Some thirty years ago, a small volume of "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," appeared from a London press. The little work at first met with slight favor, and seemed destined to the fate of the many such volumes which yearly appear both in our own country and in England. Gradually, however, notices of it crept into the reviews, the name of the author began to be mentioned in text books among those of the minor poets of the day, extracts from the volume went the rounds of the public prints, until twelve years after the first issue, the English nation awoke to the conviction that a great poet was among them. This conviction was strengthened by the appearance of other works at a later date, and the appointment of Alfred Tennyson, on the death of Wordsworth, to the Laureateship of England, met with universal approbation.

The Laureate has opened the way for the volume before us, by certain minor poems written about fifteen years ago.

*IDYLS OF THE KING.*

By Alfred Tennyson, D. C. L., Poet Laureate.

Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1859.
“Sir Galahad,” “The Lady of Shalott,” and lastly that exquisite fragment, “Morte d’Arthur,” were most successful experiments in the great field which the Arthurian legends offer for literary effort. As is well known, Milton hesitated between the choice of Arthur and his Round Table, or the Fall of Man, as the theme of his great epic. We doubt not, however, that his final choice was the wiser. There is no central personage in the Arthurian Romance, around which to group the minor figures; no one to fill the foreground of the picture. Arthur himself is too far removed from human interest, enveloped as he is in “the pure severity of perfect light,” too much lacking in warmth and color to connect together personages and incidents as an Epic requires. Tennyson has most judiciously and skilfully, we think, thrown his material into four Idyls, ranging in length from seven hundred to two thousand lines; of distinct subjects, but linked together by the story of the guilty love of Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere. The word “idyl” is employed by the poet in an unusual, but by no means an improper sense. We had always been accustomed to associate it with pastoral and rustic scenes and personages, with the Collins and Chloes of Gay and Spencer, not with the pomp and ceremony, the chivalrous knights and stately ladies of the formal and polite court. There is, however, authority for the usage, and we will not quarrel with the poet when the works to which the name is given are of a character such as these.

That this last work of Tennyson is the one on which his future reputation will mostly rest, will be readily acknowledged by all his readers. With the same exuberance of imagination which marks his earlier flights, there is a mellowness of tinting, a chastened softness about these latter poems, that tells of the calm maturity and increased depth of thought of the time of life which the poet has now reached. There is a deeper insight into human character, a more abundant sprinkling of passages almost Shaksperian in their terseness and power. The thoughts are clothed in verse, which, though sometimes rough when compared with the polished symmetry of Milton’s stately lines, is always natural and flowing. There is a calm appropriateness in the very language of these Idyls.
The forcible though homely Saxon is employed in an unusually large proportion, in these descriptions of the honest roughness of those good old times. In these days of hyper-Latinization, it is no slight merit that a poet who so much controls the standard of taste, should adopt for the expression of his ideas the quaint and strong old Saxon.

The morality which these poems advocate, has been much discussed. For our own part, we are inclined to consider them as occupying a high stand in this respect. Vice is never made to appear attractive. The "lissome Vivien," while she is drawn as the possessor of a fairy beauty of form and feature, inspires with a feeling much the same as that with which we should contemplate some beautiful ringed and spotted snake.

Lancelot and Guinevere are represented as suffering during the continuance of their guilty connection the pangs of remorse, that earthly and it may be eternal penalty for sin, and in consequence parting though too late to prevent discovery and punishment. The language of Arthur in the fourth Idyl is so manly and true, so full of tenderness to his fallen Queen, and yet exhibiting such stern adherence to the punishment equally severe upon both, that every one may derive benefit from it.

Having noticed these general characteristics of the volume as a whole, we shall next proceed to a brief analysis of each Idyl separately.

Enid, the principal character in the first Idyl, is the daughter of Earl Luiol, who has been unjustly ejected from his property by a rebellious nephew, to whom he had refused the hand of his daughter. Geraint,

"a Knight of Arthur's court,
A tributary prince of Devon, one
Of that great order of the Table Round,"

led by an accident to the castle, falls in love with Enid, and forthwith makes proposals of marriage. The behavior of the latter when her mother informs her of the love of Geraint, is thus beautifully described:
Geraint forces the nephew to reinstate Luiol in his possessions, after which he rides off to court with his bride, whence after a brief sojourn he departs to his castle. His suspicions against the virtue of his wife are aroused by a remark, accidentally overheard and unfortunately misunderstood. As a punishment, he commands her to array herself in her worst dress, and accompany him on a journey into the wilderness. On this expedition we will not follow them. Throughout the many adventures that they encountered, and in spite of his harsh treatment of her, Enid preserves her patience and her affection for him, and finally effectually disarms his suspicions, which we cannot help thinking all along, Geraint himself might have much more easily and satisfactorily done by a single question. While the incidents in this first and longest Idyl are somewhat tediously spun out, and while we cannot help feeling provoked at Geraint's boorish treatment of his patient wife, we think that if inferior to the other three in execution, it is not behind them in interest, containing as it does some passages of the rarest beauty.

"Vivien," the second in order, is the story old as the world, of the influence of feminine beauty and wiles over the other sex. Merlin had once told her of a charm,

"The which if any wrought on any one
With woven paces and with waving arms,
The man so wrought on ever, * * *
* * * * * lay as dead
And lost to life and use and name and fame.
And Vivien ever thought to work the charm
Upon the great Enchanter of the Time,
As fancying that her glory would be great
According to his greatness whom she quenched."

To this end she employs all her wiles and artifices, but in vain; for Merlin, acquainted with her real character, refuses to trust her with so potent an instrument of evil, and finally
becoming disgusted with her importunity, and her foul slanders upon the Knights of the Round Table, and even Arthur himself, the "selfless man and stainless gentleman," forces her feigning indignation at his distrust to leave him. A storm, however, which we may notice, is described with great power, soon leads her to his side again. She

"Called him dear protector in her fright,
Nor yet forgot her practice in her fright,
But wrought upon his mood and hugged him close;
The pale blood of the wizard at her touch
Took gayer colors like an opal warmed."

And soon

"Merlin, overtalked and overworn,
Had yielded, told her all the charm, and slept."

In the character of Merlin there are two weak points, which lessen our sympathy for his loss to "use and name and fame." The first, that he is cajoled by a woman whom he neither loves nor esteems; the second, that he yields when "over-talked and overworn," and not when convinced and persuaded. What his intellect and his heart both refuse, his indolence and desire for quiet yield.

In the third Idyl, "Elaine," we have the same story that forms the basis of the Lady of Shalott, but amplified. Sir Lancelot of the Lake visits the castle of Astolat, intending to go thence to the jousts which Arthur had announced, as an unknown Knight. Elaine the fair, the lovable, at first sight,

"Loved him with that love which was her doom."

Lancelot, accompanied by Lavaine the brother of the Maid of Astolat, goes to the jousts and is attacked by his own kindred, mortified at the thought of a rival to Lancelot, the glory of their family. Bearing down upon him,

"As a wild wave in the wide North Sea
Green glimmering toward the summit, bears, with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark,
And him that helms it, so they overbore
Sir Lancelot and his charger."
Lancelot is wounded, and retires to the cell of a hermit in the neighborhood, where Elaine tends him with the greatest assiduity, and by her "fine care" saves his life. Lancelot cannot help seeing that she loves him, but

"The shackles of an old love straitened him,
His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

Elaine disappointed in her love, pines away and dies, leaving directions that her body is to be placed upon a barge and attended by the dumb old servant of the house, to be carried down the stream to the palace. The description of the scene when the barge

"Whereon the lily maid of Astolat
Lay smiling, like a star in blackest night,"

floats before the walls of the palace, is most impressively drawn.

The only blemish in this deservedly popular Idyl, is the fact that Elaine, with too little maidenly coyness, tells her love, but the knowledge that

"Mother of the house
There was not,"

and the unaffected simplicity with which she says,

"I know not if I know what true love is,
But if I know, then if I love not him,
Methinks there is none other I can love,"

relieves it of much of its unavoidable awkwardness.

In this, as we think, ascending scale of poems, we come to "Guinevere," the fourth and last. It details the parting of Lancelot and Guinevere, the retirement of the latter to a nunnery, and Arthur's visit to her there. To point out all the beauties of this Idyl, would be to quote the whole of it. We can only advert to the scene between the Queen and the little novice, with the beautiful song of the latter, which, like the others in the volume, is as graceful and beautiful in sentiment as in metre. Arthur's address to Guinevere, full of pathos, tenderness, and sentiments of the most exalted character, would take more space than we can spare; but the
description of the blameless King as he strides away in the misty night, we cannot refrain from quoting:

"So she did not see the face
Which then was as an angel's, but she saw,
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a stream of fire.
And even then he turned; and more and more
The moony vapor rolling round the King,
Who seemed the phantom of a Giant in it,
Enwound him fold by fold, and made him gray
And grayer, till himself became as mist
Before her, moving ghost-like to his doom."

The close of this Idyl is worthy of the grand poetry which precedes it. It is simple and beautiful, leaving our minds full of the thronging emotions which the sublime pathos of Arthur's parting words, and the passionate grief of Guinevere's remorse, are so fitted to inspire. It is like the close of the Iliad or the Paradise Lost, or to borrow an illustration from another branch of art, like the last clear mournful note of a Miserere, leaving as it dies away, a solemn stillness in the air—in a word, a perfect ending to a perfect poem.

THE CENTRAL IDEA IN HISTORY.

"A work of design implies an intelligent designer." Such is a simple axiomatic formula, around which has raged many a fierce war of words—over which has been broken many a gallant lance. Yet, often as it has been attacked, it still remains one of the immoveable pillars upon which every healthy human mind builds, with unquestioning confidence, the fabric of its thoughts and opinions. And so we conclude, with little less hesitancy, that in a work of design, to which we, of course, assign, according to this fundamental axiom, an intelligent designer, there is some leading thought in the plan, some central idea, to which every other is subordinate. As the eye of the stranger, for the first time looking upon Athens, unconsciously wandered up to the Acropolis, then to the Parthenon that crowned its summit, and finally rested
upon the magnificent Athena Promachos that stood like the
guardian genius of the city, above all—so the mind, in con-
templating any great work, instinctively passes on from the
mere outward appearance, to find the central purpose, the
moving thought, that constitutes the key to the whole plan.

