LXXXVIII.

COLLEGE EXERCISES.*

The preceding lessons, it is thought, contain most, if not all, of the principles necessary to be understood by the student to prepare him for the performance of such exercises as are generally prescribed in an academic course. The following specimens of the exercises of those to whom academic honors have been awarded, are presented, with the hope that they may be useful to those who may hereafter have similar exercises to perform.

CONFERENCE, COLLOQUY, AND DIALOGUE.

A Conference is a discoursing between two or more, for the purpose of instruction, consultation, or deliberation; or, it may, in a technical sense, be defined, an examination of a subject by comparison. It is a species of conversation, and is generally confined to particular subjects and descriptions of persons.

A Dialogue signifies a speech between two persons. It is mostly fictitious, and is written as if it were spoken. It is always formal and contains an assertion or question with a reply and a rejoinder.

A Colloquy is a species of dialogue. It literally signifies, the act of talking together and is not confined to any particular number of persons nor subjects.

Example of a Theme.

"Est Deus in nobis." OVID, Lib. I.

Metaphysical speculations are, of all others, the most wild and most exposed to error. The relation between volition and action, mind and body,

* The specimens and models here presented, are taken, by the consent of the respective authors, from the files of one of our most respectable universities. To the highly respected President of that university, the author is greatly indebted for the kind facilities rendered, by which he was enabled to examine the files of that institution, and to select such as he had been permitted to copy. He does not, however, consider himself authorized more particularly to name the institution nor its presiding officer. It is due, also, to the gentlemen whose juvenile exercises he has been permitted here to present, to state, that their reluctant permission has been given with the understanding that their names will not be mentioned in connexion with the exercises. The question may, perhaps, be asked, why exercises of this kind are presented at all. To this the author replies, that a knowledge of what has been done on any given occasion cannot be without its use to those who are called upon to exert their talents on any similar occasion; and if any of the following exercises should be considered as specimens, rather than models, the author can only say, that he deems examples of this kind, which can be emulated by the student, more encouraging than faultless models. It is the business of the teacher to infuse that spirit which hall adopt as its motto — "*Excelsior*"

the decisive influence of the former on the motions of the latter, and how this intercourse obtains, are subtleties, the investigation of which has ever baffled the ingenuity of philosophers. Nor is reasoning on this subject in any respect conclusive. It sets out from hypothethis, and, instead of leading to any just conclusions, usually leaves the inquirer in a labyrinth of doubt.

In spite of these obstacles, however, there is something in the mind of man that takes a delight in diving into these mysteries; a curiosity which is always alive and restless, grasping at some hidden truth; a fancy that is prone to explore an unknown path,—that loves to float in whimsical reveries. "Est Deus in nobis."

On our first introduction to this world, whether our minds are free from ideas and vacant, "like a piece of white paper," as Mr. Locke quaintly phrases it; and, if this be the fact, whether, as originally cast by the creator, they differ as widely in quality, as the various kinds of white paper from the mill;—are questions which have not yet been determined. When we contemplate society, we are struck with the diversities of character which it discloses. We ask ourselves, how it happens, that such varieties of genius exist; how it is, that one person has a mathematical, another a poetical turn of mind; that one has an imagination, that "bounds from earth to heaven, and sports in the clouds," and another possesses a mind that gropes in the deepest recesses of philosophy, and learns to conceive the most abstruse truth. We wonder for a while, and presently conclude, that all the peculiarities of each mind are coeval with its existence, and impressed by the Deity.

For my own part, although I consider these speculations to be as unimportant, as they are doubtful, they frequently find an indulgence in my mind. Nor are they altogether fruitless. They answer the purpose of a romance. They amuse the imagination, and occupy the vacant thought of a leisure hour. I am inclined to the belief, that, as our minds may be considered to emanate from the same creative spirit, they bear a nearer resemblance to each other than we are apt to imagine. It is probable that our minds are all equally endowed, and, at first, are precisely the same. That they are susceptible of like impressions. And if a case be supposed, where two persons could be brought up in such a manner, that every external circumstance, having the least effect on the senses, could be precisely the same to each, that their dispositions would be in all respects similar; indeed, the men would be perfectly alike. This hypothesis is reconcilable with the maxim (under existing circumstances) that no two persons were ever in every respect alike. For, in the earliest state of the mind, it is so susceptible of impressions, that the slightest circumstances vary its direction and character. Frivolous causes produce the most important and lasting effects. Whence, we may readily account for the numberless shades of character, as resulting, not from an original difference in minds, but from the secret operation of physical causes.

