

THEME — ARTICLE XXXV.

There is implanted in the breast of man a feeling of fondness for his country, for his native town, and for the place where he has passed his early days by the social fireside in the bosom of an affectionate family. This is observable in all nations, kindreds, and tongues, from the time when Adam, with his consort Eve, was driven from the earthly Paradise, to the present moment. You may even distinguish it, in some degree, in the Arabs of the desert, and in the wilder savage. You may see it in the ignorant idolater as well as among enlightened Christians; among the inhabitants of the Pacific Islands as well as the noble-hearted Americans. This feeling, moreover, is not limited to the human race. Brute animals have a fondness for their home. They cling to it, they flee to it as a place of safety.

The comforts of home are innumerable. It is there that wants are supplied, and wishes are gratified. There, are friends to pity in calamity, and afford us comfort in sickness and misfortune. There, we have the society of our parents till the cold hand of death severs the tie, and the spirit returns to the God

That gave it. Time, at length, may behold *us* sitting in the midst of many children.

“This affection for home is displayed wherever man may be; in whatever land his lot may be cast. Go with him to the battle-field. There, his dear family and sweet home are ever uppermost in his mind. There, amidst the roar of cannon and clashing of swords, the pleasant scenes of his boyhood, while under his father’s roof, form the subjects of his reflection. He remembers those hours when he was a stranger to sorrow, and grief had not as yet descended upon his brow. He remembers his boyish sports; and carrying his thoughts back to those times long since gone by, he will even now imagine himself one moment as he had been engaged in the game of ball, at another taking a part in the chase, and at another pulling out from the sparkling brook the spotted trout. Then his family will rush again upon his mind, and he is encouraged to fight manfully. Knowing that both his and their safety may depend upon his valor, he fights for his life, his country, and his home. Follow him to whatever quarter of the globe you please, and under any imaginable circumstances, you will see the same anxious concern for his family.

“We can plainly discern, from a little observation, that this is merely carrying out the great design which the Almighty has made for the happiness and well-being of His creatures; for it is not only true of the whole human family, but each tribe of animals, and every species of vegetables, have a climate and

food adapted to their subsistence. Even this latter condition is seen among certain tribes of men. Take the black African from his sunny clime and carry him to the frigid zone, he will soon pine away, and pale death will soon spread its mantle over that face which a short time ago was delighting in a scorching climate. So take the orange from its native country, where it is a green and flourishing tree, and attempt to cultivate it in an atmosphere of the Middle States, it dwindles into a shrub. The same principle is carried out in the two living kingdoms.

“It was the comforts and attachments to home that our Saviour beautifully referred to in the finest and most instructive of His parables. The prodigal son, having wasted his living in a far country, came at length to himself, and was compelled to say—‘How many hired servants of my father’s house have bread enough, and to spare, and I perish with hunger.’ It was then that the blessings of his home, and a father’s care and watchfulness presented themselves to his mind, as a reprover of his wickedness and folly; and he at length broke forth in the resistless eloquence of woe. ‘I will arise, and go unto my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.’ See now, even before he reaches the house he begins to realize the blessings of that dear home which he thought so little of before; for while he is ‘yet a great way off,’ his ever affectionate father runs to meet him, falls upon his neck and kisses him. He gives

him no reprimand, but tells his servants to bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and to put a ring on his finger, &c.

“ Here is a picture of home painted by the Saviour Himself. But this parable would not confine the mind to earth. It would lead it far above the stars, into regions of never fading bliss. It has a higher aim than merely to describe an earthly scene; for, under the type of the affection of a parent, who receives with demonstrations of the greatest joy his penitent son, and again numbers him in the bosom of his family, is shown the boundless mercy of our Heavenly Father in pardoning, and even blessing with His Holy Spirit the sinner who is truly sorrowful for his faults; and, under the symbol of the comforts and pleasures of an earthly home, compared with being an outcast in a distant land, is shown the enjoyments attendant upon the path of duty, and contrasted with the wretchedness that accompanies that of wickedness and folly; for ‘the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.’ From this single parable there is more instruction to be derived than from fifty sermons, or ten thousand novels. Such is the conciseness of Scripture. There is often to be found in a few lines what man would spin out into volumes and volumes. As a standing proof of this, take the very commencement of Holy Writ, that beautiful and sublime chapter concerning the Creation of the world, which stands unrivalled in the vast field of literature. This conciseness is, in my opinion, one of the greatest evidences of the Divine origin of the Bible.

"But to return more to our subject. Great and innumerable as are the blessings of home, still how many are there who are not aware of the favors they are continually receiving from their Creator, and from their kind parents, and whose unnatural hearts are perfect strangers to love; but the time will come when they will repent in sackcloth and ashes. That time will be when those blessings have fled away as the noonday shadow — gone to return no more. Then will they rise before the offender, in battalions, to remind him of the ingratitude of his early days, and floods of tears will roll down his cheeks as he reflects upon a mother's anxious care or a father's watchful eye, and in the grief of his heart he will smite upon his breast, and exclaim — 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'

" 'Why does the mind, where'er we roam,
Cling to the spot our earliest home?
The hearth, the board, the social glee,
Are fondly kept in memory.

" 'The little group, so thoughtless, gay,
The pastimes at the close of day,
By grief untouched, unknown to sorrow,
No sad forebodings of to-morrow.

" 'The mild rebuke in kindness given,
The lips that taught the way to Heaven,
The watchful eye, the anxious care,
The love unfeigned — all, all were there.'

" ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

"Columbia College Grammar School, April, [REDACTED]

THEME — ARTICLE XXXVI.

" 'NIGHT.' "

"Night may be considered under several significations, some of which are distinguished by comforts, pleasures, and blessings, and others by woes. First in order comes the natural night, and the great uses for which it is ordained. This appears to be the season designed in the economy of the Creator for reviving languid and drooping Nature. Who can declare its seemingly miraculous power? The animal kingdom, fatigued, worn out, in the brevity of a day; the weary limbs, the broken heart, the deathly looks, the feverish skin, drooping vegetation, the parched earth and the fading leaf, all lift up their voice to Heaven, and cry for rest and refreshment; and while the word is yet in their mouths, Night, in her mission of mercy, is fast advancing, bearing healing in her wings, in her right hand 'Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,' and in her left the dews of Heaven. In the morning, how is the scene changed! The fatigue, the stupor, the listlessness, that a few hours before held undisputed sway, are now turned to vigor, and universal mirth and happiness. This, succeeded by the early beams of Phœbus, shining with sparkling lustre upon the drops of dew, as they cling to the verdant grass, or hang suspended from the tender leaf; the

warbling songsters, and the cheerful song of the merry hay-makers, serves to produce a scene which truly shows forth the mercy and the loving kindness of Him Who ruleth among the children of men, and to describe which, in its proper colors, would be beyond the power of angelic tongue.

“But that is not all. Look at the canopy of Heaven. What a sublime, beautiful spectacle, with its silvery studs! Even to the thoughtless or uneducated the glittering points are objects of admiration in their external appearance alone; but the man of reflection discovers in them the sublime as well as the beautiful. In them he can see his Maker; in them he can see reflected, as in a glass, his own comparative littleness, and he is lost when he considers that those bodies, which appear to be but specks, but mites, are suns, in magnitude and splendor like our own, and that, around each of them probably revolves a planetary system, ‘guided’ like ‘Arcturus and his sons.’ His wonder increases when reason and analogy lead him to reflect that each of these worlds contains as many, and, perchance, many times as many inhabitants as our own favorite Earth. But what can he say when he turns his eyes to the milky-way, to the nebulae, and considers that their light is produced by the confused light of myriads of separate stars, more distant, perhaps, from each other than our sun from Sirius, and which, like those that shine by themselves, are as many myriads of suns, around which also revolve systems that are probably inhabited by innumerable beings like ourselves! Thus, he soon finds

himself lost in the immensity of space; lost in devotional feeling. And, surely, these thoughts should be enough to break the pride of science, or of the most haughty and cruel tyrant. If only indulged, they must lead the vainglorious to more humble views of themselves, and all earthly greatness must appear to them an insignificant thing. For what is a Newton, or the greatest monarch, when weighed in the balance with countless myriads of rational beings like themselves! These are the greater wonders, wonderful as are the tributary spheres. What exalted ideas must, then, be entertained of Him Who spoke but the word, and they sprung into existence, and Who, ever since their Creation, has continued to rule the motions of the heavenly bodies, and to shower His blessings upon every creature, thinking not even the meanest insect beneath His notice, or unworthy of His Almighty Protection. And what an encouragement to every human heart to know, that, although it is but one among so many countless myriads, not one good thought, not one good word, will pass unobserved, unrewarded, by Him Who is righteousness itself.

“ But we must not stop here. Although the stars and the planets are the first things in Creation that attract our observation, and are best calculated to draw off the mind from earth, shall we find nothing to admire, as a munificence of Night, in the trailing or hairy comets, no instruction to draw from those mysterious bodies, about which, although passing so near the earth, we know nothing as regards their composition, or the

purpose for which they were designed—no analogy whatever to guide our inquiry? That remains known, unthought of, to the Mind alone by Which was first formed the plan of their Creation. They startle us with their appearance, they confound us with their disappearance.

“And shall we not add to our nocturnal view that soft and gentle light which rests upon the northern horizon, on a still evening of Autumn, or flashes up to the zenith, and which defies the pencil of an Apelles, or the pen of a Virgil or a Homer? No heart has been obtuse to this, nor will it ever cease to be the admiration of all who behold it. The literary will continue to describe it, and the scientific more vainly to fathom its objects. Or shall we pass in silence the fiery meteors, as they shoot athwart the heavens, or as others descend like a shower of stars? To the contemplative mind there is no one of them that does not yield the richest instruction, or improve his heart; and to every observer they are among the wonders of the Night.

“After subjecting these wonders to our deliberation, we may truly say, that the book of Nature is most voluminous in the heavens, and may well exclaim with the Psalmist:

“‘The heavens declare the Glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handy work.’

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“Columbia College Grammar School, Jan. 11, 1847.”

“N. B. To be continued.”

THEME — ARTICLE XXXVII

“ ‘NIGHT.’ — CONTINUED.

“ Night is the season most adapted to silent meditation, self-examination, fervent prayer, and thanksgiving ; for, the world shut out, and harassing cares banished from the mind, the heart must be better qualified for holding communion with its God, and the Christian alone within his closet, or surrounded by his family, while perusing the sacred pages of the Bible, or engaged in prayer, must feel a degree of reverential awe and holy fire pervade his heart, which the noise and bustle of the day can never inspire, but which, on the contrary, only tend to drive out all serious thoughts, holy desires, and emotions of gratitude. Or, when laying his head upon the pillow, how often are the misdeeds of his past life, the unbridled tongue, the idle hours, profaned Sabbaths, injured neighbors, and the slighted widow, wont to rise in legions before him ; and, while reflecting upon these, his countenance is changed, his thoughts are troubled, his mind is completely overcome with grief that he should have thus pursued a perverse course, notwithstanding the many blessings which had been daily showered upon his head—a grief which no tongue can utter, no words express, which can only be felt by its unhappy victim. Sleep goes from him and leaves

him tossed upon a troubled sea of anguish, until he has sincerely repented, acknowledged the goodness of Heaven in not cutting him off in the midst of his career, but thus enabling him to see himself and to form new resolutions for the future, and, smiting himself upon his bosom, has prayed God to be merciful to him a sinner, and to enable him to direct his steps aright.

“Night, however, in the case of many, presents an entirely different picture from that described above. Its shades are particularly grateful to the murderer, the thief, and to all others of a malicious character. How many a blade has reeked with the life-blood of the unwary! How many a traveller robbed, stripped, then left alone; no one to bewail his misfortunes or to take vengeance on his cruel oppressors! How many a quiet citizen has been despoiled of his goods, or been waked from his slumber by the crackling of merciless flames—overwhelming some, scarcely sparing others! How many women have been compelled to forfeit their virtue and honor, by some lascivious scoundrel! And all these offences perpetrated under those visible glories, those eyes of Heaven, which, if they see not, are not less significant of an All-seeing Providence. But Night shuts out the vision of man, and therefore the wicked ‘prefer darkness to light because their deeds are evil’ in the sight of man. It appears, indeed, to be the season best suited for the exercise of any predominant passion, whether good or evil. In one case, however, its influences are upon the soul; in the other, it merely affords opportunities. It is probably from the latter

circumstance, that the ancients made Night the mother of discord, fraud, and many other vices. The Romans personified her under the name of *Nox*, and worshipped her as one of the earliest deities. She was regarded as the mother of Day, and Dreams, and Death, and black sheep were offered to her as the mother of the Furies. We read, also, that the Cock was sacrificed to her, as that bird announces the approach of day. Other things are said of her, which have, also, their significant meaning. The ancients paid her homage, no doubt, out of respect for the relief which she brings to weary and drooping Nature; for, although she was considered the parent of so many evils, and herself a daughter of Chaos, she was also looked upon as the mother of mankind and of all other gods. But, let us return our thanks to Him from Whom she cometh, in connection with every other good and perfect gift.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, Jan. 25, 1847.

“ N. B. To be continued.”

Other essays upon Night were written, but of which fragments only remain. In one of them he considers Night “as applicable to that state of the mind which is darkened by ignorance, or debased by superstition, cruelty, and vice.”

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THEME — ARTICLE XXXVIII.

“‘CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.’

“The holidays commenced on Tuesday, December 23, 1845. The afternoon was agreeably spent in purchasing presents for my young relatives and friends; and when [redacted] returned home with my freight, a stump of a clay-pipe and a little beard was all that was necessary to make me pass for that good and venerable old friend, Santa Claus. There was certainly no lack of toys; for kaleidoscopes, dogs, rattles, whistles, trumpets, smelling-bottles, paint-boxes, and other things which once gave happiness to myself, ‘were thrown over my back, and I looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.’ The evening, I may truly say, I spent in joyful anticipation of the ensuing days; for these were all that employed my thoughts, nay, I seemed as one robbed of all the powers of his mind. I then retired to my couch, where I spent the awful silence of the night in calm and peaceful slumber.

“The next morning I steered my course to Brooklyn, and, on my way thither, I observed nothing worthy of record, except the fountain in the Bowling Green, the appearance of which was truly sublime. The huge mass of rough and ponderous stones,

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piled up in confusion, and which received but little adornment from the falling jet, was now decorated with a most splendid variety of icicles, some of them huge at their root and gradually tapering to a point, in some places resembling frozen foam, and the basin around one mass of ice, excepting here and there a leaden pipe was seen projecting through the frozen sheet, sending forth small columns of water, which served as a beautiful contrast with the surrounding objects. This was due to the accident of frost, which had thus changed a rude mass of stones into a magnificent spectacle.

“ Thus each season has its peculiar characteristics and enjoyments. Beautiful, however, as all this appears, it loses nothing as Spring advances, and yet the latter season brings a joyful contrast; for, then, as the fetters fell from Peter while in the dreary cell of a prison, so Nature seems, as it were, to break loose from the rigid chain of Winter. The trees shoot forth their buds, the young plants peep above the ground, a mantle of green takes the place of the snowy-white. Now, too, the lambs may be seen skipping joyfully around their dams, the feathered warblers return again to pay us their annual visit, and to delight us with their songs while returning praise, as it were, to their Creator and Preserver. But Summer soon follows, with new sources of happiness, completing what Spring has begun, and presenting Nature in all her gayety. All is a scene of amusement and pleasure; which may be universally realized in the squirrel when jumping with transports of joy upon the tops

of the stately trees, or the robin on some low bush pouring forth his melodious music.

“ See o'er the hills advancing,
Like youth in morning prime,
In verdant robes adorned with flowers
We hail the Summer time.
Her voice is as the voice of song,
A hymn at opening day ;
The echo of a thousand lyres
As evening fades away.

“ The tall acacias waving
Their feathery plumes on high,
The maple, and the mountain ash,
How lovely to the eye !
The cedar, in her fadeless green,
The elm's luxuriant shade,
With all the wilderness of bloom,
So richly now displayed.

“ While roses blush in beauty,
And lilies fair unfold
Their glossy leaves of various hue,
White, orange, blue, and gold ;
The peony, with drooping head,
Has bloomed a transient hour ;
Now gently shaken in the breeze
Descends a crimson shower.

“ The fragrant pink, of every shade
From deepest red to pale,
And sweet-brier, with its thorny stem,
That scents the passing gale ;

The luscious strawberry crowns the board,
And ripening cherries say
The gatherer's hand may well be filled
Upon some future day.'

"Autumn comes, and again how changed the scene, and yet every thing to gladden the heart. Nature gives up new beauties in the yellow sheaves of corn, and in various other rewards of agricultural industry. The birds, it is true, take their departure, but only for a season, and we know it is for hopes which they cannot realize with us. Oh! how astonishing is all this! Who does not behold with admiration such a scene of instinctive movements,—the long train of cackling geese, soaring in the dim regions of space, and the martin and the swallow gone on a determined day! What tells them of the approach of cold and famine? What guides their unerring way? They understand not the movements of the heavenly bodies; they have no landmarks for their undeviating course. They have no wisdom, no reason; and, although we call it instinct, it is a knowledge from on high that the season of death (if I may call it so) is at hand in our clime, but that beyond our borders are sunny lands of enjoyment; and is not the same Almighty Hand observable in guiding their course through the trackless paths of air? And what a lesson to man! If God so take care of the birds, will He not much more take care of you, 'Oh ye of little faith?' If He have not given to man that amazing knowledge through which He directs the migration of animals in

their pursuit of happiness, He has told him of a far better Country, and marked out the path to that Land of Promise. So let the Bible be our guide, and lead the way to a more blessed place than this, and let our praise, as incense, rise to the King Messiah.

“ True to the harbingers, winter comes again, and again the joyous youths are skimming, with their iron shoes, the surface of ponds, crossing each other's path as intricately as the Asteroids intersect each other in their annual revolution. Such are but hints of what we see, and well may they lead us to exclaim, Oh God! ‘ manifold are Thy works, and in Wisdom hast Thou made them all.’

“ I returned from Brooklyn at one o'clock, and at half past three I went to dancing-school. The question has often been asked, is dancing useful? Does it give grace and ease to the movements of the body? Were I to decide this point from a view of my own case merely, I should answer no; for I have perceived no such effects upon my own person. Is it beneficial to health? The response is, not so much as the more lively and animating amusements of the day. Nay, it is rather injurious in the mode in which it is now often conducted. In hot rooms, and at late hours. Oh, the folly! Oh, the madness! Although it may not have any pernicious effects on those who only seldom indulge in the practice, it is otherwise with those who make it a habit; for it is apt to sow the seeds of an early death, especially in females, soon weakening the frame of its

dancing

wretched victim, and causing her to pass the remainder of her days in sickness and sorrow.*

“I passed the evening of this day at a friend’s house, in reviewing and anticipating; and after a night of sweet repose, I awoke just as rosy-fingered Aurora shed her first beam over this happy land. It was Christmas, ‘merry Christmas!’ And while I repeat it, methinks I hear a startling sound—not of mighty rushing waters, not the rumbling of an earthquake, nor the whirlwind—but the voice of an Angel, saying, ‘Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, Which is Christ, the Lord;’ ‘And, immediately, a heavenly Throng, singing, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.’

“As this day should not be considered as one to be wholly devoted to sport and amusement, I attended Church in the morning. Why, indeed, should not this day be held sacred, as the one on which our Lord, for our sakes, took upon himself the form of a Servant, having not where to lay his head? The text was appropriate—‘Great is the mystery of Godliness; God manifest in the flesh.’ Yes, Christ is equal with the Father in the eternal Godhead. Still, His Father is greater than He; but only so in the temporal and human acceptation. With the Holy Ghost, they are separate Persons in the Trinity; and yet

* Robert was always much averse to the dancing-school, and was soon withdrawn from it. He had always, too, equally a dislike of gay society, and steadily avoided it.

all Three are One. This is the mystery ; and yet it is no greater than Self-existence. And do not the Character and teachings of our Saviour bespeak Divinity? Is any thing 'impossible with God?' Nevertheless, Jesus Christ, Who never but once before was seen by mortal eye, did, on this day, throw aside His robes of Glory and became a Babe ; a Babe, not laid in a king's house, not rocked in a cradle of silver or gold. No, there was no room for Him even at the inn. What! no room for the Creator of the Universe! No room for Him Who formed the shining stars, that galaxy, those multitudes of nebulae that adorn the nocturnal sky, and Who, in infinite Wisdom, marked out the orbits, and appointed the motions of the various planets and satellites! No, a manger was the only place for the Lord of Life and Glory! His birth was not announced to the monarch, nor to princes. It was not announced to the warrior, nor to the mighty conqueror ; but

“ ‘Shepherds, on Judea's plain,
 Heard ye not the blissful strain,
 When the messengers of light
 Broke the silence of the night!’

“ Therefore,

“ ‘Let us chant the solemn lay—
 Let us celebrate the day—
 Hail with joy the auspicious morn
 When the Son of man was born.

“Then tell the wondrous story
Where rolls Salvation's wave,
And give Him all the glory,
Who came the lost to save.”

“In the afternoon I went to my Uncle E——’s, by invitation, where, after partaking of a sumptuous and social dinner, and after my annual distribution of presents, I amused myself for the rest of the day; now in the pleasures of conversation, now in the animating sport of dominos, now in the intricacies of chess. Among the choice presents which I received was a copy, in French, of Plutarch's Lives, in fifteen volumes, given me by my Mother. After ten o'clock I returned home. Sweet home! What place is there like home? It is here that our wants are supplied, and our wishes gratified; here we have friends to pity us in calamity, and to comfort us in sickness and misfortune; here we have the company of our parents, until the cold hand of death severs the paternal tie, and the spirit returns to the God That gave it. Oh, the comforts of home! But there are many, I say many, who appreciate not its blessings, until they have fled away like the noonday shadow. It is then that they rise before the offender, as it were in battalions, to remind him of the ingratitude of his early days, and floods of tears roll down his cheeks as he reflects upon a mother's care, or a father's watchful eye, and, in the grief of his heart he smites his breast, and exclaims, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner.’”

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“ ‘Why does the mind, where’er we roam,
Cling to the spot, our earliest home ?
The hearth, the board, the social glee,
Are fondly kept in memory.

“ ‘The little group, so thoughtless, gay,
The pastimes at the close of day,
By grief untouched, unknown to sorrow,
No sad forebodings of to-morrow,

“ ‘The mild rebuke, in kindness given,
The lips that taught the way to Heaven,
The watchful eye, the anxious care,
The love unfeigned — all, all were there.’

“ On Friday afternoon I paid a visit to the Battery, to look out upon the beautiful Bay, and listen, if possible, to the roar of the Ocean ; that vast expanse of water which has withstood the ravages of time ; the mighty chain of Continents, the sporting-field of Leviathan and his myriads of subjects ; a wondrous spectacle that can infuse the utmost delight, or inspire the deepest awe in the breast of the beholder, or strike a deadly terror into the hardy and daring seaman. What thoughts and feelings must it awaken in the man, who, perhaps, is leaving for the first time his wife and children, to sail over its treacherous paths ! It is then that he thinks of the uncertainty of life. It is then, perhaps, he feels the first spark of anxiety, or the first flash of love towards his relatives and friends. It is then that he feels his dependence on Him Who alone is able to rule the

billows and the storm. It is then he feels that he is powerless himself, and unless upheld by a more Mighty Hand, he must go the way from which he never can return.

“But, perhaps, he has none of these feelings. His heart may be of impenetrable stiff. And yet, what love cannot awaken, fear may do. Let but a storm arise, the rain descend in torrents, the lightning flash around him, the heavens roar above his head, and the billows sweep the deck, he will probably be as much affected as Constantine was when he beheld the blazing cross.