This remark is especially true of History; for equally
well established as the fundamental axiom above alluded to,
is that other maxim resulting directly from it, that "there is
a God in History." This being so, we are bound to conclude
that there must be, in its ordering, some central idea; in
other words, that human affairs have been progressing,
through the ages, in the direction of some grand purpose.
To admit anything else, would be to consign events to the
world of chance, and to suppose that the course of human
affairs has taken its shaping and direction from mere acci-
dent. Grant, indeed, is the thought of such a far-reaching
design, spanning, like a mighty arch, the stream of time, in
which the Alexanders and Caesars, the Bacons and Newtons,
are but single blocks, fitted in by the master builder; leading
up to, and supporting the keystone at the summit, in which
are centered the destinies of the world! Yet such an idea
is only in keeping with the magnitude of the theater, the
grandeur of the events, and the greatness of the Being who
presides in History. But what this central idea really is,
may perhaps be called in question.

We cannot doubt that at least one purpose to be sub-
served in the progress of affairs among men, is the meliora-
tion and improvement of man, considered merely in reference
to his present state of existence. This is ordinarily spoken
of as the progress of the race, as the elevation of society, as
the advance of human civilization. Many historians, and in
fact most, look no higher than this, for the central idea of
history. On this ground, M. Guizot proceeds in his truly
magnificent work on The History of Civilization. His splen-
did generalizations seem to go no farther than to show that
the progress of events in Europe, for the last two thousand
years, have had for their final object—1st. "The melioration
of the social system," and 2d. "The expansion of the mind
and faculties of man." This is all very well, no doubt, so
far as it goes, But do not the means seem disproportioned to the end? Surely we can hardly avoid thinking so, if we thus dissever human existence in the present state, altogether from its relations to existence in a future state—if we consider the wonderful stream of human affairs, with its revolutions—its nicely balanced and curiously involved contingencies—its swelling, gushing currents of prejudice and passion and interest—taking in also in its sweep, the highest genius and greatest works of man, and yet so manifestly under control of a superior hand—if, I say, we consider all this only as tending to man's well-being in so far as he is like the beast that perisheth and little more.

And furthermore, can it be supposed that man is an immortal and accountable being, whose highest destinies reside in a future world, and yet that God has established in this world, institutions so potent as Society and Civil Government, having their highest results complete in the present life? As if an experienced General-in-chief should be expending upon a newly levied army, the varied machinery of military drill and exercise, merely to heighten the pageant of a preliminary review, or enhance the momentary comfort of his recruits, when a long and arduous campaign was pending!

May we not rather conclude that while human governments (whose doings furnish the staple of history,) are no doubt designed to make men better and happier for this world, yet a higher mission is fulfilled by them, unconsciously though it be, which looks away from the present to a future state? Of course they can operate thus only in the capacity of means, for no one would say, for a moment, that to prepare men directly for a different state from the present, can be regarded properly as one of the ends of civil government. But it may furnish the matrix, though almost as unstable as the moulder's sand, in which are cast forms of permanent grace and excellence. It may become the shelter, comparatively rough and temporary, it is true, but concealing from the blast the first germination of plants that shall flourish in immortal beauty.

And where shall we look, among the innumerable phenomena of human society, for the form of grace and excel-
The Central Idea in History

The plant of enduring beauty, to the development of which the institutions of civil society may have ministered, and the account of whose development furnished to us the true philosophy of history?

When we find it, it must be as expansive as humanity itself, and cotemporaneous with the history of our race, nay more, to fulfill the required conditions, it must reach forward into the wide region beyond, and partake somewhat of the imperishableness of man's nature.

Can we find all these conditions centering in any merely temporal interest of man, however widely recognized? Can we find them in any of the systems of philosophy which have at different times divided the learned and astonished the ignorant? Hardly any one, with his eyes open to facts, would claim it. To as little purpose should we direct our eyes to the multitudes of so-called religious systems. Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Hindooism, every species of religion in short—if we may make a single exception—has shown itself temporary, one-sided, insufficient. But that one exception we may, nay we must make. If we look at it, not with the prejudiced eye of partizans, nor with the blind reverence of bigotry, but simply as a great fact in the phenomena of man, by the light of experience, common sense and sound philosophy, we must make it. We are to regard it as a fact, for nothing else conceded on all hands to be fact, and reaching backward and forward half as far in the world's history, is half so well authenticated. It fixes its roots in the earliest primeval soil. It climbs along, and its tendrils fasten upon, every succeeding period—every succeeding year. So that by means of a chain of history bearing the honest countenance of truth and of prophecy, bearing upon it the stamp of consistency and of rational probability, it attaches itself to every portion of human history, past, present and future. It professes to reach upward toward the Infinite, and link itself to God, and in perfect consistence with this, claims otherwise unaccountable wonders as wrought in its behalf in the sea, the earth, the air, and in the bodies and souls of men,—wonders, the actual occurrence of which is as well authenticated to us as the Anabasis of the Ten Thousand, or
the battles of Caesar, events which of course any one would be thought insane to question. It unites itself to the well-being of man, by enforcing confessedly the purest system of morals, by the most touching and efficacious motives that have ever been brought to bear on the human mind, as facts clearly indicate. It unites itself to his happiness by proposing to him the truest and most rational pleasures, and the most exalted destiny, that his thoughts can conceive—yea, even more than they can conceive—and these promises in reference to the future are confirmed to those who accept them, by the experiences of the present springing therefrom, which are found to afford a fortitude and happiness proof against misfortune, age, sickness, and even death. Such are the characteristic features of a great fact, which, in its completeness and fullness, has now been before the world for eighteen hundred years. We have briefly run over those features merely for the purpose of being able to ask with greater emphasis wherein it fails of fulfilling all the conditions required of that which shall take its place as the central figure in the great tableau of the world’s history? Nothing. We cannot avoid the dilemma: either history is a Babel—a chance-world, without a Central Idea—or Christianity is the very soul of that Idea. It is designed and fitted for always and every where. It fills and possesses the soul of man, but only with good—and reaches upward toward God. It furnishes a golden thread to bind us all together, and unite us with the gracious power above us; and in preparing its way and making ready its paths before it, the kingdoms and empires that have figured in history have (may we not say it?) fulfilled their noblest mission. And in tracing the various lines of influence by which they contributed to the advancement of this greatest boon of God to man, in connection with their passing influence upon the present welfare of the human family, we touch upon the true philosophy of history, and get a glimpse of its central thought. By way of illustrating what has already been said, we can at present do no more than to take a single portion of history, and a better one cannot, perhaps be selected than that of Greece, because of its apparent separation during the whole period of its greatness.
from all recognition, or even knowledge, of the true religion. Does it not naturally occur to one how singular it is that Greece, (with the Italian peninsula) of all the purely heathen nations that have ever existed, alone attained any eminence in letters or the world of mind? She alone! Does it not seem strange, also, regarding the matter simply in the ordinary historical light, that such a splendid empire should have been built up by the steady growth and heroic deeds of a thousand years and more, only then to crumble ignominiously to fragments in less than a hundred—that so many great works should have been written only to be forgotten, so many inimitable paintings and statues produced to be destroyed, so many magnificent temples erected only to cover the earth with gloomy ruins? One, in a moment of haste, might almost be ready to charge with folly the unseen hand that led the little bands that first settled along the indented shores of the Ægean, through all the wonderful vicissitude of war and revolution, internecine strife and distant expedition, of failure, success and experiment, up to the time when a great character had been formed, and a world-renowned name acquired by great works and deeds, and then seemed to forsake them, or plan their overthrow.

But all these difficulties disappear when we perceive the Divine Hand raising up this wonderful people and endowing it for a particular object in reference to the establishment and spread of true religion in the world. The instrument is used and then laid aside; or perhaps a people proud of its pre-eminence punished for its pride and wickedness.

But let us, in a few words, notice the agency of Greece in regard to Christianity. That great plan for man’s recovery and renovation was to be communicated to him, and laid up, like all his other valuable knowledge, in certain writings, which should remain to be consulted and studied, in whatever age or country he should dwell. Now for this purpose it is evident the most perfect vehicle of thought in the world would be highly desirable. These writings, relating as they of course would, almost exclusively to man’s spiritual nature, and especially to that nature full of derangement and irregularity occasioned by evil, must, reason would say, in-
volve many points of great complexity and metaphysical
nicety, requiring a correspondent exactness, and even subtlety
in the language to which they would be committed. The
necessity of this becomes still more apparent when we con-
sider the importance to man of certainty in the meaning of
words relating to his unending destiny; and, furthermore,
the great tendency there is among men to take advantage of
any obscurities or ambiguities of language to wrest the
meaning to suit their own tempers and desires. Such, above
all the languages of the earth, was that of the Greeks.

Here, then, we have a mission fulfilled by this gifted and
subtle people, in itself worthy of their genius and greatness,
if they had effected no more. It was theirs to prepare and
polish the beautiful ground-work, into which should be
wrought the precious jewels of God's Word—to frame that
goodly casket in which should be laid up the pearl of great
price for all nations.

This polished language, combined with the character of the
people who spoke it, had still another important influence in
disseminating the gospel in the times of its early weakness.
The energy of the Grecian mind subdued the West, after the
armies of Greece subdued the East. By these means, it
communicated its language, its literature and its modes of
thought to almost the whole known world. Its learned men
and philosophers disseminated these readily among the culti-
vated and the great, while the Jews, first subjected and
taught the language, and then being scattered as traders or
as exiles, throughout the world—nay, even Grecian captives
themselves, distributed among their conquerors—effected the
same thing among the humbler classes of society. And thus
it was, through a certain homogeneity of mind, manners and
language, thus introduced. Providence, upon the first
preaching of the Gospel, had opened a ready way for it from
Britain to India, and thus we see Alexander and his phalanx,
and Plato, and Aristotle—nay, even old Horace himself—
doing work preparatory to that of Paul!