It is curious to observe the relation between the senses of seeing and hearing, and the mind, and how sensibly the imperfections of the former tend to sharpen the faculties of the latter. So uniform has this rule held within the circle of my own acquaintance, that I am apt to conceive one's intellectual powers merely from a knowledge of his faculties of sight. One who is near-sighted, for example, usually possesses mental powers that are clear and nervous. In him, on the contrary, whose vision is bounded only by the horizon, we should look for a mind capable of pleas-

ing in the arts of poetry and fiction; for he embraces at a glance all the beauties of nature. A retentive memory is also naturally associated with one who hears and sees with difficulty. Thus, by a little refinement, (I think reasonably,) we may refer the different faculties of the mind to the construction of the senses. The different bearings of these causes are obvious. They prove the importance of acquiring a habit of close thinking. He who hears and sees with difficulty, treasures up what he learns with care. A partial blindness invites contemplation. A man is not liable to have his attention distracted by frivolous events. They are in some measure shut out. He finds a study everywhere.

*Example of a Conference.**

Public Amusements, Splendid Religious Ceremonies, Warlike Preparations and Display, and a Rigid Police, as means of Despotic Power.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Various as are the means by which an individual may acquire despotic power over a nation; none are more easy in their application, or more effectual in their results, than the mere act of providing and supporting what, in such cases, are most erroneously called public amusements. Public amusements! yes, — let but your tyrant, who would lord it with impunity, open his theatres, provide his shows, and procure every thing that can please the fancy, and delight the eyes and ears of the people, then he may rest in security, for those whom he would make slaves are placed upon the broad road that leadeth backward to darkness, but never onwards to light. They may pause at first, but the fatal charm soon overcomes their strength, and, blind to all evil consequences, they plunge madly on in pursuit of present pleasure.

It is easy to show how the people are so readily and so fatally deceived, — it requires few examples and little reasoning to prove that temptations are strong, indulgence ruinous, the truth is written within, legibly upon our hearts.

I cannot, however, pass over this subject without calling your attention to one of the most instructive, the most splendid, and, at the same time, most appalling portions of history, the latter days of the Roman Empire. We have before us a nation that has raised itself from obscurity to grandeur. — that has exchanged the name of exiles and vagabonds for the proud title of conquerors and sovereigns of the world; yet, in this very people, in their proudest day, we can trace the seeds of corruption.

They had early acquired a taste for public amusements, that had ever been gaining strength, and that was soon to be employed as the certain means of working their destruction.

The Roman frame retained as yet too much of its former strength and vigor to be roughly handled. An attempt to force chains upon it would have called forth a third Brutus full of the fire and patriotism of his ancestors. They who aimed at the imperial purple, knew this, and, avoiding all violence, sought to accomplish their designs by craft and subtlety. Roman citizens, in their amusements, had already reached the limits, which cannot be passed with impunity; the only work that remained for

* One part only of this Conference is presented.

tyranny was to lead them beyond these limits, and to foster their growing carelessness and inattention to their dearest interests. This step was soon taken. Theatres were opened in all quarters of the city, loaded with every embellishment that the imagination could suggest, or that unbounded wealth could procure. We need not enter into a detail of these amusements; it sufficeth our purpose to point out how readily the people fell into the snare, and how speedily and entire was the ruin that followed. As had been rightly conjectured, the people soon gathered in crowds to these exhibitions, — they passed almost their whole lives within the walls of the circus, utterly regardless of all that was transacted in the world without.

Those who had made this deadly preparation, who had tempted a nation to its ruin, now hastened to improve the opportunities they had acquired. Not in secresy and fear, but openly, and with full confidence they proceeded to fasten their chains upon a slumbering people. And history informs us how complete was their success, — "Rome, Rome imperial, bows her to the shock," — the work of her slavery was finished, — the entrance of the Goth into her gates was a mere change of masters, for she long before had fallen and was conquered.

The case we have just cited is a remarkable one, — few events in history can compare with it, — yet, for all that, it is not to be rejected as an unfair and too highly colored illustration of the truth of our positions. There is nothing in it unnatural, there is nothing improbable, and should the like circumstances at any time occur, I had almost said a child might predict the ruin that would ensue.

When it can be shown how business and pleasure, attention and remissness, can go hand in hand together; in short, when we shall see a nation utterly devoted to amusements, and, at the same time, awake to all its interests, then we may be ready to give our example and positions to the wind.

*Example of a Colloquy.**

Difference of Manners in Ancient Rome and Modern Civilized States

To a careful and attentive observer of human nature, the history of mankind presents an interesting and instructive but mournful picture. It teaches him that man is everywhere the same; but however the picture may be varied by circumstances, however different the light in which it is viewed, the leading features remain ever the same. In no portion of ancient history are we more struck with this important fact than in that of Rome. In considering the manners of that people, great care should be taken that we do not permit the classical associations of our boyhood to give us a too favorable opinion of their character; and again, that we do not run into the opposite, but less probable error, of depreciating their real worth. Cold, indeed, must be the heart, and dull the understanding, that can contemplate unmoved the history of the Eternal City, which, after all, has done its part towards communicating to the world civilization and philosophy. It requires no extraordinary stretch of the imagination to marshal before us, in patriotic array, those venerable magistrates, who, tranquilly seated in their curule chairs defied the fury of Brennus and

