

LITTELL'S  
45373  
LIVING AGE.

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CONDUCTED BY E. LITTELL.

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B PLUMUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

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From *Fraser's Magazine*.

SONNETS.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

I.

A COMPARISON.

NOTHING so easy as to cross the hands  
And wail and wail; to sit in the noonday sun  
And let our tears fall heavily, one by one,  
As if life's aim were to bedew bare sands,  
Rather than drive plough-furrows in rich lands,  
And plant and rear, and lift a patient brow  
When whirlwinds sweep our autumn harvest low.  
A harder task is his, who strives, withstands,  
Hopes still, and on that golden ground of hope,  
Builds up a wall of vantage that may cope  
With wilder storms to come; a harder task,  
But how much better, braver, nobler! . . . Ask  
What part *he* furthers in the scheme divine,  
Who only wakes to weep and lives to whine?

II.

WAR.

WAR, war! A thousand slumbering echoes  
wake  
To life at that dread sound! startling with wonder,  
To hear again the rolling battle thunder,  
Deep boom on boom, thro' opening gorges break  
Over the hollow hills. War! The dead shake  
Their cerements—bones of famous captains stir  
And tremble in their rocking sepulchre:  
And winds, thro' churchyards wandering, seem  
to take  
Burdens that are not theirs, murmurs and moans,  
And battle-shouts, unheard for centuries;  
While in long-silent halls, mysterious tones,  
At dead of night, in weird succession rise;  
From helm and shield a ghostly splendor falls,  
And the old banners rustle on the walls.

III.

THE SCEPTIC.

"THE fine thing, Thought is!" cries the doubter,  
boring  
Beneath the root of Faith, and leaving there  
The worm that shall consume it. "Queenly  
fair  
Is Reason, with untiring wing exploring  
All heights and depths, and glooms, and still  
imploring  
New spheres of flight and vision!" . . . Clip its  
wings,  
O Doubter—clip them close, like common things,  
Like any jackdaw's pinion, safe from soaring;  
And ere they grow again, with reverent care,  
Plant Faith afresh. . . . Thou wilt not? Ah!  
beware,  
Lest, hovering on the confines of the vast,  
Dread Infinite, thy only pilot, Doubt,

Death drive thee on those awful seas, without  
Rudder to steer, or anchor to hold fast.

IV.

NATURE.

A COMELY face hath Nature, but no heart.  
None! . . . Are you sad? She smiles. Is your  
grief past  
And gladness come? Her skies are overcast.  
In your chameleon moods she hath no part.  
Praise her—your warmest words will ne'er im-  
part  
A flush the more to her full loveliness;  
Flout her, and she will offer you, no less,  
Flowers, fruitage, all the effluence of her art.  
Die—she will send her merriest birds to sing  
Outside your window, and across your brow  
Shed showers of sunbeams in bright overflow;  
Go down into your grave—no cloud will fling  
Its shade, in sorrow that your tale is told . . .  
She is a comely Mother, but stone cold.

V.

AN OLD FRIEND.

I WALKED upon the mountains, when a wind  
Came with a message; soft it seemed to blow  
From the green gardens of the Long Ago.  
I knew that wind at once, so blithe and kind!  
A May-day reveller 'mid the leaves and flowers;  
What an old friend it seemed!—and faithful too.  
To know me, *me*, slow-pacing, to and fro,  
With not a sunbeam of my childhood's hours  
Left shining in my eyes: with not a trace  
Of what I was, when life's fresh morning threw  
Its freshness round me, and its blessed dew,  
Still lingering in my manhood's furrowed face;  
That frolic Wind flew round and fanned my  
brow,  
But what it told of me, World, thou shalt not  
know!

VI.

GOETHE AND BETTINA.

VAIN Egotist! the world saith, to allow  
Such sacrifice!—but nay, as the flower lifts up  
To the Sun, for warmth and nourishment, its cup,  
So raised the child her heart for the overflow  
Of the great poet's love. *He* willed it so,  
Whose will is wisdom. Love appealed to love,  
Nor vainly. What is age, when hearts can  
prove  
Their youth and freshness green beneath the  
snow  
Of life's long winters? Goethe's part was clear,  
And he fulfilled it, lifting to the light  
She pined for, like a father fond and mild,  
His dear one, till, in that high atmosphere,  
Her soul-wings budded, strong and rainbow  
bright,  
And all the woman blossomed in the child.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

## LETTER OF AARON BURR,

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE,  
NEW JERSEY.