Finally, Greece answered in advance one of the principal
cavils that have been urged against the new faith. It was
most fortunately ordered for the prestige of Christianity, that
it was introduced to the world at the very time when, in the whole of the world's history, learning, culture, acuteness and pride of intellect, were at their height; and that it effected its earliest and most splendid victories, in the very lands still glowing with the greatest triumphs of human genius. Greece, with its acute and profound metaphysicians—its many schools of philosophy—its learning, conversant with nearly every subject of human thought—with its activity, shrewdness and brilliancy, submitting itself to the Gospel, anticipates forever the fling of the sceptic, that Christianity flourishes most where the human mind is improved by culture least—that Faith and Devotion are the daughters of Ignorance.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE RECITATION ROOM.

"The Philosophy of the Recitation Room; how absurd as though there was any Philosophy in a Recitation," exclaims the incredulous reader; "A ridiculous heading bespeaks a light and insipid article; guess the editors of the Collegian are 'pressed' for matter, and vacation being near at hand, think they can palm off a trashy essay upon the unsuspecting public."

But hold, Dear Reader! you do great injustice by prejudging us, and condemning our efforts without a hearing. The editorial corps has not yet formally resolved itself into a "Bore Society," to impose upon your good nature, and weary your patience with long-winded dissertations, and give to

"Airy nothingness a local habitation and a name;"

although as a Committee upon "Ways and Means," it sometimes exercises the unpleasant self-imposed prerogatives of a committee on finances.

Yes, there is philosophy in reciting a lesson, which is daily exemplified in the Class Room. Students are practical philosophers in this, as in many other respects; and the recitation room affords an ample field for the display of talents of this order. An exposition of some of the many
expedients which are resorted to in order to maintain a respectable standing in class, may be of interest to those who are not familiar with every-day college life.

Let us attend a recitation in mental philosophy. The first question is asked a peculiarly knowing looking individual, who, in a loud tone, soon exonерates himself from any suspicion of stupidity. He evidently has talent, but renders himself obnoxious by his ill-concealed desire to display his knowledge. He is a fair specimen of the conceited class, and doubtless has an "honor" in view; indeed such is his boast. His recitations indicate study, but a superficial method of study, calculated more to produce an effect, than to store the mind with useful information. Mr. Vainboaster attends recitations with commendable regularity, and never, upon any occasion, fails to take advantage of an opportunity to pass his decision upon any mooted question. In fact, the gentleman is inclined to be disputatious, and hesitates not to flatly contradict his teacher. Neither are his classmates exempt from his effrontery; not only does he correct their statements, but takes the very words from their mouths, and cites the authority of other writers, interspersing his remarks with selections from Byron and the standard poets. Mr. Beaster is also a great Greek scholar. Alcestis is mere child's play to him, so that "ponies" or interlineations are entirely unnecessary. He is remarkably officious in explaining complicated passages, and insists that his rendering of a sentence is both correct and elegant. He enters into lengthy discussions with the Professor, upon Greek roots, oftentimes extracted from his own fertile imagination, and his acquaintance with dusty tomes and ancient authors, of whom no one else has ever heard, is truly wonderful.

But enough of Mr. Boaster, who, we are happy to say, is not always to be found in college. With a mere allusion to those, who, on account of general debility, frequent attacks of chills and fever, or other similar causes, attend recitation very seldom, but when they are present are orderly, and make perfect recitations, let us glance at that class, who, in College parlance, "cut" recitations.
Mr. Indolent Sharp is not constant in his attendance at class; he possesses the peculiar faculty of always absenting himself when a difficult lesson is to be recited. The recitation room, however, is always honored with his presence during a lecture upon Chemistry, or some other subject, where he catches enough of the discourse to enable him, with a little assistance, to answer questions. Mr. Sharp is always prepared for the intricacies of Conic Sections. He comes into the room among the last, his whole attention wrapt up in his book, and into which, as the signal is given to close books, he casts one last, long, lingering glance. He takes a seat in as retired a position as possible, endeavoring to attract as little attention as prudence permits. When called upon to demonstrate a problem, he takes his position at the "black board" with his back to the Professor. As he proceeds to work his example, a careful observer might detect a small piece of paper in his hand, from which he transfers the figures to the board; or his rolled-up coat sleeve might display a wrist-band upon which is written the problem to be solved. Great care, of course, is necessary to prevent detection in this mode of procedure, but our friend has the bump of caution largely developed.

These, however, are not the only resources of Mr. Sharp. Has he neglected to provide himself with these little necessaries, and is puzzled in the solution of his problem, he obtains permission to retire from the room a few moments, during which time he obtains the desired information. Mr. Sharp goes upon the principle that "there's a proud modesty in merit," and when asked whether he can demonstrate a problem, invariably replies, "I'll try, sir." In fact, such a question never arouses his "virtuous indignation," and his extreme bashfulness prevents him from volunteering his services when not positively necessary. He is perfectly unobtrusive in a Mathematical Recitation, and perfect decorum always marks his conduct. Questions he never asks, and the explanations of the Professor are entirely satisfactory to him, nor does he ever venture to dispute his authority.

Mr. Sharp, unlike Mr. Boaster, never engages in learned disquisitions upon Grecian Poetry and Antiquities; his know-
ledge is limited to the question in hand, and to this he gives his undivided attention. Neither does he scorn the use of a "pony," and his book presents a rather sorry appearance, English and Greek being so intermingled as to be scarcely legible. His friends say that the interpolations have decidedly the preponderance, though he is careful not to let them meet the eye of his teacher. As an instance of his manœuvres, upon one occasion, the Professor rather suspecting him of "riding," insisted upon an examination, whereupon he extricated himself from his embarrassing situation, by quietly slipping a few leaves of a neighbor's book into his own. In this connection, be it also remarked, that he never offers his own book to visitors upon examination day, and when obliged to contribute to this purpose, brings an extra copy, free from interlineations.

Mr. Sharp's mathematical attainments enable him to determine, with tolerable accuracy, which sentence will come to him in turn, and devotes his attention to this portion of his lesson. Should it chance, however, that such a passage resists his efforts to translate, the heat or cold furnishes him a sufficient excuse to exchange his seat for one before the person who has just finished reading. He varies his tactics sometimes, and excusing himself from the room, returns just as his turn has passed; and often, by similar means, escapes being called upon at all. When he does recite, he reads with such rapidity, that the Professor is unable to detect mispronunciations, and cannot hear distinctly the translation. The leaves of a "pony," which is a certain panacea for all difficulties, may often be seen hidden in the more legitimate classical works. He has not the same interest with his classmates in mythological queries, and never condescends an answer unless he be expressly questioned, when his reply is generally correct, and always brief.

In the English branches he proves himself very different from Mr. Boaster. His book is constantly open beside him, into which he casts furtive glances, for his position generally being behind, or partially concealed by a classmate, renders it comparatively an easy matter to one so experienced. His absences from recitation are the result of indisposition, or
necessary detention, and are not so frequent as to excite sus-
picions as to his motives.

Resembling in some particulars the class above mentioned, is Mr. Witty Harum Scarum. This personage is not at all politic, very frequently absenting himself from class, and attending only when "the spirit moves him," never consider-
ing whether the lesson be difficult or easy. In logic, his
general information enables him to make a passable recita-
tion. Familiar with all the devices of the sophist, he is
never caught in the "horns of a dilemma," nor is he accus-
tomed ordinarily to resort to the petitio principii. He
manages very skillfully to "shift the ground," however, and
place the onus probandi upon the shoulders of some one
else, applying with great force, the argumentum ad hominem.
The non tali pro tali is frequently adopted, and he detects
the most extraordinary analogies and coincidences, which
he states with such an appearance of truth and candor, as
to completely nonplus his duller classmates. When ac-
cused of not having studied his lesson, he denies the charge
with a well-feigned semblance of injured innocence, and his
ready wit is equal to all occasions and circumstances. He
never fails to "clinch" his arguments, whatever may be the
fallacy of his premises, and when reduced to extremity, ap-
plies Aristotle's dictum.

Mr. Harum Scarum can always say something, and is
fluent and voluble in the manner of his recitations. It mat-
ters not whether his harangue applies to the subject, for he
can talk with equal clearness upon almost any subject. Per-
spicuity he does not aim at, indeed he rather avoids it, and
although impudence is no part of his composition, he never
is confused or at a loss for words to express his meaning.
When utterly ignorant of the question propounded him, he
quotes Shakspeare, and interlards his remarks with senti-
mental and humorous poetry, and sometimes descends to
relating an anecdote. He passes with alarming rapidity
from the sublime to the ridiculous, and is ready upon all oc-
casions, facetiously to "point a moral or adorn a tale." His
wit and fun seem exhaustless, and his remarks, instead
of being forced and out of place, are always apropos.
Mr. Harum Scarum always attends Natural Philosophy, because he can have so much fun, though he is often late, so as to be "locked out." Here he pays no attention whatever to the screw and lever, or wheel and axle, but gives himself up to the influence of the hour, and causes unbounded merriment. His puns are constant, and he practically illustrates upon his classmates the principles of Mechanics and Hydrostatics. Upon one side of him is seated a good student, and upon the other a "kindred spirit," to the former he refers when called upon to recite, while he engages with the latter in every species of pleasantry.

He considers Cicero de Oratore a "bore," and scruples not to "cut" recitation pretty regularly. He is not morally opposed to "ponying," but considers it altogether too much trouble. Nor does he altogether ignore the artifices of Mr. Sharp to escape being called upon, and sometimes resorts to them. He makes it a matter of duty to use the "weed," and expectorates pretty freely upon the floor, thereby calling forth many remarks from the Professors, which fall unheeded upon his ear. Many are the questions he asks respecting ancient worthies, and manifests the greatest interest in the welfare of those three demented individuals who were so foolhardly as to expose themselves to the fury of the boundless deep, in such a frail bark as a tub. His very boldness carries him through the most complicated passages of the classic authors, and it is very seldom that he is at a loss to find some means of extricating himself from a difficult situation. Parsing is entirely beneath his Junior dignity, and he actually has forgotten the time when he could conjugate a Greek verb. His classmates prompt him when he is at fault for an answer, and he returns the kindness by telling them incorrectly, and is convulsed with laughter at their mistake. Should his teacher happen to be absent when the bell strikes, he is ready to adjourn, and is the first to move to the door. Is there any misunderstanding as to the lesson, he is certain to have learned the wrong one, and he frequently is mistaken in its length.

