as are intended to convey the rudiments of useful knowledge, in an interesting manner, to the younger class of readers. We say nothing of dramatic composition, from which this form is inseparable, because, from its design, it is necessarily confined within very narrow limits, as compared with the untrammelled Dialogue of which we are now speaking.

In all these applications of the Dialogue, experience has shown that while on one hand nothing can be more attractive or effective when skilfully executed, nothing on the other can be more insipid and wearisome when badly done. Writers and readers have no doubt often wondered, that the same expedient should in one case render ineffective even the most interesting subject and original ideas, which in another case may almost be said to supersede the necessity of having any subject or ideas at all—and that not only in the case of different writers but of one and the same.

The secret of this difference is simple and intelligible, though perhaps not obvious. The Dialogue, to be effective, must be really two-sided, that is, both the speakers must

have something of their own to say, a character if not opinions to maintain, or else the Dialogue is nothing but a Monologue, spun out and divided by impertinent and needless interruptions. This last is the character of multitudes of books, which have been called into existence by the success of one happily conceived and executed for the purpose of juvenile or popular instruction. The original model owes its effect to the skill or instinct, which has led the writer to delineate on paper the reciprocal action of two minds, however feeble, on a common theme, however unimportant. The herd of imitators, foolishly ascribing the effect to the mere external form of composition, vainly strive to reproduce it by mechanically breaking up the page into short paragraphs, with different names prefixed to them alternately, not knowing, or learning to their cost, that the great majority of readers would much rather hear what one mouth can intelligibly utter, from that one mouth than from two or any greater number.

The error of making dialogues one-sided, may be rendered clear by an example. The following will be recognized by most readers as by no means an exaggerated specimen of this style, as exhibited in numerous books.

*Mr. Smith.* We may now proceed to the history of the House of Brunswick.

*Arabella.* Oh, papa, that will be very pleasant.

*Mr. S.* Of this house six have already occupied the throne.

*A.* Only six! I thought there had been more.

*Mr. S.* Five kings and one queen.

*A.* One queen! I wonder who that can be.

*Mr. S.* Four Georges, William and Victoria.

*A.* Ah, now I know. The one queen is Victoria.

*Mr. S.* George the First was a German, and could never speak good English.

*A.* I don't see how a German could be king of England.

*Mr. S.* His father was Elector of Hanover; but his mother was descended from James the First.

*A.* And how did he come to be king of England?

*Mr. S.* When James II. became a Roman Catholic, the crown was transferred to his daughter Mary and her husband, William, Prince of Orange, who was also her cousin.

*A.* And how did they lose it?

*Mr. S.* They died without children, and it went to James's younger daughter.

*A.* Who was that, papa?

*Mr. S.* Queen Anne.

*A.* Then her children ought to have succeeded her, if she had any.

*Mr. S.* She had many children, but they all died before her.

*A.* Indeed, papa? That is very unusual, is it not?

*Mr. S.* It is, my dear. The next Protestant heir was the Elector of Hanover, who accordingly became king of England, by the title of George the First.

*A.* In what year, papa?

*Mr. S.* In the year 1714.

*A.* Exactly one hundred and thirty-six years ago! How very singular!

*Mr. S.* That will do for the present.

*A.* Thank you, papa! Good night, papa!"

We believe there are many very worthy people who would think this a much better lesson in history than the following:

"We now proceed to the history of the House of Brunswick. Of this house six have already occupied the throne, five kings and one queen, four Georges, William, and Victoria. George the First was a German, and could never speak good English. His father was Elector of Hanover, but his mother was descended from James the First. When James the Second became a Roman Catholic, the crown was transferred to his daughter Mary and her husband, William, Prince of Orange, who was also her cousin. They died without children and it went to James's younger daughter, Queen Anne. She had many children, but they all died before her. The next Protestant heir was the Elector of Hanover, who accordingly became king of England, by the title of George the First, in the year 1714."

Even admitting that the interpellations are of some use, query, whether the pupil could not make them *ex tempore*, and thus save half the space in printing. More hereafter.

OWEN.

---

## READINGS ON SHENSTONE.

In an age that has but little taste for pastorals, it is not surprising that Shenstone's poetry, though good of its kind, is but little read; but that his prose essays are not better known seems unaccountable. These writings contain much

that is just in sentiment expressed with beauty and precision. The writer was a man of refined taste and acute sensibility and his knowledge of men and their motives was extensive. A life of retirement seems to have been the most agreeable to him; his chief delight was his garden, the embellishment of which impaired his fortune. Mr. Wirt, in his famous speech at the trial of Aaron Burr, could find no higher praise for Blennerhassett's Island than to say that it contained "a shrubbery which Shenstone might have envied."

The "Essays on Men and Manners" by Shenstone are comprised in a single volume, whose contents this title does not fully describe, for it contains a few tales and some remarks upon the subject in which he was so much interested—gardening. Many of the essays are a series of detached thoughts, seeming rather hints for future essays than essays themselves: yet often these briefly expressed thoughts furnish the reader with more materials for reflection than the laboured pages of other writers.

Here are some notes upon the passages that we have marked in a recent re-perusal of that work.

¶ 1. "The arguments against pride drawn so frequently by our clergy from the general infirmity, circumstances and catastrophe of our nature are extremely trifling and insignificant. Man is not proud as a species but as an individual; not as comparing himself with other beings, but with his fellow creatures."

This is a just remark. Men are not proud because the human race is superior to the brute creation and to inanimate nature. This is so obvious that we never bestow a second thought upon it. The individual man is proud that he excels or fancies he excels, another man or a number of men; and we cannot argue a man out of this pride by reminding him of the shortness and uncertainty of life and the trials and sufferings that beset his path. The life of him upon whom he looks down is equally brief and uncertain, and he too is tried and suffers, so that these considerations



may be left out of the account altogether. Man is not proud that he belongs to an order of beings "made but little lower than the angels, and crowned with glory and honour;" so many share in this that the portion of each individual is too small to build pride upon, but the proud man glories that among this race so honoured he holds a high position and can look down upon his fellows. To subdue this pride and demonstrate its unreasonableness, other arguments are needed than those which Shenstone justly calls "trifling and insignificant"—arguments which are occasionally heard in our days and from others than divines.

2. "A wife ought in reality to love her husband above all the world; but this preference, I think, should in point of politeness, be concealed. The reason is that it is disgusting to see an amiable woman monopolized; and it is easy by proper management to waive (all I contend for) the appearance."

Part of one of Lamb's best essays—"A Bachelor's complaint of the behaviour of Married People"—elaborates this sentiment, and so strong is the resemblance in the ideas and expression that we cannot help thinking that it was suggested by this passage of Shenstone, thus: "what oftenest offends me in the houses of married persons where I visit is an error of quite a different description;" he had been speaking of the quarrels of man and wife—"it is that they are too loving. Not too loving either: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society implies that they prefer one another to the world. But what I complain of is this, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly that you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal that *you* are *not* the object of this preference. \* \* \* Marriage by

its best title is a monopoly and not of the least invidious sort."

If this suggestion is correct that the "delightful Elia" took the hint of this from the passage of Shenstone above quoted, we are under an additional obligation to the elder author who has been "not only witty himself but the cause of wit in other men."

A person, who thought upon this subject as Shenstone and Lamb did before him, maintains that married persons should so behave towards each other in company that a stranger should be unable to say which gentlemen was the husband of any lady present or which lady the wife of any gentleman present. Perhaps this is carrying the proposed reform a little too far, but there is something in the suggestion that merits attention. Billing and cooing in public are "disgusting," (to use Shenstone's word) and those who have been condemned to witness it and listen to a stream of "loves" and "dears" generally revenge themselves by concluding that appellations of another character are as freely bestowed in private.

3. "Prudent men lock up their motives; letting familiars have a key to their hearts as to their garden." An idea with which Shenstone seems to have been pleased, as he thus reproduces it in another place: "Prudent men should lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key."

In those actions of a man which affect my own or other's happiness, I may, and indeed must, feel interested, but this gives me no right to pry into his motives for those actions, much less into his motives for actions of an indifferent character. Charity calls upon us to ascribe the best motives to all the actions of another. As there is no obligation upon any one to wear his "heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at," so no one is obliged to proclaim the motive for his actions upon the house-tops; for them he has no account to render to his fellow men.

But what Shenstone says of *motives*, may with more force

be applied to *intentions*. By announcing these a man runs always a great risk of having his design thwarted by the opposition of those whom a prudent reserve would have deprived of that power; and if failure be the result of an enterprise these preliminary flourishes of trumpets only make it the more noticeable. Observe how the failure of the most trivial design lays us open to endless enquiries and sometimes to commiseration still more intolerable. Thus if I have announced an intended journey at a particular time and am unable to start at the day, it is treated as a grievous offence by two-thirds of my acquaintance and I am saluted everywhere by the reproachful cry "why I thought you were going to ——" whatever may be my proposed destination—and to clear up my character I must enter into details of private affairs that a man had better keep to himself.

As to this matter of travelling, it has been held that he who gives previous warning of his departure is sure to have the escort of ladies imposed upon him, the said ladies always having a distracting supply of baggage to look after; but this objection is so ungallant that it should not be enlarged upon.

A design successfully carried out strikes the more forcibly if unexpected, whilst many failures would be unknown if the effort was not looked for.

4. (From the Essay on Envy) "I believe this passion is oftentimes derived from a too partial view of our own and other's excellencies. We behold a man possessed of some particular advantage and we immediately reflect upon its deficiency in ourselves. We wait not to examine what others we have to balance it. We envy another man's bodily accomplishments; when our own mental ones might preponderate, would we put them into the scale. Should we ask our own bosoms whether we would change situations altogether, I fancy self-love would, generally, make us prefer our own condition." The idea in this last sentence he has elsewhere thus enlarged upon. "If envious people were universally

to ask themselves whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied, (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c., &c.) I will presume the self-love common to human nature would make them all prefer their own condition."

This shows the unreasonableness of our envious repinings in a striking manner. We are dissatisfied at not possessing what others have and we are in want of, and we would obtain these advantages without relinquishing any that we possess. A man sees one with whom he started in life ahead of him in the race, and enjoying more of the goods of fortune than himself and his self-love leads him to think himself the most worthy of them; but let him be asked, "Will you exchange your fortune for his, and at the same time receive his knowledge and learning, his principles and feelings, his family and friends in exchange for yours?" and the proposal will stagger him. This would be almost giving up one's identity and exchanging his soul for that of another. No: unreasonable man would wish to retain all the good that he already possesses and have the good of his neighbour added to it; but this is not the system upon which the world is governed. We frequently see the gifts of fortune lavished upon those who in our judgment, least deserve them, but perhaps the very defects in them which we see as plainly as their wealth, prevent their enjoying their abundance as a man of sense would, whilst the latter who can say "My mind to me a kingdom is" has pleasures in possession of which the wealthy fool can never taste. "Compensation" is every where visible. Let us not be so unreasonable as to insist, with the child upon having "cake and penny both." Mrs. Barbauld's "Remarks upon the Inconsistency of Human Expectations" contain some very just observations upon this subject.

UNEDA.

## GENTLEMANLY.

*At New York, this 20th August, 1850.*

MR. THE EDITOR,—Before to mount on the packet-boat of vapour for to come into the America of the North, I have rented a master of English, and have made such progresses in your fine but thrice queer language, that every where now all the world takes me for American, and I can promenade myself at horse or foot, without that person thinks I may be French. But while I am transported with ease to know so perfectly this noble tongue, I must avow that there is one thing which I have not yet apprehended. This I ought to attend, for one said to me, before my departure from the Harbour of Grace in the beautiful France, Two English words one cannot translate into French, *comfort* and *gentleman*. Nevertheless, I soon apprehend *comfort* and *comfortable*; but *gentleman* and *gentlemanly*—that is different. One says to me at first, How our Captain is gentlemanly! Then I regard and see a tall thin man, very *gauche* and *surnois*, who says nothing, and who laughs not never. Ah, ah, say I, this is what is gentlemanly. *Nous verrons*. The mate is little live man, fat and round. He laughs always. How our mate is *bonhomme*! Yes, and gentlemanly, says my friend. He also! all the two gentlemanly? *Chose étrange!* There I lose myself. A poor sick Mr. comes on high from his bed where he lay long time with the malady of sea. I pity myself of him. I say, How this poor Mr. appears still and sad! Yes, yes, but gentlemanly, one replies. One dies at sea—one throws him there—one pronounces his éloge—kind—honourable—delicate—and all that. Yes, adds another, and so gentlemanly! At last we arrive. The pilot comes before us. He is a big talking man, with many rings. He resembles greatly to a butcher whom I know in beautiful France. Nevertheless, in descending the degrees, I hear some one say, What a very gentlemanly pilot! The clock

sounds. We assemble in the cabin. The bureau is organized. Mr. Smith presides. Mr. John Smith writes. Mr. Smythe of Smytheville ascends the tribune. He improvises an éloge upon the Captain and his officers and crew; so attentive, so faithful, so bold and prudent; all the virtues are there. The resolutions are voted. One reads the process verbal. One proposes to amend, to perfect, in adding the word gentlemanly. All consent. One proposes to give something to the steward, because he has been so officious. I see an opportunity to speak. I lift myself. "Messieurs, I am easy to contribute something for this worthy negro; but I see there a defect. One says he has been faithful; it is true. He has been affectionate; it is still true. He has been officious; it is true, always true. But one forgets the principal thing, and I propose to insert it in the process-verbal. Not only has our black friend been officious, but he has been—gentlemanly." I bear upon this last word—I lend it force—I attend the applauses of the circle. There is none of it. One laughs—yes, all the world parts with a burst of laughter like some madmen. Ha! ha! a black gentleman! That smells its foreigner a league off. Ha! ha! ha! For the first time I interview the definition of this queer word. *La voici!* A gentleman means every white man and no black man. If this is not the sense, I plant it there. Adieu.

FRANÇOIS FRANÇAIS.

---

TO MY PEN.

Thou second tongue, whose accents further reach  
 Than Stentor's lungs, diffusing silent speech  
 O'er land and ocean, and for age on age,  
 I love thy gentle motion on the page.

The uttered syllable and winged word  
Dies at its birth, extinguished when 'tis heard ;  
But thine, O gentle pinion, flies and gives  
Its holy impulse, long as learning lives.  
What do I owe thee, servant of my mind,  
Meek, ductile benefactor of mankind !  
Of every flowing wish the channel, thou  
By prompt conveyance to my will dost bow,  
In mightier hands thou hast revealed the power  
Of great resistance in the trying hour ;  
Restrained the furious and upraised the slave,  
Rallied the free and doubly armed the brave ;  
Poured consolation on the sorrowing heart,  
And dazzled millions with the rays of art.  
The sword less trenchant than thy modest edge,  
Less ponderous the fall of iron sledge ;  
No sculptor's chisel leaves a deeper trace,  
No graphic pencil marks a lovelier grace.  
'Twas thine, O feathered sceptre, to control  
The thought of Europe under Luther's soul ;  
In Bacon's fingers thou hast led the way  
Where science climbed to realms of purer day ;  
And Shakspeare's Muse had almost died unknown,  
But for thy craft, that made his words our own.

Solace of weary hours, I greet thee well,  
Nightly companion of my wakeful cell ;  
Herald of joys, that fly to friends afar,  
And potent settler of the feuds of war,  
Calmer of tempests, lightener of pain,  
Love's chosen messenger, and means of gain.  
All that can spring from teeming human heads,  
Thy truthful ministry records and spreads.  
Neglect or disapprove thy rights who will,  
Honoured and loved thou art, my grey goose quill.

Y.

## THE TAILORS' STRIKE.

AN HUMBLE ATTEMPT AT THE NEWEST FRENCH STYLE OF  
ROMANTIC FICTION.

It is twenty-seven minutes and fifty seconds after twelve o'clock, M. . . . .

The day is damp and lowering. . . . .

The voice of the news-boy sounds hoarse and croupy. The omnibus-drivers are without their coats. The weather-cock on the Post Office stands out in bold relief against the sky.

The dust rolls up Broadway in irregular puffs, as if a spirit was propelling it.

Suddenly a deep sigh comes down from the neighbourhood of Grace Church.

A form is seen moving into Union Park. Livid, its features decomposed, its eyes surrounded by black rings, its rags fluttering in the south-east wind. . . . .

Breakfast was over at the German boarding house in Thirty-Eighth Street. . . . .

A man sat in the garret-window, picking his teeth with the small blade of his pen-knife. He was about thirty-nine years and eleven months of age, but might be six weeks more or less. He wore an old blue coat with brass buttons, five on each side, fitting closely to his shape, with a pocket in the right skirt, and another in the bosom, on the left side, lined with black muslin. His trousers were of gray cloth, much worn about the heels, and with two of the waistband buttons missing. In the bosom of his dirty shirt he wore a large brass pin, with a fish-head at one end. His boots were dusty and the left one run down at the heel. His hat was unbrushed, and at least two years and a quarter old.

The man was an Irishman.

The other inmates of the house were Germans, as appeared



by the pipe-handles peeping from their coat-tail pockets, and the constant sound of "So!" or "Ja!" They were drinking Bavarian beer in the back-yard.

Suddenly they started, shrugged their shoulders, and turned pale.

One of them pointed to the back-door, and indicated by a gesture the shivering form that had been seen in Union Park.

Strike! strike! strike!

Strike! strike! strike!

A man and two women hurried down the avenue. The man was forty-four years old; the elder woman twenty-nine and eight months; the younger seventeen and three weeks, wanting one day. Suddenly they started, stood still, and threw themselves into each other's arms. An adorable grin played upon the man's moustache. He was a tailor. They were tailoresses. Under their cloaks they carried work to their employers.

What is that?

Strike! strike! strike!

A policeman rushes by, dragging a tailor with his coat pulled over his head, which is invisible. The collar of the coat was greasy and its buttons worn bare. Suddenly the wearer of it started and turned pale. A gust of wind swept by, loaded with dust and German oaths. The unearthly form strode on.

Strike! strike! strike!

The day is dawning with great difficulty. The wind can hardly get its breath. The sun seems half afraid to rise and shrugs its shoulders just above the horizon.

The man and the younger woman re-appear. Her dress was elaborate and picturesque. She wore a robe of white poul de soie. The skirt was very full, and ornamented in front with five rows of lace. The corsage was high at the back, but open in front nearly as low as the waist, and was edged round with a fall of lace narrowing to a point in front. Within the corsage was a chemisette, composed of rows of lace falling downward and finished at the throat by a band of insertion and an edging standing up. She wore a bonnet of pink crape, drawn in very full bouillonnés, with strings of pink satin ribbon, and on one side a drooping bouquet of small pink flowers; and a shawl of pink China crape, richly embroidered with white silk, completed her attire.

You see the prices are too low, Miss Grettchen.

Are they indeed, Mr. Kalbfleisch?

And we mean to have them raised if possible.

Ah?

Whether the bosses can afford it or not.

So!

And then we mean to be bosses ourselves, and all the poor are to be rich, and all the rich poor, and society is to be reorganized. But perhaps I tire you, Miss Grettchen.

Oh no, Mr. Kalbfleisch, what you say is very interesting, and I long to hear more on the reconstruction of society.

Well, my further remarks may be distributed under four heads—the theoretical—the practical—the philosophical—and the poetical. In treating the first, I shall call your attention to three fundamental principles, and then point out their application.

What is that, Mr. Kalbfleisch? do you hear?

Strike! strike! strike!

A livid form rises above the tailor's shop in Thirty-Eighth street. In its right hand is a pair of shears, in its left a

burning goose. Opposite to it appears the rigid form of a policeman, with his stick and star.

A voice rises high above the crowd—We are Germans—we are tailors—and will yield to no American oppressor.

To arms! to arms!

——Liberty or death!

Do you not see, Miss Grettchen, how easily all this might have been avoided?

How, sir?

Why, by letting the workmen fix their own prices—or if that could not be done, by giving them up everything—houses, money and all. Are they not Germans—and tailors—and freemen? Must they submit because the chicken-hearted natives are afraid to violate the law? No, let them rather take the places of these dastards, and give law to them. Eh, Miss Grettchen?

Certainly, Herr Kalbfleisch.

Let them listen to the voice that now arouses them.

Strike! strike! strike!

The tailors did strike and were struck themselves.

The ringleaders are cruelly arrested, and carried before unjust magistrates, who thrust them into prison.

It is supper-time.

The livid form appears again, arrayed in mourning.

Farewell, liberty! Farewell, justice!

Strike! strike! strike!

SUE.

## NEW BOOKS.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF CHRISTOPHER MARSHALL, kept in Philadelphia and Lancaster, during the American Revolution. Edited by William Duane. Philadelphia. Hazard and Mitchell, pp. 174.

Christopher Marshall was one of the most respectable citizens of Philadelphia, who having amassed a competency, had retired from business before the commencement of the revolutionary war. Mr. Marshall was a member of the society of Friends, from which body he was expelled in consequence of his active co-operation with the friends of liberty, and his uncompromising devotion to the cause of American independence. This volume contains passages from Mr. Marshall's diary from 1774 to 1778, from which it appears that he was on terms of confidential intimacy with John Hancock, Samuel and John Adams, and other leading members of the Continental Congress, and was himself placed in various posts of honour and responsibility connected with the progress of the revolution. There is one passage in this diary which certainly requires explanation. While the entry on the fourth of July 1776 contains a minute account of many current events, not the slightest allusion is made to the fact that Independence was that day declared, but in the entry of July 2d, Mr. Marshall says, "*This day*, the Continental Congress declared the United States Free and Independent States." Mr. Duane of the Philadelphia Bar, to whom the public are indebted for these passages from our revolutionary history, possesses no ordinary qualifications for the task he has undertaken. Thoroughly versed as he is in the early annals of the country, it is to be hoped that now when every fragment of revolutionary history is invaluable, he will not content himself with issuing the second volume of this diary, but that he will from time to time present to the public the fruits of his researches in so interesting a field.

**PREJUDICE AND ITS ANTIDOTE.** An address delivered before the East Alabama Presbyterial High School, on the occasion of its second anniversary. By Rev. W. T. Hamilton, D.D., of Mobile, Alabama.

An earnest and eloquent discourse calculated to benefit every class of readers. The author being convinced that the two greatest obstacles in the way of successful education, are indolence and prejudice, and that the latter is incomparably the more mischievous though the less noticed of the two, selected as the subject of his address, *The Power of Prejudice and its Antidote*. The evils arising from the adoption of opinions and prepossessions without due examination, are set forth with great effect; and the antidote prescribed is a determination to seek after *truth* at all times and on all subjects.

**THE EARTH AND MAN.** Lectures on Comparative Physical Geography in its relation to the History of Mankind. By Arnold Guyot. Translated from the French, by C. C. Felton, Professor in Harvard University. Boston; Gould, Kendall, & Lincoln. 1850. 12mo. pp. 324.

These Lectures were delivered in French, during the months of January and February last, in one of the halls of the Lowell Institute in Boston. The work embraces the whole subject of Comparative Physical Geography considered in its relations to the history and destinies of mankind. The lecturer treats of Physical Geography, not only as a description of our earth, but as the physical science of the globe, or the science of the general phenomena of the present life of the globe, in reference to their connection and their natural dependence. A number of maps and plates accompany the volume. An edition of these lectures has, we learn, lately appeared in England, from which every sentence favourable to this country has been carefully expunged.

**THE LONE DOVE: A Legend of Revolutionary times.** By a Lady. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 281.

This is a pleasant story of Revolutionary Times, in which Generals Washington, Hamilton, and other distinguished men are brought upon the stage. The chapters containing "The house on the Hudson," "General Washington in the social circle," and "the interview between Washington and Hamilton" possess considerable interest.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1850. 16mo.

This illustrated edition of Holmes' poetical works has been revised by the author and is embellished with his portrait. It also contains a number of pieces which have never before been published. It is almost useless at this day to speak of Holmes's metrical pieces as every body is familiar with them, and it is certainly unnecessary in any way to commend them. Griswold in his *Poets of America* truly says: "Dr. Holmes's Lyrics ring and sparkle like cataracts of silver, and his serious pieces—as successful in their way as those of the mirthful frolics of his muse for which he is best known—arrest the attention by touches of the most genuine pathos and tenderness."

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF INSANITY. Published by the New York State Lunatic Asylum, Utica.

This is the first number of the seventh volume of this interesting periodical. It is printed at the Asylum at Utica and edited by Dr. T. Romeyn Beck, of Albany, and is intended to give the public a fair statement of all improvements suggested or adopted in this important branch of Public Economy.

The present number contains eight original articles, among which may be found an able and interesting dissertation on the medical treatment of insanity, by Dr. Samuel B. Woodward, formerly superintendent of the Massachusetts Lunatic Hospital. The proceedings of the fifth annual meeting of the superintendents of American Institutions for the Insane are also given in this number.

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

A VISIT TO THE OLD HOUSE.

I had not revisited the home of my boyhood for forty years. It was moonlight, when I alighted from the stage-coach, within sight of the house in which I was born; and though I had determined to postpone my visit until the next day, there were some distant glimpses of towering elms and piles of building, which brought a world of recollections back upon me, and sent me to bed to dream all night of broken scenes from my boyish history. Ah! how deep are those impressions which are made in the child's soul while he is thinking only of his present sports and passing troubles!

Business of a more common-place and sordid character occupied me, among papers and receipt-books, till noon. I then prepared myself for a solitary visit to the home of my fathers; and I chose to approach it by the rear. Between the old garden and the river was a meadow. I had rolled in it, among the dandelions and buttercups, a thousand times: but the old nurse, who had been to me a mother, was long since dead. The cool clear spring was in the place where I left it; and the rill which wandered from it into the river was marked by an edging of greener grass. The fragrant mint along its borders came to my sense with associations of

childhood which were as strong as they were unexpected. The remains of an orchard marked the place where in my stouter boyhood, I had played high pranks; and it was with a melancholy smile I observed the very tree remaining, in the hollowed trunk of which we used to let off a rude sort of fireworks. Strolling I scarce knew why to the river-bank, I perceived that an enormous chestnut tree occupied the place where three younger trees once grew from the same root, in a fantastic shape. On the green bark of these we used to carve the names of—no matter—why should I tell love-stories to the dead, or to those wrinkled dames who will read these lines through spectacles?

After some delay, I gained my own consent to penetrate the hedge of the garden, once so spacious, orderly and fair, but now a desolation. Years must have passed since it was so much as entered by an instrument of toil. The lofty green-house of my father is now a ruin, unroofed and without a pane of glass. I found the old alleys, by means of the box which had spread and wandered with a profuse irregularity. Knotted quince trees, those Stoics of the orchard, were in full bearing, among jungles of thistle, pokeberry and mullein. A vine, the survivor of many which were our delight in childhood, was sprawling like a boa-constrictor over the earth, having mashed in its fall the trellis-arbour that formerly stood in the centre of the grounds. Over the gable of some offices a trumpet-creeper was spreading lady-finger flowers to the sun. As if in spite of misfortune several althæas, with their cousin hollyhocks, and clumps of yellow lilies, flaunted in the summer air, amidst an acre of wilderness. How vain would be the attempt to record my emotions. The past rose before me, shrouded in a mist of sadness, half a dream, yet too full of reality. There was not an object of my sight which did not awake a retinue of memories, persons, faces, scenes, sorrows, mingled with the oddest and the silliest passages of a peculiarly unrestrained and ebullient childhood. But who could give me back the score of friends,



now gone to the other world; and who could give me back my health, my youth, and my as yet unwounded conscience!

After many steps of musing, I found myself at the porch of the paternal house. A pious awe made me shudder, as I almost beheld the forms of father, mother, and sisters, who had in that doorway bidden me adieu, with convulsive affection. For many years the mansion has been untenanted, and of course the work of decay has gone on bravely. The stones gaped, and the lintels were falling away. I enter, and the echo of the walls seems familiar. But when I utter a few beloved names, the voice which chokes in my throat is not the jocund voice of boyhood; nor are these faltering steps the same which were wont to skip through these halls. Can these be the drawing-rooms which once seemed to me of princely grandeur? Yes, for those are the niches, in which once stood the busts which my father brought from France. Now they are blackened and over-hung with cobwebs. There was the mirror, before which I once paraded, to gain a full-length reflection of my birth-day suit. There is the corner in which stood my aunt's spinette. Those, I verily believe, are the hooks from which the portraits of my grand-parents used to hang. These saloons are peopled with ghosts of departed enjoyments.

Creak and rattle as they may, the stairs are the same as of old; it was my amusement to glide down from top to bottom, astride of the broad smooth rail, to the terror of my dear invalid mother. Mounting them, I arrive at the sacred chamber, where she lived and died, and in which I was born. Suffocated with thoughts of prayers, and gifts, and mercies, connected with this room, I pass through it to the little apartment where I used to lie; near enough for every motion of the night to reach the watchful ear of affection. There, for years of infancy and boyhood, stood my little bed. On that spot, knees were placed in many a heart-felt prayer, when the oppression of darkness and solitude made me rise from my pillow: heigh-ho! these experiences seem strange

to me now. And I happier? Away fond thoughts—why should I mock myself? Let me find the play-rooms, the larder, the store-closets, where winter apples used to give forth their balmy smell. Let me even explore the darker recesses of the kitchen and the scullery; homely spots, but dear to the recollection of childhood. Ah! there are my own initials, rudely chiseled by own hand, before my teens; and there is the cool little paved court, once overhung by vines, where I used to sit by the hour and play draughts with little Emily; who is now a grand mother.

Time and waste have made sad changes and dilapidations, but when I look out towards the high road, over this corn-field which was once a smooth-shaven lawn, I perceive one object which has suffered no loss; the lovely trees are still there. That gigantic tulip-tree, with fair, clear bole, and trimly cut leaves, must be a century old. How matchless in its beautiful magnificent old age! That hemlock, with funeral masses almost black, stands in mourning like a mute. The avenue of elms is almost unbroken, overarching like the aisles of a Gothic church. A species of magnolia, which I left a shrub, has become a great tree, and shows a quantity of fruit, not unlike bananas in shape, but of a roseate colour, nestling among the green boughs. The yellow clusters of the mountain ash are laughing amidst decay and ruin. In all this I see a new reason to inculcate the planting of trees. They are among the most permanent objects around which the remembrances of early life may cluster.

I am willing to say farewell at the great stone gateway, with its broken lodge, and never to return. I have seen the place of my spring-tide. I have renewed the bitter-sweet of recollections. I am quite willing never to repeat the experiment of this hour; nor need I, for it can never be forgotten. Old age is gaining on me. Those who accompanied my lighter steps up the hill are all gone, or going. The few totterers, who are with me in the descent, are as dull and as weary as myself. In looking back, there is at least as much

pain as pleasure. Methinks it were wise to look a little forward. And if the present life is only an introduction to something more august, it were well to be seeking preparation. O. O.

---

**THE HOME EVENING.**

Twilight, such as winter sends  
Soft and early, gives to friends  
Fit occasion to surround  
The hearth that cheers with crackling sound.  
Now to close our toil is meet,  
Now the scattered inmates greet.  
Curtains drop, the circle closes,  
Fragrant draught the mind composes.  
'Twas a custom of our sires  
About the mild domestic fires,  
With blessing to salute the light,  
When candles usher in the night ;  
Still observed in distant lands,  
But lost in our prosaic hands.  
Sacred eve ! if friendship e'er  
Nestles by the fireside fair ;  
If love ever changes token,  
When, in softest whisper spoken,  
Hurried syllables impart  
Secrets of the inmost heart ;  
If parental fulness pours  
Over filial love its stores ;  
'Tis when the latest cricket shrill  
Breaks the silence of the hill,  
When the owl is on its scout,  
And darkness summons fancy's rout.  
In train of images that play

Around the skirts of parting day.  
 Books and games and riddles now  
 Teach the lightsome urchins how  
 To bridge the doubtful passage-way,  
 To sleep's domain from restless day,  
 Tray is dozing on the rug,  
 And Tabby on her cushion snug  
 Purs in concert with the snore  
 Of outworn Will behind the door.  
 Cosy evening suits the taste  
 Of grandame in the corner placed ;  
 Who o'er her knitting lives anew  
 In ravelling out the coloured clew  
 Of memory's web, in stories ample  
 Of oldtime frolic and example.  
 Now old age his glasses lifts  
 To drive young master to his shifts,  
 Of logic-quirk, and splitting hair,  
 Or smokes his pipe in elbow-chair.  
 If good neighbourhood abound  
 The knocker warns with frequent sound  
 Of quid-nunc visitant, whose face  
 For years has beamed on the same place.

O gentle Eve, can daylight give  
 Serener joys to those who live ?  
 Thy wing o'er shadows many a knot  
 Of social friends, in quiet spot,  
 Who, humble, ask no wider sphere  
 Than what the fireside offers near ;  
 Who through delight and through distress  
 Have journeyed on, nor loved the less,  
 Because through fair and stormy weather  
 They have been growing old together.  
 Such oldtime gossips love the glare  
 That breaks by fits from embers there ;

The hum of the ancestral urn,  
The lamps that mid strange figures burn,  
The ballad learnt in sunnier hours,  
The posy of familiar flowers,  
The six-tomed novel, the great lay  
In quarto form, stored many a day,  
Chat of old times. Dear friends, ye sorrow  
To part, though only till to-morrow.

But when the flickering brands do paint  
The wall with dancing shadows quaint,  
And ruddy gleamings dapple o'er  
Robes, features, portraits, ceiling, floor—  
Then, Christian Evening hath a grace  
Of brighter joy for many a face  
Of comely age, whose thoughts extend  
Beyond the earthly journey's end.  
The hour of quiet is the hour  
When holy rapture hath its power ;  
And half the joy were wanting there  
If evening were not crowned with prayer.  
—Then warm adieux, then soft good-nights,  
Then virtuous kisses close the rites.  
Ah ! some there be, who always roam ;  
My God ! I thank thee for my HOME.

X.

---

PERSIAN PROVERBS.

1. Not every thing is valued according to its size. The sheep is clean, the elephant unclean. One Arab horse, though lean, is better than a stable full of asses.
2. Ten dervishes may sleep on one blanket ; but one kingdom cannot hold two kings.

3. To quench a fire and leave a spark, or to kill a snake and leave its young, is not acting like a wise man.

4. Though the clouds pour down the water of life, you will never gather fruit from the branch of the willow.

5. The wolf's whelp will be a wolf, though brought up among men.

6. It is better for a thousand eyes to suffer than for the light of the sun to be darkened.

7. The cat, when desperate, tears out the tiger's eyes.

8. The poor and rich are servants of the earth, and the richest have the greatest wants.

9. The fool, who burns a camphor-candle in the day-time, will soon be without oil in his lamp at night.

10. Wherever there is a spring of sweet water, men, birds, and ants flock together.

11. A Gueber may light the sacred fire for a century; but if he falls into it a moment, he is burnt.

12. No one flings a stone into a tree that has no fruit.

13. Whoever grapples with an arm of steel will hurt his own wrist, though it be of silver.

14. What the ant is under your foot, that are you under the elephant's.

15. If a king call the day night, it is prudent to say, Behold the Moon and the Pleiades!

16. It is worth while to burn all your furniture, to boil the pot of your well-wisher.

17. Do good even to the wicked; for a dog's mouth is best stopped with a morsel.

18. To eat one's bread and sit at ease, is better than to wear a golden girdle and stand up as a servant.

19. The alchemist died of want, while the fool found a treasure under a ruin.

20. He who tells you the fault of your neighbours will doubtless tell them yours.

21. The peacock is proud of his beautiful plumes, but ashamed of his ugly feet.

22. A king said to a dervish, Do you ever think of me? He answered, Yes, when I forget God.

23. If a beggar commanded the armies of Islam, the infidels would flee to China, to escape his importunities.

24. It behoves a man to receive instruction, though the advice be written on a wall.

25. A great river is not made turbid by a stone; he who is agitated by ill treatment is as yet but shallow water.

26. The sons of Adam are formed of earth; if you are not humble, you are not a man.

27. An Arabian physician said to Ardshêr Babûcan: We eat to live, you live to eat.

28. Wormwood from the hand of a kind man is better than sweetmeats from one of a crabbed countenance.

29. The lion will not eat the dog's leavings, though he die of hunger in his den.

30. If the cat had wings, there would not be a sparrow's egg left in the world.

31. Our heavenly father has honey in abundance; but he does not give it to his child who has a fever.

32. To a wretch in the desert a boiled turnip is of more value than virgin silver.

33. If a dead man could return among his heirs, they would be more grieved than when he died.

34. When a labourer goes abroad, he suffers no distress; but a king out of his kingdom goes to bed hungry.

35. Where a price must be paid, the strength of ten men is less force than the money of one.

36. The sharpest sword will not cut the softest stick; but by sweet words and kindness, you may lead an elephant with a hair.

37. If the diver thought of the crocodile's jaw, he would never gain the precious pearl.

38. The sun itself is dim to the eye of the mole.

39. Two wise men will not break a hair, but two fools will break a chain.

40. Whatever affects the heart seems lovely to the sight.
41. The ripe crop does not wave as vigorously as the green.
42. The sailors have a song, that if the rain did not fall in the mountains, the Tigris, in a year, would be a bed of sand.
43. The tree which has most fruit in summer has fewest leaves in winter.
44. The star Canopus shines all the world over; but scented leather comes only from Zeinen.
45. Fireworks are not a fit play for him who lives in a house made of reeds.
46. It will be disgraceful, in the day of reckoning, to see the slave free and the master in chains.
47. The ass that carries the lightest burden travels easiest.
48. The eye of the avaricious can no more be satisfied than a well can be filled with dew.
49. What has a goose to fear from a deluge?
50. A wise man without virtue is a blind man carrying a torch; he shows the road to others, but he does not guide himself.
51. The fleet steed is tired with galloping, while the slow camel still proceeds at an even pace.
52. Whoever does not practise what he learns is like one who ploughs but never sows.
53. It is not the part of wisdom to clapperclaw a lion or to box with a sword.
54. The curs of the market howl at the hound, but they dare not approach him.
55. The archer should be patient; for the arrow, when it leaves the bow, returns not.
56. How can the nightingale sing with a crow in the same cage?
57. A stone can bruise a golden cup; but its own worth is not thereby increased.
58. The music of the harp cannot drown the noise of the drum, and the odour of ambergris is lost in that of garlic.



59. If a jewel falls into the mud it is still precious, and if dust flies up to the sky it is still worthless.

60. Ashes are of high descent, produced by fire, but being intrinsically worthless, are no better than dust.

61. That is musk which has the smell of musk, and not merely that which is called so by the druggist.

62. The wise man is like a medicine-chest, silent but full of virtues; the fool like the martial drum, noisy but empty.

63. The wicked rich man is a gilded clod, and a pious poor man is a beauty soiled with earth; the latter wears the tattered garment of Moses, the former has Pharaoh's ulcer covered with jewels.

64. The unlearned good man travels on foot; the slothful learned man sleeps on horseback.

65. When you cannot produce honey, do not sting.

66. The hand should be restrained from evil whether the sleeve is long or short.

67. Pot-herbs and vinegar, earned by one's self, are better than bread and lamb, bestowed by the head man of the village.

68. It is foolish to travel an unknown road without following the caravan.

69. It is known that a well-trained camel will obey a child's hand for a hundred parasangs, but then, if the road becomes dangerous, will slip the bridle and obey no longer.

70. A dervish whose end is good, is better than a king whose end is 'evil. It is better to suffer before than after enjoyment.

71. The sky enriches the earth with rain, and the earth returns it nothing but dust.

72. Gold is got from the mine by digging the earth, and from the miser by digging his soul.

73. The judge who favours your adversary for four cucumbers will favour you for a field of musk-melons.

74. The Tigris will still flow through Bagdad, after the Caliphs cease to reign.

SADI SHIRAZI.

## BOOKS AND BUSINESS.

## No. IV.

Though you will think I am repeating myself, here is another memorandum, for your study table; I am led to make a new point of it, by the train of thought just past: **BE SURE TO HAVE SOME ONE CHERISHED AND CONSTANT PURSUIT.** Other matters will occupy you now and then, but this is your regular beat. Hither you will return, after diversions to the right hand and the left. The experimental jaunts just now recommended will put you in the way of determining on this your chosen field; just as you drove over half a dozen counties, and inspected fifty spots, before you settled your mind as to your present country seat. You may intermit this study for months, but its attractions still hold; you come back to it; and after a few years will be astonished at your own progress. There are many advantages in having some one hive to which you may bring the pillage of all the meads and flower-gardens over which you skim. Close pursuance of one object is the only way which ensures method, system, and concatenation. The further off it lies from your professional thinking, the better. Thither you will fly, for coming years, to forget yourself after the rubs and annoyances of a sordid world. I am far from saying, that all branches of knowledge are equally valuable; but the least valuable, among those which are innocent, may be cultivated so as to afford more discipline of understanding and taste, than is to be acquired by the widest range over generalities; and the humblest of the sciences, when diligently pursued, conducts infallibly to higher tracts. He who begins with Bills of Exchange, finds himself shortly squaring off against the most formidable problems of political philosophy. A little toying with specimens in a *hortus siccus* brings you very soon to structural botany, organography, and the chemistry of vegetation. We cannot meddle for a year with the history of

socialism, without spreading your table with theories of Ethics. A sedulous examination of your atlases seduces you, before you are aware, into history, ethnography, and the philosophy of language. Which of these, or whether any of them, shall gain your love, it is not for me to predict. But you will deny yourself a main source of pleasure and inward growth if you do not attach yourself before long to some particular department of science or learning with a zeal and zest which lookers-on may brand as idly exclusive. Let down this heavy anchor, and you may roll upon the waves with a good degree of license as to other matters.

In guiding you, as far as I know how, towards a proper choice of subjects and authors, I am bound my dear Blanchard, to use the same frankness and honesty, which I should expect from you if I were to seek your advice about a transfer of funds. Every man ought to be best acquainted with his own business, and though there are some frightful exceptions, as of merchants who know nothing of trade, and schoolmasters who know nothing of grammar, the general principle still obtains. I dare not flatter therefore, any more than your attorney, on a consultation about balances. Be it known to you then that in a literary point of view, there is that in merchandize which is alien from the spirit of progress if not even opposed to it. Hence you cannot be offended when I say that an enlightened merchant will not neglect this direction: FAVOUR SOME KIND OF KNOWLEDGE WHICH LIES REMOTE FROM YOUR DAILY CALLING.

Merchandize has, in America, lost all that taint of vulgarity, which men of birth have endeavoured to detect in it, in England. The 'City' means something in London, which our merchant-princes find it hard to comprehend. A late pope requested an American clergyman in Rome, to make out for him a *carte* of gentlemen who should form a private party at the pontifical palace, but with this caveat, that *none of them should be engaged in trade*. This was a relic of the middle age; but it is a relic which lingers still in all baronial

halls. Europe however is so far becoming Americanized, that peers who talk of 'all the blood of all the Howard's' are constrained to know that all their quarterings will not give them the advantage over a Cobden, in the new state of society. But in America, or in those parts of it where men are most densely congregated, the mercantile man requires nothing but success, to place him in the highest rank. Where the wealthy merchant is at the same time an old one, he does indeed affect to play off towards younger men, however rich, a pinchbeck imitation of the hauteur which an Earl feels for a parvenu. The great principle however abides. American aristocracy is that of wealth, and people inquire every day less and less, by what door the money comes, whether through a bank, a mine, a lottery, a tallow-chandlery, or a raree-show. By reducing the expression to other terms, the worth of any object (man included) is that which it will bring. Now this article in the creed of "trade, the modern religion," as Walpole calls it, is rank heresy in the assemblies of learning, to be anathematized with bell, book, and candle. Hence I hold it good that any man who walks daily in the stir and smoke of 'Change should adjust his reading on the plan of counter-agents and antagonisms.

Enough of figures, economy, interest and premiums, in the day's work. Turn the soul, 'all too ruffled,' as Milton says, by these carnalities, to some other object. Read not of trade or mammon, even in its philosophy or most idealized form. Look towards the things which cannot be measured, weighed, inventoried, or priced. Think on my premises, and you will grant my conclusion, and adopt my regulation.

On the same grounds I would put my young master who has just come from Harvard, with an A. B., in his tin cylinder, and a nebula of German metaphysics obnubilating his brain, into the strait-jacket of economics; say at a counting-house desk. Double Entry would soon reduce his supposed transcendentalism to common sense. But what you need, after coming from the caldron of business, is a total transfer

of thought and feeling. You should flit if it may be into another sphere. If no higher motive occur, you should do this for relaxation. The ordinary trains of thought require to be snapped off short. You place your jaded plough-horse in a green pasture, where he may roll: do the like with your not less jaded self. The power of doing this effectually is one of the richest boons which is offered to business men by books. You have your choice out of a boundless circle, and may secure any degree of opposition to your terrestrial thoughts. In this voluntary exile from diurnal engagements you will soon learn to recognise the highest intellectual luxury. Under this head, I have preferred to deal in generalities; because the principle admits of divers applications, and because it is too important to be tied to any restrictions. But I will now indulge you with a specialty under this large counsel.

**YIELD YOURSELF TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF POETRY.** Merchants have been poets before now. A Nestor among living English bards is a well-known banker. Our own country can show that the Muses sometimes condescend to the haunts of gain. The pleasures of imagination are a fair counterpoise to the pleasures of mercantile adventure. For the reasons just expounded you will own that the advice is good for the mind's health. But the manner of carrying it out in practice deserves some consideration, lest you think of such a dealing in poetry as is far below the mark intended.

**GREAT POETS ARE TO BE STUDIED.** This means something more than opening a book of verses in a bay-window after dinner or reading aloud the rhymes of a newspaper. There is cause to fear that a large proportion of well bred gentlemen and ladies think themselves well enough acquainted with Shakspeare and Milton. An apt quotation, at second-hand, or a remembered scrap from the acted drama, goes for quite as much as they are worth. Let me respectfully assure these sensible persons, that a great poet is not to be exhausted in a perusal or two. There are regions unexplored, and

depths unsounded. A true poem is one of the highest products of genius and art. We do not finish it as one does an omelette or a water-ice, but return to it all our lives as to an Apollo or a Cathedral. The contemplation of such works is solemn and elevating; which led Charles Lamb to say in his inimitable way, where he is speaking of 'Grace before meat;' "Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakspeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said said before reading the Faery Queen?" and in another place: "Milton almost requires a solemn service of music, to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears."

In the course of a classical education we make our boys spend months over Homer and Virgil, beyond what is necessary for getting familiar with the Greek and Latin. Just as deserving of profound study are Spenser and Wordsworth, which however our youth use as a stop-gap. Even the difficulties, antiquities, allusions, and historical relations of the English bards demand an amount of consideration which is seldom bestowed. For want of this, many a Master of Arts, to say nothing of Doctors in Divinity, might be floored by hard questions in the common poets. Try the next one you meet, with as familiar a piece as *Il Penseroso*. Let him tell you who was 'the Attic boy.' See whether he is so well seen in Chaucer as to explain 'the story of Cambuscan bold;' above all, put him to his trumps for the name of the 'starred Ethiop queen.' But these are only puzzles on the surface. To commune with the spirit of a true poet, in his true inspiration—and they are few—is to rise above the ordinary plane of sentiment. Instead of being numbered among recreations, it should be accounted a high engagement of soul, to be expected, prepared for, and remembered. As I grow older, instead of leaving poetry behind me, as fit for boys, I love and reverence it more and more, as I do the ocean, mountains, sunsets, and starry heavens. Join the

refreshment of such studies with their sublime upliftings, and you attain the very highest solace for a weary mind which can be offered by aught that is sublunary; and I need not add, poetry sometimes takes a loftier flight and joins the angels near the throne of God.