“In the evening I had company at home, and we passed our time very agreeably till the hour of rest. The next morning, in company with a friend, I directed my course to the distributing reservoir, and, just as Phæton was mounting the horizon, we reached the destined spot. It was an animating scene, and the long walk had imparted a fresh and lively vigor. I was not satisfied ; but my companion left me for the City, while I went in pursuit of the enjoyment of a purer air, and, what might be gleaned from the country. It was not a scene, it is true, for the imagination of a poet. There was no carpet of emerald color, embroidered with flowers, and the trees were leafless. But I was treading upon snow that was not wanting in delightful associations ; for I could fancy that, in another form, it had been but lately dashed against the stones of Patmos, tossed in the surges of the Atlantic, or rolled in the billows of the Pacific. All was as still as night, excepting, now and

then, the barking of some distant dog, which served as a beautiful contrast with the reigning silence. What was solemn and sublime in each increased the effect of each other. In short, it was a scene of the utmost pleasure that mortals can enjoy. I certainly cannot express, in words, my feelings on this occasion. Nay, it would require the melodious voice of an Archangel, or some other mysterious being from the Tabernacle of Heaven, to tell my thoughts, or my enjoyment during this solitary walk. Finally, I reached the second reservoir, but sought in vain for admittance at this early hour. I then retraced my steps, and when I reached home I had travelled more than eleven miles before breakfast. My dolphin* had passed the hour of ten. Late, indeed, for breakfast, but better for the walk. This, however, is not the usual opinion; for a full stomach is commonly supposed to be the best state for exercise, and an empty one the worst. But such is not my experience. Every step before eating animates the frame, and gives additional strength to the great organs of life; while, on the other hand, the useful effect of exercise, after the cravings of hunger are satisfied, is certainly diminished one half.

"A portion of the afternoon I spent in writing this Composition; an unimportant circumstance, like the rest, but it is the method which I have adopted for my subject. I may say, therefore, that I passed the evening agreeably in playing chess; a game which will endure till 'time shall be no more.' Why

* His watch, in form of a dolphin.

Writing

should it not? It is the game by which man is improved, the powers of the mind strengthened, and morality is even the better for it. It is the game that shows, at once, man's elevation above the brute. It throws open the best doors of society, insures a cordial welcome, and is a passport to a good player among all ranks of mankind. Strange to say, however, it has one peculiarity which accompanies no other intellectual pursuit; that is, after the body has been violently exercised, the mind, as a general rule, becomes disqualified for this great and glorious sport.*

"On Sunday morning I attended the Roman Catholic Church. This Church has been, perhaps, one of the greatest enemies to true and sincere Religion. At first sight, it may appear to be holy and undefiled; and there are many, I say many, who follow its precepts and doctrines, that have never applied themselves properly to see whether they be right or wrong. Indeed, it is of such unhappy and deluded individuals that this Church is mostly composed. On a little careful examination, however, it must be evident, one would think, to those who place any reliance upon the truth of the Scriptures, that it is only an ingenious system of idolatry, beginning with the worship of a fellow-creature possessed of no more understanding,

* At the age of twelve years, Robert played with accuracy and skill a part of a game (about twelve moves) with his back turned to the board. His parents moved the pieces; and here they arrested the game from fear of its effect upon his brain, and the experiment was never repeated. (See NOTE, page 10.)

and no more power than ourselves, and makes her an intercessor between the Son of God and man; when, too, every page, I had almost said every line of the New Testament, enforces it upon us, that Jesus Christ is the only Advocate between God and man, and that there is no one subordinate to Him. And, Oh, how terrible is the thought, and how deep the sin, that takes away from Him a portion of that high office, and bestows it upon a human being! Upon one who was chided for seeking Him when lost, — ‘Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?’ And, Who ‘answered them, saying, Who is my Mother?’ Aye, and ‘He saith unto her, woman, what have I to do with thee?’

“What means that incense, also, when it is expressly said, ‘Incense is an abomination unto Me?’ How mournful, moreover, to see the deluded victims bend the knee before a piece of wood in the shape of a Cross! True, it is said in defence, that they bow to the Saviour through that wood, and that the mind is assisted through the senses. This is not so considered in Heaven, for we read that, ‘Abraham saith unto the rich man, they have Moses and the prophets; let them hear them. And he said, nay, father Abraham; but if one went unto them from the dead, they will repent. And Abraham said unto him, if they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rise from the dead.’ And so say I, neither will they be persuaded by any of these devices of man. Oh, how great is the deception that is here observa-

ble! But, if we admit that the enlightened are not beguiled, it is greatly to be feared that there are multitudes, not understanding the object said to be designed, bow in honor of the wood itself. Another awful and horrid practice is that of confessing sins to a priest, in the belief that through his agency their very crimes are blotted out in Heaven; or, should he say to them that they are not absolved, they are equally credulous. It is, however, said, that the priest does not exercise this interference, but merely declares to his subjects, when he considers them sufficiently penitent, that they are pardoned by the Almighty. Oh, the delusion, the great delusion! Who knoweth the mind of the Lord, or who can comprehend His ways? Who can know when a person is sorrowful for his sins; for repentance is the work of the heart, and not of the body, and who can search the soul of man save the Great I AM? Moreover, none can expect absolution, unless he entreat forgiveness at the Throne of Heaven in the Name of the Son of God. The priest, therefore, is only entitled to say, that, if repentance be sincere it is accepted by Him Whom the sinner has offended. But we must be charitable towards this Church, and believe that the blame rests greatly with its officers. And is it not perfectly astonishing, when we cast a glance at their artful plans for sustaining their religion, and keeping their victims under subjection? In the first place, they prohibit their congregation from reading the Scriptures, telling them that these writings are too holy for them to examine, and too deep for their minds to com-

prehend. Secondly, there are a multitude of deceptive forms, which are intended to inspire awe in the hearts of the people, and, we have reason to fear, more for the priest than for the religion. These, besides others, which neither my time nor your patience will allow me to state, are the devices resorted to by the officers of this Church. They have, indeed, the wisdom of serpents, but without the harmlessness of doves. (See page 192.)

“The text was uttered by the priest in so low a voice, that, probably, not a dozen in the church could have repeated it after him. The sermon, however, was an excellent one, except where the priest treated of Catholic persecution. He very coolly said that the Catholics had been the most persecuted people upon the face of the earth, that they had been driven into exile, burnt at the stake, and, in fine, had suffered every ignominy for the sake of their religion. Now, on the other hand, let us take a look at the Protestants, and see what cruelties they have undergone during the comparatively short time of their existence. Look at the pages of history, survey them well, and you will find them shockingly stained with the tales of Protestant suffering. You will find that the priest has mistaken Protestant for Catholic, and that all his sorrow should have been given to the former. By whom, I say, was all this cruelty perpetrated? Who was it that drenched the ground of England, and France, and Italy, with Protestant blood? To them we say, as Nathan said unto David—‘Thou art the man!’ Doubtless, Thou wilt

'let him be known in our sight by the revenging of the blood of Thy servants which is shed ; and will render unto our neighbors sevenfold into their bosoms their reproaches wherewith they have reproached Thee, O Lord.'

"In the afternoon I repaired to St. Mark's Church, where Religion is taught in its purity. But, although this society is a portion of the Episcopalian, and the Church has been widely separated from Romanism from the moment it declared its secession, I am much afraid, from the spread of *Puseyism*, that it is gradually returning to papal tyranny and superstition.* But thanks be to God, if this course of things be arrested here, and the original purity of our religion again return, and the Church become firmly united by the bonds of friendship and fidelity.

"The remainder of the day was agreeably spent in pleasant conversation, chess, and dominos. How great is the descent from the former to the latter game. It is like standing upon a

* In Robert's record of sermons, to which reference has been made (page 28), after making a sketch of one delivered by the Rev. Dr. Anthon, at St. Mark's Church, on the morning of May 19, 1844, in which the Rev. Doctor took for his text—"For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus," and pointed out the fallacy of addressing prayers to the Virgin, and Saints, Robert finally remarks that, when the audience were leaving the Church, he "heard some one say that 'nobody would think of worshipping any being but God.' But it is probable she forgot the stir made by the Puseyites, who believe in prayers to the Saints, in the City of New-York. I think," he adds, "that this Sermon ought to be published."

lofty precipice and jumping to the pleasant valley below. One is all mind, the other all chance; one all silence, the other all talk. Neither, like cards, are used for the purpose of gambling. But, it must be said, in behalf of cards, that gambling is an abuse of the game, and has no more necessary connection with it than with chess, or the clerical game of backgammon. Amusement is one thing, and gambling is another. Perhaps I detest this crime as much as any of you here present. But I am considering the game of cards as it should be, according to the nature of the game itself. It certainly appears to have the objection of possessing temptations, as gambling has come to be connected with it. This, too, is not only a sin in itself, but leads to still greater ones; and the perpetrator, step by step, may at last find himself in a prison, or suspended from the gallows. Cards have, undoubtedly, led to such a series of offences; and but for them, men who would have proved good citizens, and useful to their country, have been gradually advanced from gambling to the highest pitch of crime. Card-playing is also liable to beget indolent habits; and indolence, without gambling, may plunge a man into the deepest wretchedness.

“Why these differences should exist among games, it is not easy for me to say. They are all upon one ground, considered as games; and yet some are used for gambling, while others are rarely perverted to that use. One may require as much skill as another, and afford an equal interest; yet the former is considered immoral, while the other is universally approved. The

distinction seems to be more artificial than natural; and it is probably in this usage that we must look for the morality of the one or of the other.

"Tuesday morning I took a refreshing walk before breakfast to the first reservoir. All was silent, except now and then the sound of the sledge-hammer, or of some cart-wheel as it rolled along the hard and barren ground, broke like music upon the ear. It was even so. There was music in those sounds as they contrasted with the solemn stillness, and awakened their natural associations. They came from the joyful laborer, who was marking out new streets, and preparing the way for a beautiful and mighty City. And there, too, was an index of its future greatness, the aqueduct and reservoir.

"In the evening I attended the exhibition of Mr. Lyon's school, at the Broadway Tabernacle. There was a very striking difference among the speakers; some of them making that vast house ring from end to end, while it was utterly impossible to say whether others were speaking English or Hebrew, until, by chance, near the end of their speech, I would sometimes catch a glimpse of our vernacular in an *and*, or an *or*, as it dropped a little more heavily from the mouth of the orator. There was one young gentleman whom you might well have imagined to have been Demosthenes disguised as a youth, but thundering with all the eloquence of his manly years. Not Cicero, do I say, but Demosthenes. What higher praise can I bestow? Fellow Classmates! Declamation is, at this day, one

of the much neglected branches of knowledge. It is laid aside as a minor acquirement, scarcely deserving our attention. But, although it be thus disregarded, it is like a buried gem, which will for ever retain its resplendent brightness, and, whenever discovered, will again as ever adorn its possessor. It is this, wherever displayed, the public will most applaud. It certainly will. It cannot do otherwise. It is this that places you at once on a pinnacle above your fellow-men. It is this, in fine, by which you may attain an unending renown. You may say that you have not a voice. Take Demosthenes for your bright example. Behold him, at one moment, in his subterranean study, attending there to the improvement of his vocal powers; at another, upon the sea-shore, striving to overcome the loud roaring of the deep. 'Go, then, and do likewise.' And now let us start together, and search for that pearl of great price, bearing in mind that whoever shall find it shall win a crown of glory for his head; for the ways of eloquence, like those of wisdom, 'are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.'

"Wednesday, December 31st. The forenoon was spent in exercise and conversation, and a part of the afternoon was given to this composition. The evening was occupied in playing two games at chess; the last of which was the most interesting that I ever played. It occupied a little more than two hours and a half. Near the end of it, my adversary had a knight and a bishop against my three pawns. Soon, however, I had the good fortune to make the queen, and consequently came off



chess

victor. I had formed some thoughts of going to the theatre ; but while reflecting for a moment, methought I could hear a voice whisper in my ear—theatres, as they are at present conducted in this country, are very pernicious in their effects, as well as low and vulgar in their entertainments, and are generally frequented by the frivolous and unprincipled, since they are not calculated to afford pleasure to the polished and educated, as they were in former times. Such, indeed, has become the degradation of the stage, that, instead of a play in which virtue and religion are inculcated, you witness only some foolish performance intended merely to please the worldly and vulgar, and where, in the place of good sentiments, you often hear cursing, and sometimes swearing. Such, I am sorry to learn, and have been twice a witness, is the condition of the stage in the United States of America ; and I think you will agree with me that these are not only unsuitable places for cultivated people, but are merely the schools of Satan, and the colleges of iniquity. But, if the theatre, under its present management, be a highway to infamy and crime, it is not the intrinsic fault of the institution, for it has enjoyed an elevated state. There were seen within its walls a polished, educated, and refined class of society. Then, instruction as well as amusement, was afforded by the play. But, even in this state of the stage, it is not creditable to have frequent recourse to the theatre ; but it is perfectly proper, and may prove highly advantageous to occasionally visit it. Every thing should be done in moderation, especially what is

not a direct duty. In this manner, even wine may promote health, and comfort, and improve the spirits of him that drinks it; but when used to excess, it is notoriously a rank poison.

“The next day was New Year’s; a fruitful subject for very weighty reflections. Another year has been swept away by the everlasting hand of time, to be remembered only with those that shall be no more. What, another year expired! Yes, gone into the awful abyss of eternity, never to be recalled. Yes, it died at the midnight hour, and vainly did I strive to grasp it, to detain it only for one moment longer. It would not stay; no, it would not stay. What have been its scenes, its trials, and its events! Where are many, who, three hundred and sixty-five days ago, were seated by the merry fireside, surrounded by joyful friends and kind relatives? Ah! they, too, have disappeared, some to shine as a diadem in the Saviour’s Crown, others to have their portion in gloom and darkness, where pleasure never is, where hope never comes; some to partake of the joys of Heaven, others of the woes of hell. Where are some of those kind persons whom, but these few days ago, I wished a cordial, happy new year? Where are they, I say? They are gone; and while I repeat it, methinks I hear a whisper, — ‘Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.’ What has been our conduct? Can we look upon the past with tears of joy in our eyes, or is a fearful void presented to our view? If the latter be the case, then let us form new resolutions for the future, this day, this hour.

“And now, fellow Classmates, I may hope that you began this year as agreeably, at least, as myself; for the forty visits which I made renewed many pleasant acquaintances, and gave me a chance of witnessing a great deal of happiness in others. Gentlemen talk of giving up this practice. But this should never be done, for the obvious reason of keeping up good feelings among friends, and of binding them more strongly in the bonds of friendship and fidelity. Doubtless, you will be also interested with knowing that I devoted the evening to chess; and thus ended, with me, the first day of the year 1846.

“What happened in the wide world on the following day, I can scarcely say, as I spent the greater part of it at home. But, I would call your attention to the menagerie, where I paid a visit in the evening, and where may be seen representatives of many climes, telling in their own peculiar way their own stories of each, and relating many marvellous things of themselves, from the porcupine, that defies the most ferocious, to the mighty king, whose roar

‘The forest beasts with horror fly,
And echoes to the vaulted sky.’

“I have but little to say in commemoration of Saturday, as it was mostly devoted to rambling in the country under a gloomy sky, and over muddy roads, and to writing composition. But I must tell you of the finishing touch to my amusements for the the holidays. This was the double game of chess, with

which I whiled away the evening. You will find it one of the finest sports that a young man can possibly have. It sets in operation the thinking powers, and strengthens the understanding.

“One thing I have neglected to mention. During my adventures on New Year’s day, while I happened to be at a clergyman’s house, I heard an individual remark that the clerical order was entitled to more respect than any other class of men. This will depend entirely upon their purity and Christian deportment. It is not their vocation, but the manner in which it is discharged, that can justify the claim. The minister of Religion is one thing, and the man is quite another. The office demands respect in proportion to its fulfilment. But, if its duties be neglected, or its precepts violated, then we become participants just in proportion to the degree in which we approve its ministers, or exalt them above other members of society. I do not now speak of individual exceptions, unless such instances are supported or tolerated by the Profession. For the same reason, there should be, at the same time, more charity towards each other in matters of opinion than exists among other classes of men, and of this they should exhibit public examples in their conventions and other meetings. If gross indecencies, and other outrages be committed by Clergymen, and they be afterwards allowed to remain connected with the holy calling, we must strive the harder to uphold the purity of Religion ; but we cannot do it by paying homage to the men.

No, far from it. I never, no, never will uphold a bishop, a minister, or any other officer of the Church in the commission of an offence against his calling, much less a crime, although he be my nearest relative, or of my own sect. No, he is worthy of the greater condemnation for perpetrating his crime under the cloak of Religion. He shall never 'win my confidence again,' for it is only the Searcher of hearts Who can truly know his sincere repentance.

"Sunday, Jan. 4th, I attended Church twice. The text, in the morning, was the 10th verse of the 14th Chapter of Job— 'Man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' The sentence of death has been passed, with only two exceptions, upon all mankind, so that we may truly say that all men die. The monarch, the beggar, the high and the low, the rich and the poor, all come under this general rule. 'There is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease. Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it will bud, and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?' Where, do I say? He either appears in the bosom of Abraham, or in Hell doth he open his eyes, desiring a drop of water to cool his burning tongue.

"The text, in the afternoon, was the 11th verse of the 8th Chapter of Ecclesiastes— 'Because sentence against an evil

work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.' Does not daily experience show to us the truth of this? Does not our own conscience convict us? Does not each one of us often say, Oh well! this will be certainly overlooked for once—surely so slight a crime will never be remembered against us? It is not because the Almighty disregards the crime of sin that He does not give it immediate punishment. But, it is Mercy that intercedes for us. Were it not so, we should be swept away from the face of the earth by the very breath of a moment, and plunged into the dreadful void of Eternity.

“Monday morning. I am sitting down and giving a finishing touch to this Composition. And now, let us apply our hearts unto knowledge; remembering that if we sow in wisdom, we shall reap honor and enjoyment, but if in ignorance, we shall reap trouble and despair.”

“ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“Columbia College Grammar School, Monday, Jan. 5, 1846.”

THEME—ARTICLE XXXIX.

“‘PLEASURES OF CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR.’

“What a pleasure was it, on Christmas, to reflect that eighteen hundred and forty-three years ago, The Lord and Maker of all things condescended to be made manifest in the flesh, and that His birth was not announced to the mighty of the Earth, but to shepherds while they watched their flocks by night, and that they should have found Him wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. What a pleasure, I say; for what a practical lesson of humility, what encouragement for the needy and friendless. And all this at the very beginning of the life of the Son of God.

“It is a pleasure to give presents to our friends, and to think that we are keeping up a custom which took its origin at the birth of Christ. And well may our hearts throb with gladness when we shall hear the great I AM say, that, ‘inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these ye did it unto Me.’ Children generally look forward with joy to Christmas, though not always on account of the event which happened on that day, which made angels and archangels sing—‘Glory to God on high, and on earth peace and good will towards men,’ but because it is a day of sport and frolic.

“When the twelve-striking clock beats the death-gong of the departing year, then issues forth the new-born one, delighting, as doth a giant, to run his course. A memorable day for the institution of that rite which gave place to the baptismal, beginning with Abraham and ending about the time of Jesus Christ. What a pleasure is it on this day to look back upon our conduct during the past year, and endeavor to recall the numberless mercies of God.

“ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“Columbia College Grammar School, January, 1844.”

THEME — ARTICLE XL.

“THE THINGS THAT BELONG TO OTHERS PLEASE US MORE, AND THOSE WHICH ARE OURS ARE MORE PLEASING TO OTHERS.”

“What is that dire passion, that rages in many a human breast, which moved the hissing fury, Alecta, to roam among the peaceful inhabitants of Latium, infusing Gorgonian poisons, stirring up strife and war, and embroiling the surrounding nations in the same wretchedness and carnage? Why were the winds unlocked by the idle curiosity of the companions of Ulysses, and why did they wreak devastation upon all sides but upon the ship alone which bore the hero? What is that which renders the highest station in life inferior to a more humble

grade? What that which makes the most wealthy monarch poorer than the poorest subject, or Dives at the banquet than Lazarus at the gate? What led Charles the Fifth to exchange an empire for a monastery? Why did Solomon bewail his riches, his power and greatness, and, at last, turn himself to idolatry? What led our first Parents to eat of the forbidden fruit?

“ Surely, was it not *discontent*, the bane of human life? These are only strong examples of its influences, which, like those of other evils, are seen in all parts of our globe, and too generally in all stages and conditions of life. Indeed, if it make its appearance at all, it generally does so in early youth. It is witnessed in the child as soon as it can articulate ‘I don’t like this, I don’t like that;’ and even before lisping begins, a ‘crying-spell’ is frequently an indication of this untoward emotion. But these are merely sparks, which, if not quenched here, are destined to increase into a mighty flame that will, in after life, render its possessor weary of existence, and an object of odium to all around him. Such is the beginning. Indulgence or neglect will do the rest.

“ Nor is this unhappy spirit confined to individuals; nor are they alone its victims, or alone the authors of evil to others. It has been the primary cause of the downfall of many a nation. Such as have been once the terror of the Earth it has laid in dust and ashes. Before civil history begins we have an example of the kind even in God’s own people. And what an exam-

ple, or, rather, series of examples! How often did they complain against Moses and Aaron, and that, too, soon after their mighty deliverance from the hand of their cruel oppressor — after they had seen their enemies swallowed up in the deep, had witnessed the piling up of the waters, and had walked ‘through the depths’ upon which those waters had rested. ‘They remembered not the multitude of God’s mercies, but provoked Him at the Sea, even at the Red Sea.’ And how often, in consequence of the same spirit of discontent, were they chastised by pestilence, thousands upon thousands perishing in a day! For what else did the host of Israel fall in the wilderness; none, save Caleb and Joshua, of the original emigrants, reaching the land sworn to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? Did they not, as a finishing stroke to their fate, persist in desiring a king, until the Almighty, in His Anger, granted them the object of their wishes, although He had previously warned them, in the strongest words, of the dangerous and ruinous effects which such a change was calculated to have upon that unhappy people? Royalty established, the way was paved for their ruin. The wealth, and pomp, and the power of a monarchy, were well adapted to turn away their hearts from every thing that was moral to the commission of lewd and horrible crimes. What has since followed may be traced up to the same principle. Discontent, though not the immediate, was still the primary cause of the final rejection and destruction of this once mighty and favored nation.

“ But the fiend stops not here in its general ravages. What shall we say of Greece, and of Rome ; successively the masters of the world, before whose power other nations trembled, and kings became as nothing ? Where are those Cities that were once the centre of power, magnificence, and wealth ? Where are those countries that so lately wielded the sceptre over the lands of the Earth ? They have fallen to the dust, are but little better than the habitation of the cormorant and the bittern, containing few monuments of their former grandeur, but many of the luxury and vice of their wretched people. Was it not discontent that prompted Greece and Rome to extend their happy empires by bloody battle and unjustifiable slaughter ; the Great Alexander, notorious murderer ; the cruel Cæsars, with their other respective conquerors, to drench the Earth with blood and the tears of the mourning ; to bring kings that were ruling in tranquillity into chains and slavery ? This done, the current of luxury and depravity that was continually flowing in from the subjugated provinces, together with the horrid state of affairs which this abandonment of all that was just and moral must necessarily have produced, were more than enough to have overwhelmed, in their destructive flood, these lands of tyranny. Oh, Greece and Rome ! Had you been content with the territory of your noble ancestors, refraining from blood and conquest, cultivating arts and sciences, and pursuing avocations that elevate and expand the mind, then might be heard in your land, at this day, other voices like those of Demosthenes and

Cicero ; other moralists wiser than Socrates might be uttering their wisdom in your streets ; other poets, as renowned as Homer, Virgil, and Horace, would have carried on your immortality in epic and lyric strains ; and you might have bounded your fame and existence by the end of time.