It were impossible to write of all the mad pranks of Mr. Harum Scarum, for he is at the bottom of all mischief in
which his classmates engage, and study hours are usually devoted to preparations for new tricks. Suffice it to say that he possesses great natural abilities, but is destitute of application. He is the first to propose, and the last to be detected in mischief, his uniform good humor and generous impulses making him a universal favorite with teachers and students; the former overlooking his faults for the sake of his abilities; the latter captivated by his good qualities of heart and soul. One word more, and we have done with Mr. Harum Scarum. A day or more preceding examination week, he may be seen applying his whole energies to his books, and upon that dreaded occasion passes through the "fiery ordeal" as successfully as his more studious classmates.

Mr. Unfortunate Dull is another character, which we will briefly notice. A representative of this class may be found in most every recitation room, who is an object of pity to the students, and of discouragement to the Professors. Mr. Dull's abilities may be at once perceived from his significant title, though he is a hard student. But his labor seems to no purpose, for he is never known to have a perfect lesson. Moreover he is very bashful, and peculiarly sensitive, and a harsh word drives every idea from his cranium. Algebra rests like a mighty incubus upon him, and many are the sleepless nights passed in solitary communion with Quadratic Equations, and the Binomial Theorem. Rhetoric seems clear to him when studying it, but in recitation he confuses his own ideas with those of the author's, so that he can express neither. He is truly unfortunate, and it seems fated that the most difficult questions in every lesson should be put to him. He is not a fluent speaker naturally, nor have his conversational powers been cultivated, so that he never attempts the use of technical terms. By the Faculty he is considered a victim to the cause of education, and his habitually lengthened face is never lighted by a smile.

Mr. Brainless Cringer is decidedly the most contemptible specimen of class-room philosophers, and one who merits the contempt of teachers and students. He always attends recitations, and as invariably is punctual. His expression-
less countenance makes its appearance in the mathematical recitation room, gravely conversing with the Professor upon the "curve of a parabola," and in such a manner as to lead to the supposition that he may know something of the subject. If so unfortunate as to be called upon to demonstrate, he blunders through his problem, at the same time protesting that he was "unwell last night, and unable to study." Or, he remains at the board the entire hour, trying to solve his proposition, and when the welcome bell for dinner meets his ear, confidently tells the Professor he has worked his problem. Should his class be large enough to allow but one half to demonstrate each day, he is generally quite confident that he did so the preceding day. He often does not quite understand the different steps to be taken to solve a proposition, and requests his Professor to elucidate it. During all such explanations he pays the strictest attention, and asks questions. Recitation over, Mr. Cringer always makes it convenient to accompany the Professor as far as his gate, upon the way to dinner, during which confidential promenade, he endeavors to impress it upon his instructor's mind that his feeble health is a source of great anxiety to his parents, who, on this account, oblige him to desist from hard study.

He is a great admirer of the German nation, its customs and illustrious men, and considers their educational system, as displayed in their Universities, as perfection. The lessons in German are never too lengthy, and he frequently expresses his desire that they were longer. He never loses the place in reading, and has a peculiar penchant for long words and many-syllabled adjectives, in true Homeric style. His memory, however, is very treacherous, and he experiences great difficulty in recollecting the meaning of the words; this deficiency he endeavors to supply by adopting the "sweet German accent." The only drawback to his scholarship in this branch is the mistakes he makes in learning the wrong lesson, having been misinformed by a classmate.

Chemistry is the favorite study of Mr. Cringer, for which he has a natural fondness and ability. During lectures upon
this subject, his eyes are fixed upon the Professor, to whom he apparently listens with great satisfaction, and with rapt attention, though a closer observation would show that his mind, if he has any, is wandering. Experiments afford him great delight, and during their performance he looks exceedingly wise, though sometimes his owl-like eyes are contracted in a very peculiar manner, as though the intellect within were absorbed in deep thought; at such times his classmates whisper that he is "snoozing." He is ever ready to make himself a victim to these experiments, and whenever the Professor gives him a severe shock with the galvanic battery, complaint never escapes his lips; in fine he submits with a good grace to the puns and witicisms of teachers. Sulphuretted Hydrogen is not in the least offensive to his nostrils, and his respiratory organs are not affected by any quantity of gas. His voice is painfully weak, and exceedingly pathetic, owing, doubtless, to his delicate health, although it is said that he shouts like a Stentor in the open air, and walks with great rapidity to his meals, where his appetite does not suffer by comparison.

Mr. Cringer is the very essence of propriety in the Class Room, and nothing shocks him so much as hilarity and sport, which he considers entirely out of place, both as disrespectful to instructor, and beneath the dignity of Juniors. Although never hesitating to ask a classmate for information, he considers it morally wrong to tell another himself, in recitation. He is invariably the last to adjourn, and remains after the others, to obtain a little "Black Oxide of Manganese," as he has a small laboratory at his room, where he performs sundry experiments. Among his other qualities, he is a great lady's man, and treats visitors with marked courtesy and attention.

And now, dear reader, we have finished our rude sketch, and appeal to your judgment whether it is accurate. That there is philosophy in preparing and reciting a lesson, we think you will admit, from the consideration of the characters we have attempted to delineate. That such a philosophy is false, essentially false, and evil in its consequences, and is unworthy of a true scholar, we do not deny. Such
an one pursues "the even tenor of his way," without resorting to any petty artifices to gain the good will of the Faculty, or a reputation as a student among his fellows; but by his conscientious and manly conduct, merits the approbation of all. How can we better close, than in the words of the aged Polonius to his son:

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

This, above all—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

THE MIND.

Human intelligence has ever found in itself the most profound problem, of all the mysterious developments which the universe affords.

Comprehending, with a mere mental glance, principles which an eternity of material existence could never elucidate, and spanning with almost omnipresent thought illimitable space in search of knowledge, the mind halts at its own portal, staggered with the consciousness that of its own conception, organism and means of subsistence, it is comparatively ignorant. Philosophy can find no height so measureless, no depth so profound, no mystery so ponderous and complicated, in all the wide expanse of Nature, as to entirely baffle the insatiable curiosity of man.

But the mind, wholly ethereal and intangible to the senses, independent of and superior to matter, alike in its endowments and its destiny, defies the possibility of analysis, and is (with all the accumulated wisdom of ages of investigation) as to its elementary principles, entirely unknown; itself, a standing proof of the fallacy of materialism, both as a theory and in its practical workings.

The scepticism and philosophic infidelity of all time, has
sought in vain for such an explanation of the origin of animated existence as would do away with the necessity of a Divine Creator; but the fact that we have ever present with us a something that cannot be accounted for by natural causes, and cannot be reduced to material elements or produced from them, yet remains as a proof of the reality of spiritual existence, independent of sensitive nature; and thus, by logical deduction, of a living, all-pervading and creative mind, not a visionary, but an actual author and ruler of all things.

Our only clue to the origin of the mind, traces it back directly to a Divine parentage, and is found in the revealed Word, where it says, "The Lord God formed man from the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul." Again, "which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." Who shall be able to define the nearness of our connection with, or the nature of our relation to, the Supreme Being. It is this ever-recurring consciousness of an alliance with something superior to ourselves, this upward tendency of the spark that first issued from the Central Sun of the Universe, and the noble aspirations of the Divine breath which emanated from the lips of Omnipotence, that ever impels the spirit of the true man to the acquisition of higher attainments, that inspires him with that God-like ambition which the wealth of world cannot satisfy, and whose cravings Infinity alone can bound.

What could have satisfied the intense thirst for knowledge of a Newton, but a mastery of the most hidden, and yet most powerful forces in nature, and the privilege of leaving to posterity a system of philosophy which should bring to the comprehension of the human mind the orbits, eccentricities, velocity and weight of worlds, whose magnitude and distances mock the senses, yielding only before the celerity and resources of educated reason.

Whether we follow the achievements of the mind in its airy flight over the measureless gulfs of space, where all is silent save "the music of the spheres," and the beating of the great heart of Deity; over the crystal and rock-ribbed
ranges and plateaus, or coral reefs of Ocean, in search of a path where the lightnings may run to do its bidding; through the wild gorges of the Himalayas, and the jungles of Africa; or, linked with humanity and love, wending its way through unknown polar seas, where the frosts of death chill the blood and freeze the breath of life; amid all these, we find the intellect always adequate to its gigantic undertakings, and only halting when the body fails, as in the case of the lamented Kane; to wing its flight to brighter realms, where no secrets are hid, and the sun of Divine Wisdom illuminates the paths of knowledge with more than noon-day splendors. How often have we been startled by collossal achievements of the mind, when the physical system has hardly arrived at the maturity of ordinary manhood. Sir Isaac Newton comprehended, when a mere boy, theories of attraction and great astronomical facts, which ages of philosophic research had failed to establish. James Watt discovered, when a child, playing upon the floor, that motive power which moves the "thundering car," and drives the floating palaces of the ocean and our inland waters, while it manufactures the fabrics of the civilized world. Bonaparte, while yet an inexperienced youth, planned the overthrow of nations, the humbling of feudal power, and the establishment of universal empire, which the terror of his arms in after years so nearly accomplished.

Very few truly great men have not given evidence during their earliest youth, of a consciousness of mental power, and a determination to achieve, which made success inevitable. Who has not admired that cool confidence in self, that sublime precocity which followed a Hildebrand from the shepherd's cot through all the devious paths of his ascent to the Pontifical throne. When success crowned his efforts, the world wondered, and was dazzled alike by the splendor of his more than regal power, and his ample adequacy to all its exigencies, little dreaming that through long years of poverty, trials, and even dissimulation, he had been preparing for this occasion, as for a positive certainty.