If you concur with the spirit of this precept, you will find yourself going back to some books of your childhood, and conning passages from great authors which, after learning long ago, you had forgotten. On a noble work of genius, as on a cascade or a rainbow, you look with equal though somewhat varied delight the hundredth time. Studies which thus enhance the value of genuine beauties are good; and such I zealously recommend, especially to one who is immersed in the world's cares.

You so constantly remind me of your cares and avocations, that I am bound to annex a clause of counsel, which has perhaps suggested itself to you: **PREFER THOSE STUDIES WHICH REQUIRE NO ARDUOUS PRELIMINARIES.** When a man has limited time, he cannot brook delays, but is impatient to make the plunge at once. Hence I take it for granted you will not go to California till the tediousness of the voyages and travels on the way thither is removed. Several years of college-life are spent in laborious preparation for further work. This is one of the objects sought by the study of Greek and Latin; and the possession of these preliminaries is the grand advantage of a university-education. Now you do not expect to be a professional man, or what is called a man of letters. You wish to make the most of your existing means, and let me assure you this is not a little. But you desire neither to open entirely new ground and lay new foundations nor to lose the foundations you have laid. This is most reasonable.

There are certain sciences and arts which can scarcely be looked at, without a long previous training in certain other arts and sciences. In order to be an astronomer in the higher sense you must be versed in analytical mathematics.

In order to take the first step in the Differential and Integral Calculus, you must be exercised in Algebra. Before you can acquire any conception of argument in mechanical philosophy, you must be a geometer. To study the Scholastic Philosophy, or the politics of the Middle Ages, or the Civil and Canon Law, you need a thorough practice in the Latin tongue. All which serves to illustrate my rule; for no one of these branches could wisely be chosen for your private lucubrations.

There are however immeasurable tracts over which both you and I might expatiate for a life time, without getting in sight of their boundaries, and which demand, either no preparatory course beyond what has been pursued by every well-bred gentleman, or only such auxiliary particulars as will be suggested from time to time. It so happens that these topics are as useful as they are entertaining; for they connect themselves with the business of life, the formation of character, and the training of the heart. As I have said they are numerous, you will excuse me from naming them; but one or two specimens occur to my mind.

All that relates to the sublime study of the Human Mind, its phenomena, powers, nature and destiny, is profoundly interesting to a thoughtful man. From this delightful and necessary study, thousands have been deterred by the ill sound of a single unmeaning word—*metaphysics*. Still more have been disgusted by the absurd dialect and unintelligible jargon of certain pretenders, who have done all they could to throw the phenomena of the mind beyond the pale of observation and induction. I am however glad to believe that neither of these abuses can blind you to the obvious truth, that no study lies nearer to you than that of your rational and immortal part. Knowledge here is possible. You may not become a Leibnitz, an Edwards, or a Sir William Hamilton; but you may acquire such an acquaintance with your own faculties, and with the general current of opinion on philosophic subjects, as shall clarify all your subsequent



thinking, add exactitude to your language, and afford you a never-failing fund of inquiry and satisfaction as long as you live. Now for this noble, fascinating and boundless subject you need no line of preparation which you do not possess ; and might this very evening, if you chose, sit down with perfect comprehension, and I warrant it, with unexpected delight, to Dugald Stewart's Preliminary Essay, in which he gives a survey of the entire field.

Exactly the same remarks may be applied to the study of Morals ; only for Stewart read Macintosh, in a similar dissertation published both by itself and as a preliminary to the late editions of the Encyclopædia Britannica. I may add—what has already gained your attention, Political Economy, the Science of Government, the Constitution of the United States, and all that we include under the borrowed phrase, Belles Lettres. These are instances ; they bring my meaning fully before your mind ; they open portals, high and wide, into which you may enter without a moment's delay. In selecting such, you will exercise a high economy, for you will be saving life. This moreover you will do, with the complacent thought that the sciences about which you are employing yourself are among the highest which can employ the human reason.

In turning over books on Philosophy and Ethics you will early be led to discover—you have discovered it long since—that by an imperceptible gradation they slide into another domain, which can never be shut off from a true inquirer as a sort of terra incognita ; I mean the field of Religious Truth. Would you renounce this as a thing for Sundays or the clergy ? As well might you so reject

“The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,  
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields,  
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,  
And all that echoes to the song of even,  
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,  
And all the dread magnificence of heaven ;  
O how can'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven ?”

In quoting Beattie, I produce one who himself remark-

bly exemplifies the transition from philosophy to religion. In 1770 the professor and poet appeared as metaphysician, and I recommend to you his 'Essay on Truth' as one of the best introductions which you could have to the Philosophy of Religion. As a reasonable and immortal creature, I presume you to have some interest in the great questions of humanity; the immortality of the soul, the distinction of right and wrong, the possibility of a revelation, the proof of a Divine Being, the limits of Reason, the validity of Miracles and Prophecy, the history and authority of what we call the Bible, and the way for a sinner to be justified and saved. There is a class of merchants, I am aware, who care for none of these things. Trade is their religion; their creed has one article, radiant as the lone star of Texas, viz. *Gain is godliness*. For a fortune they would run any risk of being damned. Having attained a certain amount of dollars and observance, they relax in a slight degree, but with no bettering of their mental state. To such a one—(*vide* New York and Philadelphia *passim*) a book is a marketable article, worth so much. He reads a little, after dinner, but less and less; for the port tends to a more lethargic sort of refection. He trionizes sermons on the former part of the day, but in the evening he sleeps better at home. No question in theology disturbs him; so stocks are firm. If he can only be assured of such and such quotations, he cares not a snap of the finger for Moses and the Prophets. As his frown is felt in Wall Street, and his voice in bank-parlours, he looks down on a man of letters as he would on a bad customer from the South West. In his scale, Irving or Prescott or Wayland is valued precisely according to the last trade-sales. Conscious in his better moments that he is an ignoramus or a fool, he wraps himself in a feigned contempt of every question about an eternal world; till his gout in the stomach or his apoplexy brings him to the solution of all these problems. To this class neither you nor your chosen friends belong; and therefore I hazard nothing in offering to you as the noblest study

of your life the great topics of Theology. In the Holy Scriptures, and the works which illustrate and explain them, you will find inexhaustible founts of instruction and purity.

Among the subjects which demand no long preparatory learning and are therefore particularly suited to your circumstances there is another most extensive one. AFFORD A LARGE SPACE TO HISTORY. We may omit the thousand and one fine things which have been uttered about this branch of human knowledge. My labour here is lessened because the universal voice is loud in its favour. In no one department are there such vitality and increase as in this. The age is historical; to such a degree that in almost every country the most popular writers at this moment are historians. Essayists, Philosophers, poets and novelists have felt constrained to try their pens in narrative. As nearest home I need only name Bancroft, Prescott and Irving. Almost every kind of subject and every class of opinion and even results of every science are thrown into the shape of history. Here the books are innumerable. In French alone—as a language which you have at command—you see in your shelves, of recent authors, Caefigue, Villemain, Guizot, Mignet, Thiers, Lamartine, Michelet, to name no more. Where the attractions are so varied and the supply so great you will need some plan of study and principle of selection. Without this your reading of history will depreciate into a bootless ramble. With this caution I must leave the subject, which has been introduced only as illustrative of my general recommendation that you should prefer studies which require least preparation.

There is yet a subject which it would be unpardonable in me to omit, and it would be unwise to deny it a separate paragraph. LAY OUT YOUR STRENGTH UPON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. The Bible is a book for every age and for all mankind. Do not fall into the vulgar errors which prevail even among men of learning and talents, in America; I

mean among second-rate men ; relies perhaps of that unutterably mean and shallow imposture, which under the title of French philosophy, seduced too many in high places during the times of Jefferson and Cooper, but which even on worldly grounds is rapidly becoming as discreditable as it was profane. Still there are lawyers, even in the Federal Court, who mis-quote Scripture, to show their textual ignorance, and decayed doctors, who continue innocently to sit on the materialistic egg, which all the world but themselves knows to have been addle years ago. Beware of the boyish notion that the Bible is a book to be read on Sundays or in the sick-room, or that you know all about it. The mistake is laughable. The infidel professors of Germany might teach you better. There it has been long since found out, that the plebeian infidelity of Paine and Volney was too foul and dis-tempered to live, after the drying up of the kennel in which it was spawned ; they have changed it for a creation not less dangerous but more ethereal. Men of no pretensions to piety there study the Hebrew and Greek originals, lecture upon them, and fill the book fairs with their learned volumes. What does this show ? Not that we ought to emulate their indifference ; but assuredly, that the Bible, regarded as an object of intellectual research, is rich and inexhaustible. It was so regarded by Grotius, the elegant classic and sage of public laws ; by Newton, whose impress is visible on every page of modern astronomy ; by Pascal, whose geometry came to him as by intuition, and whose argumentative wit still rankles under the robe of the Jesuit ; by Hale, the learned and incorruptible judge ; and by Euler the subtle analyst. The Holy Scriptures may well engage your daily efforts ; they will not be exhausted in a single lifetime. They connect themselves, by a most natural transition, with every one of the departments I have recommended. Their value is of the highest degree, on grounds merely scientific and literary, but they have a value pertaining to no other books, and derived from the reflections of the other world.

If it were proper, I could grace this page with brilliant instances of men in our own country, as well in trade as in the professions, who find a harbour from the storms of life in the tranquil joys of religious study. For instance, I might point to a distinguished judge, who amidst a library enriched with many languages, enjoys researches into the sacred tongues; a venerable lawyer, long among acknowledged leaders in our greatest city, who reposes on his laurels only to draw refreshment from theological lucubration; and a retired merchant, whose name is already foremost in one school of prophetic interpretation. All the signs foretoken a day as very near, when it shall be hardly credible that there was a period in which any pretender to learning could venture to ignore the oldest of all human documents, or to sneer at the inspiration of the Almighty.

---

### THE RICHES OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I confess with shame that I long cherished an illiberal prejudice against English dictionaries. Nothing could induce me to purchase either Walker, Webster, or Worcester. I could not see the use of a big book to tell me what I knew so well already. At length I found myself shut up, in a country tavern, without any reading but a quarto Webster, left there by a travelling agent in pawn or payment of his board and lodging. The forced perusal of this admirable work produced an entire change in my opinions, and imparted new ideas with respect to the riches of our noble language. But the pleasure afforded by this discovery was not unmingled with pain. I felt a growing uneasiness that so many fine expressive words should be entirely disused, and I resolved to get up a new "cause," by making "special efforts" to bring every dictionary word into common use. How different a diction would prevail, not only at the bar and in the pulpit,

but in common talk and in the public prints, if writers and speakers would but make a conscientious use of the incalculable untouched stores of English phraseology, to which we all have access in a great variety of cheap and handsome dictionaries. What a sensation, for example, would be made throughout the "rising generation," if instead of the conventional common-place expressions now so generally used, they could occasionally meet with such a paragraph as the following in the daily papers.

During a short outlope, which I took one rafty morning, in my olitory fell, to discover the ublication of a vespiary which annoyed me, I saw a tall, wandy, losel lungis, in a leasy roquelaur, thridding my gate, and knobbing a jannock which I had just before inched in my pantry. From his xanthic colour I took him for a zambo poller who had sometimes shaved me. As it was gangweek, I thought he might be mauding, and would willingly have given him a manchet; but I was not such a hoddy-doddy as to suffer every patibulary querry to go digitigrade about my house and grounds. I mounted my horse, which I had left to gise on a seavy eyot in the neighbouring beck during my grassation, and pursued him, but he seized a clevy and tried to blench the horse's chaufin and to hase him back into the fell. Failing in this, he began to accoy me, and begged me to employ him as an abacist, pretending he had served as a lancepe-sade of infantry in Hayti. But I snebbed and gouged him, and not wishing the affair to be known to the neighboring clerisy, who were already not a little roiled by some things I had said too overlashingly, I let the lown go shot-free, and went home rather lateward, feeling very hebete and curst; but after eating a chewet and drinking a few mazers of perkin, I slumped into the quag and slept till morning.

If any young gentleman, accustomed to complain of the necessity of using Greek and Latin lexicons, will turn his attention to this specimen of dictionary English, he will see that our own language, when correctly and elegantly written, will make Webster no less indispensable than Ainsworth and Schrevelius, or whatever books have come into their place since I was whipped through *Graeca Minora* and *Selecta e Profanis*. I have only to add that every word in the foregoing specimen is found in Webster, although some, I regret to say, are marked as obsolete.

E. E. E.

## ROBERT WALSH.

American biography owes much to the diligence and patriotism of Mr. Walsh as a contributor—for this has always been a favourite field of his research—and his name will one day be found among the worthiest of its subjects. Beyond the list of strictly professional men, it is difficult to recall another American whose life has been so exclusively and for so long, devoted to general literature. His accomplishments, as a scholar and a man of universal reading, are such as are approached by few who have led more recluse lives. Certainly few, if any, have gone beyond him in the skilfulness and copiousness of his talents as a writer.

Before his own country afforded such channels of literary correspondence as he himself afterwards projected and sustained, he was a writer for the *Edinburgh Review*. He afterwards became the editor, and chief author of the *American Review*, and several years after its discontinuance, of the *American Quarterly Review*. Mr. Walsh's papers in the latter journal—and each number usually contained at least two full articles from his own pen—uniformly bore the marks of a practised writer and one familiar with the full range of history, criticism, polite learning, the higher politics of statesmanship, the existing state of the world, and its eminent personages, and were easily distinguishable by a certain vigour and accuracy of style, which few, besides professed reviewers, can attain, and by a choice of words so exact and fastidious, as constantly to require many that are not in common use, but adopting none that are not of the best authority. Of these, as all his writings—including his largest work and that a controversial one (“*The United States and Great Britain*,”), it may justly be said that the sentiments are always of the highest, manliest, and most honourable character. Mr. Walsh's mind, and all his associations and tastes, have given a uniform dignity to his writings, which is discernible not only in their tone, but compo-

sition. The language may be called stiff or stilted; but it is the medium of high thoughts, and admirably correct.

But the great influence which Mr. Walsh exerted on and for his country was as the editor of a daily newspaper. The establishment of the "National Gazette," in Philadelphia, in 1820, marks an era not only in the journalism, but the literature of the United States. It may be partly the effect of early prepossessions, but it does seem to some of us who for fifteen years or more looked eagerly for that Gazette every afternoon, as if nothing that appeared before or since, so nearly fulfilled the beau ideal of what every educated man requires every day—a "Gazette" combined with a "Literary Register." Mr. Walsh's taste and knowledge, his universal relish for whatever evinces refinement, progress and cultivation in the human character, his love of all learning and appreciation of all talents, secured to the readers of the Gazette, a record of whatever was worthy of note in the world of literature, science and the fine arts. His extracts from foreign books and periodicals, his "excerpts" from European newspapers, and his skilful *redactions* of all sorts, kept up a current acquaintance with the wit and learning of the day in a manner which has scarcely been attempted since he resigned the editorial chair. Then his original contributions, both in the ordinary prerogative of the leaded type, and in the form of correspondence, (as in his "Letters from Washington," penned in his own study,) always engaged attention by their talent and masterly composition, and commanded respect by the honourable tone that, even in political controversy, uniformly show the scholar and the gentleman. If we were not writing historically, we should not thus openly use Mr. Walsh's name in connexion with the National Gazette; for though his relation to it was never concealed, he scrupulously claimed and observed the "im-personnel" as an essential attribute of a public journal. If we do not forget, however, his name appears on the title-page of two volumes of *Miscellanies* selected and issued by



himself, and composed entirely of a selection of his own writings in the Gazette. This re-publication is, of itself, an uncommon, if not unprecedented, evidence of the substantial character of the editorial columns of a newspaper.

The circulation of the Gazette gave its opinions a wide field among the educated classes of the country. No other paper in America was ever so much, or so confidently consulted for its verdict in matters of taste. It was not the custom of its editor to use stereotype notices of new publications. His opinion of books was discriminating and sustained by proof direct. Knowing the influence of recommendation, there was scarcely an important (and probably few unimportant) designs for public patronage which did not first seek his approval. Authors, dramatists, musicians, artists, flocked to him as a judge to be propitiated by the first offerings of their performances. Learned and distinguished men, foreigners and Americans, usually made his house among their earliest resorts: whilst his position in society collected there in the weekly *soirées* of his accomplished family, the most refined and intelligent company. Whatever was rare or new in music and literature—whoever had most recently arrived that was to be the next lion of the city—were looked for at those simple but delightful assemblies, where a higher entertainment was sure to be found than could be obtained at the ball or supper.

For a number of years Mr. Walsh has made his residence in Paris; the state of his health compelling him to relinquish his editorial functions, and to repair to the milder climate of France. His familiarity with the language, and general accomplishments and reputation, had introduced him to the highest, even the royal, circle of society, long before he held the official rank of Consul for the United States. His American feeling has there, as always at home, kept his pen busy in a multiplicity of voluntary labours in illustrating and defending his country. By contributions to the French journals, by disseminating American works, and by his inter-

course with the leading statesmen and citizens of the capital, Mr. Walsh has been constantly active in defending the United States from its libellers, and explaining its institutions to the prejudiced or ignorant. For a large portion of the time of his foreign residence, he has also maintained a copious correspondence with one or more of the newspapers of this country; and his despatches to the "National Intelligencer," of Washington, and the "Journal of Commerce," of New York, have revived the recollection of the keen eye and sagacious judgment which in the days of the "Gazette" used to cull the choicest items of foreign intelligence, and mingle the most entertaining and salutary comment.

There are many men in the United States who have cause to remember Mr. Walsh with gratitude for the interest he ever manifested in the encouragement of any promise in young men of scholarship, genius, or useful talents of whatever kind. Such indications were a sufficient passport to his acquaintance, and this was in many instances the means of their most effective promotion. His critical taste, the example of his own pure style, the incitement of his multifarious knowledge, and the honourable distinction of being admitted into the columns of his paper or review, were the cause of essential advantages to a large number of studious and ambitious youth, and gave a literary direction and impulse to many minds not in the rank of professed scholars. Overlooked as his name may be by the new generation, out of whose sight he has been living, there are not a few who continue to appreciate him as belonging to the first rank of distinguished Americans, and who can never forget how much of pleasure and improvement they personally owe to his writings and his friendship.

H.

## HAM AND EGGS.

## A PLEA FOR SILENT LEGISLATION.

"Ham and eggs!" said a friend, not long since, in a paroxysm of philosophy, engendered by the sight and smell of that incomparable relish, "why should those two things always go together? The only effect is to spoil them both." Without undertaking to defend the orthodoxy of this judgment, as a canon in gastronomy, we can plainly see that the principle admits of an extensive application, or in other words, that human society is fairly stuffed with "ham and eggs." But we do not mean to make the reader taste more than one of these mixed dishes. Why should voting and speech-making always hunt in couples? The two things are practically unconnected, and are held together only by an old traditional association, such as still leads thousands of American and British cooks to serve up ham and eggs in combination. The most brazen of our public men would blush to be suspected of making up his mind upon a question by the help of other people's speeches. The greenest of young orators would die of laughter, not his own but that of others, if he entertained the hope of changing any man's opinion by his logic or his eloquence. In short, it is a settled and notorious matter, that all votes in legislative bodies are determined by considerations of a general nature, such as party attachments, personal prejudices, local interests, or at best by abstract principles, but never by reasons presented for the first time in debate upon the point at issue. This being the case—and no one who knows anything will venture to deny it—what is the meaning of this endless "fresh" (to use an elegant expression) of superfluous talk at Washington, from year's end to year's end? Do the people pay their representatives sixty-four shillings a day for talking to no purpose? We protest against it as a villainous abuse and shameless waste of time and money. Is the national treasury to be exhausted

in the purchase of school-boy declamation? For such the finest speech becomes, if it tends to no practical result whatever. It may be invaluable in its proper place; but we maintain that our legislative halls are not its proper place. The members might as well recite Shakspeare, which indeed would be far better than to read news and novels under the pretence of making laws. But what is the remedy for this great evil? How may the waste of time and money be avoided, without suppressing all discussion of important public measures? The answer is a plain one. The practice of oral discussion had its origin when books were rare, and the accomplishment of reading saved a felon from the gallows. Why should it be still kept up, as a part of legislation, or an indispensable preliminary to it, in a day when hackney-coachmen read upon their boxes, and a beggar will not beg till he has seen the morning paper? We might as well have link-boys with our gas-light, or hot bricks with our furnaces. Does a man take his night-cap and dressing-gown along with him, when he goes by railroad from New York to Philadelphia for an hour's business, as he did when he went by the old line of stages, and spent a night or two at way-side taverns? It is shameful that while all things else have gone ahead till they are nearly out of sight, our legislation should be just where it was in the days of the Wittenagemote, when the Saxon nobles franked public documents with the sign of the cross, and scored appropriation-bills upon the wall with chalk or charcoal. Let us have no more of this exploded and explosive nonsense. Let the constitution be amended so as to forbid all talking, except so far as may be absolutely necessary, for the purpose of passing bills and resolutions, and making formal motions for the conduct of the public business. To suppress all clamour about voting blindly, in the dark, and what not, let no legislative act be passed until ten days after it is introduced, and in the mean time let the press groan with arguments, appeals, and explanations upon both sides. More will read them than will now listen to the endless twaddle of

our conscript fathers and brethren. No man will then be at the mercy of reporters, but will speak for himself to all who read him. And many a man who cannot speak, at least in the Temple of the Winds, can write intelligibly on an interesting subject. Such is our device for the cure of this inveterate disease of the tongue, or rather of the lungs, for we believe that after all, the chief ingredient of our legislative eloquence is wind. To avert the criticisms of physicians, druggists, and apothecaries, we make haste to add, that this form of pthisis is entirely *sui generis*, arising from excessive strength of lungs, and ending in consumption of the public money, time, and patience.

NOS.

---

### ZACHARIAH JOHNSTON.

Among the distinguished Virginians brought out by the American revolution was Zachariah Johnston, a plain farmer of Augusta, who had received no other education than what a common English school could afford. When "Committees of Safety" were appointed in every district, he was by the recommendation of his neighbours, made a member of the committee for his native county. In this office he discovered so much good sense, and such ability to express his opinions with clearness and force, that he was persuaded to become a candidate for a seat in the Virginia legislature. When he entered that body, no one expected that a plain, uneducated farmer would undertake to make speeches on the same floor with many of the greatest men whom the state ever produced; but Johnston, conscious of his own power, was not long a member before he astonished the whole house by delivering on an important occasion, a speech without embarrassment, in which he exhibited his views with the utmost perspicuity and energy. No man in the Assembly was more

fluent, or expressed himself in more proper language than Zachariah Johnston. He did not speak often, but when important subjects were brought before the house, he commonly delivered at least one speech; and no man in the Assembly, unless we except Patrick Henry, commanded the attention of the members in a greater degree than the backwoods farmer.

The people of the Valley, or country west of the Blue Ridge, being of a different stock, and of different habits and manners from the Old Virginians, who were of English descent, have always manifested some jealousy, because in the laws enacted there frequently was not an impartial regard to their interests, and Johnston being a representative of this region, when any subject touching the interests of his constituents came up, was always ready with uncompromising firmness to defend their cause. In occasional speeches on these subjects, he was so severe in his remarks on the measures of some of the leading men of the house, that they dreaded his assaults. What seemed very wonderful in this man was that he would speak for an hour without the smallest hesitation, and never had to recall a word or failed to express his ideas in the most forcible language.

The people of the valley were proud of their champion, as well they might be. What gave force to his eloquence was his pure and incorruptible integrity. He was a man of sterling honesty and undoubted patriotism. Indeed, he was a strictly religious man, and was not ashamed of his profession of Christianity. The writer was too young, when he knew Johnston, to be a judge of his character; but not long since, a friend communicated to him a copy of a letter written by him to his wife, when detained in Richmond longer than he expected; and it breathes not only the strongest language of conjugal affection, but is fraught with the spirit of genuine piety. He continued to represent the county of Augusta, every year until the contest with the mother country was brought to a termination; and no one thought of

opposing his election. Like most other eloquent men, Zachariah Johnston excelled in his conversational powers. And when in the country, people would be met at church, before the worship commenced, he would commonly have a large group around him listening to his discourse. On one of these occasions, the writer was among his hearers, when he felt at first somewhat shocked at hearing him describe the conduct of a certain man, who when at home passed for a moral man, but when in Richmond, associated with the vilest character: but his object was to produce a salutary effect on the minds of the youth who were hearing him.

It was a common report, that he was never seen to smile. Whether this was true I cannot tell; but being present when the students of an academy acted (as was then common) a ludicrous farce, while the rest of the audience were convulsed with laughter, Zachariah Johnston was not observed to relax a muscle of his face.

Johnston was a member of the Virginia convention, which adopted the federal constitution. In that august assembly he remained silent, until near the close of the debates, when he arose and delivered a short, sensible discourse in favour of the constitution; the substance of which may be found in the printed Debates of the Convention.

A.

---

## MOTHER-COUNTRY AND FATHER-LAND.

### A DIALOGUE.

*F. L.* Good morning, Mother-Country, I hope I see you well.

*M. C.* As well as I can expect to be, since you came in and robbed me of my rights.

*F. L.* I, Mother-Country, I? Why, you astonish me. What can you mean?

*M. C.* I mean what I say, that you have robbed me of my birth-right, and you cannot deny it.

*F. L.* I am ready to answer any fair and proper question, that is, any one that does not tend to criminate myself.

*M. C.* That is exactly what I wish to make you do, you good-for-nothing foreigner.

*F. L.* Ha, ha, ha! A foreigner, quotha! Ask any editor or sophomore or cheap poet that you meet, if I am not a native, or at least a naturalized citizen.

*M. C.* Are you not a German by birth?

*F. L.* Why, as to the place of my nativity—

*M. C.* Answer my question—yes, or no? Is not your true name *Vaterland*?

*F. L.* By what right do you propound these interrogatories?

*M. C.* Are you ashamed of your High Dutch blood? Perhaps then you will own yourself a Hollander, *Mynheer Faderland*.

*F. L.* Really, Madam, you are very exacting.

*M. C.* Oh I am not half done with my examination.

*F. L.* Pray proceed.

*M. C.* Did you not come over in the good ship Sentimental Slang, with Captain Namby Pamby of the Transcendental Horse Marines?

*F. L.* Good woman, you are growing quite abusive.

*M. C.* You will think so by-and-by, my man. Perhaps your mother does not know you that are out. I wish with all my heart you were safe at home.

*F. L.* At home! what does the poor old lady mean?

*M. C.* She means in the Black Forest or the Hartz Mountains, or in Westphalia, or whatever other part of Deutschland had the ill-luck to produce you.

*F. L.* Please, ma'am, I would rather go on with my catechism.



*M. C.* I warrant you. Well, answer like a man.

*F. L.* I will do my best, ma'am.

*M. C.* Did you come into the country as I said?

*F. L.* I do not deny it.

*M. C.* No, you dare not. But perhaps you will deny that you wormed yourself into the good graces of my dear young people.

*F. L.* What of that?

*M. C.* And drove poor old Mother-Country out of doors.

*F. L.* I did not do it.

*M. C.* No, but the poor babies did it upon your account.

*F. L.* Could I help their liking me better?

*M. C.* Yes you had no business here at all. You ought to have remained at home with Goethe and Schiller, or at least stopped in England with Carlyle and Coleridge.

*F. L.* You forget that this is a free country.

*M. C.* No, I never can forget that, while I see you taking on such airs among us.

*F. L.* I have done nothing that I ought to be ashamed of.

*M. C.* What! no fault to pretend to nurse my children, with that long grisly beard and foul moustache?

*F. L.* My face and whiskers are my own.

*M. C.* I am glad that they are not mine.

*F. L.* What could I do?

*M. C.* You could shave or stay at home. Only think of my dear little ones jabbering about Father-Land, instead of their own lawful Mother-Country!

*F. L.* My dear madam——

*M. C.* Changing their country from a woman to a man— from a mother to a daddy!

*F. L.* My good woman——

*M. C.* What taste! What gallantry! What natural affection!

*F. L.* I have been trying for some [time to get your ear——

*M. C.* You might leave me that at least—

*F. L.* To say that you are under a mistaken apprehension—

*M. C.* Oh of course. We natives are all wrong, I dare say.

*F. L.* Hear me out. I say you are mistaken in supposing that I wish to take your place.

*M. C.* To be sure—

*F. L.* Our names are altogether different—

*M. C.* I know it.

*F. L.* I mean in meaning—

*M. C.* And I know in knowing.

*F. L.* Yours means that the country is itself the mother of its people.

*M. C.* And your's means that she is their father. Ha! ha!

*F. L.* Not at all—the very idea is absurd.

*M. C.* So I think; but my darling little poets and tale-writers all believe it to be so.

*F. L.* Dear madam, what can lead you to imagine such a folly upon their part?

*M. C.* I can prove it.

*F. L.* If you only could!

*M. C.* I prove it thus. The little simpletons never name the name of Mother-country, but invariably substitute the name of Father-land. Does that convince you?

*F. L.* Yes, that they are silly and affected in their use of what they think a fine new word, much better than the fine old native phrase to which they were accustomed in their childhood.

*M. C.* This from you is quite surprising. But pray, my good sir, what does your name mean after all? It must mean something I suppose, though that is not so certain either. You say mine means that a person's country is his mother.

*F. L.* And mine means that she is the country of his fathers.

*M. C.* You will not deny that mine is more poetical.

*F. L.* It certainly is, for it personifies the country, in a most affecting manner, whereas mine is merely a historical description.

*M. C.* Your generosity and candour overwhelm me.

*F. L.* You are too polite.

*M. C.* We need not be at variance at all then.

*F. L.* I sincerely trust not.

*M. C.* And you did not mean to oust me from my place in the hearts and mouths of my children.

*F. L.* So far from it that I meant to make a very different proposal.

*M. C.* Pray what was it?

*F. L.* One of marriage—if you think you could endure a second husband.

*M. C.* I have not yet forgotten my poor Home Sweet Home.

*F. L.* I will help you to remember him.

*M. C.* The marriage contract—

*F. L.* Is already drawn, and stipulates that any of your children who shall dare hereafter to treat me as any thing but their step-father, shall be disinherited as traitors to their mother-tongue and mother-country.

---

## HERCULES,

### A MYTH.

Clad in the covering of the bearded Lion,  
By arms divine in old Nemea slain ;  
In seawinds cold the long hair tinkling, flying,  
Or stiff with mists that dropt in crystal rain,

Where emerald mountains rose sublime and queenly,  
Or towering oaks their ambient shadows wove,  
Toiled on the warrior son of fair Alcmena,  
And heaven's Imperial Monarch, awful Jove.

Onward he came, his sandals red with slaughter,  
While fainter burned the fervor of his ire ;  
And at his side a monarch's captive daughter,  
The blooming scion of a murdered sire.

Not sweeter grows the azure-veined viola,  
Called by young winds to deck the virgin spring,  
Than at his side moved on the bright Iole,—  
A dove beneath the eagle's soaring wing.

Over the sun-lined mountains of Euboea  
He toiled—through valleys locked in flowery sleep,  
To where the barren front of cold Cenzæa,  
Defiant, frowned upon the battling deep.

On green Euboea's lonely promontory,  
Reared by Creation's hand to height sublime,  
He stopt, whose lamp of wild and tragic glory,  
Burns down forever through the dreams of Time.

High on an altar's rim the smoking censer  
Midst incense and the blood of beasts must swing,  
A prayer float up unto the great Dispenser  
Of life and death, high heaven's Immortal King.

Towering he stood, a very god in stature,  
From his deep orbs a sudden radiance beamed,  
A saddened triumph lit each manly feature,  
His long locks on the wind, like banners, streamed.

A gorgeous robe with rare embroidery beaming,  
They brought, inwove with many a thread of flame,  
Battles and sieges, shields and pennons streaming,  
And deeds high blazoned on the sky of fame.

Over his sinewy arms a pageant splendid,  
Down rustling to his loins, his feet it went ;  
And ever, as the golden folds descended,  
From out their depths a thrilling odour sent.

Slow o'er his head the widening wreaths ascended,  
In silvery circles through the yielding air,  
The murmuring blaze in ether melted, blended,  
And rose o'er all the hero's uttered prayer.

Sudden as thunder-flash a running tremor  
Tingled and jarred along his iron frame,  
And terrible as to the fettered dreamer,  
When o'er his slumbers groans the spouting flame.

Quick through each nerve the rankling venom hurried,  
Dissolved his bones and ate into his brain ;  
Deep in his heart its lashing madness buried—  
The vengeful Nessus had not bled in vain.

Fiercer and faster burned the sinuous fever,  
Impetuous fury fired his rolling eye ;  
His bands he strove to rend with mad endeavour,  
He knew that this was death but could not die.

While thus by unseen fiends his frame was riven,  
Across the bright Opuntian wave he flew ;  
By keener torments ever onward driven,  
To snowy Ceta's lofty crest he drew.

Great Ceta's brow in grandeur rose before him,  
Beneath, in beauty, green Thessalia lay ;  
Westward and fast the lurking whirlwind bore him  
Unto the sunset of life's mournful day.

Into a mighty mass, in phrenzy throwing,  
Fragment and branch to feed the glittering fire,  
Broken his heart, his brow with anguish glowing,  
Praying for death, he climbed the fatal pyre.

One who beheld, a kindled fagot lifted,  
 And thrust its purple blaze beneath the pile,  
 Up through its pitchy spoil it gloated, drifted,  
 With baleful light and hiss and moan the while.

A sudden cloud from their pursuing vision,  
 And from the throes his mighty heart that tore,  
 To the blue Islands of the stars' Elysium  
 On high, the agonizing hero bore.

No more the awful Night his form shall render  
 To earthly love and joy and sorrow down,  
 Before him burns, and burns in deathless splendour  
 The beaming Harp, behind, the glittering Crown.

T. H.

---

### SEEING THE WORLD.

Having gained a handsome competency at my business, and no small knowledge of human nature, I resolved to see something of the world abroad, and accordingly left Philadelphia at nine o'clock, on a beautiful morning of September, in the steamboat Trenton. I wore my new frock-coat and figured vest, striped pants, plaid neckcloth, summer boots, and white hat with a broad band of crape. My black kid gloves were rather tight, and I was forced to wear the right one only half-way on, which had a fine effect, and excited some attention in the ladies' cabin. My baggage consisted of a bright red carpet-bag, fastened by a small brass padlock, the key of which I carried in the left-hand pocket of my vest, together with a larger key belonging to my private drawer at the old and well-known stand in Kensington. I also took my best umbrella, which had been repaired and covered by my friend O'Donoho in Market Street, about two

months before. It had been lost or borrowed by mistake three times, but still looked very well, except a tear in the silk near the handle, which I kept concealed by holding my hand over it. My hair had been cut for the occasion by Joe Rialto, the Italian wigmaker at the south-west corner of Brown and Schuylkill Tenth. He spoiled one of my whiskers, but allowed for it in settling. I had two hard buscuit in my pocket and bought four peaches on the steamboat Burlington, which I had to cross to reach the Trenton. I was interested in observing two small boys fight upon the wharf, just as I used to do myself, before my father bound me to General McGillicuddy. On the forward deck there was a great crowd and confusion, so that I did not know at first which way to go. A man, sitting in the door of a large square box on wheels, took my bag and gave me a small piece of metal, exactly like one which he fastened to the leather handle of the bag. He called it a check and told me to take care of it, which I promised to do. It was stamped, I think, with the words "New York, 127." I put it, for safe-keeping, into my vest-pocket with the key of my bag, but nearer to the right-hand corner. Following some people over a very awkward kind of step-ladder, I came to the door of the engine-room, where a man was standing in his shirt sleeves, looking at the passengers. The machinery was not at work; so on I went until I came to the door of the ladies' cabin, where I sat down in an arm-chair fastened to the floor. Seeing some people going up a staircase just before me, I went up after them, and found myself upon an upper deck with seats and fire-buckets in abundance. Here a Dutchman spoke to me in French or something of the sort; but as he did not speak grammatically, I determined not to notice him. While I was gazing at the city of Camden, and an island cut in two by a canal, a boy offered me three morning papers for six cents, and afterwards for five cents; but I found that I had lost my two half-dimes. I think I must have dropped them as I came upon the boat, for I remember hearing some-

thing jingle on the deck, and somebody laughing just behind me; but the crowd was so great that I could neither stoop nor turn, and I am now quite sure that in this way I lost ten cents, if not more, for I remember having three five-cent pieces in my hand that morning, but I think I paid one to the baker's boy. Just as I discovered this loss, I saw the window of a small room or closet open and a number of men rush to it. On coming up behind them I perceived that they were buying tickets. Every time that I attempted to get nearer, some one went before me; but at last I came to the window in my turn, and had to pay three dollars for a pasteboard ticket, with "Car B" and some other words upon it. I was much pleased with the appearance of Kensington and Richmond, where the Reading Railroad delivers its coal. I was looking at the cars running backwards and forwards, and listening to the whistles, when I heard a bell ring and a black man say something about stepping to the Captain's office. So I spent another fifteen minutes elbowing my way back to the window, where I found that it was just the same thing over, and that I had done enough already. As I got out of the crowd, I saw a number of the passengers moving to a certain part of the boat, and there a man was opening the gangway, and I found that we were coming to a very pretty place called Tacony. There I saw a tavern with a long piazza and a beautiful green yard. We came close up to the end of a long shed, and then a man on the boat threw a rope to another on the land, and he made it fast to a short thick post, and then a wide board was placed upon the edge of the boat reaching to the wharf, and a man jumped off, saying, "Have your tickets ready, gentlemen!" Seeing a gate open on my left hand and some people going through it, I went after them, giving up my ticket to a man that stood there, and found myself close by the tavern I had seen from the water. There I sat for a while in the piazza, and then asked when the cars would start, and being told that they had gone and left me, and that my ticket would be



---

good for nothing, I determined to come back in the next boat, a good deal disappointed in my expectations, but still pleased that I had seen so much of the world and human nature.

A. S. A.

---

### OLD COMMENCEMENT.

The last Wednesday of September! What a crowd of old associations does the very sound awaken! Some of them too are such as no Board of Trustees or Faculty can transfer at pleasure to another page of the almanac. June is a sweet month, but its sweetness is that of summer, not of autumn. And is not the whole spirit of commencement day autumnal? The old puzzle—what does it commence?—is full of meaning. There is deep philosophy and solemn truth in that apparent contradiction, that old confusion of the end and the beginning. Do not break the illusion by referring the unlearned to the academic mazes of England, and mystifying them about “commencing bachelors” and all that. Let the enigma still remain unsolved to those who do not understand it. Let them attach wrong but wholesome meanings to the well known but mysterious phrase. Why should they not imagine that it speaks of active life, with its exciting hopes and fears, as just commencing—to the heart of the young graduate? When he returns to take his next degree, he may look back and see another meaning in it—the commencement of his struggles and temptations. Later still, he may be forced, against his will, to trace back irremediable sorrows—nay, inexpiable crimes—to that commencement.

But I am growing sentimental on the subject of Commencement Day in general, when my purpose was to speak of Old Commencement in particular. In turning over lately a huge volume of State Trials, I was unexpectedly attracted

by the famous case of Elizabeth Canning, which moved all London above a hundred years ago. This girl, to account for a month's absence from her friends, pretended to have been detained by force, in a house which she designated not far from London, by a family of gypsies. She procured their conviction, but was afterwards herself accused of perjury. The gypsies clearly proved an alibi, but in so doing, it was necessary to determine dates with the most extreme minuteness and precision. This, which would in any case have been perplexing, where the truth was to be gathered from a multitude of rustic witnesses, became a task of ten-fold difficulty from the recent introduction of the New Style, and the fact that the occurrences in question all took place about the Christmas holidays. This made it necessary to inquire whether "Christmas," in the mouths of these uneducated witnesses, denoted "Old" or "New Christmas," as they simply and expressively distinguished them.

The reading of this trial very forcibly recalled to mind the fact, well known to those familiar with the history of Nassau Hall, that its Commencement, from the time of its foundation, was a kind of fixed point in the rural calendar of the surrounding country, where the processes of husbandry, and even more important things, are said to have been talked of and remembered by their chronological relation to "Commencement." The facility with which periodical associations soon grow fixed, especially when they begin to have a hereditary hold on those who have been born and bred along with them, is well known as a general fact, and well exemplified by this case in particular. Their strength and tenacity were none the less because the origin and meaning of the name "Commencement" were veiled in mystery. As the streets of the borough were annually thronged with "country cousins," who took no further notice of its public institutions, than by strolling through the grounds and buildings, so the right of "Commencement" to a place in the calendar was stoutly maintained by some who had scarcely even heard of

the "College of New Jersey." And I doubt not that in some very worthy but secluded and uneducated families, there is not even sorrow for the change of style, but a continued reference to all home and neighbourhood events to the time-honoured era of the "Old Commencement."

ROCKY HILL, Sept. 25, 1850.

A. M.

---

### NEW BOOKS.

[From the Newark Daily Advertiser of the 16th of September, 1850 :

**WHEN WERE THE UNITED STATES FIRST DECLARED FREE AND INDEPENDENT ?**

The last number of the Princeton Magazine contains a notice of Christopher Marshall's Diary, recently published in Philadelphia, in which occurs the following passage :

"There is one entry in the diary which certainly requires explanation. While the entry on the fourth of July, 1776, contains a minute account of many current events, not the slightest allusion is made to the fact that Independence was that day declared, but in the entry of July 2d, Mr. Marshall says, '*This day*, the Continental Congress declared the United States Free and Independent States.'"

A reference to the Journals of Congress would readily have furnished the explanation desired, and as others may feel interested in the subject, or not be aware of the course pursued by the Continental Congress, in perfecting the Declaration of Independence, the following brief narration is compiled from the Journals, and other sources.

The resolution declaring the Colonies independent, was introduced by Richard Lee of Virginia, and seconded by John Adams, of Massachusetts, on Friday the 7th of June, 1776. It was as follows :

"That the United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states, that they are absolved from all

allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connexion between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be dissolved."

The consideration of the resolution was postponed to the next day, the 8th, and the importance of the measure, led Congress to enjoin upon the members a punctual attendance. No determination being arrived at, the subject was further postponed to Monday the 10th; when the resolution was agreed to in Committee of the whole, reported to the Congress, and the further consideration postponed until the 1st of July, the following significant language being added in the resolution: "and in the meanwhile, *that no time be lost in case the Congress agree thereto*, that a committee be appointed to prepare a declaration to the effect of the said resolution." This committee was appointed the next day and consisted of Messrs. Jefferson, J. Adams, Franklin, Sherman, and R. R. Livingston. The committee submitted their draft of the declaration on Friday the 28th, and after it was read, it was laid on the table.

On the 1st July, the subject came up in Committee of the whole, but further action on the resolution, at the request of a colony, was postponed until the 2d, *when it was taken up and agreed to*. The declaration was discussed during the second, third and fourth, when it was adopted, and by order of Congress, engrossed and signed by the members present. *Independence was therefore declared by Resolution of Congress on the second of July*, but the form in which it was proclaimed to the world, was not adopted until the fourth; and—as we are wont to do at the present day—Mr. Marshall thought more of the passage of the measure by Congress, than of its official announcement. \* \* \* \* \*]

G. P.

REMINISCENCES OF CONGRESS. By Charles W. March. Baker & Scribner: New York. 1850. 12mo. pp. 285.

This is a highly interesting book with a very inappropriate

title, and should have been entitled *A Eulogy on Daniel Webster*. It is written in a lively and agreeable style and contains much important historical information relative to events connected with the public life of Mr. Webster. The sketches of Jackson, Adams, Clay, Hayne, Benton, Forsyth, and other distinguished Americans are spirited and impartial, and we have no doubt of the work proving highly acceptable to the reading public.

LIVES OF EMINENT LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEN OF AMERICA. By James Wynne, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. 12mo. pp. 356.

This volume is dedicated to Professor Joseph Henry of the College of New Jersey and the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and contains the lives of Benjamin Franklin; the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, the third President of the College of New Jersey; Robert Fulton; Chief Justice Marshall; David Rittenhouse, and Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin. The lives of these eminent men cannot but be interesting to every American, and they are here presented in a convenient and portable form, and are written in a style at once simple and attractive. In the life of Rittenhouse, Dr. Wynne gives a description—taken from the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society—of the famous orrery constructed by Dr. Rittenhouse. Machines intended to give to the student of astronomy a general conception of the relative motions of the heavenly bodies had been constructed before; but the object of Mr. Rittenhouse was to construct an instrument by means of which he could exhibit, with accuracy, the position of the planets and their satellites at any given period of the world, past, present, or future. It was in fact to make a kind of perpetual astronomical almanac, in which the results instead of being given in tables, were exhibited to the eye; and in this attempt he succeeded. It will doubtless interest many of our readers to know that this orrery is still in the possession of the college in this place

and may be examined by all who desire to see it. When completed it attracted much attention, and gave rise to considerable competition by different colleges for its ultimate possession. While the College at Philadelphia was negotiating for its purchase, the College of New Jersey, on the twenty-third day of April, 1770, sent a deputation with Dr. Witherspoon at its head to examine the instrument. The committee were so much pleased with it that they purchased it at once, and thus Princeton bore off the palm from Philadelphia in obtaining possession of the first orrery made by Rittenhouse and beyond doubt the most complete one in the world. Dr. Smith, the Provost of the University at Philadelphia, in a letter to Dr. Barton written immediately after the sale of the orrery, says: "I never met with greater mortification than to find Mr. Rittenhouse had, in my absence, made a sort of agreement to let his orrery go to the Jersey college. I had constantly told him if the Assembly did not take it, I would take it for the college, and would have paid him the full sum, should I have begged the money, I thought I could depend as much as any thing under the sun, that after Mr. Rittenhouse knew my intentions about it he would not have listened to any proposal for disposing of it without advising me, and giving our college the first opportunity to purchase. I think Mr. Rittenhouse was never so little *himself* as to suffer himself to be taken off his guard on this occasion. This province is willing to honour him as her own." Mr. Rittenhouse offered to make another, and if possible, a better orrery for Philadelphia, but this offer was far from being satisfactory; for Dr. Smith in a letter soon after says: "The Governor says the orrery shall not go; he would rather pay for it himself. He has ordered a meeting of the trustees on Tuesday next, and declares it to be his opinion that we ought to have the *first* orrery, and not the second, even if the second should be the best." This orrery was carried away by the British troops during the war, but was in a short time returned.

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

THE MINOR WORKS OF DOCTOR JOHNSON.

Johnson, as is familiarly known, was a copious writer for the old fashioned English magazines, from a very early date. Many of his contributions, including some of his characteristic and perhaps invented reports of parliamentary debates, are now undistinguishable in the mass; but a number of his hackney pieces have been collected and made public. His fondness for biography, of which he was to become the most noted subject in modern times, was early remarkable. Not to speak of his 'Lives of the Poets,' which we exclude, as belonging to his greater productions, there are a number of truly valuable sketches, which retain all the importance they ever possessed. Such are his memoirs of Father Paul, of the prodigy Barretier, of the great navigators Blake and Drake, of the great physician Boerhaave and Sydenham, of Ascham, Sir Thomas Browne and Frederick the Great. These may now be read with much instruction. Their moral tone is high from the very first, and they abound in those sagacious observations on life and manners, which afterwards won for Johnson the name of the British Moralist. At the same time they are singularly free from that affected balance in the periods, which reached its maximum in the Rambler.

There are none of Johnson's writings which are more unwisely neglected.