PRESIDENT AARON BURR, the writer of the interesting letter now subjoined, was a descendant of good Jonathan Burr, first of Redgrave in England, ultimately of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and the son of Chief Justice Peter Burr. He was a native of Fairfield, Connecticut, and was born there in 1714. His ancestry was famous in the colony. He graduated at Yale College in 1735. In 1742 he accepted a call to the Presbyterian congregation at Newark, in New Jersey. Here he early became pre-eminent as a scholar and a theologian. In 1748 he was unanimously elected the successor of the saintly Dickinson as President of the College established in Elizabethtown, but which was transferred to Newark immediately after his appointment. In 1757, a short time before the death of Burr, it was removed to the subsequently famous Princeton; a name likely to be long illustrious, as well from its teachers as its many distinguished alumni. The names of its after presidents, Edwards, Davies, Finley, Witherspoon, and others, brought additional fame to the "Log College," which soubriquet, by the way, Dr. Archibald Alexander has rendered classic by adopting it as the title of his delightful "Memorials of Princeton."

President Burr died Sept. 24, 1757. Few need to be told that he married a daughter of Edwards; or that the famous-infamous Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, was his son. Fewer still need to be told that Princeton still retains its ancient note. Together with the Theological Seminary, (often confounded with the College) adorned by a Hodge and an Alexander, it stands in the front rank of educational institutes. The illustrious secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, Professor Henry, is still its Professor of Natural Philosophy.

Among other letters of this excellent man, which are in my possession, is the following, addressed to Mr. Hogg, merchant in Edinburgh, a man "of a thousand" in his "day and generation." It sheds light on the early history of Princeton College; and, moreover, gives expression to the feelings of the nation while passing through the eclipse of Braddock's defeat.

By the way, it must be permitted me to waft across the Atlantic an earnest desire that a History of Princeton may be given by one or other of her numerous gifted sons. Many schools, calling themselves "academies," and even "colleges," have their bulky octavos, while the venerable Princeton, so far as is known to me, has only casual and incidental "Notices." I should be glad to place considerable materials at the service of one competent to the task.

A. B. G.

DEAR AND WORTHY SIR,

Your most obliging favor of August 28th, came safe to hand a few days ago, which I read with much gratitude and pleasure. It

brought us very agreeable news about the Scotland collection,\* which has exceeded our expectations at least £800; as my good friend Mr. Erskine † wrote me some time ago that he did not think it would amount to more than £700. We are sensible how much we are indebted to you and your worthy son for our success in this affair. May the Giver of every good and perfect gift reward you a thousand-fold with spiritual and temporal blessings in Christ Jesus!

Liberty for drawing bills comes very seasonably, as the exchange is just now higher than it has been any time since ye last year. Our bills will not reach Mr. Belchiers ‡ till some time in January, as none will be of earlier date than this letter; so there appears no danger of their coming too soon.

Enclos'd you have a copy of Mr. Belchier's account,§ as also Mess. Tennent || and Davies ¶ with the trustees, that you may see how Divine Providence has smiled upon our undertaking; and I hope you will help us by your prayers to give God the glory.

We have begun a building at Princeton, which contains a hall, library, and rooms to accommodate about an hundred students, tho' it will not any more of it be finished than is absolutely necessary at present—with an house for the President.

We do everything in the plainest and cheapest manner as far as is consistent with decency and convenience, having no superfluous ornaments. There was a necessity of our having an house sufficient to contain ye students, as they could not lodge in private houses in that village where we have fix'd the college; which, as it is the centre of the province, where provisions are plenty and firewood will always be cheap, is doubtless the fittest place we could have pitch'd upon. The buildings prove more expensive than we at first imagin'd, from the best computations we could get; but by the smiles of heaven upon us we shall be able I think to compleat what we design at present; and have at least a fund left of £1,600 sterling, which with the other income of the college, will be sufficient for the present offi-

\* The Kirk of Scotland enjoins collections to be made in every parish in behalf of the college of New Jersey, afterwards called Princeton.

† Dr. John Erskine *clarum et venerabile nomen* in Scottish theology.

‡ This is probably a clerical mis-rendering of "Belcher," a Banker in London, son of the estimable governor of Massachusetts and New Jersey.

§ The inclosure has disappeared.

|| Gilbert Tennent, the composer of Whitfield. He accompanied Davies to Scotland as a deputy to plead for the College.