The greatest events of history have been but the exterior developments of facts which had been previously accom-
plished in the minds of men. The battle of Austerlitz was gained on the night before the visible conflict, in the soul of Napoleon. Our own war of Revolution was but the accomplishment of the almost prescient plans and wisdom of men like Washington and Adams.

And if young men who dread the world and its ten thousand contests, could but realize that every intellect which has ever achieved colossal glory or renown, has found in itself its greatest enemy, and that the battle ground of life is to be found, and the victories won, in the arena of their own souls, methinks reform with many would begin at home, and the first real conquest would be the subjugation of evil passions, rather than men, and the control of their own individual powers, rather than the government of others. That mind which is capable of appropriating its strength so as to fulfil its own destiny, and procure the approbation of its Maker, is competent, if need be, also to rule the world, and only waits release from earthly ties to make infinity its home, and reveling in an unceasing banquet of truth and wisdom, in company with the sages of all time, to grow in power while eternity shall last.

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

(Continued from Dec No.)

This my promised rhyme mosaic,
Will contain another lesson,
Of the present and the future,
Minding you we stand between them,
And that we are each uniting
Time to come and time now present,
By this bond of life now passing.
How shall we live in the present?
How as well look to the future?
Opening my school day portfolio,
I have found two simple poems,
Which have pleased me in re-reading.
For I find that they but echo
From the past my present feeling.
One bespeaks your best attention,
To that now which is the only
True possession of the earthly.
NOW.

We forever waiting, looking,
  Listening, searching, hoping still;—
Through life's high and by-ways crooking,
  Seek of joy to find our fill.

Syrens sing—“a good time's coming,
  So e'en now it draweth near,”
But the phantom far off roaming,
  Never meets us wanderers here.

What though oft we hear the promise,
  Echoing gleeful through our souls,
Just as often fleeing from us,
  Swift away the "good time" rolls.

Tempest tossed, for safety seeking,
  We but cling to snapping ropes;
Time's old scythe is ever reeking,
  Steeped in gore of murdered hopes!

We were children—oh! what visions
  Of a smooth, untroubled sea!
Storms and wrecks and mad collisions,
  Ne'er could they our future be.

Then how many a blithe creation
  Teemed with winged shapes of joy;
Golden bright anticipations—
  Dreamed of bliss without alloy!

How we often longed to number
  Years enough to make us men;—
Recking not that troubled slumber,
  Soon would wish them gone again.

Now when disappointments gather,
  Black portentous, storm-fraught clouds;—
When of every ill the father
  Sin with gloom our joys enshrouds—

Now we know that childhood's visions
  Of a smooth, untroubled sea—
Where no wrecks, or mad collisions,
  Ever could our fortune be—
Were like golden tints of morning,
Bright, but evanescent too;—
Fading, they have left the warning,
Trust not dreams but seeks the True.

Be not with the future ravished,
Her's the charms that distance lends;
Love upon them freely lavished,
Oftest in sorrow ends.

Strange though every earthly treasure,
Readily our call obeys;
Still we hope to-morrow's measure,
Will be fuller than to-day's.

And when manhood's care or sorrow,
Furroweth the anxious brow;
Ever we desire the morrow,
Though the happiest time is now.

So we pass the precious hours
God hath measured for our use,
Venting discontent in showers
Of complainings or abuse.

Grieving for the time, when sorrow
Shall forever flee away;
Or sorrowing not, we borrow
Grief enough to spoil to-day.

Till the almond tree doth flourish,
And the evil days are come;
When no joys the soul can nourish,
And it loathes its earthly home.

Not upon this cruel mission,
 Came sweet Hope with men to be,
To engulph each day's fruition,
In the future's shoreless sea;—

Not to make the present hateful,
For content to give unrest,
But to make us doubly grateful,
Now and 'ever to be blest.'

Let us then be wise in season,
Hoping ever, love 'to-day,'
Suffer, act, enjoy, with reason,
Ne'er complain, be gravely gay.
While the iron's hottest, striking,  
Haying while the sunbeams fall,  
Let us check our vain disliking  
Of that now which is our all.

Now, from viewing thus the present,  
Let the birds of passage teach us,  
How to view the coming future,  
In the hand of God our Father;  
Now while acting in the present,  
We can trust for days still coming;  
Not of all this wealth of foliage,  
All these choruses of wood notes,  
From these songsters trilling—filling,  
All the air with sounds melodious,  
Think not of these fragrant flowers  
Daily to the sunshine opening;  
Nor by what a train of hours  
Every passing day's attended,  
Speaking all, the joyous summer.  
Think that now the days are shortening,  
Think 'tis winter time—of snow flakes,  
Earth's white shroud, the frost is weaving;  
On the trees no leaf or leaflet—  
On the field, no grass or flowers—  
In the woods no bird or birdlings—  
Such as sing for us in summer,  
Earth is whitening, trees are naked—  
Birds are silent—all is dreary—  
And the poet gazing southward,  
Seems to see the birds of passage,  
Who in southern groves are nestling,  
And he asks how they beforehand  
Could escape the coming evil?  
To this question and their answer  
For instruction let us listen.

Why away, ye birds that carolled  
Here, so swiftly have ye passed?  
Have ye heard old winter's herald  
Loudly sound his warning blast?

Why do breezes as they nestle  
In the bare and dreary tree,  
Seek in vain the leafy rustle,  
Miss your answering melody?
Heard ye Autumn moaning, dying,
As ye nestled in the spray?
Is't for this ye now are hieing
Over regions far away?

Or because the boughs deserted
Shorn and brown, up-reach toward heaven,
Silent mourn the gifts departed,
Spring-bestowed, now winter-risen?

Was't the storm-cloud darkly shading,
Dimmed your coverts in the grove,
Or have leaflets falling, fading,
Bid you, songsters, hence to rove?

Has the driving snow yet gathered
Where reposed your downy breasts,
Where your toil had warmly feathered,
As for life, your little nests?

Or has deadly hail from heaven,
Rattling down 'mid branches bare,
Sudden, startling warning given,
Ye were not in safety there?

Tell us, songsters, who have left us,
For a flight o'er regions vast,
Have these causes stern bereft us,
Shades of mourning o'er us cast?

Hark! Methinks they sing, obeying
Our far distant, earnest call,
Tunefully I hear them saying,
As their bird-tones clearly fall:

"Aye! for these our way erratic
Little pilgrims have we ta'en;
God directs our flight prophetic,
Where he bids us we remain.

Prophets are we warblers, roaming,
Telling you of future change,
When from Northern regions coming,
Winter stern, abroad shall range.
So, though skies were bright above us,
And the fields were dressed in green,
And the zephyrs seemed to love us—
Yet a change to come, was seen.

As we saw the leaf-fall coming,
Heard the autumns dying wail,
And the frost-clad herald dooming;
Earth to frost and snow and hail.

And we wailed not, till dreary
Winter came with chill and snow,
Fearing not to faint or weary,
Taught of God our strength to know.

Taught of him our way erratic,
Little pilgrims have we ta'en;
God directs our flight prophetic,
Where he bids us, we remain."

Yes! sweet absent ones, yet tell us,
Wintry days will soon be here,
When the Ice-King shall assail us,
Making all things waste and drear.

When his snow-clad hosts advancing,
He, fierce "Monarch of the North,"
From his crystal throne far glancing,
Dooms the shivering, paling earth.

Ye 'mid verdure fresh may carol
Tunefully your songs of praise,
To his home, who, forth from peril,
Led you through aerial ways.

Oh! let us instruction gather,
From these songsters far away;
Learn to trust our Heavenly Father,
And his gracious will obey.

When, as strides the King of Winter,
Come old age and sickness sore,
Threatening our loved homes to enter,
Where they never frowned before:—
When chill Death, a hostile comer,
God shall tell us draweth near,
May our souls, like birds of summer;
Stay not for a shelter here.

Startled by the Heavenly warning,
May they leave this home of clay,
Let them take "the wings of morning,"
Rise from earth and flee away."

And now these lessons, tho' familiar, true,
I kindly offer as my word to you,
May heaven guard you from the ills of life,
And make you useful, happy, free from strife,
And teach us all, no matter what our lot,
How long or short our life, in hall or cot,
In whatsoever course our steps we bend,
The art, of safely coming to an end.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

"Even as the tenderness that hour instils
When summer's day declines among the hills,
So feels the fullness of our hearts and eyes,
When all of genius that can perish, dies."

But one short month has passed, since the mournful tidings reached us, that IRVING was numbered with the dead. Again is our country called upon to mourn the loss of a gifted son, the almost idol of her people, the pride of her literary circles. Another great name is added to the list of

"Dead but sceptered sovereigns, that still rule
Our spirits from their urns."

Is it not hard to realize, that he who so often has entranced us with his lovely creations, held us enchained by the outpourings of his genial soul, is no more? Webster and Clay and Calhoun, have saddened the record of the past decade by their departure; Choate and Prescott are numbered among the dead. These were terrible blows to the country which fostered them; yet, it seems to us none of them were felt as this last sad event has been, and will be, so
long as sterling worth, purity of character and wealth of intellect, are acknowledged and appreciated. His integrity as a man, his genius, and his nationality as a writer, have endeared him in a peculiar manner to his countrymen. We admired the eminent abilities of our statesmen and jurists; acknowledged their claims upon our gratitude and esteem; erected monuments to their memory because they were great men. And Prescott, the visually blind, intellectually far-seeing, exhaustive Historian, aspired to and attained, a high position among his country’s great men. These men, we say were regarded with pride and admiration. These terms do not express the feelings of the heart towards Washington Irving. He was loved. He has enshrined his image not in the memory alone, but in the hearts of his cotemporaries.

When we review the achievements of his active life, we feel our inability to worthily present his claims; to clothe in language consistent with the dignity of the subject, the magnificent, yet graceful and harmonious proportions of his intellect; to portray the spotless purity of his private life; the unswerving rectitude, the truthfulness and candor of his public career.