“ Oh, America ! America ! Art thou beginning, in these thy early days, to taste this same deadly poison ; a poison to thy vitals, thy fame, and thy morals ? Art thou, too, already dissatisfied with the confines of thy vast and thrice happy land ? Art thou beginning to encourage a wanton waste of human life ? Art thou now engaged in a fierce and unprofitable war of aggrandizement ? Unprofitable, do I call it ? Though it may seem in thy mouth as sweet as honey, it shall be in thy belly as bitter as gall. Oh, that such had ended with the pagan Greeks and Romans ! Dost thou not fear that it may render thee unworthy of the name bestowed upon thee by one of the most powerful Kingdoms, a name never before applied to any people, the name of ‘ The Great Nation ’ ? How unworthy of the spirit of 1776 ! That was the spirit of Patriotism, Liberty, and Equity ; this, of tyranny, discontent, and avarice ! And how incompatible with the glorious light of the Gospel, with which thou professest to be illuminated ! Has that Gospel never taught thee the value of human life ? Hast thou never thought upon the fact that a whole world is not worth the sacrifice of an innocent drop of blood ? Hast thou never considered how many thousands of thy countrymen are laying down their

lives for thee, in the delusion of doing honor to thy greatness ; unconscious that plunder is thy object ? If thou hast not, learn, then, to 'love thy neighbor as thyself.' If thou wouldst prosper, 'go and sin no more.' Let thy fame, in war, America, begin and end with Washington ! Thou hast already achieved more than any other nation has, or will. Let this suffice thee. No other victories can add to thy glory or happiness. All others are beneath thy dignity, and a blight upon thy ultimate prosperity. All the conquerors thou canst ever produce will be less in comparison with Washington than a grain of sand to the Universe. Let him stand first and alone in thy midst ; first among ten thousand heroes ; superior to all that ever have, or will exist, combined. No, America, it is for thee to build upon the fame of the Revolution another far excelling that ; one which no arms can beget, no battle win, but science and literature alone. Let these be thy jewels, Oh, America ! Take for thy motto, 'Knowledge is power.'

"Although I have drawn this gloomy picture of discontent, let it not be supposed that there is no spot on the Earth which it does not sway ; that there is no heart into which it has never entered ; that there is not for this viperous poison an all-sufficient antidote, which, if administered in due time, may save its drooping subject though even upon the brink of the grave, may heal those broken in spirit, give relief to the afflicted, and wipe away tears from the eyes of the mourning. Yes, —

“ There is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit;
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold,
The homely whistle to sweet music's strain.
Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent ;
That much in little — all in thought — content.’

“ Heavenly Virtue ! Celestial being ! It is by thee ‘ kings reign and princes decree justice,’ the nation is established, the sceptre confirmed, and existence prolonged. Look at contented China ; vast, ignorant, and happy, but contented. She dates her origin in immemorial time. She saw the beginning, the conquests, and the fall of the Jews. She saw the first days of Ciceronian Athens, Lelegian Sparta, and all the powerful nations of the Greeks, their rise in fame, their fortune in war. She looked unmoved upon the conquests of Darius, Cyrus, Xerxes, and Alexander. There was no jealousy there. Thou lookedst on with complacency, China, when nations were brought into being long after thyself, and rose to a glory far above thine own. But, China, thou hast followed them to the grave ; thou hast placed them upon the funeral pile, and hast performed the last duties of a friend. And why have these people, the countrymen of Homer and Demosthenes, once the terror of the world, been cut down like the young and tender flower, and thou, China, art yet permitted to raise thy head among the mighty of the Earth ? Because, Greece knew how to die, but thou knowest how to live.

"One word more for thee, America, and I have done. Let this lesson be laid up in the deep recesses of thy soul, and may it be good and lasting in its effects. Make contentment thy sister; engrave her upon the tablets of thy heart; and thou shalt find in her a 'price above rubies,' and she 'shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck.'

"ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

"Columbia College Grammar School, Nov. 19, 1846."

THEME—ARTICLE XLI.

" 'WHAT MOST WE WISH WITH EASE WE FANCY NEAR.' "

"There has existed in the mind, ever since the fall of man, an attribute which we term hope, or wish. Nay, was it not the very cause of his fall? Had he not hoped for something better than he enjoyed, there had been no transgression. It seems, therefore, to have been impressed upon the original nature of man, and to have been the origin of sin. And why was this so? Certainly not that sin might come into the world. It was given to man for good and not for evil purposes. It was intended to conduct him to Heaven and not to hell. There was thus an imperfection in man from the very beginning. It is so even with the Angels, or there could have been no fall there. It was necessary to our proper understanding of the perfection

of the Creator. The contrast was wanted, and was implied by the prohibition enjoined upon our first Parents. But it could have existed in a state of consciousness only; for the same prohibition denoted what we all knew to be true, that is, an ability to have done what was right, and along with this freedom of will was associated conscience, or ability to distinguish between right and wrong. This would have been sufficient to have shown the difference between perfection and imperfection, to have kept mankind in the way of duty, and to have inspired a love of God as a Being free from evil. Hence why so much is said of faith. To meet the sin of disobedience a merciful provision was at the same time made in opening a way to repentance and salvation. But, transgression having once begun, the enjoyment of self-will once felt, it was agreeable to our nature that man should continue to seek an improvement of his condition, or yield, at least, to his feelings of independence, and hope ripened at once into rebellious sin. That is my opinion of the origin of sin; that it was founded in benevolence towards the creature, that he might the better understand the perfection of his Creator. But 'I speak after the manner of men.'*

* Our first Parents were forbidden to do evil, and it was not likely, therefore, that other laws would deter mankind from the commission of sin. Still 'they were added because of transgressions, till the seed should come to whom the promise was made. If there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law. But the Scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe. But before faith came, we were kept under the law, shut up unto the faith which should afterwards be

“The Majesty of Heaven stood thus before our first Parents; and, although in this manner ‘they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened.’ Punishment followed upon the offences; but still the desire of something better than God had ordained, especially of what He had prohibited, went on increasing, till ‘He gave them up to uncleanness, through the lusts of their own hearts.’ Finally the Deluge comes, and mankind began anew. But all this would not answer. The old propensities continued, and wickedness again increased by its indulgence. It was the same thing when the Israelites demanded that ‘a king should reign over them when the Lord their God was their King,’ and the same when ‘the Lord said to Samuel, hearken unto their voice, and make them a king,’ as when Eve partook of the forbidden fruit. She wanted something better than happiness, and the Jews wanted a better king than God; and the wishes of both were granted. There was an increasing hankering after something forbidden both by law and conscience, while, also, ‘the invisible things of Him from the beginning of the Creation of

revealed. Wherefore the law was our school-master, to bring us unto Christ, that we might be justified by faith. But, after that faith is come we are no longer under a school-master.’ But truth and conscience and Nature have always been the same, and we may so far say equally to the earliest as to the latest of our race, ‘Who did hinder you that ye should not obey the truth? This persuasion cometh not of Him That calleth you.’

the world were clearly seen, being understood by the things that were made, even His eternal Power and Godhead ; so that they were without excuse.' Punishments and mercies were still as useless as ever. Something better was desired than truth and the bounties of Providence. 'They changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator ; and for this cause God gave them up to vile affections,' 'gave them over to a reprobate mind,' 'who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them.' And how is it in these days ? Let our own generation say.

"Such, then, in part, is what I imply in the word wish, or hope. But it may equally aim at some real improvement, something better in morals and Religion, some relief from suffering or want, or some rational increase of happiness. But, whichever it may be, whether for good or evil results, it is the same ; always hope of something better. It is this which rules the affairs of men. It is Hope, the oldest goddess, that works to will and to do. She presides every where, from the throne to the dungeon, and from the dungeon to the death-bed. What lies at the foundation of Governments ? What covers the ocean with fleets, and drives them from one continent to another ? What has occasioned the great change that this country has experienced during the few past centuries ? What has changed its forests into populous Cities ? What has settled it so thickly

with the white man? What has introduced into it the arts and sciences? What the love of literature and learning? What, I say, has brought about this mighty revolution? Hope! Had Columbus not taken Hope for his pilot, his ship would have never left the port. Had he not been animated by her, he would have been terrified by his crew. In a word, had it not been for Hope, this country would still have remained a desolate waste, wrapped in superstition and mental darkness.

“Hark! Methinks I hear the voice of music. It is the sound of a distant hymn. Methinks I see the bowing knee. What mean they? I say, it is hope and gratitude combined.

“I have stated that hope has been the common attribute of the human mind ever since man's creation; that it is present in every deed, and in every thought; that, whatever a man does, it is with an idea that it will be productive of good either to himself or his neighbor; that it is absent from no situation, no station in life; that the poorest wretch has as great a share of it as the proudest Monarch. But, I have never said, nor never will, that we always expect what we wish. Did not Adam, when driven from the garden, desire to enter its blessed confines again, although the Cherubim, and the flaming sword, drove expectation to despair—trembling with horror? Did not Jacob, when the coat of many colors was presented to him, drenched, as he thought, with the life-blood of his beloved son, desire (and what could he desire more) once more to lay his eyes upon him, the object of his affections? But, how did it

mock his utter despair, when he exclaimed—‘An evil beast hath devoured him. Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces!’ The pages of sacred and civil history abound with such examples, and they are examples, too, of what is occurring in the life of every individual. Is not man now what man was; and will he not remain the same until the rapid car of time shall have reached its goal? Cannot hope exist now without the least shadow of expectation, as well as six thousand years ago? Is not hope an inmate of every dungeon, even when the realms of despair? This, however, is not essential to our subject, though one of its remarkable features. But, the most remarkable of all is the controlling influence of a Power Who gives to hope its promise, or turns it to disappointment; Who renders its ends useful, or permits them, for the present at least, to be prolific of woe.

“ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“Columbia College Grammar School, —, 1846.”

THEME—ARTICLE XLII.

“ ‘ P R O C R A S T I N A T I O N . ’ ”

“ How disgusting must it be to the conscience of a man who is prone to this great evil, to reflect, at the end of each day, that new duties have been left undone, and old ones have not yet been accomplished, and that, if he do not alter his course of life, his procrastination will turn into idleness, and that, at last, he must be plunged into irremediable ruin. It is true, he may flatter himself with hope ; but the examples around him can scarcely fail to awaken his apprehensions.

“ We are here for a few years to prepare ourselves for eternity. Youth is especially the season for this preparation ; the time in which the seeds of future happiness must be sown. If delinquent, therefore, in our duties then, how can we have enjoyment hereafter ? How can we expect to reap now, or in the world to come, where we have not sown, and gather where we have not strewed ? If any of you have permitted the weeds of procrastination to spring up in your minds, cast them out, and depend upon it, you can have no profitable harvest till you have planted the seeds of goodness and usefulness.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, May 27, 1844.”

THEME — ARTICLE XLIII.

“‘CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.’

“If we examine the pages of history, both Sacred and civil, we shall find among almost all nations, notwithstanding the many wars and contentions that have arisen, that there has generally existed a reverential regard for the life of a human being, and that a cold-blooded murder has generally met with the severest punishment. This has been common in savage as well as civilized society. At any rate, we shall see that in the laws of almost all communities, the crime above mentioned stands at the head of all others as the one of the deepest die, and that its perpetrator has been doomed to suffer the most rigid penalties, although now and then, through the violence of party spirit, or the partiality of judges, the offender has been allowed to go unpunished.

“This respect for life, and the guilt that attends its destruction, are particularly shown in the murderer himself; for, although he may go unpunished by the hand of man, or his crime remain unknown until, in the bitterness of his grief, he may acknowledge it upon his dying bed, he is not without his penalty. There is something within his bosom which continu-

ally pricks and goads him, something which ceases not to bring up his offence and present it fresh to his memory. It is the sting of conscience, a spark of that fire which never shall be quenched, a similitude of that worm which dieth not. To whatever place he turns, to whatever region he goes, there the tormentor follows him. It is within his breast; it is a part of his being, a part of himself. Oh, wretched creature! 'There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.'

"Having thus shown the value of life, and the light in which it is regarded by mankind, let us now proceed to ascertain the measures which should be taken to preserve it from the outrages of daring and unruly men. The propriety of capital punishment has, for some time, taken up the attention of the civilized world. The topics commonly discussed under this head are, first, the right of government to inflict the punishment of death; secondly, the expediency of such punishment; thirdly, the crimes to which, if any, it may be most properly applied; fourthly, the manner in which it should be inflicted.

"The right of society to punish offences against its safety and good order cannot be doubted by any considerate person. By the laws of Nature, individuals have a right to guard themselves, their property, and their lives, from injury and violence. If a person attempt to take the life of another, the latter has an undoubted privilege to protect himself against the assault by all means within his power; and, if he cannot secure himself except by taking the life of the assailant, he has assuredly the

right so to do. If this be denied, self-preservation must be forever laid aside, and we should lay ourselves open to every sort of indignity, and insult. Nay, it would be the same as laying our heads upon the block, to let him that pleases come and strike them off. But who is he that would permit another to destroy him so long as he may be able to prevent it? You may roam from Arctic to the Antarctic, but you will not find him. No, you will not find him. What is this, then, but punishment by death? The punishment is the same in both the cases. It differs only in the mode of inflicting it. Why, then, I ask, has not a community or nation a right to invest its public officers with the power of administering this penalty; for what does it signify whether an offender be requited by the individual whose life he attempts, or by some person appointed for the purpose after he has succeeded in perpetrating the crime? Is it not, moreover, fully as much an act of self-preservation in the case of a community as in that of an individual? And let me ask, is not the protection of the former of as much importance as the safety of the latter? I appeal to reason for the answer. The reply is in the affirmative. We arrive, therefore, at the conclusion, that punishment administered by the public authority is as much in accordance with the rules of equity, and as much a matter of self-defence, as taking the life of a highway robber in the more summary manner.

“ My opponents may say, that, when an individual is attacked by the daring burglar, or by the cold-blooded murderer, he

has no other resort than that of terminating the life of his assailant ; but that, when the murderer escapes and is detected after the commission of his crime, the dreary cell will answer the same purpose as the gallows, and, therefore, to make use of the latter would be a wanton destruction of human life. But it must be remembered that all punishment is inflicted more with a view of deterring others from crime than of chastising the malefactor. Besides which, it should be borne in mind that the penalty of death must necessarily strike a greater terror of the commission of capital crimes, than the most gloomy dungeon that art can devise. There is no prison without hope, and this hope of ultimate escape would be felt by the murderer before he inflicts the blow ; but he knows that the iron grasp of death will never relinquish its hold. Moreover, a murderer, or a pirate, confined in prison, is likely to give rise to public excitement, often to great and corrupt efforts to obtain his release, perhaps to open quarrels, or even to riotous mobs.

“ Let us now examine the subject in a moral point of view. Many may say, because human life is regarded as sacred by The Almighty, that there is no crime, however great it may be, that will justify its destruction. We might just as well affirm, because the soul of man is of inestimable value in the eyes of God, insomuch that He gave His only begotten Son to die for its preservation, that there will be no punishment in the world to come. Allow this, and we may throw the Bible aside. There will be no sin ; because, whatever we do we are going straight

to Heaven. There could be no law; for 'sin cometh of the law,' and '*the wages of sin is death.*' The rule, according to the early law given to the Hebrews, was, that 'he that sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed.' Many may say, that the Old Testament is not the guide for our conduct. I would answer that it is in those things which are not changed in the New Testament. They may reply, that, according to its own words, we should abolish capital punishment as contrary to the doctrines of the Christian Religion. It is true, our Saviour says, 'Do ye unto others as ye would that others should do unto you;' 'When thine enemy smiteth thee upon one cheek, turn to him the other also.' But, this certainly does not forbid capital punishment, for, if it forbid that, it forbids all punishment; and this, as I have said before, would be the same as laying our heads upon the block. Nay, all would be a scene of murder and devastation. This, therefore, could not have been the meaning of Him Who is called 'The Prince of Peace.' It rather teaches us not to be continually troubling others, and thwarting and bringing their plans to naught; not to be vexed and to fly into a passion at every trifle which may turn up during our worldly career, but to bear with patience any little thing which may happen contrary to our wishes. Read the parable of the talents, and some other things said by our Saviour, and you will see an adaptation of punishment to the nature of the offence, both now and hereafter. But there is this difference. In the present world it is strictly punishment,

and designed for the public good, or for individual reformation. In a future life it can scarcely be called punishment, because it flows naturally from a sense of guilt and from the inability of the unrighteous to enjoy the things of Heaven, and without any view to reformation or to the good of others.

“My opponents, however, may say that to hang the murderer is sending a soul unprepared to meet its Judge. This need not be. There generally is, and always should be allowed to the condemned an interval of from six months to a year before his execution. This is ample time; for a day, nay, less than a day may raise a man from death to life, who is truly sorrowful for his sins, and places full confidence in the blood of The Lamb. He may be called in at the eleventh hour, and enjoy everlasting bliss in the regions above. Remember the reply of our Saviour to the dying thief. But I would not be thought, by what I have said, to be in favor of delaying repentance until the late hour of death. No, far from it. I would have all live as if to live for ever, and live as if to die to-day.

→ Capital punishment ought, however, to be limited to those crimes by which life is either lost, or stands in great jeopardy; such as murder, arson, piracy, highway robbery, burglary, and sometimes treason. All, too, should equally suffer; the high, the low, the rich, and the poor.

“Finally, we are to consider how this punishment should be inflicted. All cruelties, such as burning, starving, crucifixion, and the like, ought to be for ever discarded, as they are, in

themselves, sins of the deepest dye, and a foul reproach to any nation. Having set these aside, among the milder modes of punishment by death, hanging and shooting may be regarded as the shortest and least painful, and should be, therefore, always employed.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College, March 8, 1846.”

THEME — ARTICLE XLIV.

“ ‘ THE EVILS OF WAR.’

“ Man was first created in a state of innocence, in the Image of his Maker, and was placed in a garden to dress and to keep it; Nature’s noblest employment. It was a garden not planted by the sweat of the brow. It was planted by Him Who made the heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that in them is. It was not a garden cultivated by incessant labor, attended by vexation and disappointment. No; we have reason to believe that the nursing of it was a matter of recreation and amusement. Such was the place first inhabited by man and his consort. They, too, were well suited to such a place, for they were made only a little lower than the Angels, and crowned with glory and honor, and had dominion over all terrestrial things. And now, who may undertake to utter the enjoyment that was expe-

rienced there, or the gratitude that was there poured forth? Who can describe the feelings that pervaded the heart of man in this state of innocence, enjoying the smiles of an unoffended God, and surrounded by all the gayety that Nature can possibly display. To describe this happy scene would have defied the imagination of Homer, and have baffled the pencil of the great Apelles. This blessed condition, however, man was soon obliged to forfeit; for woman, not contented with the multitude of delicacies which she enjoyed, was, ere long, persuaded to try for something better, especially something prohibited. Truly hath the Latin poet said, 'varium et mutabile semper foemina.' At this moment, sin, death, hell, and all the curses and evils that infest our being, were ushered into the new-born world, delighting, as doth a giant, to run their course. Then, all Nature seemed, as it were, in a state of gloom and utter despair; for man, who, a short time ago, was endowed with immortal happiness, is now lost, lost for ever. But, stop. While Adam was in this state of deepest anguish, he heard proclaimed to the serpent by a voice from on high, 'I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.' Glorious promise! Made at the very fall of man, and accomplished in due time, fully in accordance with the words uttered by The Almighty.

"Now, one of the consequences of that unhappy event is war. Yes, that bane of human life, that enemy of all happiness

and enjoyment, took its rise from that act of disobedience. Yes, we can trace its course from that time down to the present moment. It was the same spirit which prompted the murder of Abel, the same that brought about the destruction of Jerusalem, the downfall of Greece, and a multitude of similar calamities. It is this which causes one nation to decay, and another to spring up upon its ruins. It is this, in fine, which rules the fate of kingdoms, and the destinies of empires.

"Let us now, for a moment, turn our attention to the evils of war. These are of two kinds, physical and moral. In every battle there are two parties, the conquerors and the conquered. While the one party exults in victory, the other is reduced to wretchedness. The latter display the effects. Their country is plundered, their houses are burned, their olive-yards and vineyards are demolished, and they themselves are visited by famine, or are led away in chains by their proud and insolent foes to a miserable slavery. Such, at least, is the history of all but the little band of Christians; and how fiercely will they fight, and only stop short of absolute oppression! There is also much wailing and sorrow occasioned on the side of the victors. Although the great body of them may rejoice, still in many a dwelling there are silent tears poured out by a fond mother, an affectionate father, a dutiful son, and many a gray head is brought down in sorrow to the grave. Its bad influences are also observable in the arts, sciences, and all literature. How many have perished in battle who would otherwise have proved

the greatest and brightest ornaments in the scientific world; who would have shown brighter in that horizon than yon blazing sun in the vast canopy of heaven! Besides, when nations are engaged in war, they are withheld from making improvement in what is likely to prove useful to them, and to all posterity. But the greatest, and most fearful consequence I have neglected to mention; its effect upon the immortal soul. How many millions have been ushered into the presence of their Judge with little or no preparation for such a meeting, and, at the very moment of their death, in the heat of the conflict, tossed with the fury of passion, and cherishing hatred of many, and deep enmity towards their foes!

“Now we come to the immorality of war. We can plainly perceive that battle is in direct opposition to the fundamental laws of the Christian Religion; for, by these we are enjoined to ‘live peaceably with all men as much as lieth in our power.’ And what meaneth this—‘Now abideth these three, faith, hope, and charity, but the greatest of these is charity’? Is it not, therefore, truly astonishing that nation should rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and this, too, from almost insignificant causes? May we not well exclaim, ‘Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?’ Yes, war is a vain thing; for, in prospect it is animating, and promises good, but delusive in the end, when, too late, its votaries bitterly lament their wickedness and folly. If war must be the ‘ultima ratio regum,’ it should be the last means of settling

difficulties between nations. But, may the time come when wars, and rumors of wars, may cease for ever, and the wolf dwell with the lamb, and the leopard lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together ; and when a little child may lead them.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, Feb. 2, 1846.

“ *Postscript.*—Some of you, perhaps, may ask me what alms-giving has to do with war. To such I would reply that ‘charity’ first bore the meaning of love, and was not used in the acceptation in which it is now generally understood. For St. Paul himself says that, ‘although he bestow all his goods to feed the poor, and though he give his body to be burned, and has not charity, it profiteth him nothing.’ Our Saviour has the whole of my subject in a single sentence:—‘Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.’”

THEME—ARTICLE XLV.

“‘CRUSADES.’”

“ These expeditions, which began about the end of the eleventh and continued till the expiration of the thirteenth century, were undertaken at the instance of Peter of Amiens, commonly styled the Hermit, along with Urban II., for the avowed object of driving the Turks from the Holy Land, and obtaining possession of the Sepulchre of our Saviour, then held by the Mahomedans. This desire was not only natural with sincere Christians, but praiseworthy ; although we cannot justify the means of carrying it out. We look upon the Holy Land as Christian property, and these recollections are apt to grow into zeal for its possession when we reflect that *there* was enacted the event which gave salvation to mankind, that *there* was entombed the Chief Who is to lead us on for ever to the highest destinies of our race. Are our dear friends laid in a foreign land, we wish to reclaim their bodies. Does a Hero perish far from the home of his glory, a Washington or Wellington, and in the midst of abject infidels, his countrymen hasten to recover his remains, and no obstacle will prevent them. It is true, our Saviour’s body was not there ; but there, as the

captain of a dozen fishermen, He fought the greatest battle which this earth has ever seen. He conquered the common enemy of man, past, present, and to come, and stamped holiness upon the land. But do not think me a defender of the Crusades. I am now upon another subject. I am talking of the human heart, or what it ought to be. I say that their object was praiseworthy, so far as it was sincere. What individual of our nation, not an entire stranger to good feelings and religious emotions, could station himself upon the top of Sinai, and not recall with emotions, the event, the memorable event, that occurred ages and ages before he became a citizen of the world? Would not a lively glow pervade his heart when thinking that upon the place where he now stands, the Lord of Heaven descended amid clouds, flame, and smoke, thunder, lightning, and the blast of the trumpet, to give His commands to His disobedient servants? Or, let him repair to the Sepulchre, will he not be awe-struck at the place which once contained the cold and lifeless Body of his Redeemer; will he not be led to reflect upon life, death, and eternity; will he not mourn that it is desecrated by the foot of the infidel? But distance cannot affect the reality. That remains the same as if our whole nation were spectators. It is the 'sign,' and the want of it, which makes the difference between the beholder and those that do not see it.

