

## JEAN MASSIEU.

BY LAURENT CLERC.

[Concluded from page 89.]

[AT the end of the second volume of "The Theory of Signs" by the Abbé Sicard, we find a notice of the childhood of Massieu by Madame Victoria Clo, a French protestant lady of great intelligence and much sensibility, who, in early youth, was married to Mr. Clo, a rich Italian catholic gentleman, resident at Paris. Although they were the children of parents of a different creed, yet they lived very happily together, and, as far as I know, never tried to persuade one another to change their religion. Had they, however, ever made the attempt, it is not probable that they would have succeeded, as they each held fast to the faith of their parents through life. They had their dwelling in the neighborhood of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. Of course, they had frequent opportunity to come and see the Abbé Sicard and his pupils; but, though they had free access to the school-rooms, they had not much chance of becoming familiar with the method of teaching. Madame Clo, especially, persisted in believing that everything was material in the Abbé Sicard's mode of instruction, and that, consequently, there was no means of making the deaf and dumb acquainted with the rules of grammar, much less with the laws of syntax, without which it would be absolutely impossible for those unfortunate beings to express their own thoughts, or to comprehend those of others. She wished, therefore, to ascertain how the teacher could supply this deficiency; how he surmounted the obstacles which were incessantly opposing the triumph of art over nature; how he succeeded in making his pupils comprehend abstract and strictly intellectual ideas. She was permitted to converse with Massieu, and, by interrogating him on the value of words, to discover whether he had an exact notion of their value; whether he perceived their synonyms, if there were any; or whether he found no synonym, when there was none. It was not long before she was fully convinced of the reality of the success

obtained ; and she not only admired the Abbé Sicard, but also determined to make ample amends for her incredulity, by publishing the particulars of the childhood of his pupil Massieu, and the process of his education, together with his answers to her questions and to those of others. I remember many of these answers, as I was present at the exhibitions where they were made. There are a great many others which I do not find in Madame Clo's notices, and which, however, are also worth mentioning ; among others, this :

“ Dieu raisonne-t-il ? ”

“ Non, ” répondit Massieu.

“ Comment, Dieu ne raisonne pas ? ” dit tout le monde.

“ Non, ” répète Massieu, “ et voici pourquoi.

“ On raisonne pour trouver la vérité ou pour la communiquer ; or, Dieu ne raisonne pas pour trouver la vérité, puisqu'il est la vérité même ; il ne raisonne pas pour la communiquer, il l'inspire. ”

“ Does God reason ? ”

“ No, ” answered Massieu.

“ How ? God does not reason ? ” every body asked.

“ No, ” repeated Massieu, “ and I will tell you why.

“ We reason in order to discover the truth, or to communicate it ; now, God does not reason to find the truth, as he is the truth itself ; he does not reason to communicate it, he inspires it. ”

In effect, God, who is only a Spirit, the eternal source of all spirits, independent of space, of motion and of time, conceives without effort, and does not need reasoning in order to think.

To conclude, the notice of Madame Clo of the childhood of Massieu is so curious, that I dare say it will be interesting to many of the readers of the *Annals*. It was translated from the French in 1820, and published in the “ Elementary Exercises for the Pupils of the New York Institution ; ” but the work is so little known, or at least has been read by so few, that we have thought it worthy of a place in our pages. ]

#### MADAME CLO'S SKETCH.

WHAT sensible person is not penetrated with the necessity of rendering homage to the paternal inspiration of that pious

philanthropist, who has restored to themselves the innocent victims of an error of nature! The beneficence of the Abbé de l'Épée should command a sacred acknowledgement from public opinion, as well as from maternal tenderness. The modest attempts of this ecclesiastic were so many triumphs over the painful efforts of his predecessors. His reason discarded their systems, and his heart created a language for the use of the deaf and dumb.

From that moment the mother believed she had obtained every thing; and, pressing to her bosom the infant from whom as yet she only heard mournful sighs, she saw in the Abbé a messenger from heaven, who would console him in his misfortunes. The public came in crowds to the school of the celebrated instructor. He was applauded with transport; he was listened to with respectful silence; and he received the homage of all hearts, all ages and all sexes. But the philosophic world conceived another ambition for the happiness of the deaf and dumb. While they blessed the endeavors of that venerable man, whose only aim was to initiate these unfortunate children into a knowledge of the secrets of heaven, they thought it useful to unite to this celestial science that which would reveal to them the secrets of the social relations; but time reserved this double prodigy for the successor of the first friend of the deaf and dumb. We do not mean to make a comparison between these two persons, whose zeal and talents have acquired for them an equal glory, and who will be placed in the same rank by the friends of humanity. Can we in fact say to which belongs the palm, when we cannot applaud the one without cherishing the memory of the other?

