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THE FREE SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Education, a national defence; Our policy; Provision for it; Various theories; One object, general education; To whom the obligation belongs, to all, especially to the State and to the Church; Argument for the State; System of Primary and Free Schools in Virginia; Literary Fund; Revenue; Disbursement; Organization; State Superintendent; University of Virginia; Its organization, object and adaptation to its end; How it works; Schools; Library; Requisitions; Religion, as an element of our nature, necessary to the structure of society, of government, and of education; Not Sectarian; Other colleges and schools so constructed.

"EDUCATION," says Lord Brougham, "is the cheapest defence of nations." A sounder political maxim was never uttered. All history confirms it. The great men, from whom we have inherited, fully apprehended this great truth, and laid it at the foundation of every political structure by which they sought to entrench and perpetuate institutions of freedom. The Pilgrims built the school-house and the church in every community they formed, and made religion and learning the first objects of thought in the early training of their children. The Huguenots were intelligent and religious, and educated their children accordingly. The early settlers of Virginia were men of the same wise counsels. Washington taught the doctrine of Brougham, and Jefferson elaborated it. William and Mary College early opened her curriculum in the higher discipline of education. Washington College, at Lexington, owes its origin to him whose name it bears, and the University of Virginia was one of the great works of Jefferson. Hampden Sidney, Randolph Macon, Emory and Henry, and Rich-

mond Colleges are scions of the same vigorous root of a sound political faith. These, with our High Schools and Academies all over the land, and our system of Free Schools in every neighborhood, designed to embrace every child in the commonwealth, present a completeness in the system which is comprehensive of all, and eminently practical.

Education is the great theme in every family, every community, every social organization; in the school-boy's first essays, and the scholar's theses; in the higher disquisitions of literature, in the legislative halls, in the statesman's theories of government. No Legislature assembles without its educational committee. No family hardly thinks its privileges complete, and its rights secured, until the children are provided with seats in the school-room. As soon as children pass from the hands of their nurses, they are turned over to "tutors and governors," and their education directed and prosecuted with a view to the active duties of life. This is a common sentiment approaching universality—*our children must be educated.*

Having arrived at this point in the development of public sentiment, and in the public demand, various theories are broached of the best methods of education, the best plans for prosecuting it, embracing all the incidents and details involved in such organizations;—whether public or private education is to be preferred;—what branches of study—since there must be a limit to the circle—may be best suited to each particular profession or sphere of life;—what constitutes a liberal education;—what may be the most effective modes of instruction, of study, or of recitation;—at what age of the man, or the boy, the mind is suitably developed to dismiss one class of studies and assume another; whether the plan of instruction by lecture or text-book, by oral discussion or recitation, or a combination of these several methods, is to be preferred:—what is the

THE RANDOLPH LIBRARY.

NORFOLK, January 1, 1854.

Dear Sir :—I comply cheerfully with your request to give you some notion of the library of the late John Randolph, such as it was at the period of his death; but, as I am compelled to draw mainly upon my memory, the account must necessarily be a meagre and unsatisfactory one. A catalogue of the library, prepared by an accomplished bibliographer, would be a psychological curiosity; but such a record is now impossible; and the only semblance of a catalogue in existence, which is contained in the account of sales made by an auctioneer wholly ignorant of books, would be more apt to lead the reader astray than aid him in appreciating the value of the original collection.

Few of our public men devoted as much time to literature as did Mr. Randolph. It was from his books that he derived his greatest delight while spending his summers in his solitary home on the banks of the Staunton. His reading embraced all the finest productions of genius in every department of literature; and the library at Roanoke, in the number and rareness of its books, in its richness in the department of history, and that of Virginia especially, and in old English literature, nearly equalled, as it ought to have done, that of Col. Byrd of Westover, which is known to us by its catalogue preserved in the Franklin Library of Philadelphia, and greatly surpassed the more modern one of Ralph Wormley of Rosegill; and deeply do I regret that, like both the collections above-named, it has been scattered to the winds. Whatever illustrated our own history colonial and State, one was sure to find on its shelves; and Randolph possessed not only the original edition of all our historians, and illustrative tracts, and books of travels in America which he had met with abroad, but that gem among antiquarians, the original records of the Virginia Company, in manuscript of course, and bound in vellum, which was purchased, it is said, by or for Col. Byrd the eldest, at the sale of the Earl of Southampton, and had been studied and marked by Stith and Burk in the compilation of their respective histories. These two

