

**THE ADVANCE OF  
SCIENCE, AND  
PERFECTIBILITY  
OF ITS PROFESSORS**

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The advance of science, and perfectibility of its professors by John H. Goldsmith

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BY  
JOHN H. GOLDSMITH.

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Triumphant over all, we Science see,  
In works of beauty, and utility ;  
In great display, she eagerly stalketh forth,  
Affecting to refine, and lift man's worth ;  
But 'twill be seen, by what the Muse has brought,  
Whether she's good, or *charlatanerie* wrought.

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"AMBUBAIARUM COLLEGIA, PHARMACOPOLÆ MENDICI, MIMÆ,  
BALATRONES; HOC GENUS OMNES."

*Horace, Sat. II.*

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## DEDICATION.

TO THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION  
FOR THE  
ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

A certain body of enlightened philosophers known to the scientific world, as the "GOURMANDERIE," ordered one of their committees to report upon the growing insolence of young flies to their persons, when taking their after-dinner naps, and the consequent inroads that were in making upon their contemplations and researches, which, are ever the most fortuitous, when dreaming satiety explores the fruitful regions of its illimitable dominions.

It was then discovered that these predatory insects winnowed their wings, and disported their shanks upon the noses of their unhappy victims, in an exact ratio of the cubes to their respective sizes. That is, where the nose was three times as large, rosy, and glossy as any of its fellows, why, then, the fly had only to be three times as small, as any of its regiment of tormentors, to inflict eighty-one times the amount of misdemeanor and outrage.

This report so staggered my Muse, that she has done nothing but rave—like gluttoned avarice fearing pauperism—fancying that she has been transformed into one of those dream-destroying sprites, instead of what flattery ever told her she was—a little cherub, with zephyr-wings, fanning on discovery, and fostering its votaries; lending her pinions to Science, and plucking the down from her breast, in order that its tired head might gently rest.

Day's brightness, and night's solitude found no balm for her grief, no solace to her tears. At last, anxious relationship counselled as to the means of recovery; or should the result show its impracticability, to place her ravings under such care and restraint, that decency should not encounter offence, and their own feelings be exempted from the clamor of vulgar rebuke, and the pain of maniacal consanguinity.

#### IV.

Soothing's various systems were tried, and her amanuensis (he who pens this, by their desire) laid her strange malady before your august body: and then it was, the light of your penetration rapturized the world by proclaiming, that her wings, instead of those her fears imagined, were long enough for her intended flight; nay, to make an *ÆRONAUTIC* trip through the whole ring of science, to sing of its greatness, and its professors' aptitude; instead of tickling their noses, sipping from their lips, or imbibing inspiring draughts from the liquids of their eyes. Nay, you dispelled affliction from her saddened brow, by directing that her present effusion, or any she may produce hereafter, should be at once placed under your guardianship, that your fostering care and protection may stamp its value to the world.

I dare not stain the act, by any expression of her gratitude. A permission to dedicate an attempt so humble, to a body who have hitherto disregarded poetry as trifling, literature as tedious and unworthy of their attention, nay, to a body, (that their great inventions, and unheard of theories, may be realized to the world,) who have disregarded the opinions, of pseudo propriety, *CUSTOMARY* religion, with all the other attributes, which dotage of yore yeaped "consistency," "character," and the rest.

What if all the world were to doubt the enormity of your knowledge! The time you have employed, the heads you have distracted, the journeys you have taken, the dinners you have eaten, the distance you have left your wives, and those pledges, which are dear to all but philosophy; would turn scepticism herself, into a kneeling votary; and soured disbelief, into a humble porter at your gates; and lastly, the permission to add to your deep *well* of knowledge and truth, (should my Muse stumble,) this *drop*, is the most conclusive of all.

And that its *radiated atoms*, may form the nuclei of diamonds for your crowns, carbuncles for your noses, and amber for your eyes, is the crystallographic hope of your slave,

THE AUTHOR.