"Such, however, was not the spirit of the Crusaders. It is horrible to reflect that plunder, and a freer intercourse with

the East, were their piratical objects. And Oh, what dire-wickedness was there in doing all this under the cloak of Religion. They were truly wolves in sheep's clothing. 'Woe unto you, scribes, pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which, indeed, appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.' These words are as applicable to most of the Crusaders as to those against whom they were uttered. Grant, however, that the design of all was good; will it appear so from the measures which were taken? I answer no; for then they should have carried civilization and Christianity among the ignorant and superstitious Turks, instead of slaughtering them, Cortez-like, with an unrelenting hand. This was the way for them to have procured that respect for the Sepulchre which was their pretended object. Put up thy sword, was the command of Jesus when a certain person, in defence of his Lord and Master, smote off an ear belonging to a servant of the High Priest; from which it is evident that, if warlike instruments were not permitted in the defence of our Saviour, they surely ought not to have been employed in the case of the Sepulchre. Which should receive the greater reverence, the Tomb, or He that once lay therein?

"Whatever may have been the advantages that flowed from the expeditions of the Crusaders, or how great, mighty, and glorious they may have been in their nature, no one can conscientiously say that they were worth the blood that was

shed in their acquisition. And, that I am borne out in this, let us look at the nature of another Crusade which is yet to be undertaken against the Holy Land, when 'many people and strong nations shall come to seek the Lord of hosts in Jerusalem, and to pray before the Lord. In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold, out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you; for we have heard that God is with you.'

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, Dec. 8, 1845.”

THEME—ARTICLE XLVI.

“ ‘ LIFE OF HORACE. ’

“ When I cast a glance at the present condition of the arts, sciences, and all literature, I am led to ask where shall we find the men who have been the greatest ornament to their country, and the greatest honor to their race? Shall we look for them at this age of high advancement? I answer that we must go back to years long, long since gone by, to the comparative infancy of knowledge; and, although on our way thither, a straggling poet, or a Newton, may shed a dazzling lustre upon the path, still, it is after an interval of more than eighteen hun-

dred years that we suddenly come upon the multitudes of orators, poets, sculptors, philosophers, and other men who have shone with the blaze of genius. It is here, or beyond, that we meet with Homer, Socrates, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Seneca, Thucydides, Herodotus, Hippocrates, Demosthenes, Apelles, Virgil, Cicero, Horace, and a multitude of others which these names are only intended to suggest.

“ Horace, the greatest of the Latin lyric poets, was born 65 B. C., of low parentage, as were most of the great and renowned men of antiquity ; such as Virgil, Sallust, Homer, &c. His father removed from Venusium to Rome in order to give his son the advantages of an education, when the latter had attained the age of nine or ten years. Horace received there the instruction of the ablest preceptors, while his father was engaged in the public sales, striving to lay up a small sum to pay for his son's tuition. Here is an example for imitation. Here we come upon the apparent mystery which attends the sudden disappearance of great men (as to number at least), and the continued void to the present generation. It is the want of opportunities for education. Let the poorer class of people be better instructed, let the spirit of Mæcenas return, and there will be no lack of philosophers, poets, orators, and other apparent prodigies of mind. They will again appear in as great a multitude as ever. The neglect of general and thorough education is the cause of their scarcity. There is no degeneracy of the human mind, but, on the contrary, it has received additional strength

every moment of its existence. No; it is the absence of the public schools of Greece, and of that generosity that pervaded the heart of every true native of the Latin race. The parent would rather be a beggar than that his son should be deprived of the blessings of an education. This is the true reason. Look at the contrast. How few have been the descendants of wealthy and noble men who have written their names, indelibly, upon the pages of history, compared with those of obscure and humble origin. Take, for example, Milton, Virgil, Homer, Demosthenes, and Cicero. The first three, the greatest poets, and the last two the greatest orators the world has ever witnessed, were born of poor, and almost insignificant parents; besides which, it should be also remembered that Milton and Homer were blind, and Virgil labored under a complaint termed the asthma. Pursue the inquiry, and it will become more and more evident that there is nothing to be expected from riches, but, on the contrary, that they are one of the greatest obstacles to worldly fame. They encumber the mind, and withdraw it from those higher objects to which it would naturally incline. It was to this complete control of the mind that our Saviour alluded when He said, 'a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of Heaven.' The fault, however, is not in the wealth, but in those who make it the great object of their affections, and, as it were, their god. Virgil expresses beautifully the same doctrine when he speaks of those suffering punishments in the world below,—

'Aut qui divitiis soli incubuere repertis,
Nec partem posuere suis; quæ maxima turba est.'

" But to return once more to our subject. Horace read with his preceptors the most ancient poets of Rome. He next turned his attention to the literature of Greece. At the age of twenty-one he was sent to Athens to complete his education. He had for his fellow-disciples the son of Cicero, Varius, and young Messala. He professed to have no partiality for any school in particular; although it is said that his writings evince the spirit of Epicurus. During his stay at Athens many changes had been brought about at Rome. Cæsar had been assassinated, and, upon the ruins of his power Anthony was seeking to raise a more terrible despotism. Brutus and Cassius, who were the only hopes of the faint spark of liberty that still remained, had arrived in order to collect the students of that place; and among their troops the youthful Horace was finally enlisted. And here I may remark, as a verification of what I stated a few minutes ago, that the Poet himself exclaims, 'Poverty drove me to write verses.' Among the friends who principally encouraged his efforts were Virgil and Varius. He was introduced by Virgil to Mæcenas at the age of 27. When he held his first interview with Mæcenas, he gave him a very brief statement of his former life. Nothing more occurred for nine months, when their acquaintance was renewed, and from that time they continued to be the warmest friends until the cold hand of death

separated them for ever. His patron bestowed upon him a romantic villa at Tibur, and a secluded farm in the country of the Sabines. But what conduced most to his prosperity was the favor and good will of his imperial master. Though he enjoyed some of the highest privileges, had Augustus for his protector, and Mæcenas as his friend, still he had resolution and firmness in a sufficient degree to prefer his lowly abode on the Esquiline, his villa at Tibur, or his sequestered farm, to all the splendors of his royal friends. Too much, certainly, cannot be said in praise of his wise choice. But though Horace possessed very many good qualities, he was guilty of much misconduct which is, in the highest degree, disgraceful to man. We should remember, however, that we all have our faults; that some fail in one thing, others in another. We should therefore take his good principles and make them our pattern. His bad ones we should pity, but not justify him. In person Horace is stated to have been below the ordinary size, and inclined to corpulence. According to his own account he was abstemious in his diet, and divided the day between reading, writing, the bath, and the tennis-court. Horace survived his friend Mæcenas only a few weeks, having died in his 57th year, and his remains were deposited on the Esquiline hill, near the tomb of Mæcenas. Thus ended the career of this great and noble bard.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, Feb. 23, 1846.”

THEME—ARTICLE XLVII.

“‘HISTORY.’”

“While looking around us, and only at the present, we are led to consider whether we are the first of the human family, or whether we have been preceded by others; whether we shall be for ever permitted to imagine ourselves lords of all we survey, or shall soon be succeeded by others; whether we are always to inhabit the Earth, or are destined for a higher and happier state. These, and the like inquiries, can be answered only by the voice of history. It is this which raises the dark curtain of the mysterious past, and opens the future to our view. Here we learn our origin and destination. Here we learn from what has been the things which are to come. Here we overlook the procession of events from the beginning of time; the long line of philosophers, poets, orators, and statesmen; heroes and armies; battles and murders; the infancy, rise, and fall of nations, succeeded by others as one generation takes the place of another; men distinguished by their virtues, and others illustrious for crime; but all so engulfed in the past, that there is but one great moral for the whole—the instability of all human affairs—that ‘man is as the grass of

the field, which to-day is, but to-morrow is cut down.' But, from the same source we learn that man is a progressive being ; that the good which is done by one and another may never cease to be useful and to increase with its age ; that knowledge is the accumulated work of all generations ; while these, and similar disclosures show us that, although man is as a shadow that passeth away, he leaves something behind him of imperishable value, or, on the other hand, inflicts and perpetuates the greatest evils upon his race.

“ But let us come to individual examples to illustrate these general lessons of history. Here we see how a nation may be afflicted by a malicious and tyrannical king, or, how vastly a good and wise monarch may improve the condition of his subjects. Take the reigns of Solomon and Rehoboam. During all the days of the former the children of Israel were at peace with their enemies, were contented and happy, and apparently making daily advancement in piety, knowledge, and wealth. But, how different with Solomon's successor. Then the current of events took an opposite turn, corresponding, as in the former case, with the character of the Sovereign. Wars broke out. The Egyptians came up against Jerusalem, and made plunder of the House of the Lord, and of the king's house ; besides which Israel became embroiled in domestic dissensions, whereby ten of the tribes revolted. The history of these events might have served them as a history of the future ; and certainly the future continued to be marked by the same trains of

causes and effects, not only among the Jews, but among all other nations. Such, then, is the most invaluable legacy of history. It shows us how we may avoid troubles, how we may be prosperous and happy, or how as certainly the opposite will befall us; what are the rewards of virtue, what the sure punishments of vice; what is the difference between homage paid to Jupiter, Apollo, Neptune, or the cats and dogs of the Egyptians, and the God of the Christian; how to 'discern between the righteous and the wicked, between him that serveth God and him that serveth Him not;' that a man, like Epaminondas, may be celebrated for centuries because he never told a falsehood, or another, like Aristides, may be as long proverbial for his justice.

"Such, then, are the bearings of history upon the conduct of individuals and of nations. It directs them what to do, and saves them the necessity and uncertainties of future experience. By its aid we may also look, upon some important matters, into the most distant future. We see, for example, that all men, with only two exceptions, have come under the general sentence, 'dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return;' from which we have reason to believe that the sentence will continue to be fulfilled. We have beheld the rise and downfall of kingdoms from the earliest records; and we may therefore suppose that such will continue to be the course of events to the end of the world. On the other hand, other things have been steadily advancing, as the arts, science, civilization, Christianity; and we

therefore infer that they will continue to do so. The same regularity of events is observable in Nature. The earth, and other planets, move now in the same orbits that the finger of God first marked out for them. Water, on being evaporated from the sea and rivers, forms itself into clouds, which discharge themselves upon the earth, and after having thus served the purpose for which Nature borrowed it, is again evaporated and descends again in the form of rain, snow, or hail, till, at last, it finds its way to the seas or rivers from which it came. Thus it happens, also, that the water which we drink to-day may have been drank a thousand times before; the clouds which concealed the sun yesterday may have done so before. Hence we infer that this will continue to be the order of Nature. This kind of observation, which is equivalent to history, teaches us that, out of the ground is formed the herb of the field. This, being eaten by animals, enters into their composition. The animals die, and moulder away, when their vegetable matter goes back to plants. Thus certain particles of matter may have been many times through the three great kingdoms of Nature. This is certainly astonishing. But we find it to be true from every day's observation. If this, therefore, have been the case ever since the creation of the world, why ought we not to suppose that it will be so until it shall be announced that 'time shall be no more?'

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, 1846.”

THEME — ARTICLE XLVIII.

“ ‘EVACUATION DAY.’ ”

“Evacuation Day is connected with a long and interesting history. In the year 1492 Columbus discovered America; and about the thirtieth year of the seventeenth century the British came over to this region of the Continent, and subdued the Indians, killing some of them, and driving others to extreme parts of the northern and western wilderness. From this time the Britons bore rule here for about the space of a hundred and thirty or forty years. They also imposed such heavy taxes upon the colonists that payment was finally refused. For this cause, particularly, Great Britain began hostilities against the Americans, and a war of about seven years ensued, in which George Washington, the General of his people, the father and hero of his country, proved victorious, and brought the British to terms of peace. Then, on the twenty-fifth of November, the enemy left the City of New-York. Hence the name of Evacuation Day. It was then that liberty shed its first bright beam upon this happy land. Then the Smiles from on High descended like the dews of heaven upon our nation. Then we could have our own form of government, live by our own laws,

appoint our own punishments for wickedness and vice, and our own rewards for virtue and uprightness. It was then that every man could sit down under his own vine, with a light and joyful heart. Then it was that a spark came into existence that shall kindle all the nations of the earth. Washington! George Washington! There is a magic in thy name which should thrill the heart of every one of thy race. Shall not we hold in grateful remembrance the man who obtained liberty for us, the most pleasant thing enjoyed upon earth, and more to be desired than gold, yea than much fine gold? Let us ask ourselves if such be not the value of liberty. Let us go back to the early history of the Jews for a proof of it. There we shall find that, when they turned away from The Lord their God, and worshipped graven images, captivity was their punishment, and freedom their reward when they again paid homage to the Almighty. Shall we, or our posterity, lay aside the name of one who was unto our nation what David was unto Israel? Let us look at the parallel. David slew Goliath, and won many battles against powerful odds. Washington did all this excepting the private combat. Was not the God of battles equally with both? That was, at least, Washington's opinion. The former was king of his nation; the latter was ruler of his people. David was just and upright, and so was Washington. I appeal to reason for an answer to this question. The reply is, if we allow the memory of our Champion to sink into oblivion, we shall be guilty of the greatest ingratitude, and unworthy

the blessings which we inherit. What joy! What thankfulness must have filled the hearts of the Americans when they beheld the British abandoning their shores, and looking back upon their seven years' war, through which a handful of brave men had reduced to submission the most powerful nation of the earth! How pleasing must it have been to see the British flag torn down, and the American hoisted in its stead!

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, Nov. 26, 1845.”

THEME—ARTICLE XLIX.

“ ‘THE RELATIVE INFLUENCE OF MEN AND WOMEN.’

“ To whatever page of history we turn, either sacred or civil, we there trace something besides the hand of man. Man may perform the work; but what is it that prompts him? Is it not greatly woman, whether his deeds be for good or for evil? Is it not very much as she inclines one way or the other? Yes; we see that in the case of our Mother Eve, who, by influencing Adam to eat of the forbidden fruit, introduced sin and death into the world. This, the most unhappy of all events, was effected by the hand of woman. Did not Abraham, by the influence of his jealous wife Sarai, turn away Hagar and

Ishmael, who had so long been his housemates, to seek their fortune in a dreary wilderness? Joseph, through the influence of a woman, was cast into prison. It was the beauty of a female that prompted the greatest sin recorded in Holy Writ; namely, that of treating Bath-sheba, the wife of Uriah, with indecency, and, after that, of placing her husband in the front of a hot battle, in order that he might be slain, and that it might enable him to take Bath-sheba to be his wife. It was by the influence of his deceitful spouse that Samson was at last prevailed upon to tell where his immense strength lay; to his own injury and the gratification of his enemies. Was not Solomon, after having received the three Divine gifts of wisdom, long life, and great riches, and after having written a book of Proverbs, a great part of which were against idolatry, influenced by his wives to worship strange gods? Edward the Third, after having besieged Calais, and after having reduced the inhabitants to the last extremity of hunger, so that they were compelled to surrender, vowed that he would put them all to death for having made so obstinate a resistance. Six of the citizens, however, having presented themselves as a voluntary sacrifice for their countrymen, the king was prevailed upon by his amiable wife Philippa, and pronounced a general pardon. Helen, too, was the cause of the ten years' siege of mighty Troy.

“Although man is employed in the out-door business of the world, still, in this he is influenced by woman; for a man will, in all probability, try to please his wife, the object of his affec-

tions. However cruel in disposition he may be, however fixed in his resolves, still there is one entreaty to which he has to submit; still there is one voice that overcomes him, and his murderous designs, or disgraceful plots are for ever abandoned.

“For woman have many men become servants. We have an instance of this in the patriarch Jacob, who served Laban seven years for his daughter Rachel, and being deceived with Leah, he served yet seven years more for the object of his desire.

“Moreover, a very great influence that women exercise is in the education of their children. It is the mother, generally, that lays the foundation of the future happiness or misery of her child, by imparting to him early the principles of Religion, or by neglecting to do so until he become hardened in vice. ‘Train up a child in the way that he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.’ How little, on the other hand, is the influence of man compared with that of woman. Man, indeed, performs the exploits, but his wife, or some other female relative, affects his designs. So, it is evident that woman not only very greatly influences the business of the world, but, also, its morals.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Grammar School, Columbia College, March 17, 1845.”

THEME—ARTICLE L.

“WHICH PRODUCE THE MORE BENEFICIAL INFLUENCES ON MANKIND, CLASSICS, OR MATHEMATICS?”

“On first thoughts, a person would be in favor of the former; but, on farther consideration he must undoubtedly decide on the side of the latter. Let us, for instance, take two men just beginning to act upon the stage of life, the one having an extended knowledge of mathematics, but being an entire stranger to classics, the other well versed in the latter, but altogether ignorant of the former; and let us watch these in their career through the world. We shall thus plainly see that a man, although he may never have heard the name of a Virgil, a Homer, a Cicero, or a Plato, still, if he enter into the depths of mathematical science, will glide through this world of anxiety and care more peacefully and more honorably than that individual who, although he may be able to repeat all the actions that have been done, and all the words that have been uttered, since the creation of the world, or may know by heart the productions of the ancient bards, is yet ignorant of the rules of arithmetic. Let us also take two men, the one possessing a little knowledge of mathematics, but being a great classi-

cal scholar, the other somewhat acquainted with the eloquence of Demosthenes, or Cicero, or with the poetical raptures of Virgil and Homer, but at the same time being exceedingly well versed in numbers, and let us accompany these through the labyrinth of life. What a change! What a different aspect do we perceive! Here the classical man is uppermost to our view. It is he who most distinguishes himself; it is he whom the public voice most applauds; it is he, in fine, upon whom the highest dignities and honors are conferred. Let us now look again upon the former of our cases, and see the relative influence upon the human mind between classics and mathematics; which is the most important point to be discussed. The one man, while perusing the works of the ancient authors, can, in imagination, ascend to Heaven, and there behold Jupiter wielding the sceptre of the Universe, and darting forth his forked lightning, or engaged in repelling the assault of the Titan throng; or, he can descend into the bowels of flaming Etna, and there behold Vulcan fashioning at his fiery forge the thunderbolts of omnipotent Jove; or, in a moment he may see him cast headlong to the island of Lemnos from the golden mansions of lofty Olympus; or, he may pay a visit to the infernal regions and gaze on Pluto, surrounded by all the terrors of the world below, sitting in judgment against defenceless criminals, or on the dire avenging Furies, executioners of the fierce wrath of the hellish king; or, to refresh himself after this scene, he may glide o'er the watery waves, and see Neptune

one moment doomed to servile work under Laomedon, king of Troy, and, at another, ruling with his mighty Trident the raging billows of the sea; or, as a close of his amusements, he may direct his steps to the rocky abode of Æolus, and there find him, by means of chains and a prison house, keeping under restraint the mighty and turbulent winds of Ocean, or releasing them from bondage, bidding them, at the same time, to carry all before them, and, in their track to leave nothing but desolation and ruin. Still, after all this, the faculties of his mind are not improved, its powers are not invigorated; nay, it is no stronger than at the commencement of his journey. The other individual, pursuing the mathematical road, will soon find himself stationed among the stars, solving problems the very sound of which will almost give a death-blow to the classical man, and calculating the motions of the heavenly bodies for thousands, or, perhaps, tens of thousands of years to come, all of which will happen, for they are founded upon the immutable laws of Nature. This is what daily gives additional force to the intellect, and improves the powers of the mind. Thus we see that mathematics will advance a man to the far higher glory, if unattended by classics; but, if joined together, the latter, figuratively speaking, has the same effect upon the former as nitric acid upon silver,—while, in order to rise even to a slight degree of renown by the aid of classics, mathematics are absolutely necessary. Moreover, while through the assistance of the latter we are meditating upon the splendor and

regularity of the various bodies of the Universe, we are led to sublime thoughts of Him Whom the 'Heaven of heavens cannot contain.'

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, Dec. 1, 1845.”

THEME — ARTICLE LI.

“ ‘ FRIENDSHIP. ’

“ Friendship is a tie of affection produced among people, generally, by a long intimacy with each other, though all persons that have lived, and are now living, had it not been for sin, would naturally be friends and relatives to one another; for, out of one blood has God made all the Nations of the Earth. Hence the black Africans, with their thick lips and flat noses, and the tawny and wandering Tartars, would have been nearly as much bound to us by the ties of affection as our home-bred relatives; though many people would not believe this. But it is easily proved. Supposing a man had twenty children; they would be brothers and sisters to each other. Just so, soon after the Creation of the world, God made one man and woman, from whom all people have descended; and then, of course, on the same plan, though larger scale, the man is the Father, and the woman the Mother of all living, and all individuals descend-

ed from them are brothers and sisters to each other ; and certainly every thing that is bound by blood should be bound by friendship also. But sin has turned this friendship into enmity, and in this way almost all people that would have lived in perfect love and harmony with each other, have been made great enemies. As there are substances that will break all material things, so friendship, though it be stouter than iron, firmer than brass, deeper than the ocean, may be broken by one thing, i. e. the whisperer ; who, as the wise man said, separateth chief friends. For instance, suppose that a man, who has the character of a whisperer, should become acquainted with two persons who are very great friends with each other, he would, perhaps, immediately begin to tell one lies about the other, and in this way the two that were a little while ago the most cordial friends are now bitter enemies.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, June 21, 1844.”

THEME—ARTICLE LII.

“‘THE DUTY OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS.’

“‘Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,’ was the fifth Commandment that the Almighty gave forth from Mount Sinai, encompassed by a cloud, from which proceeded fire and smoke, thunder and lightning. This is also called the first Commandment of promise, because, if properly kept, it is sure to bring to the person by whom it is so observed a long life; for ‘God is not a man that He should lie, neither the son of man that He should repent.’

“It is the duty of children to love, respect, and obey their parents for two reasons; the first, because God has commanded them to do so, and the second, because their parents have done so much for them; for they have watched over them with tender and affectionate care when sick, have provided their medicine and furnished their food and raiment; and, in fine, some parents have done every thing for their children that it is in the power of mortals to do.

“Though it may be the duty of every child to obey his parents in every thing that is right, yet it is equally his duty

to disobey them in every thing that is wrong. For instance, if a parent were to ask his child to steal, or to tell a lie, or to do any thing that is wicked, he would be justified in disobeying him, and not justified in obeying him. St. Paul says, 'Obey your parents in the Lord;' that is, do every thing that they wish, which is at the same time according to the will of God, but not do any thing that they desire if against the Commandment of the Almighty. And every body should be careful not to pay that respect and love to their parents which is due to Him alone Who is able, in a moment, to take away parents and friends, and Who is the Father of the fatherless and widow; and Christ says, 'He that loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me.'

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, Feb. 5, 1844.”

THEME — ARTICLE LIII.

“ ‘GOOD EDUCATION.’

“ Good education is a highly cultivated state of mind. In order to be well educated, you must acquire good principles and manners, as the ground upon which you would build hereafter. Is it possible to erect a house without placing it on the ground? No. But when you can destroy gravity, then you

can construct a building in the air, then you can form a good education without any support for it to rest upon. As long, however, as you cannot do this, you will be obliged to lay a deep foundation first; after which, in order to complete your education, you must learn to speak and write your own language with correctness, study history, geography, arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, &c.; have some acquaintance with astronomy, and the fine arts, and understand a few foreign languages. But, above all, whatever you do, do it well, bearing in mind that it is better to learn one page well, than to study fifty pages slightly, and even then to know nothing about them. Be careful, also, to read such books as will teach you what is correct.

“You need but little intercourse with a person to know whether he is well educated. If he be so, he will express himself with more elegance, display more knowledge, better principles and ideas, more refined manners, than one who has paid less, or but little attention to the culture of his mind. Every tree is known by its fruit. Therefore, as a good tree cannot bear corrupt fruit, or an evil tree cannot bear good fruit, so the educated and refined man cannot say the things that belong to the ignorant and foolish, and the ignorant and foolish cannot give utterance to the thoughts that belong to the educated and refined.

“How much more happy, too, is the well educated than the uninstructed man; for the ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Such was the experience of

a man whose choice was wisdom rather than riches or length of days. While the educated man is walking with the honorable of the earth, and making still higher attainments in knowledge, the ignorant man is classed with the lowest, and is, perhaps, every moment growing still more hardened in wickedness and crime. But, it should be remembered that, as a man's education increases, so do his responsibilities also. The wise man is more blamable if he do wrong, than the uninstructed; for, those persons who know their Master's will, and do it not, shall be beaten with many stripes, while those who know not His will, and commit things worthy of stripes, shall be beaten with few stripes. Justice and mercy are always the same. They make up a part of truth. The penitent prodigal will always be forgiven, and God will be merciful when Jonahs are not. He will always 'pity the persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand;' and the learned Paul says to Timothy, 'I was before a blasphemmer, and a persecutor, but I obtained mercy because I did it ignorantly in unbelief.' And again to Titus, 'not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to God's mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.'