Irving was ushered into life at a time peculiarly fitted to develop and discipline his powers, and to engender aspirations after eminence. 1783 is the date of his birth. The struggle with the Oppressor was drawing to a close. The issue was no longer doubtful. The heroes of the Revolution saw the first glimmerings of light dawn upon their hard-fought cause. And when absolutism had resigned its last foothold, and America was free, a great work was to be accomplished. The adoption of our present Constitution was the great, the all-important event of our Author’s boyhood. It was a period of gigantic effort, of tireless energy, of more than Roman heroism and self-sacrifice. Men felt that a mighty responsibility rested upon them, and they did not shrink from its assumption. It was, then, amid the stirring scenes of America’s transition state, that the youthful Irving drank in the hopes and the aspirations of a newborn country. Was he ambitious? America demanded ambition. Circumstances fostered it. A society of States,
divided among themselves, was to be bound together by mutual concessions. A nation was to be formed, a national government founded, a national character established. An all-important principle, then enunciated, was to be maintained. The aspirations of youth were unavoidably directed to the attainment of political distinction. Irving was found among the aspirants. The Law, as the stepping-stone to fame, was chosen as the field of his future labors. The legal profession might have gained, the highest walks of literature lost, a brilliant ornament, had not circumstances taught him that he was capable of better things.

His European tour was the turning point in his life. The classic fields of Italy he visited, reveled in the imaginative pleasures of scholastic memories and associations, and gazed upon the by-gone haunts of the Horace and the Virgil of his school-boy days. Is it strange that scenes such as these produced a revolution in his hopes and projects. His communion with the past and its monuments, had revealed and developed new springs of thought, had created for him a higher, a nobler existence. The musty folios of the Law, and the technicalities of its procedure, no longer offered any inducements to the youthful aspirant after fame; and his heart was too warm, too delicately attuned to the touch of human sympathy, to adapt itself to the rigid, inflexible formulas of his profession. Inclination, his own best interest, as revealed to him by the more mature development of his powers, all pointed to Literature as the true sphere for the exercise of his abilities, and he became an Author. We, as his countrymen, cannot be too grateful that he did not devote talents of so high an order to party debate and political strife. He resigned the hopes, resisted the allurements held out to the ambitious youth of his age, for a nobler calling; how wisely, his success bears witness.

His first work, "Knickerbocker's History of New York," was an acknowledged success. Walter Scott, ever an admirer of Irving's genius, says of it, "I have never read anything so closely resembling Dean Swift." No higher compliment could be paid to a satirical production. Then followed his exquisite "Sketch Book," and the charming pictures of Eng-
lish life and manners in "Bracebridge Hall." While Minister to Spain, he collected the materials for the "Alhambra," the "Life and Voyages of Columbus," and the "Conquest of Granada." Had we the time and space, it were needless to detail his literary career. It would be a record of uniform, splendid successes. His last great work, "The Life of Washington," gives abundant evidence that four-score years have not robbed him of the extraordinary strength and vigor of mind, which have ever characterized him.

It has been a peculiarity of Irving's success, that, so unpretending, so unostentatious, were his efforts, so greatly did he endear himself to his countrymen, that his proudest triumphs elicited the admiration, while they seldom excited the envy, of the literary world; and, perhaps less than any modern author was he wounded by harsh and unjust criticism, or pained by the sneers and ridicule of envious rivals. No reputation was to be gained by assailing a national favorite. Such he has ever been. This resulted not alone from the creations of his brain, but from the qualities of heart which rendered him a genial companion, an obliging friend in prosperity or in adversity; in a word, a perfect gentleman, a conscientious and upright man, a patriot and a Christian.

It was a difficult task, to analyze the remarkable success of Irving's literary efforts, and to define the characteristics which gave them so great a popularity. By this we do not mean, that his reasoning has no peculiarities, his style no salient points, nor that his triumphs were undeserved and not the legitimate results of mental labor. But there is a certain charm in his creations, which all experience, but cannot define. This it is which has caused them to be so universally read, loved, and admired. The thoughtless school girl and the polemical divine, the care-worn man of business and the sage philosopher, the ambitious statesman and the country boor—all find this charm, read, sigh, and pronounce the "Alhambra" and the "Sketch Book" not long enough. The English critic, determined not to be pleased, reads "Bracebridge Hall," sneers at the anachronisms, grumbles about American presumption, and lays it aside delighted and convinced against his will, that his half-brother across the
water possesses talent without paying tax. And the literateur of "La Belle France," introduces the American's productions into the home circle and the school-room, as the finest models of English style, and the most charming pictures of life and scenery.

One characteristic of his works which has rendered them such universal favorites, is the total absence of literary arrogance or pretension. The language is pure, classical, elegant, but there is no apparent effort to produce an effect. The reader loses sight of Irving the author, thinks himself in communion with Irving the man, familiar, genial, communicative. Without any abatement of the profound respect we entertain for his genius, we feel, when perusing his works, no distant, chilling awe, no sense of inferiority, so often created by the effusions of great intellects. The author, while he depicts with a most masterly hand, beauties of nature and of mind, while he feasts the imagination upon exquisite phantasies and delicate morsels of the unreal, takes no pains to tell us in his diction and style, that he rounds his sentences to elicit our admiration, or fatigues his intellect to produce apt illustrations. His language seems to flow naturally, spontaneously, from a pure crystal fountain of thought, and it charms, not by its purity and classical elegance, as such, but by the grace and adaptation, the unobtrusive harmony, of idea and expression. And in everything he writes we feel that he possesses a heart as well as an understanding. He inflicts upon us no tedious homilies upon social evils and national crimes, but in every line there breathes a deep undercurrent of human sympathy, free from the straightlaced rigidity of Puritanism, unalloyed by the intrusiveness of professed philanthropy.

And then his humor adds zest without bitterness,—quiet enjoyment to the reader, without pain to the object of his satire. We know of no more laughable composition than the chronicles of "Diedrick Knickerbocker," and the aristocratic descendant of the burghers of Manhattan, though he frowned at the title, can but enjoy the book. Who has not derived enjoyment from the "World's Cosmogony," the wonderful theories in regard to the parentage of the American
aborigines, and the ironical advocacy of the white man's claims to the Western continent? He must be a cynic indeed, who finds no pleasure in perusing the laughable account of the manners of our Dutch ancestors, and the mirth-provoking histories of "Oloffe the Dreamer," and "William the Testy." Among the contributions to the "Salmagundi," are to be found satirical productions equalled only by those of Dean Swift or Paulding. They contain all the keen satire of Swift, without his cynicism and misanthropy. They are tempered by the "milk of human kindness."

As a descriptive writer, Irving has but few equals. He early evinced a deep love for, and appreciation of, the beautiful, and his descriptive works abound with evidences of a pure, elevated and refined taste. His predilections were for whatever is serenely beautiful in nature, thought and diction. His descriptions are vivid and life-like, yet dignified and pregnant with the mature reflections of genius. His "Tour on the Prairies," one of the least pretending of his works, abounds in fine descriptions. We can see the vast expanse of undulating meadow, the emerald threads of verdure which mark the course of the serpentine rivulet, and the fairy-like groves, that dot the plain like islands in the sea. We can feel with the author the heart expansion, the buoyant emotions, created by communion with "nature in her visible forms." How do we long for participation in the wild excitement of prairie and mountain life which he so graphically portrays. And here we meet, face to face, the fearless rifleman of the West and the brawny savage, hear his wild haloo in pursuit of his fated game, and experience with him, all the varied emotions of triumph, doubt, or disappointment. Our author's pictures of camp-life and hunting adventure, are, to us, the perfection of vivid, accurate, charming description.

Irving has attained an eminent position among American Historians and Biographers. He combines faithfulness of study and research, an impartial, unerring judgment, and an acute perception of remote historical antecedents. He traces with clearness and precision the chain of historic events, yet never descends to wearisome details, or weak, unimportant incidents. His style is elegant and ornate, yet never, we
think, inconsistent with the dignity of History. His illustrations are models of beauty and purity of expression—never so profuse as to render his diction florid or overwrought. He evinces, perhaps, less depth and accuracy of previous research, than Prescott; less careful analysis of individual character and philosophical deduction, than Macaulay; but we think he combines the best characteristics of each, and his works are regarded as reliable chronicles of events, and truthful exponents of the manners and peculiarities of the times of which he treats. In his last work, he was peculiarly happy in the choice of a theme. It was a fitting finale to his life-long contributions to literature; an appropriate climax to his splendid successes. Our beloved Washington has found a biographer worthy the task of portraying his nobility of soul, his patriotism, integrity and devotion to the cause of human rights. America, hereafter, will celebrate the Statesman and his Biographer, in alternate notes of praise; will invoke blessings upon the one as the Father of her liberties; upon the other as the Patriarch of her literature.

How versatile, how comprehensive, was his genius! A humorist—he rivaled Swift; an essayist—he claims a place beside Addison and Goldsmith; a descriptive writer—he is the compeer of our own Cooper; a historian—he shares the laurels of a Macaulay, a Bancroft and a Prescott! He has gone to the grave full of years and of honors. He has reared for himself a monument more enduring than "storied urn or animated bust." Its foundations are broad as is the domain of literature, deep laid as his country's gratitude. Magnificent are its proportions as his own great genius. The latest sounds that gladdened his aged heart, were the heartfelt plaudits of his fellow men.

He sleeps near "Sunnyside," the birth-place of the "Alhambra," and the "Sketch Book,"—classic ground, henceforth, to his countrymen.
INCUBUS.

It was a midsummer evening. The sun had sunk behind the Western mountains, that, like a dusty traveler, he might refresh himself in the calm Pacific wave. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the lindens, and the slender aspen seemed for a moment lost in forgetfulness, as her trembling foliage yielded an unwilling obedience to the all-pervading calm. The moon having reached her second quarter, arose in her mild loveliness the empress of the night. The tall objects in the landscape were casting those deep shadows so inviting to those who having borne the labor and heat of the summer day, now seek repose that they may strengthen their bodies for the exertions of to-morrow. The flower garden exhaled its varied perfumes as the honey-seeking moth-flies hovered over the sweet jassamine and mignonette, fanning their odors from their retreats into the great world, and filling the air with their fragrance. Beneath the mild rays of the moon the dew-drops sparkled upon the grass, and hung in strings of blazing pearls upon the rose leaves. Now and then a dark cloud obscured the light of the moon as it traversed its disk, and threw its flitting shadow over hill and dale, as if to remind the inhabitants thereof that the joys of earth are fleeting, and that life is made up of light and ever varying shadows.

