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ART. I.—THE MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

The Monuments of Egypt; or Egypt a Witness for the Bible.

By FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D., LL.D. With illustrations. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York: Geo. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway. London: John Murray. 1850. New Haven: T. H. Pease.

THE former edition of this work has already received a brief notice in our pages. We take the opportunity of a second edition to discuss several topics of interest, either contained in it or suggested by its perusal.

Various circumstances have contributed to excite a deep interest in whatever relates to Egypt. Its physical peculiarities, its ancient achievements and glory, its parental relation to Grecian civilization, its wonderful dynasties, awaking, as seen in the shadow distance of far off centuries, the sublimest emotions of the soul; all its history, as the cradle of civilization and the land of the Monuments, its treasures of remotest antiquity, not more curious in themselves than in the manner of their transmission to us, its rich veins of historic learning yet to be explored, the contrast of its present abjectness with the colossal grandeur of the ruins of what it once was—these things would throw a thrilling interest around it, even if its history had no intimate connection with the Bible. But the fact that it has such a connection, must to the Christian scholar, immeasurably enhance this interest. Very naturally, therefore, has the attention of scholars been directed to Egyptian researches; and these have been rewarded by splendid results.

ART. V.—EVERETT'S ORATIONS AND
SPEECHES.

Orations and Speeches on various occasions. By EDWARD EVERETT. Second edition. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown.

THERE is something in the character of this work, apart from its peculiar merits, that seems to us to have an auspicious bearing on our American literature. We refer to the fact that it is the gathering up in an attractive and enduring form, of the occasional efforts of a great mind, which would otherwise scarcely survive the day in which they were put forth; for pamphlets are so essentially fugitive, that however heavy laden they may be with gems of thought or feeling or expression, we hardly think of looking for them, after a short season, unless it be among the rubbish of the garret or the treasures of the antiquary. If there has been a period in the history of our country, which has been more signalized for the vigorous workings of the human intellect on great and exciting topics, than any other, undoubtedly it was the latter half of the last century. The press had not indeed then its present efficiency; and it had enough to do to chronicle the great events that were occurring, without giving forth the great speeches and orations and discourses of various kinds, with which those events were connected; but unhappily, even the few which were published at the time, though they accomplished a glorious work in their day, have now nearly all passed into oblivion. The same remark holds true in respect to some of the finest efforts of the pulpit: the enthusiasm with which they were received, lasted long enough to secure their publication, but not long enough to protect them permanently from the depredations of the worm. Mayhew and Chauncey and the younger Cooper, who, though not all of them the most orthodox, were certainly among the most influential of the clergy of New England, published many sermons commemorative of great events in their time, and displaying intellectual powers of the highest order, the very titles of which are now almost universally forgotten. President Dwight, at a later period, published a large number of discourses of a similar character, which are well worthy of perpetual preservation; but, although little more than a single lustrum has passed since his death, few of the present generation, have any knowledge of the greater part of these discourses, notwithstanding some of them are decidedly among the most eloquent of the author's productions.

Now we look upon it as among the propitious signs of the times, that there is an increasing disposition to save what is really

worth saving, for posterity, and even to stop many valuable things in their course down the stream of time, which seemed rapidly tending towards the gulf of oblivion. Within the last few years, the fugitive productions of several highly gifted minds, whose names form part of the history of our country, have been brought together (in some instances as the fruit of much antiquarian research,) and embodied in a form which renders them universally accessible, while it secures to them a permanent existence. Very much more of this kind of labour remains to be performed; and we cannot but think that those whose thoughts and efforts are turned in this direction, accomplish the triple end of rendering due honour to the past, and of performing good service for the present and the future. We are happy to observe, however, what we consider a yet more excellent way, and which, if adopted to the extent that is desirable, would supersede the necessity of all efforts to recover the lost treasure of other days;—we refer to that of which we have a noble specimen in these volumes of Mr. Everett,—the collecting and publishing of occasional discourses of various kinds, and delivered at different periods, with the consent and under the supervision of the author. This is far better than to leave the work to be done by others; as it secures to the author the opportunity of selecting and rejecting what he pleases, and to the reader the benefit of the author's careful and mature revision.