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINF.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, June 17, 1844.”

THEME—ARTICLE LIV.

“‘FEAR.’

“Fear is a certain agitation of the mind, occasioned, generally, by objects of a hurtful or deadly appearance. Experience teaches us all the nature of the feeling; for it attends all periods of life, from the newly born infant to the man of an hundred years. It has been the cause of a great deal of good, and the means of deterring many from evil. It is often at war with hope, as where the wicked are intent upon unlawful gain. One or the other will then prevail, as expectation of reward or punishment may affect the mind, or as conscience may happen to direct; for ‘the wicked flee when no man pursueth.’

“Fear has been the occasion of many of the most important events of the world; sometimes through its effect upon individuals, and at other times upon nations. It saved the life of Lot; it secured Moses in the bulrushes; it drove David into caves and the mountains, and made him generous towards ‘God’s anointed;’ it rendered the children of Israel unwilling to go into the promised land; it is the last gracious pleasure of the Almighty in behalf of sinners, when His promises fail. There is no other passion of such various effects; generally use-

ful, or if injurious it is mostly by affecting the health, or causing insanity and sometimes death. There have been many cases of insanity during the last year, which arose from a belief in the supposition propagated by Mr. Miller, that the Day of Judgment was to come in the year 1843.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, March 18, 1844.”

THEME — ARTICLE LV.

“ ‘ WHICH MAKES THE GREATER MAN, GENIUS OR APPLICATION ? ’ ”

“ Genius is natural talent, while application, in the sense implied by the question, is the effort that a person makes to gain a certain point without any great natural ability to do so. We see the former displayed in a variety of ways, and in all it may be without any particular effort ; as in painting, music, mathematics, languages, mechanical skill, &c. The latter always requires effort. To show the difference between them in a practical view, I will suppose two men travelling in different directions to a distant country. To the one the road is level and easy, offering no obstacles to his progress ; while to the other the road is extremely hilly and full of stones, and occasionally he meets with immense rocks, which he is obliged to blast in

order to reach his journey's end. This is a fair comparison between the man who possesses genius, and him who depends upon constant application; for, while the former is travelling on in Nature's easy path, the latter is struggling with innumerable obstacles. Thus, some persons can learn more Latin in half an hour than others can in two hours; because to the former belong genius and application, while the latter is wanting in the natural talent.

"And now arises the question, which makes the greater man, genius or application? I answer that neither of them alone will make a great man, but, that application will make the greater of the two. It takes both combined to make a truly great man; for it requires persevering industry to give effect to that talent which is more to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold. Otherwise, it will be like the treasure hidden in the earth.

"But genius often counts wholly upon itself, and laughs at the industry upon which others rely for success. What will be the excuse when the Lord shall come and require the talent with usury? 'Ah!' the man of genius will say, 'I knew that Thou art a hard man, reaping where Thou hast not sown, and gathering where Thou hast not strewed, and I was afraid, and went and hid Thy talent in the earth.' But will that be satisfactory?"

"ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

"Columbia College Grammar School, March 4, 1844."

THEME—ARTICLE LVI.

“ ‘THANKSGIVING.’ ”

“Thanksgiving is a day appointed by the Governor of the State for giving thanks to God for His numberless mercies throughout the year. It is a day, however, on which every thing is done except study. Some spend its forenoon in the most noble way, viz., going to Church; and in the afternoon, when they eat their sumptuous dinners, they eat for something else than merely to gratify their carnal desire. Others spend it in skating, sliding, playing ball, &c. Others in rioting, drinking, cursing and swearing.

“It is not on this day only that God should be thanked, but every day. It is thought a gross impoliteness among mankind not to thank each other for every little act of kindness. How much more irreverent is it then to the Almighty, to allow His mercies to pass over our heads unacknowledged and unregarded, and the least of which we do not deserve.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, Dec. 18, 1843.”

THEME — ARTICLE LVII.

“‘EARLY RISING.’”

“It is an excellent practice to rise early, particularly in the country. At an early hour Nature is at its height of beauty; for then the lambs may be seen skipping about their dams; then the lilies, while wet with the dew of heaven, appear more grand than did Solomon in all his glory; then all is still to the ear, except now and then the note of some little songster, or the drumming of some distant partridge, breaks upon the melancholy stillness; it is then that the sun may be seen to dart forth its first golden beams into the pure and salubrious air; and, to the pious man this may be the time for the most devout meditation.

“The ancient Jews used always to rise early, particularly when they had any thing unusual to do. This is often mentioned by Moses. We read, for example, that when Abraham went to offer up his son, he rose early in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took Isaac and two of his young men with him; and again, that Abimelech rose up early to declare to the people what God had said to him in a dream; and again, that Moses rose up early in the morning, and went up into Mount

Sinai, as the Lord had commanded him ; and again, he rose up early in the morning and builded an altar ; and Jacob rose up early to set up a stone that should be for God's house ; and the children of Israel rose up early in the morning, and got them up into the top of a mountain ; and again, when they had slain the tribe of Benjamin, all Israel rose up early in the morning to build an altar, and very often when they had battles to fight. Solomon recommends early rising. Darius rose very early in the morning, and went unto the den of lions to see whether Daniel was still alive. Twice was Moses ordered by God to rise up early and stand before Pharaoh. Jeremiah says that for many years he prophesied to the people early in the morning ; and he says, moreover, that the Lord Himself rose early to send His Prophets. Now, why is all this about early rising so particularly and so often stated in the Holy Scriptures ?

“A person, by rising two hours earlier every day, may save at the end of one year thirty days and ten hours, and in twelve years may save one year. Thus, in a life of seventy-two years he will gain six years.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, June 15, 1843.”

THEME—ARTICLE LVIII.

“WHICH IS MORE USEFUL, AGRICULTURE, OR MANUFACTURES AND COMMERCE?”

“This is a question which should not be hastily answered. Let us first compare the relative use to mankind between Agriculture and Manufactures and Commerce. Then let us endeavor to ascertain which conduces more to the prosperity and glory of a nation.

“Agriculture was the occupation of man while in a state of innocence. It forms the ground of all other employments. The want of it would put an end to all nations. Nay, in a word, the whole human family would perish, and the world become a scene of horrid desolation, wrapt in the awful silence of the tomb, to be broken only by the Archangel's trump. Manufactures and Commerce, on the other hand, are, comparatively, mere luxuries. We could certainly live without the former, and continue to exist though ignorant of the latter, if we supposed the limits of our vision were the boundary of Creation. This is sufficiently shown by the savage races; and, although they may subsist for a

while upon animals, they must ultimately come to the fruits of the earth.

“Having thus taken an abstract view of our question, let us now examine it in its broader and more extended meaning,—which is most advantageous to a nation, where the several pursuits are followed together? This will depend much upon the extent of territory, and how far the soil is unoccupied. So far as there is room for agriculture, this must yield the greatest amount of happiness and of wealth, as it supplies all the most important wants of man, and is the only truly productive labor. What was said by the wise man of Israel of the individual, applies equally to the mass—‘I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man wanting understanding, and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it and received instruction.’

“When, however, a country is beginning to have an overgrown population, manufactures and commerce not only increase their wealth, knowledge, and happiness, but may take the lead in their prosperity. In all these respects agriculture has its limit, and no nation can arrive at excellence by that pursuit alone. But as soon as the products of the soil exceed the wants of a people, commerce will yield innumerable advantages, and manufactures will come in aid of their power, wealth, and fame.

“Agriculture, therefore, is most important; manufactures a

handmaid when agriculture is overgrown; and commerce at last carries a nation to its highest glory.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School, Nov. 17, 1845.”

THEME—ARTICLE LIX.

“ ‘SHIPS AND SHIP-BUILDING.’ ”

“ Ships were known to the ancients in the time of Solomon; for we frequently read that the ships of Tarsus were used to import various articles for the building of Solomon’s Temple, and to export goods in return for those that were imported. Whether the ships of Tarsus were made in the same manner as ours, I cannot tell; but it is probable that they were much more magnificent. Ships are almost indispensable to man, for it is by means of them that nations hold intercourse with each other. Without them we could not traverse the mighty deep. Without ships the Kingdom of Divine Grace could not be spread among the lonely islands of the sea. And, alas, how many millions would die who had never heard of Jesus, or of that other world in which they are to live hereafter, because no one had ingenuity or industry enough to make a ship!

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

June 3, 1843.”

THEME — ARTICLE LX.

“‘THE COMPARATIVE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES OF CIVILIZED AND SAVAGE LIFE.’

“This is a question about which mankind have always been at variance, ever since civilization dawned upon our world. I will now add one opinion to the many thousands which have been expressed upon this subject.

“Look at the Indian in infancy, and you can trace no particular difference between him and an infant of a civilized nation. Take him in boyhood, and you see the peculiar traits of his disposition beginning to manifest themselves. You observe him one moment with his bow and arrow, at another with his tomahawk, learning to use them as some of his brave ancestors had done. In manhood, at one minute in the deer-hunt, when pleasure shines brightest in his eye; at another engaged in the bloody battle; at another holding up his string of scalps, and boasting over them as the evidence of his valiant deeds. One day you see him here, another day fifty miles distant. In fine, he is like the wind, which ‘bloweth where it listeth.’ Look at him in his gray hairs; you notice him now pouring forth his praises to the Great Spirit for the success which has attended

him in hunting and in battle. Now you see him relating to his fellow savages his exploits in the chase of the buffalo, and bragging of his heroic actions in war. Follow him to his death-bed; he dies in hope. Ah, what hope! Not that of living with God and the Lamb for ever. No; he is deluded by the vain expectation that he shall have better hunting-grounds in the Eternal World than he had on earth; and, accordingly, when he is laid in the cold earth his weapons are buried by the side of him.

“ Let us examine, for a few moments, a civilized life; of which there are two kinds, city and country life. In the city civilization is carried to a far greater extent than in the country. Take a citizen and look at him when a boy, and you see him, instead of learning archery and to handle the tomahawk or the scalping-knife, studying his books. In manhood you behold his brow, not impressed by the prints of voluptuousness, but marked with care and anxiety. In old age you observe that his eye does not brighten up at the recollections of the past, but that it glistens at the hope of a happy futurity, or is darkened by despair at the thought of living in another world. Go with him to his death-bed, and you notice him either raving when calling to mind that there is an Eternity beyond the grave, or calm and pacified at the anticipation of a glorious resurrection.

“ Country civilization is the connecting link between a savage and city life. There you can have almost all the sports of the barbarian together with the advantages of civilization. The

city, to be sure, contains theatres, circuses, and other places of like nature ; but it has no active and healthy amusements. In the country, on the other hand, you can have the first occupation of man in its perfection. There, too, you may see, at times, men shouldering their guns or handling their fishpoles ; and how delightful, moreover, to observe the different changes of Nature as the seasons roll round in their appointed order.

“ Now let us proceed to answer the question ; which is better, a civilized or savage life ? Notwithstanding the sports and enjoyments of the latter, yet man in this situation is not capable of knowing as much of his Maker as if he lived in a polished nation. All that he can ascertain concerning Him must be done by his external senses, from the objects of Nature around him ; and, although no one has a right to form an opinion as to the final lot of the barbarian, still it is this that gives a civilized life the great ascendancy above that of the savage. A country life, however, is far superior to that of the city ; for in the latter men are more or less corrupted by its luxuries, led into bad company by its places of amusement, or lead a life of care and sorrow, while in the former all is harmony, innocency, and enjoyment.

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ Columbia College Grammar School.”

Without date, but written probably in 1845. The manuscript will be bound with the folio volume, as intimated of others.

The following Theme is the earliest which remains, and is the only one of 1842. It was written while attending the "Primary School" of the University of the City of New-York, where Robert was placed before entering the Grammar School of Columbia College. There will be seen in it the same characteristic traits that mark his latest compositions. The manuscript will be preserved as intimated of others at p. 321, as will several others not mentioned at that place.

THEME — ARTICLE LXI.

"A COUNTRY OR CITY."

"A country life is altogether preferred by the admirer of Nature; a city by the admirer of the taste and workmanship of art. Persons that live in the country possess a great many advantages that they that live in the city do not. They have more room for taking exercise, for attending to the religious improvement of their minds, for there is nothing to call off their minds from the great Being of their existence. When they go out on a pleasant Sunday morning, they do not hear the disagreeable sound of Sunday morning news, swearing and cursing mixed therewith, as we do in the city; but, on the contrary, the sound of a distant bell, losing itself gradually in the immensity of space. Every thing seems so pleasant that the birds them-

selves seem to praise God. The city has but one advantage, in my humble judgment ; that is, of public schools for educating children.

“ It is the ambition of too many in the city to become rich or illustrious in the world, and in order to become illustrious they must be wise respecting the things of this world. But the Bible says that the ‘ wisdom of this world is foolishness with God.’ ‘ The fear of the Lord,’ says the Wise Man, ‘ is the beginning of wisdom.’ Thus it is plain that a knowledge of battles, tumults, bloodshed, Latin and Greek, is not even the beginning of true wisdom. But, at the same time, I do not say but that men can be great and good in this world, but that they generally are not.

“ Your affectionate Scholar,

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“ January 30th, 1842.”

THEME—ARTICLE LXII.

“‘IS THE HOPE OF REWARD, OR THE FEAR OF PUNISHMENT, THE
GREATER INCENTIVE TO EXERTION.’

“Let us first consider the propriety of exertion ; secondly, what should be its inducements ; thirdly, which, generally, has the greater effect, reward or punishment.

“That industry is highly commendable in every station of life, nay, truly essential to its enjoyment, and even its maintenance, few will deny. We see it every where among animals ; and we may almost imagine the same thing to exist among the heavenly bodies. The principle, or something like it, is every where throughout God’s creation.

“But animals are concerned alone about their means of living. Man has higher duties to perform ; or, if he labor for his temporal life only, what does he more than the brutes ? His duties are higher as the soul is superior to the body, and eternity longer than time. He has mind to cultivate, two worlds to govern, one within him and one without, vices to shun, and virtue to win, a God to praise, and a Heaven to gain. Now, what should prompt him to pursue the straight path, and keep him from the erroneous way ? Surely, it should be

neither the hope of reward, nor the fear of punishment. A narrow-minded man must he be who labors only to obtain his daily bread, and contemptible is the man of wealth who spends his time in idleness and pleasure. A great patriot must he be who defends his country merely to obtain the olive-crown. A fine Christian, indeed, is he, who obeys merely from the hopes of Heaven, or from fear of hell, and who would not care, provided he could obtain the former, and avoid the latter, whether he bless or curse his Maker.

“There is certainly too much of selfishness abroad in the world. We should do good for the sake of doing right, let that follow which may. Before we enter upon any common enterprise, we should not ask merely whether it is to be attended by a reward, or punishment, but in the first place, whether it be right or wrong, whether it is to be of advantage to mankind. If so, let us then enter resolutely upon it, resting assured that some good result will always follow.

“But, we must take the world as it is, and keep the question before us. Here we must leave argument, and depend upon observation, and what we know of ourselves, for the answer. We shall then necessarily arrive at the conclusion, that, unless considerably hardened in crime, the hope of reward has a much more powerful effect than fear of punishment. The law, ‘whoso sheddeth man’s blood by man shall his blood be shed,’ never troubles the peaceful citizen, nor do any other penalties. He looks up to a good conscience, a heaven within him, and the ap-

probation of his fellow-men. The deserter's fate never troubles the mind of the brave warrior.

“On the other hand, to the mind of him who wishes to indulge in midnight robbery, a flame of a candle, the creak of a door, or the rustling of the wind in the chimney, may present the prison-house or the gallows, and he flees in terror when no man pursueth. After such an alarm, he abandons for ever this course of felony. No hope of reward would have ever turned him from his course of crime. But fear of punishment is not what governs the Christian. Hell itself is not an object of fear to him. He loves virtue and holiness for their own sake; but Heaven operates as a bright inducement to persevere in the path of rectitude. But, to many a one, no doubt, who has formed the plan of suicide, hell, and all the powers of darkness have risen in bold array, and separated his intended crime as far from him as the East from the West.

“ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

“Columbia College Grammar School, Nov. 30, 1846.”

It is difficult for Parents situated like Robert's, and with such a treasure before them, to know where they should stop, or what they should exclude, in their effort to illustrate his character and render his life useful to others. Many exemplifications of his beautiful mind, his noble principles, and his refined epistolary style, might be selected from the profusion of his letters to his Parents; but this seems to be superseded by the variety of his Essays, and would involve the necessity of another volume, which might be regarded as an indication of inconsiderate zeal. To make known his disposition is the great object of interest. His letters abound, as will probably have been inferred from such as are connected with the Memoir, with the most affectionate solicitude about the health of his Parents and devotion to their wishes and happiness. He therefore appreciated fully his importance to them. This feeling is manifested throughout his correspondence, from the first to the last. In one of his earliest letters written to his Father while on a visit to Saratoga Springs for the benefit of his health, there is much of the same alarm manifested as appears in those relative to the Cholera, at p. 154. An extract from his Father's answer to that Letter represents exactly the confidence which he never failed to entertain in his son, and his own devotion to him :

"SARATOGA SPRINGS, *May 22*, 1845.

"MY DEAR ROBERT :—It was very kind in you, my dear child, to address me so affectionate a letter. I am proud of so excellent a son — always dutiful, affectionate, religious, and industrious. Your manliness and independence have relieved me from much care and solicitude. Be always thus, and you will secure happiness to yourself as well as to your Parents.

"I am taking every possible care of my health, and quite as much for your sake and your Mother's as for my own. I am fully sensible of the importance of my life to you and to your Mother. I was very glad you wrote me freely on the subject, as I hope you always will on every other that may be interesting to either of us.

"My health is vastly improved. But I was quite ill, and it was natural that you should feel alarmed. I could beat you now, however, in chasing a deer, or in following the flight of a pigeon."

In about a week after the foregoing Letter, the Father, on returning to New-York, was precipitated down a precipice, in a stage-coach, which occasioned the fracture of ribs, &c., that confined him to the bed for six weeks. During this time his son was with him, and scarcely left the bed-side for any purpose but sleep.

On reviewing Robert's correspondence, the alarming Letters relative to the Cholera (page 154), leave more and more the impression that reason was then liable to temporary affections, and occasionally lost that ascendancy over the moral emotions which had distinguished his former life. How far that discipline generally extended is well represented in a letter to his Father, dated, at Cambridge, Sept. 30th, 1848, in which he says :

"I am much grieved to hear that Mother is not equal to the journey here, as I had anticipated great enjoyment from her visit ; but, as Providence has ordered it so, I ought not to complain, but be thankful that her life has been spared so long, and that she is stronger than she used to be. I hope that she may be able to come on with you at Christmas, and go home with me in the vacation. I can find her very comfortable quarters. Grandma will not be on before November, as she will make a visit to great Aunt S—— previously."

These, however, are only examples of what rush in crowds upon the memory, and which awaken in his Parents not only the sentiments which are common to all on the occasion of great bereavements, but a profound sense of gratitude that he has left nothing behind him but an example in every respect worthy of their close imitation. Their only regret upon this subject is their want of ability to bring it into the same practical influence upon others ; though it is their earnest prayer that

such a direction may be given to their efforts by an all-sufficient Power.

It has been stated, among other things, of Robert's habits of independent thinking, that he would never receive any aid in writing his compositions, or permit any alterations to be made, and that he never copied them. On two occasions he forwarded from Cambridge two of his Forensics for his Parents' perusal, and with a particular request that they should be returned without the alteration of a word. One of them was upon the subject of a new translation of the Bible (page 37), in which his Father objected to one expression as beneath the dignity of the subject, and which is expunged. Robert, however, was not disposed to recede, and sustained himself in the following manner :

"CAMBRIDGE, *October 15, 1850.*

"DEAR FATHER :— * * * * I acknowledge the *idea* to be frivolous. If it were not so, it would not have answered my purpose, which here was ridicule. To be sure, ridicule does not properly belong to Forensic, which, in the strictest sense of the word has to do only with argument. But as I regard the question of a new translation of the Bible as scarcely worthy of grave discussion, and totally unworthy of Forensic, I thought, after I had condescended to enter into a serious argument, I might indulge somewhat in ridicule ; not only as more suitable to the question, but as serving to break the monotony which a

composition is apt to assume when carried on *wholly* in the serious style. What better suited to a subject which we should approach with reverence than to associate it with another which every one will allow to be ridiculous and absurd, yet which is, in reality, thus attended with advantages?"

Robert inclosed, also, to his Father, the Letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Stuart (page 21), requesting his opinion as to the propriety of sending it. The Father replied that the difference in age rendered it inexpedient, though it would be perfectly proper to express his sentiments through some public channel; and, accordingly, his Father immediately handed the Letter to Mr. Bryant, of the *Evening Post*, without any farther consultation with his Son.

The following correspondence, in relation to that subject, discloses Robert's habitual disposition to yield his contemplated action to the wishes of his proper advisers, while he sustained his own judgment until convinced of its error:

"CAMBRIDGE, *June* 25, 1850.

"DEAR FATHER:— * * * * I was much pleased to think you liked my letter to the Professor; but I really must say that I cannot view the sending of it in the same light as you do with regard to age.

"There is no one perhaps who venerates age more than I.

But I think that there is such a thing as false modesty, which forms no part of veneration. I think, also, poor must be the reasoner who is obliged to bring his greater age to the support of his logic, and tries to escape by charging his younger opponent with 'the atrocious crime of being a *young man*.'* I have expressed my letter in terms the most respectful, while at the same time it is written in a dignified style, and one in which I have *studiously avoided* any inferiority on account of *age*. Logic holds itself amenable only to the tribunal of Reason and not to that of Time.

"Still, as the propriety or impropriety of sending that letter is not at all a matter of logic, but one to be referred to age and experience, I shall abide by yours and Ma's decision; but I should like to have you, before making that decision, consider what I have said in this letter, and see if you do not agree with me.

"If I send it, I suppose I ought to sign my name, as an anonymous letter seems to me to have a sneaking appearance, and as if the writer was ashamed of himself. (See page 275.)

"Your affectionate son,

"ROBERT TROUP PAINE."

Next came a letter to his Mother, in his usual alternate order of writing his Parents.

* Robert had misapprehended his Father upon this point, as was immediately explained to him.

"CAMBRIDGE, *June 27, 1850.*

"DEAR MOTHER:—I was most happy to hear that Uncle E—— liked my letter, as I always set a good deal by his opinion, as I do likewise by yours and Pa's, and when the three coincide the weight is vastly increased, and I feel myself pretty well fortified.

"I have no objections to the printing, if it should seem good to you three; but I think you must have changed your minds on the subject, as I have received no paper. However, the mail failed us this morning; it may be in that.

"I am now writing a Forensic on the following subject:

"Should the Free States, in delivering up fugitive slaves, secure to them the rights of the writ of Habeas Corpus and trial by Jury?"

"It will be, when finished, nearly twenty pages in length. I shall ask permission of Prof. Walker to send it home before giving it in (permanently).

"I have no more time to write, as the Forensic must be ready this afternoon. So good-bye.

"Your affectionate son,

"ROBERT TROUP PAINE."

"P. S. Give my love to Grandmother when you see her, and tell her I intend to write her soon."

The next following Letter concluded the subject.

"CAMBRIDGE, *June* 29, 1850.

"DEAR FATHER:—I was very happy to receive a letter from you last evening, and to learn that I may anticipate a visit from you on the 3d proximo. Tell Ma I am sorry that she cannot come along with you.

"How I should like to take a look at your garden! Ma writes very graphic accounts concerning it.

"I have received the newspaper. I see but two mistakes; the word *another* for *one* (see *erratum*), and the word *promise* for *honor*, which last, however, was probably altered before it went to press. Good-bye until the 1st or 3d.

"Your affectionate son,

"ROBERT TROUP PAINE."