* One part only of this Colloquy is presented

his barbarian hordes; or to hear Cicero declaiming with honest indignation against the vices and insolence of Anthony and Verres. Yet, our admiration must gradually subside, when we reflect, that the glory with which they were surrounded, was purchased by the misery and degradation of millions. Did we see the Romans in their true colors, we should perceive that they were in reality a selfish, perfidious, cruel, and superstitious race of barbarians, endued with the scanty and doubtful virtues of savage life, but deformed by more than its ordinary excesses, and whose original purity of manners and good faith among themselves did not endure a moment longer than it enabled them to subdue the rest of mankind. Of the many mistakes which our classical fondness for the Romans have led us into respecting them, there is not a greater or more unfounded one than the high opinion we are apt to entertain of their domestic habits. The Queen of Cities, throned upon her seven hills, in marble majesty, the mistress of a world conquered by the valor of her sons, is a picture of our imagination, which we are unwilling to spoil by filling up all its parts with too curious accuracy. Certain it is that information enough is to be obtained from Roman authors to prepare us for a scene of much more moderate splendor in the capital of Italy. From them we may learn that all the points upon which the imagination reposes with so much complacency and delight, are perfectly consistent with misery, disorder, and filth. We may learn, that though their Venus never attracted public notice in a hooped petticoat, and though their Apollo never dashed in a blue swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, yet, that the costume of the day, whatever it might be, was pretty generally bestowed upon their deities. We may learn, that the Romans, with all their wealth and power, and ingenious luxury, enjoyed but little real cleanliness and comfort. More of that most desirable and excellent article, comfort, may be had by any one among us, than could have been enjoyed by a Roman noble, who rode in carriages without springs, or on saddles without stirrups, or dined without knives and forks, or lived in rooms without chimneys. And, having duly weighed these and similar points of minute history, we may bring ourselves to adopt more sober views of the magnificence of ancient Rome, and of an ancient Roman. In spite of their admiration for Grecian manners, the Romans were ill-calculated for every elegant pursuit. After abandoning the rigid virtues by which Cincinnatus reached the summit of glory, they gave way to a corruption of manners, and an insatiable rapacity, which would have remained a solitary example of human depravity, had not revolutionary France exhibited scenes still more horrid and revolting. The tyranny of the Romans, and of the French under Bonaparte, is stamped with the same horrid features, the same unbounded and unprincipled lust of dominion rendered both the disturbers of human repose. By the pride and avidity of the descendants of Romulus, Greece was stripped of her pictures and statues; by the rapacity and avidity of the Directorial Government, and that Jacobin General, Italy was robbed of these identical statues, and of paintings more exquisitely beautiful even than those of Zeuxis or Apelles. If to plunder the vanquished of every thing that can contribute to the comfort, instruction, or the ornament of society be an object of merited censure, both nations are equally culpable, both equally tyrants and robbers. The ravager, the exterminator, Verres, was not worse than many others of the Roman Proconsuls. Who can read the Verrine orations and not curse from his heart this cruel and rapacious people? The money of the unhappy Sicilians found its way to his coffers, and their grain, whilst they were starving, into his granaries. The axes of his lictors were blunted on their necks, and the favor of being put to death at a single blow was sold at a heavy price. Turn we from the cruelty, injustice, and rapacity of Verres? As we turn our eyes from the extortions of the Sicilian Prætor, they may perchance light upon the newspapers of the day, and they will there find scenes equally infamous and deplorable. The deeds of Verres stand not alone in the history of the world. What think we of those slaughtered at Vicksburg? "It was in vain that the unhappy men cried out, We are American citizens; the bloodthirsty mob, deaf to all they could urge in their own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus were innocent American citizens publicly murdered, while the only words they uttered amidst their cruel sufferings were, "We are American citizens." "O Liberty! O sound once delightful to every American ear! O sacred privilege of American citizenship! Once sacred, now trampled upon." Tell me not that the storms which now agitate the surface of our institutions are preferable to the calm unruffled sea of despotism in Russia and Austria; give me the despotism of a Nicolas and a Metternich, nay, even the tyranny of a Nero, or a Caligula, any thing but the despotism and tyranny of an infuriated mob.

The taste for gladiatorial murder, prevalent in Rome for centuries, and often indulged to the most extravagant excess, implies so wide a deviation from the common feelings and principles of humanity, that it is to be regarded as an important fact, in the moral history of man. Moralists will tell us that the truly brave are never cruel; but to this the Roman Ampitheatres say, No. There sat the conquerors of the world coolly to enjoy the torture and the death of men who had never offended them. Twice in one day came the matrons and senators of Rome to the butchery; and, when glutted with bloodshed, the Roman ladies sat down in the wet arena, streaming with the blood of their victims, to a luxurious supper. But enough of these humiliating details.