We never could bring ourselves to admire the great essayist's epistles. These are laboured and bookish; very remote from the uncourtly abruptness of his common talk; as if his pen had let down the ink with difficulty; in a word, as unlike as possible to those of Montague, Cowper or Walpole. There is a lumbering whale-like awkwardness in the badinage, and a torpid coldness in the love. Yet from the Hebrides, where he was uncommonly full of matter, the great man sends brief jottings which compare oddly with the same affair as expanded to inflation in his Tour. After all, some of the Doctor's best sayings are in these letters, as for example, "The blaze of reputation cannot be blown out, but it often dies in the socket." Invalids will recognise a familiar experience in the following swoln period: "The amusements and consolations of languor and depression are conferred by familiar and domestic companions, which (*sic*) can be visited or called at will, and can occasionally be quieted or dismissed, who do not obstruct accommodation by ceremony, or destroy indolence by awakening effort." His really compassionate heart produced few things more tender than the letter to Mrs. Thrale, on her child's death: "He is gone, and we are going! We could not have enjoyed him long, and shall not long be separated from him. He has probably escaped many such pangs as you are now feeling."

The late Dr. Green used to tell us in college, that Johnson had produced no greater monument of his ability as a writer, than his Preface to the English Dictionary. Here he obviously laid out his strength and rubbed up his polish to the very last degree. The mingled pride and sorrow with which the old man looks back on his toil and its results, give a dignity and pathos to this short composition, such as pertain to few of his works. "Though no book," says he, "was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceed the faults of that



which it condemns; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it that the English Dictionary was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retirement, or under the shelter of academic bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and sorrow." Harmony, which is never wanting in Johnson's periods, exists in this in its perfection; and as to the sentiment, we see the injured old man proudly turning his back on the tardy advances of Chesterfield. The closing cadence is surpassingly soft and moving: "I have protracted my work till most of those I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds; I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquillity, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise."

With the Observations on Shakspeare, we confess we have never been satisfied. The time had not yet arrived for a generous estimate of the great poet. His adventurous irregularities became glaring faults, before the square and rule of such a critic. Where he echoes the general voice of admiration, Johnson often does so with manly reasons. His minute emendations and expositions of the text show great acuteness. But we remember few instances in which he has brought to light the recondite principle of any tragedy, or aided the imaginative student by any happy key to structural intricacy in the action. The Preface has been read by most of us from childhood, and will still be read for the massive elaboration of the style, but later treatises have thrown broader lights upon the genius of the chief dramatist.

Let every great man beware what scraps of writing he leaves in his trash-basket; the bobtails of his boys' kites, the papillotes of his girls, and the very cigar-lighters of his study will all be unrolled like Herculean papyri, and duly printed. Great part of Goethe's Posthumous Works is about as valuable as the ashes of his pipe, or the parings of his nails. Poor Johnson surely never meant that all the world

should be admitted to the sanctity of his Romish devotions. Now that they have been so many years in print, we break no squares when we comment on them. It would be comfortable if through some cranny one little ray of Christian gospel had penetrated into these monkish crypts. But no. Johnson's Laudian, Oxonian, non-juring religion took another turn. Hence the "Prayers and Meditations," first published in 1785, by Dr. Strahan, have a singular interest. Here we have the wrong side of a noble tapestry, with all the knots and tangled threads. Some of the prayers are fine compositions, imitating the best liturgical productions of the English church. Through the whole there are touches of sorrow which awaken sympathy. On the anniversary of his wife's death, he prays 'fletibus lacrymis.' The prayers in infirmity and old age are very affecting. From year to year we find the poor old man praying for his dead wife; thus, "I prayed for Tett"—"Commended Tetty and my other friends." But his religion ran much into abstinences. "Avoided wine, and tempered a very few glasses with sherbet." "One cup of tea, without milk." "I, by negligence, poured milk into the tea." These are the moles and warts upon a great and venerable surface.

It would be hardly right to number 'Taxation no Tyranny' among Johnson's minor works; since it concentrated all the strong extract of his bitterness, and since it gave him his pension. Specious error was never more strongly put. There is however no American child, who does not perceive its fallacies. There is a bull-dog directness in the assault, which does not give the doctor time to round off his periods. The tract is more like his common chat than much of his publications, and may give us a notion of the way in which he would have spoken in parliament. There are several other political pamphlets, little perused in our day, but bearing the indisputable impress of the great reasoner and sturdy dogmatist. One of them, as early as 1756, has important relation to America, in a very different tone from

the one just mentioned. The chief interest of the tract on the Falkland Islands, to readers of our day, is derived from the keen strictures on Junius; in these are several stinging Johnsoniana. Junius is not to mistake "the venom of the shaft for the vigour of the bow," "while he walks like Jack the Giant-killer in a coat of darkness, he may do much mischief with little strength." "He that contradicts acknowledged truth will always have an audience."

'The Fountains' is a pretty tale, shooting up like a jet d'eau among yew trees. 'Theodore' has acquired a marked position among modern apologues. The species is almost extinct. Among the Prefaces and Dedications which Johnson was called upon, almost as a matter of trade, to write for his friends, there are a few which are still deserving of perusal or consultation. Here he had full play for the sonorous rhythm of his most swelling diction, and his demonstrative eloquence revelled in the gorgeousness of panegyric. The dedication to James's Medical Dictionary takes us back to 1743; it is short and simple. In this way he introduces a Handbook of Stenography, a Guide to the game of Draughts, a Treatise on the Globes, Interest Tables, and Artists' Catalogues. Some excellent remarks on Scriptural commentaries are buried in a dedication of 1758. All these items may be designated as job-work. That Johnson should have been so often called upon to lend his aid in such matters, may show how just was the value set by shrewd publishers on the correct and graceful tournure of a prefatory note which sometimes did not go beyond a dozen lines. It is like the gilded letters of a sign, often surmounting the door of a dingy shop and mean wares.

Among minor works may be classed all Dr. Johnson's poems. His productions in this kind were made to order; mosaics, and not growths, still less inspirations. The best things he ever penned in verse are his versions, which have some of Churchill's strength and much of Pope's elegance. 'London' would live, if he had written nothing else. 'The

Vanity of Human Wishes' is classical. If any body in our day has perused 'Irene,' it must be a proof-reader. The lighter pieces are heavy and pedestrian. Johnson piqued himself on the facility of his Latin verse; it was the result of long and arduous schoolmastership. Warton severely criticises his 'Messia,' which however was only an academic exercise. The hexameters, written after the completion of the Dictionary, may be placed high; the piece abounds with mingled gaiety and pathos. We see the author in those memorable lines—

"Tristis et atra quies, et tardae tedia vitae,  
Nascuntur curis curae, vexatque dolorum  
Importuna cohors, vacuae mala somnia mentis."

The Epitaph on Goldsmith, which occasioned famous debate, is an exquisite morsel of lapidary prose, of which one expression is quoted as freely as if it were found in an ancient author; yet weighed in the scale of Parr's latinity, and compared with Roman marbles, it is judged to be wanting in the true antique.

Scarcely any voluminous writer can be named, who has written so little that is trifling or foolish, or who is so exempt from the charge of uttering any thing to corrupt or seduce. The very smallest productions bear the mark of a grave and stately mind. As we grow older we understand Johnson better; have more pity for his sorrows and sympathy with his infirmities; learn to descry his deep benevolence under a rugged surface, and honour the stubborn integrity of his principles. To have held so high a moral standard in so loose an age and among a convivial circle, is no small praise. The day is past in which his style was held to be a model; but we trust even his more fugitive productions will not willingly be let die.

J.

## ISHMAEL.

“ And she went and sat her down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bow-shot; for she said, let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice and wept.”

Arab! in whose dark-flashing eye,  
And on whose bold and rigid brow,  
Were writ the soul which can defy,  
Which smiles at fate, which dares to die,  
And will not yield and cannot bow;  
Wild as thy own wild, whirling sands,  
O'er which the arrowy camel flies,  
Dark as the horrid crag that stands  
And frowns into thy brazen skies,  
Have been the deeds that link thy name  
With vanished days and present fame.

Thy father cast thee from his door,  
A wanderer on the fiery wild—  
To taste his fostering care no more,—  
Thy mother and her tender child;  
Yet all have shamed their glorious birth,  
And wandered in the mists of earth,  
And bloodier men than thou, a throne  
Have pressed, whom Murder shrinks to own,  
The martyr from the tearing rack,  
Has hurl'd his withering curses back,  
And in his torment prayed to be  
A ranger of the waste with thee.

Arab! the Roman hated thee  
And thine, even from his being's morn,  
That he, a slave, and thou so free,  
Shouldst hold earth's direst foe in scorn.  
He girt his deadly armour on,

From better never flashed the sun,  
 And braver hearts and truer steel,  
 And stouter hands black death to deal,  
 Ne'er roused them at a lord's command,  
 Or weltered through a fallen land ;  
 He found thee where the eagle dwells,  
 And where, at dusk, through lonely dells  
 The hoarse hyena's moaning swells,  
 And caught from rock and mount afar,  
 The death-gleam of thy scimeter.

In vain on thee the bristling lance—  
 The serried legion's wrath was hurl'd ;  
 They cover'd beneath thy awful glance,  
 Proud ruler of the desert world.  
 On flinty plain or ringing height,  
 They met thee in the stormy fight,  
 They came as comes the hurricane,  
 As flames that rake the withered plain,  
 And prostrate nations joyed to know  
 Thee equal to earth's fellest foe,  
 That thou within thy rock-girt home,  
 Wast mightier than the ranks of Rome.

A blot, a dread, accurs'd by all,  
 Upon thee dropt the fearful ban,  
 As man's deep hate on thee shall fall,  
 So thine upon thy brother man.  
 And men have known too long, too true,  
 Thy might to suffer and to do.  
 The wild volcanic flames that roll  
 Through the deep midnight of thy soul,  
 When insult felt or conquest nigh,  
 Has waked their awful energy ;  
 And o'er the heart a fear will come,  
 And o'er the brow a sudden gloom,

---

**And children, as 'neath beldame's spell,  
Shall quail while hoary grandsires tell .  
The reeking deeds of Ishmael.**

**They spurned thee for thy god-like crime—  
That thou wast born to never bow ;  
The will that laughs at chains and time,  
The fiery heart and tameless brow ;  
Thy brethren turned their flocks to feed  
By hill and stream, thou, to thy steed ;  
Thee, thee, the dauntless, stern and rude,  
Unhurt, uncaring, unsubdued,  
Thee, thee, the bold, the brave, the wild,  
Nursling of wrath, the desert's child,  
From Indus to Atlantic's shore,  
Thy fiery, faithful charger bore,  
All proud of mien and free of mind,  
The playmate of the beam and wind.**

**They know thee by the sullen Nile,  
Where India's bowers of roses smile,  
Where'er through bursting flame and smoke,  
Hath sped thy lightning weapon-stroke,  
Blood, groan and crashing dome shall tell  
How true thy glittering sabre fell ;  
In gilded halls, in desert glen,  
The dread of kings, the scourge of men,  
O lion-hearted Saracen !  
And had not more than human hand,  
Upstayed thy ever-falling brand,  
The Mufti's warning tones might roll  
Upon the Saxon's shrinking soul,  
Thy minarets and walls to da-,  
Might frown o'er Biscay's stormy Bay.**

**Arab ! within whose flashing eye,  
Daring and stern resentment lie,**

Without the brute's ferocity ;  
 In the inexorable doom  
     That shut thee from thy sire's embrace,  
 The jealousy and settled gloom,  
     That stamp thy brow, thy life, thy race,  
 And in the ruin, blood and rack,  
 Which follow in thy warrior's track,  
     Ours is a lesson solemn, deep,  
 Earth's meanest children ne'er to spurn,—  
     What hidden good within may sleep  
 We know not, or what passions burn,  
 Which, roused by scorn, neglect or hate,  
 May raze a city, whelm a state,  
 And make earth's Edens desolate,  
 But curbed in meekness, taught in love,  
 May rise all base delights above,  
 And shed, where only brambles grew,  
 Myrtle and roses and sweet dew.

T. H.

---

### SOMETHING NEW.

Who is not pleased with novelty, at least at times and in a moderate degree? Who does not weary of perpetual sameness? We confess that we do. It may seem an affectation of fastidiousness; but really we do begin to feel as if there may be too much of a good thing, even in the talk and written style of our contemporaries. Will they be offended if we venture to suggest, that one or two of their most hackneyed words and phrases are just beginning, in the slightest degree possible, to pall upon us, as a little, a very little touched or mouldy; that the most sublime quotation or original conception is perceptibly the worse for wear upon its thousandth repetition?



Far from us be the vulgarity and cruelty of making this most disagreeable suggestion, without trying to assuage the pain which it must necessarily inflict upon our amiable friends and neighbours. No, their bane and antidote are both before them. Our express design is to present them, out of our exhaustless store, with an assortment of new terms, to supply the places of the triticial banalities which we are quite resolved to bear no longer. We have made arrangements for supplying the most ravenous demands hereafter; but at present we propose to tempt the public appetite by baiting a short paper with a few choice samples, adapted to the wants of certain classes "in our midst."

As charity is well known to begin at home, our first suggestion is addressed to editors, contributors, and correspondents of all literary journals; in a word to critics. We have often felt for this unhappy class when we have seen them forced to use precisely the same thread-bare terms in puffing every new book that they get for nothing. Let them at once abandon their old stereotype phrases and amaze their gentle readers by the utterance of "something new." For example, would it not be an agreeable surprise to the poor jaded public, if the critic should occasionally dispose of a whole batch of unreadables by slyly representing them as "books that are books?" The startling novelty of the expression, whether properly applied or not, might act as a galvanic shock upon the paralysed susceptibilities of all who heard it. Such a shock, however, could not safely be repeated with much frequency, and therefore we would recommend the intermediate use of novelties more sedative and soothing, such as the remark that "this book ought to be on every desk and centre-table in the country." As a suitable accompaniment to these healthful innovations on the common style of puffing, the judicious critic might replace the usual unmeaning epithets of praise by others which have never been employed, though really significant and striking, such as "chaste," "vivid," "thrilling," "truthful."

As our plan is not to satisfy, but to stimulate the public curiosity by piquant specimens of these exciting novelties, we now pass from the critic to the politician, and suggest that as the season of elections is at hand, there is an obvious necessity for "something new" in the concoction of effective editorials, stump speeches, circulars, and handbills. As the old forms are perfectly worn out, the party which secures a new one may obtain a material advantage over its competitors. Reserving for a subsequent disclosure certain new forms of abuse and obloquy, by which an opponent may be blackened much more thoroughly and rapidly than in the old way, we beg leave to inquire whether something might not be accomplished by infusing a poetical spirit into party politics; for instance by personifying states and counties, describing them as in the most extraordinary attitudes, applying epithets apparently the most incongruous, and seasoning the whole with expressions of affectionate endearment, so grotesquely misplaced when expended on the "masses," and especially the masses while around the "polls," that the entire public must explode with laughter at so capital and new an entertainment, though disposed perhaps at first to doubt the sanity of those who have provided it. What a pleasing change would be effected, for example, in our barbarous electioneering dialect, if some bold editor or demagogue should break the ice by announcing the result of some little meeting or election in this new and taking form

**"VEALBURG WIDE AWAKE!"**

**"OLD MCGILLICUDDYTOWN ERECT!"**

Especially might this effect be looked for, if the attribute of age were ascribed to some new county, town, or district, hardly conscious of its separate existence, and as yet entirely incompetent to walk or even stand alone. We are perfectly aware that such a stride as this, in advance of all existing usages, would call for "triple brass," as Horace says, in him who took it; and as that particular amount of the appropriate

metal may be scarce among our modest politicians, whether Pharisees or Sadducees, we recommend, as a preliminary feeling of the public pulse, the introduction of quotations from existing poets, the success of which would naturally pave the way for more original experiments, while their failure would hurt nobody but some old bard either forgotten or immortalized for ages. In all such cases Shakspeare turns up first. But alas, all Shakspeare has been quoted long ago. Such at least is no doubt the opinion of the reader, and we cannot blame him for indulging it as we did till the bright thought struck us of examining the "Whole Works" of the "Swan of Avon," for the purpose of ascertaining, once for all, whether any and if any what amount of quotation was still left in the exhausted playwright. We defy the world to guess at the result of this laborious investigation, nor do we mean, just now, to tell. Let the world be satisfied with knowing, for the present, that we did succeed in digging out one long forgotten passage, so beautiful and striking in itself, and so peculiarly appropriate to all elections, that we almost think it an interpolation by some highly gifted caucus or committee; and we altogether think that it will make the fortune of the candidate in whose cause it is first employed. With this new discovered gem of electioneering poetry, which cannot fail, as soon as it is read or heard, to conjure up the whole scene of a "polls," with the accompanying sights and sounds. We conclude this paper, well assured that it will more than pay its own expenses by the smashing sale of our December number. It is as follows:

**"HANG OUT OUR BANNERS ON THE OUTWARD WALLS.  
THE CRY IS STILL, THEY COME!"**

**MACBETH.**

## MACHINERY AND LABOUR.

All who have mingled much with the labouring classes have heard bitter complaints against labour-saving machines, as abridging the profits and even destroying the livelihood of working men. Thus I have known angry and resentful strictures to be made on the steam-lifting process in the United States Bonded Warehouse, as taking the bread out of the mouths of poor porters. If these charges were just, the prospects of labour were dark indeed: for there never was a time when mechanical inventions were more abundant or when there was a more certain prospect of their increase. It is very important that this matter should be placed in its true light; and if the dangers apprehended by honest toil are imaginary, it would be well to make this appear.

Bodily labour is plainly an evil. No man gratuitously increases it. Every man in his senses chooses that way of doing his task which involves the least toil. The saving of labour is not therefore an evil in itself. It is true, the introduction of a machine does, as its first effect, throw some natural labour out of the market, and this is an inconvenience. The same effect in kind would be produced if the muscular power of any workman could be doubled or trebled. In comparison the same advantage is gained by any man of uniform health and unusual strength, over his fellows. Yet all men wish for health and muscular ability.

The common argument against machinery proves too much. It would banish a thousand implements which are common, and awaken no jealousy. The progress ought to be observed. An ingenious artisan invents an instrument which enables one man to do the work of three. The momentary effect is to throw two men out of work. But shortly the machine comes into general use, and the two who were complaining provide themselves with it, and proceed to do the work of four men. Every plow, cradle and wheat-

fan is a labour-saving implement. Time was, when these operations were done by the naked hand, or by insufficient and rude utensils. Every windlass, fire-engine, and grist-mill is a labour-saving machine: the only peculiarity they have is that they have become common. We must distinguish between the proximate inconvenience of a new invention, and the wide and lasting benefit arising from its general employment.

The labouring man sees a machine doing what he might have done; but he does not see that by the same system a thousand things are done for him, which he could not have done for himself. The stockings on his feet, and the domestics which he wears, come to him for far less than if they were knit or woven in the old way: he thus gains by the stocking-loom and steam-engine. The dollar which he earns is worth ten times more than if there were no machines. Every day he and his wife are deriving profit from the cotton-gin and spinning-jenny. His bread is much cheaper, because the farmer's grain is brought to market by steam.

It cannot be denied, that the introduction of machinery causes capital to seek new channels; but these channels it actually provides. At the instant of such transfer there may be loss and embarrassment; but new arrangements rapidly take place. Suppose a ruder and barbarous trade or employment is superseded: other trades rise up, which are less wearing and more profitable. The very manufacture of engines produces hundreds of new trades, including some of the very ones which are supposed to be destroyed. This may be seen in the shops and yards of any sugar-house or engine-factory. Let an extensive iron-establishment be set up in any neighborhood, and a population immediately gathers round it, employing more hands, even in unskilled labour, than all who have been pushed aside by its machinery. It is utterly vain to seek any escape from this, except into utter barbarism. Compare a savage and a civilized country, and you see in one a people without the pump, the pulley,

and the crane, and in the other thousands of men gaining a livelihood from the steam engine and the hydraulic press.

There is a fallacy in the expression *labour-saving*. For consider *whose* labour is saved? It is your own. If you are not debarred from using the new auxiliary, you henceforth do that in one day which you formerly did in two, Each day becomes equal to two. The time thus gained may be made to add to your gains or your repose. Every steamboat, which diminishes your outlay of time, muscle and money, is a labour-saving machine; and the very horse you ride, though not a machine, as really saves your strength as if it were a lifeless combination of wheels and pinions. By all the inventions of art more labour is brought into market. The machine not only saves, but creates labour. Compare the England of our day with the England of the Heptarchy. The productive power of the country is multiplied and capital is increased, and with it grows the aggregate amount of subsistence.

Machinery is the friend of the poor. It has made those things common, which were once the luxuries of the rich. The day is past when fine linen or purple was the badge of a Dives; or when Queen Elizabeth could consider a pair of stockings a royal gift. The poor type-setter, who once strained his eyes beside a dipped candle, now composes under the blaze of gas. The poor man's locomotion is cheapened, and thus he gains a month in every year. The sempstress has better needles and incomparably better spool-cotton, at a tithe of former prices, and wears, for a shilling a yard, prints which a few years ago cost a dollar. The cartman or porter reads his news and his volume, by means of machine paper and power-presses. Trades are multiplied a hundredfold, offering diversified employment to the children of the poor. The use of coal alone, as connected with machinery, has given employment to hundred of thousands. The luxury of manufactures engenders new wants, which cause new demands, and repay new labours. Can it be pre-

tended that human power is driven out of the market? Why there never was such a cry for extra labour! Thousands are sometimes employed by a single contract. And this demand is greatest just at those focal points, where there are most mechanical improvements. Think of that great labour-saving affair, a railroad! How much hewing, quarrying, blasting, delving, wheeling, carrying, mining, smelting, forging, levelling, draining, joining, mending and tending does it produce! John or Thomas is mad, if he complains that he is not carrying sacks of coal or ore on his back, like the miners of Chili. To be consistent, he ought to declare war against every wagon, cart, barrow, crow-bar and axe. There was a time when each of these came into rivalry with the hard hand.

How vain is it to strive against progress! Workmen should think of this, before they undertake the unequal contest. Other parts of progress run parallel with mechanical appliances. If one hand can be made to do the work of ten, the nine are left free to add the same sort of work, or to turn to something else, or to rest, or to read. Dwell on this thought. Saving of labour is increase of leisure. Here is a charm for the working man, helped by machinery, to bestow on intellectual advancement hours which he never could redeem before. This ought to make him pause, before he tries to compete with machines; which, after all, is just like running a race with a locomotive. To exterminate or even repress machines, is impossible; the only true course is to employ them, or to fall into the ranks of that new labour which they create. There are scores of such trades. At this moment, who are giving employment, with high wages, to the greatest number of hands? The men whose business requires the greatest amount of machinery.

If you are ever tempted to grumble at what machines have taken away, look around at what they have given you; among which are things which monarchs did not enjoy of old. You have better fires, better time-pieces, better food;

your matches, your gun, your thermometer; and, on occasions, your steam-chariot, and your telegraph. None of these things could be produced but by manifold labour-saving inventions. Surely you would not go back to the condition of the Camanche Indian and the New Zealander. In every civilized country, the whole labouring population is daily rising to a level of greater comfort, by this very cause. The evidence of it is in every bed-room, cellar, and kitchen, in the land. A little enlarged thought, reaching beyond one's little self to the great brotherhood, will cure a man of these narrow and paltry prejudices. The resources of a country, especially of small states, cannot be brought out without machinery. Where the great staples of commerce cannot be raised, they can yet be handled over and turned to use. There is more in a land than its soil and crops. To agriculture there is a limit; but to manufactures, that is to the use of machinery, there is none.

The upshot of all is, that he who quarrels with machines, runs a tilt against a windmill. Every new contrivance, which really saves labour, may be so managed by you, as to give you a lift in the world. You will have more money, more time, and abundantly more comfort.

C. Q.

---

## THE PERSIAN LANGUAGE.

Persian and Arabic are almost always named together, as if they were dialects of one great language. Their connection is historical, though not in general correctly understood. It rests upon two facts, both relating to the Arabian conquest of Persia in the seventh century of our era. The first is, that since that time Persian has always been written in the Arabic character, with a few modifications and additions.



The other is, that the Persian vocabulary has been overflowed with Arabic words. This has made some knowledge of Arabic absolutely necessary to the comprehension of most Persian books. But in structure and internal character, the two tongues are among the most dissimilar and uncongenial in existence. They belong indeed to different genera or classes in the grand division of human language. Comparative philology reduces all cultivated dialects to two great families, distinguished, not merely by local or historical associations, but by intrinsic and characteristic features. The Semitic, Hebraic, or Syro-Arabian languages are written (with a single exception), from the right hand to the left. Their alphabets consist of consonants only. Their vowels are either not expressed in writing or denoted by points and strokes entirely distinct from the letters. An analogous distinction between consonants and vowels may be traced in the etymology and grammatical changes of these languages. Essential differences of meaning are expressed by consonants; nicer shades by diversities of vowels. The radical forms of words are definite and restricted, consisting almost always of three letters. The verb in all these languages has only two distinct and independent tenses; but as if to compensate for this defect, it has numerous affiliated forms, corresponding partly to the Greek and Latin voices, partly to the classes of inceptive, frequentative, and other derived forms of occidental grammar. These modifications are so numerous and regular in their formation, that they constitute whole systems of kindred verbal forms deducible from one root. Another striking feature in this family of languages is the absence of compound words, properly so called, and the presence of a species of composition quite unknown to us, except in certain combinations of Spanish and Italian grammar. This is the practice of attaching possessive and objective pronouns to the governing part of speech so as to form a single word. As a last peculiarity of these tongues may be mentioned the extension of the difference of genders to the verb

as well as the noun. In every one of these particulars, the Japhetic, Indo-Germanic, or Indo-European family of languages is wholly different. They are all written from the left hand to the right. Their alphabets consist of vowels and consonants promiscuously mingled and indiscriminately used for the expression of grammatical distinctions. The roots or primary forms of all these languages are wholly unrestricted as to shape or size, the nature or the number of the letters which compose them. The temporal modifications of the verb are very numerous; but it knows no difference of gender in the proper verbal forms. Lastly, the languages derive a large part of their richness from an indefinite susceptibility of composition.

The heads of those two great dialectic families are the Hebrew and the Sanscrit, which may be considered as presenting the most perfect contrast of internal structure and external form that can be found in the whole circle of cultivated languages. As daughters or younger sisters of the first may be reckoned the two great Aramean dialects, the Chaldee and the Syriac, together with the Arabic, and the derivatives of each. To the other, besides Greek and Latin, and all the modern languages of Europe, belongs Persian, although written for the last twelve centuries in the Arabic modification of the old Semitic alphabet. The old Persian character has been brought to light in our own day, together with the ancient Persian dialect or language called the Zend. The modern Persian, from the singular connection into which it has been brought with a language so unlike itself in structure and in genius, has a peculiar motley or mosaic character, especially as used by the inferior class of writers, whose defective taste has led them to overlay the vernacular basis or substratum with a profusion of Arabic vocables, even in cases where the native treasures of the language furnished indigenous equivalents. There seems to be no defined limit to this mixture except that the Arabic words, however numerous, must be set, as it were, in a Persian frame, however

slight. With this restriction, even whole clauses, or complete though independent propositions, may be introduced without any change of form into a Persian sentence. The only approach to this kind of diction ever practised among us is the affected or pedantic use of French or Latin words and phrases by writers of corrupt taste or spurious erudition. The fashionable jargon of Lady Blessington's novels may be cited as a sample. Even in the worst Persian style, however, there is still discernible a fine substratum of the mother-tongue, and in some of the oldest books this is decidedly predominant. In the great epic poem or versified history of Persia, the Shahnameh of Ferdusi, this is especially the case. The separation of the two elements is the more acceptable to occidental taste, because the very excellencies of the two tongues are so very different. The Arabic is admirable for breviloquence and force; the Persian for perspicuous diffuseness. One of the most marked features of the latter is the constant disposition to resolve a simple verb into an abstract noun with an auxiliary verbal form. The difference is analogous to that between our English phrases,  *speak and make a speech, please and give pleasure, favour and show favour, honour and do honour*. The almost constant preference of the longer form in Persian is the chief cause of its elegant diffuseness. We shall close this desultory statement, for the present, by observing that the Persian, while it strongly resembles Greek and German in the number and expressiveness of compound terms, is like the Latin in the absence of a definite article, and like our own mother English in its simple but truly philosophical distinction of the genders, not to mention the coincidence of form and sound in many of those elementary and household words, which are least subject to exchange or transfer. Some of these correspondences we may perhaps be tempted to state with more particularity hereafter.

## ON BEGGARS.

Far be it from us to enter into competition with Elia, in his treatise upon Beggars. Yet have we often wondered, that our philosophers, who are so numerous, have not devoted themselves more to the consideration of this interesting class. There would be found mysteries beneath the tatters of the stroller which are not at first suspected. It is not every one who has strength of mind to assume the mendicant's garb. He is your true cosmopolite; to day in Liverpool, next month in New York. He is your true freeman; *ubi libertas ibi patria*. If the race of cynics is not extinct, they are to be sought among beggars. For do they not despise the pomps of the great; live on little; endure hardship and contempt; and philosophize *sub dio*?

The beggar has a woe-begone look when he gives a feeble single knock at your door; but see him at his lunch, by the wayside, on some green bank, or under some spreading elm, and who is so gay? He braves the dogs of the farm-yard and the jeers of schoolboys; lies by for no weather; disregards foulness of ways and carries no umbrella. Like Ulysses, he has learnt the manners of many men and many lands, and is a master of many crafts. You love odd characters? Why do you not converse with beggars? Their stories are out of the common line. The personal narrative of the veriest trumper has all the novelty of a romance. The shifts of Lazarillo del Tormes derive all their zest from the genuine air of mendicity which circulates through them. Many a Gil Blas comes to your door in rags. Imitate the example of our friend Barbier, who lays it down as a rule, to invite every wanderer to relate his story; and few are found so uncommunicative as the Needy Knife-Grinder of the Anti-Jacobin.

Beggars always have reasons for being such. These reasons go deeply into the recesses of political economy.

Treatises have been written on mendicity; but how few have gone to headquarters, and sought the facts of the case from the mendicants themselves? Lord Ashley had a meeting of London Thieves last year; what lights might be thrown on a dark subject by a World's Convention of Beggars! Think of it, ye lovers of novelty. What wardrobes—what a Babel of tongues—what manners, formed in divers lands—what physiognomies, seamed and ploughed and branded by variety of fortunes. We should like to have the choicest of the fraternity brought to auricular revelations. These are they who look on life from a point of view totally unlike ours, and must needs see some things which escape the rest of the world. Instead of palaces and churches, they are cognizant of highways and by-ways; not so much of parlours and boudoirs as of street-doors and kitchens. Their bill of fare is abundantly diversified, and they can tell strange and piquant things of lodgings. How unlike the expressions of countenance with which they are greeted, from the simper of putative welcome, which radiates on other visitants through the open door.

Flattery is voted by all moralists to be among the most pernicious things in the world: we all suffer from it, and receive from it part of our character. From this malign influence the beggar is exempt. No one flatters him. He is used to hearing the plain truth concerning himself. He gets abundance of good advice. The influence of this moral regimen ought to be looked into.

What an abnegation of human life with its cares and wonders characterizes the beggar's lot. He attends no church, no theatre, no nuptials; he is invited to neither funerals nor feasts. He makes no speeches, joins no secret fraternities, and rarely votes. He reads no books or journals, and cares not for Amin Bey, General Paez, or Jenny Lind.\* Revolutions do not affect him; unless they extend to the police, a department with which he claims to be

\* Street Beggars only are intended.

familiar. The pomps and vanities of mankind he looks upon with a philosophic eye, and gnaws his crust with nonchalance, though a millionaire is passing in his coach. Open air and exercise give a glow to his complexion which sorts ill with the story of ship-fever and rheumatism.

We have observed that our American people make poor beggars. They are pallid and sour, and go too near the point of suggesting real distress. They are sullen and taciturn, and have no richness of narrative, no adjuration by the saints, and no overflow of eloquent blessings, after receipt of an alms. But commend us to a broad-faced old-countryman, who showers on you the serio-comic story of calamities, rips open the budget of his former glories, paints the shipwreck or the explosion on which he founds his title, wipes his eyes with particoloured rags on mention of his wife and seven children, and insists on autopsy of his ulcerous leg, stripping off bandage after bandage till you see him and escape. The most complacent and comfortable visiters of this kind are the Sardinians and Genoese, brown healthy-looking fellows, in good clothes, who cannot speak a word of English. Their printed papers seem all to have come from the same press, and abound in meteorological and volcanic phenomena, recorded nowhere else; inundations, streams of lava, depopulation of villages. It is truly remarkable that so few negroes addict themselves to this pursuit; their physical condition is averse to the short-commons and cool lodgings of the medicant.

Some people think the business of begging is undertaken with reluctance, as a *pis aller*. In regard to the true beggar, no mistake could be more gross. It is his profession. He chooses to have his fortune by instalments. No round sum in hand would satisfy him; as well might you send the sportsman to buy his plover and woodcock in the market. The little rebuffs which he meets with are only the lemon in his punch, and add to the zest. To sleep in a barn has become a satisfaction. Hence the insult and ignominy which you pour on a beggar by proposing the alms-house; it is what

a long quarantine is to an impatient traveller. Mark the keen speculation with which a beggar and his wife, who have been canvassing different parts of a village, come together at sunset over their respective wallets; how they collate the postscripts of fifty dinners, classify the *membra disjecta*, and hold up each *bonne bouche* with exultation. Who will compare with this the pork and beans or hasty-pudding of the poor-house? Think you, those groups in the twilight, on some picturesque knoll, (and they show taste in selection,) could so protract their leisurely and fastidious meal, if it were not satisfactory? And when they tie up their remains, and look about for their sticks, and resume the limp or shuffle which may beseem the character of the day, the very uncertainty of their whereabouts for the night has much of the charm which belongs to adventure. As to food and lodging, they are better off than many a fore-castle man, and surely they suffer less from the weather.

Begging is a trade, and often a very good one. Else we should not see stationary beggars fat and healthy, in the same spots in our cities, for years together. It is wonderful how much they pick up in small coin, even from children and the poor, and from those who give in order to save their time. When it is considered that in this country a man may keep soul and body together for a shilling a day, and that there are few country towns where the stranger will not take this in a few hours, not to reckon victuals and raiment, it will be apparent that a thrifty man may lay up money. In a certain sense it is earned; few of us would do the same amount of travel and fictitious conversation, for the sum named. We dare not deny that it is accomplished with some idleness. But beware how you trifle with the word. Who is idle? You reply, the sturdy wayfarer, who travels ten miles in frost or sun; visits as many houses as a post-man; tells as many stories as a money-borrower; receives as much barking, scolding and threatening as a thief or dun; cramps his legs with all the constraint of a posture-maker;

eats garbage and lies on straw. Who is idle? The beggar answers, That fine gentleman who lolls all day in his coach; that fine lady who practises embroidery three hours and music five, and dances till two in the morning; that brave soldier who spends months in garrison; that smart reefer, who walks the deck with side-arms and conceit; that editor who smokes ten pipes as he clips from a hundred newspapers. Idle as beggars are, they have no more monopolized the *dolce far niente*, than they have usurped all the false pretences. Their morals are not favourably situated for growth; but consider, they might be thieves. They are sometimes sober, which is not true of every gentleman. They seldom break the peace. They concoct no conspiracies. On the whole, they seem to us to be as virtuous as their calling demands; and what more could we ask of judges or clergymen? Though forcibly driven out of hotels, they seldom make money by making drunkards. Justice requires these concessions.

Beggars are on the increase in America; with advancing civilization they will become abundant. Gipsies we have none; the reason of which can no more be given, than why we have no pattens, saloop, or Punch and Judy. *Tout à la bonne heure*. Of our beggars most are migratory. For, be it observed, beggars are divided, like steam-engines, into the stationary and the locomotive. In the old countries of Europe we commonly encounter the former. Let any traveller refresh his recollections of Leghorn or Dublin. In those advanced emporiums it is the mendicant who is stationary, and the donor who travels. Here matters are just the reverse; though our great cities are rapidly approaching the foreign standard. In our country neighbourhoods, strollers call at our doors and receive our benefactions. By this means they enjoy more health and cultivation of taste, and are exempt from the police, that bug-bear of mendicity in cities. The condition of a hale, well-built beggar, who stick-in-hand, paces through the ups and downs of a hilly, romantic country,



is not to be despised. Far from the regions where his profession is scorned, he is looked upon with a sort of sacred pity. The luxury of alms is a rare one in such lands. Money may not be forthcoming, but the bowl of milk, the loaf, and the straw-bed, are not often withheld. But beware of great thoroughfares. Along these, breasts grow hard, hands acquire a natural clench; purses have a stricture, and doors stick fast; tongues of maids and canine teeth are whetted sharp; and all the romance of beggarhood is at an end.

P. P.

### MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

The character of schoolmasters is apt to become marked, for reasons which are sufficiently obvious. They live in a little world of their own, among beings who are below their level, and who treat them with deference, while they also exercise their patience and try their temper. The schoolmaster is a lord paramount in his own domain, and sometimes a tyrant. If he continues for a long portion of life in this calling he is almost sure to become a humourist; his oddities grow and acquire rigidity; and even his good qualities get a tincture which is due to his being always teaching and exacting obedience. As some have plausibly held that the manners of a king can never be perfect, because he is never called to show unfeigned deference or to make himself serviceable, so the schoolmaster, who has been nothing else for many years, is in danger of stiffness, headiness, and *opiniâtré*.

All these reasons contribute however to make men of this respectable calling very interesting studies. We sometimes

see them walking among us, representatives of a former age, formed by converse with the dead, and but slightly affected by changeful fashions of thought and opinion. The oracle of many a country neighbourhood is often the schoolmaster; and the distinction is commonly well-earned. For he is the reading man of his community; more learned perhaps than the clergyman himself; the maker of sundials, the expounder of almanacs, the resolver of hard sentences, the measurer of heights and distances, and the umpire of disputes touching language and antiquities.

While I write these lines, my thoughts run back to Jeremy Gay, the preceptor of my youth. His grey hair and quick but uneven gait were known to all the village. At sunset, when school was out, he used to sit under the great willow which surmounted his cottage and academy, and receive the greetings of old and young; for most who passed that way had been his pupils. It was his pride that seven of his boys had been in Congress, and a score of them in the pulpit. Within his realm he was a rigorist of the old school, not sparing voice or birch, and keeping up the ancient authority unbroken to the last. Obedience to the master, he constantly enjoined, as required by the fifth commandment. In those days, no hat or cap was ever worn under his roof. Each boy made his bow on entry or exit; and Jeremy took pleasure in showing how this ought to be done, taking down his hat from the peg, for the purpose; I see him now, as in the act, with his horn spectacles turned up over his smooth high forehead, and his taper legs, in tight small-clothes, coming to the right position, at the reverence. On more genial occasions he would place the old hat under his arms, after having combed his scanty locks at a small mirror, ingeniously set into the lid of his desk, and would proceed to show us how the minuet of former days was stepped. In school hours he was as busy as a bee; no one ever saw him weary; and though strict he was not passionate. His *taws*, as he denominated the instrument of torture, could seldom

rest more than half an hour ; yet we came at length to know how the infliction might be avoided, and to learn pleasant avenues to the old man's heart.

Our village school was a general and not a select one. Five or six were preparing for college ; but the rank and file were barefoot urchins, who brought their dinner in little baskets. There was even a bench for girls. The grammar-boys, as Mr. Gay used to call his classical pupils, were his pride and delight. He occasionally honoured them with the title of *Master*, and loved to address them in Latin sentences, to the great wonderment and envy of the other scholars. In reading with them the great authors, he seemed to indemnify himself for the hours lost, in making pens, setting copies, looking over sums, and crazing himself with the yell of spelling classes. For the sake of such good men as he, I heartily rejoice that the masterpieces of antiquity are not banished from our schools. There, quite as much as in college, the secluded scholar converses with Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Homer, and Xenophon. How his aged eye would light up, over some picturesque description of Virgil, as he made the sonorous hexameters roll from his practised tongue ! No class could reach the first oration against Catiline, without seeing and hearing the master rehearse the opening of it, clearing a place in the middle of the floor ; and if any masters or misses tittered instead of admiring, they were visited with a jeremiade on the decay of taste in the nineteenth century. New schoolbooks found no favour in his eyes. He stuck to Ruddiman, and loved it best in its Latin. Cordery and Erasmus were duly placed in the hands of beginners. Scanning was religiously taught, and utterers of false quantities were treated as moral delinquents. I verily believe our old teacher had a large part of the common class-books by heart.

Good Mr. Gay was a virtuoso. Saturday afternoons, in those times when there were but half holidays, were delicious intercalations, in which he used to raise his hat and say de-

voutly, *Deus nobis haec otia fecit*, quote Horace's *Otium divos*, and roll off other classic scraps which my memory does not retain. Country people thought the worthy teacher was gathering simples, when they saw him laden with spring flowers, and used to come to him with their ailments; as they would likewise bring him absurd things for his museum, which was in a back-shed appurtenant to his school-room. It was a pleasure to be admitted to this repository, on occasion of some remarkable proficiency.

Our schoolmaster had few books beyond those which were read in school. Murray's Introduction, English Reader, and Sequel, made him well acquainted with the style of our great masters. Beyond this, he knew little of the poets, except Milton and Watts, and he thought contemporary authors of little worth. He plumed himself upon being a second cousin of Lindley Murray.

Mrs. Gay, his trim little wife, whom I ought to have mentioned before, kept the parlour or sitting room in a state of notable neatness. The low ceiling and clustering vines made it dark; but there was always a cheerful wood fire in the bright Franklin stove. Corner-boards contained small piles of books. A very dark mahogany table, excessively rubbed, always displayed a silver urn, one of Isaac Collins's quarto bibles presented by the publisher, and a surveyor's compass. Over it hung a chart with Masonic emblems, and under it was Madam's footstool. Such maps as were crowded out of the school-room hung round the walls. Over the chimney-piece was a pathetic embroidery, indicative of Washington's tomb and a willow, wrought sampler-wise by Mrs. Gay, when in her teens. The chairs were old, soft, and luxurious, with manifold cushions and footstools, on which a family of cats slept and purred. A black-walnut bookcase occupied a recess by the chimney, and on it were two well worn globes. Such are the back parlours in which quiet people enjoy life and grow old. How many a Saturday evening gossip has taken place in this shady spot, over green tea and muffins, and conserves!

After many years of absence, I revisited my quondam preceptor. I found him reading by the window, while the lady seemed to be knitting the same child's stocking of red and white, which I had left unfinished in boyhood. The tabby on the rug might have been mistaken for the one which I used to shoe with the shells of English walnuts, that she might alarm the house by coming down stairs at dead of night. Mr. Gay held me off, at arms length, to scan me, and then on hearing my name, almost embraced me. Laying aside the odd volume of Grandison, he put up his spectacles, and soon fell into quotation. *Paulo majora canamus* introduced his discourse on bad schools, and when he had talked himself weary, he closed with *Claudite jam rivos*.

People may mock if they will at the pedantry of old scholars; but let those laugh that win. There is an unspeakable satisfaction to a retired and poor man, in going over and over these stores of his ancient reading. The smallest morsels give him pleasure, and all the more because he has weighed and sifted every expression. A happy generation is this of old schoolmasters; they are remarkably often seen to enjoy a green old age. With few passions and reverses they spin the thread of life evenly and long. Over and above the complacency of conscious lore, there is a positive stock of sound information, which they turn over and over in their thoughts, and which is the more productive because it consists so much of elements.

Mr. Gay insisted on copying for me Beza's epitaph on his master. It was in that noble, clerkly round hand, which used to adorn our ciphering-books, and which we now so seldom behold. He insisted on my sitting in his pew next day, in order to hear Mr. Chapman, who, he said, had been his pupil. On the rebuilding of the church the good old man had refused to have his square pew cut up into what he contemptuously called 'slips;' it was still furnished with wooden stoves, and a famous large-print Greek Testament.

As I bade him farewell at the church-door, I thought with

myself, that though many might be more learned, few had turned their knowledge into more happiness. To have a patriarch of this sort in a community, is a great blessing; adding to some of the pleasures of every class in life. Now that we are making a mighty stir about education, and bringing in new teachers, let me beg that the old ones be not forgotten. If such a one dwells among you, though long since laid aside from work, let his latter days be full of comfort. Old age values attention. Give more than a nod, at meeting, to the veteran master. Declining life needs cheering; enter his doors sometimes, with a respectful salutation. Drop a newspaper or a book in his way; send to him some token from your abundance. At any rate, suffer not the sunset of such a one to be suffused with a single cloud of want or disrespect.

††

#### FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH SMITHVILLE.

It is now some months since I undertook the disagreeable task of stating the causes of your failure to obtain the favour of our reading public. Another has since come to my knowledge, which I hasten to communicate. I mean the immethodical and random way in which your articles are put together. We are a very intelligent, smart people here, and like to see things done up in an intelligent, smart manner. But when we try to read your Magazine, our minds are thrown into confusion. The articles seem to have been drawn out of a hat, if not tossed up for. First a bit of prose, and then a bit of poetry; here something grave, and there something funny; it is really too bad to be endured any longer. One person does indeed pretend to like what he

calls the agreeable variety and natural arrangement of your numbers. But the rest of us know that this is all affectation, and that he would be as well pleased as ourselves to have the matter properly arranged. Indeed there is something quite absurd in the idea of a magazine without "departments." How are the children to get any good of it without a "Youth's Department?" And how are the ladies to get at the poetry when mixed up with so much other matter, instead of being all brought together in a "Poet's Corner?" Then there ought to be a "Serious Department" for Sundays, and a "Household Department" for receipts and nostrums. Instead of giving up these divisions, I would multiply them, and have a "Grandparents' Department," and a "Child-in-arms' Department," with directions how to crawl, creep, and take notice. There should also be a place set apart for Anecdotes, Prices Current, Murders, Marriages, Deaths, Original Essays, Elegant Extracts, Election Returns, Telegraphic News, Fashions, Meteorological Diary Answers to Correspondents, and Editor's Table. Who ever heard before of an Editor without a Table? I wonder you are not ashamed to show your face in such a destitute condition. Some of our good folks here are sadly at fault without any "Answers to Correspondents." My grand-aunt Patience feels a constant anxiety to know whether A. B. C. has been received, whether O. P. Q. will appear in the next, and whether X. Y. Z. is under consideration. When she used to read the old magazines in her youth, she always turned to that as the most interesting part. Indeed she would like to take a magazine made up entirely of Notes to Correspondents and letters of the alphabet, instead of Notes from Correspondents, or rather interminable letters from all quarters of the world. Another gross defect of which our people are disposed to complain is the want of pictorial illustrations. Do you think we are going to pay money for a parcel of dry reading without pictures? Why Harper has supplied the population of South Smithville with Pictorial

Bibles. Our poorest people save enough to buy one, so that now, when they read a chapter, they can see something nice or funny alongside of it. We have long had pictorial multiplication tables for the children, and we talk of calling on the ministers of all denominations (seventeen in number) to preach pictorial sermons or be turned off as unacceptable. They can easily hold up a card in one hand and make gestures with the other. Or the picture can be set up in the gallery for the people to look round at, as they do now at the singers. But as one picture would be tiresome, I propose to have a magic lantern going all the time of sermon. Yellow Ochre, the sign-painter, contracted to make pictures for the Shorter Catechism; but he stuck fast at the Chief End of Man. In the mean time, we have got so used to having pictures with our reading, that we cannot exactly understand the plainest style without them. In the newspapers it is some relief to look across at the woodcuts of houses for sale, and runaway apprentices with bundles in their hands, though I must own that I feel a little sameness since I found out that it is always the same house, boy, and bundle. What then must I feel when I try to read your numbers without any thing pictorial at all—not even a pictorial capital letter at the beginning of an article, as in the Picture-Bibles. This, with the absence of Departments, makes your magazine entirely unreadable, at least in South Smithville. The only copies ever sold here were got off by throwing in a picture of a man with a thin waist and a sky-blue coat, which had been cut out of the Tailor's Magazine for last year. Unless you can comply with these demands, I must resign my agency, and beg that you will send no more to my address.