Courageous and patient, like a good father, the Abbé de l'Épée goes to seek the deaf-mutes in the midst of that darkness in which we find them plunged. There, surrounded by obstacles, having uncertain chances before him, he extends to them the hand of succor. He is to them the first ray of light which is perceived by them upon the horizon of life. What son could expect from a father a greater mark of love? It is here that renown comes in its turn to seek the instructor, and to render homage to his heroic philanthropy; that every eye is turned towards him; that every sensible heart sur-

rounds him ; and that, whilst we receive with gratitude what he has so admirably done, we regret the wonders that his zeal might have produced.

The virtuous instructor had not only to combat nature, but likewise his own modest and religious fears ; and, whilst his first success presaged to him greater triumphs, his piety made him dread them. He might, indeed, without pride have undertaken what he dared not even desire. In vain a new victory called him ; his scruples overcame the suggestions of self-love, and limited his glorious work.

The courageous and sensible man whom Providence and the opinion of the public have named, his successor, in daring to leap over the limits that a too scrupulous diffidence had too much respected, arrives at the method of enlightening the reason of the deaf-mutes. It is in the soul of his pupils that the Abbé Sicard fixes a paternal regard. It is thence that he derives the first elements of his method. It is not what he knows that he is in a hurry to teach them ; he makes them his masters in order afterwards to become theirs. Could he be mistaken and alarmed about the impressions which he received, if it was from them he borrowed the first rays of light with which he enlightened them ? He identifies himself with their imperfections, and his observing mind never loses sight of them. He is seen constantly to follow them step by step, in proportion as they advance toward the state of civilization to which his wisdom gradually conducts them. He already knows their mental power, and the progress of which their intelligence is susceptible, when he is enabled, without danger, to teach them what renders life dear, what embellishes, honors or degrades it ; and thus he restores them to society. From this moment deaf-mutes will no longer be strangers among men,\* since

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\*A deaf-mute, born in Germany, and instructed after the method of the Abbé de l'Épée in the Institution founded at Vienna by Joseph II, afterwards entered that of Prague. Having learnt the art of engraving, he left that city to come to Paris, where he arrived in December. Here, without acquaintances, with a very imperfect knowledge of his national language, and totally ignorant of the French, he stood in want of an individual with whom he could communicate. He could find one only amongst his brethren in misfortune ; he went to the Institution at Paris, and addressed himself to Clerc, a pupil of Sicard, and deaf and dumb

their benefactor has made them acquainted with the title which they have to the love of their fellow-beings. Touching truth! which it is as sweet to reveal as to believe, and which egotism will not be able to abuse, as soon as the teacher makes his pupils feel all the dignity of man. Then, struck with this great and sublime thought, they conceive the whole extent of the duties which the society in which they have just taken their places requires. From this time, they know what probity, generosity and industry they owe to it. Until that moment life was to them but a silent voyage, during which they only experienced that internal, secret and continual movement that no visible force can arrest, and whose whole mystery is in the power of an immortal soul. Until then they dragged out an idle existence without object or aim. The same ignorance, the same immobility, described the circle of their long and useless days; a vague, unquiet and melancholy curiosity showed itself in their looks, whose gloom and dullness saddened the mother or the friend upon whom they were directed. But now behold them in contact with all the interests of life; every thing be-

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from birth. He was an assistant teacher, like Massieu, in one of the classes of this school; a young man who united to a strong mind a fluency and grace in his style. An acquaintance was soon made. The stranger had now found a friend who could comprehend and pity him. His natural language not sufficing to obtain for him succor from other men, he wanted an interpreter who could translate his thoughts into the idioms of society. Young Clerc, who understood and wrote the French language well, proposed to this unfortunate young man to assist him as interpreter to the ambassador from the court of Vienna, to whom he wished to address himself. This arrangement made, the pupil of Sicard informed his master of the step he was about to take, in a note which we will here transcribe from the original:

"This young deaf-mute, without money and without friends, involved in debt occasioned by want of work, and threatened by his creditors, is going to have recourse to the bounty and generosity of his serene highness, the ambassador of Austria. He desires me to accompany him, not only as a guide, but to aid him in expressing his ideas. I am very happy to be able to assist him, as this is my holiday."