*Egremont, Liverpool,*  
*February, 1844.*



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" Quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos:  
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,  
Augur, Schoenobates, Medicus, Magus ; omnia novit.  
Græculus cœciliens, in cœtura jussuris, ibit."

Juvenal, Sat. 3rd.

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" All sciences are centre'd in the man ;  
Grammarian, rhet'ric-master, geometrician,  
Painter, perfumer, soothsayer, physician,  
Rope-dancer, fortune-teller—what you will ;  
It seems there's nothing, that transcends his skill,  
The hungry Greek,—but bid him mount the skies—  
Clap on a pair of wings, and off he flies!"

---

A spruce Esquire, one of the modern race,  
That would "annihilate both time, and space,"  
Did contemplate some ærial diversion,  
And thus announced an innocent excursion,

" John !—bring my boots, portmanteau, and my cloak,  
I find my steam's up by the scented smoke,

Good bye, dear Wife——I'm off for a short trip,  
 Only to Afric, in my 'Aërial ship,'  
 Thou need'st not fear Love, this one's quite complete,  
 Not like my old one that in air upset,  
 And, when 'twas struck, 'turn'd turtle' in its flight,  
 Because it had not in the bows a light;  
 Yet had not Henson's aërial run me down,  
 I should 'th Pacific in two hours have done."

The Wife soft breath'd,—“ I fear me this new fashion,  
 Is not so safe as railway's *slow* progression ;  
 For last week an aërial lost each soul  
 She had on freight, because she wanted coal ;  
 'Twas thought—as gentlemen with notions big—  
 They deem'd to dig for them was *infra dig* ;  
 So powerless remain'd until, as stated,  
 There, absolutely, they evaporated.

This week, the new screw'd 'Albatross' did ply  
 The wide Atlantic, and her crew would try  
 Alcohol steam, as they o'er ocean brought her,  
 When, *half seas over*, they got *short of water*.  
 The passengers on board this grand high-flier,  
 Being in *high spirits*, next lost all their *fire*.  
 So when the 'Eagle' bore up in their sight,  
 They hail'd her, and politely begg'd a light,  
 But as she was a temp'rance craft, no cask  
 Of 'raw material' did they dare to ask,  
 So that the gents. had, mangre frown and frump,  
 To gain supplies, by working at the pump.  
 Thus they rais'd water, still they lag'd behind,  
 For next they found, they could not raise the wind.  
 To 'work their passage' yet they did incline,  
 'Till came a *bar* at th' equinoctial line ;  
 (There, tolls are very numerous we're told,

*High* in their charges—mostly *tipp'd with gold*,)  
 Her owners, though in mathematics sped,  
 With 'radius,' 'plus,' 'minus,' 'a,' 'Y. Z. '\*  
 Theorem—problem—diagram—and plan,  
 (As if reflection's only unto man,)  
 Had *lightly* brought their calculations round,  
 And found now, they were 'minus' a *few pound*.  
 So having no fair ballast when they ventured,  
 'Twas said, in th' skies, they were not '*fairly entered*.'  
 And they were seized, suspected contraband,  
 With their connection cut from sea or land,  
 Fix'd—fast—impounded—without bit or sup,  
 Come down—they could not—therefore were *sold up*.  
 Then, dearest be not venturesome to-day,  
 Nor, for mere pleasure, tempt the skiey way ;  
 I should not like that you should sleep all night  
 Amongst those clouds, although they're nice and bright.  
 Nor, horrid thought, should I, amid some squall,  
 Like you, 'mong mermaids, those loose fish *to fall*,  
 For I am sure their depth of art ne'er fails,  
 They ply *the glass*, and have amusing tales."

" John!—bring some cotton to put in my ears,  
 And maps and charts of the celestial spheres ;  
 Bring too the talc mask, or I'll lose my sight,  
 When speed *is hot*, the *cold* is cutting quite ;  
 Bring lamps thermo-electric, and new wicks,  
 By my own heat to cook my own beef steaks ;  
 But delicacies we will not take out,  
 As living high, is apt to give the gout—  
 Also the larynx box—aloft it's queer ;

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\* Query.—Wise Head.