•



## MUTABILITY.

Now swift, now slow, through meads and woodlands onward,  
Far roll the rivers to the solemn main ;  
The silvery mist floats fluctuating, sunward,  
To gloom in storms or melt in balmy rain.

O'er the bleak hills invisible winds are ranging,  
With tones most mournful, eloquent and strange ;  
The streams, the stars, our very souls are changing,  
O what a mystery is this realm of change !

Ever from Earth her glories are departing,  
Ever from fame's green wreath, fresh laurels torn ;  
In the heart's garden Hope's gay flowers are starting,  
O, soon to leave their cherished place forlorn !

All sights of mortal birth are fading, fleeting,  
All sounds are but as a forgotten tone ;  
The rains, where feet of kings have pressed, are beating,  
And soon shall beat whence ours are ever flown.

The ancient peaks that proudly point to heaven.  
Are wasting slowly, silently away,  
Around their brows time-scarred and thunder-riven,  
Lurk the sure workings of the fiend, Decay.

Dry deserts stretch, drought withers, seas are rolling,  
Where gilded shrines and reeking altars stood ;  
The heart may hear its own, far, funeral tolling,  
Borne o'er the holy night's hush'd solitude.

To day the fields in gold and purple blooming,  
Cherish the nurslings of God's tender care ;  
To morrow, killing frosts and winds consuming.  
Shall roll their sweets along the lonely air.

Deep in the walled heart of primeval mountains,  
 The delver turns the wrecks of other days ;  
 Low in the cells of ocean's heaving fountains,  
 Cities unseen, their domes of coral raise.

The rose-tint on the cheek of beauty glowing,  
 Springs into being from the meadow's slime,  
 Where hearts are light and Wit his shafts is throwing,  
 Etherealized, to charm its little time.

Through heaven's blue deep Jehovah's lambs are ranging,  
 The wind-streams wander through the pathless air ;  
 If in God's upper courts all things are changing,  
 What shall secure our souls from sorrow there ?

What magic hues, dear tones and warm affections  
 Have perished from the heart, the eye or tongue,  
 What welcome voices, heavenly recollections,  
 Since first our infant life to being clung !

Far in old Asia's green and classic valleys,  
 Rose many a city's dusky towers of yore,  
 Dwellings of gods with many a kingly palace.  
 Trod by the forms who crowns and purple wore.

Antioch, Persepolis, great Babylonia,  
 Known to the sad and suffering sons of God.  
 And Ephesus, the star of green Ionia,  
 By conquerors, bards, apostles, martyrs trod.

Nor less old Memphis, Thebes and Mytilene,  
 Have bowed in sack-cloth and have sought the grave,  
 And Nineveh the proud and fair Cyrene,  
 That shining, looked out o'er the northern wave.

Not the triumphant sword, their glorious sages,  
 The blood-wrung spoils of many a subject land,  
 The voice of wisdom nor the lore of ages  
 Might charm their columns from the engulfing sand.

---

For all of them that may remain of glory,  
We turn with fruitless search and vain desire ;  
Save to the hero's vague and mythic story,  
Or the far tones of some old poet's lyre.

T. H.

---

### HAPPINESS.

What is it? Some things are so simple that they cannot be made plainer by any definition; and some things are so complex that all the varieties under the name cannot be enumerated. And happiness may be considered as belonging to both these classes. For, considered as an agreeable emotion, nothing can be more simple, or better understood. But when we consider the great variety of pleasurable emotions, differing from each other in kind as well as degree, we perceive at once that a complete enumeration of them cannot be made. Men's ideas of what will constitute happiness are as various as their desires. The child in the nursery, the boy at school, the young girl in her teens, the young man just arrived at manhood, the active young mechanic, the enterprising merchant, the ardent politician, the indefatigable student, the day labourer, the learned author, royal personages, and the humble Christian have all different ideas of what will produce happiness, and the notions of every class are in close connexion with their prevailing desires.

When, however, men have attained their objects, or arrived at that condition in life in which they imagined true happiness to consist, they have commonly been sadly disappointed. Riches, for example, when possessed, do not satisfy the mind; and hence the everlasting craving of avarice for more. The possessor vainly strives by increasing the quantity to supply the defect of quality. When men experience this want of satisfaction in earthly possessions, they seek a poor compensation, in imagining that they are esteemed

happy by the multitude. Croesus, whose wealth has grown into a proverb, asked the Athenian sage who he thought was the happiest man in the world, fully expecting an answer in his favour. But in this he was disappointed, for the wise Solon mentioned some obscure and pious persons, as the happiest who had lived. The rich king at length said, 'And what do you think of me?' The sage answered that no man should be considered happy before his death. Croesus remembered this saying long afterwards, when overcome by Cyrus, and about to be put to death, he exclaimed, O Solon, Solon! which led the conqueror to inquire into the meaning of those words, and, when informed, he pardoned the unfortunate king and treated him kindly.

It was observed, that happiness was not only different in degree, but different in kind. Suppose a man to be in perfect health, and to have the means of gratifying all his bodily appetites in the highest degree, every day, he would enjoy a certain kind of happiness, and the emotions of pleasure might be very intense; and many would think this the highest kind of pleasure of which human nature is susceptible; but certainly it would be no higher nor better than that which many brutes enjoy. Their bodily appetites are as keen, and their pleasure in their gratification as sensible as those of men; and perhaps their pleasure from this source is more intense than that of man. But can we believe that man has a capacity for no higher kind of happiness than this. I say nothing of the drawback from this kind of enjoyment which arises from reflection and from conscience; of which brutes have no experience. There is another important difference between the enjoyment of corporeal pleasures, by men and by brutes; the former in these indulgences are prone to great excess, by which they suffer afterwards physically, much more than they enjoy; whereas, mere animals seldom indulge their appetites to excess. If this was the highest happiness of man, would it not be far better that

he should be without the rational and moral powers with which he is endowed.

But few men are so sordid in their notions of human happiness as to believe that these animal enjoyments constitute the chief good of human nature; even those who act as though this were the case, have an inward conviction that they are acting unworthily of the dignity of their nature.

The avaricious man who makes riches the object of his affections, and the ambitious man who places his happiness in the possession of power and place, and the literary aspirant after fame, possess, no doubt, higher notions of human happiness than the mere sensualist; but these arguments are unsatisfactory. The mind is still restless and craves something better. The cultivators of the fine arts, and the amateurs of music and poetry, look for a pleasure much more refined than any which has been mentioned. Their pleasure is not tumultuous like the pleasures of sense, nor agitating like those of avarice and ambition; but though calm and capable of being longer continued and more frequently enjoyed, they are found inadequate to satisfy the immortal mind, which thirsts for something more substantial than the pleasures of a refined taste. The devotee of science occupies a grade still higher in the scale. Among mere human pleasures, I believe there is none more elevated than that arising from the discovery and contemplation of scientific truth. But still we have not reached the summum bonum. Man has a moral constitution, and every reflecting man has a deep conviction that is the superior part of his nature. The highest happiness of man, therefore, it may be concluded *a priori*, must be enjoyed through the moral faculty; and this conclusion is corroborated by experience. The exercise of virtuous and pious affection, and in doing good to men, and glorifying his Creator with all his powers will be found the highest happiness of man. Of this truth, by his degeneracy, he has lost sight. He needs to be enlightened and restored to his primitive rectitude.

## OUR VISIT TO THE SOMERSET FARMER.

The visit had been intended for some time, but the delays of threshing and so on, made it a little later than we meant. At length neighbour Snuggs and I found ourselves mounted on a pair of colts, and on a fair trot towards Swamp Desert. The name was given by Breck's father, and is odd enough, for there is neither swamp nor desert, but as fine an upland farm as ever was seen and as beautiful crops as ever brought up the tail of the year. We found the farmer feeding his pigs, real Berkshire, all body and no legs.

Somerset farmers have a shy look when you come upon them at unawares, as if they were not half glad to see you, but it is all a pretence, and I knew by the sheeps-eye Breck cast over his pen, that he was wishing he had been ready with a spare-rib. He did not take time to whip off his sacking-apron, but came right up and gave us his broad palm, and passed his hand over the colts' necks, as he called an Irishman to put them up for us. The fondling of a farmer is apt to be bestowed on the live stock. It is really a good sight to see a man in such condition as farmer Breck; he might have gone to a fair, if fairs gave prizes for human specimens. His face was ruddy as a tomato, in the right places, without a touch of the bottle, and his hair as curly as a poodle's; the drops stood on his forehead like the bead of proof spirits. His legs were like posts and his gripe like a vice.

Commend me to a strong, sinewy, hearty Jerseyman! This is the kind of flesh and blood you might expect to see on a cavalry horse in case of an invasion, and Somerset could turn out a troop of such farmers as well as the best county in the land. The children came in from school just then, red, white-headed creatures with baskets in their hands, and a rabbit which they had knocked over in their walk. They were barefooted and bashful, but showed good stuff, and by

the cries which I soon heard were on a grand chicken-chase, so that we knew in part what we were going to have for dinner.

Breck took us in by the back door; it is a good country fashion; here he washed off by a well which he has under cover. The long piazza, or *back-stoep*, as he called it, is well tiled, and had a fine show of milk-pans in the sun, one of the finest ornaments of a country-house. The maids were ironing in the kitchen, with a brisk young fellow looking on, and there was some scampering; but I defy you to steal a march upon Madam, who came down the main stairs within two minutes, as brave as could be, with a new cap, and surprising ribbons, in bows like dahlias, and two or three dabs of powder on her cheeks, which only set off the carnation of her complexion. You may talk of English blood if you please, but I will pit a genuine young Jerseywoman, in the country, against all the farmer's wives in Queen Victoria's empire, for housewifery, health and spirit. After some warm chat about our wives, Madam was slyly missing, "on hospitable thoughts intent;" and we were not so careless or so far from the kitchen, but that we heard the beating of eggs and those simmering sounds which premonish of good cheer.

What should we talk about, but the extraordinary yield of corn, which stood in shocks over an immense field, the millions of peaches last month and the short crop of apples, the subsoil-plough as recommended by the year's experiment, and the ticket for the coming election? If the reader is a man indifferent to his dinner, he is therein unlike me, and may skip the particulars. The meal was bountifully served up in the large room next to the kitchen, and things came in smoking. A sirloin of capital beef, a pair of fowls, a game-pie, not to speak of an excellent cold ham, and Amboy oysters, gave us good occupation; and were set off with tomatoes, broccoli, lima-beans, sweet-potatoes, and other vegetable dainties that may be imagined at the season. There were no kickshaws, I assure you, but plentiful cheer, on

homespun cloth as white as this paper. I always loved a great apple-pie, country-fashion, with the top in little hills like a hayfield; we had it in perfection, with custards, and the first trials of the late preserving operations. Madam sat at the head of the table like a princess, with your humble servant at her right hand, and next to me Joanna, the modest blooming daughter, unspoiled by boarding-school or city visits. In true farmer style several honest working people sat at the table with us, and enjoyed themselves as much as the best.

I will not deny that we sat a good while at the table; that is the good couple and their guests. The weather was of the finest; true Indian-summer. The fruits were fit for a horticultural exhibition; which reminds me that a silver salver, an heir-loom in Mrs. Breck's family, was set on the table, bearing a mountain of grapes, not from forcing houses, but from the open air. "See there," said Breck, "my Isabel-las and Catawbas claim your attention; though our palates have been so spoiled by a season of sweet peaches that every thing tastes acid. I can show you winter pears on the tree, which beat any thing in these parts." Here Madam smiled at her good man's bragging, but said it was his hobby, and that his head was turned by the prize he had taken for the greatest variety of apples; she was sorry they could not have been kept, for they were more than sixty in number.

"Yes," said Breck, taking up the topic with zeal, "I can say a good word for my apples. Do you know I thought of having a painter to make a picture of them? You must look at my orchard; it has given me a succession for months. There is my July Pippin, which we had on the Fourth, and my Red Margaret (that's my wife's name gentlemen—don't verify the name, Peggy;) beautiful blushing stripes, and beautiful flavour. Fall Pippins? Those are the true Jersey apples: I'll stake Somerset against the world for them; we bake them by dozens. Jersey Sweet I like for the name—not forgetting Peggy—and the Maiden's Blush is another



fall apple; we used to have more it twenty years ago—eh, my dear? You see it before you; there's no sightlier fruit. Then for winter, I should be weary of telling. First and foremost come the Newtown Pippin and 'Sopus Spitzenberg, and no mistake. I wish in my heart Queen Victoria had a barrel of each; I'd give them and pay freight, if I knew how to contrive it. Don't despise the Belle Fleur, much as it has depreciated, nor the Lady Apple, dear little thing—ah! Peggy takes that home again—nor the Lady's Sweeting—but I shall tire you out with my catalogue, and so I'll dismount."

Mr. Breck's discourse upon apples had one good effect on my companion and me: it caused us to reflect that a Jersey farmer has sources of comfort and enthusiasm without going off his own grounds, which a prince might envy. Over and above the profit and pleasure afforded by rich and varied fruits, there is something elevating in the cultivation. The delicate tending, the comparisons and rivalries, the exhibition and prizes, the feasts and presents, connected with such business, partake of an elegant entertainment, and mingle the warmth of a game with the refinement of an art. I hold therefore that the propagation of a taste for flower and fruit culture among our farmers, bears very directly on moral improvement. Nor is there a state in the Union combining greater advantages for this than New Jersey. Our apples, pears, and peaches may compete with any; the same is true of the smaller fruits; and we can hold up our heads even in the rarer articles.

A visit to a farmer would be a very incomplete affair if it did not include a survey of the farm. You may be sure we took a view of Swamp Desert, and paced all the grounds, coming in well-tired at sunset. A fine stream flows through the farm, and my friend's father continued to keep a large body of hickory timber unbroken. Breck, whether right or wrong, goes upon a method which some think will not pay in America. He is a bit of a book-farmer, and

sparcs no expense. Hence there was much talk of threshing machines, guano, marl, and the subsoil plough. He is afraid of weeds and rubbish, and not afraid of a new seed-wheat, even though his father never heard of it. I should raise a laugh among some of my neighbours, if I should tell all I saw in regard to his brute dependants. The stables, sheds, and folds were certainly expensive, but it has been the cautious and gradual increase of years, and as yet there is no alarm of a sheriff at the door.

Travellers have celebrated the Scotch breakfast, but I will boldly compare with it the Jersey country supper; I will not name it *tea*, from that unsubstantial ingredient. Our Jersey farmers unite at this meal the solid sustenance of the English, with the savoury cates of the Hollander. Some satisfactory resemblance of dinner viands is sure to be present. In its season a Delaware shad, or frost-fish, in the fall a cold quail or pheasant, in winter sausage or beef. Then the white and brown loaf, and the endless variety of buttered cakes. Add the saucers of preserved fruits and baskets of sweet pastry, with coffee and flagons of milk; and you may well wonder how farm-houses escape the nightmare.

These are not philosophical nor sentimental matters; but you may rely on it where these things abound among the yeomanry, better things are not far off. If the good king wished every Frenchman might have *poule au pot*, I could with great justice wish every one of my countrymen the good luck of a Somerset Farmer.

COLD SOIL.

## NEW BOOKS.

**LIFE, HERE AND THERE:** or sketches of Society and Adventure at far apart times and places. By N. P. Willis. New York. Baker & Scribner. 1850. 12mo. pp. 377.

A book of sketches or stories, written as no one but Mr. Willis could write, abounding in beauties, affectations, and with a sprinkling of genius. The author's fertility might have made him yet more celebrated than he is, and with a higher class of readers, if he had consented to keep it under some restraint. As it is, not even the critics who peck at him, can refrain from reading him. Some of the descriptions in the closing story are equal to almost any thing we have seen from the author's pen.

**DOMESTIC HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION.** By Mrs. Ellet, author of the *Women of the Revolution*. New York. Baker & Scribner. 1850. 12mo. pp. 308.

Mrs. Ellet is an amiable, a useful and a patriotic writer. This volume is happily conceived and pleasantly executed. It will serve to keep alive the reminiscences of our great national struggle, in regard to some points which are necessarily excluded from general history.

**ANNALS OF THE QUEENS OF SPAIN,** from the period of the Conquest of the Goths, etc. By Anita George. Vol. II. New York. Baker & Scribner. 1850. 12mo. pp. 312.

Having already noticed the first volume of this entertaining work, we need only say that the present one merits the same commendation. The subject is Isabel the Catholic.

**THE FATHERS OF THE DESERT,** or an Account of the Origin and Practice of Monkery among Heathen Nations; its passage into the Church; and some wonderful stories of the Fathers concerning the primitive monks and hermits. By Henry Ruffner, late President of Washington College,

Virginia. New York. Two volumes. 1850. Baker & Scribner. 12mo.

This is a work of great learning. The picture which it gives of monkery is anything but inviting. The accounts are startling, often disgusting, and sometimes almost incredible. Most of the facts concerning ancient monachism are here given in a shape which will be very convenient to the general reader. Many of them can no where else be found in the English language.

1. A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF WILLIAM FRANKLIN, Governor from 1762 to 1776.—2. The Robbery of the Treasury of East Jersey in 1768. By W. A. Whitehead.

These two papers, read before the Historical Society, by their accomplished Secretary, are an additional testimony to his patriotic zeal, which has already conferred so many favours on the lovers of our state history. The later memoir is singularly interesting, and both may be perused with great increase of information.

THE POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING. In two volumes. New York. C. T. Francis & Co. 1849. 12mo. 1850.

Miss Barrett, as we love still to call her, has fairly taken her place among the great poets of our day. As she surpasses most of them in learning, she equals the best in strength, imagination, and fertility. Few productions of our age are more alive with passion, than the 'Seraphim.' We are truly rejoiced to see these effusions put within the reach of American readers.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR. The English Language in its Elements and Forms: with an account of its Origin and Development; designed for Colleges and Schools. By William C. Fowler, late Professor in Amherst College. New York. Harpers. 1850. 8vo. pp. 675.

This is the first complete view of the English tongue, which has been given to the public. Such is our judgment, on an inspection of the plan, while we are not prepared to express an opinion concerning the details of execution. The Gothic and Anglo Saxon languages are here brought into constant comparison, and the student has all the aids to be derived from Rask, the Grimms and Latham. In preparing important parts, the author has had the assistance of Professor Gibbs, who holds a high place among students of the ancient languages from which ours takes its origin. Such a work, prepared with such labour and under such auspices, ought not to pass unobserved by those who care for the antiquities or the future conquests of English. It comes in, to fill a vacuum which has been long felt by scholars.

LETTERS AND PAPERS OF THE LATE THEODOSIA A. VISCOUNTESS POWERSCOURT. Edited by the Rev. Robert Daly, D.D., now Bishop of Cashel. From the fifth London edition. New York. Carters. 1851. 12mo. pp. 278.

We have long wished to see an American reprint of this striking and delightful book. Lady Powerscourt may be safely recommended to our female patrons, as an example and a guide. Her pen is wielded with a vigour which some are slow to ascribe to writers of her sex. We are persuaded, that the work will have extraordinary currency, and that its contents will be equally surprising and satisfying, to many who as yet have never heard of the accomplished author. If the reader will be advised by us, he will not be without the volume for a day longer.

HIEROSOLYMA, MILTON'S DREAM, AND OTHER POEMS. Princeton, John T. Robinson 1850. 18mo. pp. 114.

We have here a volume of poetry of more than a hundred pages published in Princeton. The name of the author does not appear, nor is there any preface, introduction or advertisement upon which we can found any suspicion as to

who he or she may be. The impressions which we have received from a perusal of this little volume are very favourable. The author evidently possesses a well furnished mind, a lively imagination, and a correct taste. Few writers possess a knowledge of Bible history so accurate and minute as is manifested in this work; and the frequent classical allusions indicate that the author is a scholar familiar with Greek and Latin lore. We cannot think that the attempt to comprehend in a poem of eighty two pages, the sacred history from the creation, to the destruction of Jerusalem was judicious. Indeed we have no predilection for historic poems, and think that facts are better expressed in prose. But we must confess that in weaving the important events of which he treats into verse, the author has displayed great skill and ingenuity. The song of praise to God at the removal of the ark, and the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple possess great merit; but we consider the fourth part as decidedly superior to all the rest of the poem. The author here gives us in an animated hymn a description of the resurrection of our Saviour; and the account of the destruction of Jerusalem is spirit-stirring while it is true to the facts of history. We think however that there is more genuine poetry in some of the smaller poems at the close of the volume than in the whole of *HIEROSOLYMA*. The *Dream* of Milton is admirable, and furnishes evidence that the author did not mistake his vocation when he undertook to write poetry; and if we are not deceived, this anonymous writer will at some future day be better known to fame than he is at present. In a work evincing so much accurate knowledge of the Bible and of classic authors, we were surprised to observe in two instances the use of the active verb *lay* for the neuter verb *lie*. The author says:

“ For he is risen to day  
Who in the grave did lay ”

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF HOUSES.

To a lively imagination every object of inanimate nature in turn may seem endowed with life. It is the source of much poetical figure, as in the child who sees the stars winking at him, and the child-like Homer who makes the trickling cliff weep from under its shaggy brow. In passing down the Potomac a gay friend exclaimed, "See how that house *squints* at us!" It was the very word; the resemblance was perfect. The doors and windows of the gable simulated a human countenance, and an obliquity in the upper row produced the very effect described. Every reader of Dickens must have observed the frequency with which he personifies streets, houses, trees, and even furniture; thus aiding his general description in a high degree.

But there is an expression much more significant, than the elementary one which has just been noted. To a certain extent this is caught even by casual observers; but we desire to develop the idea more fully by means of several instances, which may be multiplied at pleasure by any reader.

What figure is more natural than to say of a castle on the Rhine, that it frowns? The dark walls of a fortress are made to scowl. A row of cottages on a sunny hill-side smile on us. In the course of a journey on horseback in one of

the Southern States, I came to the foot of a mountain, at a point where a foaming stream poured itself over some limestone rocks. Among the baldest crags on the flank of the eminence stood an old stone house. Its walls were thick and tall and pierced with a very few narrow windows, and there was that uncomfortable appearance about the uncorniced roof which reminds one of a hat without a brim. Though weary, neither I nor my companion thought of alighting. The air of the structure was forbidding and inhospitable. There was no twinkle from the windows, no smile played about the door, and no waving locks of foliage clustered around the brow of stone; all was wrinkled, uncompromising and saturnine. We needed not to ask who dwelt in the pile; all its story was told by the expression of its countenance.

I have in my eye the habitation of a retired scholar, not many miles from our village. There is nothing costly or recondite in the architecture, but every traveller who gains his first glimpse of it, with the blue hills for a back-ground, feels refreshed by its hilarity and snugness. The piercings of the wall are symmetrical, like the features of an exquisite face. The graceful overhanging of the eaves, along which flowering vines are trained, produces the effect of brow and ringlets above a beautiful face. The colours, the decorations, the shrubbery, the enclosure, the walks and parterres, all form an ensemble which is *riant* and captivating. Neatness, comfort and consistency, fill the beholder with a satisfaction typical of that which he will enjoy within. On departing, he turns to take a look at the cottage, and remembers it as a charming countenance. How different is the farm-house, not a mile on the road! Red-brick, square, solid, angular, naked, with great chimneys, broad doors, and stout hedge; the barn and stables large and well-appointed, but obtrusive and untasteful. Here is wealth but no beauty. It is a sturdy, self-complacent, obstinate looking house; resembling the farmer's ox, who stands by the rack, or the farmer him-



self, broad, hale, muscular, satisfied, and repulsive, who places his arms akimbo and looks at you, as you pass, with the air of a baron.

There is still another aspect of house physiognomy which will recur to every mind on the first lines of description, as too marked to escape the most inobservant. The fence is down, and geese are waddling in the yard. Through the unhinged door you look clear through the passage, empty of all but a brace of gaunt hounds at an earthen trencher. The axe and beetle lie by a pile of incorrigible oak roots. The bee-hives are overturned and the bench is black with the weather. Looking more nearly, you perceive that one window is boarded up, as it were an eye out; others are stuffed with old hats, bed-quilts and remnants of carpet; sickly bandages. The walls are gaping and the timbers decayed. In such appearances you read of unthrift, straits, and perhaps dishonesty, as much as in the sallow visage, tangled iron-grey locks, contracted brow, sinister glance, battered hat, and ragged vesture of the sauntering tenant, who shivers at the door.

Did you ever take note of the sad funereal look of a deserted house? Half a mile off, you say to yourself—you scarcely know why—"No one dwells beneath that roof." Its face is wan and deeply melancholic. It is breathless; no curl of smoke floats above the dilapidated chimney. A hollow blackness reigns where the lights should be: "there is no speculation in those eyes" The door yawns as if to reveal a cavern within. No jocund play of children salutes eye or ear. The very domestic fowls have deserted the unfruitful haunts; and the cat that glares upon you, and flies, has the aspect of an untamed panther. Where flowers may once have been, the mullein, stramonium and pokeberry rear their unsightly heads. The curb of an old well is crumbling away, and from the kitchen-wall the protuberance of a former oven is broken into uncouth ruin. If you enter, you are alarmed at the echo of your own footsteps, and the rumble

of swallows in the chimney, and are glad to get away. You think of death and desolation. Upon a furtive glance, as you leave it, the grim ghastly front is not unlike a grinning skull. It is a lesson in architectural physiognomy, which every one has taken, but which no one willingly repeats.

Happily it is not customary in America, as in some parts of Europe, to variegate the fronts of houses with several colours, in stripes, vines [and the like. I have known only two houses thus adorned. But what we lack in polychromatics, we make up in oddities of form, or what Sir Walter Scott calls "curly-wurlies." Let a man, or a woman, be smitten with an imperfect inkling of Elizabethan projections, and the whole house forthwith breaks out into gables; all the real and mock chimneys are clustered and crested; every available nook and corner has its carved beams, peaks and corbels. To my poor eye these look like so many elf-locks-or bald spots on the cranium of the edifice; so many carbuncles on its nose, wens and warts on its face, and tusks in its mouth.

A house may be as impertinent as a man. It may cock its nose at us, or make faces, or smile or grin. We naturally say of certain façades, that they are affected; or they are would-if-I-could-ish. Others have the great advantage of modesty. Where houses are planned by their owners, the master's character is apt to be reflected in the pile. Before contracting, gentlemen-builders ought to pore well over the elevation, with the question (not merely) What will it cost? but What will it express? No man is called upon to gibbet himself to every passer-by on the highway, by a huge misshapen Gothic portico, any more than to offend by a tubercular proboscis or black eye. Some rows of suburban cottages provoke to laughter as really as gutta-percha dolls, but are less alterable. In regard to houses, the maxim must be reversed, *FRONTI NULLA FIDES*. Tell me where you live, and I will tell you who you are. Dwellers grow like their houses; and just as truly houses grow like their dwellers. This

action and reaction is such a serious thing, that I advise every man on reading of these presents, to go forth and make serious inspection of the house he lives in.

C. Q.

---

SONG.

Why tell the heart that Hope's a dream,  
While summer skies are bright,  
And youth is sporting in the beam  
Of beauty, love and light ?  
Alas ! the truth is feeble here,  
You whisper in a dreamer's ear.

Why tell the heart that Hope's a dream,  
When shadows round it fall.  
And light and love and beauty seem  
Vain and illusive all ?  
Enough—the sting's already there ;  
Why needlessly intrude on care ?

Why tell the heart that Hope's a dream  
When wintry days are o'er,  
And life is laughing in the beam  
Of pleasure as before ?  
To feel the truth brings only pain ;  
Then do not whisper it again.

Ah no ! the heart is ever such—  
Still reckless in its mirth,  
And flattering Hope its only touch  
Of Heaven upon earth.  
Away ! nor mar the busy scheme  
Of rosy Hope's eternal dream.

**COUNSELLOR PHILLIPS.**

One of the happiest effects of the New Philosophy, or, as it is falsely and maliciously designated by its ignorant deriders, Transcendentalism, is that it resuscitates, and holds up to enthusiastic admiration, many fruits of genius, which have been buried in thankless oblivion, or blasted by calumnious criticism under the opprobrious but convenient name of Nonsense. It is indeed one of the most glorious revelations of the New Philosophy, that there is no such thing as Nonsense, and that what has hitherto been so regarded is in many cases the perfection of reason or the ultimate attainment of the highest genius, thrown aside as folly by the sensuous multitude, incapable not merely of understanding but of feeling them. The change already wrought by the Philosophical Esthetics of the modern school of rhetoric and criticism is prodigious. It was first perceptible in the emancipation of contemporary writers from the petrified or iron-bound restrictions of the Old Philosophy or Common Sense. Many a teeming mind which, under such a censorship, could never have become productive, has developed a fertility, or rather a creative power, that is really astonishing. No longer under the necessity of asking whether what he says is true or comprehensible, the youthful genius is content to know that it is pleasing to the ear and the imagination. Borne on the wings of a sublime originality above the clouds of common sense and logic, he soars with eagle flight towards the central sun of absolute knowledge and serene self-consciousness. To this emancipation of the mind and heart the age owes some of its most startling and imperishable products.

But such a revolution could not have been expected to confine its influence to the present or the future. With a mighty retroaction it has opened the sepulchres of martyred genius ignominiously entombed, for years or ages, in the

vaults of an empirical and artificial taste, and brings them forth to the sympathetic plaudits of a penitent and eye-opened public. In this glorious resurrection may be seen pouring forth into the upper air the innumerable company of those whom their contemporaries and successors have delighted to dishonour, as learned madmen or ingenious fools. The factitious barrier between Sense and Nonsense is forever broken down, and even the heroes of the Dunciad may aspire to the throne so long usurped by their persecuting critic and the Popes who have succeeded him.

In this new and interesting state of things, it is the duty, and it ought to be the pleasure, of every man who has experienced this renovating influence, to rescue at least some one great and glorious genius from the undeserved oblivion or reproach to which he has been long consigned, not through his own fault but the fault of others. Under this constraining sense of obligation, but at the same time in obedience to the spontaneous impulse of my heart, I have resolved to pay my tribute of late, but, as I trust, not too late reparation, to the idol of my school-boy heart of hearts, COUNSELLOR PHILLIPS, a name long familiar to the hissings of ignorant and impotent malignity, but one which can no longer be deprived of its just honours by the spite or cunning of (to use his own sublime alliteration) "the venal and the vulgar and the vile." Nor am I in the least deterred from this humiliating act of duty by the fact that it involves an indirect confession of my own injustice and ingratitude. In humble emulation of the Counsellor's own candour, as well as in the use of his inimitable language, "I am not ashamed to confess that there was a day when I was bigotted as the blackest." Not the day of ingenuous and unsophisticated boyhood. No, my impulses were then in accordance with the reason and the heart. The speeches of the Counsellor were my delight, the manna which sustained me in the wilderness of grammar-school and college, and preserved me from the poison of Geometry, Geography and Greek. As page after page of his inspired

ravings were repeated either by myself or others, I was lost in a felicitous oblivion both of languages and mathematics. Through the whole course of study I may boast of having passed unscathed, and left my Alma Mater with no other knowledge there acquired than that of my inimitable model, and no other accomplishment than an humble capacity of imitation.

At a later period, and under other influences, I became, but only for a time, unfaithful to my first love, that of Irish eloquence. When I ventured to utter a Philippic at the bar or in the bar-room, I was laughed at, and I blush to own that this unworthy, nay disgraceful *mauvaise honte* was more than a match for my genuine convictions and my unsophisticated feelings. I ceased to praise or quote the Counsellor. Alas—must I acknowledge it?—I basely joined in the derision of a heartless and a thankless world. Afraid of sharing in the ridicule so lavishly bestowed upon my idol, I studiously avoided all alliteration and abjured bulls and bombast for the rest of life. In this unnatural and hypocritical condition I continued till the New Philosophy began to make a change in the prevailing modes of criticism and composition. Then, as I saw one exploded absurdity after another reinstated in its rights as something too profound or too exalted to be understood, my heart began to warm towards my once loved but long injured and repudiated Counsellor, and I resolved that his calumniated genius should share the benefit of these sublime discoveries in the vast untrodden fields of Nonsense.

In execution of this pious vow, I purpose to prepare a philosophical analysis of "Phillips's Speeches," in which the new esthetical philosophy shall be employed to prove, not merely that they do contain intelligible matter, but that the highest flights of this stupendous genius are precisely those in which the Herod and Pilate of the now exploded Common Sense—I mean the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews—pretended to discover the most pitiable fustian and

unmeaning rant. It was my purpose to conlude this paper with a few striking specimens of what may be called the Rationalizing mode of criticism, or that which has for its object to infuse a meaning into what appears to be unmitigated nonsense. But the length to which I have already gone forbids my doing more on this occasion than invite attention to the fact that one of the old-fashioned critics just referred to, was impudent or blind enough to single out, as the most glaring instance of absurdity contained in the collection, that sublime description of another Irish lawyer, "who, when thrones were crumbled and dynasties forgotten, might stand the landmark of his country's genius, rearing himself amid regal ruins and national dissolution, a mental pyramid in the solitude of time, beneath whose shade things might moulder, and round whose summit eternity must play." How my heart used to pound and my young blood simmer, as I heard this painfully grand passage spouted from the stage at school or college! For a time, as I have said, I was a base backslider from this state of feeling and opinion; but in my present state of second childhood, I regard the eloquence of this description as not merely transcendant but transcendental—the one term being only an ell longer than the other—and as far beyond any burst of genius in the dialect of mortals as John Philpots Curran is confessedly beyond all other men, past, present, or to come, in every attribute of physical or moral grandeur.

Notwithstanding my promise and determination to be short, I can scarcely refrain from pointing out some of the exquisite though modestly veiled beauties of this great *chef-d'œuvre*, and thereby exposing the empirical moroseness of the criticism which denounces it as fustian. By a violent effort I compel myself to be contented with requesting the unbiassed reader to apply an easy and unerring test of sense and nonsense, by imagining a picture to be painted in accordance with the orator's description. What do we see in such a landscape? First, a wide-spread solitude, "the solitude of

time," its surface covered with "regal ruins and national dissolution," i. e., ruined kings and dissolving nations. Then amidst all this is reared, or rather "rears itself," a landmark—for what purpose none but a Lockite or a Baconian would imagine—a landmark of genius, of a country's genius, yea of Irish genius: a landmark too consisting of a pyramid, not a material but "a mental pyramid," a pyramid composed of or existing in the mind, and casting a shadow on the solitude of time, a shadow so peculiar that beneath it "things might moulder," though it seems to be implied that they do not. This to be sure is not at all peculiar to a "mental pyramid," there being many other objects in the shade of which things not only might moulder, but have been actually known to do so. This trait, however, must be taken in connection with another, namely, that around the summit of this mental pyramid or landmark, eternity is under the necessity of playing. Whether in the musical sense of the term, or in that of sporting, making merry, is a captious and uncandid question which deserves no answer. Let us look at the sublime antithesis between the auxiliary verbs employed—"beneath whose shade things MIGHT moulder, and round whose summit eternity MUST play." "Things" are allowed an option whether they will moulder beneath Curran's shade or not; but as to playing (pranks or tunes) about his summit, Eternity has no choice. The various reading, "kings" for "things," which is said to be found in some editions, has very much the look of a supposititious gloss or emendation, especially as "kings" had already been provided for in "Regal Ruins," and although when reduced to that condition they would certainly be all the more prepared to "moulder," they could hardly be admitted to the honour of so doing in this shady spot without exciting the jealousy of "National Dissolution." Republics especially must be reluctant to admit that kings have any more right than nations to moulder beneath the shade of J. P. Curran, while eternity is playing by compulsion round his summit. The reader will no doubt



be glad to learn that I propose to give pictorial illustrations of this Pyramid, as well as of the following Ornithological effusion, which I undertake to prove, is as truly the wittiest as the other is the grandest passage in the English language.

“Originally engendered by our friends, the Opposition, with a cuckoo insidiousness, they swindled it into the nest of the treasury ravens, and when it had been fairly hatched, with the beak of the one and the nakedness of the other, they sent it for its feathers to Monseigneur Quarantotti, who has obligingly transmitted it, with the hunger of its parent, the rapacity of its nurses, and the coxcombrity of its plumassier, to be baptized by the bishops, and received, *aequo gratoque animo*, by the people of Ireland!” Well might the orator, or his editor, add a note of admiration to this life-like picture. Nothing but ignorant malignity could say or think that it conveys no definite image to the mind. Or even if it be so now, the time is coming when the minds of the youngest children will be so philosophically and esthetically trained that as soon as the words fall upon the eye or ear, if asked what the images are meant to represent they will instantly reply, “a bill in parliament.” But even in the mean time, and without waiting for this happy educational reform, I hope to vindicate the passage from the charge of incongruity by exhibiting an actual delineation of the *rara avis* here described with all its marked peculiarities, the hunger of its parent, the rapacity of its nurse, the coxcombrity of its plumassier, the feathers of the same, the beak of the one, and the nakedness of the other. A glance at the plate now engraving (or to speak more correctly, about to have been being engraved) for my work, will convince the most incredulous, that there is nothing in the Birds of Aristophanes approaching it. I almost tremble as I add, that these two passages which might afford the matter of whole volumes in the hands of any ordinary writer, are both contained in one address, the “Speech at Sligo.” This will

show that in exemplifying my design, I have not ransacked the whole treasure-house for gems of an extraordinary lustre, but have merely picked up two of the first over which I stumbled at the very threshold. To have rescued even one such burst of genius from oblivion or unjust contempt, is an honour which the new style of criticism may well afford to pay for, by consenting to be vilified as Transcendentalism or even Nonsense.

ORLANDO FURIOSO.

---

LETTERS ON THE EARLY LATIN WRITERS.

No. I.

MY DEAR BOY,

It is natural for those who are engaged in the study of Roman authors to feel some curiosity as to the Latin literature in general. The inquisitive mind of an enterprising scholar will not rest satisfied to be bound down to the few works he may have perused at school, or the volumes which engage his laborious hours at college. Even in these works there is a constant allusion to preceding or contemporary writers, which only serve to whet the curiosity of the student. He becomes discontented with his ignorance, and begins to inquire into the literature of the Romans; what was its origin, who were its great advancers, during what period it flourished, at what time and for how long it was most brilliant, and what were the causes of its decline. It is to answer these questions, that I propose to offer you a few colloquial letters, not going deeply into the subject, as might be necessary in formal discourses on literature, but giving such hints as may aid you in your pursuits, and stimulate you to prosecute the inquiry, in your private reading. And all that I shall require is your patient attention, which I feel

sure you will readily consider no more than is due to the extra labour I bestow for your profit, and as I hope, your entertainment.

From the fact that Greek and Latin authors are read together, and the Latin for some time before the Greek, scholars who are unacquainted with chronology often become infested with preposterous misconceptions, as to the relation of the two in order of time. From this carelessness, they think of the Greek and Latin writers as living very much about the same time, and even if in their notions they do not make Homer as young as Virgil, yet when they read of a very old Roman author, such as Naevius or Ennius, they place him in imagination as far back at least as the time of Alexander the Great and his tutor Aristotle; whereas a moment's glance at a chronological chart suffices to shew that Aristotle was born a century and a half before the earliest Roman author; and that when the Latin literature arose, two hundred and forty years before Christ, that of the Greek had passed through its period of brilliancy. Indeed during two whole centuries of the Roman history, there is no trace of any authorship whatever. Fix it in your mind, that Rome was founded seven hundred and fifty three years before Christ, about the time of Jotham king of Judah, Pekah king of Israel; the prophets Isaiah, Micah and Nahum; and while Athens was yet governed by Archons.

For nearly five hundred years the strong handed Romans were fighting their way to empire, a rugged stalwart soldiery, who found no time or taste for the gentle arts of peace. Of this their early condition, no one has given a more graphic or fascinating account, than Mr. Macaulay, in the preface and notes to his admirable *Lays of Ancient Rome*. *Lays* of some sort there no doubt were, during this period of darkness; for no country is absolutely destitute of songs, and even the barracks, the camp, and the expeditions of war are enlivened by rude metrical songs and ballads. But it was long before even these were committed to writing,

and most of them perished in the tide of time. The pride of the people was in warfare. So that the earliest comedian extant, in a play which I have been reading with another friend, addresses his audience in the prologue, as valiant warriors, *Belli duellatores optimi*: this being the character in which they loved to be recognised. Such brawny hands as those of Brutus, Manlius and Regulus, found no attraction in the lute or the pen. When the soldier was at home, he was engaged in agriculture; for which purpose each citizen had allotted to him two acres of the soil. Even trades, if sedentary in their character, were made effeminate and ignoble, by the code of Romulus, and if either arts or letters had an existence on the banks of the Tiber, it was a stray instance, by chance, in the person of some foreigner or slave. The learning of Greece was regarded by them with as thorough contempt, as is shown to our institutions by the Chinese.

All religions are favourable to poetry and to music; and the priests instituted by Romulus, called *Fratres Arvales*, used to chant a hymn, as they went in procession over the fields, praying for prosperous crops; one of these compositions is still extant. Numa, the second king, instituted a like ceremony, in the case of the Salian priests, who chanted through the streets of Rome, as they carried about the sacred shields. They were called *Salii*, a *saliendo*, because they danced while they sang. They were accompanied by a chorus of dancing girls, denominated *Saliae*. The verses are found in a fragmentary state in Varro, in an antique dialect which we can scarcely understand. Thus,

“*Divum exta cante, Divum Deo supplice canto.*”

i. e.

*Deorum exta canite, Deorum Deo (Jano) suppliciter canite.*

When a plague ravaged the territory, the Senate ordered players, or *histriones*, to be brought from Etruria, who sang and danced with the accompaniment of the flute. This led to extemporaneous effusions of young Romans, exactly re-

sembling the poetic contests of American negroes, in their corn-songs and boat-songs. Thus arose what are called the *Fescennine* verses, originally sung in Etruria, at the jocund season of the harvest home, and applied to other merry-makings. There also were impromptu dialogues, full of raillery and horseplay and billingsgate, with every species of buffoonery and manual joke. Such things take strong hold of the vulgar taste, and even in the latest periods of the empire, we find traces of Fescennine verse, in the stanzas sung at weddings, and in triumphal processions. They ran to great extremes of personal satire and obscenity, and were laid under certain restrictions by the laws of the twelve tables. Yet they were the germ both of the satire and the comedy of the Romans. When Romulus came home in triumph from his victories, his soldiers followed him, singing praises to their gods; and banquets were enlivened by strains in honour of heroes. But as almost all these have perished, and as what we call Roman literature had an entirely different origin, it is scarcely necessary to enlarge upon the subject.

A preparation was making, however, during these ages of darkness for the subsequent cultivation of taste, by the gradual growth of the Latin language. The time was when we were all taught to consider the Latin language as simply and solely a daughter of the Greek, and even now our dictionaries and grammars cite Greek roots for most Latin words. But a new light has dawned on this subject from the wonderful discoveries of comparative philology, which by reference to the Sanscrit tongue have incontestibly proved, that the basis of the Latin tongue is at least as ancient as the Greek, that they stand in the relation, not of mother and daughter, but as twin-sisters, sprung from an original tongue, which is recognised in the Sanscrit, and of which the Gothic or old German is also a descendant. The language of Rome suffered so rapid a change, that treatises written in the two hundred and forty-fifth year of the city, were absolutely un-

intelligible in the time of Cicero. We read of three dialects or varieties of Latin, the *sermo urbanus*, or language of the metropolis, (the Parisian of Italy), the *sermo rusticus*, or language of the peasantry, and the *sermo peregrinus* or language of the provincials. Cicero tells us he could not understand the songs of the Salii, which remained to his day. Here is a piece of one of the Arval hymns, on a marble discovered in 1778:

“Enos Lases juvate,  
 Neve luerve Marmar sinis incuarere in pleoris,  
 Satur fufere Mars; limen sali sta berber;  
 Termones alternei advocapit cunctos.  
 Enos Marmar juvate,  
 Triumpe, triumpe!”

“Nos Lares juvate, neve luem Mamuri sinis incurrere in plures. Satur fueris Mars; limen (i. e. postremum) sali sta vervex. Sermones alterni jam duo capit cunctos. Nos Manuri juvate. Triumphe, Triumphe.” “Help us, O Lares, nor let the plague of murrain fall on many. Be sated O Mars. Salt and mutton stand on the threshold. Let alternate song invite all. Great Mars help: triumph, triumph!”

The twelve tables, of laws passed about three centuries after the origin, are the earliest specimens of legal Latin. The language is very obscure; but for the next two centuries we have no specimens. Some triumphal inscriptions are the next examples; for which I must refer you to Dunlop. After this period, we begin to meet with books; and we may observe in general, of all languages, that the epoch of authorship is the point when they begin to be fixed.

It was intercourse with the Greeks which gave form and beauty to the Roman language. You are aware, that all the southern part of Italy was inhabited by Greek colonists, and that their tongue prevailed there exclusively. Indeed the country was known by the name of *Magna Grecia*. The same remark applies to the great and fertile land of Sicily:

these provinces bearing the same relation to Greece, which the United States territory does to Great Britain. These colonies are famous for the names of Pythagoras, Herodotus, Theocritus and Lysias. But Magna Graecia was conquered by the Romans, and hence arose a literary commerce which changed the whole character of the republic.

The first literary works proceeded from the aristocracy. Among them were tables containing the names of eminent men, with brief accounts of the principal occurrences during their magistracy. Coeval with these were the successive enactments of the Senate. But it was not until two hundred and forty years before Christ, in the sixth century of Rome, that the first literary work, properly so called, proceeded from the pen of Livius Andronicus of whom I shall have more to say hereafter. It was a tragedy, translated from the Greek, and here and there perhaps adapted to Roman localities and manners. From this time the intercourse with Greece became more frequent. Learned Greeks sojourned at Rome; learned slaves entered the families of the wealthy, especially after the destruction of Corinth. In the days of old Cato, there was an embassy from Athens, consisting of three philosophers, Carneades the Platonist, Critolaus the Aristotelian, and Diogenes the Stoic. They attracted the youth of Rome by the elegance of their diction, the fascination of their discourse, and the novelty of their philosophy. Though the sturdy republican Cato, suspicious of their influence, and fearing that the Roman youth would be effeminated by their harangues, caused the Senate to send them home again, yet their influence was never lost, and even the same Cato, as is proverbially related, applied himself to the study of the Greek language in his old age. This was a little before the third Punic war, and but a few years after the first library had been collected in Rome, which was composed of books imported from Macedonia. It was the age of Scipio Africanus and of Metellus. At this time the instruction of Roman youth was entrusted chiefly to slaves,

who were often persons of the greatest accomplishment in elegant letters. These causes promoted Roman literature, but they caused it to be a mere copy of the Greek. As is common with imitations, the works produced were inferior to the original, in every department except Jurisprudence, in which the Latins immediately outstripped all the ancient world. When the garden of Europe in Southern Italy, where the Greek colonies had grown feeble under a voluptuous climate and a vintage full of seductions, was ravaged by the Roman armies, thousands of men who had spent their lives in the luxury of art and letters were made slaves, and introduced the charms of their native learning into the families where they were domiciliated. Slavery never appeared in a light so bland and attractive. The household servant became the instructor, the companion, the fellow-student, and the Mentor of the boy. He formed his earliest infancy to a taste for the matchless verse of Greece; he read with him the Iliad and the Odyssey, and then the immortal productions of the Tragic Muse. He made the Greek language as familiar as their mother tongue, and communicated the first notions in regard to style. About one hundred and seventy years before Christ, an ambassador of King Attilus, in Grecian Asia, by name Crates of Mallus, was detained at Rome, after the conclusion of his embassy, by a broken limb. He employed this period in giving lectures on Eloquence.