The ambassador was absent; the deplorable situation of the deaf-mute demanded prompt assistance. Young Clerc, full of zeal and humanity, directs his steps to other places; he calls upon several engravers; by writing he makes known the object of his visit, and the talents of his unfortunate companion. He at last succeeds in getting him a place with an engraver, where, by means of his daily work, he is enabled to provide for all his wants.

comes animated around them, useful in their imaginations, and active in their hearts; in fine, every thing puts on, in their eyes, that social physiognomy which awakens so many sensations, produces so many ideas, binds individuals, and unites souls. They no longer ask questions in vain, and their answers correspond with their judgment, and the light they have received. Surely we cannot doubt the happy results of an education inspired by their misfortune, when we observe how they consecrate its benefits by talents and labors from which society and their families reap so many advantages.\*

A language purely mechanical and made for the memory would never have produced such a miraculous regeneration; one was required which would speak to the human understanding. It will then be easily understood that it is owing to this new creation of the Theory of Signs that the master is able to complete his work, and that the deaf and dumb pupil is no longer a useless being upon the earth!

In order to appreciate the labors of these two benefactors of the deaf and dumb, we must compare the deplorable condition of their pupils before instruction with their state of existence after they have acquired an education. It is only by examining them in these two states that we are enabled to believe in the success of their instruction and to applaud it with enthusiasm.

It will be easy for our readers to be convinced of this by some characteristic traits of the childhood of Massieu, which we owe to a man of letters, and which we introduce here; to which we may be permitted to add what we have ourselves collected concerning this deaf-mute. They will then be able to understand what a loss it would have been for society, as well as for humanity, if this interesting being—who from his cradle felt the necessity of extending his moral existence, who demanded in vain from the authors of his days the God whom he ought to adore, the worship he ought to render, and, in fine, the lights of which nature had deprived him—if, I say, he had been condemned by fate not to meet upon the earth him who could grant his prayers.

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\* Many deaf-mutes are employed in public offices, and in the printing office of the Institution, who share the fruit of their daily labors with their aged parents.

"I had many communications with Massieu," our author tells us in his charming work, *La Corbeille de Fleurs*. "I was not able to avail myself of speech with him, as he would not have understood me, and I could not avail myself of his gestures, as I should not have comprehended them. It was with the pen that I put my questions and he made his replies.

"*Question.* 'Did you love your father and mother?'

"*Response.* 'Yes, very much.'

"*Q.* 'How could you make them understand you?'

"*R.* 'By signs.'

"I concluded from these first answers that the sentiment of filial love was no stranger to Massieu. Shortly after this conversation with him, I had a proof that this sentiment was one of those which predominated in his heart. His intelligence had entitled him to a place as teacher in the Institution for Deaf-Mutes. The Convention by a decree had given him such an appointment.

"As soon as the Abbé Sicard had read this flattering decree to his pupil, the latter, transported with joy, expressed this thought by his gestures; '*I am at length assured of the means of procuring bread for my aged mother.*'

"The Abbé Sicard wrote to me some time after, as follows :

"The acts of filial love never cost the least effort to his sensible and grateful heart. *To give to one's parents is to repay them*, said he to me one day. This young man is only occupied with the wants of his mother. All that he receives as a tutor in the Institution and in the way of presents, he would immediately give to her if I did not remind him that he has wants of his own, and that he ought to reserve something to satisfy them. The first movement of his heart, when he receives either his salary or a gift from persons who have been enchanted by the justness and precision of his answers, is to say to me by signs, *This is for my poor mother.*'

"I longed to have more extended details of the childhood of Massieu. I asked him in writing one day to give me the history of his early years; he brought me very soon afterwards the following *morceau*, which was entirely prepared by himself.

"I was born at Semens, canton of St. Macaire, department of the Gironde.

“My father died in the month of January, 1791; my mother is still alive.

“In my country we were six deaf-mutes in one paternal family, three boys and three girls.