It will have been seen that Robert was a good deal attracted by chemistry and physiology. This proceeded as well from his love of Nature as of science; and he applied his knowledge of these branches to a philosophical inquiry into the difference in the properties and laws which govern the two great Kingdoms of Nature. He was thus conducted to that enlightened view of the subject which led him to deprecate the evils which chemistry has inflicted upon the science of organic life. These remarks are intended to introduce an extract from a Letter dated May 24th, 1850, to enable him to show for himself the early elevation of his scientific pursuits, and that he

frowned upon the doctrines of materialism. In that letter he says,—

“The Chemists appear to be getting a little bothered; for Prof. —— showed us the other day a piece of apparatus for determining the relative quantities of heat given out by different kinds of fuel, and remarked that, in this way could be told the quantities of heat resulting from the combustion of different kinds of food consumed by different animals. But, said he, the amount of heat resulting from this combustion would be considerably less than that actually evolved by the animal. Now, said he, the question is, whence is this extra amount of heat? For the solution of which the French Academy have offered a large reward; ‘but which solution,’ he added, ‘is probably wrapped up in the LAWS OF VITALITY, into which we cannot penetrate.’”

In another letter which quickly followed the foregoing, he says,—“I should like to know particularly if you received a letter from me dated May 24th, as in that I wrote something important about the Chemists. I did not put it into the Post-office myself.”

In another letter, dated June 19th, he recurs to the subject as follows:—

“In your letter you say that *my* criticisms on Chemistry are just. I wish you would read my letter of May 24th again, and

you will see that those remarks are not mine, but those of the Professor; and this constitutes their importance, as they are the *admissions* of a *chemist*, and show that they are coming round.

“I was much amused by your account of Dr. Poppinjack, and also by that part of your letter where, speaking of our intended journey to the Lakes, you say ‘we will penetrate by *canals* and *railroads* into the *wild* and *unfrequented* parts.’”

In connection with what is here said, it may be stated that his views in regard to the soul as distinguished from the body, and from all chemical doctrines, were such as have been advocated by his Father, and that, in a conversation with his Father but a short time before his death, he told him that he considered his Work upon that subject incontrovertible. But, whether so or not, that was the opinion of the Child, and is now a consolation to the Parents. It may be said, also, that he was a firm believer in the literal interpretation of the Mosaic Narrative of Creation and the Deluge, and that it was a knowledge of this which led his Father to say in the foregoing Work that, in event of his “failure to complete the Work written by himself upon Theoretical Geology, the manuscript will be left to the disposal of his Son.”

As time rolls on, and memory freshens of the past, the Parents can find nothing to add that will reflect any farther light upon one of the most startling events upon record. Perhaps

too little has been said of Robert's application to his studies as a probable tributary cause of his insanity ; though it may have been sufficiently set forth in the Rev. Dr. Anthon's Obituary Notice. The following extracts of letters from Robert's Mother to his Father express his habits of application. The letters were written from Cambridge, and are dated Dec. 20, 1850, and Jan. 12, 1851 ; shortly before his death.

" Robert does not seem to have many associates. He walks alone generally. The President remarked of him, that " he pursues knowledge for its own sake, and not for the distinction it brings." (See *Article 29*, page 307.) " Robert says he studies more than any one of his Class. A sketch of how he is employed. Every minute yesterday, excepting the hour from *half past three* until prayers. After prayers, wrote in my room until *eight*. Then went to his room to write upon another Thesis until *nine*. Then bed. To-day, studied history here until *half past nine*. Recitation, *half past ten*. Returned, and wrote half an hour by my side. *Eleven o'clock*, lecture ; *twelve*, recitation ; *one*, dinner. Then, until *three*, preparation for recitation. At *three*, recitation. *Half past four*, prayers. Then free until tea. In the evening, he will write or read to us, or attend some Society ; one or another of which he has always done except in two or three instances. For some of the Societies he writes pieces, of various descriptions (*Article 34*, page

323 is one of them); but he often speaks before them extemporaneously. He is never absent from recitations, and has no amusements but walking, conversation, and reading Shakspeare and Hume's History. Paley is one of his studies. He cavils at some of his propositions as not being sufficiently guarded against the attacks of the infidel."

Thus fortified in mind, education, virtue, Religion, enterprise, and youth, blessed in his friends, and with the brightest future before him, the Parents have sought, with great diligence, to ascertain if there were any cause that might have disturbed his happiness. But they have been unable even to imagine any. At the University he was treated in the kindest possible manner by the President and Faculty, and was a favorite with the Students. He had, also, other warm and generous friends around him. His Parents have no recollection of having denied him the gratification of a single wish. On the contrary, they were unceasingly devising means for promoting his happiness; and in this they were not a little actuated by the pity which they never ceased to feel for the sufferings and privations which he endured in infancy and childhood. A statement, however, so unreserved, renders it proper to say that on one occasion his Father endeavored to persuade him to abandon a favorite wish. This was a desire, which sprung up about two months before his death, to be supplied with a horse at Cambridge for the mere purpose of exercise. The wish was conveyed to his

Father by his Mother, who was then at Cambridge. Nearly the whole of the Father's answer, which was addressed jointly to the Mother and Son, will be now given, as nearly the whole was intended to dissuade Robert from his project, and to prevent any feeling of disappointment; as well, also, to convey renewed assurances of the great satisfaction entertained by the Father. It should be said, too, that this letter has been added to the Memoir since the Mother's death.

“NEW-YORK, *Dec. 31, 1850, 10 o'clock, P. M.*

“MY DEAR MARY ANN, AND DEAR ROBERT:—I have now on hand your three letters '(not Robert's), of the dates of the 25th, 28th and 29th; and, as it will require a good while to reply to the contents of the whole, I shall not get through with my letter till next year. In the mean time, as the present is drawing to a close, I hope you may enjoy its departure, particularly in a serenade, and be prepared to 'turn over a new leaf.'

“As usual with me, I look upon the past with many thanksgivings, and murmur at no dispensations of Providence, which have always been, indeed, to my advantage. I contemplate suffering with satisfaction, so far as it concerns myself; while I have had an offset in the best enjoyments that could be allotted to man. The greatest of these has been all that I could desire in yourself and Robert; and, as the next great blessing has

been the satisfaction which I have derived from my literary pursuits, I must also connect Ma with them, on account of her own mind, education, similarity of taste, and the assistance she has rendered. I enjoy, too, my reputation, but more highly on Robert's account, though I have rather interrogated the future than the present. A new source of happiness is now rapidly opening, and that is the promise which Robert affords in the expansion of his mind, his knowledge, and virtues. I am exceedingly gratified by your high eulogiums upon him, and I am sure we shall not be disappointed in the objects at which we have been striving. On the other hand, I hope he will have no occasion for disappointment in what he anticipates from us. I am sure that he will not in all things that may advance his knowledge and usefulness, and in pleasures of a tributary nature. Some of these, and the greatest, are not far distant; such as travelling in foreign Countries, &c. To carry out these great objects, a great deal of money is necessary; and we had better make, for the present, some sacrifice of minor pleasures that may be expensive, to meet the exigencies of Robert's progress in life. Now, all this, I suppose you begin to suspect, is preparatory to one of those small disappointments in anticipated pleasures which may be well endured for the sake of greater gain at a time a little more distant." "If a thousand dollars were wanted to secure him a high honor at Commencement, he should have the amount forthwith. Besides, I have promised him a horse in the fall, so that there will be only a short post-

ponement of a little pleasure. But, in this I may be mistaken, as horses have their various uses. To Richard the Third the object was so important that any old nag would have brought his Kingdom. I have had patients buy them to travel half across the Continent, and their lives were saved by the purchase. Others buy horses to explore the country in pursuit of information, or for lucrative objects. Now, if a horse will promote Robert's studies at Cambridge, or contribute to his standing in his Class, I will get him one without any farther ado about it. As he, however, is the party most interested, he may not like to offer an opinion, in which event I will be entirely satisfied if he will bring me a line from the President recommending the provision. Mr. Sparks is a very candid and observing man, and Robert's kind friend; and as Ma, among her pleadings in behalf of the horse, says that many of the students are supplied with horses, the President must certainly know whether they are tributary to education and rank. But I would not make this a requisite, but for the reason I have stated. There was a time, in Robert's Sophomore year, when I thought his health might be benefited by riding on horseback, and I then wished to send him a horse from this City; but he considered walking more useful."

His Mother replied that Robert was amused with the letter, and heartily abandoned the project.

A DESCRIPTIVE ALLEGORY.

THE following Poem, if it may be so called, is not supposed by its Author to possess any other merit than that of a descriptive character applicable to its subject. It was an accompaniment of the Allegorical Picture, designed and executed by Robert's Mother, and intended to represent the progressive life of the Youth, and his faultless character, exactly as it was regarded by his Parents. They could in no other way so clearly and fully convey to him, and perhaps now to others, the sentiments they entertained of the extraordinary purity of his whole life. But, it was as much the simplicity of his character, and his affectionate nature, which suggested a tribute on his attaining twenty-one years, that might not have been otherwise appropriate to his age, talents, and education; and it is obvious that the last event of his life has alone prompted the exhibition of the Picture or the Poem to his Friends. For that reason, and as explanatory of the allegorical group of Flowers, and in the hope that the sentiments, which are intended to represent his youthful mind, may prove attractive to the young, the Father is inclined to connect the Poem with the Essays of his

Son, that it may go with those in the fulfilment of his objects. It is but just, also, to state, that, what is said of "Wild Oats" was purely playful, and that its natural contrast with the rest was greatly increased by its entire want of application to the individual case. The closing stanzas were especially inappropriate, excepting in their general relation to the early period of life; and so far the metaphor was necessary as an integral part of the Design, and to relieve the more sentimental parts. The mournful event, too, which leads to this connection of the Poem with the Memoir, imparts to these stanzas an undesirable effect which did not attend them before. They always grated, however, upon his Parents; as the general tenor of the poetry expresses their habitual feeling, and what they had often expressed to others, that a solemn mysteriousness surrounded their Son during his infancy and much of his childhood, both as to his piety and the preservation of his life.

It will be observed that the associations are not so much suggested by the arbitrary system known as the "Language of Flowers," as by the popular names, many of which have their origin in the uses, or in the supposed mystical virtues of plants. This principle, indeed, pervades the allegory, as the names are generally sufficiently significant; or, when otherwise, some particular characteristic of a plant suggests the comment, or is associated with what the name implies. A few explanatory notes are added.

The group of flowers is reduced to one-fourth of the natural

size. A single copy, however, of a folio edition of the Memoir has been printed, in the hope that the original painting may be preserved in the Library of Harvard University. At the end of that volume will be bound many of the original manuscripts both of the Essays and Letters written by Robert, as the best mode of preserving such relics as are most valued by the Parents.

The flowers were collected by his Father at Wells' Beach, Maine, from October 1st to the 10th. While this and the painting were in progress, Robert was making a solitary tour among the Lakes and Mountains of Maine, where he stopped for a day or two at a Farmer's in the township called Letter B, on the border of Lake Umbagog, and where he met with an Artist sketching the romantic scenery.

Eleven days before his death (the day of his departure from New-York to Cambridge—see page 65), he addressed a letter to that Farmer, desiring him to deliver some message to one of his neighbors, and apparently, also, to make an arrangement for another visit to that region. An answer was returned to Robert at New-York, and was received by his Parents at the time of his death.* It is inserted here to show the nature of his deportment in the humble walks of life, and how his amiability commanded, at once, the lasting esteem of all. No gen-

* It may not be inappropriate to refer to this, and to other coincidences which will probably attract the attention of readers, and to the preservation of all his writings and letters, as remarkable in their relation to the objects of this Memoir.

eral statements can unfold the character and disposition of a man in any comparable degree like the internal evidence which is afforded by such testimonials as the following. (See page 332.)

“LETTER B, MAINE, *March 3, 1851.*

“DEAR FRIEND:—I received your letter of February 26th and read it with much pleasure. We are all well, and have enjoyed good health ever since you were here. My wife often speaks of you; also Charles. He and sis grow like weeds; always well. Sis can run alone, and is into every thing. I want you to come to Letter B once more, and explore the Lake. We have had rather a mild winter here, but I have not seen any violets yet, but expect to see them soon. There is only four feet of snow here now, for we have had two or three rains lately that have settled the snow nicely, and I think spring is near.

“My wife has done the errand to Mr. G——, as you requested. He was much obliged, and would like to see you once more. He and I will wait upon you any other time than haying. Come, if you can, and as soon as you can, and stay a month. You shall have the little bed-room. It is plastered now. Write soon, and I will endeavor to be punctual in answering.

“Respectfully yours,

“A—— W. S——.”

The foregoing letter illustrates, also, by its familiarity, the former part of a statement which occurs at page 7, namely—
“And now began a display of that remarkable combination of the child and the man which distinguished his whole subsequent life,” and serves to interpret, in a measure, the motives which prompted the allegorical group of flowers, and why the Youth himself is made to relate the story.

This child-like feeling was so constitutional with him, that, although antagonistic to his unfailing dignity in his intercourse with his seniors, he was entirely unconscious of the fascinating simplicity of his nature; and even the occasion to which the foregoing letter refers supplies an instance in illustration, as shown by the following extract from a letter to his Parents, written while at the house of Mr. S——, in which he overlooks the principle within himself, and carries the whole to the social disposition.

“END OF CREATION, *Aug. 13, 1850.*

“DEAR FATHER:—Here I am with Umbagog full in view from the room in which I am writing. Came down safely from the top of White Cap (a mountain), from which I wrote a letter to Mother, and another to Grandmother. Had a most delightful ride yesterday afternoon over the mountains, and some most beautiful scenery. It is most delightful here, and seemingly the perfection of Earthly bliss. The people around this region are all politeness and sociability. Mr. S——, with whom I put

up last night, seemed as glad to see me as if I had been his own son. You know what this is to travellers. I am now in 'Letter B,' at Mr. S——'s, but shall go over this morning to Merrill, N. H., on the other side of the Lake, where I shall commence operations again. Went yesterday morning to Friar's Halls, a chasm in the rocks in a wild wooded mountain, through which falls a stream of water, some fifty feet, into a basin thirty feet deep; quite wild.

“Your affectionate Son,

“ROBERT TROUP PAINE.”

Robert devoted nearly a fortnight to this excursion, and was with his Parents about a month more at Wells' Beach. Here he employed himself much in reading History, waiting upon his Mother, and in promoting the happiness of many children who had come with their Parents to this summer retreat, and were also stopping at Mr. Titcomb's most agreeable "Atlantic House." While here, the attention of strangers frequently turned with admiration to the contrast between Robert's intellectual conversation and dignified manners, and his frolics with the children upon the beach; particularly by the abruptness with which he would sometimes abandon a discussion upon science or Nature at the call of "Robert! Robert!" as it came from his little favorites without. In vain, too, did their Parents chide them for calling and addressing him in that familiar

manner. This disposition continued to display itself up to the evening before his death. (See Mrs. Clarke's Letter, page 81.)

The remarkable versatility which the foregoing letters and statements are intended to illustrate was so ingrafted upon the nature of the Youth, that it may reach, in its import, beyond the object which is here contemplated, and may connect itself, constitutionally, with that sudden aberration of reason which led to his death. Something analogous, too, will be seen in an undefinable warmth of feeling, and sometimes of language, which appears in some of his most logical essays, and in the sudden transitions in his Article upon the Christmas Holidays, where he repeatedly passes with abruptness from his religious acts and infusions to his amusements and their description, and vice versa. With all of which, however, in making a just analysis, should be connected his logical mind, soundness of judgment, and erudition, his complete exemption from credulity, bigotry, and superstition, and his perfect purity and happiness.

As showing, also, how deeply founded was his child-like amiability (which his Parents admit is a trait in his character most valued by them), he refers, in one of his Letters to his Mother from Cambridge, to the delight and advantages he had derived, at an early age, from the perusal of Mr. Goodrich's publications for the benefit of Youth, under the title of "Peter Parley," and declares his intention to call upon the Author, who resided not far from the University, and express to him

his gratitude for the entertainment and services he had thus rendered him. This characteristic extended to every thing; and, as has been already seen (page 56), constantly displayed itself, and to the last, in the solicitude which he manifested, in his correspondence with his Parents, about a squirrel, of very advanced age, which had afforded him happiness in his early childhood. In one of his letters, which is an example of the whole, he says, —

“Have Ann take good care of Bunn, especially to keep her clean; her spoon (from which the animal drank), her mug, her plate, and her cage. The blinds ought to be open in her room, and the window open unless uncomfortable to you.”

In another letter to his Mother, dated October 8, 1849, he speaks of the tribute which he paid to the squirrel in a Forensic, which appears at page 301.

“I handed in my first Forensic,” he says, “last Thursday. Subject—‘Is the desire of property an instinctive principle?’ I took the affirmative to a certain extent. I brought up some traits in my old squirrel in arguing upon the desire in its relation to the necessaries of life. Thus, even in our hours of pleasure we often gain facts to illustrate great truths.

“You spoke about the German. It is a beautiful language, and has very melodious rhyme. I close by two stanzas from Goethe. Pronounce as if it were English, and see if it is not

beautiful. It is entitled the Erlkeing. Scott has a fine translation of it.

“ ‘Ver reitet so spate dursh nasht und Vind?
Es ist der Farter mit semen kind;
Er hat den Knaben vohl in dem Arm,
Er fast in sisher, er halt in varm.

“ ‘Mine Sohn, vas birst du so bang dein Gesisht?’
‘Sist, Farter, der den Erlkeing nisht?’
Den Erlkeing mit Kron und Schwife?’
‘Mine Sohn, es ist em hebelstrife.’”

“ ‘Who rides so fast through night and wind? It is the Father with his child. He has the boy safe in his arm. He holds him fast and keeps him warm.

“ ‘My son, why dost thou so fearful hide thy face?’ ‘Seest thee not, Father, the Erlkeing? The Erlkeing with crown and train?’ ‘My son, it is a streak of mist.’”

As farther introductory to the allegorical group of Flowers, it may be said that Robert always wrote to his Mother on her birth-day. But, the spirit in which he wrote can be understood only from his own language. The following, therefore, are presented as examples.

“CAMBRIDGE, *April* 17, 1848.

“HONORED AND RESPECTED MOTHER:—

“ ‘Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband, also, and he praiseth her.’

"This day completes your 50th year. Fifty years have flown!

"Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age.
Behold him when passed by. What then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the wind?"

"That God may grant you many more years of honor, health, and prosperity, sweetened by each other's society, is the prayer of your affectionate son.

"A year ago to-day we launched our Husband and Father upon the mighty deep, uncertain whether we should again meet him this side of the vale of death, but trusting to Him Who numbereth the hairs of our heads. Through His Blessing the voyage was the means of improved health, and may it bring him many years of happiness. * * *"

The following is the last of that series which he was "permitted" to write.

"CAMBRIDGE, *April* 17, 1850.

"DEAR MOTHER:—Having been once more permitted to see the dawn of your natal day, I cannot refrain from taking up my pen to renew my wishes for your health and prosperity for another year, and commend you to the Care of Him by Whom even the very hairs of our heads are numbered. * * *"

Another Letter, not long before his death, contains, probably, the only poetry he ever attempted to write. This effusion is, of course, preserved for the sake of its sentiments and feeling; while the lameness of the poetry will serve to illustrate what the Youth says in one of his Theses (page 178) of transmitted resemblances. The letter, however, has all the marks of being hastily written.

"CAMBRIDGE, *July 12, 1850.*

"DEAR MOTHER:—I was very sorry that Pa did not come on. But it was just what I expected; for you can place no more reliance on doctors than on shoemakers. However, the time is but short before we shall all meet again. I shall go to Groton to-morrow, where I shall remain till Wednesday morning. If you should start on that day, I will meet you at any place you may appoint.

"TO MY MOTHER.

"Where'er I roam, where'er I stray,
Through fertile vale, or o'er the sea,
In life's rough ways, or easy paths,
Still may my heart fly back to thee.

"In future days, in life's bold strife,
I would recall the placid hours
You and I have spent together
In home's, sweet home's blessed bowers.

“ When with the partner of my joys
I walk in even’s ruddy glow,
May my warm heart that glow reflect,
And to thee peace and friendship flow.

“ When at the festive board I sit,
And the pale wine is sparkling bright,
And mirth and gladness flow around,
I would fill to thee with delight.

“ When age my locks does silver o’er,
May I to childhood’s golden joy
Fly often back on memory’s wing,
When on thy breast without alloy.

“ Your affectionate Son,

“ ROBERT TROUP PAINE.”

In a letter from his Mother to his Father, dated Cambridge, Jan. 7, 1851, two months prior to his death, she says of him :

“ He is the best Son to me that ever was ; kind, affectionate, always ready to do any thing at my suggestion, and always patient. I am glad that I came again to Cambridge, if only to have the demonstrations of the greatness of his mind and the nobleness of his character.”

Of the following Poem it should be said, that Robert kept it entirely to himself ; probably having never shown it to any one, and the floral group to only his most intimate friends. His modesty, which even avoided praise, was the principal reason, and would alone have deterred him from exhibiting the Poem ; but it is not improbable, when his attention was thus drawn to the simplicity of his nature, that his other characteristic of dignified manliness could not well brook the contrast—and this, especially, as he is the narrator. It is also due to him to say, that he expressed to his Mother a desire that the Poem should be restricted to his family. Perhaps it should be so now ; but his Parents think otherwise, and in this opinion advisers have concurred.



DEDICATED TO ROBERT TROUP PAINE BY HIS MOTHER.

ON HIS HAVING ATTAINED 21 YEARS OF AGE, AUGUST 10TH 1850.

Wild-flowers of Wells Beach, State of Maine, Collected between the 5th & 10th of August.

PRINTED IN COLOURS BY JOS. LAING & CO. LITH. 66, FULTON ST. N.Y.



REFERENCE PLATE OF FLOWERS

- | | | | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------------------|-------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Wild-Rose. | 6. Golden-Rod. | 10. Mad-Dog-Scull-Cap. | 14. Loose-Strife. | 18. Steeple-Bush. |
| 2. Morning-Glory. | 7. Tree-Primrose. | 11. Enchanters-Night-Shade. | 15. Arrow-Head. | 19. Cardinal-Flower. |
| 3. Willow-Herb. | 8. Dogs-bane. | 12. Bitter-Sweet. | 16. Heal-All. | 20. Life-Everlasting. |
| 4. Orchis. | 9. Vervain. | 13. Virgins-Bower. | 17. Snakes-Head. | 21. Truth-Me-For. |
| 5. Wild-Lily. | | | | *. Wild-Oats. |

DESCRIPTION OF AN ALLEGORICAL GROUP OF FLOWERS

DEDICATED TO

ROBERT TROUP PAINE BY HIS MOTHER,

ON HIS ATTAINING THE AGE OF 21 YEARS, AUGUST 10, 1850.

BY HIS FATHER.

I.

THE ROSE-BUD decked my infant year,
And true to Nature's holy law
Has bloomed around my onward path,
Inspiring hope, subduing fear,
Or white or red, as Britain saw,
Unite in one to conquer wrath.

Thou emblem dear of all that's good,
Unfolding Nature's richest charms
Replete with virtues bursting forth,
Though thorns surround thy graceful wood /
To warn us of life's many harms,
I'll cherish thee as full of worth.

'T is wonderful, indeed, how all
In Nature corresponds in end,
And how what suits the fragile plant
Or others stately tow'ring tall,
In all their ends and aims will lend
A moral thought and wisdom grant.

A thousand things attend the Rose,
From opening bud and balmy smell
To prickles that protect the whole,
Which one may use who only knows
What I shall now proceed to tell,
As having all in my control.

I learnt the secret when a child,
And Nature gave it then in charge
That I to others should impart
The soft impressions or the wild—
And thus the ends of life enlarge
By stamping Nature on the heart.

And now my friends, my prelude o'er,
You'll please to listen to the play
Where NATURE holds the mirror up—
By far transcending Thespian power
Or all the power of Poet's lay
Howe'er derived from Nature's cup.

Upon the Rose I long might dwell,
Regale you with its varied hues
And various other things that show
How this sweet plant on life doth tell—
The whole of which were charming news
From one so qualified to know.

II.

But other Blossoms came along
And mingled oft their fragrant charm—
The MORNING-GLORY spread its bowl
And drew around the birds of song—
But quickly sped the Sun's alarm
And cast a sadness o'er my soul.