A large part of the orations and speeches that compose these volumes, we have had the privilege of reading in their original form, as they have been issued in successive years, during the last quarter of a century. So strong was the impression we received from the perusal of most of them, that we might perhaps have safely enough trusted to our recollections for the materials requisite to the present notice; but that we might have the greater chance of doing some justice to the work, we have chosen to go over anew with what was already somewhat familiar to us, especially as, in doing so, we were treating ourselves to the highest intellectual luxury. We do not propose to attempt any thing like a regular critique upon these volumes, but merely to state some of the most obvious reflections that have occurred to us in reading them, and perhaps to add a few quotations in justification of what we shall say of their extraordinary attractions.

If this work were to fall into the hands of an intelligent foreigner so ignorant of this country as not to have heard of Mr. Everett, (if the case be a supposable one,) he would have no occasion to look beyond the table of contents to arrive at the conclusion that the author must be a remarkable man; for we exceedingly doubt whether there is any other man of the age,—certainly there is no one on this side of the water,—whose labours have been put in requisition on such a variety of great occasions.

One can scarcely imagine a subject, intellectual or moral, sacred or secular, on which he has not been called to speak; and most of the large towns in New England and many out of it have been honoured to be the theatre of his public efforts. Leaving out of view, therefore, the *character* of these discourses, as they are embodied in the present work, we have no hesitation in saying that the occasions which produced them must confer lasting honour upon their author, and that no one who should look over the list of subjects here treated, would require any other evidence that he was about to be brought in contact with one of the master spirits of the day.

We hazard nothing in saying that no expectation would be excited by an examination of the table of contents, that would not be fully met by an examination of the contents themselves. The first thing that strikes us is the extent and variety of the author's knowledge. As he has written on almost every subject that can be imagined, so he seems equally at home upon all; and he always writes with such freedom and fullness, that one would suppose that the particular subject which he is treating, must have constituted the favorite study of his life. No matter whether it is history, or politics, or education, or morals, or science, or agriculture, or commerce, or manufactures, or railroads, or any thing else within the range of human contemplation, to which his attention is directed, he seems to bring out with the utmost facility all the most important facts and speculations in relation to it, and not unfrequently opens up some new field, which perhaps he has been the first to explore. We remember to have heard it said that when he was in college he was not only first in his class on the whole, but first in every thing; and we rather think that this fact furnished a pretty correct index to the history of his life.

But it is not merely the exuberance and variety of his information as exhibited in these volumes, that we so much admire, but the extremely unpretending manner in which it is put forth, and the excellent practical account to which it is turned. Where a writer or speaker is called upon to go out of his ordinary track, and discourse upon matters that are not familiar to his thoughts, we generally feel at least the result of an extraordinary effort; and sometimes we find it is too easy to follow him in his illustrations, through other authors, and recognize material which he has borrowed from them, and incorporated with his own thoughts, without even subjecting it to the process of assimilation. At best he betrays the fact that he is not within his appropriate sphere; and it is well for him, if he does not actually need the apology which this fact suggests. But no one was ever farther from this than Mr. Everett. We never find him saying anything, however extraordinary, with an air of self complacency,

or even with an apparent consciousness that he is rising above the level of ordinary minds. Whether he is dispensing from the treasures of his scientific knowledge, or whether he is uttering words of lofty import concerning the state, in high places, every thing is done with the graceful simplicity of nature; he seems to speak or write the thing that comes first to his thoughts; and we recognize in what he produces rather the easy working of a highly gifted and accomplished mind, than any thing like special elaboration.

The high practical tone of these writings also, as we have intimated, forms another of their attractions. There are writers of the present day of no mean intellectual standing, who accomplish nothing and aspire to nothing beyond mere airy speculations; with whom the matter of utility is of little moment compared with a reputation for originality; who had rather say a novel thing that is untrue than a true and useful thing that bears no stamp of novelty. When we speak of Mr. Everett's writings as eminently practical, we do not mean that they are lacking in the due development of principles, or that they do not teach men how to think as well as how to act; for they always contain enough of philosophy to meet the demands of the subject and the occasion, though they show clearly that they emanate from a mind that has kept back much more of philosophy than it has dispensed; but we mean that the writer has always some end in view beyond mere momentary gratification; that he is always looking diligently at the well being of the race; and that, however much his performance may be admired, it has failed of its intended effect unless it has done something in aid of the great interests of society. As there is a word in season here for all classes, so there is that by which men of all classes may profit: the most accomplished statesman and the humblest citizen, the merchant, the mechanic and the farmer, men of every profession and every occupation, may find in these volumes that which will either constitute an addition to their knowledge, or give a new impulse to their efforts.