So thoroughly Greek was the whole course of literature, that until the time of Cicero, Latin prose does not seem to have been regarded as susceptible of any polish. At length however the principles of Greek philology began to be applied to the Latin, Cato and Varro published works upon grammar; and Plotius, a contemporary of Cicero, ventured on the first attempt to make the Latin language an object of learned investigation. The greatest men were engaged in philological inquiries. And it may serve to correct the ignorance of those who hold grammatical studies in contempt, to relate an anecdote: Cicero and his friend Atticus had made an engage-



ment to meet and hear a certain Tyranion read a book. Cicero was detained and Atticus heard the book read. Cicero thus rebukes him for his selfishness—"What! did I several times refuse to hear that book because you were absent; and would you not wait to share that pleasure with me? But I forgive you because of the admiration you express of it." What could it have been? A Treatise on Grammar! This was a favourite study of Julius Cæsar, who was almost as great an orator as he was a general. After the time of Cicero, and the regular study of the language became common, his works became text-books and models. In latter days those of Virgil and Horace assumed the same place. At the same time, it became common for young Romans of rank to be sent abroad to complete their education, by visiting the seats of Grecian learning, such as Athens, Rhodes, and Mytilene. Till the time of the Empire, there were no public seminaries, or any thing which resembled a modern college or university.

It is no part of my scheme to exalt the Roman above the Grecian Muse. I will not exclaim as Horace in his palinode

"O matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior!

The mother is still the fairer; and the palm must still be given to the older literature, for originality, force, expressiveness, simplicity and beauty. The same is true of their sculpture and their architecture. But at the same time let us be just, and not deny to the Latin tongue the pre-eminence in some particulars. For conciseness, compactness, and a stately dignity conformable to senatorial pomp, it stands unrivalled. These qualities fitted it for monumental purposes, so that it has in all ages been the chosen language for inscriptions, mottos, and apothegms. Its exactness and precision have made it the chosen idiom of jurisprudence, in every country of Europe except Great Britain, and it is the only vehicle of the subtle scholastic philosophy.

It is beautifully said by Henry Nelson Coleridge, though his work is expressly in honour of Greek literature: "and

Latin—the voice of empire and of war, of law and the state; inferior to its half-parent and rival in the embodying of passion and in the distinguishing of thought, but equal to it in sustaining the measured march of history, and superior to it in the indignant declamation of moral satire; stamped with the march of an imperial and destroying republic: rigid in its construction, parsimonious in its synonymes; reluctantly yielding to the flowery yoke of Horace, although opening glimpses of Greek—like splendour in the occasional inspirations of Lucretius; proved indeed to the uttermost by Cicero, and by *him* found wanting: yet majestic in its barrenness, impressive in its conciseness; the true language of History, instinct with the spirit of nations, and not with the passion of individuals; breathing the maxims of the world, and not the tenets of the schools; one and uniform in its air and spirit, whether touched by the stern and haughty Sallust, by the open and discursive Livy, by the reserved and thoughtful Tacitus." (p. 34.)

Two causes concurred to diffuse the Latin tongue over the civilized world. The first was the extension of the Roman conquests and dominion. Wherever their eagles went, their language was established. It was made imperative in all edicts, statutes, codes, writs, and forensic proceedings. The civil law of Rome, as embodied in the code of Justinian, is a most august monument of judicial wisdom. It is the basis of the laws of all the continent of Europe, of the Scottish law, and of a portion of the English law and of our own; and it enters largely into the celebrated code of Louisiana. Wherever there were tribunals, there the Latin tongue prevailed; and wherever law was taught, it was taught in Latin. So that to this very day, this language retains a place in the law-forms of every European nation. The second cause was the extension of the Romish Church. Having its centre at the ancient heart of the empire, it extended its extremities to the antipodes. The only authorized scriptures were the Latin Vulgate. All the canons, decrees, and ecclesiastical

formularies were in the same tongue. The principal fathers were in the same language. But more than all, the doctrines of the Church, public and private, the prayers and hymns were in Latin. Thus it has been and is the language of the Roman Catholic Church in every country; in her books, her services, her convents and her schools. In consequence of this, until the last hundred years, all the instructions of universities and colleges were in Latin, as were all learned works and memoirs. Even now, in several countries in Europe, the public lectures are in Latin, and some subjects are still thus treated, in Germany and in England.

It is a remarkable fact, that the only country in the world where the Latin is still in some degree a spoken language is Hungary.

The study of the Latin Classics is pursued with far more zeal and thoroughness in Europe than in America. In the German gymnasium, all communications between teacher and scholar, during the last two years, is in Latin. The same is true in most of the schools of France and Italy. All public disputations for degrees, on the continent and in the English universities are conducted in the same tongue. In no country are the niceties of grammar and style, including prosody, pursued more zealously than in England, where composition, in verse as well as prose, is enjoined upon all candidates for honours. At Oxford and Cambridge there are numerous annual prizes for Latin prose, and for poetry in every diversity of ancient metre.

It may be interesting for a moment to look at the course of an English grammar-school and compare it with our own. I take as a specimen the famous school of Dr. Parr. In the first year five lessons in the grammar every day. In the second year, one lesson in the grammar, and two in *Selectae e Veteris*, or Phaedrus; exercises in translation from the same. Third year, *Selectae e Profanis* and Ovid; four Latin exercises a week. Fourth year, same books. Four exercises in Latin prose and two in making verse; prosody and

scanning daily. In the fourth year; Cæsar, Terence, with the daily exercises in Latin prose and verse. Fifth year, Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, and for exercises, Latin Lyrics and elegiacs.

In examinations for fellowships in the universities, the candidates have given them English pieces to be turned into extemporaneous Latin, without grammar or dictionary. In the German schools there is a daily exercise of writing Latin on the black-board which is called *Extempore*.

A SCHOOLMASTER.

---

### THE PHANTOM HAND.

That hand again ! that small, white hand,  
 So white and small upon my brow,  
 Where thick the glittering guilt-drops stand  
 And cold as winter's drifted snow !  
 Why does my frame convulsive start,  
 What is there on this haunted air ?  
 What horrid shape within my heart,  
 Sits mocking wilder than Despair ?

The white hand with the bloody stain,  
 A moment in the shadow hides,  
 Then deep into my fiery brain,  
 A grim, accursed spectre glides ;  
 Now creeps along the frosty pane,  
 Betwixt me and the yellow moon ;  
 As fearfully, as deadly plain,  
 As in the warm, broad light of noon.

\* In the Gymnasium of Frederick William, at Berlin, (six years) the following Latin course may serve as a specimen. Grammar, Latin Reader, Corn. Nepos, Ovid, Livy, Cæsar, Cicero's Orations, de Am. de Senect, Virgil, Horace, Tacitus, with daily *extemporalia* and frequent committing to memory.

Why these chill drops, this shivering fear,  
When twilight settles cold and lone?  
No eye beheld, no voice was near,  
Save hers and mine, the guilty one;  
Save that the water's angry moan  
Roll'd struggling up the windy steep,  
Whence a white form went shrieking down  
Into the darkness dread and deep.

A fair white form, so white and fair!  
Went shrieking from the tottering ledge;  
The peewee found the clotted hair  
Upon the bleak rock's crimson edge;  
The owlet screamed above the storm,  
And rose the brown wolf's distant bark,  
As from the crag a fair white form  
Spun downward, mingling with the dark.

There, in the cold, sad wind of night,  
The knotted laurel hung and swung;  
Round which that hand so small and white,  
Convulsively a moment, clung;  
A blow the small wrist cleft in twain!  
A shriek up from the gloom below,  
And now along the frosty pane  
It glides, and freezes on my brow.

A curse upon the laurel green,  
And small, white hand with bloody stain!  
That stooped above the black ravine,  
This, the deep grave could not contain;  
One rustles in my soul at night,  
And cracks, as 'neath a heavy stone;  
The other moves so cold and white,  
Betwixt me and the yellow moon!

How heavily the moments fly !  
The Summer sky has grown like brass ;  
The winds, that round me sigh and sigh,  
Drop curses on me as they pass,  
When evening gathers still and deep,  
I cry, O God that it were day !  
When morning fires the woodland steep,  
O that the light were past away !

I know it is a childish fear,  
To think I hear a step, and start ;  
To shudder when no hand is near,  
As if a knife were at my heart ;  
In the mid-forest still and lone,  
Or where the festal splendors blind,  
To hear a piteous, pleading moan,  
To tremble, pause, and look behind.

If from the hated night I flee  
To crowds amidst the dizzy hall,  
The withering gaze falls keen on me—  
Each stern eye seems to read it all !  
I strive in the Lethean wine,  
The keenness of my grief to dim,—  
The white hand with the bloody sign  
Lies floating at the beaded brim.

And then to sleep and dream—to feel  
The cold cheeks of the dead press mine,  
Their blue lips o'er my forehead steal,  
Their stiff arms round my body twine !  
Goblets of smoking blood to sip  
With corpses on the Stygian shore ;  
To wrestle with a Ghoul, to slip  
Upon the charnel's slimy floor !

---

And she, so innocent, so young,  
Who slumbers on my tortured breast,  
That some deep woe my soul hath wrung,  
Well knows, and grieves at my unrest ;  
But dreams not in her guileless mind,  
That one who should have filled her stead,  
In death's relentless toils confin'd,  
Lies festering on the river's bed.

T. H.

---

### OUT OF DOOR PHILOSOPHY.

When Aristophanes shows us a comical dotard approaching Socrates with his son in his hand, and consigning him to the care of the philosopher, he introduces what was a frequent occurrence, and what probably took place when Aristo came with the youthful Plato. The charm of the new philosophy was its out-of-door character. It was not lecture or lesson or book-learning; it was talk; and talk was precisely that which suited the climate and the people. "For all the Athenians and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." The porticos of the temples, the open spaces of the palaestrae, the groves and banks, and the quays of the Peiraeus, afforded room for the battledore and shuttlecock of Socratic query and reply. Raffaello's 'School of Athens' beautifully presents such scenes as must have been daily witnessed. When the agile youth were weary with the discus or came anointed from the bath, they were ready to turn aside and discourse of the eternal beauty, and the First Fair and First Good.

There never was a language so fitted as the Attic Greek, for the exigencies of common parlance. Its dense racy

idioms, the circumscribed region of its prevalence which debarred provincialisms, its numberless particles, indicating *nuances* of meaning altogether lost in the statelier Latin, made it even more flexible and flowing than the French of our own day. The very populace was critical; fisherwomen detected the first intonation of a foreigner, and whole benches of plebeians arose to scout a false accent in the Ecclesia. The great masters of dramatic poetry and the plastic arts were then embraced within the walls, and their merits were discussed at every street corner.

Socrates was just the man to take advantage of such a state of things. While yet a sculptor, nicking with his chisel the marbles of Pentelicus, he doubtless chatted with his fellow-craftsmen in the same strain of inquisitive irony, which we have learnt to admire in his reported disputations. His subsequent teachings required no text-book. He professed to be a seeker. He uttered nothing dogmatically. He made the pupil teach himself, or rather discover that he knew nothing. This could be done as he sat under a great tree, or with his naked feet dabbling in the scanty Cephissus. When Euripides put into his hands the books of Heraclitus, he said: "What I comprehend is excellent; equally so, I dare say, is what I do not; but it would take a Delian diver to fathom the meaning." It is likely he never perused the work; he preferred the pleasure of talking in the sun.

"Socrates," says Xenophon, "was constantly in public. Early in the morning he used to go to the promenades and gymnasia. When the Agora was full, he might there be seen. During the remainder of the day, you would always find him where the gathering was thickest; and for the most part he would talk, and whosoever would might hear him." He gloried in being an Athenian *badaud*, and cared for no other city. In one of Plato's dialogues he is represented as quite lost when beyond the walls. He had no Academia, Lyceum, or Stoa; his school was all Athens. We never hear of his going anywhere abroad, of his own will, except



to Samos and to the games; though more than one prince sought to draw him away.\* When drafted into the army, however, he seems to have done good service. His intimacy extended to the very meanest of the people, and he was always poor. But he mingled, with the natural glee of a child, in the festivities with which Athens abounded. As to the distinctions of wealth, he uniformly treated them with the utmost contempt. Real estate, which is in all countries the pledge of rank, had no charms for him. When Alcibiades tendered him ground for a house, he said: "If I had wanted shoes, would you have offered me hides?—I should have been ridiculous, if I had accepted it." When Charmidas offered him slaves, he likewise refused. A common saying of his was, "How many things there are, which I can do without!"

The person of Socrates marked him out among ten thousand. People compared him to Marsyas. His eyes protruded, his lips were thick, his nostrils were wide, and his glances roved about with a mysterious fascination. He was stout and abdominous, and his gesture was uncouth. But when groups collected round him, they found his conversation (so Alcibiades said,) as magical as the flute of Marsyas. Thus he won over the fastidious and the beautiful Euthydemus, who had resolved to keep out of his way. Antisthenes used to walk daily from the Peiraeus, four miles, to be with Socrates. Euclid of Megara risked his life, to come twenty miles in female attire, to visit the philosopher. Socrates knew how to adapt himself to all characters. One night he found himself surrounded by a band of young rowdies, with torches, personating the furies. Nowise disconcerted, he proceeded to subject them to his uniform discipline of interrogation.

In exact correspondence with what has been said, Socrates left no books. In proof of his alleged corruption of the

\* Plato. Phaedrus, 230.

youth of Athens, no documentary evidence was produced. He had done it all by colloquial address, by the wayside, and in the walks and feasts. We are indebted to Xenophon and Plato for the most of our knowledge respecting these instructions. Xenophon is supposed to be most literally accurate; but Plato undoubtedly meant to give us an idea of the manner in which his master conducted those famous conversations; and writing so near the time he cannot be supposed to have intentionally overcharged the picture. Of his knowledge and competency there has never been a doubt.

These reports of Socrates's conversations, are a sealed book to multitudes, who talk much about Plato, as they do about Bacon, without having read either. The truth is, Plato's Greek cannot be translated, without losing all its elevation and delicacy. It is like certain wines which will not bear transportation, but must be drunk on the spot. No modern tongue can reproduce the endless flexure of thought expressed by the seeming expletives of the Attics. The laughing pursuit of an adversary, the philosophic badinage, the mask of irony, the artifice of construction, are lost in a version. Some people talk of Plato as if his Dialogues were lofty trains of abstraction, like books of German metaphysics. Nothing could more unfortunately vary from the truth. They are in many instances, wayside conversations; where question and answer follow with matchless rapidity; and where the argument is enlivened by brilliant repartee. One of the dialogues, called Hippias, is a specimen of the most cruel hoaxing, in which a self-important sophist is 'trotted out,' to his irreparable exposure and disgrace. In another, Alcibiades, in a less merciless strain, is put to his trumps, and made to see his unfitness for public affairs. The Theætetus is an instance of the sly way in which Socrates could make a pretender wind himself up, by giving him plenty of line, and is sportive and ebullient, in the very highest degree. As to great philosophical conclusions, however, it ends in nothing; it was plainly a freak of the great banter-

er's caprice. The *Cratylus*, from beginning to end, is a satire on the misuse of terms. The *Euthydemus* is full of the same sparkle, and shows off the wordy logic of the day. Diogenes Laertius informs us that Socrates used to frequent a shoemaker's shop, and there engage in conversation with a squad of friends. This shoemaker, named Simon, afterwards played the part of Boswell, and reported many of the dialogues. We allude to the statement, as illustrating the familiar character of these mistaken colloquies. Sometimes, indeed they turned on the loftiest of all subjects; but in very few instances is this every-day character of the discussions entirely wanting.

The transition to Plato is more abrupt than might at first appear. Though the scholar, biographer and panegyrist of Socrates, he was unlike him in many respects. Plato was the elegant gentleman, and philosophized in state. His person, dress and equipage awakened the spite of the Cynics, as a well known anecdote will testify. Plato was the Dugald Stewart of Athenian circles. Yet he too mingled with the people, and courted truth amidst the hum of society. We think amiss, if we think of him as spending a youth of sordid seclusion, or as wearing out his manhood in some obscure loft, poring over ugly manuscripts, with the poor lamps which the ancients had to use in place of our modern appliances. We must look for him in the throng of the colonnades, and under the shades of the suburban park, where his honeyed accents, though with a slender voice, mingled with the chirping of the darling *cicada*; an insect not perceptibly differing from our own American locust.

Plato's education was such as to fit him for conversational philosophy. Being an athletic lad, and taking his name, some say, from his broad shoulders, he went bravely through all the sports of the palaestra, which were regular lessons in those days, when school and playground were turned into one. Metellus of Agrigentum was his music-master, and Aristo of Argos taught him sparring, vaulting and the like.

He no doubt drove four or six in hand. At twenty he became a pupil of Socrates, which was the same thing as to be perpetually probed, searched out and quizzed. It is well known that he spent ten years in making the grand tour, even before his numerous voyages to Sicily and residence at the court of the tyrant. As we learn from Cicero, Plato met at Tarentum, Pontius, the father of the Samnite hero who routed the Romans at the Fauces Caudinae, and Archytas the Pythagorean.\* When he was going about in Egypt, under the disguise of an clive-merchant, he had good occasion to exercise his noted gift of discourse. One might as readily imagine Coleridge to have held his tongue in such circumstances.

The grove of Academus, from which we derive the word Academy, was the pleasure-ground where Plato walked and chatted with his friends. Here, in the beautiful Ceramicus, under lofty planes, for many years it was his wont, *inter sylvas Academi quaerere verum*. "What an assemblage," says Hampden, "must that have been, which comprised in it amongst other influential persons, and young men who afterwards rose to importance in their respective states, Demosthenes, Hyperides, Aristotle, Speusippus, Xenocrates, Polemo, Dion! At once you might see in the throng the young and the gay by the side of the old and the sedate; the stranger from some distant town of Asia Minor, or Thrace, or Magna Graecia, and the citizen of Athens; the tyrant of some little state learning theories of government and laws from the philosopher of the republic; and the haughty Lacedæmonian paying deference to the superior wisdom of an individual of a country which his own had humbled in arms." It was Plato who made Athens the centre of intellectual attraction for the world. He held a philosophic court, entirely distinct from all the agitations of Athenian politics. Remaining always unmarried, perhaps in remembrance of his

\* De Senect, c. 12.

master's wife, he found relaxation in the converse of all the choice spirits of a most brilliant era. Fraught as he was with wit, he is observed to have refrained from violent mirth;\* but the humour which plays in his dialogues discredits the charge of Aristippus, that he was austere and unsocial. Most of his great coevals appear in his works; but it is remarkable that he never mentions Xenophon, and that in only two places does he ever allude to himself.

For conversational philosophy, there is no one to be named after these great men till we arrive at the Roman orator. The influence of Athens on Cicero is as undeniable as that of Germany on Coleridge or France on Jefferson. He had lived, and studied and harangued at that capital of letters; he almost dwelt there anew in the person of his friend and correspondent Atticus; and the libraries of his various villas were stored with every accessible Greek book. Plato and Demosthenes were his acknowledged exemplars.

The Dialogues of Cicero are formed on those of Plato; yet the difference is striking, and much to the honour of the great Roman's originality. There is no such copying of mere form, as we find in Terence and Virgil, with regard to Menander and Theocritus. The discourses are such as Romans and not Greeks would deliver. There are none of those rapid interpellations, and alternate shots, which characterize the Socratic dialogue; but a constant tendency to run into protracted discourse. Still the arguments have the air of lofty and elegant conversations, between personages well known to the reading public of Rome.

The 'Old Age' is a dialogue between the elder Cato and Scipio and Saelius. The 'Friendship' in like manner is between Laelius, Fannius, and Scaevola, as they sat at ease. The long lost 'Republic' has a large *dramatis personae*, of whom the chief is the younger Africanus. Crassus and Antony open the Dialogues *de Oratore*. The place is Tuscu-

\* Diog. Laert.

lanum, and a plane-tree under which they repose after walking, recalls that of Socrates in the *Phaedrus*. We see the group upon their cushions around the massy trunk. In the second book, a like familiar cast is given to the whole, by their finding Crassus in his couch, Sulpicius sitting near, and Antony pacing up and down the portico. The third dialogue is in the grove, seats being carried thither for the purpose. All this illustrates the free and colloquial character of the investigations, while, studied in its details, it presents a captivating picture of Roman manners.

The books *de Natura Deorum* offer us a profound yet enchanting oral debate between an Epicurean, a Stoic and an Academic. The opening is at Cotta's house, at a reunion of gentlemen. Cicero and his brother Quintus take up the foils in the debate *de Divinatione*. At Tusculanum, the favourite country-house, they had gone into the Lyceum for a walk—it was a favourite Roman custom—and had entered on this high argument: the conversation is concluded in the library. The book *de Fato*, is a talk between Cicero and Hirtius, at Puteolanum, another villa, in the South. The Dialogue *de Legibus*, between Cicero and Atticus, introduces us at once to the locality, and the ancient oak of Arpinum. In the 'Latter Academics;' Varro discourses with Cicero. The work *de Finibus* has three separate conversations. The 'Tusculan Disputations, by their very title, refer themselves to Tusculanum. In none of Cicero's dialogues is there so near an approach to the curt question and answer of the Academic disputation, as in parts of the Tusculans. They therefore, in the same degree, claim a high place in our record of philosophic talk. The conversation took place, we are expressly told, partly while seated, partly while walking; and it was extended through five days. The time of day and the place and posture are carefully noted; we even find the hour indicated by the clepsydra.

Whatever allowable fiction there may be as to the actual occurrence of such disputations, there is good reason to be-

lieve that they had their corresponding reality in the usages of learned Romans. In other words, philosophy was not confined to books and lectures, but was brought down to the level of common society, and made to diffuse itself through the ordinary channels of social intercourse. This mode of communication has advantages of its own, derived from the familiarity of style, the opportunity of query and explanation, the absence of weariness, the excitement of friendly communion, and the indescribable charm of the human voice and countenance.

---

### THE BATTLE FIELD.

“Brother soldier, ere thou diest,  
Hast thou nothing for mine ear?  
From the ground whereon thou liest,  
Speak—’tis sacred—breathe it here.”

“Bless thee, comrade! ere I perish,  
I have something for thine ear;  
For I may no longer cherish  
Hope or pride when death is near.

“Comrade, close: I cannot see thee.  
Now—thy hand:—close—closer yet.  
Victory!!—the foemen flee thee!  
This—my Mother—Home—regret.”

**THE CERTAINTY OF INDUCTIVE REASONING.**

The conclusion of a syllogism is so certain that nothing can be conceived more so. Between the comparison of the two premises and the conclusion nothing can be interposed. There is no process ; there is no gradation. Conviction follows like a report upon the flash. We ask for no intermediate process. It is a constitutional tendency of the mind thus to conclude. All mankind do so. We cannot go behind this, or question it. All reasoning is founded on it. Judgment is an act which is without exception, universal, inevitable.

The most adventurous pyrrhonist cannot reason against us a moment without admitting this imperative law. Comprehend the propositions, and admit their correctness in form, and you are imperatively held to conclude instantaneously.

As this is true of the deductive process, it is interesting to inquire, whether there is not something analogous in the inductive process, or method of discovering truth. We might presume, if there is a method of discovery, or of coming at generals from particulars, and this we mean by induction, that it is subject to laws as imperative and constitutional as any which prevail in deductive logic. The philosophers of the modern schools, however, who undervalue Bacon and all whom they call empirical, tend towards an opposite opinion, and seem to teach, that while deductive conclusions are infallible (the logical forms being just) and while certain ideas of the Reason, as they call them, are undeniable, universal and necessary, yet propositions arrived at by induction from observation and experiment carry with them something of looseness and chance. They may attain to probability, but can never be demonstration. The results of induction are in their view removed from the field of secure truth and thus from the sphere of philosophy in its higher sense. In



a word, there is no law which binds us to accept as truth the results of even the soundest induction.

This is unquestionably the spirit of the modern philosophy, in Germany, France and America. It is betrayed in the slight cast upon all the physical attainments of the age, and the exaggerated honour shown to a priori reasoning.

This it was which prompted the celebrated sarcasm of Hegel, in a note to his *Enkyklopaedie*, in which he denies the name of philosophy to the mighty discoveries in physics. It suits these writers to draw their instances from physical investigation, because they thereby gain the advantage of being able to dilate on the superiority of mind to matter, which however is not the question in debate. Neither inductive nor deductive processes are limited as to the material with which they operate; nor is the distinction here between physics and metaphysics. The scope of these mental operations is wide enough to include both. As to philosophical induction, for example, it is applicable as well to mental phenomena, acts, and states, as to the appearance and changes of the outer world; and it is the neglect of this obvious truth, which has thrown an air of sophistical arrogance over many systems of the Germans and their admirers. Continually employing in their arguments certain admitted propositions in psychology and logic, they have failed to acknowledge that these are derived from induction, and have loved rather to erect them into dictates of the pure reason, which judges universally, infallibly, and immediately. Many of the sneers against the empirical school of Locke, Buffier and Reid would become harmless, if it were considered, that mental phenomena are as subject to rigid law as natural phenomena.

In our opinion the advocates of the only sound philosophy, namely of that which is in harmony at once with revelation and with the wonderful discoveries of the age, have allowed themselves to be driven to a position far below the vantage ground which it is their right to assume. They have conce-

ded much of what is their true glory, and have suffered the empty vaunts of an ephemeral scheme to despoil them of the claim they may vindicate to certainty of conviction. For we believe it will yet be made to appear to the satisfaction of the whole philosophical world, that the conclusions of induction are as certain as the conclusions of any syllogistic process. The two are not parallel operations; we argue with a full view of the difference between rising from particulars to generals, and descending from generals to particulars. Nor do we maintain that the illative acts by which a logical process results in a judgment are the same with the acts by which phenomena yield generalizations. Nor do we assert that in all cases the proposition which concludes one process is generally the same with the proposition which concludes the other process. But we are bold to maintain, that, supposing the process in either case to be in due form, the result of each series is a proposition, that it is a truth, and that it demands the acquiescence of the mind by a law which cannot be resisted or questioned. It is truth, and as such is correlative to reason, in the just and authorized meaning of that term. In one case, as in the other, minds may vary as to their power of following the steps, and the series itself may be incomplete or vicious; but granting equal regularity to each method, the resultant of each is equally safe and indubitable.

In order to prove the compelling power of any process, our only resort, on all hypotheses, is to what we observe in our own minds. This is the *ultima ratio*. Refuse this, and all comparison of views is at an end. It is surely a modest request to postulate the dicta of memory and consciousness. Bringing the problem in question to this test, and we discover that all mankind have as firm a reliance on sound induction, as on any or all the conclusions of syllogisms. And as all reasoning, not excluding even, geometry, may be reduced to the syllogistic type, it follows that the laws induced from observation are held by us with as unyielding firmness as

any results of ratiocination. In another place we hold ourselves ready to prove that this certainty is as great as any that is claimed for the intuitions of what is pompously named the Pure Reason. At the risk of being stigmatized as empirical, we make the appeal to human consciousness; for even our transcendental opponents can go nowhere else, and inquire how far the operations of all human minds sustain our assertion. Are any conclusions in the schools of logic more quietly established in the judgment, than those great laws which have resulted from induction? There can be but one reply.

---

## PEDAGOGICS.

### No. I.

It is a curious fact, though not an unaccountable one, that the wildest speculations are, and always have been, upon practical subjects. Religion, ethics, civil government, derive their importance altogether from their practical relations. Yet who can enumerate the imaginary commonwealths, the theories of virtue, and the schemes of false theology, which have been generated by the human fancy? The same may be said of education. If there is a theme within the range of human thought, which might be safely classed among the things of real life, and considered safe from the incursions of romance, it is the art of teaching children. We are abundantly aware of the propensity in some minds to belittle this employment, and underrate its difficulties. But we also know that there is more than one extreme, in this as well as every other case. Because the instruction of the young is not a mere mechanic art, consisting in a blind routine of formal usages, it does not follow

that it is a subject for wanton experiment and the vagaries of a wild imagination. Yet such it has, in fact, become to a deplorable extent. Amidst all the zeal which has of late years been exerted, and the real improvements which have been adopted, it remains a truth that education has been trifled with. A large proportion of the public have been gulled. Many young minds have been impaired in power, or retarded in advancement, by empirical imposture. If this be so, and we must leave it to the reader to convince himself of it, we see no reason why an attempt should not be made to remedy the evil. Why should the quack in medicine be scouted as contemptible, or denounced as dangerous, for vending his inoperative mixtures, while the quack in education is allowed to tamper with the delicate texture of our children's minds? It is unreasonable, it is wrong. Let us look, then, for a moment at the true state of the case, not with a view to the suggestion of expedients, or the vindication of peculiar doctrines, but for the simple purpose of detecting sophistry and disabusing those whom it has duped.

Before we enter on a subject which may seem to have somewhat of an invidious aspect, we wish to preclude misapprehension. It is not the specific scheme of this or that man that we quarrel with. In relation to this matter, it is almost as hard to find a person wholly wrong, as to find one wholly right. Some innovations which have been suggested are extremely plausible. Some have been proved by fair experiment to be genuine improvements. The instances of error are detached, and for the most part trifling, as they seldom affect the *tout ensemble* of a plan, but only some of its details. Of such minutiae, we, of course, can take no notice. The tone of censure, which we have assumed, and which we cannot honestly abandon, has relation, not to actual arrangements, or the details of any given system, but to certain circumstances which are characteristic, in a greater or less degree, of nearly all novel schemes of reformation and improve-

ment in the method of instruction. A few of these characteristics we shall now attempt to specify.

The first is a preposterous disposition to exaggerate the vices of existing modes, and the necessity of new ones. That the methods of instruction which have prevailed in former times are imperfect, may be readily admitted. That the general progress of improvement should produce a change in this as well as other things, is a very plain and very harmless proposition. We are aware of very few things more unfavourable to the progress of knowledge than a superstitious attachment to the forms which happen to exist in combination with substantial excellence. As such an attachment always springs from inability to draw the line between substance and shadows, it is of course a blind attachment; and we need not say that blind attachments only grow more violent and obstinate when their objects are convicted of futility and worthlessness. Against this spirit those should guard with special vigilance, whose interest it is to hold up ancient institutions in their primitive integrity. The great mass of those who receive a college education, form a traditional attachment to their Alma Mater, which is fortified at first by emulation with regard to other seminaries, and made stronger and stronger, as the man grows older, by the influence of memory and association. As it cannot be supposed that one in fifty of our ordinary graduates ever enters very deeply into the rationale of instruction while himself is the subject of it, we can scarcely think it strange, that this attachment to the place of education should be rather an instinctive than a rational affection. As little can we wonder that the views, with which the student leaves his college, do not gain, in depth or compass, by the lapse of time. Those especially who pass at once, or very soon, into active life, are apt, not only to retain their views unaltered, but to lay increasing stress upon them year by year. Such persons therefore are extremely prone to look upon the course of discipline through which they passed in youth, with a par-

tiality exclusive of all others. As it is from this class that the legislators of our public institutions are for the most part taken, we have no doubt that there is a leaning towards undue tenacity in many of our learned bodies, and that of course there ought to be a corresponding effort to control and counteract it.

We have said thus much about inordinate attachment to established forms and usages in order to evince that we have no morbid antipathy to change, but are strong believers in the possibility and need of very great improvement in our modes of education. We now proceed to say, that even this blind zeal for what is ancient, is less hurtful in its tendency and actual operation than the mania of experiment. The latter, moreover, springs from a false assumption. We deny the charges which are urged in general terms against the methods of instruction that have hitherto prevailed. We dispute the claim to philosophical exactness and superior conformity to the laws of human intellect on the part of many pompous innovations. It is scarcely possible to read the prospectus of a school at present, without lighting upon some explicit or implied assertion of peculiar skill in the philosophy of teaching. Now we are not satisfied with passing these things over as mere bagatelles. One by one they are such; but the obvious tendency of all united is to blind the eyes and warp the judgment of the public. The most wary and judicious cannot grow familiar with these arrogant pretensions in the public prints, without sooner or later yielding tacit credence to at least a part of them; without receiving the impression that some great discovery has certainly been made, and that education is no longer what it was. We have two strong reasons for disliking this effect. One is that it insensibly engenders a contempt for the great men and great performances of former times. The moral unworthiness of such a feeling is sufficient to condemn it, but it has other crimes to answer for. It encourages the notion, always current among ignorant and self-conceited people,

that the only useful knowledge is contained within the limits of the present generation, and that any recurrence to the wisdom of the past is arrogant pedantry. This is the prolific parent of a thousand schemes for getting rid of what is thought to be a plethora of learning. Hence the rigid process of depletion which the course of study in some schools has undergone. Hence the strong solicitude to purge out from a liberal education such malignant elements as classical learning and its kindred branches. Hence the outcry against pedants, raised by half-bred caterers for the public press. No man, who understands the character and aspect of the present age, can fail to have observed, that there is a very strong and growing spirit of aversion among some to genuine learning, and a disposition to apply that name to something altogether different. This we regard as one legitimate result of these exaggerated statements with respect to old-fashioned education.

But besides the unhappy influence of these exaggerations upon public feeling, they produce effects more practically and directly hurtful. The suspicion or belief, that what is antiquated is absurd and useless, cannot fail to push the process of amendment to extremes. A rational persuasion that all human systems are imperfect, and to some extent erroneous, will, when applied to education, serve to awaken vigilance and quicken invention; while at the same time it will hold in check the feverish propensity to mere capricious change. A conviction, on the other hand, that there are essential and pervading vices in established systems, that the whole science of instruction is a recent discovery, and that its very fundamental principles are just undergoing the process of development, can lead to nothing but disorganization. Those who maintain and act upon these doctrines, are the Jacobins of learning. We say those who act upon them; for we know that there are many who indulge themselves in harmless speculation, though their common sense is too preponderant, to let them err in practice. But still, it may be

asked, what, after all, is the practical result of these appalling heresies? Their practical result is the rejecting, or a proneness to reject, under the name of obsolete absurdities, a number of principles and expedients, which have received the sanction, not of great names only and of lofty patronage, but of abundant fruit, of rich success. This result is, of course, most obvious in men of narrow minds and very partial cultivation; the soil of whose intellect is at best but shallow, and has scarcely been indented by the ploughshare of instruction. It is a fact deserving observation, that the more expanded and profound men's views become, the less are they likely to appear before the public in the character of levellers. It requires no small amount of personal improvement to enable one to estimate the real value of existing institutions. To the eye of the upstart and the ignoramus, that may wear the aspect of a privileged absurdity, which, in the view of one more deeply versed in human nature and the bonds which hold society together, is an invaluable safeguard of man's happiness and rights.

We do not wish this to be viewed as a gratuitous assertion. Let the reader bring it to the test of observation. Let him candidly determine for himself what class of men are most intemperately fond of innovation, and most active in the overthrow of all that time has sanctioned. Let him observe among his neighbours whether the loudest brawlers against ancient usage are the most profound and most enlightened in regard to other matters. A little folly and a little self-conceit suffice to raise a suicidal opposition to establishments and systems which owe their existence to the accumulating wisdom of successive generations. Now it happens to be true, most unfortunately true, that the profession of teachers as a body—we need scarcely say that there are great exceptions—is by no means what it ought to be. The average ability expended on the arduous and momentous business of instructing youth, is notoriously far less than the interests of society demand. The



office of a teacher is regarded by many as a *pis aller*, and by still more as a stepping-stone to other walks of life. This opens the door of that employment to a multitude of sciolists and smatterers, wholly incompetent to estimate the value of those principles and plans which have in past times regulated this important business. We need not wonder, therefore, at the increasing disposition to have novelty in every thing, and to banish every vestige of the old regime, or at least to transmute its base metal into gold by the pretended alchemy of some new Paracelsus. We are not now enumerating the particular effects thus brought about. All that we have to do with here is the procuring cause of these effects, an extravagant contempt for ancient methods, and an exaggerated estimate of new ones.

---

#### CHATEAUBRIAND.

For two months past, we have been reading the *Mémoires d' Outre-tombe*, by way of relaxation from severer studies, and more particularly as a sedative before retiring for the night. And now that we have finished it, without having seen a line of criticism upon it, we are greatly at a loss to say or know what impression it has made upon us. In its form and method, in its tone and spirit, it is quite as unique as the author wished and meant to make it. The English reader is continually struck with affectations which he cannot classify as personal or national, although he knows them to be one or the other. The perpetual reference to self, both in the way of praise and dispraise, may perhaps be only French; but what shall we say of the incessant coupling of himself, without either praise or dispraise, to the most remote events and the most heterogeneous subjects. If he sees the king of France in exile, he must needs add—and I am on my way to such and such a place. Ten years ago Napoleon died—and I paid a

visit to the Pope at Rome. Another kind of egotism, still more uncommon, but pardonable (if at all) in a posthumous autobiography, is that which perpetually re-appears in the author's meditations on his own mortality. He can hardly eat his dinner or pay his bill, without pathetically asking where he will be when the next guest does the same, or who will be here when he is yonder. This habitual anticipation of his own departure, so unlike the frivolous French persiflage once almost universal, would be entitled only to respect, but for its sameness and the absence of all deep religious feeling. He loses no occasion to proclaim himself a Christian and a Catholic, but his feelings and associations are as often mythological as scriptural. His last sentence represents him as just ready to "descend, crucifix in hand, into eternity;" but in a multitude of other places he speaks no less solemnly of Tartarus, Elysium, Styx and Lethe.

To those who are not familiar with the outline of Chateaubriand's career, the following hasty sketch from memory may be acceptable. Descended from an ancient but reduced family in Brittany, he received an irregular and chiefly a domestic education. After shrinking from the priesthood and the naval service, when about to enter them, he became at length a sub-lieutenant in the army, with the nominal rank of captain, procured by the interest of his friends, in order to qualify him to appear at court, where he was early introduced to Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. By the marriage of his brother to a grand-daughter of Malesherbes, he enjoyed the intimacy of the latter, and with his concurrence, if not at his instance, he resolved to visit America, with the two-fold purpose of studying the manners of the Indians and discovering the North West Passage. He had visited Washington and seen Niagara, then considered outside of the civilized world, and was on his way to the southwest, when at a cabin on Lake Erie, he lighted on an English newspaper, and by the light of the fire read the words, "FLIGHT OF THE KING." A sense of honour led him to

France, which he left at once, however, for the purpose of joining the exiled royalists. After suffering all kinds of hardship and annoyance—not excepting that of washing his own shirts—and recovering from the small-pox in its worst form, he escaped by way of Guernsey and Jersey to England, where he lived by teaching and by literary labour. In the mean time the elder brother and his wife were guillotined, and his aged mother, after sharing the imprisonment of several of her children, died of grief and hardship. The sorrow of her son was embittered by a suspicion that her death was hastened by his supposed departure from the true faith in a most eccentric work which he published in London, and in which he draws a parallel between the revolutions of ancient and modern times, descending even to the most detailed comparisons of leading individuals on either side. The remorseful feeling, springing from the cause just mentioned, is repeatedly referred to by himself, as the occasion of his full conversion to the Christian or the Romish faith.

After the rise of Napoleon he again returned to France and accepted office under the new government. He had been ambassador at Rome and was just appointed to a similar station near the Swiss Confederation, when the murder of the Duc d'Enghien led to the indignant resignation of his office. During the rest of Napoleon's reign, he remained in private life, an object of mingled admiration and dislike to the Emperor. Before this time he had obtained considerable literary distinction by the publication of his Indian tales, *Renè* and *Atala*, which were originally episodes or fragments of a voluminous romance or prose-poem called *The Natchez*. He had also made his celebrated journey to Jerusalem and published his *Itinerary*, as well his great work, the *Génie du Christianisme*.

When Napoleon went to Elba, Chateaubriand put forth his famous pamphlet, *Buonaparte and the Bourbons*, which was once said by Louis XVIII to have done more for his restoration than an army of a hundred thousand men. When

Bonaparte returned to France, Chateaubriand endeavoured to prevail upon the court and government to remain at Paris, and when he failed in this, reluctantly followed them to Ghent. One of the most graphic narratives in the book is his account of a solitary ramble near that city, during which he was reading in the shade of a tree on the high road to Brussels, when he thought he heard thunder and was about to return home; but the intermission and peculiar nature of the sounds which had alarmed him soon showed that they were caused by the discharge of the heaviest artillery. Stopping a courier, he learned that Napoleon had attacked the British army unawares and driven them before him. This report was soon confirmed by a family party in their flight from Brussels, and for many hours, the exiled king and court at Ghent believed that all was lost, nor was it till the following morning that they heard the stupendous news of Waterloo.

Chateaubriand returned with Louis XVIII, and was successively Minister of Foreign Affairs, Ambassador to London, and Ambassador to Rome a second time. He was there at the death of Leo XII and the election of Pius VIII. This was his favourite residence; but on the accession of the Prince de Polignac to the premiership of France, Chateaubriand withdrew, refusing all solicitation and a tempting choice of places, ministerial and diplomatic. He remained aloof from the court, although conspicuous in the Chamber of Peers, as a brilliant and epigrammatic speaker.

When Charles X adopted his last arbitrary measures. Chateaubriand made an offer of his services and an attempt to retrieve the fatal error, but in vain. Refusing to take the oaths to Louis Philippe, though solicited by him and his wife in person to accept high office, he remained in privacy until unexpectedly called by the Duchess of Berri to act as her organ of communication with the exiled court at Prague. A like summons drew him into Italy soon after, and thence a second time to Prague. The accounts of these

journeys are extremely interesting, far more lively, less affected and less prosy than the narrative even of his early years.

From this time forward he was chiefly occupied with writing his own Memoirs, which he sold to a French newspaper to be published in its *feuilleton* after his decease. Of this publication a reprint has been given in this country by the public-spirited conductors of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, one of the ablest and most spirited journals of the age.

---

#### NEW BOOKS.

**INDIA AND THE HINDOOS.** Being a popular view of the Geography, History, Government, Customs, Literature and Religion of that ancient people. With an account of Christian Missions among them. By F. D. W. Ward late Missionary at Madras, and member of "The American Oriental Society." New York Baker & Scribner. 1850. 12mo. pp. 344.

This is a very instructive and entertaining volume; and proves that Mr. Ward has not been an inattentive observer of what fell under his notice in the distant country to which he went as a devoted missionary. The title of the book exhibits so full a list of the subjects treated, that it is unnecessary to give the reader the contents of the several chapters of which it consists. We would remark however that Mr. Ward is a lively and pleasant writer; and he has extended his attention to so many of the customs and circumstances of domestic life, that we cannot mention an author from whom more information can be gathered, respecting this ancient nation than the one now under notice. Any common reader may here obtain as much knowledge of the Hindoos, as he can of any people so distant, and so exceedingly different from us in almost every respect.

PROSPECTUS OF THE *STYLUS* ; Apples of Gold in Pitchers of Silver. Dr. T. H. CHIVERS, Editor.

“ Land of the South ! the land of my own birth !  
 Land of the Sun ! the richest land on earth !  
 Land of the Beautiful, the Brave, the Free !  
 Land of my sires ! my spirit turns to thee ! ”

The *Stylus* is the title of a monthly magazine which the editor proposes to issue simultaneously in New York, Savannah, Augusta, Macon, Columbus, Atlanta and Washington, the first number to appear on or before the first of January, 1851.

The following extracts from the prospectus may give some idea of the character of the work.

It will be a perfect TABLE OF ADAMANT for the GENIUS of the SOUTH—a golden voiced SIBYL who shall sing sweetly of the HALCYON YEARS TO COME.

It will embrace not only a perfect Revelation of MAN'S life in time—from his birth to his death—his Physiological as well as his Psychological nature—how, from the Micro-Cosmos he is elevated into the Micro-Uranus—but will give a faithful exposition of all that has ever been unfolded to us through the MINDS OF THE AGES of his destiny beyond the grave.

It shall be a golden MUSEUM around whose Opal Walls shall be ranged on Pedestals of Pearl, the sublimest INCARNATIONS of immortal thought. From the Myrrhine Fabrics which shall ornament its golden tablets shall ascend an Anthosmial redolence as sweet as the odorous incense from the Altar in the Temple of Solomon.

Beautiful Butterflies, Blossoms and Birds shall therein be ensouled, which shall chameleunate, with an ever-varying and multi-colored Mosaic, this incense-clouded Pavillion of the Soul. Requiems softer than the honeyed Elegies of Simonides, and Carolings loftier than the Lark that sings while soaring to the Gates of Heaven, shall flow out in rivers of selectest melody from this Melphonian Swan among the reeds.

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

PEDAGOGICS.

No. II.

The second circumstance that strikes us as a characteristic of too many recent theories, is an apparent misconception of what education is. There are some, very many, who appear to think that they have gained a great advantage, when they have excluded from their course of elementary instruction whatever does not bear directly upon some form of active business. The cant phrase with theorists of this class is "practical utility." We need scarcely say, that the expression, thus applied, is grossly perverted, or at least unfairly limited. Until it can be proved, that a foundation must consist of the same materials and be constructed in the same way as the superstructure, we shall maintain that this confounding of professional with preparatory studies has as little pretensions to practical utility as it has to philosophical exactness and consistency. Such as have had it in their power to compare this mushroom vegetation with that sure, though tedious growth, which has a sound root to depend upon, need not be told where lies the difference.

Of this mistake the practical result is rather felt than seen. It is felt by the community, when it finds men pressing into

public stations, with minds subjected to no other discipline than that which is likely to result from this false principle. It is felt by teachers, when they find their plans of subsequent improvement all defeated, by the radical defect of the incipient stages, or their efforts hampered by the prejudice of parents against every thing which they do not perceive to be directly conducive to the making of money or the gaining of distinction. Above all, it is felt by students, to their lasting detriment. It is hard enough, at best, to bring the feelings of young men into concert with their judgment, even when that is right. The utility of abstract study is so far from being obvious before it is experienced, that without great authority upon the teacher's part, and great self-command upon the pupil's, it is very unlikely to have justice done it. Now when to this repugnance there is superadded a suspicion that these studies are in fact unprofitable, and when this suspicion is encouraged by parental sanction, or the current slang of fashionable circles, it affects the nerve and muscle of the student's diligence, so far as the branches in question are concerned, with incurable paralysis. Having once been taught to estimate preparatory studies, in proportion to their obvious and ultimate connexion with professional employments, he very naturally applies the test with rigour. What some would think a close connexion he regards as a remote one; and what is really remote he considers none at all. Even those parts of learning which, on his own false principle, are worthy of attention, though as mere preliminaries, he postpones without reluctance as inferior in importance to the rudiments of medicine, theology, or law. These last, thus learned, can never be learned well, though this premature study may afford a fair pretext for neglecting or omitting them, when they become the proper objects of attention. And hence it comes to pass that the exclusion of whatever does not bear upon its surface, the proofs of its "practical utility," instead of giving ampler depth and compass to professional acquirements, helps to make them immature and



superficial. We appeal to the leading men of all the liberal professions, whether we are not warranted by facts within their knowledge, in asserting that professional accomplishments are gained with far less ease by those who antedate the study on their principle of "practical utility," than by those who let "practical utility" alone, till their minds have been prepared for it by thorough-going discipline. Such discipline is out of the question, when practical utility, in this perverted sense, is made the test and standard of preliminary study. The only test which ought to be applied to any subject, as a part of elementary instruction, is its adaptation to develop and improve the powers, which are afterwards to act upon the affairs of real life. There can be no doubt, indeed, that where there is equality in this important point, those studies ought to be preferred which will be afterwards available in business. But to make this the sole criterion is a gross absurdity, the *εἰς τὸν ψεύδος* of this utilitarian theory.