An angry looking cloud had just swept across the moon, when I was startled by the unusual appearance which that orb had assumed; for that part which was before dark, was suddenly lighted up, and continued to grow in brightness until her whole disk seemed one sheet of red and blazing fire. I had read of signs in the sun and signs in the moon, but I never had expected to see that great and terrible day when these things should be verified. The phenomena increased. From the burning orb mountains of flames shooting forth in every direction, licked the empty void of space as the dread object was seen slowly approaching the earth, and the whole world was lighted up with the sickly glare of the conflagration. Now the inhabitants of earth ran to and fro in wild dismay, each seeking the ones most dear, that he might
embrace them ere his doom should be sealed. Now "men's hearts were failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which were coming on the earth." Now were men's eyes wearied with watching the vibrations of the balances of justice, poised upon the finger of God and extended from the heavens.

Stricken dumb with astonishment, and unable to move a muscle, I sat watching with vacant stare the soul-wringing scenes before me. Here one is heard in deep despair, repeating with a loud voice that notable prophecy of St. Peter: "But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." There another is heard in agonizing prayer—"Spare O Lord, spare thy people whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood." Now were heard the wailing cries of the mother, as she clasped her new born infant more closely to her breast. Now those who felt that they had nought to look for but dread judgments, were cursing the day in which they were born, and calling upon the earth to receive them into her kindly bosom; and now the air was filled with cries and groans, lamentations, cursings, prayer and singing of psalms, bitter reproaches and jeerings.

The atmosphere became thick and hot with sulphurous fumes, and the object of consternation seemed approaching with greater velocity than before.

How changed is the scene, where one hour ago all was beauty and loveliness. The foliage of the trees and shrubs wilts and blackens and shrinks, as though fleeing before the breath of an evil spirit—the flowers droop upon their stalks, and their fragrance vanishes. The insects fold their wings, and sink to the earth in agonies of death—the birds flutter their powerless pinions along the ground, uttering piercing cries of terror and distress—the beasts of the forest leave their lairs, rending the air with their howlings as they tear the earth in rage. All the earth is one wild scene of commotion.

Masses of flames were now hurled from the ball of swift
destruction, which descended in wavy corruscations to the doomed and trembling earth. Rivers overflowed their banks; the sea opened to her lowest depths, and cast upon her boiling surface the inanimate bodies of her dead of ages past; the earth yielded up her dead; a mighty shout was heard in the heavens, and the earth arose as if hasting to meet her doom; a crash was heard, a shock was felt, and I was for a time unconscious.

Once more sight was restored to my eyes, and consciousness to my troubled mind. I was sweeping through space with the velocity of an arrow, and a scene presented itself to my bewildered eyes, of which the ever varying scenes of a kaleidoscope scarce give an idea. The place among the world once occupied by the earth and her attendant moon, was now void. Her cities and towns, her palaces and pleasant homes, her fields and floods, were scattered in dismembered fragments throughout the universe; and of all the creatures which she had borne, I alone was left alive.

I was driven forcibly upon a far off world, the shock of which brought me to my feet; I shouted "Te Deum Laudamus," and standing by my bedside bathed in perspiration, found that I had been suffering from nightmare.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.


The December Number of this popular Magazine, opens with a finely illustrated article on Washington in 1859. A sprightly sketch of Holidays in Costa Rica, by Thomas Francis Meagher—also profusely illustrated—follows. Then comes a monograph upon Insects Destructive to Wheat, which really bristles with cuts of strange and fierce-winged monsters of the fly race. The remaining articles are—The Enchanted Titan; An Armistice; The Fortune-Teller; The Great Library of Stoneburgh; Our Old Pew; Wisdom and Goodness; Regular Habits—a capital story—put us in a good humor for all of a Saturday afternoon. Notes of Charles Lamb to Thomas Allsop—very interesting. "Veni, Vidi, Vici;" A Bit of Angling; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editors' Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editors' Drawer; Spriggins' Voyage of Life; Fashions for December.


We have looked through this little volume with much interest. Punctuation may, perhaps, to the careless thinker, appear a matter of small importance, but we doubt not, after a perusal of these three hundred and thirty-four clearly-written pages, that the same person would view the art with increased respect. Depending so great an extent upon its laws and principles, as all written language does; gathering from Comma, Colon and Semi-Colon, shades of expression and sentiment which would else be unattained; giving to Holy Writ as well as to the pages of the latest romance a kind of visual individuality—a sense of real presence which questions with the interrogation point, and cries out with the exclamation mark, and dismisses with the period—fulfilling all of these various conditions and offices, its study becomes certainly worthy of attention and care. Mr. Wilson's volume is very neatly printed and contains full explanations and exercises. A half-hour's perusal will do more to instruct in the proper usage of dashes, hyphens, quotation marks, capitols, brackets, etc., than a month's casual attention to and observation of, the literature of the day.
Rumor says that an association, styled the St. Ambrose Society has lately been given birth in the upper part of the town. The object of the Institution, we understand to be the cultivation of celibacy, and the dissemination, among those of a theological turn of mind, of a total indifference to the charms and cunning allurements of the "Sisters." We would have no one to suppose that it is an imaginary affair—a creature of to-day, or a gentle evaporation of to-morrow—but a reality, a regularly organized body, having three offices, which, by the latest accounts, were all filled by most competent persons, whose names we might mention, were it not especially requested that they be suppressed, until the association is placed on a firmer basis, and until its fast extending influence is more universally felt. That there is no deception intended, is clearly shown by the dejected countenances of our Gambier maidsens. Were it some powdered up, saffron-colored, superannuated, or jerked-beef looking set of young men, that were about taking such a rash step, the lamentation over their determination to lead a solitary life, would not be so grievous; but when we see such a fine appearing band of youths, with limbs well proportioned, small feet and hands, bright and intelligent faces, with heads erect and step elastic, as Bexley Hall now contains—when such youthful Apollos, we say, rashly determine never to share their physical vigor and intellectual acumen with those of the gentler sex, we do not wonder that the ladies pine, and wish that Theologians had never been born, thus to raise fond hopes, and then, with less compunction than Job exhibited, in starving that oft mentioned turkey, or Abraham's cat, in placing its ugly paw on the unoffending tail of Isaac's pet mouse, dash them into the minutest fragments. Oh, young men, we beseech you to pause a moment, ere it be too late, and consider the misery you may entail upon the unoffending sisters. You are healthy and vigorous, and from strength of determination, and masculine force of character, are able, without sympathy and support, to journey on life's toilsome road. Not so, however, with them; accustomed to look to man for protection and advice—of more delicate organism, they will be helpless indeed, if that support and protection is withheld.

Even already do they exhibit undisguised anxiety. Only a few evenings since, a member of the institution where this plot is being matured, but not himself one of the conspirators, called upon a young lady at the opposite extremity of the town. As the bell rang, she rose to obey its summons, but not with the modest trepidation of former days, when with the gentle pit-pat, pit-pat, of that maiden heart she thought of the bright eyes, and noble Roman nose that would there meet her. Far different her feelings now; she has heard of the St. Ambrose Society, and that her dear L—— had been prevailed upon to join the association—surely this cannot be his ring—probably
some one on business. The door opens;—how pleasing the disappointment. There, with his accustomed smile, faithful to his promise, stands the one supposed to be lost. Her countenance brightens, as if touched by an unseen power, and with joy she exclaims, "why, Mr.——, how surprised—and very happy I am to see you. I feared that you were ensnared by that awful St. Ambrose Society." It is unnecessary to give the conversation that followed. We mention this merely as an instance, showing the unhappy effects, which, even in the early development of this system are being brought to light. We therefore, again respectfully, yet earnestly, beg these misguided ones, to pause and consider.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.—The Literary Societies of Kenyon, claim to be unsurpassed by, and in many cases superior to, those of sister Institutions. Whether such an assertion has truth for its foundation or not, we are not competent to decide; but in one respect we do think that we are to be imitated, and that is, in our election of officers. Petty jealousies are often at work, we confess; and bickering and "log rolling," sometimes create unpleasant feelings, but we are entirely free from those disgraceful scenes, which characterize Society elections in general, and which in some colleges terminate in blows, and hand to hand conflicts. We give below the result of the elections which took place Wednesday evening, Dec. 7th, 1859.

PHILOMATHESIAN.
President—J. L. Daymude.
Vice President—Robert McNeilly.
Secretary—George Gamble.
Treasurer—B. H. Webb.
Librarian—J. W. Cook.
Vice Librarian—A. B. Payne.
Historian—H. M. Hervey.
First Reader—C. G. Thompson.
Critics—J. Packard, Jr.
John Norris.

NU PI KAPPA.
President—James P. Stephens.
Vice President—Murray S. Davis.
Secretary—John T. Bond,
Assistant Secretary—James Kilbourne
Treasurer—John Crowell, Jr.
Librarian—W. A. Bullitt.
Assistant Librarian—G. B. Pratt.
First Critic—George S. Benedict.
Second Critic—Orlando M. Loomis.

Mr. J. and Mr. B., were once students at Kenyon. J. was something of a wag; B., was decidedly the opposite; his bump of credulity being wonderfully developed. And as bodies oppositely electrified attract each other, so were B. and J. frequently found together. B. did not consider himself possessed of any remarkable acuteness, but still thought that he would com-
pare favorably with the majority of students. When in need of information on any subject pertaining to general literature, he was accustomed to refer to his friend J., whom he regarded as authority. Being desirous at one time of cultivating his style, by studying works of fiction, he applied to J. to obtain a list of the most recent publications. This he furnished him, after remarking that there was an admirable work of Butler's, called the "Analogy," which he thought was just out, but not being positive advised him to ask Prof. S., who would certainly know. Accordingly, B. walks half a mile to Prof. S.'s residence, finds him at home, and not wishing to exhibit his ignorance as to whether it was yet published or not, asks directly, whether the Prof. had in his library Butler's new novel called the "Analogy?" Prof., having seen greeny before, takes the joke, and hands him down a veritable copy of Butler's Analogy. A few months after B. was heard to express himself as delighted with the style of Butler's new work, but thought the plot rather complicated!