“I remained at home till the age of thirteen years and nine months, up to which time I had never received any instruction; *I was in darkness as respects learning.*

“I expressed my ideas by manual signs, or gesture. The signs which served me then to express my ideas to my parents, my brothers and sisters, were very different from those of instructed deaf-mutes. Strangers never comprehended us when we expressed our ideas by signs to them, but the neighbors did.

“I saw cattle, horses, asses, hogs, dogs, cats, vegetables, houses, fields and vineyards, and, when I had seen all these objects, I remembered them well.

“Before my instruction, when I was a child, I neither knew how to read nor write. I had a desire to read and write. I often saw boys and girls going to school; I desired to follow them, and I was very jealous of them.

“With tears in my eyes, I asked permission of my father to go to school; I took a book and opened it here and there, to show my ignorance; I put it under my arm as if to go; but my father refused the permission which I asked, saying to me, by signs, that I should never be able to learn anything, because I was a deaf-mute.

“Then I cried very loud. I again took the book to read it, but I knew neither letter, word, phrase, nor sentence. Full of grief I put my fingers in my ears, and impatiently asked my father to have them cured for me.

“He answered me that there was no remedy. Then I became disconsolate; I left my father's house and went to school without telling my parents: I presented myself to the master, and asked him, by signs, to teach me to write and to read. He refused me roughly, and drove me from the school. That made me weep much, but it did not discourage me. I often thought about writing and reading; I was then twelve years old; I attempted all alone to form with a pen the signs of writing.

“In my childhood my father required me to offer up



r prayers by signs, evening and morning. I placed myself upon  
l my knees; I joined my hands and moved my lips, in imitation  
e of those who speak when they pray to God.

““Now I know there is a God who is the maker of heaven  
and of earth. In my infancy I adored the heavens, not God;  
I did not see God, I saw the heavens.

““I neither knew that I had been made, nor whether I had  
made myself. I grew large; but if I had never known my in-  
structor, Sicard, my mind would never have grown as my body,  
for my mind was very poor; in growing up I should have be-  
lieved that the heavens were God.

““Then the children of my own age would not play with  
me; they despised me; I was like a dog.

““I amused myself all alone, playing with a mallet or a top, or  
running upon stilts.

““I was acquainted with numbers before my instruction; my  
fingers had taught me them. I did not know the figures;  
I counted upon my fingers; and when the number exceeded  
ten, I made notches upon a stick.

““In my childhood, my parents sometimes made me guard  
the sheep; and often those who met me, touched with my sit-  
uation, gave me some money.

““One day a gentleman, (M. de Puymorin,) who was passing  
by, took pity on me, and made me go to his house, and gave me  
something to eat and drink.

““Having then set out for Bordeaux, he spoke of me to M.  
Sicard, who consented to take charge of my education.

““The gentleman wrote to my father, who showed me the  
letter; but I could not read it.

““My parents and my neighbors told me what it contained.  
They informed me that I was going to Bordeaux. They  
thought that I was going to learn to be a cooper. My father  
informed me that it was to learn to read and write.

““I set out with him for Bordeaux. When we had ar-  
rived, we made a visit to the Abbé Sicard, whom I found  
very thin.

““I began by forming the letters with the fingers; after  
several days I knew how to write some words.

““In the space of three months, I knew how to write many

words; in six months I could write some phrases; in a year I wrote pretty well.

“In a year and some months I wrote better, and could answer some questions put to me.

“I had been three years and six months with the Abbé Sicard, when I went with him to Paris.

“In the space of four years I became as a hearing and speaking person.

“I should have made still greater progress, if a deaf-mute had not inspired me with a great fear, which made me very unhappy.

“A deaf-mute, who had a friend who was a physician, told me that those who had never been sick from their infancy would never live to be old; but that those who had often been so would live to be very old.

“Recollecting, then, that I had never been sick since my birth, I had a constant fear that I could not live to be old, and that I should never be thirty-five, forty, forty-five, nor fifty years old.

“My brothers and sisters who had never been sick from the time of their birth were dead. My other brothers and sisters who had been sick were restored.

“Except for my never having been sick, and the belief which followed it that I could not live to be old, I should have studied more; I should have been very, very wise, like those who hear and speak.

“If I had not known that deaf person, I should not have feared death, and I should always have been happy.’

