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BATTLE OF THRASIMENE.

On the evening before the legions of Rome encountered their terrible enemy for the third time since his descent from the Alps, the sun, as it seemed, sunk down in a sea of blood.

Wearily, from the first streakings of the morning, had the legionaries toiled on through dust and fatigue and thirst, and all the while the sun shot down his fervours upon them un-pityingly. The heavens were remarkably free from clouds, not a speck dotted the solemn blue that stretched and gleamed above—not a fragment of straggling vapour could the eye detect on the deep, still surface that overhung them through all that weary day. Upon the villages through which their march lay, there seemed to have settled a mysterious dread of the coming. The awful scene which was so soon to follow upon the footsteps of the night had thrown out its ominous shadow before it, threatening and cold, and shut up men's hearts and mouths. The warm sunlight had no power to dispel it—it was there—it was a shadow to be felt, it lay upon men's souls; it was the shadow of Death. Both animate and inanimate nature seemed to have inhaled the infection of the hour; the invisible terror which hung like lead upon the air; the incipient rush of blood, the precursive crash of ruin. It seized upon the birds among the branches

increase of the head, the tragic actors wore a high boot, called a buskin ; comedians wore a lower shoe, called a sock. The body and limbs were also filled out with padding. All plays, whether comic or tragic, were accompanied with dancing and music ; concerning which antiquaries have been unable to assert any very satisfactory particulars.

A SCHOOLMASTER.

NIL ADMIRARI.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—

I am much pleased to observe the great improvement in your person and manners since we met last year. There is in fact but one fault which I think requires correction, and to point out which I venture to address you. I mean the juvenile and vulgar habit of appearing to admire what you see and hear. I am sure you will believe me when I state as the result of a pretty long experience, that nothing in the world is more unfriendly to a genteel dignity. If delicacy would permit me to refer to my own case more fully, I might easily enforce my precept by example. I think it, however, more becoming to refer to that of others in the way of warning. I cannot express to you how much I have been shocked at the increase of this ignoble habit even among persons of some education and refinement. It is no uncommon thing to see well dressed young men and women, who are visiting the cities, actually staring at the public buildings, and even expressing admiration of them. The same thing may, more rarely, be observed at church, where nothing can be more inelegant than to give fixed attention to the preacher. But perhaps the most absurd exemplification of this vulgar folly is afforded by the affectation of admiring Jenny Lind. You will hardly be able to believe that I have heard such a sentiment expressed more than once of late, of course by novices and rustics, for

no others would have so exposed themselves. In opposition to this growing evil, I can only tell what I do myself, and leave you to copy my example as far as you think proper. In church, when I appear there, which is not at all inelegant at proper intervals, I try to look as if I were considering how much better I could treat the subject than the preacher. When I go abroad, I find it advantageous to find fault with every thing that differs from my own habits and arrangements. If the handles of the knives and forks are green instead of white, I make it a point to look at them with a faint expression of sarcastic humour. If they burn wood, I praise coal, and vice versa. If they do not pronounce English as we do in Smithville, I ridicule them as provincials. If they do not eat molasses thrice a day, I complain of its absence; if they do I sicken at it. As to the cities, I invariably pass the most attractive objects without looking at them, or if forced by some officious friend to see them, I compare them with some corresponding object in South Smithville, taking care to give the latter the advantage. As to Jenny Lind, I laugh at the idea of her being superior to the leader of our choir. By practising this method, you will preserve your self-respect and at the same time draw a line between you and the vulgar.

SOLOMON CHESTERFIELD.

CARTHAGE.

Urbs antiqua fuit,
—dives opum, studiisque asperrima belli :

VIRGIL.

Carthage, thy arms shall terror-strike no more,
Nor time, nor change thy fallen pride restore !
Where sat the mighty and convened the great
In solemn council and in high debate,
No more the lofty arch and gleaming wall
Echo the stern command, the quick footfall.