There is also a rich vein of moral feeling running through these volumes, which cannot be too highly commended. Unhappily, our English and even American, literature furnishes too many examples of the perversion of high intellectual endowments to purposes of moral depravation; the man of genius has too often been found to be an infidel or a profligate; and when his productions have come to be analyzed, there have been detected the secret germs of false and corrupting thought, which he had intended should develop themselves unsuspected, amidst the bewildering glare of his splendid conceptions. And the cases are still more frequent in which there is observed a rigid neutrality in respect to every thing bearing upon human duty: there is no

positive infusion adverse to the interests of virtue,—nothing on which to found the charge of infidelity or corruption; but yet there is such a careful exclusion of every thing of an opposite character, that the effect can hardly fail to be injurious; not merely because such a silence is always accounted significant of indifference, if not of unbelief, but because the absence of a positively good influence upon the mind always leaves it at least defenceless against contamination. Mr. Everett has, in the uniform tone of these orations and speeches, administered an exemplary rebuke to both these classes of authors. He always moves not only on the high ground of honour, but on the yet higher ground of a pure, evangelical morality. There is not a sentence in either of these volumes in respect to the moral influence of which any Christian parent would wish to put a child upon his guard; while there is a spirit diffused through the whole, that every one feels must have been imbibed from the New Testament, and is fitted to minister to the growth of whatsoever is pure, lovely and of good report, in human conduct. No matter what may be the subject of which he treats, he rarely, if ever, dismisses it, without having left the decided stamp of high moral feeling; and there are not a few of these addresses that were called forth by the great moral or charitable or religious enterprizes of the day. Temperance, prison discipline, the famine in Ireland, the claims of various charitable institutions, and above all the Bible, have furnished themes for his eloquent and stirring appeals. The last mentioned effort particularly,—his address before the Massachusetts Bible society,—not only breathes the purest moral sentiment, but is one of the most fitting and beautiful tributes to our common Christianity that we remember to have met with. We would venture to suggest whether it might not be an important service rendered to the cause of religious truth, to send forth this address in the form of a tract, especially among the higher classes; for unless we greatly mistake, its eloquent and persuasive tone in connection with its sound and enlightened views, would be far more likely to recover one who had gone astray, or to establish one who was doubtful, than many of the more formal and elaborate vindications of Christianity which seem to have become the accredited and standard antidotes to skepticism.

We like these works of Mr. Everett for another reason: they breathe throughout the spirit of reform, and yet they are essentially conservative. We live in a day when men cannot be contented with the past or even the present, but are incessantly reaching forward to some hitherto unattained advantage. Progress, progress, is emphatically the law of the age; and it were as vain to think of stopping the onward march of things in the intellectual and moral world, as it would be to change the ordinance of Heaven in respect to the revolutions of the planets. So

far is well. God evidently did not intend that things should always remain stationary ; and men are only co-operating with God for the accomplishment of his purposes, when they labour earnestly in the cause of human improvement. But neither, on the other hand, was it any part of the divine intention that men in their haste to witness results, should turn scornfully or carelessly away from the appropriate means of bringing them about ; and should thus actually mock the divine wisdom in the honour which they render to their own. Now, unfortunately, the spirit of activity which is so extensively abroad, is too often erratic, sometimes even fierce and bitter ; and sober men are constrained to feel that many who claim to be the most earnest and efficient reformers, are actually the most legitimate subjects for reformation. And more than this—it cannot be doubted that one extreme often begets the other ; that some men who are disinclined to effort, justify themselves in doing nothing by ringing perpetual changes on the extravagances of the day, while others who are well enough disposed, still keep aloof from various good enterprises from a reluctance to be found in bad company. Mr. Everett has shown himself superior to all these mistakes. He is a thorough going, whole souled reformer, in the best sense of that word ; and yet he is never above being controlled by principles of reason or maxims of prudence. He is ready with a helping hand, whenever his services are demanded for any object that looks towards the melioration of society ; but he is never the abettor, but always the opposer, of any thing like fanatical excitement. He brings to every good work which he espouses a calm, dignified, yet earnest spirit, which is fitted at once to disarm or soften hostility, to check the workings of intemperate zeal, and to secure ultimately the happiest result.