“It appears astonishing that we can write to Massieu, and reason with him as with a man of the clearest understanding; but this will not surprise us when we know that Massieu is, perhaps, one of the profoundest men of the age. The sincerity, the precision, the sublimity of some of his answers to questions the most unexpected, the most difficult, and the most abstract, will enable us to judge of the temper of his mind and the sensibility of his heart.

“I asked him one day before many persons: ‘My dear Massieu, before your instruction, what did you believe that those who looked at each other and moved their lips were doing?’

“‘I believed,’ he replied, ‘that they *were expressing.*’

“Q. ‘Why did you believe that?’

“R. ‘Because I had observed that when persons had spoken to my father concerning me, he had threatened to punish me for what I had done.’

“Q. ‘You believed, then, that the movement of the lips was a means of communicating ideas?’

“R. ‘Yes.’

“Q. ‘Why did you not move your lips to communicate your ideas?’

“R. ‘Because I had never sufficiently observed the lips of those who speak, and when I tried to speak they told me *my noises were bad.* As they told me that my misfortune was in my ears, I took some brandy and poured it into my ears, and stopped them up with cotton.’

“Q. ‘Did you know what it was to hear?’

“R. ‘Yes.’

“Q. ‘How did you learn that?’

“R. ‘A relation who could hear, and who lived in the house, told me that she saw with her ears a person whom she did not see with her eyes, when he came to see my father.

“‘Persons who hear see with their ears during the night those who are walking.

“‘*The nocturnal walk* distinguishes persons and tells their names to those who hear.’

“We see by the style of these answers that I have been under the necessity of copying and preserving them exactly, to transmit them to the public.”

Nothing, without doubt, is more interesting to know than the early impressions of a deaf-mute from birth; but how is this interest augmented, when it has for its object one of these unfortunates who, having arrived at a perfect state of civilization, contributes by his talents not only to the glory of his master, but also of the school where his intellectual and moral faculties have been developed. Can we fail to recognize the man who is sensible of his own dignity, in this simple and natural recital which the pupil of the Abbé Sicard has made, himself, of the first sensations and the first griefs which he experienced? His vague reveries while guarding the flock entrusted to him;

his tears for an ignorance the consciousness of which he always carried about him; the unquiet and ambitious desire to overcome the insurmountable barrier which nature had placed between his reason and the light which it implored,—were not they all the impulse of that secret power which urges man to an active existence? Moreover, when we had become acquainted with these particulars, it seemed to us still more a matter of interest to learn from himself what object presented itself to his thought, and what sentiment filled his heart, during the religious act which paternal piety exacted of him every morning. We knew him sufficiently well to foresee the power that must have been exercised upon his religious belief by the imagination,—that wonderful faculty which, never willing to interrogate in vain, dares to believe everything in order to consecrate at its will enjoyments, mysteries and hopes, and fears not to create fables when the reality escapes it. It was thus in truth that, born with an ardent mind, and without any point of support in the moral world, this deaf-mute child, curious to penetrate the secrets of that nature which he saw filled with life, variety, and abundance, embraced a chimera in the absence of the truth. But we ought rather to pity than blame him, since in his very error he furnishes us a new proof of an innate religion in the heart of man. The following is an abridgment of a conversation which we held with him on this subject.

“Of what did you think,” we asked him, “when your father made you fall upon your knees?”—“Of the sky.”—“With what intention did you address to it a prayer?”—“In order to make it descend by night upon the earth, to the end that the vegetables which I had planted should grow, and that the sick should be restored to health.”—“Was it of ideas, words, and sentiments, that you composed your prayer?”—“It was the heart that made it. I did not know at that time either words or their meaning.”—“What did you feel then in your heart?”—“Joy, when I found that the plants and the fruits grew; pain, when I saw them injured by the hail, and that my sick relatives still continued sick.”

At these last words of his answer, Massieu made several signs which expressed anger and threatening.