volumes were substantially bound in vellum, and embrace the period from the settlement of the colony to the year 1625. They passed through the Blands to Mr. Randolph, I presume, as they bore the bookplate of Cawsons. There was Burgoyne's account of his unfortunate campaign, or his Maid of the Oaks, I forget which, by the side of the journals of Tarlton and Simcoe; the travels of Chastellux in the original, and in the English translation, the latter annotated by Mr. Randolph; and the travels of Capt. Smith, not the chivalric founder of the Colony, of whose work he had the original edition in small folio, but Capt. J. B. D. Smith, an officer of the British army, and sometime planter on the Roanoke, which Randolph pronounced, with certain qualifications, the most authentic account of our ancient manners extant.*

He had not only the great historical works of the language in all their ample proportions, but the tracts and essays which the contest about Whig and Tory for a century had called forth. On this shelf were the Craftsman and Dr. Saccheverell; on that Cato's Letters and Dr. King. Though a man of the world, Randolph, like Beauclerc, had a collection of sermons which would have rejoiced the heart of a divine; and, like a sturdy scholar, was only willing to draw his religion from the master minds of the church. Barrow, Stillingfleet, South, Sherlock, Jeremy Taylor, Tillotson, were there; "the judicious Hooker" alone was wanting; for in those days it was hard to pick up a copy of the Ecclesiastical Polity; and beside these, in their best suits, were Blair and Doddridge, dissenters though they were. Bourdaloue, Pascal, and Bossuet,—I do not remember Massillon—represented the eloquence and piety of the French.

In his summer house, which was one story, and built in the French style, he kept the great bulk of his library on shelves; but in the smaller house in which he usually slept, were two cases of books, one of which in particular he would allow no dust to enter, nor the light of the sun, save when it was wanted for use. And in this favorite case were contained some precious books in appropriate but magnificent binding. There

* See Virginia Historical Register, vol VI, p. 148.

was the splendid edition of Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Writings*, published by Lord Sheffield, his literary executor, in five volumes, adorned with elegant engravings. There too were the *Characteristics*—not the Baskerville edition, which bibliographers covet for the beauty of its type and paper, but the edition of 1727, with the designs by Gribelin, which Shaftesbury, in the intervals of his sufferings from a disease which was to consign him to an early grave in a foreign land, amused himself in inventing; and of the *Characteristics* he had two copies. There, too, was old Montaigne, in three royal octavos of the English translation—its pages here and there showing the touch of his pencil—dressed more gaudily than became the venerable Gascon; while in another part of the library was a fine edition of the original. Chaucer was there in his antique garb as well as in his more modern one; Guicciardini in all his large proportions, and Bolingbroke, who had pronounced the Italian historian the rival of Livy. Macchiavelli was in another case. There were Granger's *Biographical History of England* with Noble's continuation in seven volumes; the *Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson* by his lovely and intellectual widow, presenting one of the truest and most touching pictures of the Cromwellian era; and marked by the pencil of Randolph again and again, as if he delighted to recur to its pages, and adorned with an elegant engraving of the Colonel and of the author; and "brave Ricraft's lively portraits" of the generals of the Commonwealth; the life of Raleigh by Cayley; Hume's *Essays*, and his celebrated "*Treatise of Human Nature*," which the author, writing in the placid evening of his life, tells us "fell dead-born from the press." Randolph had studied the *Treatise* in early life, and on one of its blank leaves had written a scrap of personal history; and many other capital books, all English editions elegantly bound, and, in the bibliographer's phrase, tall copies.

In the other case were books of a very different caste, which came unexpectedly on the visitor, who did not know Mr. Randolph's peculiar tastes; for there was the *British Sporting Magazine*, running back year after year and filling shelf upon shelf, and the *British Stud Book* in scores of volumes; and

other works appertaining to horses, dogs, and sports; while on the lowest shelf near the floor were the *Records of the Virginia Company* already spoken of, and a folio Homer, of great age, bound in vellum. Over the fireplace of the room which held his favorite case, was a half-length of himself, taken when he was about twenty-five, a fine painting by Stuart, and in strong contrast with his latest portrait by Harding. And I ought to add there was also suspended from its walls a portrait of the gallant Decatur, who, after facing unhurt the most imminent dangers in defence of his country, fell in a private feud on the fatal field of Bladensburg, and in whose honor Randolph pronounced an eulogium in the House of Representatives brief, indeed, but surpassingly eloquent.