It may seem almost superfluous to speak of these productions as models of graceful and eloquent composition. They are marked by a simplicity that seems like the breathings of childhood ; by a perspicuity that might challenge the most stupid reader to mistake their meaning ; by a dignified elegance that bespeaks the most cultivated taste ; and to crown all, by a vigour and often an originality of thought, that forms the staple of all fine writing. Here again we may say that they are well fitted to act as an antidote to some of the prevailing evil tendencies of our literature ;—particularly to that silly affectation that has become so common, of saying trite or unmeaning things with an air of oracular assurance, or of conjuring up a dense mist to hide the nakedness of the land. Some really gifted minds on both sides of the water have exerted a powerful influence in corrupting the public taste by interlarding their productions with all manner of quaint phrases, so that we have seemed to realize the resurrection of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Not a

few of our young men, we are sorry to see, have fallen into this literary snare; and instead of being satisfied to convey their thoughts in a simple, natural and graceful manner, they have followed these wandering stars into the regions of perpetual mist. Even the pulpit itself, unless we greatly mistake, has not altogether escaped this evil; for we have now and then listened to a sermon so splendidly unintelligible, that though there was a world of admiration lavished upon it, no one wished to be interrogated as to what he had been hearing. We would recommend to all preachers and writers who are ambitious of this ignoble distinction, to throw away their favorite authors, and take up these volumes of Mr. Everett as a regular study, with a view to bring themselves back to truth and nature. This is a kind of writing that will always endure, because it is conformed to the principles of a correct taste; whereas the other will live through its little hour, and then be remembered only as the monument of a miserable affectation.

It must be acknowledged that Mr. Everett's taste in writing has undergone some change during the lapse of twenty five years. He himself recognizes this fact in his preface; and passes a severer judgment on his earlier productions, we think, than would be sustained by any impartial critic. That his literary efforts have been growing more simple as well as more classical, we do not doubt; nevertheless we must be permitted to say, his own judgment to the contrary notwithstanding, that we have seen nothing from his pen that rivals in glowing and effective eloquence some passages in his Phi Beta Kappa Oration, delivered at Cambridge on occasion of the memorable visit of Lafayette in eighteen hundred and twenty-four.

There is moreover an admirable fitness displayed throughout these productions—the orator always catches the spirit of the occasion; and while he seems to know every thing that pertains to it, he brings out only that which is most important and most impressive. We never feel that he is treading upon dubious ground; that he is uttering a sentiment which delicacy would have required him to suppress; or that he has passed over something that would have rendered his performance more complete as well as more symmetrical: on the contrary, the impression is irresistible that he has done full justice to his subject, as well in what he has omitted to say as in what he has said; and though we may feel that the subject admitted of amplification, we can hardly imagine how it could have been treated more skilfully or more effectively within the same limits.

Mr. Everett, quite unnecessarily, as we think, apologizes for the occasional repetition of facts and the recurrence of the same thoughts, in different parts of these volumes. Several of the orations are so nearly upon the same subject, that it would have

been impossible to avoid all repetition in consistency with doing justice to the occasion ; but it is, after all, so inconsiderable as not in the least to diminish the general interest ; and even where it occurs, the reader is constrained to feel that it results from the fitness of the case, and not from any circumscribed view of the subject. Besides, Mr. Everett has the faculty of repeating a thing in substance, so that it is scarcely recognized as repetition ; of introducing it in such new combinations and throwing around it so much rhetorical beauty, that the reader forgets that the same thought or the same fact had been before him in another form.

