

initely more diversified than the chisel could hew out of all the rocks under the sun. Nor is this a fanciful or metaphorical illustration of the pre-eminence which I claim for the art I am advocating. In proof of it, I appeal at once to the works of the oldest and greatest poets of every country. In Homer, Dante, and Chaucer, for example, it is exceedingly curious to remark with what scrupulous care and minuteness, personal appearance, stature, bulk, complexion, age, and other incidents, are exhibited for the purpose of giving life and reality to the scenes of actions in which their characters are engaged. All these are bodied forth to the eye through the mind, as sculpture addresses the mind through the eye."

The Lecturer then selects the following fine illustration of his argument from Childe Harold:—

"Let us bring—not in gladiatorial conflict, but into honourable competition, where neither can suffer disparagement—one of the master-pieces of ancient sculpture, and two stanzas from 'Childe Harold,' in which that very statue is turned into verse, which seems almost to make it visible:

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

'I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low;
And through his side, the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower;—and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,

Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hail'd the wretch who won.'

"Now all this sculpture has embodied in perpetual marble, and every association touched upon in the description might spring up in a well-instructed mind, while contemplating the insulated figure which personifies the expiring champion. Painting might take up the same subject, and represent the amphitheatre thronged to the height with ferocious faces, all bent upon the exulting conqueror and his prostrate antagonist—a thousand for one of them sympathizing rather with the transport of the former than the agony of the latter. Here, then, sculpture and painting have reached their climax; neither of them can give the actual thoughts of the personages, whom they exhibit so palpably to the outward sense that the character of those thoughts cannot be mistaken. Poetry goes further than both, and when one of the sisters had laid down her chisel, the other her pencil, she continues her strain; wherein, having already sung what each had pictured, she thus reveals that secret of the sufferer's breaking heart, which neither of them could imitate by any visible sign. But, we must return to the swoon of the dying man:—

'The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hail'd the wretch who won.

'He heard it, and he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize—
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There was his young barbarians all at play—
There was their Dacian mother;—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this gush'd with his blood.'

Myriads of eyes had gazed upon that statue; through myriads of minds all the images and ideas connected with the combat and the fall, the spectators and the scene, had passed in the presence of that unconscious marble, which has given immortality to the pangs of death; but not a soul among all the beholders, through eighteen centuries—not one had ever before thought of the 'rude hut,' 'the Dacian mother,'

'the young barbarians.' At length came the poet of passion; and, looking down upon 'the dying gladiator,' (less as it was than what it represented,) turned the marble into man, and endowed it with human affections; then away over the Apennines, and over the Alps, away, on the wings of irrepressible sympathy, flew his spirit to the banks of the Danube, where, 'with his heart,' were 'the eyes' of the victim, under the night-fall of death; 'for there were his young barbarians at play, and there their Dacian mother.' This is nature—this is truth. While the conflict continued, the combatant thought of himself only; he aimed at nothing but victory; when life and this were lost, his last thoughts, his sole thoughts, would turn to his wife and his little children.

EDUCATION.

The following beautiful extract is from an address delivered before the Zelosophie Society of the University of Pennsylvania, by the Honourable Joseph Hopkins, L. L. D., page 26:

"The American parent does an injustice to his child which he can never repair, for which no inheritance can compensate, who refuses to give him a full education because he is not intended for a learned profession. Whatever he may intend, he cannot know to what his son will come; and if there should be no change in this respect, will a liberal education be lost upon him because he is not a lawyer, a doctor, a divine? Nothing can be more untrue or pernicious than this opinion. It is impossible to imagine a citizen of this commonwealth to be in any situation in which the discipline and acquirements of a liberal education, however various and extended, will not have their value. They will give him consideration and usefulness, which will be seen and felt in his daily intercourse of business or pleasure; they will give him weight and worth as a member of society, and be a never-failing source of honorable, virtuous, and lasting enjoyment, under all circumstances, and in every station of life. They will preserve him from the delusion of dangerous errors, and the seductions of degrading and destructive vices. The gambling table will not be resorted to to hasten the slow and listless step of time, when the library offers a surer and more attractive resource. The bottle will not be applied to to stir the languid spirit to action and delight, when the magic of the poet is at hand to rouse the imagination and pour its fascinating wonders on the soul. Such gifts, such acquirements, will make their possession a true friend, a more cherished companion, a more interesting, beloved, and loving husband, a more valuable and respected parent."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HOWARD.

John Howard, an Englishman, who has justly obtained a celebrity over the whole civilized world for his extraordinary and unceasing efforts in the cause of suffering humanity, and for which he has been generally and justly entitled "the Benevolent Howard," was born about the year 1727, at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, a large village immediately adjoining London. To this place his father seems to have removed from the pursuit of his business as an upholsterer, in Long Lane, Smithfield, where he had acquired a considerable fortune. The education of young Howard was extremely superficial; and when he left school he was put as an apprentice to a wholesale grocer in the city; but this situation not being at all to his taste, he embraced the opportunity, on coming of age, of purchasing from his master the remainder of his time. By his father's will, he was not to come into possession of his fortune until he reached his twenty-fourth year, and then he became entitled to the sum of £7000. In addition to the whole of his father's landed property, his plate, furniture, pictures, &c. Coming thus