

men of rank and fashion; for an utter contempt of the people; and, although among their philosophers and sages, some truly great men are to be found, yet their writings do not constitute the burthen of classical literature taught in schools; nor are their manners in any respect patterns which could be followed with advantage by young men of modern times. In Greek and Roman literature there is an almost entire destitution of interest in mankind as a progressive race; the idea seems never to have entered the imaginations of ancient authors, that the day could ever come when slavery should cease—when the common people should be enlightened and refined—and when social institutions should be arranged not for the advantage of a patrician class, but to promote the general enjoyment of all. In short, scarcely one of the more important practical principles of Christianity, enlightened policy, or true philanthropy, is to be discovered in their pages.

No system of education which rests on such a basis, can impart true refinement to the youthful mind. It affords no adequate stimulus for the purest and noblest sentiments. It thus trains men up to contemn and stigmatise the immense majority of their fellow men, and to brand them with one single comprehensive epithet of dislike, embodying so completely every form of offensiveness, as to leave room for neither discrimination nor exception in its application to the people—"vulgarity." "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*"—I hate the profane vulgar, and drive them away—is a maxim too easily imbibed from the classic page.

We have not space at present in our columns to enter on the question of the effects of classical literature on the intellectual faculties. Suffice it to say, that we are far from depreciating the value of the study of Greek and Latin. As a mental exercise, it ranks, in our estimation, along with painting, music, poetry, and sculpture. It is one of the fine arts, and is calculated, when pursued as such, to elevate, improve, and benefit the taste and intellect: but as we would not make the fine arts the staple of education for legislators and citizens of the world, neither would we make Greek and Latin the grand objects to which the years of training of our children should be chiefly devoted.—*Scoteman.*

THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL.

A marked change has taken place, within a few years, in the manners of our schoolboys.—Formerly boys used rather to pique themselves on being slovenly in their habits, indifferent to dress, and inattentive to cleanliness. They thought of nothing but their sports, and held all things in contempt, a care for which would embarrass them when engaged in their rough recreations. In our time, a boy who kept his hands and face clean, his hair in form, his linen smooth, and his clothes in nice order, would have been the scoff of all his companions; a negligence respecting all these matters being considered as a mark of manliness. It was supposed that a boy who minded his clothes

and his person could not enter with sufficient abandonment into the rougher sports; he was therefore despised as a milksop. Now our young people have changed all this. Our schoolboys of the present day are all dandies. At ten years of age, they are all Brummels in miniature, with their starched neckcloths, Stulz coats, Cossack trousers, and boots. Their fathers, on the other hand, did not put on a cravat till they were about sixteen, and wore open frills, short jackets, and corduroy trousers, well rubbed at the knees, by reason of the acquaintance that part never failed to scrape with the gravel of the play-ground. Their jackets, too, were seldom masterpieces of tailoring, as it was scarcely worth while to have any thing particularly smart, considering the ancient custom of always wiping the slate with the cuff of the coat; by which practice it acquired, like some other things, a high polish at the expense of substance. We make no doubt that the young gentlemen of the present day use sponges to clean their slates; and perhaps they have attained to such a pitch of refinement as to dip their sponges in water, instead of the old and more primitive plan of simply spitting on them, to which we cleaved in our time. We have spoken of "the young gentlemen," which is not exactly the right phrase. In our day there were schoolboys; there are no such things now. There are Eton men, and Westminster men, and Harrow men, and Winchester men—boys are out. A short time ago, we asked what we took for an Eton lad of about twelve, whether there were many boys in the school then (it was just after the holidays), when he answered, pulling up his shirt collar, with an air never to be forgotten, "No, there are not many men here just now." In our time, we wore our hair cropped as short as possible, because there was less trouble about combing it, and keeping it tidy; and moreover, because it afforded less vantage to an assaulting enemy, and could not be made a handle of by the ushers, who had a pestilent habit of holding us by that tender part while putting interrogatories about breaking bounds, or some such matter, the answer to which might warrant a cuff. Now the men wear long hair, because it is better for curling. A hat was formerly a thing which never retained a likeness to a hat, or answered any of the known purposes of a hat, one week after the expiration of the holidays. All boys disapproved of the scheme of hats. They therefore played at football with them, till they knocked the crowns out, then tore off the brims, and thus procured the advantage of sun and air; but as in this shape the identity of a hat was apt to be doubtful, they put their marks on them by burning their names on them in large characters, with burning glasses, which with a faint sun, operate better on black felt than on any known substance. The other day, on visiting a school, we observed that all the hats had complete crowns, and knowing, well-turned brims; and it was fit they should be so, seeing the dandified little company that carried them on one side of their prim heads. These things