The only remark that we will add as illustrative of our impressions in reading these works, is that they form indirectly an important contribution to the history of the country. Not a small part of them have respect to events which are incorporated not only with our national well being, but with our national existence. The Plymouth oration, for instance, is a choice piece of history covering the period to which it relates : it presents to us in a series of events of which the world has seen no parallel, the germ of all our greatness. The various orations delivered on the Fourth of July, and those on other special occasions looking back to the revolution, are full not only of the general but of the local history of that day ; and we doubt whether the bloody scenes of Lexington and Concord and Charlestown, are delineated any where else with more historic fidelity or more graphic power. Then there is much that is historical in the list of occasions which called forth these various efforts. A large part of them are new to the present age, and may be regarded as indexes to the general progress of society. Most of these addresses could never have been written until within the last quarter of a century, because either the events which called them forth had not then occurred, or else they had not been recognized as matter for public celebration. It is striking to notice how almost every important change in society that has taken place during Mr. Everett's public life, is here chronicled, and most of them in the form of an occasion for a public effort. In this way, he has, beyond any other man, linked himself in with the history of his time, while yet, he has never set himself, in form, to do the work of an historian. He has, however, performed a much more important part than that of a mere chronicler of events ; he has held up the events in their high practical bearings, and has exhibited not more of the enlightened philosopher than of the earnest patriot, in the use that he has made of them. We recommend these works, therefore, not merely as a faithful record of many of the changes of society and the causes of these changes, but as being thoroughly imbued with the patriotic spirit, and well fitted to aid in the extinction of those national feuds and jealousies which seem multiplying among us in such portentous profusion.

We intimated our intention, at the commencement of this article, to illustrate our opinion of these orations and speeches by some appropriate extracts. But in looking through the volumes, we find ourselves embarrassed, to a degree which we did not anticipate, in making the selection. The truth is, they are of such uniform excellence, that we should be in little danger of doing the author injustice, if we were to open at random and copy from any page on which our eye might chance to rest. Some writers give us occasionally a gem,—apparently the effect of an uncommon gathering up of the faculties,—while, in the main, they are only tolerably interesting; and we are sustained in our passage through many indifferent and barren pages, by the reflection that by and by there will come a green spot, where we can repose with delight. It is otherwise with Mr. Everett: we read his productions with a sustained and uninterrupted interest; and his fine thoughts, instead of being rendered prominent by being few and far between, succeed each other with so much rapidity, that one rather feels that he is constantly breathing a pure atmosphere, and gazing on a beautiful sky, than only coming occasionally in contact with some invigorating or elevating influence. We shall confine ourselves to three brief extracts, being the close of three different addresses that were pronounced at periods about equidistant from each other.

The first is from the address delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard College; and it is the first in point of time, as well as the first in the order of publication in these volumes. The occasion, always one of great interest, as bringing together a larger amount of the intelligence and literary refinement of the country than almost any other, was at this time invested with peculiar attractions, from being honoured with the presence of General Lafayette. We cannot imagine that this grateful circumstance could have been more beautifully and impressively noticed than in the last of the following paragraphs which conclude the discourse. The effect upon the audience is still remembered by many, as forming one of the most splendid illustrations of the power of eloquence.

“Here, then, a mighty work is to be performed, or never, by mortals. The *man*, who looks with tenderness on the sufferings of good men in other times; the *descendant of the Pilgrims*, who cherishes the memory of his fathers; the *patriot*, who feels an honest glow at the majesty of the system of which he is a member; the *scholar*, who beholds, with rapture, the long-sealed book of truth opened for all to read without prejudice:—these are they, by whom these auspices are to be accomplished. Yes, brethren, it is by the intellect of the country that the mighty mass is to be inspired; that its parts are to communicate and sympathize with each other; its natural progress to be adorned with becoming refinements; its principles asserted and its feelings interpreted to its own children, to other regions, and to after ages.

“Meantime, the years are rapidly passing away, and gathering importance in their course. With the present year (1824) will be completed the half-

century from that most important era in human history—the commencement of our revolutionary war. The jubilee of our national existence is at hand. The space of time that has elapsed since that momentous date has laid down in the dust, which the blood of many of them had already hallowed, most of the great men to whom, under Providence, we owe our national existence and privileges. A few still survive among us, to reap the rich fruits of their labors and sufferings; and one has yielded himself to the united voice of a people, and returned in his age to receive the gratitude of the nation to whom he devoted his youth. It is recorded on the pages of American history, that when this friend of our country applied to our commissioners at Paris, in 1776, for a passage in the first ship they should dispatch to America, they were obliged to answer him, (so low and abject was then our dear native land,) that they possessed not the means, nor the credit, sufficient for providing a single vessel, in all the ports of France. ‘Then,’ exclaimed the youthful hero, ‘I will provide my own.’ And it is a literal fact that, when all America was too poor to offer him so much as a passage to her shores, he left, in his tender youth, the bosom of home, of domestic happiness, of wealth, of rank, to plunge in the dust and blood of our inauspicious struggle!

