

THE LOST ARTS

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ., OF BOSTON.

The seventh of the course of lectures at the Tabernacle was delivered on Wednesday evening by Wendell Phillips, Esq., of Boston, before a very large auditory. Before introducing the lecturer of the evening the Chairman announced that Mr. John Thompson of Poughkeepsie would deliver the next lecture of the course, on Wednesday evening next, upon the Life and Genius of Milton. Mr. Phillips was then introduced to the audience, and proceeded to speak as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Perhaps the most prominent feature in the character of our countrymen is self-conceit. You recollect that a great many years ago we voted ourselves the most enlightened nation on the face of the globe—and there still remains the impression that we are the model Republic, and that the rest of the world has a great deal to do before they will get abreast of us. Indeed, I think that we are so fearful that this valuable quality should die out for want of culture, that we set apart two or three days in the year to encourage it—as for instance, the 22d of December, the Fourth of July, and the 17th of June—occasions when every American seems to consider it his duty, like

"Little Jack Horner,
To sit in the Corner,
And eat his Christmas pie."

But this peculiarity does not belong exclusively to us—it is a prevailing characteristic of the age. We seem to think that if wisdom will not die with us, at least it was born with us—and it requires a great deal to convince the man of the nineteenth Century, that they knew much before he was born. [Laughter.] I shall not, therefore, wholly waste the hour that you lend me to-night, if I endeavor to broaden your view a little—to take your eyes off of yourselves, and fix them for a moment on other ages and other lands—if I even endeavor to persuade you that, "That which is, has been, that which has been, is, and there is nothing new under the sun."

My lecture is upon *Artes Perdita*: or *The Lost Arts*, and allow me to preface by saying that there is no great department of literature in which we are but second-rate that we sit contentedly at the feet of earlier ages—that the ancients reaped the heaviest harvests, because it was the first. So in poetry and sculpture, the present age can but imitate artists of earlier times. The artist of our day can receive no higher praise than to have his pictures spoken of as like those of Raphael. In all these arts, therefore, perfection may be considered a lost art.—And this admission is very broad. It goes down to the commonest jest—to the most familiar novel. This army of novels which so invades the public are mostly taken or composed from different arrangements of three hundred stories of historic fiction. It is said that all the modern fictions of Europe may be reduced to three hundred roots; and that these are not European, but borrowed from the East. Shakspeare, you know never stopped to invent the skeletons of his immortal dramas, but borrowed them from second hands. And this is true not only of Shakspeare, and Pelham, but it is true of the commonest jest. Our very newspaper jokes have a most respectable antiquity. And so with the story of that son of the Emerald Isle, who said, "I was a handsome boy once, but they changed me in the cradle." [Laughter.] Even this joke was taken from an ancient book. So with the adornments of the imagination. And even so with these inundations of fashion that come from Paris twice a year, turning half the world crazy. We suppose them original with the Parisians. But the French schools of design, instead of trusting entirely to the native genius of their scholars, place before them patterns of past ages; and from these they combine such an infinite variety that it is almost impossible to imitate them. It is not, however, to this class of objects to which I wish to direct your attention to-night, but rather to those useful arts of which the present age is so peculiarly proud, and which administer to the delight and comfort of life. And in speaking of the Useful Arts, I must confine what I have to say upon a very large subject to a few brief moments. I will speak of Glass, of Metals, and of the Mechanic Arts. And here allow me to say that many have an idea that we are not to trust to information derived from authors of the olden times. So that Herodotus, from having been called the Father of History, came at one time to be called the Father of Lies." But these criticisms upon old writings are not much regarded.

And first, I am to speak of Glass—this beautiful material that administers so much to our delight and comfort. Did the ancients know of it? This article is of itself one of the most amazing instances of the self-conceit of which I before spoke. Even at the time when some skeptics were disputing upon this very question the peasants broke into a house among the ruins of Pompei, which was filled with it. Instead of not knowing of glass, the ancients knew more than we did about it. In the first place, they understood the process of transfusing the color through the glass. Sir George Wilkinson bro't from Egypt a small piece of glass, in which there was a figure of a duck, protected by another glass and then covered over again; and all this without destroying its beauty.