The moral to be derived from Roman history, if properly applied, is most excellent, and cannot be too often, nor too strongly inculcated. It is that the loss of civil liberty involves a destruction of every feeling which distinguishes man from the inferior part of the creation, leaving his faculties to vegetate in indolence or to become brutalized by sensuality; that public opinion, when suffered to waste its energies in wild applause of faction or tyranny, may become one of the most subservient instruments of oppression, and even bow its neck to the ground ere the foot of the tyrant be prepared to tread upon it.

LXXXIX.

ESSAY, TREATISE, TRACT, THESIS

An Essay, literally means nothing more than a trial, or an attempt. It is sometimes used to designate in a specific man

ner an author's attempt to illustrate any point. It is commonly applied to small detached pieces, which contain only the general thoughts of a writer on any given subject, and afford room for amplification into details. Some authors modestly used the term for their connected and finished endeavours to elucidate a doctrine.*

A Treatise † is more systematic than an Essay. It treats on the subject in a methodical form, and conveys the idea of something labored, scientific, and instructive.

A Tract † is only a species of small treatise, drawn up upon particular occasions, and published in a separate form.

A Thesis is a position or proposition which a person advances, and offers to maintain, or which is actually maintained by argument.

Essays are either moral, political, philosophical, or literary; they are the crude attempts of the youth to digest his own thoughts, or they are the more mature attempts of the man to communicate his thoughts to others. Of the former description are prize Essays in schools, and of the latter are the Essays innumerable which have been published on every subject since the days of Bacon.

Treatises are mostly written on ethical, political, or speculative subjects, such as Fenelon's, Milton's, or Locke's "Treatise on Education," De Lolme's "Treatise on the Constitution of England."

Tracts are ephemeral productions, mostly on political and religious subjects, which seldom survive the occasion which gave them birth. Of this description are the pamphlets which daily issue from the press for or against the measures of government, or the public measures of any particular party.

The Essay is the most popular mode of writing; it suits the writer who has not talent or inclination to pursue his inquiries farther, and it suits the generality of readers, who are amused with variety and superficiality. The Treatise is adapted for the student, who will not be contented with the superficial Essay, when more ample materials are within his reach.

The Tract is formed for the political or religious partisan, and receives its interest from the occurrence of the motive. The Dissertation interests the disputant. (*See Dissertation, page* 334.)

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* See Locke's "Essay on the Understanding," and Beattie's "Essay on Truth."

† *Treatise* and *Tract* have both the same derivation, from the Latin *traho* to draw, manage, or handle and its participle, *tractus.*

Example 1st of an Essay.

LITERATURE.

The developement of mind, the exertions of talent, the labors of industry, are all subjects intimately interwoven with the moral character of a rational and accountable being. It is a curious and interesting investigation to trace the history of man, as he emerges from a state of nature, and passes through the successive gradations, from mere animal existence, to a state of refined civilization and moral culture. And it is equally delightful to the man of letters, to behold the effects of learning in its various stages, in amending the inward state of mankind, as the refinements of luxury add to their external convenience.

It is a common remark with the historian, that the discovery of the use of iron is the first step from savage to civilized life. The remark is just, but must be received in a limited sense; for there is an internal as well as external history; a history of mind as well as of matter; an intellectual civilization distinct from the history of nations, and independent of the combinations of beauty of figure and of color. What iron is to the animal nature of man, literature is to his intellectual condition. The former supplies him with the means of defence, enables him to overcome the debility of his organic powers, and endues him with factitious strength, as useful as that which nature has conferred. The latter preserves the acquisitions of the former, guides its operations, concentrates its usefulness, and enables him to avail himself of the achievements of genius struggling with the inertness of matter, or fettered by the restrictions of ignorance and barbarity. The history of literature is the history of the noblest powers of man. There is a sameness in savage life, which affords but little interest to speculation; and confines the investigations of the philosopher and man of observation within narrow limits. The scope of his abilities is narrow and contracted. The construction of rude implements, the provision of the necessaries of life, the strifes, collisions, and bitter feuds of hostile and ambitious chiefs, deficient in interest, because deficient in incidents; the simple tales of love or the sombre stories of licentiousness, these form the material of the history of nations, upon whom science has never beamed, nor literature shed its renovating rays. In the relation of these incidents there is no *history* of *mind*, no account of the progress of intellect, further than what is observed in the ingenuity of mechanical contrivance, limited by the ignorance of the properties of things. But the invention of letters, preceded by the mysticism of hieroglyphic symbols, gave a new face to the world; enlarged the subjects of knowledge, and changed man from a mere animal to an intellectual being. The history of literature, from the invention of letters to the present day, involves all that is interesting in the history of man. To what purpose would the divine gifts of speech and reason have been conferred, unless the monuments of their achievements should have more stability than could exist as they float on the recollections of a single generation. The animal nature of man might, so far as posterity is concerned, be considered the nobler because the more permanent part of his being. The structures which his hands have reared, though still amenable to the laws of decay, would survive the shocks of ages, while no monument would exist of his immortal spirit; no recollec-