“Welcome, friend of our fathers, to our shores! Happy are our eyes, that behold those venerable features! Enjoy a triumph such as never conqueror nor monarch enjoyed—the assurance that, throughout America, there is not a bosom which does not beat with joy and gratitude at the sound of your name! You have already met and saluted, or will soon meet, the few that remain of the ardent patriots, prudent counsellors, and brave warriors, with whom you were associated in achieving our liberty. But you have looked round in vain for the faces of many, who would have lived years of pleasure, on a day like this, with their old companion in arms and brother in peril. Lincoln, and Greene, and Knox, and Hamilton, are gone; the heroes of Saratoga and Yorktown have fallen before the enemy that conquers all. Above all, the first of heroes and of men, the friend of your youth, the more than friend of his country, rests in the bosom of the soil he redeemed. On the banks of his Potomac he lies in glory and in peace. You will re-visit the hospitable shades of Mount Vernon, but him, whom you venerated as we did, you will not meet at its door. His voice of consolation, which reached you in the dungeons of Olmütz, cannot now break its silence to bid you welcome to his own roof. But the grateful children of America will bid you welcome in his name. Welcome! thrice welcome to our shores! And whithersoever your course shall take you, throughout the limits of the continent, the ear that hears you shall bless you, the eye that sees you shall give witness to you, and every tongue exclaim with heart felt joy, Welcome, welcome, La Fayette!”

Our second extract shall be from a speech delivered by Mr. Everett in 1838, at a festival celebrated at Exeter, in honour of the venerable Dr. Abbot, who, on that day resigned the place of Principal of Phillip’s Exeter Academy, which he had filled for fifty years. Mr. Everett had been, for a while, a pupil of Dr. Abbot, in fitting for college; and it seemed alike filial and beautiful that he should go up with all his honours, to bear testimony to the high qualities of his revered teacher, and welcome him, after such a life of useful service, to the dignity of retirement. The following passage shows how entirely he caught the spirit of the occasion:—

“Lastly, Sir, as we assemble under the influence of an association which invites us all, however otherwise disconnected, in one kind feeling; as we meet together for the first and the last time in life, many of us to take a last

farewell of our revered preceptor,—it has seemed meet that we should break the noontide bread together, and invite him also to meet us at the social board, there to pass the last hour that we shall ever all pass together on earth, in the interchange of kind feeling with each other and with him. There, Sir, whether we pledge his health in the rosy or the limpid cup, the dews of Castalia I am sure will sweeten its brim, and the balm of good-fellowship give a flavor to the draught. The occasion will there also be taken of offering to our respected teacher a slight but permanent token of respect, of a domestic character, which will preserve at the fireside of his family, in aftertimes, the recollection of this day's transactions.

“Here, Sir, I might with prudence pause; but emotions crowd upon my mind, which I find it equally difficult to suppress and to utter. I have read of an individual who was released from the Bastille after a confinement of more than thirty years. He sought for his family and the friends of his youth, and they were gone. The house in which he had lived had passed into the possession of strangers, and he desired to go back to the prison in which he had so long been immured. I can catch a glimpse of his feelings, as I wander about these scenes, familiar to me in boyhood, and which I have but once or twice re-visited, and that long ago, in the interval of more than thirty years since I was a pupil at the Academy. It was my good fortune to pass here but a portion of the year before I entered college; but I can truly say that even in that short time I contracted a debt of gratitude, which I have felt throughout my life. I return to these endeared scenes with mingled emotion. I find them changed; dwelling-places are no more on the same spots; old edifices have disappeared; new ones, both public and private, have been erected. Some of the respected heads of society whom I knew, though as a child, are gone. The seats in the Academy-room are otherwise arranged than formerly, and even there the places that once knew me know me no more. Where the objects themselves are unaltered, the changed eye and the changed mind see them differently. The streets seem narrower and shorter, the distances less considerable; this play-ground before us, which I remember as most spacious, seems sadly contracted. But all, Sir, is not changed, either in appearance or reality. The countenance of our revered preceptor has undergone no change to my eye. It still expresses that *suaviter in modo* mentioned by the gentleman last up, (Rev. Professor Ware, Jun.) with nothing of the sternness of the other principle. It is thus I remember it; it was always sunshine to me. Nature, in the larger features of the landscape, is unchanged; the river still flows; the woods yield their shade as pleasantly as they did thirty years ago, doubly grateful for the contrast they afford to the dusty walks of active life; for the solace they yield in an escape, however brief, from its burdens and cares. As I stood in the hall of the Academy, last evening, and saw from its windows the river winding through the valley, and the gentle slope rising from its opposite bank, and caught the cool breeze that was scattering freshness after the sultry summer's day, I could *feel* the poetry of Gray, on revisiting, in a like manner, the scenes of his school-boy days—