But I pass to the inquiry, whether they used glass for microscopes and telescopes? If you look at the History of Astronomy, you will find that the Hebrews and Egyptians were acquainted with the shape of the earth. We also read that the Iliad was put into a nut-shell by Alexander. Now this could not have been written in so small a compass without the aid of spectacles. We are also told that Nero had a ring of a peculiar shape and nature, that he looked down into the ring as he sat in the Coliseum, and could see the players distinctly. We are therefore, led to believe that Nero had an opera-glass. Colors, also, were known to the Ancients. The Egyptian, whenever he wishes to describe anything to you, paints it in fresco. An immortal paint has been the desideratum of all artists.—One of your own artists, M. Page painted the feature of a man whom I am proud to call my friend, Gerrit Smith. He used it is said, a new and favorite mixture. But go back to the productions of Raphael. The first remark of the beholder, gazing upon those life-like pictures, is that they were painted but yesterday. Go down into those chambers of the tyrant, Nero, and behold those paintings, which have been there for 1,700 years; behold them now, fresh and life-like as when the tyrant first looked upon them! I have seen, in the museum of Naples, a block

on which is painted the features of Cleopatra, now fresh and brilliant as when she won the first Caesar. This is immortal painting. And yet we sometimes think those old folks nothing.—[Laughter.] Houses among the ruins of Pompei are painted with colors which have withstood the ravages of 1,700 years, and are now bright and perfect.

I am next to speak of Metals. Now metals were the very first triumph of early art. We have the first remarkable account in the relation of Moses,—that he took the gold of the golden calf and made the people drink it. Well—we can make gold liquid by acids, but you could not drink that. If we found it forever, it is leaf. And in Germany, a century ago, it was a problem of frequent experiment to find out the meaning of that Hebrew text. Modern science cannot do what Moses did. In Rome, some of the most beautiful structures are made of stones, so hard, that they have withstood the storms of centuries. These stones—there is one in front of the *Place de la Concorde*—are covered all over with a substance hard and enduring.—There are figures on some of them—probably carved when the ancients did not know the use of iron. In the east, there is still this same wonderful control of metals. They manufacture sabres and scimitars keen as the Damascus blade. Sir Walter Scott beautifully illustrates the perfect control which the ancients had over metals; and Byron, you remember, says:

"And there lay the steed, with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
The foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as spray of the rock-beaten surf."
"And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown."

Mr Phillips closed his lecture by some eloquent remarks upon the Mechanic Arts, and argued that the writings of Herodotus, Aristotle, Strabo, and Pliny, go to prove that the ancients were not wholly unacquainted with this department of science—that they had railroads, canals and sail vessels. But these arts were then kept secret, and used for base purposes. The priesthood kept them, and used them to promote their own selfish ends. But when Cambyses came down from Egypt, and trod down the priesthood he trod out beneath the hoofs of that same invasion all the arts and all the civilization of Egypt; and the wealth of 3,000 years was swallowed up in a night of barbarism. But we have taken learning from the ancients. She now goes into the field with the farmer, and explains to him the nature of the soil. We have made learning come out from the cloister, and clasp hands on each side with the people! The Democracy of Christianity has taught us the brotherhood of the race, and in that we have anchored civilization and science too. When Gibbon finished his history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, in the last volume he concludes with this reflection; that we have now the use of fire and iron; and the arts can never be lost again. He made that reflection as he was sitting on one of the Roman hills, just at the going down of the sun, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter. But he would have made a different reflection at Thebes. It is neither to fire, or to iron, or to any chemical secret, but to the democratic element of that Christian religion which has bound us together in one great brotherhood of mutual benefit, that we are to owe the permanence of our art and civilization. [Great applause.]

The *New York Journal of Commerce* has the following on the manufacturing of cigars in New York:

Millions of cigars are manufactured in this city mostly by Germans—in obscure and out-of-the-way places, and after being passed through different hands to the consumer, are sold as the Siman pure Havana.