tion remain of that which distinguishes him from the inferior order of beings. Age would succeed to age without witnessing any accession in the fields of knowledge. Traditionary lore, like the rays of light, would vary in its import as it passed from hand to hand, and one generation could not be enriched by the acquisitions of its predecessor. But the invention of letters has established a chancery by which the acquisitions of one age have been handed down as a rich inheritance to its successor; while the later age, like the posterity of an ancient family, has revelled in the riches entailed by its ancestors. Such are the effects of literature, considered only as it enlarges the fields of knowledge, and gives a wider range to the exercise of the intellectual faculties.

But there is another and a more interesting, because more important, view to be taken of its influence, as it operates on the moral nature of mankind. In the construction of implements of defence, in the arrangement of architectural convenience, in the pursuit of the objects of sense, man is superior to some species of the brute creation, only as his corporeal powers are better adapted to mechanical exertion. The bee, the beaver, the ant, and other inferior orders, rival the most successful efforts of man in the construction of a habitation adapted to the respective exigencies of each. But *they* operate by instinct,—*his* labors are the suggestions of necessity in conference with inventive powers; and it is a curious investigation to trace the gradations from destitution to comfort, from comfort to convenience, and from convenience to ease, and, in its proper connexion, the moral influence of each upon the character of mankind. There it will be found that the vaunted nobleness of savage nature, the magnanimity ascribed by some even of the present day, to the uncultivated states of society, are but the chimeras of prejudice, or at least but erroneous deductions from solitary examples. The history of literature, will abundantly show that such instances are but the taper in the dungeon, which appears the brighter from the darkness by which it is surrounded; while in the improved forms of life, in those ages when the brightness of learning has dispelled the clouds in the minds of men, and day has dawned upon the eyes of all, the aspen flame is eclipsed by brighter light, and is unnoticed, because it is unfavored by the advantages of contrast.

Laws owe their permanency to their consistency; and their consistency is mainly to be attributed to a wise consideration of the exigencies of society, deduced from the operations of cause and effect upon the human mind. When history, therefore, is silent, their deductions must be made from a limited view of society; and, like all conclusions drawn from various views, are likely to be erroneous. It is letters which give a tongue to history, and provide it with a distinct utterance. It is letters which make the past a monitor to the present, and the present a guide to the future.

The view which we have thus taken of literature is narrow and circumscribed. Indeed, the subject is as exhaustless as its objects are innumerable. He must be dead to the most refined pleasures of which his nature is susceptible, who is deaf to the claims of literature to his attention, or is blind to the importance and value of learning

Example 2d of an Essay.

The Pleasure derived from the Fine Arts, by the Artist and Common Spectator.

The pleasure derived from the Fine Arts is doubtless proportioned to our capacity of appreciating them; for they address themselves chiefly to the imagination and the sensibility. The mere pleasures of sense every man may feel; but those derived from intellect and sentiment are more limited, and of a higher order. Hence it is, that the artist feasts on his self-created treasures, and lives on fancy's imagery, whilst the hieroglyphical daub of a sign-painter would be more attractive to the common spectator than the hues of Titian, or the bold master-strokes of a Michael Angelo. Taste is a sentiment of the soul. It is a keen perception of the sublime and beautiful in art and nature. United with genius, it even creates to itself images surpassing human excellence; objects which exist, perhaps, but in the painter's and poet's vision. Guido coveted the wings of an angel, that he might behold the beatified spirits of paradise, and thereby form an archangel such as his imagination was obliged to substitute. How sublime must have been the vision which gave the object his imagination sought for! How intense the feeling which thus transported him from earth to heaven!

To express the passions by outward signs is the artist's aim; and we may add, his envied privilege. What delight to see the cold and gloomy canvas expand with life; the dull void banished by the melting eye, the graceful form, the persuasive suppliant, the conquering hero! Every touch adds something to the soul's expression, till the enraptured painter yields himself up to the delightful contemplation of his new creation. "I, too, am a painter," exclaimed Correggio, with involuntary transport, while contemplating a work of the divine Raphael; "I, too, am a painter." Such was the enraptured feeling which would, otherwise, have been chilled by the cold pressure of his wants and poverty.

To common observers, the most beautiful painting may seem but an assemblage of forms, and the most exquisite poem but doggerel rhyme. The higher efforts of art produce but little effect on uncultivated minds. It is (as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes) only the lowest style of arts, whether of painting, poetry, or music, that may be said, in the vulgar sense, to be naturally pleasing. Taste, and a just discrimination, are the results of education. The concertos of Steibell and Clementi would be jargon to the ear accustomed only to the monotonous tones of "Hob or Nob," and "Yankee Doodle," nor would the admirer of "Punchinello," or "Jack the Giant Killer," be enraptured with the grace and dignity of an Apollo Belvidere, or a Venus de Medicis.