‘ Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!
 Ah, fields beloved in vain!
 Where once my careless childhood strayed,
 A stranger yet to pain!
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss below,
 As, waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a sacred spring.’ ”

The remaining extract is from the address before the Massachusetts Bible society already referred to. Not only the address

itself, but the example which was set in delivering it, is well worthy of being contemplated by men in high places. The efforts of clergymen on such occasions lose no small part of the influence to which they are entitled, by being regarded as official; but when a distinguished layman steps forward, as Mr. Everett has here done, in defence of the Bible, all suspicion of self interest, in any form, ceases; and many a mind which would, at best, have opened reluctantly to the teachings of the pulpit or the voice of a clergyman, now finds itself in an unsuspecting, docile and attentive attitude. We do not wish to see laymen doing the appropriate and peculiar work of clergymen; but there is some ground on which intelligent laymen may render most important service to the cause of truth and righteousness, and still keep within their own sphere. Of this we think Mr. Everett has, in this address, shown himself a fine example.

“There is another consideration of a practical nature, which I should be glad to offer to the meeting, if I have not exceeded my allowance of time. We all have pretty strong, and as I think, just impressions of the superiority of Christendom over the Mahometan, Hindoo and Pagan countries. Our civilization, I know, is still very imperfect, impaired by many a vice which disgrace our Christian nurture,—by many a woe which

‘Appears a spot upon a vestal’s robe,
The worse for what it soils.’

But when we compare the condition of things in Christendom with that which prevails in the countries just named, we find that all the evils which exist among us prevail there in a greater degree, while they are subject to innumerable others, so dreadful as to make us almost ready to think it were better for the mass of population, humanly speaking, if they had never been born. Well, now, Mr. Chairman, what maketh us to differ? I know of no final and sufficient cause but the different character of Christianity, and the religions which prevail in Turkey, Persia, India, China and the other semi-civilized or barbarous countries; and this difference, as far as I know, is accurately reflected in their sacred books respectively. I mean, Sir, that the Bible stands to the Koran and the Vedas in the same relation as that in which Christianity stands to Mahometanism, or Brahmanism, or Buddhism; or Christendom to Turkey, Hindoostan, or China.

“We should all, I believe, more fully appreciate the value of the Scriptures, if we compared them with other books assuming the character of sacred. I have not done it so much as I wish I had; but one reason—a main one—has been, the extreme repulsiveness of those books which I have tried to read. I have several times in my life attempted to read the Koran. I have done so lately. I have approached it with a highly excited literary curiosity. I have felt a strong desire to penetrate this great mystery of the Arabian desert. As I have, in some quiet Turkish town, (for in the provincial Turkish towns there is little of the bustle of our western life,) listened at the close of day to the clear, calm voice of the muezzin, from the top of the graceful minaret, calling the faithful to evening prayer,—as I have mused on the vicissitudes of all human things beneath the venerable dome of St. Sophia’s,—I have, I may say, longed to find some rational ground of sympathy between Christianity and Islam; but any thing more repulsive and uninviting than the Koran I have seldom attempted to peruse, even when taken up with these kindly feelings. And yet, Sir, you are well aware that it is not conceived in a spirit of hostility to the Old and New Testament, but recognizes them both as a divine revela-

tion. With such portions of the sacred books of the Hindoos as have fallen in my way, the case is far worse. They contain, it is true, some elevated moral sentiments of an ascetic cast, and some strains inspired by a sense of the beauties of nature. But the mythological system contained in them is a tissue of monstrosities and absurdities, by turns so revolting and nauseous as to defy perusal, except from some strong motive of duty or of literary curiosity, which would prompt the investigation. I really believe that few things would do more to raise the Scriptures in our estimation, than to compare the Bible with the Koran and the Vedas. It is not a course of reading to be generally recommended. A portion of the books are scarce, and, as I have said, their contents eminently repulsive; but I will venture to say to those whose professional duty it is to maintain the sacred character of the Christian Scriptures, that I know of scarce any line of reading which might be taken up with greater advantage, for the purpose of fair comparison, than that of the sacred books, as they are called, of the Mahometans and Hindoos.