It seemed the harbinger of day
That summoned forth the Sun and all,
Which then the Sun in envy killed
As well as drove the birds away;
But though such things did all befall,
The sun remained for what 't was willed.

But I remarked that every morn
New Glories hailed the sunny rays,
And then it seemed as though the Sun
Became the parent of the born—
For though so shortened all their days
They never failed this course to run.

Strange Emblem this of real life,
And stranger still my doubtful dream,
And still 't is strange how I apply
This youthful charm to worldly strife,
And find in that a cheering beam
Which no rude fortune can defy.

III.

Sweet WILLOW-HERB, of blushing white,
That modest tenant of the lawn,
Lent an enchantment to my view
And moved my heart with soft delight
In welcoming the jocund dawn
Of years as swiftly round they flew.

Sweet Willow-herb! What merit thine
To teach your modest ways to men!
For though obtrusive you may seem
In such profusion as you shine,
Your teaching then is only when
With blushes you may teem.

And so it is with all around,
The Hare, the Girl, the Brute and Man—
Where'er we turn our wandering eyes
The more does modesty abound,
The more of this in Nature's plan,
So we the more abundance prize.

Yet more than blushes muse the praise
Of this and all the Flowers that bloom,
For 't is their nature to sojourn
Where solitude at last betrays
A charm in being all alone,
When beauties every one adorn.

IV.

The splendid ORCHIS played its part
In tricking out life's gayest day,
Just as it decorates the swamp
Where oft I've strayed like bounding hart,
And wallowed through the miry way
In chase of this bewitching pomp.

Unmindful of the toil it cost
Or other levies on my zeal,
I've come at last by slow degrees
To learn that labor is not lost
In private or in public weal,
And thus to sacrifice my ease.

V.

The LILY with its roseate head
(Of meadow lawns the gayest pride)
Presaged to my ardent mind
A toilless road and downy bed,
An ever flowing onward tide
That leaves all troubles far behind.

What though "it neither toil nor spin,"
Nor fail in aught of Nature's care,
It is to man more kindly given,
(As though a recompense for sin,)
That with his Maker he shall share
In working out his way to Heaven.

VI.

The GOLDEN-ROD essayed its day—
But not in terror's fearful threat;
Its radiate plumage pierced my eye,
And thus delighting found its way
To depths of joy, and then as yet
Endeared itself by strongest tie.

While casting back this pleasant glance,
And how all other rods were spared,
It is not difficult to see
How Childhood's hope and merry dance,
With heart and manners so prepared,
Should with the Rod of Heaven agree.

VII.

Say, towering PRIMROSE, erst the while
The proudest of thy joyful train—
Say, on thy pride, doth waning age
Adorn thy robe, improve thy smile—
Or didst not teach that e'en 't is gain
To leave awhile this earthly stage?

I saw thee carry out thy end,
I saw thee fade, and droop, and die—
But ere I wiped the tear of grief
I hailed again my early friend.
Thus tears and joy, I knew not why,
Gave to my heart alike relief.

So shall our mortal coil descend
With all its frailties to the dust—
To rise again in Heavenly dress
If only we those frailties mend,
And, like the Flowers, confide our trust
To Him the "Sun of Righteousness."

"The winter 's past, the rain is o'er,
The Flowers appear upon the earth,
The singing birds abide their time,
The turtle's voice is at our door,"
A SUN that gave to all their birth
Takes charge of all in every clime.

"No more the sun shall light thy day,
No more the moon give light to thee,"
No more his rays shall cherish life ;
Another SUN shall hold His sway,
"An Everlasting Light to be,"
Withering, scorching worldly strife.

That SUN shall dry all tears away,
Or those alone of joy be shed ;
No parting then shall rack the soul,
No more the new-born flowers decay,
But o'er the whole a Power shall spread
A never-ending, safe control.

VIII.

The DOG'S-BANE held my fears in check
By shielding me from canine harm,
And thus it stretched its silent sway
O'er all my thoughts, and at whose beck
I felt at last no more alarm,
And other terrors died away.

Thus fancy cures its own conceit
By shedding softly on the mind
The bracing tone of safety's bliss—
May no rude hand this power defeat
By stern command or arts unkind,
Which always show themselves amiss.

IX. (')

The VERVAIN, of Druidal fame,
Reared stately up its purple bloom
And pointed to the Hosts of Night
As guardians of my tender frame,
And threw its magic o'er the gloom
In which mysterious Sprites delight.

I tasked thee in thy name to know
The secret Nature of thy power
Which made thee sacred in the past;
But Amulets will better show
The rule they hold o'er evil's hour
Through the long length of time they last.

Oh! sweet illusion of the child!
As all the castles built in air
That stretch their reach to highest heaven;
Though stamped by reason as the wild
Bewitching bait of pleasure's lair,
It serves the future as a leaven.

Should storms impend, or troubles lower,
Or fortune frown, or ills attack,
Or, worse than all, the lovely fair,
I still will seek the Virgin's-bower,
Or with good speed will hasten back
To my old castles in the air.

X. (2)

And oft does memory fondly dwell
On MAD-DOG-SCULL-CAP'S dreamy hour,
So full of promise to the ear
That nought but reason can dispel
The wild illusion of its power—
Or what from Doctors we do hear.

Thy helmet, too, that much I ween
A "signature" to all has been
Of all the doctrines of thy skill;
For I remember it did seem
As though a safeguard to all men,
And so became the Doctors' pill.

XI. (3)

ENCHANTER'S NIGHTSHADE wove its spell
And held me in its mystic sway,
Though mostly so at evening's shade,
Or when the Curfew tolled its knell.
Other Genii ruled the day
And other contributions made.

My dreamy sleep revived the day,
And painted deeply Nature's hues,
From whence I roamed to Heavenly scenes
And mingled in Seraphic play
Among the stars or grander views—
And so I learnt what Nature means.

Thus all commingling as they bloomed,
All harmoniously conspired
To hasten on what most we prize
But to an early grave is doomed ;
And yet it leaves us all inspired
With views that lay beyond the skies.

XII.

But BITTER-SWEET was always near
To check in time my buoyant hopes,
And faithful to its gentle powers
It prompted oft a generous tear,
And pointed out the dangerous slopes
Concealed around by other Flowers.

It whispered softly in my ear
The worth of sorrow here below
And all life's great diversity;
Nor failed in aught to render clear
What very few appear to know—
The "jewel of adversity."

But more than all, it leaves a stamp
On all the plans of later days;
While hope and fear, and grief and joy
Become alike a guiding lamp
Throughout the many doubtful ways
Which otherwise our lives annoy.

XIII.

My glowing fancy thus was tuned
As days and nights rolled softly on,
And o'er the whole the VIRGIN'S-BOWER
Its graceful ringlets twining plumed—
From many a Nymph by Cupid won
And rendered sacred to this Flower.

Hail, lovely Bower! so dear to me
When girls and I encamped beneath
Thy climbing, curling, bending boughs,
To latest life I'll worship thee
And thou shalt be my wedding wreath,
Should e'er I swear eternal vows.

XIV.

In LOOSE-STRIFE, too, I took delight
As ever and anon it strove
To join WILD-OATS in lots of fun,
And laughed to see their rueful plight
When caught in nets that each had wove
To trip the other as they run.

And well I mind how skilful Oats
Disarmed me of the mirth I made,
Whene'er it failed to win the game,
By pointing out the sundry moats
That shew how much of care I paid
To guard myself from Oatses fame.

And well to heart I'll lay the hint
Of doing what I would have done,
And try to practise what I preach
And yield to others without stint
The fruit of lessons I have won
When striving hard Wild-Oats to teach.

XV.

The ARROW-HEAD pricked up its ears
And roused me to the sportive field,
Or pointed out where honor lies—
But changed the scene in after years
And taught me how itself to wield
In shooting folly as it flies.

So wisdom blends itself with youth,
And draws upon its glowing zeal
To wing its own majestic way
In search of happiness and truth,
Where all may soar and all may feel
Still greater bliss than Childhood's day.

And still I turn to Arrow-Head
When buoyant Hope takes on the dream
Or Pleasure dances round my ways,
And by its index would be led
To things more real than they seem
When lighted up by sunny days.

What though an emblem of the field
Where Death and Havoc ruin rule,
'T is only Nature's guide for all
To wear alike a harmless shield
And be prepared in Flora's school
For great events as well as small.

XVI.(4)

To soothe and mitigate disease
All-circumspicent HEAL-ALL watched,
Ordained to Nature's highest charge;
And thus I glided on at ease
As if by Magic's wand were touched
Or wafted in some Fairy's barge.

Thou gatheredst round my couch of ills
The dearest friends I have on earth,
And summondst all the healing plants
From dale and meadow, plain and hills,
Which thou couldst think of any worth
To be thus ordered from their haunts.

And I would mention one or two
Which I remember bore their bloom —
The Virgin's-Bower and Golden-Rod —
But will not say 't was you or who
That saved me from an early tomb —
But this I know — by Grace of God.

“The silver cord was nearly loosed,
The golden bowl almost was broke,
The pitcher scarce was made to hold,
The wheel of life was slow at most,”
And Death seemed ready with his stroke
Through many years — as I've been told.

While thus thy watchful care instils
A grateful sense of life prolonged,
Thy head of eyes a moral yields
Which he that watchfully fulfils
Shall gain more valor than belonged
To Argus with his hundred shields.

XVII.

But SNAKE'S-HEAD ruled the *power* to heal
In virtue of an ancient right —
Enchanter of the Art Divine!
E'en now a reverence I feel
For snakes and physic, and delight
To pay my tribute at their shrine.

Nor may I yet dismiss the claim
Of reverent thoughts to Childhood born,
But farther say that Manhood's eye
Discerns a God in Physic's aim,
Who sends a balm for every thorn
In every thing beneath the sky.

XVIII.

The STEEPLE-BUSH is not forgot,
Nor last nor least in memory's eye—
Its hallowed name shall never cease,
Whatever come, whate'er my lot,
Howe'er temptations strongly try,
A thankful feeling to increase.

To all who walk in Nature's ways
Thy turret says that God is here!
And warms the heart with reverent joy
To hail His Power and sing His praise,
And yield to Him their manhood's tear
As to the Flowers when yet a boy.

'T was thus from infant life I've felt
What sweetens most this natal day,
The charm which holy thoughts have shed
O'er all the blessings God has dealt,
O'er all my buoyant, joyous way—
For Thou, O God, hast ever led.

XIX.

And thou, the gayest of the gay—
Thou CARDINAL of all thy tribe,
Fit Emblem of the Virtues, too,—
I'll cherish to my latest day,
And hold thee up a lawful bribe
When some fair damsel I may woo.

What other gains may swell my tide,
Or how o'erflowing pleasure's bowl,
Howe'er enriched by aid of wealth,
Thou Cardinal shall be my guide
And lend enjoyment to the whole
As virtue yields a zest to health.

Old HARVARD soon will send me forth
From her rich halls of learned lore,
Where once my Sires and kindred dwelt,
And I must emulate the worth
Which thou and they have laid in store
For others' good where mind is felt.

Oh Harvard Halls! Oh happy days!
I almost weep the future tear
Which I foresee must drop for thee
When thinking o'er thy charming ways,
Or as I turn the listening ear
To joys that ne'er again will be.

Yet other hopes and other joys
I'll trust await the coming years,
When Manhood stretches out its power.
But these are not the charm of boys
Unmingled with life's later fears,
Though greater when some clouds may lower.

XX. (*)

On desert sands, or fertile plains,
LIFE-EVERLASTING met my tread,
As fresh in winter as in spring,
And told me of unnumbered pains,
And countless tears that must be shed,
Ere manhood's spirit takes the wing.

It taught me how to brave the storm,
How winter's terrors to resist,
How to attain an endless life,
Radiant with Angelic form,
Though seen but dimly through the mist
Which hovers o'er this world of strife.

And thus it tempered joy and hope—
Save all but joys and hopes to come—
While Steeple-Bush, and Cardinal,
And Arrow-Head, in terms bespoke
The harmony which all, as one,
United in the Carnival.

And every other hallowed Flower
 Enforced what Nature has ordained,
 That pleasure is to virtue given
 For eking out life's little hour,
 While thus a prelude is obtained
 Of what awaits mankind in Heaven.

Is virtue doomed to suffer wrong?
 Then we its greatest worth avail,
 For then its charms beguile our woe
 As sung so oft in David's song,
 Or as the Flowers when crushed exhale
 A sweeter perfume for the blow.

But most I pray ye to impart
 The generous zeal that bloomed to bless
 Your lovely HOURS^a devoid of guile;
 And Oh ye Hours! inspire my heart
 With kindly feeling for distress
 And every where to light a smile.

Oh! teach me how to imitate
 The God-like Nature I adore—
 The Flowers that bloomed for us alone—
 And may I never prove ingrate
 For all the blessings yet in store
 As gems around the Heavenly Throne.

And Oh! ye Flowers, that so exhaled
A balmy sweet on Childhood's day,
May I as you be true to Earth
And all that Earth's Design entailed,
True to my Soil though far away,
And true to Her who gave me birth.

What though ye Flowers my soul inspired,
'T was thou, Oh Mother! led the way,
'T was thou who tuned the whole for me
In all my ardent eyes admired,
'T was thou who bent their gentle sway
Ere I had strength to bow the knee.

But memory scarce can trace the day
When first my glowing thoughts were born
Of Him Who thus delights our eyes.
It seems as though they led the way
Which other things did but adorn
And taught me how the Flowers to prize.

Stamped with Designs that far excel
The wisdom of the wisest man,
May not your other charms conceal
The Being That doth in you dwell,
And may I never fail to scan
What those Designs so well reveal.

Strike down the *infidel* with faith !
 Strike the *clairvoyant* with dismay !
 The blaspheming *spirit-rappers!*^b
 For thus the God of Vengeance saith
 Through your Designs, in full display,
 I will have no competitors !

Of such of ye as bloom unseen
 And waste your sweetness on the air
 A sainted vision I invoke,
 That I may prize what does but seem—
 A Sister, Brother^c—Spirits fair
 Ere I to infant life awoke.

This debt for living all must pay
 And all to Heaven their souls resign ;
 But Oh ye Flowers! 't is sweet to know
 That what is held as naught but clay
 To you the Laws of God consign
 Where friends may mingle here below ;

And ere to realms of bliss they go
 Ye blend their tears in every tint,
 The same to ye of joy or woe
 As like they are where'er they flow ;
 And every hue is but a hint
 Of all the favors ye bestow.

This, for the pleasure of the eye,
That, for the happiness of mind ;
The former gazes on the frame
And fills the mind with wonder why
It doth not there the beauties find,
But only in th' ethereal flame.

'T is that we worship e'en on earth
And just as that is innocent.
The casement does but serve to hold
The flickering flame, of Heavenly birth ;
And this to me 's omnipotent
That mind is cast in God's Own Mould.

What other loss than this is felt ?
The joy which beams from infant smiles ?
The promises of buoyant youth ?
The manly thoughts, or knees that knelt ?
What dwell they on o'er thousand miles
That separate the friends of truth ?

Where lies the grief in infant cries ?
Where, from the follies of the boy,
Or from the vice of later age ?
Not in the fabric, not our eyes,
But the same thing which raised our joy
When scanning o'er the brighter page.

And so it is when death befalls.
The grave repels, the thing 's not there ;
The thoughts, the words, the acts alone
Engage our care, and Nature calls,
In weal or woe, to seek it where
Those thoughts, and words, and acts have flown.

Ye sainted Ones! So sweet on Earth
As oft parental tale has told,
I'll tune my thoughts to meet Above
And mingle them in all the mirth
Of all the sports that I may hold,
That so my thoughts may turn to love.

So may SUPERIOR NATURE rule
In other breasts as well as mine
To render good what vice destroys,
And make them wise that play the fool,
All that are false to truth incline
As honey-bees the flower decoys.

Teach all the proud humility,
Teach all the cowards to be brave,
Teach all the selfish to be just,
Instil in all sweet industry,
Withdraw all terrors from the grave,
Inciting all to be the fis.

Learn all the cruel to be kind,
The froward how to curb the will,
The quarrelsome to calm their ways ;
May all to Nature be inclined
While none to Nature's God are blind—
And God may lengthen out their days.

There's naught that crawls that does not feel—
Aye, and life's pleasures, too, like us ;
Who then shall wantonly destroy
Or with the brute in aught shall deal
To make that life a farthing worse
Than what we 'd take as our alloy ?

This duty done, the next to hail
Are blessings scorned or thrown away,
As pride may prompt, or folly spurn,
Or reason in its sway may fail,
And thus our highest trust betray
Ere we its plainest dictates learn.

With love of knowledge all inspire—
That fountain of morality !
May all drink deeply of its streams,
And as they drink yet more desire
In prospect of mortality—
Thus turning all from vicious schemes.

To all thy fond endearments yield,
 Nor give a pang where love may sway
 But lead us all by love of thee;
 To truth and virtue be a shield
 To render smooth life's stormy way
 While sailing o'er its dubious sea.

May Temperance guide our bark along
 O'er the full tide of prosperous life,
 That no rude blast may raise alarm
 When adverse Fortune strikes her gong.
 Then Fortitude shall stay all strife
 And all the Furies shall disarm.

Those halcyon days of time expired
 When nought of sorrow did I know,¹
 As fresh in fancy as in fact
 And full of magic once inspired,
 Shall prove a balm for every woe
 Though tossed by grief or suffering racked.

But much I fear that pleasure's round
 May breed a selfish, thoughtless life
 Exuberant with boyish glee
 While blessings unalloyed abound.
 T' were well, I ween, if not so rife,
 And more of trouble I might see.

Adversity is honor's post,
 And he that towers above his grief
 And Cato-like maintains the truth,
 The God Who tries him honors most ;
 And hapless he who 's no relief
 From ceaseless pleasures of his youth.

XXI. (6)

While musing thus, came TOUCH-ME-NOT
 Snapping at all the fairy host,
 And side by WILD-OATS took its stand.
 OATS pricked its sides—when such a rout
 IMPATIENS ne'er before could boast
 As then befell its magic wand.

“What means,” says Oats, “this hurly-burly?”—
 Smoothing its beard with slyest skill ;
 But Touch-me-not stood firm its ground
 Till Oats grew bold and rather surly—
 For all the Flowers opposed its will
 And no excuse at all was found.

A Council held — they all agreed
That Oats in mischief far excelled
And often thwarted all their views —
In Council, then, it was decreed
That OATS henceforth should be expelled,
And TOUCH-ME-NOT should spread the news.

BOTANICAL NAMES OF THE PLANTS WHICH COMPOSE THE
ALLEGORICAL GROUP.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. THE ROSE | <i>Rosa Vulgaris.</i> |
| 2. MORNING-GLORY. | <i>Convolvulus Sepium.</i> |
| 3. WILLOW-HERB. | <i>Spirœa Salicifolia.</i> |
| 4. ORCHIS. | <i>Orchis Fimbriata.</i> |
| 5. WILD LILY. | <i>Lilium Canadense.</i> |
| 6. GOLDEN-ROD. | <i>Solidago Canadensis.</i> |
| 7. TREE PRIMROSE. | <i>Oenothera Biennis.</i> |
| 8. DOG'S-BANE. | <i>Apocynum Cannabinum.</i> |
| 9. VERVAIN. | <i>Verbena Hastata.</i> |
| 10. MAD-DOG-SCULL-CAP. | <i>Scutellaria Lateriflora.</i> |
| 11. ENCHANTER'S NIGHT-SHADE. | <i>Cirœea Alpina.</i> |
| 12. BITTER-SWEET. | <i>Solanum Dulcamara.</i> |
| 13. VIRGIN'S-BOWER. | <i>Clematis Virginica.</i> |
| 14. LOOSE-STRIPE. | <i>Lysimachia Ciliata.</i> |
| 15. ARROW-HEAD. | <i>Sagittaria Sagittifolia.</i> |
| 16. HEAL-ALL. | <i>Prunella Pennsylvanica.</i> |
| 17. SNAKE'S-HEAD. | <i>Chelone Glabra.</i> |
| 18. STEEPLE-BUSH. | <i>Spirœa Tomentosa.</i> |
| 19. CARDINAL-FLOWER. | <i>Lobelia Cardinalis.</i> |
| 20. LIFE-EVERLASTING. | <i>Gnaphalium Plantagineum.</i> |
| 21. TOUCH-ME-NOT. | <i>Impatiens Noli-tangere.</i> |

NOTES TO THE POEM.

IX. (1)

“The VERVAIN was employed by the ancients in religious ceremonies, and particularly by the Druids. The celebrity which the plant obtained without possessing one apparent quality, or presenting any mysterious character, to arrest the attention or excite the imagination, is, indeed, very extraordinary and unaccountable. Most nations venerated, esteemed, and used it. The ancients had their *verbenalia*, at which period the temples and frequented places were strewed and sanctified with vervain; and beasts for sacrifice and the altars were *verbenated*, the one filleted, the other strewed with the sacred herb. No incantation or lustration was perfect without the aid of the plant. It was in equal veneration among the Priests of Rome and Greece, the Druids of Gaul and Britain, and the Magi of India.” The spikes of the flowers are numerous, long, and very erect.

X. (2)

A “signature” to all has been.—An opinion once prevailed in medicine, called the “Doctrine of Signatures,” that plants possess certain physical peculiarities, either in the form of some of their parts, or their color, &c., which denoted their adaptations to diseases. Thus, the Mandrake (*Mandragora officinalis*) having a very large root cleft in two parts below, and two off-shoots above, with its low stem and leaves, resembles the human form. For this reason miraculous powers were ascribed to it. Josephus says that Solomon had such a plant, by which he drove away demons. Pliny gives directions how to dig it up.—The juice of the Celendine (*Chelidonium majus*), being yellow, was used in cases of jaundice. It is, or was lately, retained in the Edinburgh Pharmacopœia as an ingredient in a compound decoction for that disease. And so of Liverwort (*Hepatica triloba*), from the shape and color of the leaves.—The seed-vessel of the *Mad-dog-scall-cap* resembles a helmet; and hence the application of this plant to disease, under the “Doctrine of Signatures.”

XI. (3)

ENCHANTER'S NIGHT-SHADE (*Circea alpina*), from *Circe*, the famous enchantress, in mythology; in reference to the fruit of this plant, which is covered with hooked prickles that lay hold of the clothes of passengers, as Circe is fabled to have done by her enchantments.

XVI. (4)

"*All-circumspicient* HEAL-ALL *watched*." This low plant has a large cylindrical head studded all around with florets, of purple and white, which may be supposed to have the office here assigned to them; and perhaps this was the origin, under the doctrine of "Signatures," of the supposed virtues of the plant as a panacea.

XX. (5)

LIFE-EVERLASTING (*Gnaphalium plantagineum*). A hardy, herbaceous plant, which, like many others of the genus, retains permanently its natural appearance after being killed by frost. It presents, therefore, all the appearance of life in the midst of rigorous winter. Hence its popular name.

XXI. (6)

TOUCH-ME-NOT (*Impatiens noli-tangere*). When the seed-vessel of this plant is slightly touched, it bursts with violence, and scatters itself and seeds with such instantaneousness as to startle the young.

Note a.—HOURS (*Horæ*). The three Sisters, Eunomia, Dice, and Irene, who were the same as the *Seasons* that presided over spring, summer, and winter, and are represented by Homer and other Poets as opening the gates of Heaven and of Olympus.

Note b.—Those scions of infidelity known as *clairvoyance* and *spirit-rappings* were spreading widely in the community. The pretended raising of the dead, and audible conferences with them, grew out of the former novelty, and supplies a remarkable instance of the force of habit in relation to credulity as distinguished from Faith. The impostors, in both the cases, were numerous, and their victims multitudinous.

Note c.—ELIZABETH W. PAINE, who died at the age of two years and four months; and ELIJAH PAINE, who lived about two weeks.

S U P P L E M E N T A R Y .