That a susceptibility and love of the sublime and beautiful are a source of happiness, who can doubt, that has seen the "Aurora" of Guido? How rich, how sublime the fancy, which could produce so enchanting an assemblage of all that is graceful and lovely! and how animated, how enraptured, the feelings of him whom a refined taste renders capable of appreciating them! Dupaty's soul melted at the view of Raphael's "Incendia del Borgo." He saw not, in that moment of enraptured feeling, a pictured flame, but the devouring element, raging, enveloping, and consuming the helpless and despairing multitude. To look on such a production with total indifference is impossible. Apelles's critic was a competent judge

of the representation of a sandal, and Molière's old woman could decide upon the nature of comic humor; but it is the artist and connoisseur alone, who can judge, appreciate, and feel the highest order of color, modification, and expression.

The portrait painter also claims our attention and gratitude. He who gives to our weeping eyes the form of the beloved and departed friend; whose magic touch arrests beauty in its progress to decay, and whose pencil immortalizes the revered forms of the hero and the statesman; the soul-breathing expression of a Washington, a Franklin, and an Ames.

Painting may, perhaps, be said to be the acme of the arts, since it charms by so many various branches, and admits of such infinite variety of color and expression; but let not the "verba ardentia" of the poet be robbed of their honors. The lyre of a Milton, a Cowper, a Bryant, and a Wordsworth, can never breathe other than harmonious sounds. Their words melt into ideas, as the objects of nature gather light and color from the sun.

Shall we not allow the poet, then, his joys and honors? Shall the emanations of his fancy shine on hearts cold and dead to its rays? No! Through the tear of sensibility we see his power; we feel in the tender accents of the voice that trembles while it reads.

Since the pleasures derived from the Fine Arts are so exquisite, both to the artist and spectator, it cannot be doubted that our sources of happiness might be greatly extended by their liberal cultivation. That arts and morals are materially connected, there is no doubt. Horace observes:

> "Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes,
> Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros."

And could this spirit, this admiration of the beautiful, be generously cultivated, the genius of our soil might proudly ascend the summit of Parnassus. Public favor is the most powerful stimulus to talent; exhibitions therefore, of the best productions, both in painting and sculpture, will have a tendency to diffuse a general taste, and to inspire a spirit of emulation, from which the most beneficial results may be anticipated. Let us not suffer the artists who now grace our shores to forsake us, for the want of that patronage which it should be our pride and pleasure to bestow. We cannot, indeed, expect to rival the treasures of the Louvre or the Vatican; but from the exercise of native talent, and from the specimens of art we already possess, much may be expected. In the cabinets of private individuals in our city, may be found productions sufficient to form a choice collection for public exhibition, and it is to the liberality and patronage of their possessors that we look for such encouragement as shall stimulate the young artist to immortalize his name, and shed a lustre on his country.

Example 3d.

The Sentiment of Loyalty.

Loyalty, in its primitive signification, implies fidelity to a king. Hence, a loyal subject is one who promotes as far as possible the welfare of the kingdom, who assists in the maintenance of the laws, and in times of danger is ever ready to defend the life and honor of his sovereign, and to sacrifice himself for the good of his country.

This sentiment is natural to the human race. If we analyze our various feelings and emotions, we shall find that the sentiment of love is one of

the most powerful passions which nature has implanted in the breast of man; it is the most powerful, because, when excited and kindled, it burns with an ardor almost unquenchable; it warms and spurs the whole man on ward towards the accomplishment of its object; impetuous and irresistible, it overcomes all obstacles which rise before it.

The sentiment of Loyalty is one of the manifestations of this love; springing from that noble source, it flows onward till it meets the waters of other streams, which it deepens and purifies.

Since nature has given to man this sentiment of loyalty, it will always find suitable objects on which to bestow itself. Man was made for love; he must have something to honor, respect, and admire; something usually higher and nobler than himself; consequently, in despotic countries, honor and love are paid by a loyal people to their sovereign, who, being of a higher station, of a more venerated name, or of nobler descent than themselves, is entitled to this respect.

In our own country, we venerate the wisdom and prudence of our ancestors, who, in framing the articles of our constitution, provided for the good of succeeding generations; and, at the present day, when we see a citizen devoting himself to the service of his country with that patriotic spirit which characterized our fathers, our affections are aroused, our lips send forth his praise, we hail him as the defender of the Constitution, and the whole nation rises up to do him homage.

In England, recently, that loyalty, which for two preceding reigns had been slumbering, burst forth with redoubled vigor upon the accession of a female sovereign to the throne.

