

Perhaps this is well in the end. It may teach men to look for something above mere contemporary praise; to seek something more noble and more lasting than present, transient favor. But hard, hard it must be for the man of proud spirit to be degraded and trampled upon by the very recipients of his bounty; by those who are bound by all the ties of honor and gratitude to defend & support him! Even Columbus could not escape this common fate. He, too, was destined to endure suffering and persecution, the legitimate offspring of ingratitude!—

While, in the new world, he is faithfully conducting the affairs of his Sovereigns, quelling discord and insurrection, and striving by every possible means to promote the true interests of his countrymen, envy and malice are busily at work with his character. All at once, without ~~without~~ warning, without trial and even without the slightest knowledge of the nature of his offence, he is thrown into irons and exposed to the most humiliating insults. When he learns that this is done by his Sovereigns' command, he makes no resistance: he suffers no brother or follower to

Columbus.

It is impossible to trace the history of Columbus without a feeling of deep interest, mingled with admiration. The untiring energy & perseverance, with which he pursued an object, at that time pronounced by the wisest to be a mere idle fancy, impressed ^{us} strongly with the conviction of his superiority to common men.

The conception itself, the realization of which has rendered his name immortal, was remarkable. From a few isolated facts, his powerful mind conceived the grand idea of a second hemisphere; and this idea quickly assumed, in his view, at least, the form of a reality. Had he stopped here, Columbus would have been regarded as nothing more than a superstitious sailor, who fancied that the unknown & boundless Ocean was filled with golden Isles. But the man that conceived, was the man to execute. Once convinced in his own mind of the truth of his theory, and of its practicable nature, no opposition or danger could deter him from the zealous pursuit of his cherished enterprise.

Let us now bestow a cursory glance upon some of the later portions of his life, and contemplate, for a few moments, the rewards of genius.

Columbus had devoted his whole life to the realization of that grand conception, which had at an early age taken possession of his heart; and imbued his character & conduct with a loftiness of purpose and a bold enthusiasm. His youthful energy and maturer strength had been unsparringly exerted in the accomplishment of that one object. While seeking assistance in the prosecution of his enterprise, he had wandered from country to country, often on foot, and wholly dependent on the charity of strangers for his daily food. Driven from one Court, he had applied to another. Experiencing delay & disappointment in one place, he had repaired to another, though destined to meet a like repulse. Over inspired with new animation & courage by the least favorable demonstration, and constantly supported & strengthened by the firm & abiding conviction of final success, he had cheerfully submitted to toil, privation and suffering; he had disregarded the sneers & scoffs of his countrymen; and risen superior to the malicious contrivances of his enemies. He had succeeded! He had discovered a new world! The Sovereigns, who had so reluctantly aided his enterprise, had been richly rewarded; and the Spanish crown had acquired a new lustre & importance among the nations of the earth. Now he has grown old in well-doing. The deeply

furrowed brow & the silvered locks bespeak both age & life-long care. Yet his step is firm & his form unbent. That natural majesty & conscious strength, which are the emblems of real superiority, discover themselves in every movement. Look upon him, and say: is he not happy in the consciousness of the good he has done? is he not beloved by his Sovereigns & his countrymen? How can they do less than recompense the hardships of his youth & manhood by kindness & respect! But, alas! few Sovereigns have ever been visited by feelings of gratitude! The heart of expediency is seldom warmed by its generous, expanding influence! — In fact, most of the great benefactors of the human race have been doomed to some disgrace. Envy, malice and blind incredulity, and their natural consequence, the spirit of ingratitude; sometimes in the shape of slander; sometimes in the garb of bitter, unsparring criticism; but often far in the unmistakable form of open abuse; have chilled the too-sensitive, too-much-expecting, heart. A few, perhaps, have been fully compensated for toil & study, and have basked in the sunshine of contemporary favor. But, too often, ~~at the moment~~, when the public benefactor feels almost certain of the admiration and honor of mankind, he is met by cold, unfeeling neglect; his merit receives its bitter reward in an ungrateful, an ungenerous persecution!

strike a blow for his deliverance. Crushed in spirit, he bows his head, whitened by age & anxious thought, in humble submission, and receives the heavy iron upon his weary limbs without a murmur. The execrations of the fickle crowd, the lying, falseaccusing tongue of the ambitious villain, "paps unheeded by". He feels not these insults, only as they are indications of something else—something worse. It is ingratitude, the ingratitude of friends, of sovereigns, that he feels: this stings his very soul! From them, in whose service he had employed all his life & strength, from them came this insult, this degradation! He shows no resentment, no anger, no sudden outbreak of passion, but the natural bitterness of a heart deeply moved by the sense of wrong.