Recently we happened in at one of these places for a moment—to see how the thing was done. In a contracted, dingy-looking apartment, several men industriously engaged preparing the article. Before them on small tables were piles of the weed, principally grown in Connecticut. The leaves, after being sufficiently moistened to become pliable, were drawn through and rolled through the palm of the hand, then wound round with a perfect, good colored leaf called the "binder." One end of this is twisted and the other cut off square—the cigar is then complete. Men are at hand to pack the same in boxes, properly branded.—One individual will make 300 or 350 in a day, about 22 pounds of leaf making, conducted in this style, was quite profitable—but of late, a large number of Germans have squatted in various parts of our city until there are probably between three and four hundred different places of manufacture, and competition has a tendency to reduce prices. More cigars, too, are imported from Hamburg, Bremen and elsewhere, than formerly. This year, partially in consequence of the large California demand, the business has been better than last.

SINGULAR PREDICTION.—We have received a communication from the writer of the following, which we clip from the *Michigan Argus*, in which he asserts his ability to foretell many "rare and curious things" in domestic and social economy, not included in the "weather tables." It will be seen that his predictions about the weather during the present winter are "important if true." [Det. Free Press.]

For the *Michigan Argus*.

FREEDOM, Dec. 2d, 1852.

Messrs. EDITORS:

Cheer up brother farmers, "God tempers the winds for the shorn lambs." I made some Lunar observations at 3 o'clock A. M., on the 2d inst. There was many a mariner at his post the same hour. The result was, the signs were at extreme points last winter for severity.—This winter for mildness. Note it, you critics, or hold your peace! I know there will be scoffers,—so be it. South wind will prevail—some W N W; then cold. Ladies, if you want a sleigh ride, have a good pair of ponies, so as not to leave you in the mud.
Farmer have your saw logs ready,—be off while yet snowing! These things have been known to me since 1812. Next spring will be remarkably early. Teams will be at the plough on town meeting day. By the same rule, I can calculate 19 years ahead!

Yours, &c. WM. W. RYAN.

It is with books as with men; neither giants nor dwarfs are apt to live so long as those of moderate proportions.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 22, 1852.

The length of President FILLMORE's message precludes the possibility of its appearance in the *Times*, unless at the expense of the exclusion of all other matter. We have not thought it of sufficient interest to the majority of our readers to use our whole space for its publication.

The news department of our paper is stale. Our last Eastern mail arrived here on the eve of our last publication. We have been compelled to make a paper from exchanges of no later date than the 11th. How long we shall be under the stern necessity of continuing thus, we are not informed. We have a mail route upon the North and South side of the river, but unfortunately, their arrival here for the last two weeks has been both on the same day.—Bear with us readers, with the same patience we exercise towards our servants of the mail bag.

At 4 o'clock, A. M., on the 17th inst., the storm was so severe on the lake that the waves beat against the north-west corner of the residence at the Grand River Light, washing out the sand and causing the destruction of the walls from the foundation to the roof of the north half of the building. The forming of ice banks during the day, saved the Tower from being undermined. Two young men sleeping in the north room providentially escaped. Their clothes were buried beneath the ruins containing all the money one of them had earned in sailing late this season. We learn that the vest in which the money was left, has been found, but the money has not been recovered. The person who took it away from the house, where it was left when found, will please return it again if he wishes to avoid exposure.

The schooner Teazer went ashore near Black River, about 10 miles north of Kalamazoo, last Thursday night. She was bound from Racine to Chicago, with a cargo of wood, and becoming unmanageable from the ice on her hull and rigging she drifted to the east shore and struck on the beach. Her crew (two men and a boy), got ashore, and before they could climb the bank, the sea broke over their heads repeatedly. The boy was brought here on the 18th, from Port Sheldon, having both feet and hands frozen. It is thought amputation will be necessary.

ST. MARY CANAL.—A well-informed correspondent of the *Baltimore Sun* has the following judicious remarks respecting this great work of internal improvement, and its vital importance to the nation at large. [Free Press.]