At the beginning of a new reign, the loyalty of a nation is always openly and warmly exhibited. But on that occasion, there was something in the fact, that their future sovereign was a youthful and accomplished queen, which excited in an unusual degree the hopes and sympathies of the nation. They hailed her accession as emblematical of peace and prosperity.

In the feudal times, in the times of chivalry and the Crusades, the knights were distinguished for their loyalty to the ladies of the court. In those days, the fame and beauty of the lady inspired her champion with courage and strength, and many a battle has been fought and many a victory won, under this spirit-stirring influence of loyalty.

Those were brilliant days for Europe, when chivalry stood forth in its might, and first gave birth to loyalty, — loyalty, which taught devotion and reverence to those weak, fair beings, who but in beauty and gentleness have no defence. "It raised love above the passions of the brute, and by dignifying woman, made woman worthy of love. It gave purity to enthusiasm, crushed barbarous selfishness, taught the heart to expand like a flower to the sunshine, beautified glory with generosity, and smoothed even the rugged brow of war." But how have we degenerated? "The age of chivalry is gone; never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified odedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom!"

But though the sentiment of loyalty has greatly degenerated, it is not wholly extinct; it is now occasionally expressed, but its flame is faint and flickering; should it ever expire, it will go hand in hand with patriotism, and will expire with that faith which gave it life.

To conceive truly what we should then lose, we need only reflect, that loyalty is the bond of society and friendship, it unites all the best affections of the heart in one common cause, it holds a sacred place not to be invaded with impunity, it is respected and honored by the old, and the stories of its valor delight the young, and

> "Though well held, to fools doth make
> Our faith mere folly, yet he that can endure
> To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
> Doth conquer him, that did his master conquer."

XC.

COLLEGE POEM.

Example.

The Pleasures and Pains of the Student.

When envious time, with unrelenting hand,
Dissolves the union of some little band,
A band connected by those hallowed ties,
That from the birth of lettered friendship rise,
Each lingering soul, before the parting sigh,
One moment waits, to view the years gone by;
Memory still loves to hover o'er the place,
And all our pleasures and our pains retrace.
The Student is the subject of my song,
Few are his pleasures, — yet those few are strong.
Not the gay, transient moment of delight,
Not hurried transports felt but in their flight.
Unlike all else, the Student's joys *endure*,
Intense, expansive, energetic, pure;
Whether o'er classic plains he loves to rove,
'Midst Attic bowers, or through the Mantuan grove, —
Whether, with scientific eye, to trace
The various modes of number, time, and space, —
Whether on wings of heavenly truth to rise,
And penetrate the secrets of the skies,
Or downwards tending, with an humble eye,
Through Nature's laws explore a Deity,
His are the joys no stranger breast can feel,
No wit define, no utterance reveal.
Nor yet, alas! unmixed the joys we boast,
Our pleasures still proportioned labors cost.
An anxious tear oft fills the Student's eye,
And his breast heaves with many a struggling sigh.
His is the task, the long, long task, t' explore
Of every age the lumber and the lore.
Need I describe his struggles and his strife,
The thousand minor miseries of his life,
How Application, never-tiring maid,
Oft mourns an aching, oft a dizzy head?
How the hard toil but slowly makes its way,
One word explained, the labor of a day, —
Here forced to explore some labyrinth without end,
And there some paradox to comprehend?
Here ten hard words fraught with some meaning small,
And there ten folios fraught with none at all.
Or view him meeting out with points and lines
The land of diagrams and mystic signs,

Where forms of spheres "being given" on a plane,
He must transform and bend within his brain.
Or as an author, lost in gloom profound,
When some bright thought demands a period round
Pondering and polishing; ah, what avail
The room oft paced, the anguish-bitten nail?
For see, produced 'mid many a laboring groan,
A sentence much like an inverted cone.
Or should he try his talent at a rhyme,
That waste of patience and that waste of time,
Perchance, like me, he flounders out one line,
Begins the next, — there stops ——.
Enough, no more unveil the cloister's grief,
Disclose those sources whence it finds relief.
Say how the Student, pausing from his toil,
Forgets his pain 'mid recreation's smile.
Have you not seen, — forgive the ignoble theme, —
The winged tenants of some haunted stream
Feed eager, busy, by its pebbly side,
Then wanton in the cool, luxuriant tide?
So the wise student ends his busy day,
Unbends his mind, and throws his cares away.
To books where science reigns, and toil severe,
Succeeds the alluring tale, or drama dear;
Or haply in that hour his taste might choose
The easy warblings of the modern muse.
Let me but paint him void of every care,
Flung in free attitude across his chair.
From page to page his rapid eye along
Glances and revels through the magic song;
Alternate swells his breast with hope and fear,
Now bursts the unconscious laugh, now falls the pitying tear
Yet more; though lonely joys the bosom warm,
Participation heightens every charm;
And should the happy student chance to know
The warmth of friendship, or some kindlier glow,
What wonder should he swiftly run to share
Some favorite author with some favorite fair!
There, as he cites those treasures of the page
That raise her fancy, or her heart engage,
And listens while her frequent, keen remark
Discerns the brilliant, or illumes the dark,
And doubting much, scarce knows which most to admire,
The critic's judgment, or the writer's fire,
And reading often glances at that face,
Where gently beam intelligence and grace;
And sees each passion in its turn prevail,
Her looks the very echo of the tale;
Sees the descending tear, the swelling breast,
When vice exults, or virtue is distressed;
Or, when the plot assumes an aspect new,
And virtue shares her retribution due,
He sees the grateful smile, th' uplifted eye,