Picture now, to your mind, an old man, whose character is unsullied by a single crime; whose soul has stamped its greatness on every feature: an old man, whose life has been filled up by noble deeds, without one stain of selfishness or avarice; and tell me, to whom could you point more deserving of reverence & love; less open to insult; less liable to abuse? Now follow this noble spirit; behold him under the

galling chain; his soul stung with ingratitude, and his body aching with pain; the song of hope, that sweet comforter, hushed within him; the past floating before him, as something unreal - a dream; and the future dark and fearfully uncertain: Can you repress a feeling of indignation? Can the heart, or the head find the slightest excuse for such treatment?

Nothing is more unnatural, or revolting to our feelings, than the conduct of those who subjected the old age of Columbus to such unwarranted abuse. None are more deserving of the execrations of posterity, or more likely to receive them, than those vile persecutors, who scrupled not to reward virtue with indignity, and noble actions with humiliation & chains.

Columbus was a Christian. Revenge never mingled itself in his thoughts or his actions. When he appeared at the Court of Ferdinand & Isabella, the tear of sympathy, which his appearance, & the recollection of his recent suffering elicited, quickly touched his heart and dissipated the bitterness of his soul. His pent up feelings could restrain themselves no longer, but, like the injured child, he burst into tears. He asked not the punishment of his enemies; he cared not for revenge; but to his rightful honor & his good name he still clung with eagerness. These he wished to bequeath to his children and his family, as the wealth

due to his services. And these belong to him and are his. Though his lot was hard, and his last moments were soothed by none of that favor from his countrymen or his Sovereign, which gratitude and even decency demanded; yet he has reaped an ample reward in the regard of posterity; and the name of Columbus, familiar to every child of every nation, will ever be held in grateful remembrance; and his fame, untarnished by time, will descend to the latest generations of men. The parent will point to him as a noble example for emulation; the hero will find in him the model of success; the child of fortune will imitate his stability and decision of character; and the Christian will discover in Columbus a spirit of self-denial, generosity and forgiveness, worthy the source, whence flow all noble qualities in their purity, the Favor of Mankind.

Oliver O. Howard.

Lamartine.

It is an excellent maxim for any and especially for the young man "never to be satisfied with a partial acquaintance with things." Yet, when one is called to write on a subject without the time or means of thorough investigation, if he write at all this good principle will but faintly appear in his production. To avoid, however, any difficulty of this sort in treating of Lamartine, I shall merely give my first impressions on reading a few of his numerous works. His style is striking and particularly calculated to awaken an interest in a young person of ardent temperament. The first book of his, which came into my hands was "Raphael". And, being unaccustomed either from experience or habit to critical decisions, I gave loose reins, as it were, to my credulous spirit and was borne along with delight through the fanciful, imaginative fields of his creation as though they were a reality. The depicted hopes and joys of youth, united as they were with good principles & high purity of affection, (thought by many so unattainable and consequently unnatural) had for me a peculiar charm; for they served to enhance the bright view, which I always loved to take of human character. Severe criticism finds in him, as in almost every one else, some serious faults and almost unpardonable errors. Exaggeration for the sake

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of effect is especially dwelt upon. - A want of thorough investigation & hence of sound judgment, with numerous other things of like import, is alleged against him as a writer. - That a writer, inclined to such faults will make but a poor historian is unquestionably true. But imagination is surely the most essential endowment of a poet, while rigid adherence to truthful representation, a mere concise statement of matters of fact, though it were done in verse, would be but a poor recommendation of poetical genius. Admitting Lamartine's history of the French Revolution to be somewhat defective from the frequent exaggerations of his delineations of character, yet his errors appear to be on the right side.

His work probably was not intended for posterity, but merely to combat reigning opinions, and root out the long-existing prejudices of the French people together with those of the other enlightened nations of the earth. The work is especially suited to this. The style is brilliant & attractive, and will, like Macaulay's, secure extensive reading: - His principles are Republican, and he shows, in his peculiar manner, that the horrors of that Revolution were not so much - not at all, in fact, the result of the "Republican principles", but the necessary consequences of the vacillating conduct of Louis & his adherents. Something of this kind was necessary. For thousands who have long hated Monarchical rule

have so dreaded more the cruelty & bloodshed, which they fancied, that experience had taught them, would be consequent upon any effort to carry out Republican principles in France. So they dared nothing of the kind themselves & opposed any like attempt on the part of others. Then, although there may not be that exactness in dates & in ^{the} order of events, that precision in detail which should characterize an impartial history, nevertheless, we must take it for what it purports to be. It claims our approbation for the good principles, which it maintains, for the distinct, lifelike, representations of men, and also for its literary merits. As was said there is something strikingly interesting - something which gives life & action to events gone by - something which touches the feelings and awakens the sympathies of mankind - in the rich & highly-colored writings of Lamartine. I will close as I began by saying, that I enjoy ^{his} beauties, but am unable, from want of sufficient knowledge, to estimate or censure his defects.

Oliver O'Howard.
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This piece, though evidently written in some haste, is still characterized by subtlety & reclusiveness, & even by correctness, in a higher degree than your productions usually are.