Thus far we have proceeded on the supposition, that there is a course of study introductory to professional employments, but that this course is interrupted and disfigured by the exclusion of some branches and the anticipation of others, on the mistaken principle of "practical utility." It is possible, however, that in the progress of improvement, the idea of a general preparatory course of mental discipline may be discarded altogether. Assuming such a change, (we hope it never will be more than an assumption,) the foregoing arguments will still be relevant, but with redoubled force. And in addition to them all, there is another certain consequence of such a revolution, which appears to us alarming. Who does not know the tendency of what are called "professional studies" to disturb the equilibrium of intellect, to narrow the views, and to produce a partiality of judgment upon general subjects? Who does not know, moreover, that the danger of this consequence is just in proportion to the exclusive zeal with which the study is pursued? What then? Is profes-

sional learning to be sacrificed in order to escape this evil? Not at all. The wisdom of past ages has provided us a check upon this hurtful tendency, and taught us to fortify the mind against it by a wise preparatory discipline. The virtues of this antidote need no certificate. It has living testimonials in the persons and performances of many, who have mastered the lore of their professions with the grasp of giants, and yet show no signs of intellectual distortion. Look, on the contrary at those whose first transition was from boorish ignorance to the details of law, theology, or medicine, and you will learn to what extent one power may be strengthened at the expense of others, and how little mere professional accomplishments, even combined with genius, can supply the lack of discipline and culture. Such examples, and they are not wanting even in high places, are a practical comment upon "practical utility."

Another prominent feature in some new plans of instruction is the disproportionate regard to forms and mere external regulations. In some cases, this degenerates into a paltry ostentation and attempt at pomp. As might be expected, it occurs in close connexion with the exaggerated estimate of modern improvements spoken of before. The fact that parading advertisements are growing every day more common, is an alarming one to us; for it evinces, that the interested parties find a growing disposition on the part of parents, to be governed by such influence. In very many cases, it is scarcely possible that parents, or their substitutes, should make an election upon any other principle than that of weighing rival claims against each other. It is a necessary result of the peculiar state of things with us at present, that a multitude of persons who have themselves received but little education, are most laudably desirous of affording that advantage to their children. In this very numerous and respectable class, there is a liability to errors just the reverse of those which we have mentioned as unfortunately common among among educated men. While the latter are

prone to be unreasonably prejudiced in favour of the forms and methods practised on themselves, the former are as likely to be duped by the pretence of striking novelty and original invention. With such, the display of uncouth terms and strange conceits is very apt to pass for evidence of vast superiority to antiquated systems; and on such, no doubt the puffs which we allude to, are primarily designed to operate. We wish that we could say that they extend no further. But unhappily we know it to be true, that even these paltry artifices take effect in minds of higher order. It is a melancholy fact, that some whose taste and judgment are offended by such nonsense, are actually ashamed of their attachment to old usages, and, for fear of being obsolete, are fain to swallow the absurd concoctions of capricious innovation. We might say more, much more; though not perhaps without relinquishing our purpose of avoiding all specification and detail. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with an expression of our fears, that the usual tendency of ostentation and undue attachment to mere form, will not be varied or reversed in this case.

We trust that we shall not be misapprehended when we mention, as a fourth characteristic of too many novel schemes, that they tend to encourage superficialness of study and acquirement. This may be thought by some to belong to the practice, not the theory of teaching, and therefore, to be incident to all plans, good or bad. To some extent this is unquestionably true, and we are willing to exclude from our description all that falls within the limits of mere practice, and is therefore chargeable on careless or unskilful operators. We refer at present to no other superficialness than that which is the legitimate result of an erroneous system, and which cannot fail to flow from such a system, be the faithfulness and skill of the performer what it may. The fact that such a tendency exists in many systems, we shall not attempt to prove; but content ourselves with simply as-

suming and asserting it. The cause of it we consider twofold.

In the first place, it arises from the passion for new methods and devices. Whatever education may have gained by innovation, we are sure that nothing has been gained in depth. The advocates of novelty may say what they will about the conformity of their plans to the laws of mind and the practical utility of their expedients. They may amplify *ad libitum* the superficial area of study and acquirement, and indefinitely multiply the individual objects of attention. But the very act of doing so confirms our strong belief, that in regard to one grand attribute, all modern speculations are diverging vastly further from the standard of truth than any former systems. This one attribute is nothing else than thorough-going accuracy. The crying sin of old fashioned methods of instruction is the sacrifice of time, and ease, and "practical utility," in order to secure profound and solid acquisition. The most plausible objections to existing systems will be found upon inspection, to involve an admission that they make too much of mere correctness and provide too little for the pleasantness and swiftness of the students' progress. We are far from saying that there has been no excess in these respects, or that among European scholars of the olden time there was not a strong propensity to overdo the matter; but we do say, that at present, there is very little ground for such complaints. The age of scrupulous and sifting study has, we fear, gone by. The current sets, at present, in an opposite direction, and those who are at all disposed to favour the old methods, find it hard enough to save themselves from being overwhelmed in the prevailing freshet. If these statements be correct, it follows that at least the greater part of the improvements now proposed, have some other end in view than an increase of depth and accuracy. They are rather designed to soften the harsh features of the ancient discipline; to sweeten the edge of its bitter cup; to oil the articulations of its ponderous machine-

ry. It follows, of course, then, that these new expedients not only may, but must, have a tendency to generate the habits of superficial study.

This fault, however, is not wholly chargeable on the mere rage of novelty. There is another cause which mightily contributes to the same effect. The multiplicity of objects now included in the course of study, is sufficient, of itself, to render depth and accuracy as to any one, impossible. We have no idea of attempting to define the boundary between inexpedient and expedient subjects of preparatory study. After all that could be said, much must, of course, be left to individual discretion; and a better test of judgment in a teacher could not be desired. Thus much, however, we are prepared to say, that there are indications of a disposition to enlarge the field of study, or more properly the number of things studied, to a preposterous extent. And to make bad worse, this rage for multiplicity of topics, is too often attended by a woful lack of judgment in selecting and arranging them. The specifications necessary to confirm this statement must again be left to private observation. So strong, however, is our own conviction of the fact and its probable results, that we are almost tempted to estimate an institution or a teacher in the inverse ratio of the bill of fare which they exhibit to the public.

---

SONG.

Love is a fountain, dearest,

Sunny and deep :

Love is a mountain, dearest,

Rugged and steep :

Then turn on life's mountain and drink at love's fountain ;

Though found amidst peril its waters are sweet.

Every rose has a thorn, dearest ;  
 I may be yours ;  
 But merely for form, dearest ;  
 This love assures,  
 Still, you'll not be astonished if others, admonished,  
 Should fly from the thorn of the rose which allures.

Climb we this mountain, dearest,  
 Rugged and steep ;  
 Drink from the fountain, dearest,  
 Sunny and deep.  
 For love is the fountain which springs on life's mountain  
 And they who drink wisely shall balmily sleep.

---

## LETTERS ON THE EARLY LATIN WRITERS.

### LETTER II.

LIV. ANDRONICUS.—NÆVIUS.—ENNIUS.

MY DEAR BOY:—Let us see what was the condition of Rome at the point from which we begin, 240 B. C., 514 A. U. C. The republic was now beginning to extend her military operations beyond the continent, and the great source of excitement in every mind was the Punic commonwealth, upon the African coast—the Great Britain of ancient war and commerce. At the time when we begin, the first Punic war which had lasted twenty-three years was just ending, and there was peace for more than twenty years. This conflict with a commercial and self-indulgent people gave a new turn to the Roman manners. More than a million of dollars suddenly brought into the treasury was a powerful influence to so poor and plain a state ; where Regulus, when chosen consul, was found sowing grain in his field.

Meanwhile the republic was extending its territory in Italy, and laws, manufacture and trade were beginning to attain their proper eminence.

It was just at this peaceful season between the first and the second Punic war, that Livius Andronicus and Naevius appear upon the stage. Perhaps a new taste for literary enjoyments had been borrowed from Africa, and especially from Sicily, in which learning had flourished almost as in a second Greece. Syracuse was another Athens. The courts of Sicilian monarchs were the retreats of the Muses. Aeschylus spent his latter years in Syracuse, and there wrote his tragedy of the *Persae*. There also Epicharmus, the first Greek comic author who rose above the rude drolleries of abusive farce, produced those dramas which were afterwards imitated by Plautus. He was a philosopher and a Pythagorean, even in his merriment. Some of the tyrants were great patrons of learning, and Plato, Aristippus, Aeschines and Theocritus all found refuge in this voluptuous island. It was here that most of the struggles of the first Punic war were carried on, and the rough Roman soldiery must have got new ideas, as to beauty, taste, the arts, poetry, and mental pleasures, from the people with whom they contended, from the splendid cities which they sacked, and from the accomplished scholars whom they took prisoners. It was just in this way, that, centuries after, the Crusades tended to the civilization and refinement of Europe. The cities of their great ally Hiero II. were full of theatres, in which were presented the first productions of Greek art, which were no doubt witnessed by many thousands of the Romans. It was about fifty years since the death of Menander, the great comic poet of Athens who was directly imitated by the Latin comic writers, without exception.

Previously to this, the plays introduced for religious purposes from Etruria, the burlesque pantomime, and the dialogue of repartee and sarcasm, had not begun to deserve the name of comedy. Their metres had been chiefly the

rude Saturnian verse, of which you will find specimens in Macaulay—the subject sometimes war, sometimes soothsaying—and the occasions, harvest, vintage, and banquets. From such a state, the transition was more rapid than could have been expected. Let us glance at it before going into particulars.

“It was Livius Andronicus, the first on our catalogue, who made them acquainted with the poetry of the Greeks, and sang some of their finest productions in the Latin Saturnian measures. It was a borrowed fire which never burned with the glow of the original. Yet the poetical language of Greece advanced with almost inconceivable rapidity towards refinement. In half a century, the undisciplined Saturnian verse of Livius Andronicus had subsided into the harmonious diction of Plautus, and ere long swelled into the mellifluous softness and elegant simplicity of Terence. It was reserved for a later age to shew the capabilities of the Latin tongue, in the hands of Horace, Virgil, Propertius and Tibullus. Yet even in this stage of improvement, the Latin literature never failed to show that it was a reflection from the Greek.”

Livius Andronicus was a Græco-Italian of Magna Græcia. When this beautiful country was subdued by the Romans, he was brought to Rome, where he was first a slave and then a freeman. His first play was acted about B. C. 240. Like Thespis, Aristophanes, Moliere and Shakspeare, he acted in his own plays. Livy (vii. 2) informs us, that when from being frequently encored (*saepius revocatus*) he lost his power of voice, he introduced a boy who pronounced the parts while he made the gesture. And this most extraordinary method became the prevalent one at Rome. Livius and his players became so popular that a theatre was erected for them upon the Aventine Hill.

Livius wrote both tragedy and comedy. The titles show that they were both on the Greek model and on Greek stories; such for instance as Achilles, Ajax, the Centaurs, the



Trojan Horse, Helen, &c. It is likely most of them were translations from the Greek, made with the zeal naturally felt by a learned foreigner to make known the literature of his own countrymen to the ruder nations among whom he lives. Not a single play of Livius remains. We may regret this the less as Cicero tells us they were scarcely worth a reperusal: "*Livinae fabulae non satis dignae quae iterum legantur.*" He translated the *Odyssey* into Latin verse, of Saturnian measure, which led Cicero to compare it to the rude figures of *Dædalus* or early sculptors: "*Nam et Odyssea Latina est sic, tamquam opus aliquod Daedali*"—These books were read as studies by the Roman youth, even in the Augustan age. Perhaps you remember the first passage in the first epistle of the second book, in which Horace complains of the hard master "*plagosum Orbilius*," who forced him to learn the verses of Livius.

"Non equidem insector, delandaque carmina *Livi*.—v. 69.

The longest passage of Livius, now known to exist, consists of only four lines:

"*Et jam purperes suras include cothurno,  
Baltheus et revocet volucres in pectore sinus;  
Pressaque jam gravida crepitent tibi terga pharetra;  
Dirige odorisequos ad caeca cubilia canes.*"

There is good reason to believe with Scaliger, that the Latin is too modern to have ever proceeded from Livius Andronicus. Enough has been said of an author of whom we possess nothing. He was worth naming however, as, if not the greatest, yet undoubtedly the first of the Roman writers.

I have spoken of the Saturnian verse. It is supposed to have originated in the song of the Salic, or dancing priests, and was adopted in the works of Andronicus and Naevius. As a specimen we may take the lines sung by the Metelli against the poet Naevius, who lampooned them unmercifully.

"*Et Naevio poetae,  
Cum saepe laederentur,  
Dabunt malum Metelle,  
Dabunt malum Metelle,  
Dabunt malum Metelle.*

Prof. Hermann, of Leipzig, the greatest authority on the subject of ancient metres, considers the Saturnian line as two iambuses, an amphibrachys, and three trochees,

“Four and twenty black birds—baked in a pie.”

It was however the loosest sort of iambics, and admitted other feet in consistency with the usual jingle of the measure. This was the ballad-measure in which old Naevius used to throw about his scandal. He was of Campania, and was a soldier in the first Punic war, of which he wrote a history in verse, as the solace of his old age. In this work the dialect is far more antiquated than that of Livius. Naevius is a genuine specimen of the old Roman poet—short, rough, quaint, droll, racy, bold, abusive, a faun or satyr among the muses, bearing the same relation to Horace as Chaucer does to Pope. We have nothing of his tragedies but the names. Of his comedies, we find more praises in antiquity. “Cicero (says Dunlap) has given us some specimens of his jests, with which that celebrated wit and orator appears to have been greatly amused; but they consist rather in unexpected turns of expression or a play of words, than in genuine humour. One of these recorded in the second book de Oratore, has found its way into our jest books; and though one of the best in Cicero, it is one of the worst in Joe Miller. It is the saying of a knavish servant, ‘that nothing was shut up from him in his master’s house.’—‘Solum esse cui domi nihil sit obsignatum, nec oclusum.’”

You are probably aware that the old Greek comedy, as distinguished from the middle and the later, was exceedingly free and abusive, retaining much of the ribaldry which it used to throw out on spectators from the cart of Thespis, using masks to represent real personages, and presenting real characters on the stage. This was the sort of comedy which prevailed in Southern Italy and Sicily; this was what especially gratified the mob of Rome; this accordingly was what proceeded from the pen of Naevius. The greatest men of

Rome and their most distressing deformities were the objects of his satire. Not even the virtues, learning and glory of his old general, Scipio Africanus, the conqueror of Hannibal, the wisest and greatest man of his age could save him from the thong of Naevius. He dragged out to light the alleged dissipation of his youth. The offence given to the Metelli has already been mentioned. Naevius charged several of this patrician family with obtaining the consulship before the age assigned by law. Such was the indignation felt, that the poor poet was cast into prison, where he wrote two comedies, which his enemies were willing to receive as an apology; and he was freed by the tribunes. But so inveterate was his habit of sarcasm, that he soon began to lay about him in his old manner, and accordingly he was forced to leave Italy, and fly to Utica in Africa, where he died. Aulus Gellius, in his *Attic Nights*, gives the epitaphs of three Roman poets, written by themselves, viz: of Naevius, Plautus and Pacuvius. "The epitaph of Naevius, says he, is full of Campanian self-importance; though the contents of it might be true, if another had written it."

Mortalis immortalis flere si foret fas:  
Flerent divae Camoenae Naevium poetam,  
Itaque, postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro,  
Oblitei Romae loquies sunt Latina lingua.

Lib. 1. c. 24.

"If immortals could weep for mortals, the Muses would weep for the poet Naevius; and thus, since he has been consigned to the treasure house of Orcus, they have forgotten to speak the Latin tongue."

Naevius translated from the Greek a poem which he called the *Cyprian Iliad*. Cicero tells us, that notwithstanding their roughness, the works of Naevius gave him the same pleasure as a venerable sculpture; and adds that Ennius, the next in order, borrowed more from this predecessor than he was willing to acknowledge.

It is proper to cast a glance at the condition of the Latin language during this period. "Greek grammarians and

rhetoricians were found in Rome at this time ; Greek models were held up to the Romans for imitation ; and soon, as in the case of Lucius Lucullus, Aulus Albinus, and Scipio Africanus, works designed for the educated classes were written in Greek. The earliest improvements in the language were made by the epic and the dramatic poets. But still greater advances were subsequently effected among the people at large, upon whom statesmen and orators exerted a strong influence in regard to prose composition, enstamping indelibly upon it the character of earnestness and practical intelligence. A distinction came to be made between *lingua vulgaris* and the *lingua Latina*. From the vulgar dialect of the populace in the city and adjoining country, was distinguished the more correct, refined and polished language of the educated, which was employed by the poets and the orators, and which through their influence finally became universal."\*

The next of whom I have to speak is Quintus Ennius, commonly called the Father of Roman song. You will perceive by the chart I send you, how long a life he lived, and how he serves as an extensive link between Livius and Pacuvius, and almost to Lucilius. It was during this period that the second Punic war of seventeen years was carried on, that Macedonia was humbled, and that Roman armies were first sent into Asia. The luxuries brought from these conquests produced a marked effect on the character of the people. But their literature was as yet a poor beggarly thing, and the same nation borrowed all from the Greeks, and acted comedies in the streets, who could boast of her Metelli, Scipios and Aemilius, of humbling the Macedonian and the Syrian monarchies, and were soon to have the empire of the world. Ennius was a great favourite of his age. You will find him more frequently cited by Cicero than any Roman author : e. g. *de Off.* c. viii. § 26, p. 367. He was a native

\* "Classical Studies."

of Calabria, and went at an early age to Sardinia. It was in the year B. C. 204 that he was brought to Rome, in the prime of manhood, by Cato the Censor, who called at the island on his way home from the questorship of Africa. At Rome he lived in great frugality, on the Aventine Hill, teaching Greek to the young nobles, and making friends among the intelligent. But he left letters for war during a certain period, under M. Fulvius, and gained such credit that he received the freedom of the city. When it is said that he accompanied Sc. Africanus in his campaigns, we must consider them as exploits of his early, provincial wars for the Spanish and African wars of Scipio were concluded before Ennius came to Rome. This will explain a difficulty suggested by Dunlop, and copied (as more than one thing in Dunlop is copied) by Dr. Anthon. He became the intimate friend of Scipio Nasica, the relative of the elder and greater Scipio; himself a soldier and reputed to be the most virtuous man in Rome. Of their familiarity, Cicero tells the following story, from which many a modern jest derives its descent. *de Or.* 11, 68. Nasica, says Cicero, called upon the poet at his house on the Aventine Hill, and was told by the girl at the door that he was not at home. Nasica knew very well that she had been instructed to say so falsely. After a few days, Ennius called in return on Nasica; the latter cries out in his own proper voice that he is not at home. 'What' cries Ennius, 'do not I know your voice?' 'Shameless man,' replies Nasica, 'I believed your maid when she said you were not at home; and will you not believe me?'

Horace intimates that he was fond of wine, and hence wrote of battles best when moist:

"Ennius ipse pater nunquam, nisi potus, ad arma  
Prosiluit dicenda."

But this is where he is expressly inveighing against water-drinkers. (*Ep. lib. 1. ep. 19, v. 7*). He died of a disease of the joints resembling gout, at the age of 70, just after he had exhibited his tragedy of *Thyestes*. Cicero, in his ex-

quisite work de Senectute, cites old Ennius as bearing with an equanimity almost amounting to pleasure, two of what are reckoned the heaviest of man's burdens, old age and poverty. (de Sen. c. 5). His bust was placed in the family tomb of the Scipios, and was remaining in Livy's days, near one of the southern gates, together with the statues of the two great Scipios. This tomb was brought to light in 1780.

I have spoken of the epitaph of Naevius; there is one of Ennius on himself, which is quite as vain and arrogant, but I omit it. In the sixth satire of Persius, he alludes to an attempt of Ennius to persuade his countrymen, that the soul of Homer had transmigrated into his body after passing through a peacock. He also affected to have seen the shade of Homer explaining to him the universe; but perhaps only in that way of poetical fiction in which Dante, the sublimest of Italian poets, represents himself as visited and instructed by Virgil.

Most of Ennius's works were plays; and most of these translations from the Attic tragic writers. He preferred those which had most plot and most characters; this was the Roman taste; of course he chose the latter before the earlier, Euripides before Sophocles, and Sophocles before Æschylus. Not one of these plays remains to us, nor any extract of more than a few lines. Some of the passages, especially one from the *Andromache*, display great vigour and pathos, more resembling the Greek than the Latin. Some of these plays drew great applause in the theatres. Cicero, speaking of one of them, asks if there exist such an enemy of the Roman name, as to disparage the *Medea* of Ennius. Being a Calabrian, he made himself merry in his works with the soothsayers, who were from the north.

Ennius was also a satirist, refining and adapting to later taste the ancient Italian satires, and interweaving passages from the Greek authors. These were the first attempts in a kind of literature supposed to be peculiar to the Romans.

His great work however was his *Annals*, or metrical chron-

icle of Rome ; the production of his old age ; a sort of versified newspaper, as it is called by Mr. Dunlop. The matter-of-fact Romans relished this better than gods or naiads, in this being infinitely removed from the sunny children of Greece. Their houses were without floors and without chimneys, and master and slave sat at the same table, but then they were mighty with the sword. "The locks of Curius," says Dunlop, "were perhaps uncombed ; but though the republic had as yet produced no character of literary elegance, she had given birth to Cincinnatus, and Fabricius, and Camillus." And it was the exploits of these which the veteran loved to hear, over his wine cups, or by the smoke of his own wintry fires. You will find in Macaulay's *Lays of Rome*, a statement of Niebuhr's opinion, that all the Roman history had been versified in ballads of the Saturnian measure, before the time of Ennius, and that he merely put these into hexameter and threw contempt on the old songs, in order to be regarded as the father of Roman poetry. "He was, in truth, the father of the second school of Latin poetry, of the only school of which the works have descended to us. But from Ennius himself we learn there were poets who stood to him in the same relation in which the author of the romance of Count Alarcas stood to Garcilaso, or the author of the 'Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode,' to Lord Surrey. Ennius speaks of verses which the Fauns and the Bards were wont to chaunt in the old time, when none had yet studied the graces of speech, when none had yet climbed the peaks sacred to the goddesses of Grecian song. 'Where,' Cicero mournfully asks, 'are those old verses now?'" Fabius Pictor, contemporary with Ennius, the earliest of the Roman historians, speaking of Romulus and Remus, says that in his time, his countrymen were still in the habit of singing ballads about the Fauns. And Scaliger suggests, that the Fauns, monsters half-gods and half-brutes, may have been in Latium, what the Magi were in Persia and the Bards in Gaul. But all this aboriginal poetry was swept away by the deluge of

Greek; for Livius, Naevius and Ennius were but so many Greeks writing in Latin.

From the testimony of Cicero, Horace and others, there must have been passages of great dignity, stateliness and descriptive power in the Annals. Indeed, if I might venture an opinion founded on fragments, modern critics have greatly undervalued Ennius, who deserves to stand in the very first rank of Roman poets. Ovid says "Ennius ingenio maximus—arte rudis." Scaliger wishes we had him in lieu of Lucan, Statius, Silius Italicus, "et tous ces garçons là." Quintilian likens him to sacred, venerable groves, where beauty is less sought, than religious awe. Ennius, I may mention, composed a poem called *Phaetia*; it was on good eating and cookery, particularly on fish. He also translated from Latin prose, a Greek work of Euhemerus. Ennius had a decided influence in the formation of the Latin language. "His genius was fertile in the invention of new words, and he had the Greek and Oscan languages perfectly at his command; but he was less skilful in the construction of sentences. Still he preserved the genuine character of the Latin, softened its asperities, and transformed its loose and abrupt style into one more compact and flowing. Though by anticipation, (I will say) Pacuvius is represented by some writers, as excelling Ennius, in accuracy of expression and skill in composition. In Plautus, we find a complete mastery of a pure and graceful Latinity; though it is in Terence that a direct aim at elegance of language first becomes observable." For a time the Latin language suffered materially, from this undue mixture of the Greek.

A SCHOOLMASTER.



---

**EVENING BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BRANDY-  
WINE.**

'Tis the tremor of Earth, 'tis the pealing of drums,  
When a host with its leader indignantly comes ;  
'Tis the rolling of wheels that is borne from afar,  
Like the moan of the sea, 'tis the thunder of war,  
And the coming of dawn on the hills shall reveal  
The swaying of banners, a forest of steel.  
Ye are come from the glens, the green, silent, old wood.  
To the stern of the spear, to the vintage of blood,  
From your desolate homes ye are come in your wrath,  
To the feast of the sword, to the banquet of death,  
And his is the buckler and angel of God,  
Whose feet shall return from this hoof-beaten sod.

There's a sob on the winds, there is gloom on the sky,  
And an ominous murmur runs tremblingly by,  
In whose moan, like the hurricane's coming I hear  
The mingling of armies, the clang of the spear.  
By the winds that have sunk to their echoless halls,  
By the breath of the desolate whisper that falls  
On my soul like the pinion of Death, by the gleam  
Of blood that shoots up from blue Brandywine's stream,  
By the motionless folds of yon pennon, I know  
That the heads of the mighty to-morrow shall bow.  
Stern hearts ! who are come to this terrible feast,  
From the hills of the North, from the vales of the East,  
Ye have girded your loins, ye have taken the sword  
Ye are come up to die in the ranks of the Lord,—  
The glory of Paradise dawn on his soul  
O'er whose corse War's dread anthem unheeded shall roll :  
A brief day, and there rose the gay music of mirth,  
From the hay-scented plains of this garden of earth  
And the shout of the reaper was glad on the hill,

When the curtain of twilight grew balmy and still,  
And the Sabbath hymn rose from the spire in the vale,  
The heart of the mourner sent up on the gale.

Oh God, what a change! in its tempest of power,  
Hath our sorrow come up in a day, in an hour;  
With cannon and banner and trumpet and brand,  
The blood-feasted Demon towers on through the land;  
A wail for the living, a wail for the dead,  
A wail through the vales where our kindred have bled,  
For purity blighted, for innocence slain,  
For the young hands uplifted for succour in vain!  
A dirge for the aged, a moan for the lost!  
Who lie dumb in the dust of the feet of the host,  
That hath blackened our hamlets and crimsoned our glades,  
That hath trampled our harvests and startled our shades  
With the blazing of roofs, with the tramp of the flying,  
The shriek of the maiden, the shriek of the dying.  
Most mighty in battle, to ravage—enslave,  
A people have come o'er the path of the wave,  
With the blast of their navies, the plunge of their oars,  
They have shaken our waters and darkened our shores;  
Our hills hear the tramp of their iron-clad forms,  
And their banners sweep down on our valleys like storms.  
They may conquer to-morrow; our brothers may fall  
In the glance of the sword, in the path of the ball;  
They may mock at our corse that blacken the sod,  
They may fatten the weeds of the waste with our blood,  
But, if high beyond the broad, fathomless blue,  
The lightning's red halls and the springs of the dew,  
In the solitude, twilight and silence of space,  
Where the white stars flash on in their limitless race,  
Dwells an Infinite God, uncreated, sublime,  
Shall his vengeance forget not the children of crime.

Brave souls! by the memories of ravage and wrong,  
Through your desolate bosoms that darkle and throng;

**By the shrieks of your wives, by the blood of your sires,  
That hath clotted your hearths, by the demon-lit fires  
That have levelled your homes, that have shrouded your  
    spires,**

**When the cheek of the boldest shall pale with affright,  
Need I urge you? be firm to the death in the fight.  
When Horror glooms dark o'er the lengthening line,  
Where the Foe at the mandate of vengeance combine,  
When the iron-mailed hoof of the charger is press'd  
With an infinite stress on the passionless breast,  
When the cannon's hot lips send a gleam through the rift  
Of vibrating rack which the thunder winds lift,  
In the raining of blood, in the dashing of plumes,  
In the meeting of blades, in the crashing of drums,  
Fear not, tremble not, falter not, for the Lord  
Of armies is with you—your shield and your sword.  
The day to his couch of soft amber is creeping,  
Long shadows across our encampment are sweeping  
A balm for the hearts that forever shall mourn,  
The forms from this sod that shall never return;  
And a crown for the head that uncoffined shall lie  
Ere the sun of to-morrow rolls low in the sky!  
Farewell, when the rattle, the crimson and roar  
Of battle are ended, its terrors, no more,  
Again should we meet on this scene, may it be  
In the temple of Peace, in the land of the Free.**

T. B.

---

## THE ODYSSEY.

### No. I.

How few do justice to this noble poem! Nay, how few know any thing about it! We remember, when we were a

boy, how skeptical we felt about the primacy of Homer, and how secretly we set him down, at different times, below Burns and Byron. We doubt whether boys, big or little, ever do believe *ex animo* in Homer or any other master-mind. They may take the truth on trust, and even think that they believe it, but they never do. They may have the Iliad, and Paradise Lost, and if ambitious to be scholars, the Divina Commedia on their table, to be seen by company; but in that very table-drawer lies Moore or Scott or Thomson for private use. It is not till one has worked his way through half a dozen stages of absurdity, the measles, chicken-pox, and whooping-cough of intellect, that such a form as that of Homer becomes visible. When we read him now, it is with wonder at the puerile delusion which prevented us of old from seeing that unique combination of simplicity and grandeur which stamps him as the prince of poets. The plainest things related in the plainest manner, but with such an exquisite felicity of diction and such magnificence of versification, that it seems like Polyphemus milking his goats, a combination which would be absurd if it were not sublime.

It is also perhaps an effect of age, that while we still admire the battles of the Iliad, we prefer the narratives and landscapes of the Odyssey. The views of society presented are so natural and life-like, though inserted in a super-human or heroic frame, that we are constantly astonished and yet always feel at home. We have known Eumæus all our life, and can remember seeing old Laertes hoeing in his vineyard when we were in petticoats. The art by which Homer has contrived to impart dignity to all that is most homely and familiar is the very thing which forces us to own his supremacy.

In reperusing this delightful poem, after five and twenty years of almost total neglect, we are startled to observe how many of the fictions we have read in the long interval, may here be traced in their germ, and sometimes in the bud or flower. After all that has been pilfered from the Odyssey

already, it still contains materials, both plots and incidents, for many a stout novel or romantic poem, just as the Coliseum, after furnishing the stone for all the modern palaces of Rome, has still enough of itself left to constitute the grandest monument and ruin of the Eternal City.

No English reader can excuse himself for not enjoying nearly all this, while he has access to Cowper's version. But the merits of this wonderful performance are as little known as those of the original. It is only those who, like ourself within a few days, patiently compare a passage of some length in the translation and the Greek, that can believe what better judges have so often said as to the astonishing fidelity with which the thoughts of Homer are transferred into the purest English, with scarcely an addition, an omission, or a substitution. The minuter beauties of the phraseology, and the majestic thunder of the epic rhythm, must of course be lost in all translations; but the thoughts, the images, the action, the costume of this sublime and beautiful romance, are all preserved in pure, clear, strong, and double-refined English, by an exquisitely delicate and discriminating critic, as well as an original writer of consummate merit.'

The unity of the poem and the personality of Homer are proved by the extraordinary art with which it is constructed. The most perfect of modern romances cannot boast of a plot more skilfully contrived or more completely carried out. The interruptions and transitions of the narrative, the interweaving of the several distinct threads which compose it, are more perfect than in any novel that we ever read, although composed with all the advantage of copying this faultless model. The effect of this consummate structure is enhanced by a rhetorical merit often wanting in later works of high pretension. We mean the constant increase in the interest of the story to the end, notwithstanding the gradual disappearance of the supernatural and even the adventurous, to make room for events and scenes entirely domestic. The

romantic interest attached to these is still more striking as a proof of transcendent genius, because the only love which they involve is that of a married pair, whose reunion, after twenty years of separation, constitutes the dénouement of the whole story. Out of such a love-tale what could even a French novel writer hope to make?

Next to the structure of the poem, it may be advantageously compared with any other epic or romance in the essential quality of moral painting or delineation of character. Its characteristic qualities in this respect are distinctness, variety, truthfulness, and indirectness, i. e. the suggestion of character by incident and action, rather than formal and express description. As to all these points, the greatness of the poem may be staked upon a few of the more prominent figures. It may even be left to rest upon the family portraits of Ulysses, Penelope, and Telemachus. The generous but unformed son, the high-spirited but feminine mother, are no less true to nature in the slighter strokes by which they are portayed, than the strongly marked and deeply chiseled limbs and features of the husband and the father. Strange to say, there is a kind of charm even in the hero's harmless mendacity, his fondness for hoaxing his best friends, even under the most trying circumstances, but always with a view to their greater delight afterwards. Nowhere throughout the two poems is the master's hand more visible than in the recognition of Ulysses by Penelope, the provoking but most natural reserve and hesitation upon her part, and the no less natural resentment upon his, serving however to enhance the rapture of the reconciliation: The same thing may be said of the consummate skill with which Telemachus is painted, on the verge of manhood, eager to act a manly part, but not yet free from the capricious tenderness of childhood.

The same power of delineation may be traced even in the minor characters, which strike us less because they are less prominent and have less influence upon the progress

of the story. It is no proof of deficiency, but rather of the contrary, that Homer's least attractive pictures are the pictures of his gods, who, notwithstanding their affirmed superiority, are vastly inferior in grace and dignity to his men and women. This is not the poet's fault, but that of his religion, and may even be rejoiced in, as diminishing the meretricious charms of heathenism, even when adorned and recommended by the most stupendous genius of the heathen world.

The only other attribute of this great masterpiece which we can afford to specify is the extraordinary power of description where the subject is material and local, or derived from the habits of inferior animals. Apart from the exactness of detail which is attested by topographers, zoologists and painters, the selection of particulars is so judicious, and their presentation so artistical and graphic, that the least imaginative reader may without extravagance be said to see them. No one who has lately read the poem with attention, even in a version, can forget the splendid pictures of the islands of Calypso, Circe, and the Cyclops, Scylla and Charybdis, the escape from shipwreck on the coast of Phaeacia, the landing in Ithaca, the cottage of Eumaeus, and a dozen other landscapes, to which may be added all the similes, not one of which perhaps is without some indication of exact acquaintance with external nature and the characteristic habits of the lower animals.

With these views of the merit of the *Odyssey*, we cannot but wonder at two facts, over and above the apparent oblivion of the poem, both by Greek and English readers. In the first place, we wonder that historical painters are content to draw subjects from the turbid streams instead of ascending to the fountain head. Some of the finest scenes in history or fiction, for the purpose indicated, may be found in this forgotten poem. In the next place, we wonder that the new and adventurous order of itinerant lecturers have never struck upon this vein or rather this exhaustless mine most attractive of metal and peculiarly adapted ad captan-

dum vulgus. The two suggestions may be happily reduced to one, namely, that of a Homeric Panorama, in which the untaught ear might be accustomed to the sound of the original, by the occasional declamation of a line or two, and the whole made intelligible by a running narrative, interspersed with some of the most striking passages from Cowper's version.

This leads us in conclusion to repeat, or rather to supply a previous omission by remarking, that the translation of the great Greek poet by a writer noted for his mastery of English, no less than for poetical genius, has enriched the language, not with new works but with new combinations, some of which are not the less striking because seldom quoted and we fear too little read. This is not a thing to be exemplified or proved by mere quotation. The felicitous expression is in many cases a short phrase which cannot well be severed from its context. The utmost that we can undertake in this way is to copy a few passages, which would, in our opinion, be entitled to the highest admiration, as samples of original composition, while at the same time they are strictly faithful to the substance of the Greek text, and may also serve as illustrations of some previous observations as to the peculiar power of Homer himself.

The pathos which attaches to the trying situation of Telemachus is beautifully brought out in the following description of the way in which he closed an expostulation to the suitors :

He spake impassioned, and to earth cast down  
His sceptre weeping. Pity at that sight  
Seized all the people; mute the assembly sat  
Long time, nor dared with answer rough to greet  
Telemachus.

The same thing reappears in the effect produced upon him by the narrative of Menelaus :

So saying, he kindled in him strong desire  
To mourn his father. At his father's name



Fast fell his tears to ground, and with both hands  
He spread his purple cloak before his eyes ;  
Which Menelaus marking doubtful sat,  
If he should leave him to lament his sire,  
Or question him, and tell him all at large.

This is immediately followed by an exquisite but altogether different description, that of Helen and her work-table :

While thus he doubted, Helen, as it chanced,  
Leaving her fragrant chamber, came, august  
As Dian, goddess of the golden bow.  
Abrasta, for her use, set forth a throne,  
Alcippe with soft arras covered it ;  
And Philo brought her silver basket, gift  
Of fair Alcandra, wife of Polybus,  
Whose mansion in Egyptian Thebes is rich  
In untold treasure, and who gave himself  
Ten golden talents, and two silver baths,  
With two bright tripods to the Spartan prince,  
Besides what Helen from his spouse received ;  
A golden spindle and a basket wheeled,  
Itself of silver and its lip of gold.  
That basket Philo, her own handmaid, placed  
At Helen's side, with slenderest thread replete,  
On which infolded thick with purple wool  
The spindle lay.

With this may be contrasted the inimitable picture of Calypso's grotto, which may safely challenge a comparison with any passage of the same kind, Greek or English :

A fire on all the hearth  
Blazed sprightly, and afar diffused the scent  
Of smooth-split cedar and of cypress-wood,  
Odorous, burning, cheered the happy isle.  
She, busied at the loom and plying fast  
Her golden shuttle, with melodious voice  
Sat chanting there. A grove on either side,  
Alder and poplar, and the redolent branch  
Of cypress, hemmed the dark retreat around.  
There many a bird of broadest pinion built  
Secure her nest, the owl, the kite, the daw.  
A garden-vine luxuriant on all sides  
Mantled the spacious cavern, cluster-hung

Profuse. Four fountains of serenest lymph,  
 Their sinuous course pursuing side by side,  
 Strayed all around, and everywhere appeared  
 Meadows of softest verdure, purpled o'er  
 With violets. It was a scene to fill  
 A god from heaven with wonder and delight.

The same hand, but with a different pencil and a stronger  
 touch, painted the shipwreck of Ulysses :

A billow, at that word, with dreadful sweep  
 Rolled o'er his head and whirled the raft around,  
 Dashed from the steerage o'er the vessel's side,  
 He plunged remote. The gust of mingling winds  
 Snapped short the mast, and sail and sail-yard bore  
 Afar into the deep. Long time beneath  
 The whelming waves he lay, nor could emerge  
 With sudden force, for furious was the shock,  
 And his apparel, fair Calypso's gift,  
 Oppressed him sorely. But at length he rose,  
 And rising spattered from his lips the brine,  
 Which trickling left his brow in many a stream.  
 Nor, though distressed, unmindful to regain  
 His raft was he, but buffeting the waves  
 Pursued and, well nigh at his dying gasp,  
 Recovered it and in the centre sat.  
 She, by the billows tost, at random rolled.  
 As when in autumn Boreas o'er the plain  
 Before him drives a mass of matted thorns,  
 They tangled to each other close adhere ;  
 So her the winds drove wild about the deep.  
 By turns the South consigned her, as in sport,  
 To the rude North-wind, and the West by turns  
 Received her from the intermitting East.  
 . . . . . As when the wind,  
 Tempestuous falling on a stubble-heap,  
 The arid straws disperses every way,  
 So flew the timbers.

The rescue is, if possible, still finer.

Two nights of terror and two dreadful days  
 Bewildered in the deep, and many a time,  
 Foreboding death, he roamed. But when at length  
 The third bright morn appeared, the wind assuaged

Blow softly and a breathless calm ensued.  
Then casting from a billow's height a look  
Of anxious heed, he saw Phaeacia nigh.  
Precious as to his children seems the life  
Of some fond father, who hath long endured  
An adverse demon's rage, by slow disease  
And ceaseless anguish wasted, till the Gods  
Dispel at length their fears and he revives—  
So grateful to Ulysses' sight appeared  
Forests and hills. Impatient with his feet  
To press the shore, he swam; but when within  
Such distance as a shout may reach he came,  
The thunder of the sea against the rocks  
Then smote his ear.

With both hands suddenly he seized the rock  
And foaming clenched it till the billow past.  
So baffled he that wave, but yet again  
The reflux wave rushed on him, and with force  
Relentless dashed him far into the sea.  
As when the polypus enforced forsakes  
His rough recess, in his contracted claws  
He gripes the pebbles still, to which he clung—  
So he within his lacerated grasp  
The crumbled stone retained, when from his hold  
The huge wave forced him and he sank again.

After his final rescue, what a feeling of comfort is awakened by seeing him ensconced between two olive trees!

A covert which nor rough winds blowing moist  
Could penetrate, nor could the noon-day sun  
Smite through it, or unceasing showers pervade,  
So thick a roof the ample branches formed  
Close interwoven. Under these the chief  
Retiring, with industrious hands amassed  
An ample couch, for fallen leaves he found  
Abundant there, such store as had sufficed  
Two travellers or three for covering warm,  
Though winters roughest blasts had raged the while.  
That bed with joy the suffering dirge renowned  
Contemplated and occupying soon  
The middle space, heaped higher still the leaves.  
As when some swain hath hidden deep his torch  
Beneath the embers at the verge extreme

Of all his farm, where, having neighbours none,  
 He saves a seed or two of future flame  
 Alive, doomed else to fetch it from afar—  
 So with dry leaves Ulysses overspread  
 His body, on whose eyes Minerva poured  
 The balm of sleep, and eager to restore  
 His wasted strength, soon closed their weary lids.

We see no trace of foreign idiom in any of these passages, and if they were original, we have no doubt they would be regarded by the best judges as entitled to the highest praise. How much more when they reproduce so perfectly the meaning of another! The same thing is emphatically true of the following sublime but horrible description, which is one of Homer's strongest passages, and one of Cowper's most felicitous translations. Ulysses is relating how he and his companions blinded Polyphemus.

They, grasping the sharp stake of olive wood,  
 Infix'd it in his eye; myself advanc'd  
 To a superior stand, twirl'd it about,  
 As when a shipwright with his wimble bores  
 Through oaken timber, plac'd on either side  
 Below, his fellow artists strain the thong  
 Alternate, and the restless iron spins,  
 So, grasping hard the fiery-pointed stake,  
 We twirl'd it in his eye; the bubbling blood  
 Boil'd round about the brand; his pupil sent  
 A scalding vapour forth, that sing'd his brow,  
 And all his eye-roots crackled in the flame.  
 As when the smith, a hatchet or large axe  
 Temp'ring immerses all the hissing blade  
 Deep in cold water (whence the strength of steel,)  
 So hiss'd his eye around the olive wood.  
 The howling monster with his outcry fill'd  
 The hollow rock, and I, with all my aids,  
 Fled terrified. He, plucking forth the spike  
 From his burnt socket, mad with anguish, cast  
 The implement all bloody far away.  
 Then bellowing, he sounded forth the name  
 Of ev'ry Cyclops dwelling in the caves  
 Around him, on the wind-swept mountain-tops.

**A LECTURE OF THE LATE DR. NISBET.**

The memoir of the distinguished scholar and clergyman above named, which was written by the lamented Dr. Miller, has made his name familiar to American readers. It is natural to connect the names of Nisbet and Witherspoon. Dr. Nisbet was eminent for his learning and wit, and although his lectures were never published, they were heard with great respect by numerous classes, and taken down with laudable diligence. The Rev. Matthew Brown, D. D., who was successively President of Washington and Jefferson Colleges in Pennsylvania, and with whose reputation as a theologian and a scholar our readers must be familiar, was a pupil of Dr. Nisbet at Carlisle, in 1792. Dr. Brown has kindly favoured us with the examination of a course of lectures on criticism as taken by him from the lips of Dr. Nisbet in that year, from which the following lecture is extracted. We think it will be perused with pleasing recollections, by some who were connected with Dickinson College, under its old regime.

**SHAKSPEARE.**

Shakspeare may be quoted as an example of every kind of style, and is excellent in all of them. Those varieties of character which he has described in his poems are generally represented with great propriety, and though he excelled in the sublime, he knew how to descend with dignity to the middle or plain style, as it suited those characters, which he intended to exhibit. His merit has been as extravagantly magnified by his admirers in England as it has been unjustly decried by Voltaire and some others among the French. None can deny that Shakspeare possessed a vast power, and that his imagination was sublime and magnificent, as he seems to have understood intuitively the beautiful and the sublime of nature, and was not warped or seduced by imita-

tion of others. His genius was original and all his own. He had a perfect command of language and his expressions though highly sublime appear to be quite natural.

His characters are all consistent and seem to glow with life, so that they will probably last as long as any real characters in history. His acquaintance with all ranks of men from the monarch to the clown is most singular and amazing, so that the reader is led to believe that every thing he reads is genuine fact, because all the characters on supposing their *existence* must have spoken and acted in the very manner represented. He appears to have seen quite through nature and to have penetrated into the real notion of human actions more than any other poet whatever, so that every character which he represents appears to be his own, and he never fails in decorum nor makes his personages say too much or too little. His descriptions are masterly and striking and the nature of his wit is always suitable to that character to which it is ascribed.

But what chiefly exalts and dignifies Shakspeare above all other poets that ever wrote for the stage is his just sense of the importance and obligation of religion and morals. This indeed some may ascribe to the taste of the age in which he lived, which though it has been erroneously represented by some modern historians as unprincipled and licentious, yet was by no means such in comparison with our times; as it was not then reckoned fashionable to be an infidel, nor were piety, truth, and honour supposed to be unsuitable to the dignity of man, or to be any restraint upon his liberty. Hence one might gather from the works of Shakspeare almost an entire system of Christian doctrine, and morals in a very elevated though intelligible style. Shakspeare's great acquaintance with nature would not suffer him to represent it otherwise than under the government of an infinitely wise, just and merciful Governor; and though no writer was ever better acquainted with the passions of human nature and their influence on the conduct of men,

yet he never loses sight of a supreme overruling Providence nor endeavours to represent men as acting without all restraint. That absurdity was reserved for the Humes and the Voltaires of the present age; who though they do not pretend to deny the existence of the Deity, have yet endeavoured to represent him as having as little concern in the affairs of men as the idle gods of Epicurus. This is perhaps the reason why Shakspeare excels all the moderns in describing nature; that he always contemplates it in its proper subordination to the Deity; a circumstance which has been little attended to by his commentators.

There are chiefly two things which if justly weighed ought greatly to heighten our admiration of Shakspeare's talents; to-wit, his being unacquainted with classical learning and his never having blotted a line. Now what might we not have expected from such a genius, if it had been improved by ancient learning, cultivated with care, and corrected in its various productions by so good a judgment as the author was known to have possessed. This last circumstance is the cause of all the inequalities in Shakspeare, which instead of detracting from our opinion of his genius ought to give us a higher idea of his capacities; as all that we have of him is only his first thoughts and such natural effusions as were suggested to his mind *extempore* by his creative genius, and which never underwent any review or correction. Yet how much superior are these to the studied and laboured compositions of other poets! Mr. Pope wrote almost every line of his translation of Homer eleven times over, correcting it at every time, and all these are still preserved: yet the first draft of all these lines is commonly a very bad one. How poor a poet Mr. Pope would have been considered, if only these first thoughts had been published. Yet this is almost all that we have of Shakspeare, who does not appear to have felt so much the want of classical learning, as nature had given him the soul of a Homer and by drawing from the same original as the ancients did, namely from nature, he

appears sometimes to imitate them without knowing any thing of them.

The acquaintance which Shakspeare had obtained with ancient history and manners, appears especially in his tragedies of Julius Cæsar and Titus Andronicus; in which he has delineated the characters and manners of the ancient Romans more like a man that had lived among them, than like a stranger who at the distance of many ages had derived his knowledge of them from bad translations of a few ancient authors. On the other hand, the author of those tragedies that go under the name of Seneca, whether we should ascribe them to Seneca the Philosopher or not, certainly lived at Rome in the time of Nero, and had an opportunity by way of tradition of being acquainted with the maxims and fashions of the reign of Augustus, yet he has not represented the Romans so well, according to the truth of history, as Shakspeare has done.