"Was it thus you menaced heaven?" we demanded of him with astonishment.—"Yes."—"But with what motive?"—"Because I thought I could not reach it, to attack and destroy it for causing all those disasters, and not curing my relatives."—"Were you not afraid to irritate it, and that it would punish you?"—"I did not then know my good master Sicard, and I was ignorant what heaven was; it was not until a year after my education that I feared to be punished by it."—"Did you give a figure or form to this heaven?"—"My father had shown me a large statue in the church in my country; it represented an old man with a long beard; he held a globe in his hand; I believed that he dwelt beyond the sun."—"Did you know who had made the ox, the horse, etc.?"—"No, but I had much curiosity to see them born; I often hid myself in the ditches to wait for heaven to descend upon the earth for the growth of beings; I wished very much to see it."—"What did you think when the Abbé Sicard made you form for the first time words with letters?"—"I thought that the words were the images of the objects which I saw around me; I treasured them up in my memory with a lively ardor; when I had read the word of God, and had written it upon the black-board with a crayon, I looked at it very often; for I believed that God caused death, and I feared it very much."—"What idea had you of it?"—"I thought that it was the cessation of motion, of sensation, of eating, of the tenderness of the skin and of the flesh."—"Why had you this idea?"—"I had seen a dead body."—"Did you think you should always live?"—"I believed that there was a celestial earth, and that the body was eternal."

We do not think it necessary to give here any further details of this conversation with the pupil of the Abbé Sicard; knowing the idea that he now has of the true God, and his grateful feeling for him to whom he owes so great a benefit, what we have said suffices to render homage to the education which has raised the thick vail that deprived him of so many consoling truths. It is, without doubt, one of the most precious conquests of this method, since the errors to be combated were the more cherished as they rose from the first inspiration of that innate sentiment of which we have spoken. It was necessary, therefore, in order to obtain this triumph, not to alarm

the sentiment which appeared to justify those errors, but to oppose, with wisdom, the logic of truth to the seducing illusions of a disordered imagination. This remarkable success was reserved for an instructor himself enlightened and pious.

As several answers of this deaf-mute, so justly celebrated by his discoveries in the language of thought, have made a noise in the world, we will give a few here to show his religious principles and the correctness of his mind; adding that we have often observed that if the question proposed does not offer a pointed interest, the answer obtained is even more commonplace than would be that of an unlettered man; and that, if we wish to find him such as his renown presents him, we must question him upon subjects of a certain depth.

A person asked him one day, in a public assembly, what difference he made between God and nature. This was his answer:

"God is the first Maker, the Creator of all things. The first beings all proceeded from his divine bosom. He said to the first, *You shall make the second*; his wishes are laws; his laws are nature."

A lady of our acquaintance said to him, one day, that she compared Providence to a good mother.

"The mother," said he, "takes care only of her children, whilst Providence takes care of all beings."

These are the answers which he gave to the following questions:

"What is virtue, God, and eternity?"

"Virtue," said he, "is the invisible, which holds the reins of the visible.

"God is the necessary being, the sun of eternity, the clock-maker of nature, the mechanist of the universe, and the soul of the world.

"Eternity is a day without a yesterday or to-morrow."

He was asked what he understood by a sense.

"A sense," said he, "is an *idea carrier*."

Some persons, wishing to embarrass him, asked him, "What is hearing?"

"It is the *auricular sight*."

A few days ago we asked him if he made any distinction be-

tween a conqueror and a hero. Without hesitation he wrote upon the slate as follows :

“Arms and soldiers make the conqueror ; the courage of the heart makes the hero. Julius Cæsar was the hero of the Romans ; Napoleon is the hero of Europe.”

At the public exercise of April 25th, 1808, he was asked, “What is hope ?” and he immediately answered,

“It is the flower of happiness.”

We will close with an answer which, though well known, appears to us to deserve a place in this notice.

His master asked him one day, “What is gratitude ?” He immediately answered, as if by a flash of inspiration,

“Gratitude is the memory of the heart.”

A grand thought, and which could only come from the heart.

[In revising the present volume of the *Annals* for reprint, the above version of Madame Clo's Sketch has been compared with the original French, and some errors of translation have been corrected.—ED. REPRINT.]

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## COURSE OF INSTRUCTION.

BY W. W. TURNER.

It was our original intention, as the conductors of the *American Annals*, to avoid all controversies of a personal nature, and carefully to exclude attacks upon individuals under whatever pretence they might be made. At the same time we felt ourselves bound to publish the views of others on all matters pertaining to the deaf and dumb, although differing from our own views on the same subjects. By pursuing this course, we hoped to elicit much important truth on the one hand, and on the other to do equal justice to all, and give cause of complaint to none. We supposed we had succeeded in carrying out this original design in a manner satisfactory to all interested, until we received the communication from Dr. Peet of the New York Institution, published in the last number of the *Annals*. Nor have we yet been able to discover in what respect we have deviated from the