"One of the greatest works of internal improvement ever sanctioned by Congress, is the ship canal around the falls of St. Mary, for which 750,000 acres of land were granted at the late session. It would have been better to grant the money, and to execute the work at once under the direction of United States engineers. But scruples as to the power of Congress over public funds, after they reach the Treasury, prevented that direct mode of effecting the object. But the work is to be prosecuted under the direction of the State of Michigan, and its completion will open a thousand miles of navigation to the north-western commerce. A few years hence, there will be a direct communication by railroad from Lake Superior to the falls of St. Anthony. But one of the most surprising of all the great projects now entertained, is a communication by canal or slack-water navigation, rivers, and a few portages, from Hudson's Bay to Lake Superior. The route is now traveled in fifteen days by the employees of the Company, and for a great part of the distance, in canoes.

"If Congress had not, by the act of last session, provided for the St. Mary Canal, the British Colonial Government would have made the work on the other side, and at about ten times the cost of ours, in consequence of the greater practicability of the route on the American side. The British Colonial authorities are wide awake to the importance of internal improvements, and when the commercial policy of this Government shall become sufficiently liberalized, it is probable that all these great works, on both sides of the line, will be used for commercial purposes.—If both States present a restrictive policy, where is the use of railroads and canals?"

CHEAP POSTAGE.—This subject is one that interests the entire community to an extent which is attained by hardly another question of public policy in this country. The rich and the poor are alike desirous that their letters should be transported at the lowest possible cost.

The Philadelphia *Ledger* says the revenue under the reduced rates of postage has fallen off nearly a million of dollars, compared with the year previous. The falling off in the receipts of the fiscal year, is a reduction on the gross receipts of the year 1851 of about 16 per cent, a diminution much less than followed the reduction of postage in 1845.

Notwithstanding the falling off at first in the revenue, after the reduction of postage, the gain for the five succeeding years was very considerable over the receipts under the old system, and we believe a similar result will follow the present reduction. [Det. Free Press.]

BRUTAL MURDER.—A Mr. Wm. Stevenson, of White Oak, in this county, was killed on last week, in the township of Stockbridge, by a man named Hitchcock, under the following circumstances. Stevenson had been attending a court at Stockbridge as witness—and a quarrel commenced at Stockbridge—after the trial was over, they started to go home together, in company with two or three others. While on the way, Stevenson who had been cautioned against Hitchcock as a dangerous and malicious fellow, good humoredly seized a cane from the hands of Hitchcock and ran off with it. Hitchcock, pursued, and coming up, stabbed Stevenson in the abdomen with a knife, several times, letting out his intestines, and even after he fell, as stated, stamped upon him. H. has been arrested and is in jail. [State Journal.]

Deride not any man's infirmities.

NEGOTIATIONS FOR THE ACQUISITION OF CUBA.

The *National Intelligencer* has commenced the publication of all the correspondence which has taken place between the United States and its diplomatic agents abroad, declaratory of or relating to the policy of the government of the United States in relation to the island of Cuba. It was communicated to Congress by the President on the 14th of July last, but, for some reason which it is not difficult to conjecture, has not found its way into print or to the public eye until now.

The correspondence commences with extracts from a letter dated Nov. 1822, from Mr. Forsyth, then Minister to Spain, to John Q. Adams, then Secretary of State under the administration of Monroe, and closes with the correspondence between Mr. Buchanan, Secretary of State under President Polk, and Romulus M. Saunders of North Carolina, then our Minister at the Court of Madrid.

The propriety of the publication of these papers has been severely questioned, as likely to embarrass seriously, our future efforts for the peaceful acquisition of this important island. [State Journal.]

The *N. Y. Evening Post*, speaking of the matter, says:

"Spain is not likely now to entertain any proposition for the cession of Cuba except upon terms far more onerous than our people would submit to, and the consequence is, that we must either be contented to wait until she falls into our hands as the fruit of a foreign war, or of domestic revolution. Such are the dire alternatives, forced upon us and the Cubans, by this apparently inexhaustible indiscretion of the President."

While the *Washington Union* says: "All the papers in the document under review have relation either to measures and negotiations, on the part of this country, contemplating the acquisition of Cuba for itself, or the prevention of its acquisition by any other nation.—These papers are of exceeding interest and importance, and will doubtless arrest the attention not of this country only, but of Spain and the chief powers of Europe. It strikes us that their publication at this juncture should not have been permitted by the President. The call for their publication was made upon the usual condition of compatibility with the public interest; and we can hardly conceive that any well-informed person can fail to regard them but as extremely prejudicial to the public interests. Their tendency is to embarrass our already complicated and entangled relations with Spain, and to throw obstacles in the way of a peaceful adjustment of the difficulties between that power and the government of the United States. It is some consolation, however, to know that they represent the foreign policy of the democratic party in a light which will put an end to the misrepresentations and groundless censures of the whig press, and command the approbation and admiration of the country."

AGRICULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

On the 7th of last October, a large agricultural fair was held at Sacramento, which was quite an affair. An address was on that occasion delivered by Dr. John F. Morse, in which he made the following statements relative to farms of different gentlemen. He said that on the garden of Mr. Bennet, numbering thirty acres, were raised 60 bushels of grain per acre. He employs ten men, and realizes \$595, weekly. The garden of Messrs. Smith and Barber, numbering thirty acres, yields \$60 a day.

Mr. Southwick, on his farm, keeps a hundred and twenty-five cows, at a cost of \$600 per month. He sells 176 gallons of milk daily, at a dollar per gallon. He realizes \$63,000 annually from his dairy alone. Gen. Hutchinson, on 80 acres realized 50 bushels per acre, which weighed 52 pounds to the bushel, and was worth \$91,584.

Wm H. Davis, on a farm of 600 acres, keeps two thousand head of stock. J. M. Horn, of San Rose Valley, has a farm of 200 acres, which produces 80 bushels of barley to the acre; also 150 acres of potatoes, producing 300 bushels per acre. They are worth \$4 per bushel; besides large crops of wheat and oats.

Mr. E. S. Beard, of the same Valley, has 540 acres in barley, wheat and oats, yielding on an average, 50 bushels per acre. Also, 260 acres of potatoes, yielding 250 bushels per acre. Aggregate amount in value, \$560,000.

At a late meeting of the Farmers' Club of this city, (N. Y.), Mr. Shelton, of California, stated that Indian corn did not generally flourish in California. It grew to an enormous height with small crops, from 20 to 25 feet high, at least. The climate is exceedingly changeable. Mr. S. said he saw some Canada corn from four to six feet high, the ears being near the ground. The westerly winds rush in this valley where stands the city. The branches of trees are all bent to the Eastward. Various trees are so injured by wind and sand that they become stunted and grow in a bush form. As soon as the rainy season begins, clover commences to grow, and grows very bushy and tender. The Indian Squaws gather baskets full every day, making a kind of beverage of it. The hills and valleys are covered with wild oats and clover. The cattle and stock get very fat on these oats and clover. The clover comprises some fifteen or twenty varieties of every hue and color. The grasses are very fine; the native timothy yields from two to five tons per acre. It is ten feet high. The pin grass is of a very curious growth. An acid clover grows very abundant in the valleys: the natives make a lemonade of it; it is very healthy. He gathered one bushel of sour clover, weighing three pounds.

The Rev. Mr. Fitch, of California, stated that vegetation began in November and dried up in June. Drought continues till November and generally without dew. The people commence cutting barley about the 1st of May, and let it lay on the ground over two months, not raked up. [Scientific American.]

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 10.

The revolution in Mexico is progressing. The Tehuantepec treaty was still being agitated, and it was anticipated that the contracts would be overruled. Advice from Havana state that the captain and crew of the American ship Suffolk had been released from prison, causing much excitement against English residents.

Several slave ships are expected on the coast. British men of war were cruising about to capture them.

CONSTRUCTION OF ICE HOUSES.

Your correspondent, R. R. Wright, of Philadelphia, asks information as to the best construction of a family ice house. If you see fit you may give him that of mine, in which I now have ice that was put there nearly five years ago the annual supply having been added to that nucleus.

My ice house is ten feet cube, six feet below to four feet above the surface, on the average; on a side-hill declining to the northeast, the ordinary entrance being at that end—that for filling opposite.

I excavated the earth, placed four posts ten feet long and ten inches square—lined the outside and inside with two inch plank, and filled the space between with tan-bark. I made a double roof by nailing inch boards above and below, with four inch rafters, and filled the space with straw, shingling the outside, the roof being a half pitch, and projecting eighteen inches on all sides. In the centre of the roof, and elevated above, is a ventilator eight inches square. I had an open drain leading from the bottom, where I laid my sleepers, of ordinary fence posts, covered with loose boards, in order that any liquid may run freely off, a very important point in the construction of any ice house.