Thread, needle, kerchief, dropt in ecstasy,—
Say, can one social pleasure equal this?
Yet still even here imperfect is the bliss.
For ah! how oft must awkward learning yield
To graceful dulness the unequal field
Of gallantry? What lady can endure
The shrug scholastic, or the bow demure?
Can the poor student hope that heart to gain
Which melts before the flutter of a cane?
Or, of two characters, which shall surpass,
Where one consults his books, and one his glass?
Ye fair, if aught these censures may apply,
'T is yours to effect the surest remedy;
Ne'er should a fop the sacred bond remove
Between the Aonian and the Paphian grove.
'T is yours to strengthen, polish, and secure
The lustre of the mind's rich garniture;
This is the robe that lends you heavenly charms,
And envy of its keenest sting disarms,
A robe whose grace and richness will outvie
The woof of Ormus, or the Tyrian dye.
To count one pleasure more, indulge my muse,—
'T is friendship's self,—what cynic will refuse?
O, I could tell how oft her joys we 've shared,
When mutual cares those mutual joys endeared,
How arm in arm we 've lingered through the vale,
Listening to many a time-beguiling tale.
How oft, relaxing from one common toil,
We 've found repose amid one common smile.
Yes, I could tell, but O, the task how vain!
'T would but increase our fast approaching pain;
The pain so thrilling to a student's heart,
Couched in that talisman of woe, we part.

XCI.

DISSERTATION.

A dissertation is a formal discourse intended to illustrate a subject, and the term is properly applied to performances of an argumentative nature.

Dissertations are principally employed on disputed points of literature and science.*

* See Bentley's "Dissertation upon the Epistles of Phalaris" and De Pau's "Dissertations on the Egyptians and Chinese."

Example.

On the Causes which, independent of their Merit, have contributed to elevate the ancient Classics."

The ancient classics are elevated to a rank in the literature of the world, to which their intrinsic excellence cannot justify their claim. Admitting this position, which their most strenuous supporters will not deny, but unwilling to incur the imputation which a declaimer against classical learning must deservedly hazard among its admirers, I shall attempt to show some of the causes that have united to produce this elevation.

The standard to which every one primarily refers what he examines, is the measure of his own power. That work is not admired which he could equal or surpass. This standard, indeed, is soon extended, and similar efforts of genius of other ages are taken into the comparison. The barbarism in which the world was involved at the revival of learning, made the classics appear to its restorers in an unnaturally strong and dazzling light. Possessing themselves few of the advantages of progressive improvement, and destitute and ignorant of the resources of the ancient authors, they viewed their works as the efforts of transcendent genius, which had completely penetrated and exhausted the mines of nature, — which none could ever after approach, and only the most exalted minds comprehend. They applied themselves to the examination of the treasures they had discovered, and burst forth into unrestrained admiration of authors from whom they had learned to think and to speak.

All who have since justly appreciated the labors of these fathers of modern literature, have concurred in sentiments of gratitude and reverence to their instructors.

For a great part of the time since the revival of letters, those who aimed at the reputation of scholars have been obliged to establish their claim by a knowledge of the classics. The possessor of this knowledge obtained respect, and continued to cultivate it from the pride of displaying learning which was confined to a few, or from the ambition of excelling in what constituted his chief or only distinction. This was necessarily the case when little other than classical learning existed; and it long continued, like the respect for hereditary succession, from the habit of paying honor to what our predecessors deemed honorable. While prejudices were thus strong in favor of the classics, few ventured to appear without their support, and most that was written tended to preserve and strengthen their ascendancy. Regarded as having assisted the first literary efforts of the majority of the learned men of modern times, and being generally, by the nature of their subjects, better suited than most other books to the comprehension of the young, the classics have long been presented to the infant mind of the scholar, when in its most susceptible state. They have thus occupied the most powerful prepossessions, and been allowed to form and constitute the standard of intellectual beauty and excellence. They have intimately insinuated themselves into the mind, at a period when impressions received are most lasting and most forcible. They have been connected with the tenderest and most pleasing associations; with the memory of the sports and enjoyments of childhood, and the more affecting recollections of the attention of instructors and kindness of parents. Those whom the youth was first taught to respect have been men