As you entered the vestibule of the summer-house, you beheld on shelves a connected series of parliamentary debates in many volumes, journals of the House of Representatives and of the Senate, and some bound volumes of newspapers of an early date, one of them containing the two famous numbers of Decius attributed to Mr. Randolph, and which were designed to explain and defend his political course in seceding from the ranks of the republican party in 1806. Turning to the room on the left, you came at once into the general collection of his books, and began the examination in good earnest. In spite of his early disadvantages, Mr. Randolph always cherished a love of his Latin, and, to a certain extent, his Greek also; and among his books were not only the common Latin and Greek classics in fine editions, and the best translations of them in prose and verse, but modern Latin writers of the greatest genius. Of the Greek Testament he had many copies, some of them rare from their antiquity, others distinguished by the beauty of their typography as well as by the purity of their text. Among the modern Latin writers were the works of Buchanan in two folio volumes, containing, of course, his celebrated *Psalms*, and also, if I mistake not, the poems of Johnston, another Scotchman of genius, and the rival of Buchanan in sacred song. But the gem of his modern Latinity was that admirable collection of histories, or Republics as they are

called, which were published by the Elzevirs, and were the text books of the statesmen who flourished during the century which closed in 1750, or nearly to the end of the last century. The fifty volumes of the work were there. He had bought them of Van Tetroode, when he was in Holland. There was *Hobbes de Cive*, interleaved and crammed with annotations, but evidently by some other hand, and the *Leviathan*, of course. He was rich in grammars; the *Westminster*, the *Port Royal*, the larger *Ruddiman*, and a great many others; and his dictionaries embraced *Bailey*, *Sheridan*, *Johnson in folio*, *Ainsworth in quarto*, *Schrevelius*, *Donnegan*, *Hedericus*, *Facceolatti* and *Forcellini*, though of the two last I am not certain; but the number was legion, and all in good repair; and, as there were occasionally duplicates among them, it is probable he bought them for sudden service when absent from his books, or with a view of presenting a copy to some promising youth, as he was wont to do.

In all that could illustrate the topography of Europe and its history, in the shape of books, maps, charts, and engravings, his library was abundant. In the course of his political life he had seen the rise and fall of Napoleon; and, as it was his province to study the life of that remarkable man, so he had about him all the means of tracing his career from his island cradle to his island grave. He had the true bibliographic love of a fine copy of the best edition, and in opening his noble edition of *Bayle*, in the original, you found it to be the edition pronounced by *Brunet*, in his *Manuel du Libraire*, to be the best. And not far from *Bayle*, of which he also had the English translation, in five volumes, by *Des Maizeaux*, which contains the admirable life of the great critic, was *Watt's* noble work, the *Bibliotheca Britannica*, yet in boards. He was skittish of Northern editions, and instead of the American reprints of the *Edinburgh* or the *Quarterly*, he had complete sets of the British originals bound in Britain. He had a copy of the *Anti-Jacobin Review* at full length and well-bound, and the *Gentleman's Magazine* from the commencement to a late date, ample enough to fill a case by itself. If you did not find *Silliman's Tour*

through the Canadas, there was *father Charlevoix* ready to your hand.

He was a lover of the drama, and had several copies of *Shakspeare*, though none of special note. The magnificent edition by *Boydell* he did not possess, and, as appears from one of his letters, did not relish. He had copies of the elder and more modern dramatists, not uniformly printed and bound as they now appear, but of every form, as he had been able to pick them up from time to time. He had many books of plates, such as *Wilson* and *Bonaparte's* volumes, *Hogarth*, *Houbracken*, and many others. He loved poetry, and was well supplied with all the works that bore the stamp of age; for, while you saw no modern writers, or very few, the great English poets from *Elizabeth* to the early part of *George the Third's* reign were all there. His copy of *Milton* was in folio, on fine paper and in large type—the very book for old age. His *Dryden's Fables* were also in folio, and were embellished with designs by *Lady Beauclerc*, whose pencil *Horace Walpole* frequently borrowed for the adornment of *Stawberry Hill*.