Some superficial critics have found fault with Shakspeare for introducing comic scenes into the midst of solemn and tragic action; but he would have departed from nature if he had done otherwise. Because such indeed is life, some are merry while others are sad, or to express it in his own words,

“Why let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play:  
For some must watch, while others sleep;  
Thus runs the world away.”—HAMLET III. 2.

Amidst that great security which is enjoyed under regular governments, the middle and lower ranks of mankind enjoy a degree of tranquility and lightness of heart of which the inhabitants of a new country can form no idea, so that when this circumstance is considered, these scenes will appear quite as natural as the others. Of all the English poets Shakspeare is the most read, and yet the least understood in many places, though many commentators have taken it upon them to illustrate and explain his writings; such as Sir Thomas Hanmer, Mr. Theobald, Mr. Pope, Dr. John-



son, with sundry others of lesser note; but all these appear to have been very unequal to the task which they had undertaken, and many of their observations and conjectures are very ridiculous. The reason of this is, that, although the limits of the English language have been greatly enlarged since the time of Shakspeare, by the adoption of a great number of words derived from the modern French and Italian languages, yet it has likewise *lost* a great many words during the same period, which are derived from the German and Dutch, and not a few from the old French, which have become quite obsolete and are entirely dropped out of use, though they were common and generally understood in the time of Shakspeare. Now when the commentators endeavoured to derive these words from roots that are within the compass of the present English tongue, they either make themselves ridiculous, or put a very false sense upon the expressions of the author. Perhaps it has been a loss to the memory of Shakspeare, that none of the natives of Scotland have ever illustrated or explained his works though in one view they would be fittest for such a work, we mean not from a superior knowledge, but merely from this circumstance that almost all the old words and idioms found in Shakspeare are still alive and intelligible in the dialect of the common people in Scotland, with which these English critics were totally unacquainted; and this is the very reason why no literary man in Scotland has ever attempted a commentary on any of the obscure parts of Shakspeare's writings, because no reader of the nation of ordinary capacity would ever imagine that they needed any, as those words which have so much puzzled the critics are parts of the vernacular language of his country. The fact of Shakspeare's education, or rather his total want of education, ought likewise to increase our admiration of his genius and taste as well as of his judgment, and his acquaintance with nature and with mankind, as we find with many of those who have looked into high life, though their minds have

been cultivated by study, leisure and various conversation, have notwithstanding been found unfit for describing the character and manners of those with whom they have lived; or, if they had an acquaintance with formal or court life, were strangers to the sublimity of nature, and unable to represent the language and sentiments of unpolished rustics. But Shakspeare appears to have lived in every rank that he describes, and to be equally well acquainted with all sorts of men. He knew the decorum of every character, and nature and language of human passion in every situation, yet he could scarcely read and write, having been originally a poor peasant of Warwickshire, who having incurred the indignation of a neighbouring knight by stealing deer from his park, ran away to London when he was very young, where he at first supported himself by the small pittance that he could pick up for taking care of gentlemen's horses at the door of the play-house. From this rank he came to the dignity of a candle snuffer and at last to the eminence of an actor, for he never rose to be the manager of a play-house. He acquired what learning he had by private reading in very poor and unfavourable circumstances, and was obliged to write in great haste in order to supply his wants by the profits arising from his writings. Besides he had derived all his ideas of theatrical skill and propriety merely from seeing the representations of very bad plays by very bad actors. But nature had enabled him to rise vastly above his circumstances and cotemporaries. Mr. Garrick has taken notice of these particulars in his performances at the jubilee which he instituted in memory of this poet.

## WESTMINSTER AND WASHINGTON.

It is so long since I was in England, namely ten months, that I would not have thought of writing any thing about it if you had not asked me; but as you have done so, I am prepared to state my views at length, on the issue you have made, freely and fearlessly, as we used to say at Washington. You ask me whether what I saw of Parliament, when I was in London, led me to think it equal or superior to our National Congress. I reply, not at all, nor even to the humblest of our state legislatures. As to the House of Commons, it is not to be named in comparison with the House of Representatives. In the first place, the members get no pay and must of course be men of means. There is nothing to attract plain working men, or broken merchants, or ingenious speculators. Only think of legislation without a per diem or even mileage! Why the man who makes a thousand dollars by imaginary journeys to and from our capital, would be actually paying money in London. This plan of making laws for nothing is undoubtedly the funniest idea that has been imagined since the days of Solon. I was told in England that the members formerly received pay and relinquished it themselves. But this I hold to be impossible. Just think of our House even lowering their pay, or reducing their expenses, let alone abandoning them. This is one of our glorious peculiarities, closely connected with the preservation of our freedom. Whatever else may be assailed, the enormous expenditure of Congress cannot be touched without its consent, and that, we may confidently hope, will never be given. Another ridiculous absurdity about the House of Commons is the place where it meets—a room just large enough to hold it! This is the more absurd because the burning of the old house gave them a fine opportunity of building one like our's, with lofty columns and a dome. But although they have erected a vast palace, the room in which the House is to assemble is no larger than

before. It is true they can hear one another, which is more than can be said of our's—but what of that? Who would think of preferring sound to sense in such a case. But it is not merely the size and plainness of the room that I object to, but the want of all conveniences. Six hundred men and more, crowded together on benches like schoolboys, or like an audience at a lecture, is a pitiable spectacle compared with our noble Hall at Washington. No desks, no armchairs, no facilities for writing books or business letters, no supply of newspapers or stationery. The consequence, as might have been expected, is that, instead of taking the thing leisurely, the business is hurried through, in order to release the members from their comfortless confinement. What would be thought in the District of an important debate finished in a single night? Some of the members, with whom I conversed, had never even heard of our American method of cutting up the business into slices, and debating every interesting question for an hour a day. They were weak enough to think the subjects would be apt to get confused, as well as to grow stale, before we came to a decision. One poor creature went so far as to say he thought their method was more natural and agreed better with the way we manage things in private life. When two or three men meet, (said he) to talk over matters of business, they do not talk of them in turn but in succession. Who ever thinks in such a case of letting one man talk ten minutes about one thing, and then the next man of another, and so on to the end?

This speech of my English friend will let you into the secret of their foolish notions on this subject. Their idea of parliamentary proceedings is, that they must be conducted like an ordinary meeting for business, only on a larger scale and on more important subjects. If a man has any thing to say, he says it, and sits down when he is done. If he has nothing to say or says too much, they stop him by showing their impatience. Long speeches are made usually only by

well known and experienced members, and debates are conducted very much by the same persons. How much nobler is our theory and practice of parliamentary eloquence. Our idea is not that of a meeting for business, but of a college declamation, in which the speeches are made for their own sake, and each competitor may take his time, whether he has any thing to say or not. In carrying out this grand idea, we are beaten only by the French, who not only have a theatrical hall for the exhibition, but a stage or tribune, where the orator displays himself precisely as at school and college. This is the only foreign innovation which deserves to be introduced at Washington, and I rejoice to see that it has been proposed. As to that other proposition of removing the desks and narrowing the area, it is a movement backwards towards the antiquated barbarism of the mother country; and would no doubt be followed by a fatal change from long to short and from fine to plain in our congressional eloquence, if not from a noble prodigality to vulgar cheapness in our legislation.

SMITH.

South Smithville, Dec. 20, 1850.

---

## ROADSIDE ARCHITECTURE.

In modern landscape gardening, we have a beautiful instance of the application which may be made of taste, in its true principles, to a branch of domestic decoration; thus producing a new art. How much Americans owe in this respect to the labours of Mr. Downing, it is unnecessary here to commemorate; the influence of his patriotic instructions is visible in the pleasure grounds of innumerable estates.

The same principles have been applied with much elegance to the construction of country-houses and cottages, by this diligent and tasteful writer, who deserves the thanks of

the whole community. It is upon a particular branch of the latter subject, that I would now offer a few observations.

In travelling, there are no objects which we regard with greater interest than the rural dwellings, which from time to time break upon our view. In no objects of the artificial sort do we discern a more striking diversity. Once in a while, the eye is saluted by a cottage or a farm-house which satisfies and delights; it is neat, harmonious, and picturesque. We forget the accidents of age, colour and material, in the adjustment of the parts, and the ratio of the lines, the grace of the outline, and the felicitous accompaniment of shade, garden, bank, meadow, grove and background. Unfortunately these gems are few and far between. On our high roads, the sad reverse meets us in a succession of houses which exemplify every variety of ignorance and perverse fancy. This is not to be marvelled at, when we consider that in the majority of instances, no reference has been had to any principle, but that of supposed economy. The architecture is purely accidental. Yet these objects stand for generations; eyesores amounting to thousands, and deforming the face of nature in every part of the country. One bad pattern is followed by multitudes. In certain districts, false taste becomes prevalent and characteristic, and we have horrors on horrors, where all might have been grace and beauty. A man determines to rear a dwelling house, and gathers his materials. If he does not copy his neighbour's structure, he consults with no one but the country mason and carpenter. The result is some tall, spindling, clap-board affair, in which doors, windows, chimneys and sheds, are thrown together in defiance of every rule of symmetry and order. I have often wondered that the same man whose eye is offended by the slightest deviation from normal outline in the points of a horse, should be blinder than a beetle in regard to a mansion which stands him in some thousands of dollars. It is not simple irregularity that is now complained of, for the houses here censured are some-

times bounded by a few naked lines. A multitude of parts, even without similarity of figure, is compatible with much beauty of architecture, as we know from the castellated structures of the middle ages, and the complex forms of many English cottages. There are however laws to be observed, in such accumulation of parts, which may reduce the otherwise straggling piles to unity; and it is the neglect of these, and the abuse of all plan and idea, which cause the stupid and offensive masses that disfigure the land.

If I were called on to name the most fruitful source of those evils, I should point out a single false maxim, namely, that *there is economy in ugliness*. Ignorance supposes that beauty is necessarily expensive. This is clearly erroneous. If grace of building were the result of costly material it might be so. It is however not cost, but knowledge, which is lacking. Materials of enormous price may be put together hideously; while, on the other hand, the most frugal outlay may be so governed and husbanded by good taste, as to produce consummate beauty. It might even be shown, that in many instances, economy and symmetry go together, and that some of the most beautiful edifices are at the same time the cheapest. That which strikes the beholder in a country house, especially in the passing, roadside view, which we are now taking, is not the stone and timber, whether costly or not, but the plan, the proportions, and the general contour. In these the gracefulness of the building resides. These attract and gratify us, at the most distant view. These depend on that original draught of plan and elevation, without which no structure can be more than an accident; and though there may be lucky throws in other hazards, no man ever stumbled on a good architectural plan by chance.

The remedy for this evil would obviously be the diffusion of sound principles in the community. Next to this, is the education of operative builders, in some general knowledge of tasteful architecture. Besides which may be mentioned the happy examples of even a few well-conceived houses, in

every part of the land. Because a dwelling is in the country, because it is a small and low-priced, should be no apology for its being deformed. In the view I am now taking of the subject, these erections concern not merely the occupant but the country. To a certain extent they are public property. They are daily and hourly in the public eye, to give pleasure or disgust. The man who puts up a tasteful house is a public benefactor. The gratification of his own eye is the least part of the good effect. Thousands receive instruction and delight, who never cross that threshold. By the natural process of imitation, the attempt is made by others to follow in the same track; and thus certain neighbourhoods, especially in New England, have a style of rural building which is quite their own. Hence the very first thing a farmer should do before erecting his house, is to call in the aid of an accomplished master of architecture. It will cost him a few dollars forsooth; but these will be well bestowed; while in some cases, the lessons which he thus receives will really tend to lessen his bills, by suggesting economical improvements.

The tendency all over our country is to run up houses on scanty areas; to add undue height, for the given base; to leave the apertures to chance, and thus mar the whole countenance of the structure; to secure the worst possible angle of roof; to make the brick chimneys gaunt and naked; and to curtail the eaves, which beyond most parts give expression to the whole work. Some of the newest houses along our roads are the meanest. I could pick out many an old stone edifice, made by the first settlers, which would far sooner attract the notice of a painter or an architect. One unsightly building is enough to spoil a whole landscape. One pleasing cottage repays the traveller for miles of weariness. But the painful truth is, that these objects, numerous and increasing as they are, and unchangeable as they remain, are for the most part reared without the remotest



reference to any principle of beauty. Nothing can be hoped until those who build shall consent to take a little counsel.

As every man thinks himself able to mend a fire, so every man thinks he can plan a house. As few have the latter to do oftener than once in a lifetime, it is something like choosing a wife: mistakes can seldom be rectified. Let the mortifying truth be told: of those who are competent to draft a graceful or even a neat dwelling, the proportion is about one in ten thousand. Without resort to the calculus of probabilities, we may easily conceive what the architecture of the country is like to be, if stubborn proprietors persist in being their own planners. He that doctors himself, has a fool for his patient; and he that draws his own will, has it broken over his coffin: yet men will persevere in outraging the public taste, by assuming to be their own architects. There are but two ways for a wise man; one is to master the principles of the art for himself, the other is to consult those who are already masters.

In regard to a matter in which we are all so much interested, and in which the credit of the country is so much involved, I have often queried with myself, whether some joint action might not be taken by the friends of homestead decoration. On these subjects I speak with diffidence. Our agricultural and horticultural societies have done incalculable good, by holding out prizes, for the best ox, the best apples, and the best machines. Might not these societies, or perhaps a separate one formed for the purpose, offer prizes for the best farm-house; for the best cottage; for the best labourer's dwelling? Might not greater facilities be afforded, for imbuing our young builders with just principles of taste in architecture; by schools, models and lectures, at central points? This would be striking very near the root of the evil; for a state of the arts is conceivable in which a builder would refuse to execute a preposterous plan, for any money.

C. Q.

## INTERESTING FRAGMENTS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

In looking over the correspondence of Mr. Thoresby, I found several particulars which may be worthy of preservation in a separate form. They belong to the non-conformist history of the latter part of the seventeenth century.

The mention made of the great Charnock will be interesting: it occurs under the date of July 27, 1680, in a letter from the Rev. Joseph Boyse:

“London has this afternoon lost one of its best preachers, and our young clergy its great pattern, Mr. Charnock; a person, concerning whom may be said what is true of very few: that his real deserts did much transcend the repute of them, and he has much more of worth than name. He is one whom scholars do most lament, as the most capable of understanding the excellency of his parts.”

We gladly rescue the following scrap, from a pious English boy, who had gone far northward, to find liberty of worship and education, at St. Leonard's College, St. Andrew's; it is addressed to Mr. Thoresby.

“The first, when I came, I found very kind and civil reception from Mr. Monro. He hath been in England nine or ten years, and there being no Englishmen in the whole university, nay, in the whole town, save Mr. Turner, a Non-conformist minister's son, of London, and myself, who are now companions and bed-fellows, he gave us very good instructions, wishing us to be kind and respective each to the other, and ordered us to perform duties, each his week, which we do perform: and I have great reason to bless God that hath ordered me so kind and spiritual a companion. I find several odd dues to pay here upon my entrance. I did enter May the fifth. It is the custom for each regent weekly to pray morning and evening in the church within the college, and about five in the morning to perlustrate the students' chambers, who, if they find in their beds, suffer a great

rebuke; at nine also at night, they perlustrate to see that all the students be within the college; and the porter, after that time, will not suffer any to go out of the college. The bursars also read their week about, before the prayers in the church; and we do morning and evening, sing a psalm. It is a very fine college, and far better entertainment than I expected to meet withal. I could wish we had more English boys here; there being so good order kept here."

The letters often carry us back to the age of great men and stirring events, by such passages as the following, in a letter from Mr. Stretton, December 1, 1694:

"Last night the good Archbishop [Tillotson] was interred, at St. Lawrence Church. Bishop Burnet preached his funeral sermon; the public had such a loss in him that will not easily be made up. You always choke me with one hard question, which is harder to resolve than the Papists' question, 'Where was your religion before Luther?' viz: 'When will Mr. Baxter's Life be out?' Bishop Laud's Life is put out by his friends at eighteen shillings price, and I think, to a considering reader, they ought to expose him more than Mr. Prynne did:" i. e. in his *Breviate*, and *Canterbury's Doom*, 1644.

Many readers of the famous expository works, will thank us for the information given as to their authors, by Dr. Henry Sampson.

"The authors of the Annotations upon the Holy Bible, commonly called the ASSEMBLY'S NOTES, in the second edition: [are as follows] Mr. Lee of Cheshire, on the Pentateuch. Mr. John Downham, onward to the first book of Kings. Dr. William Yonge, onward to Job. Mr. Fr. Taylor of Canterbury, onward to Ezekiel. Bishop Richardson, of Ireland, onward to the end of the Old Testament. Mr. Reddin, of Dover, the four Evangelists. Dr. Daniel Featly onward to the Hebrews. Mr. Tucker, of Streatham in Surrey, Hebrews and the first of Peter. Mr. Fr. Taylor, thence to the end of the Bible." "The continuators of

Mr. POOL'S ANNOTATIONS: Mr. Pool went himself to the end of chapter lvi. of Isaiah. Mr. Jackson, minister of Molesy, on lvii. and lviii. of Isaiah. Dr. Collins, from thence to the end of Lamentations. Mr. Hurst, on Ezekiel. Mr. Cooper on Daniel. Mr. Hurst on the Small Prophets. Dr. Collins on the Four Evangelists. Mr. Vink on the Acts.\* Mr. Mayo on the Romans. Dr. Collins on the Corinthians and Galatians. Mr. Veal on the Ephesians. Mr. Adams on the Philippians and Colossians. Mr. Barker on the Thessalonians. Dr. Collins, on Timothy, Titus and Philemon. Mr. Hughes, on the Hebrews. Mr. Veal on Peter, James, and Jude. Mr. Howe on the three Epistles of John. Dr. Collins on the Revelation."

This statement contains some errors. Dr. Edward Reynolds, afterwards Bishop Reynolds, wrote the Notes on Ecclesiastes, and Mr. Smallwood those upon Canticles; both in the Assembly's work. Dr. Casaubon, Bishop Richardson, Dr. Featly, and Mr. Smallwood, were Episcopalians. In 1696, there were living all the continuators of Pool, except Collins, Hurst, Cooper, Mayo, and Jackson.

---

## NEW BOOKS.

CANTICA LAUDIS: or the American Book of Church Music. By Lowell Mason and George Webb. New York. 1850. pp. 380.

Mr. Mason needs no commendation; his books are everywhere received with honour. The Practical Exercises are the best we have seen. To our delight, he gives a slap in his preface to those compilers who fill their collections with trumpery pieces of their own, and says sharply: "We may

\* Mr. Vail, according to Calamy's Life of Baxter.

congratulate our readers, that in the use of this book, they will not be clogged with the frequent recurrence of 'L. M.'s' and 'G. J. W.'s,' on almost every page." The arrangement of the pieces bears marks of that learning in composition and that practical acquaintance with execution, for which the editors are celebrated. At the same time, we are forced to renew our protest against the flooding of our churches with so many new melodies. In our humble judgment, it is as injurious to music as to piety; rendering congregational singing less and less possible; causing the praise of God to be more and more designed for choir; and offering new inducements to those who lead to display their supposed abilities. Is there no such thing as permanency in church tunes? Shall we never see the day, when, as in the German churches, the people are thoroughly familiar with every tune that is sung? Nevertheless, among modern music books, this is clearly one of the best.

**AN ADDRESS, on the Missionary Aspect of African Colonization.** By James A Lyon, Pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, St. Louis. St. Louis. 1850.

The favour which the Colonization enterprise is receiving even in the slaveholding states, is due in a great degree to the coöperation of the reverend clergy. The day is coming, when every reproach under which that heaven-born scheme of philanthropy has suffered will be wiped away, and when statesmen will vie with each other in doing it honour. It cannot be long before a direct trade by steamers will be instituted between our ports and those of Liberia. Schools and colleges will rise in that forsaken land, and civilization will extend itself to tribes as yet unknown. As the founder of the society was a native of Princeton; as the acquisition of the soil was made by an intrepid son of Princeton; and as the only complete history of the colony was written in Princeton: we may well be permitted to hail with some

enthusiasm every new advocate of the cause, who like Mr. Lyon ably pleads the cause of humanity and religion.

**THE MORMONS: A Discourse** delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania: March 26th 1850. By Thomas L. Kane, Philadelphia. 1850. pp. 92.

The author of this discourse gives an eloquent description of the expulsion of the Mormons from Nauvoo and their subsequent sufferings in the wilderness as "carrying in mournful trains their sick and wounded, halt and blind," they disappear "behind the western horizon, pursuing the phantom of a new home." The author accompanied them on their march and therefore claims the "right to speak with authority of them and their character, their trials, achievements and intentions." Mr. Kane enters into an earnest defence of the Mormons, and repels with emphasis the charges of immorality which have been brought against them; ascribing to those of their number with whom he associated, a general correctness of deportment, and purity of character above the average of ordinary communities.

THE  
PRINCETON MAGAZINE.

---

BATTLE OF THRASIMENE.

On the evening before the legions of Rome encountered their terrible enemy for the third time since his descent from the Alps, the sun, as it seemed, sunk down in a sea of blood.

Wearily, from the first streakings of the morning, had the legionaries toiled on through dust and fatigue and thirst, and all the while the sun shot down his fervours upon them un-pityingly. The heavens were remarkably free from clouds, not a speck dotted the solemn blue that stretched and gleamed above—not a fragment of straggling vapour could the eye detect on the deep, still surface that overhung them through all that weary day. Upon the villages through which their march lay, there seemed to have settled a mysterious dread of the coming. The awful scene which was so soon to follow upon the footsteps of the night had thrown out its ominous shadow before it, threatening and cold, and shut up men's hearts and mouths. The warm sunlight had no power to dispel it—it was there—it was a shadow to be felt, it lay upon men's souls; it was the shadow of Death. Both animate and inanimate nature seemed to have inhaled the infection of the hour; the invisible terror which hung like lead upon the air; the incipient rush of blood, the precursive crash of ruin. It seized upon the birds among the branches

and froze their songs; scarcely a note was dropt upon the ears of that proud host as it wound its way wearily, slowly, surely, to the great holocaust which was being made ready by invisible hands, a little farther on by the waters of the blue lake, in the stillness of the green and solemn hills. Stern things must be said and done amidst those quiet shades on the morrow, fierce voices must mingle and go up there; the green turf must be torn asunder by another force than that of the gleaming share—streams were rippling there which must be swollen with strange, strange rain!

The very breeze seemed to have been chained to its secret cells by some forbidding and paralyzing hand, and if it ever haunted the lifeless foliage with a motion or a murmur, the motion was a fitful one, the murmur a sad one. All day the sun had shone with unremitting splendour upon the silent hills and upon that mighty host that toiled on over valley and stream and ravine, and through dust and heat, with many a shivering fear crowding down upon their hearts like ice; but as he sunk down upon the distant mountains of Etruria, the sky around him became suddenly and ominously changed.

From the glory of the ordinary golden sunset of all lands and especially that which is witnessed in the unrivalled heaven of Italy, it became of the hue of slaughter. Upon the black brows of the Appenines, the motionless forests, and the long ranks of warriors winding along to that broad grave in the quiet hills, the light struggled, as it were, through an atmosphere of blood—blood rushing, reeking from some mighty and incurable wound. At a short distance from the spot chosen as the place of encampment, a sudden angle of the road turned the faces of the whole army directly to the west, and the fearful and unnatural splendour fell red and bold upon the bronzed cheeks of the soldiers. Helmet and boss and lance flashed back the lurid light, and the reflection which flitted along the foliage above, and upon bank and turf and rock beneath them and around them, was blood, blood!

More than two thousand years have gone by since that



stern multitude left their hearths and their household deities and marched up into those green solitudes to struggle and fall and moulder; the centuries have hurried away and scattered their dust upon their graves and upon the brows and the memories of the dead and the hearts of the living, and hung up their festoons of moss and ivy in splendid palaces and over the portals where kings entered in the morning-time of the world. A mighty shadow is stooping between us and that day of blood, the last of Flaminius and of much of the flower and the glory of Rome; and to-day, at this hour, the same sable, solemn train of months and years and ages is sweeping, rushing away silently down into the dead and hoary Past, bearing along the sad, the gay and the beautiful.

Many a palace, many a religion, many an empire basks in calm and in sunshine to-day, or looms up grand and immovable and awful through storm or peace or convulsion, and defies the gliding years with a proud front, of which men in coming time, shall ask mournfully why no one has reared a stone or carved an epitaph to tell them where they may tread and where they may drive their plough-shares. There is a stern lesson even for us, in the contemplation of that proud host which went up so boldly, as it hoped, to glory and to victory by a still lake in the woodlands of Etruria, and so surely to the agony and oblivion of death. Many a glittering throne has crumbled away, many a speeding year has rolled its shadow between me and that hour of blood and horror, and many an ignoble deed has been blazoned on gold and hung up in men's hearts, and many a worthy action and burning word has been forgotten and the pitiless years sweep on; yet through their gloom and silence, I can fancy that I feel the shock and tremor of that day, coming down upon me from the banks and valleys of Thrasimene.

I can fancy that I see the hills rearing their crests in a gorgeous semicircle around its bosom and crowned with the magnificence of Summer; I can hear the great murmur of the woodlands as the wind lifts their branches and reveals

the silver they have concealed beneath them ; I can see the mist wheeling up from the level waters and covering them as with a garment, and deepening and gliding away in every direction over their smooth floor, and entangling its skirts in the branches of the hoary firs that crown the surrounding heights. I can fancy the sunrise shooting its level bars along its motionless surface and gilding the hill-tops down to its very edge, a sea of gold upon a sea of silver.

Now a long, dark line of human beings comes winding up to its outskirts and plunges into its fatal depths, and disappears from my eye and from the earth forever. Then there comes up the trampling of many feet, and the blast of a trumpet sweeps up through the folds of gleaming vapour and upon my ear ; then, a roar as if a mountain had been hurled from its base—the fiery plunge of a thousand steeds, the furious execrations, the cries for mercy, the shivering of sword upon sword, the crashing of the sabre into the solid helm, the wheeling away of the mist, the ghastly faces, the silence, the howling of the wolf, the gathering and stooping of the vultures, and then, the long, trampling, pitiless years ! Nigh the borders of Thrasimene, stands the round tower of Borghétto, and near to the lake, as also to the tower, Flaminius, at the approach of night halted and prepared for encampment. The bustle of preparation arose and sunk away into silence, darkness pressed upon the track of the twilight, and, covering the plain, the tents gleamed wild and spectral across the gloom in the glare of blazing fagots. Sleep fell upon the eyelids of that armed and anxious multitude, grand and solemn, the night came down upon them ; they slept, but their sleep was upon the brink of an invisible, a frightful and deadly precipice. Long before day-break the next morning, the blast of a clarion shook the air around them, and in a few moments the whole army was in motion towards the pass. This pass is an entrance through a chain of lofty hills that runs down obliquely towards the edge of the lake, and through which Flaminius must march to encounter the dreadful enemy who awaited

his approach beyond. It was, to thousands of those brave men, no other than the jaws of death—they were never to return.

From Borghetto, a range of hills, now bearing the name of the Gualandra, and through which the fatal pass leads, bends round and again meets the lake at a considerable distance, forming a semicircle; within this semicircle lies the plain or valley on which the two armies encountered. At the opposite extremity of the valley was another pass where the modern village of Passignano stands, and which the acclivities seem to crowd down into the very waves.

As the Romans entered the fatal plain, they had the lake upon their right, and in their front, upon their left and in their rear, a rough and lofty chain of hills over which no army in its coolest hour would think to climb, much less at a time when its most dreaded enemy was upon it and at every step, dashing down whole ranks into the earth. On the preceding night, Flaminius had neglected to send out spies, and in the morning, long before the sun had touched the surrounding heights, he entered the pass and emerged into the valley.

As the morning approached, a mist arose from the waters and wheeled away over their entire expanse, and enveloped the Romans and crowded up against the roots and sides of the hills like a mighty billow. Just as the rear of the army emerged from the pass and was fairly within the plain, the front ranks beheld an eminence which rose directly before them, and partly covered with thick brushwood, flashing upon them like a mountain of burnished steel. Full in their faces, panting for blood and pillage and vengeance, countless ranks of warriors, who had never turned their backs upon an enemy, were drawn out in order of battle, stern and gloomy and terrible. They were the ranks of the invincible Hannibal. The sun had arisen upon them, and helmet and cuirass and lance and buckler flashed back his beams and down into the dense vapours that swung beneath, and upon the eyes and into the hearts of the legions.

The blast of a trumpet rolled over the dark host that came pouring along the plain, and in an instant, throughout that vast mass of human life and hopes and fears, there was a halt as if by the deed of some supernal power. This was immediately succeeded by the tumult of preparation for the storm which all saw and felt must, the next moment, pour down upon their heads its burning ruin. Scarcely had the last echo of the signal died away amongst the crags which overhung the plain, when a shout rolled over their ears which drove the blood shivering back into their hearts and seemed to smite their bodies into the dust; it seemed to rush down upon them from the heavens and burst up onto their ears from every turf and pebble beneath their feet; it came upon them from their flank, from before them and from behind them. From the very declivities which leaned above them half an hour before, and from the very pass through which they had entered the valley, dark, dense masses of cavalry came crashing down upon them and trampling horse and soldier and centurion into the earth like grass. The ground vibrated beneath the falling of their hoofs and the gray vapours whirled and boiled and fled from the stream of uplifted swords that rolled down beneath them, as if struck by a mighty wind. The fact that the enemy had surrounded them flashed upon the legionaries and for a moment, stilled the beating of their hearts; every foot of turf that trembled beneath their tread must be a Roman's grave. At the same time the fearful mass of plumes and spears which was seen glittering upon the eminence in front, was let loose and came bursting down upon the van. These were the heavy-armed Spaniards and Africans commanded by Hannibal in person.

As the mighty volume heaved and rolled forward towards the plain beneath it, the clangor of the ponderous armour which enveloped the soldiers, rose above the roar that came up from the thousands of combatants that were mingling on the field below. At the same moment, from the wild and rocky steeps which overhung the left flank, another storm of

which they had not dreamed, leaped down upon them, beneath whose frightful impulse the whole army swayed to and fro like a wind-swept forest. The Romans were surrounded and doomed.

On their right, the waters of the lake looked up calmly upon the storm that was roaring above them, as if in mockery of the horror that was freezing the hearts of thousands of human beings, and then stretched away into the distance, gray and gloomy, through the leaden vapour. In their rear, on their left flank and on their front, from point to point of the shore, rose a mighty wall of chargers and savage and gigantic human forms, and massy helmets, from beneath which dark eyes flashed fire upon them, and unremittingly, throughout the whole extent of that heaving and thickening mass of valour and rage and vengeance, there rolled down upon their heads a storm of swords and stones and lances before which no human army could stand.

The rear ranks of the Romans were now disappearing under the swords of the enemy like dew. No earthly power could withstand that frightful tide of steel which came flashing upon their heads from those fatal heights. But it encountered men who had seen stern days before. As the maddened chargers came plunging on over piles of shrieking and mangled wretches, and burying themselves among the solid legions, the dagger was driven into their vitals, and horse and rider sunk and disappeared in the rolling mass of gore and dust. But for every Carthaginian that fell, twenty legionaries were crushed and trampled into the earth; it was decreed that the shores of Thrasimene should be washed with the noblest blood of Rome.

Upon the left flank, the havoc which was made by the Balearic slingers was scarcely less terrible. Nothing could equal the force and precision with which their missiles fell upon the hopeless and distracted ranks of Rome. They burst upon them like a storm of perpetual and invisible hail. If a soldier's head appeared beyond the rim of his buckler, he

instantly dropt, a torn and quivering corpse into a pool of blood, and was beaten into the earth by the feet of his comrades, or the hoofs of infuriated and plunging steeds. They struck upon the shields of the Romans and sent their fragments whizzing into the air; they alighted upon the ponderous cuirass and buried themselves in the vitals of him who wore it—rank after rank, battalion after battalion sunk down beneath this frightful tempest, into the ground like phantoms. The van, when they beheld the dark and impregnable rampart of brass and steel leaning down upon them, and bristling and flashing into their very eyes, recoiled upon the baffled and distracted masses behind them, like a resistless wave. The fearful wall of blades and banners and dark and stern forms, pressed down into the faces of the shrinking host like a barrier of moving rock. As fast as the foremost ranks sunk before it and encumbered its progress, this frightful wall of death mounted upon the gory and gasping piles that rose before it, and bore down those who were hopelessly struggling beyond them. The whole plain was now become one dark, heaving sea of shields and helmets and lances and cavalry and frantic human beings, dashed with blood, covered with dust, plunging their daggers into each other's hearts, and rolling in awful confusion upon the earth. The roar of a hundred thousand voices, the clangor of fifty thousand sabres, as they sunk through thick sheets of brass and iron and buried themselves in solid masses of bone and flesh, reeled up against the over-looking cliffs and shook them.

During three dark and dreadful hours the Romans struggled, not for victory but for existence, and bore up against a storm of swords and lances that would have annihilated in an hour any army but one whose ancestors had stood at the foot of Vesuvius and on the plain of Beneventum. The fall of the Consul, Flaminius, was the signal for a general flight. As they burst away through the fiery rampart which encompassed them, dark, interminable columns of cavalry swept thundering upon their track, overtook, and dashed them by

thousands upon the turf. The Sanguinetto, near whose banks the deadliest of the battle occurred, was choked up with corpses and moaned downwards to the lake, no longer a pellucid stream, but a cataract of blood. Frantic with pain and terror, the desperate fugitives rushed over the plain in every direction, and at every step the sabres of the pursuers crashed through their helmets. The shores of the lake, the banks of the Sanguinetto and especially the marshes and the pass near Borghetto, were blackened with piles of gory and mangled corpses that rose like hills. From one pass to the other, there was not a rod of that fatal valley which was not crimsoned with the best blood of Rome, and the sun looked down upon a vast graveyard gleaming with shivered arms, torn up with the plunges of cavalry, paved with the stiffening bodies of seventeen thousand human beings, the vapour of the yet oozing blood streaming up from their mangled limbs and mingling with the mist of the lake.

Whilst this fearful tempest was rolling through the solitudes of those wild hills, it seemed as if the awful and destructive energies of Nature which congregate in the bowels of her mountains and brood apart in the sanctuary and mystery of her great temple, had listened and heard and been fired with envy. They burst up from the gloom and silence of their secret caverns with their majesty and their terror round about them; they came with the rush of the thunder, the flash of the volcano, the tumult of waves, the glare of blazing villages, and the crash of falling columns. An earthquake tore asunder the solid crust of the globe, the earth opened her jaws, the rocks sunk into the abyss and she closed her crumbling lips over them; the hills were hurled down upon the streams; the streams whirled away through the uprooted foundations of the hills; the rivers rushed back upon their sources, roaring; volcanoes spouted storms of cinders and flaming rocks into the clouds and encircled their roots with rings of glowing lava; theatres and splendid temples were precipitated into the dust with a roar that reached into the

heavens; innumerable cities and villages were lifted from their foundations and hurled back to the ground, each a mass of blood and dust and fragments, shapeless and black, whilst the conflagration seized them and swept them from the earth and from men's eyes forever. Yet, so absorbed were the combatants in the scene which engaged them, that not one of all who fought or fell upon that awful day, had the least intimation that a storm was raging without those hills, to which the one that rolled above his head, was as the Summer breeze to the tornado that uproots a forest. The peasant still points out to the traveller the spot where he believes "*Il console Romano*" was slain.

T. H.

### A GOOD BEGINNING.

If Horace is right when he says that the beginning of a job is half of it, the writer of the following fragments must be allowed to have accomplished a good deal. All that the reader needs to learn about him is, that he is now in California, or at least *en route* for that asylum from the scorn and the oblivion of a heartless world. We have strong reasons for believing that he had long since learned to look upon himself as a Neglected One and Injured Innocent.

#### No. 1.—*The Adieu.*

It is enough. I can endure no longer. For one and thirty years have I been striving to communicate my Inner Life to a cold and unappreciating world without success. At school I was regarded as a blockhead, or, what is still worse, as a simpleton. In college I was thrice "turned back" and once "turned out," because I sacrificed the Real to the Ideal. In the five liberal professions of Theology, Law, Medicine, Editing and Lecturing, I have met with the same chilling heartless



repulse. I am resolved. I will go. The world shall know too late what it has lost. I will leave behind me the beginnings of some "trains of thought," which, but for these discouragements, might have reached the terminus of immortality, or at least the dèpôt of celebrity.

No. 2.—*The March of Mind, an Epic Poem in Twelve Books Book I.*

Oh muse, assist me while I try to sing  
Of Mind, and of its Laws, and of its March,  
And of its—of its—High Philosophy!

[Here the manuscript is stained with tears and suddenly breaks off.]

No. 3.—*Ticonderoga, a Tragedy in Five Acts. Act. I. Scene 1.*

(Scene—a ducal palace, with the usual decorations. Pages and lackeys move about in the distance. A Flourish of Trumpets is heard. Soldiers and Citizens pass suddenly across the stage. A window in the palace opens and Ameliannie appears on the balcony. A Cavalier in the crowd stops and looks up.)

*Cav.* Lady, what would'st thou?

*Amel.* Hist, my Cavalier,

And hearken to my melancholy tale.

*Cav.* Lady, proceed, and I will lend my ears.

*Amel.* Know, then, that I was once upon a time,—  
What was I? let me see. I know not what.

[Here the author has added, at another time, in pencil, "cruel, unfeeling world!"]

No. 4.—*The Loafer, a Comedy in Five Acts. Act. I. Scene 1.*

(The house of Sir Ontario De la Fitz Geraldine. Enter two Brigands and a Clown.)

*First Brig.* Prythee, I pray thee, master Clown what quotha?

*Clown.* By my fay, Sir Brigand, I wot well, I trow.

*Second Brig.* Faix and ventrebleu! Donner and blitzen—  
 [More tears and the pencilled observation: "Oh judgment  
 thou hast fled to brutish beasts!"]

No. 5.—*Fashionable Manners, a Satire in imitation of Juvenal and Johnson.*

See where the omnibus in Broadway runs,  
 Filled up with men and women, boys and guns,  
 Who each pay sixpence for the ride which they  
 Take, whether long or short, within the sleigh.

[Marginal note: "The very rhymes conspire against me. I declare I honestly intended to say 'girls' and 'stage,' but the rhyme would have it 'guns' and 'sleigh.'"]

No. 6.—*Stanzas to a Middle Aged Lady.*

## I.

I ask thee not how old thou art,  
 For fear that I might hurt  
 Thy feelings, or might break thy heart  
 To tell how old thou wert.

## II.

Enough! enough! the die is cast,  
 The dye upon thy hair,  
 The quicksands now are ebbing fast,  
 And I am in despair.

## III.

Yet one word more—I fain must speak—  
 I will not be denied—  
 Because—because—

[Marginal note: "Cold unappreciating world! I cast thee from me."]

No. 6.—*The Indian Iconoclast, a Novel in Two Volumes.*  
*Vol. I. Chapter 1.*

It was on a fine November morning in the year —, that  
 a solitary horseman, in a doublet and slashed jerkin, helmet

and coat of mail, wrapped in a large cloak which concealed his features, was seen approaching a cottage, from the casement of which a taper sent forth a feeble ray. He knocked and was admitted by the sacristan or seneschal, who hastened to place upon a plain deal table a frugal repast of milk, eggs, and honey—milk, eggs and honey—

[Marginal note: "My feelings overcome me; I cannot get beyond the milk, eggs and honey."]

No. 7.—*Sonnets, Sentimental and Descriptive. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. Sonnet 1. The Ideal.*

Oh Ideality! whene'er I see  
Thy name, I weep at it. Dear me!  
How very difficult it is to tell  
What thou dost mean—

[Marginal note: "Begone, world of vipers! I will rhyme no longer."]

No. 8.—*Aesthetic Prose, in three parts. Part I. § 1. The Pure Reason, envisagée as an aesthetic element.*

Reason not reasoning. I hate reasoning. It is unpoetical and unideal. I deny that two and two make four. There is more reason in the voice of budding flowers or the smell of [fresh paint?]\* than in Newton's Principia or the Multiplication Table, which last, by the way, I never would or could learn. This is one of the crimes for which a sensuous and selfish world has cast me off.

[Tears again, with the remarks: "Prose is as treacherous as verse. I hate it."]

No. 9.—*Moral Essays, for the use of Virtuous Free-thinkers. Essay I. On Slavery.*

Of all the vices that infest humanity, and spread their poison like the baleful upas, not excepting murder, avarice, or drunkenness, the worst is slavery.

\* The manuscript being here illegible, we have endeavoured to restore it by conjecture.

[Marginal note : This is the beginning of my college composition, which I handed in regularly every month ; but I have lost the rest, and memory is paralyzed by hopeless sorrow.]

No. 11.—*Epigrams, Translated and Original. In three books.*  
*Book I. Epigram 1. Education a Humbug.*

What did I learn, the long time  
 That I was forced to go to school?  
 I learnt—(I see no other rhyme)—  
 I learnt this—that I was a fool.

## LETTERS ON THE EARLY LATIN WRITERS.

### LETTER III.

CÆCILIUS—AFRANIUS—PLAUTUS—TERENCE.

MY DEAR BOY—

Cæcilius Statius is one of the earliest names of Roman Comedy. His original name was Statius, which Aulus informs us was a common name among slaves, and our poet, like several of the great authors was in this condition. Most of what Dunlop says, is derived from Gellius (11, 23) and I must go to the same authority. He was from Milan, but lived at Rome, where he was the companion of Ennius, whom he survived one year, dying in 586. He wrote thirty comedies, which are all lost. They were all upon Greek themes, and it is remarkable that the servile muse of the Romans never used for the stage the stirring events of their own history. The plots were taken from the Greek writers, Podisippus, Apollodorus, Alexis, and especially Menander. Gellius says the copies of Cæcilius were amazing below the original, and he gives passages to show this; but these quotations also inform us, that the Latin imitators interpolated many passages of broad humour not in the original, though they do not seem

to have ventured much departure from the Greek story. "I lately was reading," says A. Gellius, "the Plocius of Caecilius, with some friends, and we found it not unpleasing. But we took it into our heads to read also the Plocius of Menander, from which he took that comedy. But as soon as we opened the latter, *dii boni!* how dull, how cold, how changed from the original did that of Caecilius appear! The arms of Diomedes and of Glaucus were not more unequal in value." In later times, the latinity of this period was considered very rude. Cicero praises Laelius and P. Scipio for their purity of language, and many of their day, especially those who lived in town, but adds—"non omnium tamen. Nam illorum aequales, Caecilius et Pacuvium, male locutos videmus." (*Brut.* 74.) And writing to Atticus on a point of criticism, he rejects the authority of Caecilius, saying, "malus enim auctor Latinitatis est." (*vii.* 3.) Horace says,

"Vincere Caecilium gravitate—Terentium arte,"

by which Dunlop understands him to mean that the plots of his plays were deep and moving; and Varro gives us the same idea of his manner. Velleius Paterculus classes his wit with that of Terence and Afranius.

Having mentioned Afranius, whose name is not on my chart, I will add, that he imitated Menander, but also had boldness enough to introduce Latin stories. In the time of Pope Gregory some of his poems were extant, but he condemned them to the flames for their obscenity. It is unnecessary to dwell on this author, and such others as Luscus Lavinius, Trabea, Turpilius and Athlius. Dramatic entertainments were now becoming popular in Rome: it was almost the only species of literature which had patronage, and this not of the nobles but of the crowd. Almost every thing was received, however absurd, provided only it were laughable. A comedy which introduced Greek characters was called *comœdia palliata*; that which was on a Roman story, *comœdia togata*; and farce, of a lower, broader humour, *comœdia tabernaria*. There were some other varieties. I have alluded to the *Etrus-*

can histriones; with these must be mentioned the *fabulae Atellanae*, or Atellan plays, which were street-performances of genuine Italian growth, and endeared to the populace by their ancient associations, just as the English mysteries and mummings, and miracle-plays long continued to be. They had their name from Atella, a city of Tuscany. They were originally in the Oscan dialect, which prevailed long in Campania and other southern provinces. They were fragmentary scenes or interludes, full of rough humour, such as gathers a crowd in any city in the world. The fondness for this gave origin to the one thousand and one Nights—the Italian pantomime—and the English Punch. One of the characters was called Maccus, a sort of ancient Harlequin, represented with an enormous head, a hunch-back, and a hook-nose, the clown or jester of the Oscans. The speeches were probably extemporaneous. In process of time, Atellan plays were introduced in pure Latin, regularly composed, and greatly refined; still retaining Maccus, and his compeer Pappo or Pappus, a fool or pantaloon. Escodia, or interludes, were not unlike these; facetious verses were rehearsed by a buffoon, in a mask, who was called Exodiarius. (Read Livy vii. 2.)

From subjects so obscure, and from authors whose works are lost, I am glad to escape to the two great Roman dramatists, Plautus and Terence, whom I shall introduce in succession. You will perceive that Plautus was coeval, in early life, with Livius and Naevius and Ennius, and that his later years correspond with the prime of Pacuvius and Terence. So many of his works are extant, that we are enabled to form competent judgment of his style and merits. He justly stands at the head of Roman comedians, and gives us a better insight into the tastes and habits of his age, than any other writer.

Plautus (*M. Accius*) was the son of a freedman, and a native of Umbria. It is commonly supposed that he received his name from a bodily deformity. His genius was soon public, and his plays brought him abundance of money, which

he seems to have squandered in a very profligate manner; so that after a season of popularity, he was forced to make a living by grinding corn for the bakers, in a common hand-mill (Aul. Gell. iii. 3). Some of his plays, moreover, like Nævius, he wrote in prison; not an uncommon place for literary work, as Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Chitty on Pleading* may attest. We have twenty of his comedies. They are our best fund of information respecting the Latin of that day. With the single exception of Aristophanes, nothing has come down to us from antiquity which is more redolent of humour, and no doubt the laughter-loving populace of Rome were enslaved by his manual jokes and unscrupulous fun. He is characterized by freshness, humour, comic force, and originality. The story is always full of interest, being generally from the Greek. It is to be lamented, that they are often indecent. Few of his plays admit of being used in schools. Every thing is sacrificed to life and impression; the spectator could never have grown weary, and could never have failed to be amused, but sometimes he must have lost his self-respect at the excessive coarseness of his jests and improbable conjunctures in the scenes. The ancients with very few exceptions unite in applauding the Latinity of this great author. Though covered with the mould of antiquity we recognise in it the very language which was spoken by the Catos, Laelii and Scipios, of that eventful age. Plautus did not like Nævius bring the great men of his day on the stage; it was the new Greek comedy of Menander, which he took as his model. Yet he no doubt had many a sarcasm on living characters, which were well understood at the time.

Many of the amusing characters of his plays, which delighted the Roman mob, have appeared and re-appeared, for ages, upon every stage in Europe. There is the braggart soldier, or *Miles gloriosus*, who is the *Parolles* and *Bobadil* and *Falstaff* of that day; who tells how he broke the thigh of an elephant with his fist. There are brothers so nearly alike as to be undistinguishable: the prototype of the *Comedy of Er-*

rors, and many other plays. There is the Miser, who saves his shaving-water, begs his maid to spare the cobwebs, preserves the parings of his nails, and grudges the smoke which issues from his house: the pattern of Moliere's Harpagon, and the Grandet of M. de Balzac: the roguish slave, accomplice with his young master and ever cheating the old one, the Scapin of ancient date; and the Parasite, always hungering, always scenting food like a vulture, devouring like an ostrich, and worshipping as his deities those who feed him. Exaggeration and extravagance of merriment mark all the plays of Plautus. Perhaps this was as necessary for such a people, as the huge, distorted masks, many times larger than life, were for the stage of their vast theatres. He knew well what would answer his purpose; he gained the popular ear; and his pieces continued to be acted for ages. We find a very different character, when we pass to the gentle and delicate Terence.

