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A VISIT TO THE OLD HOUSE.

I had not revisited the home of my boyhood for forty years. It was moonlight, when I alighted from the stage-coach, within sight of the house in which I was born; and though I had determined to postpone my visit until the next day, there were some distant glimpses of towering elms and piles of building, which brought a world of recollections back upon me, and sent me to bed to dream all night of broken scenes from my boyish history. Ah! how deep are those impressions which are made in the child's soul while he is thinking only of his present sports and passing troubles!

Business of a more common-place and sordid character occupied me, among papers and receipt-books, till noon. I then prepared myself for a solitary visit to the home of my fathers; and I chose to approach it by the rear. Between the old garden and the river was a meadow. I had rolled in it, among the dandelions and buttercups, a thousand times: but the old nurse, who had been to me a mother, was long since dead. The cool clear spring was in the place where I left it; and the rill which wandered from it into the river was marked by an edging of greener grass. The fragrant mint along its borders came to my sense with associations of

Without the brute's ferocity ;  
 In the inexorable doom  
     That shut thee from thy sire's embrace,  
 The jealousy and settled gloom,  
     That stamp thy brow, thy life, thy race,  
 And in the ruin, blood and rack,  
 Which follow in thy warrior's track,  
     Ours is a lesson solemn, deep,  
 Earth's meanest children ne'er to spurn,—  
     What hidden good within may sleep  
 We know not, or what passions burn,  
 Which, roused by scorn, neglect or hate,  
 May raze a city, whelm a state,  
 And make earth's Edens desolate,  
 But curbed in meekness, taught in love,  
 May rise all base delights above,  
 And shed, where only brambles grew,  
 Myrtle and roses and sweet dew.

T. H.

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### SOMETHING NEW.

Who is not pleased with novelty, at least at times and in a moderate degree? Who does not weary of perpetual sameness? We confess that we do. It may seem an affectation of fastidiousness; but really we do begin to feel as if there may be too much of a good thing, even in the talk and written style of our contemporaries. Will they be offended if we venture to suggest, that one or two of their most hackneyed words and phrases are just beginning, in the slightest degree possible, to pall upon us, as a little, a very little touched or mouldy; that the most sublime quotation or original conception is perceptibly the worse for wear upon its thousandth repetition?

Far from us be the vulgarity and cruelty of making this most disagreeable suggestion, without trying to assuage the pain which it must necessarily inflict upon our amiable friends and neighbours. No, their bane and antidote are both before them. Our express design is to present them, out of our exhaustless store, with an assortment of new terms, to supply the places of the tritcal banalities which we are quite resolved to bear no longer. We have made arrangements for supplying the most ravenous demands hereafter; but at present we propose to tempt the public appetite by baiting a short paper with a few choice samples, adapted to the wants of certain classes "in our midst."

As charity is well known to begin at home, our first suggestion is addressed to editors, contributors, and correspondents of all literary journals; in a word to critics. We have often felt for this unhappy class when we have seen them forced to use precisely the same thread-bare terms in puffing every new book that they get for nothing. Let them at once abandon their old stereotype phrases and amaze their gentle readers by the utterance of "something new." For example, would it not be an agreeable surprise to the poor jaded public, if the critic should occasionally dispose of a whole batch of unreadables by slyly representing them as "books that are books?" The startling novelty of the expression, whether properly applied or not, might act as a galvanic shock upon the paralysed susceptibilities of all who heard it. Such a shock, however, could not safely be repeated with much frequency, and therefore we would recommend the intermediate use of novelties more sedative and soothing, such as the remark that "this book ought to be on every desk and centre-table in the country." As a suitable accompaniment to these healthful innovations on the common style of puffing, the judicious critic might replace the usual unmeaning epithets of praise by others which have never been employed, though really significant and striking, such as "chaste," "vivid," "thrilling," "truthful."

As our plan is not to satisfy, but to stimulate the public curiosity by piquant specimens of these exciting novelties, we now pass from the critic to the politician, and suggest that as the season of elections is at hand, there is an obvious necessity for "something new" in the concoction of effective editorials, stump speeches, circulars, and handbills. As the old forms are perfectly worn out, the party which secures a new one may obtain a material advantage over its competitors. Reserving for a subsequent disclosure certain new forms of abuse and obloquy, by which an opponent may be blackened much more thoroughly and rapidly than in the old way, we beg leave to inquire whether something might not be accomplished by infusing a poetical spirit into party politics; for instance by personifying states and counties, describing them as in the most extraordinary attitudes, applying epithets apparently the most incongruous, and seasoning the whole with expressions of affectionate endearment, so grotesquely misplaced when expended on the "masses," and especially the masses while around the "polls," that the entire public must explode with laughter at so capital and new an entertainment, though disposed perhaps at first to doubt the sanity of those who have provided it. What a pleasing change would be effected, for example, in our barbarous electioneering dialect, if some bold editor or demagogue should break the ice by announcing the result of some little meeting or election in this new and taking form

**"VEALBURG WIDE AWAKE!"**

**"OLD MCGILLICUDDYTOWN ERECT!"**

Especially might this effect be looked for, if the attribute of age were ascribed to some new county, town, or district, hardly conscious of its separate existence, and as yet entirely incompetent to walk or even stand alone. We are perfectly aware that such a stride as this, in advance of all existing usages, would call for "triple brass," as Horace says, in him who took it; and as that particular amount of the appropriate

metal may be scarce among our modest politicians, whether Pharisees or Sadducees, we recommend, as a preliminary feeling of the public pulse, the introduction of quotations from existing poets, the success of which would naturally pave the way for more original experiments, while their failure would hurt nobody but some old bard either forgotten or immortalized for ages. In all such cases Shakspeare turns up first. But alas, all Shakspeare has been quoted long ago. Such at least is no doubt the opinion of the reader, and we cannot blame him for indulging it as we did till the bright thought struck us of examining the "Whole Works" of the "Swan of Avon," for the purpose of ascertaining, once for all, whether any and if any what amount of quotation was still left in the exhausted playwright. We defy the world to guess at the result of this laborious investigation, nor do we mean, just now, to tell. Let the world be satisfied with knowing, for the present, that we did succeed in digging out one long forgotten passage, so beautiful and striking in itself, and so peculiarly appropriate to all elections, that we almost think it an interpolation by some highly gifted caucus or committee; and we altogether think that it will make the fortune of the candidate in whose cause it is first employed. With this new discovered gem of electioneering poetry, which cannot fail, as soon as it is read or heard, to conjure up the whole scene of a "polls," with the accompanying sights and sounds. We conclude this paper, well assured that it will more than pay its own expenses by the smashing sale of our December number. It is as follows:

**"HANG OUT OUR BANNERS ON THE OUTWARD WALLS.  
THE CRY IS STILL, THEY COME!"**

**MACBETH.**