SINCE the foregoing Essays were printed, others of an early date have been discovered, which are distinguished by the same religious and moral sentiment; and, as the manuscript of the following will be bound with the folio volume (see page 458), it is accordingly printed with the Memoir. It is without date, but the handwriting and orthography show it to have been a very early production, however it may be thought to denote a greater maturity of mind. But, it is far less an object with his Parents to set forth any precociousness of the Youth, than to illustrate his disposition and principles; and this, they have supposed, is what will most interest the reader. The Theme which follows is upon a subject that governed all his opinions and conduct throughout his life. The same delicate regard for the right, the same spirit of charity and forgiveness, as appears in the Theme, mellowed all his thoughts and actions. His forbearance and his friendships were the same as manifested by

David when the grave had covered a foe and a brother—
“Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
and in their death they were not divided. Ye daughters of
Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you,” &c. His unfailing
rule of action was—“Judge not, that ye be not judged; for,
with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged, and with
what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again.” He
took the Injunctions and the Revelations of Scripture as he
found them, and left the rest to Heaven.

THEME—ARTICLE LXIV.*

“‘JUSTICE.’

“Justice is the disposition of doing the same to every person in the same condition, whether friend or foe. For instance; suppose two persons were convicted of the same degree of theft, the one to be a bitter enemy, and the other a very intimate friend of the Judge who is about to pronounce sentence; it would be very unjust in him to condemn his enemy to prison a longer time than his friend, or to grant the latter more privileges than the former. It would only be right for him to condemn them according to the greatness of the offence, without

* Two Theses are numbered XIII.

any regard either to hostility or friendship, for then mercy and justice should reign ; mercy towards his enemy, to suppress the anger that might be kindled in his bosom by his dislike for him, as thus he might be induced to pronounce a more severe punishment than his foe deserves, and justice towards his friend to quell the inclination that he might have to favor him. Again, suppose two men in the State of New-York to have been condemned for murder, the one to have been pious until within a few years of the murder, but the other to have been a scoundrel all the days of his life ; how unjust would it be in the Governor to delay the execution of one, because he had previously been a good man, and not of the other because he had always been wicked. He should only look at the offence for which they have been condemned, and not make the former righteousness of one to be a propitiation for his crime, for 'when the righteous man turneth away from his righteousness, and doeth that which is evil, his good works are not remembered with God.' If, then, this saying is so perfected with the Almighty, ought not, at least, some trace of it to be found in the creatures of His hand ?

“How merited was the royal and godlike epithet of the Just by Aristides, who wished rather to be just than to appear so, and who opposed both friendship and favor, resentment and hatred, in behalf of what was right. Was it not he, who, on one occasion, when a criminal had been accused, and the Judges were unwilling to hear his defence, stood forth and prayed

them that the prisoner might be *allowed to speak for himself*, and to enjoy all the privileges of the laws; and, at all times did he not strenuously exert himself to have justice done to his fellow-beings? His title was royal, because it was one above all others that man could acquire, and godlike, because Justice was one of the great Attributes of God; for by that He has ruled, by that He rules, and by that He will judge all the world.

ROBERT TROUP PAINE."



Your ever affectionate
Mother
Mary Ann Fairie.

POSTSCRIPT.

BEFORE the printing of this Memoir was completed, one of the Biographers was restored to the Child who had been so recently withdrawn from her affections. She died on the 10th of January, 1852, of congestion of the brain, of about three weeks' duration, at the age of 53 years.*

* Mrs. Paine was the daughter of Ezra Weeks, Esq., a distinguished Architect in this City, and who, for many years, took a very active part in promoting its various interests. Besides those which related to his particular avocation, he was, for a long period, one of the foremost in the Vestry of Trinity Church, where his counsels exerted great influence; for many years one of the most efficient Governors of the New-York Hospital; a member and liberal patron of the Academy of Fine Arts; a member of the Lyceum of Natural History; Vice-President of the New England Society; the first President of the Dry Dock Bank, &c. Indeed there were very few public enterprises in which he did not participate actively. He enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the distinguished men of the City, Alexander Hamilton, Rufus King, Robert Troup, Fulton, &c. But what should be particularly noted was his inflexible probity, his indomitable industry and perseverance, and the piety of his latter years. But, most of all is the writer prompted, in making this brief sketch, by his sense of obligation to the Parent for the opportunities of education which he bestowed upon his children. Their intellectual culture was the leading object of his ambition till they became independent of his care. He died in the City of New-York in June, 1849, and his death was the immediate occasion of that display of alarm which may be seen in Robert's letters written at that time, and which may have left a permanent impression upon his brain.

It remains for the husband to pay no ordinary tribute to her memory; for it would be difficult to find an example of greater intellectual and moral excellence. To a mind of the highest order, accomplished by the best advantages of education, reaching to the Latin, French, and Italian Classics, and an ardent devotion to science, literature, and painting, there was united the inexpressible charm of all the domestic virtues, which rendered her a fountain of usefulness and happiness to her family. No mother was ever more watchful and devoted, no wife ever more conducive to the well-being of a husband. Although the subject of unceasing infirmity of health for more than twenty years, and often during that long period suffering violent attacks of bilious remittent fever, few women, if any, have been more useful within the domestic circle. Her devotion to her children was, indeed, natural for a benevolent and cultivated mind; but the husband feels it difficult to express the constant sacrifices which she made, especially of health, to facilitate his pursuits, and how much he was thus aided in his avocations. She accompanied him in many of his scientific labors, not only from an earnest sympathy, but from a love of philosophy. And here it may be said, that these inquiries were the more inviting to her as they constantly opened to her admiring view an accumulating proof, and a deeper realization, of the dependence of all things upon an Infinitely Beneficent and Almighty Being. She had been taught that "a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to infidelity, but that depth in philos-

ophy bringeth man's mind about to Religion; for, while the mind of man looketh upon the second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them and go no farther, but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity;" and she was early admonished by such observers as Bacon, that, "learned times, especially with peace and prosperity, are most conducive to infidelity; for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to Religion."

Another conspicuous trait of her character was an elegant refinement of taste. This led her to the perusal of the best literature, and to avoid the frivolous. It was also manifested in a great admiration of Nature, especially the beautiful or sublime. Her pencil was ever active in delineating the scenery which met her view in her many journeys in the Northern States; and the series of landscapes, and hamlets, and villages, which were thus depicted, formed, as it were, a continuous journal of her travels. Her skill in this respect was also tributary to useful purposes, among which there remain nearly two hundred paintings of the vegetable *Materia Medica*, executed in beautiful style and on an enlarged scale, for the assistance of her husband in that branch of his professorship. She rendered him, also, invaluable aid in reading and comparing with him all the proof-sheets of his publications, and by her critical remarks, and her sound judgment. There seemed, indeed, no end to this kind of labor, for she generally read over the proofs

as often as four or five times to insure at least typographical accuracy ; and she may be almost said to have died with those of her Son's Memoir in her hand. It is truly observed in a letter of condolence from one of her friends to her husband — "How beautifully has she used her own accomplishments for the furtherance of your interests, and how cheerfully turned she from her own pursuits to identify herself with yours. She had one single dream, and that of you. Every thing else was secondary and subordinate to that one idea." Her parental devotion was not less unceasing, and, as Robert says of the bees (page 35), when her children wept she wept.

Such, then, being her occupations, she had no leisure for pursuits which she might have carried to a degree of excellence that would have placed her memory upon the scroll of Fame. Her enjoyments were limited to these pursuits, and to such as were incidental to them ; and although a great sufferer from disease, and with an allotment of sorrow beyond the average experience, she regarded the past as having been crowded with blessings, and among her last words was a grateful tribute to a World which is designed in the best possible manner to introduce us to Eternity — that "her life had been a happy one." It cannot be said of her that, "In the day of affliction there was no more remembrance of prosperity." This was due as well to the fortitude with which she bore adversity as to the gratification of her fondest hopes ; and she realized, therefore, that the former is the greatest temporal blessing of the Chris-

tian Dispensation, as distinguished from the prosperity of the Old Testament by its moral and religious tendencies.

She was as much an advocate of mental culture as her Son represents himself in some of his Essays, and encouraged ambition in its pursuit of honorable fame. She saw that a principle so universal must be deeply founded in the great ends of Providence, and she saw, too, its exemplifications of usefulness throughout the history of mankind; and, in the language of Robert, "that the good which is done by one and another may never cease to be useful and to increase with its age," and that, "although man is as a shadow that passeth away, he leaves something behind him of imperishable value, or, on the other hand, inflicts and perpetuates the greatest evils upon his race;" (page 407.) But she was also impelled by a belief that a virtuous fame will follow us to the future World in proportion to the good which posterity may derive from the labors by which reputation is gained. And herein she saw a motive for surviving friends to convert, as far as possible, the labors, and virtues, and worthy examples of the dead to the welfare of the living, as being likely to be registered in yet higher Mansions of Heaven in behalf of those who may be already there—something which may well take the place of the best intended supplications—something as consistent with Divine Justice and Mercy as it is agreeable to our own reason and benevolence. These sentiments flowed as well from her respect for industry as from her enlightened and amiable mind; and she repeatedly ejaculated

of her Son, that — “He died at his post!” But her most frequent expression of contentment was, that, from his childhood he prayed “particularly for faith and trust in God,” and that his prayers appeared to have been as fully answered as Solomon’s desire for wisdom. (Page 17.)

Her voluminous letters to Robert during his four years at Harvard University, and many antecedently, are elegant specimens of epistolary writing, and abound with the noblest principles and great tenderness. It is to be regretted that a selection of these letters would add too much to the extent of this Work. The following, however, must not be excluded, as it was addressed to Robert on his 21st birth-day, while her pencil was engaged at the allegorical group of flowers, and Robert on his temporary absence. (Page 458.)

“WELLS’ BEACH, *August 10, 1850.*

“MY DEAR CHILD:—For such will you ever be to your Mother, although even now I am writing to commemorate your twenty-first birth-day. That you will be ever a child to me, neither the progress of years nor distance can alter, and that you will prove an affectionate Son, I know. The artificial distinction which the law establishes between a minor and one who has reached his birth-day of twenty-one, can have no connection with the tender relationship of Parent and Child. Whatever their relative ages, the feelings of each to the other

must remain the same ; the bond of affection must still continue unbroken and without diminution. I congratulate you most sincerely, my dear Robert, that you have reached this period with reputation unsullied, with character for all the virtues and all the attainments suitable to your years, in the opinion, not only of the world at large, but of those who know you and are interested in your welfare, and above all in the eyes of your nearest and your dearest. Your every good quality is cherished deeply in our hearts as an earnest of future good and respectability. The point that you have already attained is a foundation upon which to raise a superstructure whose summit may reach to a height yet unthought of. With so firm and broad a base, upon yourself now depends the fashion, style, and quality of what may hereafter be erected ; and, in looking around me, nowhere do I see one in whose power lies such a vast amount of materials to give solidity and usefulness and adornment to the edifice. That all these various parts, so adapted to each other, and so easily combined to construct one harmonious whole, shall be allowed to waste by their gifted Proprietor, I cannot for one moment anticipate, when the reverse of the picture presents such a glowing aspect, beaming with the brightness of cultivated talent, triumphant genius, high principle, and unfeigned Religion. Let the picture I am contemplating be your heraldic device, be your coat-of-arms. With it, you may defy the changes of fortune ; for the frowns of the world you could never then have. With it, wherever your lot may be cast in

the civilized world, you will command respect, attention, and be the esteemed among men.

“ Good resolutions, I have no doubt, have had a share in your thoughts this day, although solitary in the middle of Lake Umbagog. We were happy to learn from your letters that you were finding so much pleasure, and particularly that you were ‘as happy as a clam.’ Continue to keep us informed of your adventures, and let us have time to see you a little more before the Term commences. Pa’s health has improved much. He writes, also, to-day. I am improving daily, and find it still very pleasant. Be careful, dear, how you risk yourself in leaky boats, &c. &c. &c. All you know here are constantly inquiring after you.

“ Good-bye, my dear Son, and may Heaven preserve you to the comfort of your affectionate

“ MOTHER.”

The following unfinished letter will serve, also, as another specimen of her habitual mode of addressing her Son, and will be interesting, perhaps useful, for the reflections it may awaken. She had already written him a long letter the same week, and wrote the following on Saturday, the day of his death; but, from feebleness of health, she laid it aside for completion on Monday. Before, however, she could resume it on that day, and while sitting for her portrait as a memorial for her Son, the

news of the bereavement involved the letter in the common wreck of the "imagination which are there shadowed forth of what will be."

"NEW-YORK, *March 8, 1851.*

"DEAR ROBERT:—As I feel a sort of yearning to write you, I may as well indulge it;* particularly as I am alone, and have been thinking much of you to-day—thinking how pleasant it would be to have you coming in occasionally. But that time will come, and my imaginations are but the shadowing forth of what will be.

"I have been amusing myself in reading Mrs. Osgood's poetry. It is very beautiful. There is a little piece called the 'Language of Gems,' from which I must quote a couple of verses.

"'The diamond emblem of Genius would seem
In its glance like the lightning, wild, fitful, divine;
Its point that can pierce with a meteor-gleam,
Its myriad colors, its shadow and shine.'

"'And more in that magic, so dazzling and strange;
Let it steal from Apollo but one sunny ray,
It will beam back a thousand that deepen and change,
Till you fancy a rainbow within it at play."

* This is singularly expressive of an undefinable solicitude which was awakened by the several little incidents mentioned at page 147, and is one of those internal proofs of an anxiety which it was as impossible to describe as it was to assign the cause; nor was any allusion to it made to the Father.

"I never met with a more beautiful idea than that contained in the last line. It is worthy of being treasured up.

"Much variety, originality, and fancy, combined with great delicacy and purity of thought, constitute the charm of these pieces. This writer was the wife of Mr. Osgood, who is painting my portrait. She died last year. The portrait has been seen and approved by your Father and Uncle. I much wish, whenever you see Mrs. —, that you would inquire if she has any knowledge of Mr. C—— O——, the painter, who has your Father's portrait. In that way you may get some clue to it. If you should hear any thing of it, I should like to know it."

The writer draws reluctantly to a close. He has endeavored to limit himself in this Notice of the deceased to the privilege afforded by her connection with the Memoir of their Son, while, also, an opportunity is supplied of exhibiting the advantages which the Son enjoyed in the never failing watchfulness and example of one who was peculiarly qualified for the responsible duties of a mother.

The ten months which intervened between the death of her Son and her own were spent in cherishing his memory, and in a happy preparation for the great end of her faith. She had been from early life a communicant in the Episcopal Church, and was thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures. This became at once a fountain of great solace; for her faith in all

Revelation was as perfect as in her own existence. Grievous, therefore, as was the bereavement, it was received in great submission, and yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness. It was an unusual wreck of earthly hopes, which rendered her quiet resignation an affecting display of the power of Religion. These consolations, and the fullest conviction that the last act of her Son would not be imputed to him, but that he would be as ever the delight of her soul where no care or sorrow will disturb the happiness of their mutual love, bore her along without the usual bitterness of so great an affliction, and enabled her, therefore, to look forward to an early death, not with the despair of grief, but with the bright hope of a Christian spirit. She indulged her imagination in all the prospective enjoyments of a future life which are so happily portrayed by Addison; and she had but one regret, and that was as deep as it was disinterested. But, in view of Eternity, her "sweetest canticle was — *nunc dimittis*."

The following letter, addressed to the Survivor while he was attending his venerable Mother* at Haverhill, in her last

* The writer cannot again pass this name without expressing his deep emotions of reverence and gratitude. Next to his Parents, she was the most valued of Robert's friends; and this note is in part designed to illustrate his veneration for virtuous old age. His ardent attachment to her appeared to increase with her years. He made her frequent visits, of forty miles from the University; and this was mostly his recreation in Term time, and frequently in vacations. (Pages 65, 149.) She died as she

and fatal sickness, and displaying confidentially the deep recesses of the heart, may be an appropriate seal to this Memoir.

“NEW-YORK, *May 26, 1857.*”

“MY DEAR HUSBAND:—“Although you may not receive this letter before you shall have left Haverhill, it is an alleviation to my loneliness to write. I wish, too, to put upon record some things that have occurred to my mind. When I read the Bible, and as I read each one of its beautiful precepts, every time the conviction comes up that Robert kept this one; then another—and also this, I say; then that; and this, I will say to myself, he was most particular in regarding; then another—ah, here, I say again, we see the cause of such and such actions and opinions, as they manifested themselves from time to time. Not six verses can one read but his Image comes forward to say—*Did I not fulfil that Command, or adopt that Precept?* Never is a sentiment to be found that is holy, or an elevated

had lived, exemplifying the Christian spirit in its loftiest sense. With a highly intellectual and accomplished mind, and devoted to history and polite literature, her whole life was distinguished by habits of useful industry. She had no moments of idleness, even in her latest days; and her labors were especially directed to the well-being of her family. One trait may be particularly stated, as unfolding the general constitution of her mind; in which she exemplified remarkably the union of great fortitude with great sensibility. She could have borne any calamity of life without failing, as the performance of a duty; and yet she told the writer just before her death, that she had never been able to read the Parable of the Prodigal Son from beginning to end at one perusal, having always found its pathos peculiarly affecting.

thought, of which we can say—*herein* was Robert deficient. I feel, as it were, when I read, as if I had become Robert's Conscience—trying him by the high standard of Holy Writ; but never do I find him wanting. How beautiful is this! Is it not worth a thousand years—for, 'an unspotted life is old age'—'for his soul pleased the Lord, therefore hastened He to take him away.'

"I thought to-day, although it was a sad indulgence, I would go up into Robert's room among his books. I thought I would more fully realize having him near me by going there. The place is becoming sacred. I feel as if no person should enter there but such as reverence Robert; and no one does, for I keep it locked. The place possesses a sanctity which I intend shall not be violated while I live. I found one volume of his Sunday records—texts, the Preachers' names, their remarks condensed, and often criticisms. No California gold-hunter ever seized a large lump of the precious ore more eagerly than I do these testimonials of himself. They seem to exist in all that he has left. Do not think, dear Doctor, I am very sad because I have thus written. Not so. I feel thankful that the Lord thus took him under His special care; that he was thus ripe for Heaven.

"Your affectionate wife,

"MARY ANN."

Since the completion of this Memoir, the following Letters, addressed by Robert to Mr. S——, of Township Letter B, in Maine, (see page 458,) have been kindly forwarded by Mr. S——, and they are added to illustrate still farther the remarkable amiability and affectionate disposition of one whose heart could be thus permanently influenced by a very temporary experience of kindness and honesty in the solitudes of humble life. He boarded with Mr. S—— one week, according to a letter from Mr. S—— to his Father. These letters to a stranger serve, also, to show the deep sincerity of that refined sentiment, and the elevated feeling, which pervade many of his Theses, and how naturally it flowed from his pen on all occasions; as in Articles 2, 3, 5, 35.

The Letter to which reference is made at page 458 was not among the number forwarded by Mr. S——. The others will be included in the folio volume.

ROBERT TO MR. S——.

“ BOSTON, *October 5, 1850.*

“ DEAR FRIEND:—It was with much pleasure that I received your letter of the 3d September, which, however, did not come to my hand until about two weeks after date; as I was not in Boston till that time. I am pleased to hear that you are all so well, and Charley and Sis have escaped the rash which was prevalent when I was there.

“ I should like, most exceedingly, to be with you, and should certainly go and spend a month or more, if I possibly could. I am very much engaged, and shall be so for some time to come. At Thanksgiving I shall be at leisure a few days, but as the time will be so short, I really do not know as I shall think it worth while to visit you until I can have a longer time to enjoy myself. I may, however, go; if so, I will probably write you beforehand as to the precise time.

"I have been to hear Jenny Lind. The only description I can give of her singing is to say, that it is perfectly wonderful. She may well be called the 'Queen of Song.' (Page 48.)

"What lovely weather we have had! I do not remember so beautiful a fall for many years.

"Remember me kindly to your wife, and kiss Charley and Sis for me. Also remember me particularly to Mr. G—— and any inquiring friends. So for the present, 'good-bye.'

"Your affectionate friend,

"ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

"P. S.—Do not forget that beautiful name for your town — *Vinooski*."

"BOSTON, *November 16, 1850.*

"DEAR FRIEND:—It is with much regret that I write that I shall not be able to visit you the coming Thanksgiving. It would not be possible to leave here until Tuesday night, Nov. 26th, and should be obliged to be back the next Monday. I should therefore have only a day or two at the Lake, which would not be worth the journey nor the expense.

"I had promised myself much pleasure at your fireside; but I shall be obliged to defer it until a future day, when I can have much longer time to stay.

"We have had a glorious Fall. The weather has been extremely mild and pleasant almost all the season. It is rather cool here at present; but I suppose that you have snow at the Lake.

"Remember me kindly to your wife and Mr. G——, and all inquiring friends, if there be any such. Kiss Charley and Sis.

Hoping that you are all in the enjoyment of good health, I remain

"Your affectionate friend,

"ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

"P. S.—I suppose before long I shall be able to direct to 'Vinooski,' instead of Letter B. I wrote you a letter in October, acknowledging the receipt of your kind letter of Sept 3d."

The next letter was from the Natural Bridge, Va., from whence he wrote two others, about three weeks before his death. (Pages 62, 126.) It explains some remarks in the letter of Mr. S—— relative to Spring, at page 459.

"NATURAL BRIDGE, VA., Feb. 11, 1851.

"DEAR FRIEND:—I have at last found my way to one of the greatest curiosities of the world. The Natural Bridge is situated little south of the centre of Virginia. The stage-road goes over it. You approach it from the top of a hill, and in descending the hill you cross the bridge. When you are on it, you would not know that it is a bridge; for, although you look down into a vast ravine on one side, yet there are rocks and trees on the other, so that you appear more to be upon the side of a hill. But, go below, and you have one of the most stupendous scenes you can imagine. On both sides you have the wild abyss, winding its way until it loses itself among the surrounding hills, while overhead is the magnificent arch of rock, 90 feet long and 80 feet wide, stretching over the fearful chasm at a distance of 215 feet above the creek which rolls at your feet. It is, indeed, one of the wonders of the world!

"Since I left home I have also visited Weyer's Cave, about 80 miles from here. This contains twenty-three rooms, and

extends under ground 1600 feet. When I see you I can give you a description of it.

"I have also visited the Warm Springs, and the Hot Springs, in this State. They are both situated in glens of the Alleghany mountains, five miles apart. The temperature of the water of the Warm Springs is 98°. The largest bath is a round basin seven or eight feet deep, and 40 feet in diameter, which is always full. Perhaps nowhere else in the world can be seen such a quantity of heated water. It is an astonishing sight! The water of the Hot Springs is 106° degrees, and will boil an egg. The volume of water, however, is not near so large as at the Warm. One hundred yards from the spouts of hot water there is a cold spring.

"We have had a very mild winter this way, and to-day I found a wild violet. What would you think in Maine of a wild violet in February!

"Remember me particularly to Mr. G——. Also to your wife and Charley, and kiss Sis for me.

"I remain your friend and well wisher,

" ROBERT TROUP PAINE.

"P. S.—It would give me great pleasure to hear from you, and if you have time, I hope you will direct a few lines to me at 386 Fourth-street, New-York.

"Have you named your town? If so, I hope you have called it *Vinooski*."

ERRATA — SUPPLEMENTARY.

Page 458, ninth line from top, for *October* read *August*.

" 518, fourth line from top, for 1852 read 1851.

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*At a Special Meeting of the President and Fellows of Harvard
College in Boston, January 21, 1854,*

THE President represented that Robert Troup Paine, of the Class of 1851, having almost completed his College Course, died suddenly, thereby disappointing the confident hopes which the early promise of his genius and character had awakened; that degrees are often conferred on students who have not remained in College so long as he did; that it is the earnest wish of the Classmates of Paine, that his name should be inserted in its place with theirs in the Triennial Catalogue; that this favor has been granted before in respect to one who did not live to graduate with his class: and, finally, that it would be highly gratifying to his father.—He now asks that he may see the name of his only son enrolled with his own and those of his father and grandfather among the sons of Harvard, that this remembrance of him, at least, may be left upon the earth. Whereupon it was

Voted, That, with the consent of the Board of Overseers, the name of ROBERT TROUP PAINE, conformably to the foregoing request, be inserted in the next Triennial Catalogue.

*At the Annual Meeting of the Board of Overseers of Harvard
College, in the Senate Chamber, Boston, January 26, 1854,*

The question of concurring with the Corporation in the
above vote being put to that Board was decided unanimously
in the affirmative.

[Copied from the Records.]

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