¶ The excellent Rev. Samuel Davies of Virginia, whose "Diary," while in Scotland along with Tennent, appears in Dr. Foote's masterly "History of Virginia."

cers and a little more, as money here will readily let for 7 per cent. interest with undoubted security. This fund will be increased by what we get from Ireland, and a little more we expect from South Britain [*i. e.* England]; and we hope by the help of some generous benefactors here and abroad to be able before long to support a Professor of Divinity. That office at present lies on the President, with a considerable part of the instruction in other branches of literature. The trustees have their eyes upon Mr. Edwards,\* and want nothing but ability to give him an immediate call to that office.

The students in general behave well; some among them that give good evidences of real piety, and a prospect of special usefulness in the churches of Christ, are a great comfort and support to me under the burden of my important station.

I may in my next give you a more particular account of the college. It is at present under flourishing circumstances in many respects; has grown in favor with men, [and] I would humbly hope [with] God also. 'Tis my daily concern that it may answer the important ends of its institution, and that the expectations of our pious friends at home and abroad may not be disappointed.

I shall not fail to acknowledge my Lord Lothian's generosity. I am sorry Messrs. Tennent and Davies neglected seasonably to acquaint their friends in Scotland of their safe arrival, etc. I hope their long and tedious passages, and the confusion their affairs were probably in by their long absence, may be something of an excuse. I can testify that they retain a very lively sense of the most generous treatment yt they and the college met with in those parts.

The defeat of General Braddock † was an awful but a seasonable rebuke of Heaven. Those that had the least degree of seriousness left could not but observe with concern the

\* This was the eminent Jonathan Edwards, the father-in-law of the writer, and his successor as President of Princeton College. He was at this period engaged as a humble missionary in the frontier village of Stockbridge, Mass. It softens our regret that he was not removed to Princeton thus early, to know that the retirement of Stockbridge gave the great thinker leisure to excogitate his irrefutable argument on the "Will," and to weave the golden-tissued web of "The Religious Affections." On the decease of Burr, Edwards was appointed President of Princeton College, but he died almost before he had entered on the duties of the office.

† Major-General Edward Braddock, commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, who arrived in Virginia with two regiments from Ireland, in February, 1755. The writer alludes to his disastrous expedition against Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburgh. Braddock was a brave impetuous officer, and his defeat cast unwonted gloom all over the Colonies.

strange confidence in an arm of flesh and disregard to God and religion that appear'd in that army. Preparations were made for rejoicing at the victory, as tho' it had been ensured, and a day appointed for the obtaining it. The whole country were alarm'd and struck with astonishment at the news of his defeat, and some awaken'd to eye the hand of God in it, who had tho't little of it before; and I can't but think God has brought good to the land out of this evil.\*

On the contrary, God was acknowledg'd in the army that went from Crown Point, † vice and debauchery suppressed in a manner that has scarce been seen in this land, and was much admired at by those that saw it. This was much owing to Major-General Lyman, ‡ with whom I am well acquainted. He is a man of piety, and for courage and conduct, a

\* A letter of Edwards, of nearly the same date (which is also in my possession), likewise contains some comments on these transactions which may be acceptable. The coincidence of sentiment is striking. *Inter alia*, he says, "I had opportunity to see and converse with ministers belonging to almost all parts of North America; and, among others, Mr. Davies of Virginia. He told me that he verily thought that General Braddock's defeat, the last summer, was a merciful dispensation of Divine Providence to those southern colonies. He said that notorious wickedness prevailed to that degree in that army, among officers and soldiers, and that they went forth openly in so self-confident and vainglorious a manner, that if they had succeeded the consequence would have been a hardening people in those parts, in a great degree, in a profane and atheistical temper, or to that purpose; and that many appeared very much solemnized by the defeat of that army, and the death of the general, and so many of the other chief officers; and some truly awakened. And by what I could learn it had something of the same effect among the people in New York and New Jersey. And the contrary success of the New England forces near Lake George, when violently attacked by Baron Dieskau and the regulars from France with him, who had been the chief French officer on the Ohio in the time of the engagement with General Braddock, one of which officers was killed by our forces and the other taken—I say the contrary success of the New England forces seemed to confirm the aforesaid effect; it being known by all how widely this army differed from the other, in the care that was taken to restrain vice and maintain religion in it; particularly by Major-General Lyman, the second officer in the army, a truly worthy man; a man of distinguished abilities and virtue, as well as uncommon martial endowments, who above any other officer was active in the time of the engagement.—Letter to Dr. Gillies, Dec. 12th, 1755.

† Taken by Amherst.