He loved eloquence, and, as you passed your fingers over the backs of his books, you touched the masters of the British Senate—*Chatham*, *Wyndham*, *Burke*, *Fox*, *Pitt*—in all their large proportions, loaded his shelves. Books illustrative of the peerage, or of the House of Commons, he delighted in and closely studied. If you sought the history of a coronet, *Collins* and *Debrett* were at your hand; or were disposed to hunt up a commoner, *Beatson's* copious index would soon satisfy every inquiry. I spoke of his maps and books on the topography of Europe. I ought to lay some stress on those which illustrated England in particular. The history of *Kent* and other counties, with maps and engravings of the country seats and other remarkable objects, and other books of that class, formed a prominent part of his collection. It was from this source he drew his surprising knowledge of British topography. He loved to look behind the formal histories of the times into secret memoirs, and he had works of this description which tore the veil from king and common, and to which no printer dared to put his name, or date, or place of publication. His

copy of the private history of the prominent men and women of Queen Anne's time would be a rare book in England. He had a large collection of medical writers in Greek and Latin in folio, and printed over two hundred years ago, including Hippocrates, Galen, Forestu, and others, all fine specimens from the press of Venice.

He sometimes made amusing notes in his books. In his copy of the Guide to Switzerland, for which he thought he paid too much, he pasted a piece of paper on which were written the place of purchase and the price, and underneath the venerable maxim, "*Point d'argent, point de Suisse.*" In a copy of Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress, by Moore,—whom, by the way, he complimented in person on his book,—which seemed to be nibbled at one corner, Randolph wrote with a pencil: Torn by Bibo *when a puppy*. You at once saw, from the underscored part of the sentence, that Bibo would have scorned such a deed when full-grown. On the fly-leaf of Hume's Treatise of Human Nature already alluded to, he has given us a spice of autobiography:

"I was sent to Philadelphia in the year 1790 to study *law* with the then attorney general of the United States (Edmund Randolph.) This book was the first he put into my hands, telling me that he had planned a system of study for me, and wished me to go through a course of metaphysical reading. After I returned the book, he gave me Shakspeare to read, then Beattie on Truth, after that Kames' Elements of Criticism, and fifthly, Gillies' History of Greece. What an admirable system of study? What a complete course of Metaphysics?—*Risum teneatis?*

J. R. jr. June 30, 179 five."

He was in his twenty-third year when he wrote the paragraph above quoted. The hand-writing is excellent, but not as artistic or as beautiful as it became afterwards.

Most of his books were purchased abroad since the conflagration at Bizarre, which consumed nearly all he then had, on his different trips to Europe, and all of them within the last twenty years of his life. I do not say that his library was a complete one, if such a thing is possible, nor that it was all that a library might well be. In the depart-

ment of science it was almost wholly deficient, and in literature there were many omissions, which, by the way, nobody saw more clearly than did Mr. Randolph himself; and it ought to be said that on his last visit to England he purchased a number of books, which, if they arrived at Roanoke before his death, were not taken from the boxes and placed on the shelves. What I affirm is, that it was the most respectable collection of pure literature made by any one of our eminent statesmen in Virginia since the Revolution; and was especially valuable as indicating his taste and love of research; for it must be borne in mind that the books purchased by him were selected in the different cities of Europe out of thousands that were before him, and many of them in such shabby attire as to show that their only value lay in their intrinsic worth. And it must be kept in mind that I have mentioned but a few out of hundreds, and mainly with a view of showing the class and caste of his books. It is a subject of regret that no catalogue of his books by a competent hand exists, or is now practicable; and still more is it to be deplored that a collection, the most characteristic of all his possessions, was not deposited in some public institution, and preserved entire, as a striking and appropriate memorial of his taste and genius.

I am, very truly, yours,

HUGH B. GRIGSBY.

John R. Thompson, Esq., Richmond.

HANS ANDERSEN.

The quaintest, oddest, brightest pen, that e'er
Shaped wondrous tales for children—and men too:
Hans Andersen, the poet good and true
Has won a fame that, sure, should be most dear
To the man's heart!—Let those who will, deride
Ambition such as his, to fashion tales
For children—young ones—such as with full sails
Set forward, laughing at the ocean wide—
And tender, hopeful of the bright 'To Come!
'To me it seems not vain! The memory
Of those bright-tinted tales will ever be
A link that binds them to their childhood's home,
And "Gerda"—"Kay"—the "Little Match Girl" seem
Like angels seen long since in some bright, happy dream.