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PRINCETON IN 1801.

In the spring of 1801 I passed through Princeton, on my way to New England, where I spent the summer. One object of my visit was to become acquainted with the flourishing colleges of the northern and eastern States; as many of the commencements as possible were therefore embraced in the tour. The failure of a horse in some degree frustrated the plan.

At Harvard, I had the pleasure of being introduced to President Willard, Professors Tappan, Pearson, and others. I was also able to attend the commencement at Dartmouth College. In passing from Massachusetts over the mountains of New Hampshire, I lodged within a few rods of the house of a farmer, the father of the Honourable Daniel Webster. The old gentleman came over to the tavern in the morning, and chatted for half an hour. Among other things he said that he had a son at Dartmouth, who was about to take his bachelor's degree. The father was large in frame, high-breasted and broad-shouldered, and, like his son, had heavy eyebrows. He was an affable man, of sound sense and considerable information, and expressed a wish that I might be

obtained in hours of ease, by those who bring little study to the onset, and who task neither themselves nor their hearers. It is very doubtful whether Dr. Johnson, the prince of debaters, or Coleridge, the enchanter in lofty disputation, could have kept their laurels in parliament, or held out longer than single-speech Hamilton.

Great talkers are not always eloquent, and never so when they mean to be. It is commonly when least casting about for method or words, that the heaviest blows are struck in the social battle. Excellence here is widely remote from great stores: Lord Bacon has noted the distinction in his Essays. We have seen great philosophers who were deep wells without buckets, as well as rattling conversers who were all windlass but no water.

So much stress is laid upon speeches, books, and printed matter, that, in our humble judgment, gross injustice is done to the no less potent operation of common talk between man and man. Of the latter, the aggregate quantity is of course vastly greater. What is said is uttered with as much increase of the velocity, as diminution of the mass. These repeating rifles do marvellous execution, even when compared with thirty-six pounders. The shots tell, and opinions, as we all know, are more easily changed, where there are no witnesses: and is not the change of opinion the object sought in debate?

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF SOCIETY.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

AIR—*The University of Gottingen.*

I.

When others, once as poor as I,
Are growing rich because they try,

While my capacity and will
 Give me a taste for sitting still ;
 When all around me are at work,
 While I prefer to act the Turk,
 Or spend in drinking or at play
 The greater part of every day ;
 And, as the upshot of it, feel
 That I must either starve or steal ;
 The only remedy I see
 For such abuses, is the re-
 construction of society,
 Construction of society.

II.

When others know what I know not,
 Or bear in mind what I forgot
 An age ago, and dare to speak
 In praise of Latin and of Greek,
 As if a tongue unknown to me
 Of any earthly use could be ;
 When bookworms are allowed to rule
 In University and School,
 While I, because I am a fool,
 Or happen, by the merest chance,
 To have learned nothing save to dance,
 Am set aside, or thrust away,
 Or not allowed to have my say ;
 The only remedy I see
 For such abuses, is the re-
 construction of society,
 Construction of society.

III.

When judges frown and parsons scold,
 Because a gentleman makes bold

To laugh at superstitious saws,
And violate oppressive laws;
When pinching want will not atone
For taking what is not your own;
When public sentiment proscribes
The taking of judicial bribes,
And with indignant scorn regards
The gentleman who cheats at cards;
When men of wit no longer dare
To tell a lie, or even swear;
The only remedy I see
For such abuses, is the re-
construction of society,
Construction of society.

IV.

When, after turning round and round,
And occupying every ground,
As preacher, poet, rhetorician,
Philanthropist and politician,
Ascetic, saint and devotee,
Neologist and pharisee,
I seek in vain to gain respect
By founding a new-fangled sect,
And find the world so cautious grown
That I must be the sect alone;
The only remedy I see
For such abuses, is the re-
construction of society,
Construction of society.

V.

When, over and above the scorn
Of men, which leaves me thus forlorn,

I find an enemy within
 Who dares to talk to me of sin,
 And whispers, even in my dreams,
 That my disorganizing schemes
 Can never conjure black to white,
 Or clearly prove that wrong is right,
 A nuisance that can never cease
 Till conscience learns to hold its peace,
 And men no longer can be awed
 By apprehensions of a God—
 Ah! these are griefs for which I see
 No solace even in the re-
 construction of society,
 Construction of society.

EDUCATION AMONG MERCHANTS.

Ours is a country in which the merchants are princes, as truly as in ancient Tyre. The little boy who is sweeping out the store, or carrying the parcel from the post, or marking the case of goods, may be mayor of a great city; or he may be a minister plenipotentiary; or he may command armies; or he may be president of the United States. Even if none of these things happen, great merchants, who become great capitalists, have more reason to be warned against pride, than stirred up to a sense of their importance. There is no social rank in America which is not reached and adorned by mercantile men.

Wealth does not necessarily bring refinement. A millionaire, who lives in a palace, and has thirty thousand dollars laid out by his agents for copies of paintings in Rome, Florence and the Louvre; who keeps several carriages, has a princely villa, ponies for his boys, whiskered Pandours for