‡ Phineas Lyman was appointed major-general and commander of the Connecticut forces in 1755. When Sir William Johnson was wounded at Lake George, the command devolved on him, and he animated his troops to a glorious victory. Johnson was peevishly jealous of Lyman. In 1758 he served with Abercrombie, and was with the chivalrous Howe when he fell. He was also at the capture of Crown Point, and at the surrender of Montreal. He died in 1776.

spirit of government and good sense he has not his superior in these parts. He acquitted himself with uncommon bravery and good conduct in the engagement at Lake George, Sept. 8th,\* and it was owing to him, under God, yt the victory was obtain'd, which prov'd a means of saving ye country from ruin, as has since more fully appear'd by the scheme ye French general had laid. I gave [have given] this hint about Mr. Lyman because Mr. Edward Cole, one of ye officers, being offended yt he banished some lewd women from the camp yt he had brought with him, wrote a letter to scandalize him, hinting that he was a coward, tho' numbers that were in the engagement have fully establish'd his character as one of the bravest officers, who expos'd himself in the hottest fire of the enemy, animating his men. And General Johnson himself acknowledges ye honor of the day was due to Mr. Lyman.

The state of these American Colonies at present looks dark. We are divided in our councils. Some are of such a spirit that they will forward nothing but what they are at the head of themselves. Several of the governours of the continent are now met at New York, to concert measures for the safety of [the] country. Much will depend on the result of this meeting. When I consider ye crying iniquities of the day I cannot but tremble for fear of God's judgments, that seem to hang over this sinning land.

I have lately had a letter from Stockbridge. Mr. Edwards and his family are in usual

\* This private opinion of President, Burr as to the superior merit of Lyman as against Johnson, is universally allowed by historians. Yet was Johnson rewarded with £5000 and a baronetcy, while Lyman was utterly neglected, being merely named in the despatch.

health, except his daughter Betty, who is never well, and I believe not long for this world.\* Their situation is yet distressing, thro' fear of the enemy [i. e. the Indians and the French.] My wife† joins me in respectful and affectionate salutations to you and your son. I add but my poor prayers and ardent wishes yt your declining days may be fill'd with comfort and usefulness, yt you may have a late and an abundant entrance into ye everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen.

With much unfeign'd respect,  
I am, very dr. Sir,  
Your most oblig'd and affectionate  
Friend and humble Servt,

AARON BURR.

Newark, Decr. 3d 1755.

P.S.—The original, of which this is a copy, comes via New York; I send duplicates, as we expect daily to hear war is proclaimed. Our good governor, Mr. Belcher,‡ and sundry of our trustees, have had ye pleasure of seeing your kind letter. They all unite in their salutations and grateful acknowledgements to you. Mr. Ingram's kind letter came to hand with yours, acquainting us yt he had collected £300 ster. Mr. Wm. P. Smith, one of our trustees is appointed to draw up a letter of thanks to ye General Assembly, in name of the trustees, which I suppose will be sent to yr care.

\* She died Jan. 1, 1762, aged 14.

† Esther, eldest daughter of President Edwards. She died April 7, 1758, only a few weeks after her distinguished father, aged only 26.

‡ He died August 31st, 1757, having been forward in every "good work." President Burr preached his funeral discourse, and died very shortly after him, on Sept. 24th, 1757.

MISS NIGHTINGALE. Miss Nightingale in appearance is just what you would expect in any other well-bred woman who may have seen perhaps r<sup>r</sup> her more than thirty years of life; her manner and countenance are prepossessing, and this without the possession of positive beauty; it is a face not easily forgotten, pleasing in its smile, with an eye betokening great self-possession, and giving, when she wishes, a quiet look of firm determination to every feature. Her general demeanor is quiet, and rather reserved; still, I am much mistaken if she is not gifted with a very lively sense of the ridiculous. In conversation, she speaks on matters of business with a grave earnestness one would not expect from her appearance. She has evidently a mind disciplined to restrain, under the principles of the action of the moment, every feeling which would interfere with it. She has trained herself to command, and learned the value of conciliation towards others and constraint over herself. Her

nerve is wonderful: I have been with her at very severe operations; she was more than equal to the trial. She has an utter disregard of contagion; I have known her spend hours over men dying of cholera or fever. The more awful, to every sense, any particular case, especially if it was that of a dying man, her slight form would be seen bending over him, administering to his ease in every way in her power, and seldom quitting his side till death released him.—*Osborne's Scrutari.*

FLIES' ANTIPATHY TO THE MAGNET. A person having an artificial magnet suspended from the wall of his study, with a piece of iron adhering to it, remarked for several years that the flies in the room, though they frequently placed themselves on other iron articles, never settled on the artificial magnet: and even that if they approached it they in a moment again removed from it to some distance."—*VOIGT'S Journal.*