In filling my ice house, I am particular to have all interstices well filled at every layer of ice, with well broken pieces, and prefer the coldest weather to pack in—a matter more important than the thickness of the ice. While packing and when full, I throw large quantities of water, at the lowest possible temperature, over the ice, on very cold nights, leaving front and rear doors open. I cover about the middle of March, with plenty of shavings, which I regard as altogether preferable to straw or sawdust, especially the former, which I would never use.—During the summer see that the shavings are thrust down at the sides where ice melts.

My ice house is shaded by a building in the rear, and trees at the sides.

I have supplied friends with ice, when every other ice house in the city had given out. [Albany Cultivator.]

PHILOSOPHY OF MONEY.—The *Dutchman* very justly observes that the moment money becomes cheap, up goes the price of beef and potatoes, so that it makes but very little difference to any body save gold diggers and borrowers, whether the yield of gold mines be one ton a year or one thousand tons. Since the discovery of gold in California, interest has fallen some 40 per cent, while rents have gone up seventy-five. The idea that the quantity of comfort in the world depends on the quantity of money in it, is, therefore, all moonshine.—Double the present supply of gold, and we would double the price of every article for which gold is given in exchange—so that it makes "no difference to nobody" whether half the mountains in California are composed of precious metals or not. Things will find their level, and if an hour's labor in California will produce an ounce of gold, the time will soon come when an ounce of gold will be given for an hour's cobbling. The quantity of labor necessary to produce an article determines its value.—Make gold dust as common as gravel, and it would bring the same price per week. [Hunt's Merchants' Magazine.]

The Knoxville Journal says, that on Sunday week a little child of Mr. Joseph Coiner met a singular and shocking death. It appears that the children had made a rope swing, on an apple tree in the yard, the bite of which was some twelve or fifteen inches from the ground, and that on Sunday, the youngest, a promising child just able to run around, was missed from the house, and when found was lying with its neck across the swing—dead. The child had evidently tried to get into the swing, but falling, caught upon the rope—breaking its neck, as it is supposed, the neck being much swelled, and the rope mark to be distinctly seen.

MURDER AT ORANGE.—A man named Weeks, of New Salem, was killed at Orange, in Franklin county, Mass., on Thursday night last, by a man named Whitney, in the course of a dispute in regard to a proposed wrestling match between the two parties. During a conversation Whitney drew a dirk knife and plunged it into the body of Weeks, and afterwards inflicted another blow upon his hand. The injured man lived but a few minutes. The other was arrested and committed for trial.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 10.

The Senate was not in session to-day. In the House the different parts of the President's message were referred to appropriate committees. The matter in regard to the Tariff will be referred to a special committee with power to send for persons and papers. The committee to report by bill or otherwise.

A dispatch from Raleigh states that the N. Carolina Legislature have not yet elected a U. S. Senator.

CONTESTED ELECTION.—We learn from private sources that the seat of Alfred M. Hoyt, *Dem.*, returned as elected to the House of Representatives from the county of Saginaw, will be contested by Hon. S. G. Sutherland, of that county, also *dem.*

We have heard remarked that one seat from the county of Monroe, will also be contested but have no certain information of the fact. [State Journal.]

The number of deaths among the prominent men of Massachusetts, during the last few months, says the Worcester Palladium, has been truly startling. Webster of the Cabinet; Rantoul, Fowler and Thompson, members of Congress—Myros Lawrence, David Henshaw and Francis Baylies, who have filled many important places.

SERVED THEM RIGHT.—Of the gang of men and boys who so shamefully maltreated a French girl, last summer in the mountains east of Whitehall, nine have been sent to the State Prison for the term of ten years, and two, being under sixteen years of age, were sent to the House of Refuge.

The stamped envelopes, which the new postage law requires the department to place in the hands of the postmasters for sale, will be ready in January.

The largest tunnel in the world is in Hungary. It extends from the shore to the river Gran, near Zarnowitz, to the Schemnitzer Hill mines, and is ten English miles in length.