Publius Terentius Afer was born at the great city of Carthage, about 560 A. U. C. He was accordingly not more than ten years old when Plautus died. He also had been a slave, of Terentius Lucanus, from whom he received his name and his freedom, and by whom it is supposed he was brought to Rome.\* One of the most interesting facts in his history is the intimacy formed by the young poet with Laelius and Scipio; whose friendship is immortalized in Cicero's treatise *De Amicitia*. It was no doubt the taste and genius of the young Carthaginian which attracted to him the notice of these great commanders. This intimacy, with the humble condition of Terence, led some to surmise that the plays were really written by Laelius. When Caecilius the poet was an old man (so runs the story of Donatus) a poor youth, in wretched garb, gained admittance to his house for the purpose of reading a poem; which he did seated upon a low stool, as a person of

\* Quintilian says freed by Scipio Africanus, after being taken in the second Punic war, Jerome says (in Chron. Olymp. 155, 3) "ob ingenium et formam."



no dignity; at length however the simple elegance and pathos of Andria revealed the unknown Terence, who was called to the couch to partake of the dainties. He is described as low of stature, slender, and swarthy. He had a garden of six acres on the Appian Way. Terence produced six comedies at Rome, which are no longer extant, and then removed to Greece, and never visited Italy; though some say he was lost at sea in making the attempt. He died at the age of thirty-four.

For strength, invention, power of expression, and what Julius Cæsar called 'vis comica,' Plautus must assuredly bear the palm; but Terence excels as much in regularity and genuine dramatic art, as well as in elegance and harmony of language. Like his Greek models, Apollodorus and Menander, he addressed himself with great care to the development of his plans and the expositions of his plots; he contemplated each character with a philosophic eye, and represented it with the most delicate taste; and, notwithstanding his imitation of the Greeks, still deserved the honour of originality and independence. He weighs every expression, and is uniformly pure and classic in his diction, masterly in dialogue, a model of dramatic art, and the delight of scholars in every age: but at the same time, Terence seldom surprises us, seldom presents a bold and richly comic position, and was therefore far from satisfying the coarse Roman public, whose mouths were always open for a laugh, and who sometimes left the theatre in the midst of his choicest pieces, to run to the booth of a rope-dancer. For the same causes, Terence was the last comic author of merit in Rome; as Roscius and Aesop were the last great actors. Several of the dramas of Terence can scarcely be denominated comedies, in the ordinary modern sense, as they do not tend to mirth in any degree, but derive their chief value from their pathos. The unities of time and place are generally observed by him with Grecian punctilio; and it cannot be denied that a certain frigidity is the consequence; for many striking events have to be related, which ought to have

been represented. To make up for the want of certain striking qualities, Terence avails himself of double plots, which (Dunlop supposes) gained him the popular reputation of being the most artful writer for the stage. In sustaining his characters, and depicting manners, there is a genius and delicacy which no writer has ever surpassed. The interest we feel in his characters takes away one regret for the absence of drollery. No one can read even a few pages, without feeling that Terence is a master; that he is great in his simplicity; that his style is all his own, possessing an enchanting naiveté such as in modern times one admires in Lafontaine or Charles Lamb. Julius Cæsar placed him in the highest rank among the imitators of Menander, for purity of language and gentle elegance; but laments that the 'vis comica' was wanting, to make him equal to the Greeks.

"Tu quoque tu in summis, O dimidiato Menander,  
Poneris, et merito, puri sermonis amator:  
Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis  
Comica, ut æquato virtus polleret honore  
Cum Graecis, neque in hoc despectus parta jaceres.  
Unum hoc maceror et doleo tibi desse Terenti."

It is worthy of notice that the Latin tongue received its first polish from the hands of an African slave. None have ever questioned the surpassing elegance of his style, an elegance best expressed by the Horatian phrase 'simplex munditiis.' It is admirably called by Heinsius 'ineffabilis amœnitas.' "Cicero characterizes him as

'Quicquid come loquens, ac omnia dulcia dicens.'

From the beginning to the close of Roman literature, we shall look in vain for such a union of elegance and simplicity, of that seeming artlessness which is the highest touch of art. His style, says Diderot, is a pure and transparent wave flowing always equably: no briskness, no display of sentiment, no single period which has an epigrammatic point.

It is proper to say that Terence's measure is generally, but by no means always, the Iambic trimeter acatalectic; or six iambuses or their equivalent. The difficulty of supplying

these equivalents in all cases, has led many authors to consider them highly inelegant; and Westerhovius declares that in order to reduce the lines to their original accuracy, it would be necessary to call Scipio and Laelius from the shades. The same is true, in perhaps a greater degree, of Plautus.

Plautus was the favourite at Rome; I am afraid he would be so among ourselves; for drollery is more abundant than taste. No man loved a joke better than Erasmus, nor was there ever a wittier writer; yet he says, "there is more of accurate judgment in one play of Terence, than in all the works of Plautus."

"In short," says Heinsius, "Plautus is more gay, Terence more chaste—the first has more genius and fire, the latter more manners and solidity. Plautus excels in low comedy and ridicule, Terence in drawing just characters and maintaining them to the last. The plots of both are artful, but Terence's are more apt to languish, while Plautus's spirit maintains the action with vigour. His invention was greatest; Terence's art and management. Plautus gives a stronger, Terence a more elegant delight. Plautus appears the better comedian of the two, as Terence the finer poet. Plautus shone most on the stage; Terence pleases best in the closet."

Antiquity affords us no further notices of the comic writers of Rome. Before closing, let me say a word about their scenic representation. I have said that at an early period, dramatic performances took place in the open air. We learn from Juvenal, that this long continued to be the usage, in the provinces. (Sat. 3.)

Ipsa dierum  
Festorum herbosa colitur si quando theatro  
Majestas, tandemque redit ad pulpita notum  
Exodium, quum personae pallentis hiatum  
In gremio matris formidat rusticus infans;  
Aequales habitus illic, similesque videbis  
Orchestram et populum: clari velamen honoris,  
Sufficiunt tanicae summis aedilibus albae.

"There in the nook of some retiring dell,  
On days of festival delighted still,

The country hind enjoys on grassy stage  
 The well-known farce that charms from youth to age.  
 While that grim personage, the mask, alarms  
 The squalling infant in his mother's arms.  
 There none the benches of distinction claim,  
 The same their habits, and their seats the same,  
 Except the honoured edile, duly known  
 By the white tunic which he wears alone."

BADHAM.

By various degrees, however, the luxury of vast edifices was introduced; some being wholly of marble. On one side they were semicircular. The spectators sat in rising seats around the semicircle; this part was called the *cavea*. Between them and the stage was the *orchestra*, or place for singers and dancers. There were several sets of benches, divided by belts or *praeciniones*. Openings or stairways ascended as radii, piercing the curves. The portions between, being wedgelike in shape, were called *cunei*. The most distinguished persons sat nearest to the *orchestra*. The theatre built by the adile M. Scaurus, B. C. 59, at his own expense, partly marble, could contain eighty thousand persons. The theatres of Pompey and Marcellus were also very capacious; the ruins of the latter still remain. Though scenes, such as are now painted, were unknown, there were columns, fronts of houses, statues, pictures and ornaments, of a very sumptuous kind; and before these was a curtain, which was fastened at the bottom, and drawn up by machinery. When luxury increased still more, perfumed liquids were conveyed by secret tubes, and sprinkled over the assembly; and the vast area, otherwise open to the heavens, was covered by a sumptuous awning, supported on masts. The theatres were opened only on stated holidays, often with some connexion with religious solemnities, and always by daylight. In these immense buildings, heavy and enormous masks were necessary, as well to increase the voice as to make the features visible to those at a distance. In later times the mask was made of brass. Every particular character had an appropriate mask, and we learn the general appearance of these from ancient sculptures and paintings. To prevent the disproportion arising from this

increase of the head, the tragic actors wore a high boot, called a buskin ; comedians wore a lower shoe, called a sock. The body and limbs were also filled out with padding. All plays, whether comic or tragic, were accompanied with dancing and music ; concerning which antiquaries have been unable to assert any very satisfactory particulars.

A SCHOOLMASTER.

---

NIL ADMIRARI.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—

I am much pleased to observe the great improvement in your person and manners since we met last year. There is in fact but one fault which I think requires correction, and to point out which I venture to address you. I mean the juvenile and vulgar habit of appearing to admire what you see and hear. I am sure you will believe me when I state as the result of a pretty long experience, that nothing in the world is more unfriendly to a genteel dignity. If delicacy would permit me to refer to my own case more fully, I might easily enforce my precept by example. I think it, however, more becoming to refer to that of others in the way of warning. I cannot express to you how much I have been shocked at the increase of this ignoble habit even among persons of some education and refinement. It is no uncommon thing to see well dressed young men and women, who are visiting the cities, actually staring at the public buildings, and even expressing admiration of them. The same thing may, more rarely, be observed at church, where nothing can be more inelegant than to give fixed attention to the preacher. But perhaps the most absurd exemplification of this vulgar folly is afforded by the affectation of admiring Jenny Lind. You will hardly be able to believe that I have heard such a sentiment expressed more than once of late, of course by novices and rustics, for

no others would have so exposed themselves. In opposition to this growing evil, I can only tell what I do myself, and leave you to copy my example as far as you think proper. In church, when I appear there, which is not at all inelegant at proper intervals, I try to look as if I were considering how much better I could treat the subject than the preacher. When I go abroad, I find it advantageous to find fault with every thing that differs from my own habits and arrangements. If the handles of the knives and forks are green instead of white, I make it a point to look at them with a faint expression of sarcastic humour. If they burn wood, I praise coal, and vice versa. If they do not pronounce English as we do in Smithville, I ridicule them as provincials. If they do not eat molasses thrice a day, I complain of its absence; if they do I sicken at it. As to the cities, I invariably pass the most attractive objects without looking at them, or if forced by some officious friend to see them, I compare them with some corresponding object in South Smithville, taking care to give the latter the advantage. As to Jenny Lind, I laugh at the idea of her being superior to the leader of our choir. By practising this method, you will preserve your self-respect and at the same time draw a line between you and the vulgar.

SOLOMON CHESTERFIELD.

### CARTHAGE.

Urbs antiqua fuit,  
—dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli :

VIRGIL.

Carthage, thy arms shall terror-strike no more,  
Nor time, nor change thy fallen pride restore !  
Where sat the mighty and convened the great  
In solemn council and in high debate,  
No more the lofty arch and gleaming wall  
Echo the stern command, the quick footfall.

Yet thou wast glorious in the olden day,  
A thousand navies starred thy glassy bay,  
Thy sons were hardy, numerous, bold and brave  
To dare the perils of the yawning wave ;  
Thine were the gushing fount, the massy tower,  
The sounding hall and the perennial bower,  
The solemn temple and the pointed spire,  
Flashing the splendours of the sunset's fire,  
The glittering camp, the dread array of war,  
The countless legion and the rattling car.  
All that was beautiful, all that the heart  
Could wish, the senses crave, in thee had part ;  
Gardens, that rivaled nature's own, were thine,  
Thine were the stately palm and bending vine,  
The gloomy arsenal, the dim arcade,  
The thrilling dome, the lengthening colonnade.

On every foam-girt isle, beneath each clime,  
Whose valleys smile, whose mountains tower sublime,  
There thy adventurous sons a shelter found,  
And there thy glory and thy name went round ;  
With wonder in their look men gazed on thee,  
Queen of the land, and Empress of the sea,  
Nor dreamed that o'er each street and bannered wall,  
Could Desolation's doleful shadow fall,  
But oh, thy arms shall terror-strike no more,  
Nor time, nor change thy fallen pride restore !

Yea, thou wast mighty in the days of old,  
Heaped were thy countless shrines with countless gold ;  
Gems, from the voiceless caverns of the sea,  
The mountain's flinty heart, were shrined in thee ;  
Odours from groves of sunny Araby, . . .  
Corn from the vales of blooming Sicily,  
Spoils from the midnight of the Asian mine,  
The wealth of Ganges, Syria's golden wine.

To every savage strand, each lonely shore,  
 Whose gray rocks echo to the billow's roar—  
 To deserts parched, with thymy herbage gay,  
 Thy daring galleys cleaved their watery way ;  
 Where the wild Moor in slavery dooms to groan  
 Each hapless wanderer on his mercy thrown,  
 Oft pealed thy conquering trumpet, fierce and loud,  
 The fiery Arab to thy sceptre bowed.  
 Haply on Pomerania's frozen strand,  
 The ice-ribbed islets of each Northern land,  
 Midst Swedish wilds, bleak Norway's roaring pines,  
 Where, like a god, the tottering glacier shines,  
 The fur-wrapped rover owned thy world-wide sway—  
 Thy brazen navies cut their icy way ;  
 But, in a dark and un auspicious hour,  
 Some dream accursed of unbounded power,  
 Swept o'er thy spirit in its lethal might,  
 And sunk thy splendours to eternal night.

Carthage ! thy arms shall terror-strike no more,  
 Nor time, nor change thy fallen pride's store !  
 Across the wave thy warring myriads flew,  
 Fierce and unawed, burst every barrier through ;  
 Scaled the bleak crag, the mountain's thawless snow,  
 Rolled like a whirlwind on the plains below ;  
 Men saw the valleys blackened with the dead,  
 Upon the slave, upon the mitred head,  
 O'er all, there came a shadow and a dread.  
 On palace, city, temple, grove and dell,  
 The awful lightning of thy vengeance fell ;  
 As rolls a torrent with resistless force,  
 Uprooting forests in its headlong course,  
 Onward o'er smoking plain and levelled town,  
 Thy thundering cohorts bore the nations down,  
 Till in that hour, upon that vengeful day,  
 'Neath some dark fate's most unpropitious sway,



In lands remote, far o'er the salt sea-foam,  
They met the annihilating sword of Rome ;  
Then were the links that bound the nations riven,  
Then was the ploughshare through thy glory driven,  
Fit retribution for the woes, the wrong,  
Mankind had borne of thee, the proud, the strong.

Scourge of a world gone by, the mighty's trust !  
Why are thy splendours levelled to the dust ?  
Why should the cruel years spare not a trace  
Of all thou wast, to mark thy burial place ?  
Not that pale Famine stalked amid thy streets,  
Not that the billow rolled above thy fleets ;  
Not that the treacherous winds, the fainting soil  
Denied thy sons the just reward of toil,  
Nor yet, when Avarice in thy courts grew bold,  
That Justice fled and right was weighed with gold ;  
Not that to nature's light thy daughters, blind,  
Their tender offspring to the flames consigned ;  
Nor, that thy savage children bowed them down  
To gods of their own framing, brass and stone ;  
Millions above thy ashes fling away  
Their strength on idols frail and vile as they,  
Intrigue, injustice, murder, lust and shame  
Shall blot the splendour of a nation's name,  
Dearth, famine, sword shall desolate her plains,  
The clouds withhold their genial dews and rains,  
Yet shall her valleys smile, her beauties rise,  
A wonder and a glory to all eyes ;  
Yet on her fields shall Heaven propitious smile,  
And wealth and fame their honours shower the while.

Oh, thou accurs'd Ambition ! in thy train,  
What wrongs have birth, what misery, what pain !  
At thy red shrine what heavenly minds have bowed,  
What hearts for thee, the crested billows ploughed !

For thee a nation seized the deadly brand,  
 For thee her ramparts moulder, neath the sand ;  
 For thee her sons to siege and battle flew,  
 And on her head a double ruin drew.

High on a moss-hung crag, o'er Libya's land,  
 Above thy domes by Fancy's aid I stand ;  
 Far, far below the dusky columns rise,  
 Bathed in the lingering day's effulgent dyes ;  
 Wide o'er the plain, the glittering roofs expand—  
 Palace and fane, magnificently grand,  
 A melting splendour fills all earth and sky,  
 Tranquil beyond, the bright, blue waters lie ;  
 A still, sweet music stirs the hovering calm,  
 The faint breeze-whisper in the glimmering palm ;  
 Save this, no murmur moves the pensive ear,  
 Nor voice nor footfall calls the listener, near.  
 But hark ! what sound comes as of ocean waves,  
 Whirling and crashing through their rocky caves ?  
 Yon little cloud of dust ! it grows amain,  
 Curls, bursts and darkles o'er the trembling plain,  
 Portentous leaping from its sullen gloom,  
 I mark the fiery steed and dashing plume ;  
 Hoarse o'er the sands the thickening murmurs roll,  
 Thrill the still heaven and vibrate through the soul ;  
 Near groans the bursting terror and more near,  
 Firm-closed and dread, the serried ranks appear ;  
 The grey hyena through your streets shall prowl—  
 Tremble, ye mighty, and ye princes, how !  
 The deep foundations quake, the column falls,  
 Black vengeance rides triumphant o'er the walls,  
 And oh, thy arms shall terror-strike no more,  
 Nor time, nor change thy fallen pride restore !  
 Red o'er thy towers the boiling vapours wheel,  
 Breaks on the wind the roar of shivering steel,  
 Bursts from each tottering dome a tongue of flame,

Not all the fountains of the Deep can tame ;  
From street to street, the lurid ruin leaps,  
From wall to wall, and thunders as it sweeps,  
From earth to heaven, from quivering spire to spire—  
The noble city is a sea of fire !

Blackened and crumbling, through the livid gloom,  
Thy smouldering towers and prostrate temples loom ;  
Here, while the circling ages waste away,  
Shall the wild Arab solitary stray ;  
Here, at the dead of night, the jackal's wail,  
Roll melancholy o'er the desert gale ;  
Here, as at dusk the pensive traveller sits,  
Whilst the lone breeze is mute, or sighs by fits,  
Shall rise to view all that thou wast of yore,  
Thy arms, thy glory, but shalt be no more ;  
Yet the faint stars and misty moon look down,  
As when all earth was filled with thy renown—  
Scourge of the nations and the mighty's trust,  
How are thy splendours levelled to the dust !

T. H.

## PEDAGOGICS.

## No. III.

The features which we have portrayed may, we think, be readily recognized in almost every novel scheme of education that has been given to the public, not equally prominent in all cases, but in all sufficiently discernible. To these we may add another not quite so common, nor so likely from its nature to become so. There is a fondness, among some whose

zeal for learning and endeavours to promote it merit high applause, to mystify the subject of instruction by removing it from the class of sober, practical realities, to that of metaphysical refinements and conceits. The theories broached by some of these philosophers require more time, in order to be fully understood, than would be necessary for the practical development of many other plans. This sort of speculation is extremely captivating to ill-balanced minds ; for, as it gives indulgence to the imagination under the pretext of profound intellectual operation, it enables men to earn the reputation of deep thought without the toil of thinking. As minds of the highest order are but little exposed to the fascinations of this philosophic trifling, it is practised, for the most part, by the shallow, the erratic, and the half informed. It is not surprising, therefore, that the fruits of this philosophy, so far as they have yet been imparted to the world, are as unsubstantial as they are pretending. We are not unwilling to see education brought into conformity with scientific principles ; but we are unwilling to see time expended and the public mind amused by a mere flourish of trumpets. The effect of this philosophising mania is to divert attention from the essentials and realities of actual instruction to the unprofitable subtleties of empty speculation, and by necessary consequence to expose the minds of youth to the hazardous process of conjectural experiment. Both these effects, however they may seem in contemplation, are proved by experience to be always hurtful, and not seldom ruinous. Those who subject their children or themselves to this empirical procedure, very seldom fail to pay dearly for their whistle.

We do not think it necessary to go into the inquiry, how these evils may be remedied ; because they have begun already to correct themselves. The morbid appetite for novelty has sickened, and we trust, will ere long die. As its disease, however, seems to have reached a crisis, we are anxious to determine it in such a manner as will best insure a fatal termination. This has been our aim in the preceding

strictures, and we shall certainly be gratified to find, that they have in any degree contributed to a consummation so devoutly wished for. But while we honestly believe that there is common sense enough remaining in society to crush all mere impostures, we are far from thinking that there is no occasion for discussion or inquiry with respect to education. There are some questions practical and highly important, in regard to which the public mind is still unsettled. Most of these have, from time immemorial, been subjects of dispute among the friends of education in a greater or less degree. Some of them, however, which were once warmly agitated, now attract less attention, as a large majority have formed conclusions in relation to them. Others, on the contrary, which in former times were canvassed only by a few, have of late become more generally interesting. With regard to some in both these classes, we would say, that the existing doubts respecting them arise not so much from any intrinsic difficulty in the subject, as from the unwise zeal of party disputants. The truth lies on both sides, and a just conclusion can only be reached by compromise. An extended illustration of this statement, in its application to specific points of controversy, would transcend our limits and the reader's patience. We must be contented with a glance at one or two of these vexed questions.

Take, for example, that respecting the comparative advantages of public and private education. In the controversies once kept up among the learned on this subject, the golden mean of truth appears to have been utterly lost sight of. The advocates of public institutions spared no terms of strong contempt in speaking of domestic instruction. Not contented with insisting on the obvious facilities afforded by colleges and schools, beyond the means of individual teachers, with respect to books, varied methods of instruction, and collision of mind among the youth themselves, these zealous champions virtually denied those negative advantages which are implied in the very idea of a fire-side educa-

tion. They pertinaciously maintained that education in a public institution was more favourable to the students' morals—a paradox too gross for refutation. Those, on the other hand, who were afraid of schools and colleges, endeavoured to justify their preference of private education, by denying to the other system the possession of those merits which result from the very constitution of a public seminary. At present, we believe, these extreme opinions are but little prevalent. No one seems now to question that it would be a happy thing if the advantages of public schools could be combined with the incommunicable privileges of domestic discipline. Nor, on the other hand, would it be easy to find any one extravagant enough to think such a combination, in its full extent, practicable. The utmost that is now expected by the sober-minded, is such an arrangement of our public institutions as would make them approximate, in all important points, as near as may be, to the economy of families. This we regard as a desirable and feasible improvement. We have no doubt, that expedients might be easily suggested which, if fairly carried into execution, would produce a most surprising metamorphosis. We cannot here enlarge upon the subject, but we may, at some future period, communicate our thoughts upon it to the public in detail.

Another question of the same general class, though far from being equally adjusted, is that respecting the value of classical learning as a part of general education. This subject is, in fact, a more perplexed one than the other; and although our own views in relation to it are distinct and fixed, we shall not run the risk of injuring the cause which we espouse, by attempting even an outline of the arguments on either side. A fair presentation of the subject is impossible, without a sufficiency of time and space to present it in detail. There is nothing, however, to prevent our entering an earnest protest against ultra sentiments and language upon this point. There is more occasion, it is true, for such a caution on the part of those who vilify than of those who

patronise the study of the classics. There are few, we apprehend, among ourselves at present, who are disposed to give classical learning that extravagant preponderance assigned to it in the practice of the Grammar Schools of England. But whether there be any such or not, there can be no doubt that the general current sets decidedly against them. We have reason now to fear, not that too much time will be bestowed on Greek and Latin, but that these antique acquirements will be soon lost sight of, in the growing multitude of more refined accomplishments. We have already hinted at one cause which operates in this direction, while animadverting on the mistaken principle of "practical utility," considered as a rule for determining the value of particular studies. We have seen this sophistical and hurtful doctrine preached and practised too, by men who owe all their distinction to the very system which it aims to overthrow. And on the other hand, we have heard it trumpeted by men of no distinction, as a justification of their own deficiencies, upon the same sound principle which led Esop's fox to recommend the amputation of his brethren's tails. It might *a priori* be supposed, that such assaults upon the citadel of learning would be wholly futile. But experience teaches that even the prate of gossips, if vivacious and incessant, may affect the strongest and most guarded intellect. *Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed saepe cadendo.* This is our only fear, as well as our only reason for alluding to the subject here. If the public can be put upon their guard against a foe which seems too paltry to be feared, there is but little danger of a disastrous issue.

The only other specimen that we can afford to give of those unprofitable controversies, is, to use a bold expression, the absurd dispute about *parental discipline*. This phrase is now entitled to the unenviable honours of a regular cant term. Advertisements or lectures, and colloquial twaddle, have conspired to render it disgustingly familiar. Those who use it in the fashionable manner would appear to have

attached a novel meaning to the epithet 'parental.' We could not possibly enumerate the instances in which we have observed its application as the opposite of authoritative, rigorous, or harsh. It seems to be regarded as peculiarly appropriate, when corporal punishment is disavowed. "No bodily chastisement or other harsh expedients will be used, the discipline of this school being entirely parental." "The age of flogging and imprisonment is past. No discipline would now be tolerated, but that which is strictly parental."

A more puerile confusion and abuse of terms we never met with. Is the use of the rod so entirely foreign from domestic government, that its exclusion from a school must be denoted by the term parental? The truth is just the other way. Corporal punishment is so delicate and hazardous a thing, that as a general rule, it is perhaps expedient nowhere but at home. And whatever may be thought of the propriety of practising this method of correction in a school, the right to practise it is clearly vested in the head of every household. The father who never whips his son may be perfectly right; but the father who sets out with the determination not to do it, come what may, is most indubitably wrong. The term "parental," therefore, far from denoting the exclusion of the rod, implies distinctly the authority to use it. We beg the reader to observe, however, that we find no fault with the phrase 'parental discipline' when properly interpreted. On the contrary, we think that it expresses fully the true principle of government in public institutions. There discipline should always be parental. We have already hinted that the organization of our literary seminaries would be much improved by an approximation to the internal regulations of a well-ordered family. It follows, of course, if this be just, that the controlling and directing power in such an establishment, should be analogous in operation to the corresponding power in a family. In other words, the discipline should be, as far as possible, parental. We do not mean, however, by parental discipline, that sickly fondling and old-womanish cajolery, which bribes and coaxes children



to behave themselves. We mean a firm, kind, steady exercise of that discretion, which Providence allows to every parent, and which every parent, when he sends his son to school, transfers, so far as it admits of transfer, to the teacher whom he trusts. This, and this only, is parental discipline.

We cannot dismiss the subject without hinting at some topics, which we wish to see presented in their true light to the public, as a means of rectifying false impressions, and exciting well directed efforts for the promotion of true learning in our midst. Besides some of those which have been slightly touched in the present article, we attach great importance to the question how the profession of teachers may be raised to a higher point upon the scale of actual merit and of public estimation? Nothing to us appears more evident than that there is an urgent call for some peculiar and effectual expedients, corresponding to the peculiar circumstances of American society. There are safeguards and provisions in the old world, which are here unknown; and we do honestly consider that the man who shall devise a method of supplying this defect and of raising the business of instruction to its proper elevation in the public eye, will merit far more gratitude than many deep-mouthed demagogues, whose apotheosis is the order of the day. Next to the character of teachers, we desire to see the influence of the press on elementary instruction brought before the public mind. While public-spirited and enterprising publishers are showing themselves willing to do much for education by the supply of books, we are anxious to see learned men and authors duly sensible of their obligations to cooperate in this important work. America possessing, as she does, so many highly gifted sons, will have no excuse for coming short, in this respect, of other nations.

## DISCOVERIES AT DINNER.

I often amuse myself in travelling with a little harmless speculation and conjecture, as to the characters and callings of my *compagnons de voyage*. I was one day indulging this propensity at the table of a large hotel, where my curiosity was specially excited by two groups at no great distance but in opposite directions and scarcely visible to one another. Both sets were dressed expensively, although in very different styles. The only thing in which they were alike was the loud and ostentatious way in which they ordered and drank wine. While I was narrowly observing them, a man of middle size and strongly built, plainly but well dressed, with the slightest imaginable dash of vulgarity in garb and manner, took possession of a vacant seat beside me, and after swallowing his soup with some haste, surprised me by observing very coolly—I perceive that you make good use of your eyes, sir. What do you mean? I mean that you are in the habit of guessing who and what your neighbours are. How do you know that?—I know it first by seeing it, and then by your not denying it. I see no reason to deny it; I suppose you do not mean to charge it as a crime. No, for then I should criminate myself, as it is not only my habit, but my business to do the same. And you have no doubt been practising on me? Of course. And may I ask with what success. Of that you may judge for yourself when I tell you, that I take you for an educated man, but now connected with a bank or trading company of some sort. I see I am right by your looks. If you want your revenge, you may have it by telling me what I am—Guess—a cattle-dealer? I suspect you meant to punish me by that conjecture. But you missed your mark. I am not at all offended. I am on intimate terms with many drovers. Try again. A practical plumber? That is said at random. I am satisfied with knowing that you do not know and cannot even guess my vocation. Well, I will

tell you. I am a policeman from the city on official business. I am waiting the convenience of that handsome gentlemanly person at the head of the table. I have travelled on his track for two days, and at last have come in sight of him. As soon as he rises, I shall make his acquaintance. In the mean time let me help you out of your perplexities. The only people here that have excited your curiosity are the two parties on the right and left. Perhaps you think the first set are Hungarians or Poles. But their moustaches are of domestic manufacture, and you hear they swear in English. They are not even Englishmen, as you may judge by their pronunciation. You look surprised, but I have been in England, and am not entirely illiterate myself. To tell you the truth, I was turned out of college, went to sea and have since followed many honourable callings. But as to our distinguished neighbours here, they are not gentlemen of wealth and leisure, as they seem to wish us to suppose. If they were, they would act here as they do at home. They would take their food as a matter of course, and not as an extraordinary treat, in which the whole company feels an interest. See how they look round as they order the French dishes in a loud voice. It is easy to see that they are not here every day, or this would grow familiar. Then observe how closely they study the wine-list, and select the high-priced wines. And how they smack their lips and criticise the vintage. And see how they pity us for drinking water. That little one can hardly bear the sight of it. He pushes his glass from him with contempt. He evidently wishes us to think that he breakfasts and sups daily on Johannisberg. But alas his breastpin and his ring betray him. They are obviously shoppish, both in size and splendour. And if you listen, you will hear the whole set every now and then allude to "the store"—the amount of business, number of hands, hour of closing, &c. They are not ashamed of this among themselves, nor is it anything to be ashamed of. But why assume the air of dukes or princes of the blood before the public? Why do they call the attention of the table to their victuals and their drink, as if such things were just invented, and they

had bought the first sample at a premium? Why not eat and drink quietly like the small elderly man near them, who has more of the gentleman in his little finger, than they in their whole bodies. You see he takes no notice of his neighbour's plates or persons, but eats as if he were at home. He looks at the *carte*, to see if what he wants is there, not to study out some hard names or outlandish kickshaw. He has his wine, but makes no more ado with it than with his water. In a word, you may be sure the man is used to what he has before him, which is more than I can say of our moustached friends, or of that other noisy set, upon the right. They are doing very much the same thing as to meats and drinks, but they belong to an entirely different class. Their long hair and bare necks and the cloaks they swaggered in awhile ago, together with their whistling and loud laughter without cause or provocation, would indicate a recent escape from college or boarding-school, if there is such an institution hereabouts. At all events, they are under age and from the country, and entitled to allowance for imagining that no one ever dined at a table-d'hôte before them, and that they are of course the observed of all observers. They will soon outgrow it and laugh at the next generation just as we now laugh at them. But see that man directly opposite—how carefully he puts the salt and butter, and whatever else is meant for common use, as near to himself and as much out of every body else's reach as possible. And now, while he is waiting for the lobster, see how narrowly he watches every plate within eye-shot, to discover what his neighbours are or have been eating. See how contemptuous he looks at me, because I use my knife perhaps too freely, and at you because you ask for fish at this time of the dinner and devour it plain instead of emptying the castors on it. Now the servant brings his plate—observe how he snatches it—and how ferociously he orders something else. Depend upon it, that man is accustomed to wait upon himself. If he was used to command, he would know how to treat the servants, without either bullying as he now does, or calling them familiarly by name, and in a loud voice, like that youth

from a neighbouring liquor store with a faint attempt at sandy whiskers, who seems to think that the perfection of dining consists in tasting every thing upon the table or the bill of fare.

Just at this interesting point of the discourse, my communicative *convive* suddenly arose, threw down his napkin, and without bidding me adieu, joined a gentleman who was going out. As my late companion pressed his hand in cordial salutation and then went out with him arm in arm, I recognized, in spite of a sudden paleness and a smile expressing any thing but pleasure, the distinguished looking gentleman who had been presiding at the head of the long table.

ÆGIO.

---

## THE ODYSSEY.

### No. II.

We shall merely mention as we pass the interview between Ulysses and his mother in the lower world, as a specimen of simple and unlaboured pathos. But we must make room for another sea-scene.

For here stood Scylla, while Charybdis there,  
With hoarse throat deep absorbed the briny flood  
Oft as she vomited the deluge forth,  
Like water caldron'd o'er a furious fire  
The whirling Deep all murmur'd, and the spray  
On both those rocky summits fell in showers,  
But when she sucked the salt wave down again,  
Then all the pool appeared wheeling about  
Within, the rock rebelled, and the sea,  
Drawn off into the gulf, disclosed to view  
The oozy bottom. Us pale horror seized.  
Thus dreading death, with fast set eyes we watched  
Charybdis; mean time Scylla from the bank  
Caught six away, the bravest of my friends;  
And, as I watching stood the galleys course

And them within, uplifted high in air  
 Their legs and arms I saw. My name aloud  
 Pronouncing in their agony, they went,  
 My name, and never to pronounce it more.  
 As when from some bold point among the rocks  
 The angler, with his taper rod in hand  
 Casts forth his bait to scare the smaller fry,  
 He swings away remote his guarded line,  
 Thence jerks aground at once the struggling prey,  
 So Scylla them raised struggling to the rock,  
 And at her cavern's mouth devoured them all,  
 Shrieking and stretching forth to me their arms  
 In sign of hopeless misery.

The next sample is the exquisite description of the spot in Ithaca, where the Phocacians landed Ulysses.

Vexed and harassed oft  
 In stormy battles and tempestuous seas,  
 But sleeping now serenely and resigned  
 To sweet oblivion of all sorrow past.  
 In Ithaca, but from the public view  
 Sequestered far, there is a certain port  
 Sacred to Phorcys, ancient of the deep,  
 Formed by converging shores, abrupt alike  
 And prominent, which from the spacious bay  
 Exclude all boisterous winds; within it ships  
 The port once gained, uncabled ride secure.  
 An olive at the haven's head expands  
 Her branches wide, near to a pleasant cave  
 Umbrageous, to the nymphs' devoted named  
 The Naiads. Beakers in that cave and jars  
 Of stone are found; bees lodge their honey there;  
 And there on slender spindles of the rock  
 The nymphs of rivers weave their wondrous robes.  
 Perennial springs rise in it, and it shows  
 A twofold entrance; ingress one affords  
 To man and fronts the North; but holier far,  
 The Southern opens to the Gods above.  
 Then, knowing well the port, they boldly thrust  
 The vessel in; she rapid ploughed the sands  
 With half her keel, such rowers urged her on.  
 The benches left, and leaping all ashore,

Ulysses first they gently lifted forth  
With the whole splendid couch whereon he lay,  
And placed him, still fast sleeping, on the sands.

The double transformation of Ulysses is inimitable, both in Greek and English :

So saying, the Goddess touched him with a wand—  
At once, o'er all his agile limbs she parched  
The polished skin : she withered to the root  
His wavy locks, and clothed him with the hide  
Deformed of wrinkled age ; she charged with rheums  
His eyes before so vivid, and a cloak  
And kirtle gave him, tattered both, and foul,  
And smutched with smoke ; then casting over all  
A huge old hairless deer skin, with a staff  
She filled his shrivelled hand, and gave him, last,  
A wallet patched all over, and that, strung  
With twisted tackle, dangled at his side.

Minerva spake, and with her rod of gold  
Touched him ; his mantle first and vest she made  
Pure as new blanched ; dilating next his form,  
She gave dimensions ampler to his limbs ;  
Swarthy again his manly hue became,  
Round his full face, and black his bushy chin.  
The change performed, Minerva disappeared,  
And the illustrious hero turned again  
Into the cottage ; wonder at that sight  
Seized on Telemachus ; askance he looked,  
Awe struck, not unsuspecting of a God.

The picture of Eumæus in his fourfold character of swine-herd, butcher, cook, and carver, is one which could only have been drawn from the life.

So saying his wood for fuel he prepared,  
And dragging thither a well fattened brawn  
Of the fifth year, his servants held him fast  
At the hearth side. Nor failed the master swain  
To adore the Gods, (for wise and good was he)  
But consecration of the victim first  
Himself performing, cast into the fire  
The forehead bristles of the tusky boar,  
And prayed to all above that safe at length

Ulysses might regain his native home.  
 Then with an oaken shive, which he had left  
 Beside the fire, he smote him, and he fell.  
 Next piercing him, and scorching close his hair,  
 The joints they parted, and with slices crude,  
 Cut neatly from the separated limbs,  
 Eumœus spread the caul, which sprinkled o'er  
 With purest meal, he cast into the fire.  
 The remnant slashed, and spitted, and prepared,  
 They placed, heaped high in chargers, on the board—  
 Then rose the good Eumœas to his task  
 Of distribution, for by none excelled  
 In all the duties of a host was he  
 Seven fold partition of the banquet made,  
 He gave with precious prayer to Maia's son  
 And to the nymphs one portion, and the guests  
 Served next, but honouring Ulysses most  
 On him the long unsevered chine bestowed.

No one can think of making extracts from the *Odyssey* without including the death of Argus.

Thus they conversed, when, lying near, his head  
 Ulysses dog, the faithful Argus, heaved,  
 And set his ears erect. The chief himself  
 Had reared him, but, departing to the shores  
 Of Ilium, left the trial of his worth  
 To youths oft'times indebted to his speed  
 For wild goat, hart, and hare. Forlorn he lay,  
 A poor unheeded cast-off, on the ground,  
 Where mules and oxen had before the gate  
 Much ordure left, with which Ulysses' hinds  
 Should, in due time, manure his spacious fields  
 There lay, by vermine worried to the bone,  
 The wretched Argus; soon as he perceived  
 Long-lost Ulysses nigh, down fell his ears  
 Clapped close, and with his tail glad sign he gave  
 Of gratulation, impotent to rise,  
 And to approach his master. At that sight  
 Ulysses, unperceived, a starting tear  
 Wiped off, and of Eumœus thus inquired :

I can but wonder, seeing such a dog  
 Thus lodged Eumœus ! beautiful he seems



But wanted, I suspect, due speed to match  
His comely shape; a table guard belike,  
And for his looks prized more than for his use.

To whom Eumœus, then didst thus reply:  
He is the dog of one far hence deceased.  
But had he now such body, plight, and strength,  
As when his lord departing to the shores  
Of Ilium left him, thou should'st view, at once,  
With wonder his agility and force.  
He never in the sylvan deep recess  
The wild beast saw, that scap'd him, and he tracked  
Their steps infallible; but comfort none  
Enjoys he now; for distant far from home  
His lord hath died, and, heedless of his dog,  
The women neither house nor give him food.  
For whom Jove dooms to servitude he takes  
At once the half of that man's worth away.

He spake; and, passing the wide portal, came  
Where the imperious suitors feasting sat.  
And Argus, soon as in the twentieth year  
He had beheld once more with sparkling eyes  
His lord Ulysses, closed them, and expired.

The whole of the fight between the beggars might be quoted  
but we must content ourselves with the conclusion.

He ended, and still more the trembler's limbs  
Shook under him; into the middle space  
They led him, and each raised his hands on high.  
Then stood Ulysses musing and in doubt,  
Whether to strike him lifeless to the ground  
At once, or fell him with a managed blow.  
To smite with managed force at length he chose  
As wisest, lest, betrayed by his own strength  
He should be known. Each raised his fist and each  
Assailed his opposite. Him Irus struck  
On the right shoulder; but Laertes' son  
Smote Irus with a force that snapped the bones.  
He spouting through his lips a crimson stream,  
With chattering teeth and hideous outcry fell,  
And with his heels, recumbent, thumped the ground.

Loud laughed the suitors, lifting each his hands,  
As they would die; when seizing fast his heels,  
Ulysses dragged him through the palace door.

The effect of Ulysses' stories on his wife before the recognition may be compared with that of Othello's upon Desdemona :

With many a specious fiction, thus he soothed  
Her listening ear; she melting at the sound  
With drops of tenderest grief her cheeks bedewed;  
And as the snow, by Zephyrus diffused,  
Melts on the mountain tops, when Eurus breathes  
And fills the channels of the running streams,  
So melted she, and down her lovely cheeks  
Poured fast the tears, him mourning as remote  
Who sat beside her. Soft compassion touched  
Ulysses of his consort's silent wo;  
Yet wept not he, but well-dissembling still,  
Suppressed his grief, fast rivetting his eyes,  
As they were each of horn or hammered steel,  
Till she, with overflowing tears at length  
Satiated, replied, and thus inquired again.

When the old nurse recognized Ulysses by a well remembered scar, and seemed about to make him known :

Then seizing fast  
Her throat with his right hand, and with his left  
Pressing her nearer on himself, he said :  
Nurse! why wouldst thou destroy me? From thy breast  
The milk that fed me flowed. Much grief, much toil,  
Have I sustained, and in the twentieth year  
Regain my country. Thou hast learned the truth;  
Such was the will of Heaven. But hush—be still—  
Lest others also learn it from thy lips.  
For this I say, nor shall the threat be vain;  
If God, propitious, grant me to destroy  
Those suitors, when I shall my wrong, avenge  
On all these worthless ones who serve the queen,  
Although my nurse thyself shalt also die.

We know of nothing finer even than the English account of Ulysses feelings when he saw the suitors and their orgies.

As growls the mastiff standing on the start

For battle, if a stranger's foot approach  
Her 'cubs new-whelped—so growled Ulysses' heart  
While wonder filled him at their impious deeds  
But, smiting on his breast, he thus reproved  
The mutinous inhabitant within,  
Heart! bear it. Worse than this thou didst endure,  
What time, invincible by force of man,  
The Cyclops on thy brave companions fed.  
Then thou wast patient, though a thousand fears  
Possessed thee, till thy wisdom set thee free.

His own heart thus he disciplined which bore  
With firmness the restraint, and in his breast  
Rebellel not, yet he turned from side to side  
As when some hungry swain o'er glowing coals  
A paunch for food prepares, from side to side  
He turns it oft, and scarce abstains the while;  
So he from side to side rolled, pondering deep,  
How likeliest with success he might assail  
Those shameless suitors.

Nothing can be finer than the uniformity with which *Tele-machus* is represented :

Nurse! have ye with respectful notice served  
Our guest? or hath he found a sordid couch  
E'en where he might? for prudent though she be,  
Sometimes my mother errs; with kindness treats  
The worthless, and the worthy with neglect.

Again when he addresses the guest himself.

Hail, hoary guest! hereafter mayst thou share  
Delights not fewer than thy present pains!  
Oh *Jove!* of all the Gods the most severe!  
Kings reign by thee; yet through Thee they reign,  
Thou sparest not even kings, whom oft we see  
Plunged by thyself in gulfs of deepest wo.  
Soon, as I saw thee sir! tears dimmed my sight,  
And sweat bedewed my forehead, at the thought,  
Of dear Ulysses.

Again when the great decisive trial is approaching

Thrice with full force he strove to bend the bow,  
And thrice he paused, but still with hope to draw  
The bow string home, and pass his arrow through.

And now the fourth time straining tight the cord,  
 He should have hitched it, but his father's looks  
 Repulsed his eager efforts, and he ceased.

There is something truly noble in the way the hero makes himself known at the critical moment to his faithful servants :

Herdsmen! and, Eumæus! shall I keep  
 A certain secret close, or shall I speak  
 Outright? I burn to impart it, and I will.  
 What welcome should Ulysses at your hands  
 Receive, arriving sudden at his home,  
 Some God his guide? would ye the suitors aid,  
 Or aid Ulysses rather? answer true.

Behold him! I am he myself, arrived  
 After long sufferings in the twentieth year!  
 I know how welcome to yourselves alone  
 Of all my train I come, for I have heard  
 None others praying for my safe return.  
 I therefore tell you truth; should Heaven subdue  
 The suitors under me, ye shall receive  
 Each, by my gift a bride, with lands and house  
 Near neighbouring mine, and thenceforth shall be, both  
 Dear friends and brothers of the prince my son.

The close of the trial with the bow is rendered more sublime by contrast—

He now with busy look and curious touch  
 Explored the bow, now viewing it remote,  
 Now near at hand, aware that, haply worms  
 Had in his absence, drilled the solid horn.  
 A suitor noticed him and thus remarked :

He hath an eye, methinks, exactly skilled  
 In bows, and steals them; or perhaps at home,  
 Hath such himself, or feels a strong desire  
 To make them; mark, with what address the rogue  
 Adept in mischief shifts it to and fro!

To whom another, insolent replied:  
 Such fortune crown his efforts whatsoever  
 He purpose, as attends his efforts made  
 On this same bow, which he shall never bend.

So they ; but when the wary hero wise  
Hath made his hand familiar with the bow,  
Poising it and examining—at once—  
As when in harp and song adept, a bard  
Strings a new lyre, extending first the chords,  
He knits them to the frame at either end,  
With promptest ease ! with such Ulysses strung  
His own huge bow, and with his right hand trilled  
The nerve, which it its quick vibration sang  
As with a swallow's voice. Then anguish turned  
The suitors pale, and in that moment, Jove  
Gave his rolling thunder for a sign.  
Such most propitious notice from the son  
Of wily Saturn hearing with delight,  
He seized a shaft, which at the table's side  
Lay ready drawn ; but in his quiver's womb  
The rest yet slept, though destined soon to steep  
Their points in Grecian blood. He the reed  
Full on the bow string, drew the parted head  
Home to his breast, and aiming as he sat,  
At once dismissed it. Through the numerous rings  
Swift flew the gliding steel, and, issuing, sped  
Beyond them ; when his son he thus bespake :

Thou needst not blush young prince, to have received  
A guest like me ; for neither swerved my shaft,  
Nor laboured I long time to draw the bow ;  
My strength is unimpaired, not such as these  
In scorn affirm it. But the waning day  
Calls us to supper, after which succeeds  
Jocund variety, the song, the lyre,  
With all that heightens and adorns the feast.

He said, and gave him with his brows, the sign :  
At once the son of the illustrious chief  
Slung his keen falchion, grasped his spear, and stood  
Armed bright for battle at his father's side.  
Then girding up his rags, Ulysses sprang  
With bow and full charged quiver to the door ;  
Loose on the broad stone at his feet he poured  
His arrows, and the suitors thus bespake :

This prize though difficult, hath been achieved.  
Now for another mark, which never man

Struck yet ; but I will strike it, if I may,  
And if Apollo make that glory mine.

The hero spake, and at Antinous aimed  
A bitter shaft ; he purposing to drink,  
Both hands advanced toward a golden cup  
Twin-eared, nor aught suspected death so nigh.  
For who could, at a public feast, suspect,  
That one alone would dare, however bold,  
Design his death, and execute the deed ?  
Yet him Ulysses with an arrow pierced  
Full in the throat, and through his neck behind  
Sprang forth the arrow's point. Aslant he drooped ;  
Down fell the goblets, through his nostrils flew  
The spouted blood, and spurning with his foot  
The board, he spread his viands in the dust.

Another terrible description of the same kind is the death  
of Eurymachus :

Thus saying, he drew his brazen falchion keen  
Of double edge, and with a dreadful shout  
Assailed him. But Ulysses with his shaft  
In that same moment through his bosom driven  
Transfixed his liver, and down dropped his sword.  
Sprinkling the table from his wound, he fell  
Convolved in agonies, and overturned  
Both food and wine ; his forehead smote the floor ;  
Wo filled his heart, and spurning with his heels  
His vacant seat, he shook it till he died.

These extracts, fragmentary as they are, may serve to justify what we have said of Cowper's Ulysses, considered merely as an English poem, and of the great original as not only the first but by far the finest of poetical romances.