Perhaps this is well in the end. As many great men
are led to seek something above mere contemporary
peace, to seek something more noble and more lasting
than present, transient fame. But hard, hard it
must be for the man of proud spirit to be degraded
and humbled when by the very recipients of his
bounty; by those who are bound by all the ties of light
and gratitude to defend & support him! Even Colun-
bus could not escape this common fate. He too
was destined to endure suffering and persecution;
the inevitable offspring of ingratitude.

While, in the new world, he is faithfully conducting
the affairs of his sovereign, quelling discord and
insurrection, and shaming by every possible way
to promote the true interests of his countrymen,
envy and malice are busy at work with his
character. He is once, without notice, 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 sovereign's command, he makes
no resistance: he suffers no brother or follower to
Columbus.

It is impossible to trace the history of Colun
without a feeling of deep regret, mingled with admis-
sion. The universal energy & perseverance with which
he pursued his object, at that time pronounced by the
world to be a mere idle fang, injudicious, though with
the conviction of his superiority to common man.
The conception itself, the speculation 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 the idea
quickly assumed, in his mind at least, the form of a
reality. And he shipped him, Columbus would have
been regarded as nothing more than a sagacious
discovery, who fancied that the unknown Sfronte's
Ocean was filled with golden clubs. But the man
that conceived, was the man to execute. Once
continued in his own mind the truth of his
theory, and of its practicability nature, no opposition or
danger could deter him from the great purposes
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 daring.
Columbus had devoted his whole life to the execution of that grand conception, which had at an early age taken possession of his heart, and molded his character & conduct into a lifetime of perseverance and a bold enthusiasm. His youthful energy and maturing strength had been aspiring to and in the accomplishment of that one object. While seeking assistance in the prosecution of his enterprise, he had wandered from country to country, often in debt, 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 resorted to another, though destined to meet with like refusals. Ever inspired with new animation & courage by the least favorable demonstration, and constantly supported & strengthened by the firm & almighty conviction of final success, he had cheerfully submitted to the privation and suffering he had disregarded that caused & settle of his countrymen, and risen superior to the malicious contempt of his enemies. He had succeeded! He had discovered a new world! The Sovereign, who had so reluctantly aided his enterprise, had been richly rewarded, and the Spaniard had acquired a new lasting & important among the nations of the earth.

Now he has grown old in well-doing. The steady
Unlike a man for his observance. Beside in spirit, he has
his head subjugated by age of anxious thought, in humble
submission, and receives the heavy load when his heart,
limbs without a murmur. The restrictions of the
field cause the spirit, the sly, fulminating tongue of the
ambitious villain, "kept under by." He feels not their
insults, only as they are indications of something done
something worse. It is ingratitude, the ingratitude
of friends, of benefactors, to that he feels: this thing is
very real! From then, in whose service he has employed
all his life strength, from then came this insult.
This degradation! The thing are resentment, no
anger, no continued midst of patience, but the
natural bitterness of a heart closely mired by
the sense of wrong.

Picture now, to your mind, an old man whose
character is unscathed by a single crime, whose
soul had shone its greatness on every feature: an
old man, whose life has been filled up by noble
deeds, without one stain of selfishness or corseness, and
tell me, to whom could you point more deserving of
reverence & love; left open to insults, left to the abuse!
Now follow this noble spirit: behold him under the
giving chain; his soul stringing with ingratitudes, and his body aching with pain; the song of life, that sweet comforter, melted within him, the last flooding before him, as something unreal, a dream, and the future dark and painfully uncertain. Can you suppose a feeling of indignation? Can the heart or the hand find the slightest purpose for such treatment? Nothing is more unnatural, or wounding to our feelings, than the conduct of those who subjects the chivalry of Columbus to such unmerited abnegation, more sure of realizing the expectations of posterity or more likely to receive them than those who perceive, the world desiring not to reward virtue with indignity, and with action 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 loss of sympathy, which his appearance & the recollection of his recent suffering excited, quickly touched his heart, and dissipated the bitterness of his soul. His gentler 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 of his good name he still clung with eagerness. Thus he wished to bequeath to his children and his family, to the wealth due to his services. And these belong to him and are his. Though his lot was hard, and his last moments were soothing by some of that grace from his country, the love of his Sovereign which gratuated and even allowed demanded, yet he has received 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, embellished 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 divine influence from all noble qualities in their purity, the Saviour of Mankind.

Olivear C. Howard.
La Harpe.

It is an excellent maxim for any one and especially for the young man, "never to be satisfied with a partial acquaintance with things." But 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 La Harpe, I shall merely give my first impressions on reading a few of his numerous works. The 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 little weight to any preconceived idea. I was, in my precocious spirit, and was born along with delight through the fanciful, imaginative fields of his creation, as though they were a reality. The depicted hopes and joys of youth, would as they were with good principles & high merit of affection (thought by many as 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 everyone else, some serious faults and almost unpardonable errors. Euphogenesis for the sake
of effect is especially devout 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 ingredient 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 Lamarck’s History of the French Revolution to be somewhat defective from the frequent exaggerations of his estimations 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 set out the long-existing propensities 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 the author, in the pecuniary manner, that the issues of that revolution were not so much—nay at all, in fact—the result of the “Republican spirit”, but the necessary consequences of the abdicating conduct of Louis & his adherents. Something of this kind was necessary. For gentlemen who have long held Monarchical rule

have so dreaded more the cruelty & bloodshed, which they fancied, that experience had taught them, could be consequent upon any effort to carry out Republican principles in France. So they closed resettling of the land themselves & offered any like attempt in the heat of others. Then, although there may not be that exactness in date & in order of events, that precision in detail which should characterize an impartial history, nevertheless, we cannot taste it for what it purports to be. It claims our appreciation for the good principles, which it maintains, for the dramatic, lifelike, representations of men, and also for its literary merits. It was said there is something strikingly interesting—something which gives life & action to events pass-by-something which touches the feelings and awakens the sympathies of mankind in the rich & highly charged written of Lamarck’s. I shall close as I began by saying, that I enjoy the book, but can not subscribe from want of sufficient knowledge to estimate or censure his defects.

Oliver P. Howard