“One word more, Sir, and I have done. It is sometimes objected to an indiscriminate distribution of the Bible, that it may be perverted, misunderstood, neglected and abused. And what means of improvement, what instrument of Christian benevolence, is not subject to the same drawback? The fault is in the mind of man, subject to error, to the blinding effect of passion, to the debasement of vice, in all that he does, and in all that is done for him. There are things in the Bible hard to be understood. And what is there, if we strive to go beyond the mere outside, which does not contain things hard to be understood? Even our exact sciences, constructed upon ideas which are the creation of our own minds, are full of difficulties. When we turn from revealed truth to the teachings of human speculatists on duty and morals, do we not encounter on the threshold those terrible problems of

‘Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate—
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,’

problems that have tasked the unaided understanding of man ever since he began to think and to reason? For myself, Sir, I am more and more inclined to believe that the truth is presented to us in the Bible in the form best adapted to the infinite variety of the character and talent, intellectual and moral, to which it is addressed. It is not such a Bible as the wit of man would have conceived; but it is such a one as the nature and wants of man called for. The acceptance it has found, alike in ancient and modern times, with the learned and the ignorant, the old and the young, the high and the low, the prosperous and the wretched, shows that it is really adapted in itself, not to one country, age, or class, but to man; that it speaks to the unchanging wants, and sorrows, and frailties, and aspirations of the human heart.”

We cannot omit to say in concluding this article that these volumes exhibit Mr. Everett as a model, we had almost said a prodigy, of industry. If these various speeches and orations had come from some individual whose life had been a scene of literary leisure, we should have considered them less remarkable; though even then, we should have said that the author had done enough to secure to himself imperishable honour. But when we remember that they are the productions of one, who has, during the whole time, occupied most important civil stations, having been charged with his country's highest interests both at home and abroad, we are constrained to think that they indicate a degree of industry and facility at labour, of which there is scarcely an example in a generation. We meet Mr. Everett here as the

accomplished scholar and the eloquent orator; but we meet him also in all his various public relations. It is Professor Everett, and Governor Everett, and President Everett, Mr. Everett the member of Congress and Mr. Everett the ambassador to the court of St. James, with whose literary productions we are so much delighted and edified; and we remember almost with amazement that, in connection with these splendid efforts, he has fulfilled with most scrupulous fidelity the duties connected with the several posts of honour and influence which have been assigned to him. Herein he is an illustrious model for all young men who desire to work out for themselves an honourable destiny; for though they may not possess his vigour or versatility of talent, and may not aspire to his measure of usefulness or of fame, yet they may imitate him in the economical use of his time and the diligent culture of his powers, and thereby become the benefactors, if not the greater lights, of their generation.

ART. VI.—DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

The Architecture of Country Houses; including Designs for Cottages, Farm Houses, and Villas, with remarks on Interiors, Furniture, and the best modes of Warming and Ventilating. With three hundred and twenty Illustrations. By A. J. DOWNING, author of "Designs for Cottage Residences," "Hints to persons about building," &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1850. New Haven: T. H. Pease. 8vo. pp. 484.

It is only within comparatively a short period of time that the term *Architecture* has obtained a foothold in our general American vocabulary. Formerly we used to hear of house *building* and church *building*; now we hear of domestic and ecclesiastical *architecture*. What our fathers knew no other name for than 'meeting-houses' we speak of in these days as 'church edifices;' and the old 'homestead' is fast becoming supplanted by the 'villa' and the 'country seat.' The word *buildings* now refers to nothing but barns and shops and like structures. All else is *Architecture*.

This change of phraseology is not, however, the result of accident or caprice. It betokens a change of ideas and the uprising of new convictions in the community at large. It indicates an advance in thought and feeling from a lower to a higher stage of development. It signifies that as a people we are rising above the physical condition of infancy and crudeness, that we are growing older and acquiring with increasing age increasing cul-