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THE
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THE MINOR WORKS OF DOCTOR JOHNSON.

Johnson, as is familiarly known, was a copious writer for the old fashioned English magazines, from a very early date. Many of his contributions, including some of his characteristic and perhaps invented reports of parliamentary debates, are now undistinguishable in the mass; but a number of his hackney pieces have been collected and made public. His fondness for biography, of which he was to become the most noted subject in modern times, was early remarkable. Not to speak of his 'Lives of the Poets,' which we exclude, as belonging to his greater productions, there are a number of truly valuable sketches, which retain all the importance they ever possessed. Such are his memoirs of Father Paul, of the prodigy Barretier, of the great navigators Blake and Drake, of the great physician Boerhaave and Sydenham, of Ascham, Sir Thomas Browne and Frederick the Great. These may now be read with much instruction. Their moral tone is high from the very first, and they abound in those sagacious observations on life and manners, which afterwards won for Johnson the name of the British Moralist. At the same time they are singularly free from that affected balance in the periods, which reached its maximum in the Rambler.

myself, that though many might be more learned, few had turned their knowledge into more happiness. To have a patriarch of this sort in a community, is a great blessing; adding to some of the pleasures of every class in life. Now that we are making a mighty stir about education, and bringing in new teachers, let me beg that the old ones be not forgotten. If such a one dwells among you, though long since laid aside from work, let his latter days be full of comfort. Old age values attention. Give more than a nod, at meeting, to the veteran master. Declining life needs cheering; enter his doors sometimes, with a respectful salutation. Drop a newspaper or a book in his way; send to him some token from your abundance. At any rate, suffer not the sunset of such a one to be suffused with a single cloud of want or disrespect.

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FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN SOUTH SMITHVILLE.

It is now some months since I undertook the disagreeable task of stating the causes of your failure to obtain the favour of our reading public. Another has since come to my knowledge, which I hasten to communicate. I mean the immethodical and random way in which your articles are put together. We are a very intelligent, smart people here, and like to see things done up in an intelligent, smart manner. But when we try to read your Magazine, our minds are thrown into confusion. The articles seem to have been drawn out of a hat, if not tossed up for. First a bit of prose, and then a bit of poetry; here something grave, and there something funny; it is really too bad to be endured any longer. One person does indeed pretend to like what he

calls the agreeable variety and natural arrangement of your numbers. But the rest of us know that this is all affectation, and that he would be as well pleased as ourselves to have the matter properly arranged. Indeed there is something quite absurd in the idea of a magazine without "departments." How are the children to get any good of it without a "Youth's Department?" And how are the ladies to get at the poetry when mixed up with so much other matter, instead of being all brought together in a "Poet's Corner?" Then there ought to be a "Serious Department" for Sundays, and a "Household Department" for receipts and nostrums. Instead of giving up these divisions, I would multiply them, and have a "Grandparents' Department," and a "Child-in-arms' Department," with directions how to crawl, creep, and take notice. There should also be a place set apart for Anecdotes, Prices Current, Murders, Marriages, Deaths, Original Essays, Elegant Extracts, Election Returns, Telegraphic News, Fashions, Meteorological Diary Answers to Correspondents, and Editor's Table. Who ever heard before of an Editor without a Table? I wonder you are not ashamed to show your face in such a destitute condition. Some of our good folks here are sadly at fault without any "Answers to Correspondents." My grand-aunt Patience feels a constant anxiety to know whether A. B. C. has been received, whether O. P. Q. will appear in the next, and whether X. Y. Z. is under consideration. When she used to read the old magazines in her youth, she always turned to that as the most interesting part. Indeed she would like to take a magazine made up entirely of Notes to Correspondents and letters of the alphabet, instead of Notes from Correspondents, or rather interminable letters from all quarters of the world. Another gross defect of which our people are disposed to complain is the want of pictorial illustrations. Do you think we are going to pay money for a parcel of dry reading without pictures? Why Harper has supplied the population of South Smithville with Pictorial

Bibles. Our poorest people save enough to buy one, so that now, when they read a chapter, they can see something nice or funny alongside of it. We have long had pictorial multiplication tables for the children, and we talk of calling on the ministers of all denominations (seventeen in number) to preach pictorial sermons or be turned off as unacceptable. They can easily hold up a card in one hand and make gestures with the other. Or the picture can be set up in the gallery for the people to look round at, as they do now at the singers. But as one picture would be tiresome, I propose to have a magic lantern going all the time of sermon. Yellow Ochre, the sign-painter, contracted to make pictures for the Shorter Catechism; but he stuck fast at the Chief End of Man. In the mean time, we have got so used to having pictures with our reading, that we cannot exactly understand the plainest style without them. In the newspapers it is some relief to look across at the woodcuts of houses for sale, and runaway apprentices with bundles in their hands, though I must own that I feel a little sameness since I found out that it is always the same house, boy, and bundle. What then must I feel when I try to read your numbers without any thing pictorial at all—not even a pictorial capital letter at the beginning of an article, as in the Picture-Bibles. This, with the absence of Departments, makes your magazine entirely unreadable, at least in South Smithville. The only copies ever sold here were got off by throwing in a picture of a man with a thin waist and a sky-blue coat, which had been cut out of the Tailor's Magazine for last year. Unless you can comply with these demands, I must resign my agency, and beg that you will send no more to my address.

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