The same individual, upon viewing the heavens one beautiful night, remarked that he "couldn't see how in the world the astronomers calculated the distance to the moon and stars, they were so far off." "You don't?" answers J., always ready to enlighten his friend, "you don't know that? why it's the easiest thing imaginable; all you have to do is just to square the hypotenuse, and then multiply it by four." "Oh, yes," says B., "how simple! It's strange, that I didn't see it before."

We do not wonder that anxious inquiries are beginning to be made respecting the Reading Room. Owing to unforeseen circumstances, the Room has not been opened as soon as was expected by its projectors; but it is now confidently hoped that everything will be in (read)iness early in the winter term, and that we shall then have the pleasure of seeing our worthy project developed into a tangible reality. We are happy to say to our friends that we shall not lack reading matter, as the subjoined list will show. The students have been very liberal, and with a hearty good will, have contributed to the furtherance of the undertaking. We have already pledged, as reading matter, seventeen weeklies, six dailies, and a score of monthlies of various kinds. The following are dailies:


Among the more important weeklies are,

New Orleans True Delta.

The following weeklies are sent by the publishers, gratis, an example which we doubt not will be followed by others when our Room has become known.

"The Village Recorder, Register and Examiner," published by Henry S. Evans, West Chester, Pa. This paper will be found to be eminently worthy of a place upon our table.

"The American Republican," Geo. W. Pearce, Editor and Proprietor. West Chester, Pa. For a country paper, we have seldom seen one whose columns were more replete with matter of general interest.
"The North Western Home and School Journal," published weekly by J. F. Eberhart, Chicago, Ill. The motto of this excellent little Journal, is strikingly characteristic of the paper itself. "The good—the true—the beautiful." It is emphatically a paper for the home circle and the school, and friend Eberhart has our sincere thanks for his generosity in placing it, gratis, upon our files.

We have the promise, also, of the "Mt. Vernon Democratic Banner," as a free contribution to our Room. A few more dailies would not be amiss. Who will furnish them?

Gambier "Hill" is a great place for dunning. Flattering as it may be to the residents of this "quiet retreat," yet it cannot be denied that this pleasant little duty is frequently performed, though generally resulting unsuccessfully. Whether this feature in business transactions is incident to colleges and students in general or not, certain it is, that the dun, the professional dun, makes his appearance with great regularity about the close of each session. It is rather a dubious question in our own mind, whether it would be possible for creditors to obtain their just dues from students without dunning them; but we do not propose to argue the question, as, confidentially, reader, we intend sometime writing an article on duns and the art of dunning. A little incident in this connection occurred to a friend of ours, which suggested these remarks. Now be it known that this young friend is a young man, who always intends to pay his honest debts, but who is sometimes disappointed in receiving money from home, and consequently is obliged to "put off" his creditors. As our friend, whom we shall call A. for brevity, one day after a comfortable dinner, was about to depart for the "Classic Shades," he espied a very important personage, who for euphony we shall designate as B., to whom a small balance was owing, but unfortunately the small balance was not "at hand." Such being his situation, he was anxious to avoid a "scene," and various were the maneuvers to escape the unpleasant meeting; but it was unavoidable; meet him he must. Just at this juncture, the friends of the victim rushed in and tried to prevent further proceedings. Many were the expedients to which they resorted, to engage B. in conversation, and so distract his attention as to allow their friend to slip away. But these attempts were unavailing, and the hand of the powerful Englishman was upon him, when in a fit of desperation, the friends seized A., with the intention of forcibly carrying him off; but B. had his victim by the coat tail, which he hung to with great pertinacity, at the same time shouting, "'ands off, 'ands off! 'Erbert, come 'ere." Let it be borne in mind, that the whole performance was carried on with the greatest apparent good will, and nothing but the spirit of fun seemed present. At length the hold of B. somewhat relaxed, and the friends, with snow balls in their hands, bid A. to run for dear life. And run he did, snow balls whistling about his devoted person, in dangerous proximity to his head; his pursuers following close at his heels to claim the cigars for their efforts in his behalf. Meanwhile B., dejected, and foiled in his attempt at collecting, proceeded down the hill in the direction of "town." The cigars procured, the party was walking leisurely down the college path, chatting and laughing over their exploit, when lo and behold, directly in their way stood B. Instead of going to town, by a circuitous route he cut off the retreat of the
party. Numerous were the apologies and explanations made by A., who was decidedly “caught in his own trap;” but we are grieved to add, the “needful” was not “planked down,” but only a speedy payment promised.

Such is our story; meagre and dry we confess it is. But it may give the uninitiated some idea of the many ways in which students endeavor to elude the clutches of exasperated creditors.

Epistolary Correspondence.—The following superscription to a letter was handed us a few days since, by the Deputy Post Master, who has been “burning the midnight oil,” in vain attempts to decipher it. To appreciate it fully, the original should be seen; and as we can convey no idea of the penmanship, the lettering is given in the order in which it was written.

Miss

E. B. in case

Kochton

O. M. Dickey

Kansas

cannon aid marks

Ohio

Our list of exchanges is reasonably large this month.

We do not like to brag—but we cannot help thinking that the Collegian will compare favorably, in literary merit, with any or all of them. We do not claim to furnish more matter for the money than any other College Magazine. The size of a College Magazine depends usually upon the size of its subscription list—hence upon the number of students at the Institution at which it is published, and it is, therefore, not a fair test of merit. Of course a Magazine, with a large number of subscribers, can be published at less expense, than one with a smaller list, and the surplus derived from publication can be applied to the enlargement of its number of pages. This, however, is owing to the prosperity of the College, and not to any peculiar excellency in the Magazine. Every student, of course, if able, is in duty bound to subscribe to the Monthly which his fellow-students conduct.

There is one thing, however, in which the Collegian, and we must add, our—is it sister or brother?—the North Carolina University Magazine take the lead—and that is, in punctuality of issue. We are writing now upon the 13th of December, and as we turn over our pile of Exchanges can find none superscribed December—except our contemporary above noticed. And even now, in the middle of December, as we go to the Post-Office, we find, from day to day, the November and sometimes October numbers of our Exchanges meekly awaiting deliverance.

Our brethren of the tripod will perhaps mutter something about “Falernini,” “game-flavor,” etc., etc.,—and we must say that notwithstanding this antiquity, they—the Magazines, not the Editors—are often of much interest.

The North Carolina University Magazine, for December, has a fine steel portrait of Hon. Frederick Nash L.L.D. How in the world our friends of the Old North State, raise the funds with which to pay for an elaborate steel plate engraving each month, is a mystery to us. You must have made some brilliant discovery in the financial line, brethren, which is unknown most decidedly in our Ohio exchequer. The articles are—Memoir of Judge Nash; Address before Alumni; A Tale of the Forest; Precept and Example; Marian; A Glance at Logic; Fanaticism; The Death of Robert Bruce; Envy; Self-Reliance; Editors’ Table.
The WABASH MONTHLY for October and November, is at hand. This is a new College Magazine, and is published by the Students of Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana. We wish our new contemporary all the pleasant things which could be expected in this connection, and trust that the Magazine, in its best of covers, may flourish and—flourish. The articles in the November number are—Truth is Venerable; “Our Mother”; Indian Summer; Lionizing; Individual Labor; Poetry; How Shall We Succeed; American Characteristics; Music and the Past; Language; Doing Good; Editorial Miscellany.

The VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for November, has as articles—Advantages of Historical Study; The Whip-poor-will; School Days at Rugby; My Picture; Success in Life—a shrewd article on Legal Ethics; Jephtha’s Daughter—not an improvement upon Willis’ beautiful lines on the same subject; The Modesty of True Science; The Past—a “terrible” tale rejept; The Sonambulist; Collegiana; Editors’ Table.

The Ichnotile for November, presents a learned dissertation upon Sanscrit Poetry; The Sea of Oblivion; Buried Alive; Maidens Lips—Brother Amherst, remember your proximity to Mr. Holyoke, and do not be betrayed into any indiscretions; “St. Helena was Written in Destiny;” Physical Culture; Translation from Horace; Origin of English Laws; Influence of Grecian Oracles upon the National Mind; Picus the Woodpecker; My Friend Ned; “Peep at, No. 5;” Book Notices; Collegiana; Editors’ Table.

The OBERLIN STUDENTS’ MONTHLY, has as articles—Religious Skepticism; November Gossip; The Tempest; The Eloquence of Ruins; The Soul of Time; The Heroism of Queen Vashti; The True Idea of History; The Children’s Wishes; A Query; “And Every One had Four Faces;” Oriental Imagery; Life—right pretty lines they are; National Characteristics; Obituary; Editorial Department; Local.

The KENTUCKY MILITARY INSTITUTE MAGAZINE, for October and November is received. The articles in the November Number are—Ihe Comparative Value of Contemporaneous and Posthumous Fame; Moral Character; To Linton, of the Centre College Magazine—Linton is certainly demolished. Whether he will “retard his velocity, look with an eye of discretion, listen with an ear of devotion, and succumb finally to jurisprudence,” is, we suppose, hidden in the dim future, but that he ought to, there can be no doubt, Human Life; A Wreath for the Tomb; A Visit to the East; The Cartridge Box.

The COLLEGIATE RECORD, for November, is at hand. Its list of articles is as follows—Idols; College Mathematics; Grecian School of Philosophy; Usury; Editors’ Table. We notice in the Editors’ Table an appeal to its patrons for encouragement and support. “Don’t give up the ship,” Cousin Record. Keep the flag up and your big guns going.

The BLOOM COLLEGE MONTHLY, for November has as articles—Men of Observation; The Pictured Rocks—suggestive of a glorious half-day’s sail along their extent two summers since: Taste and Recreation; About My Cousin Joe and his Onions; Stone Hunting; The Degeneracy of the Present Age; Editors’ Sanctum.

The HARVARD MAGAZINE, for November, is a good number. The articles are—“Otiun cum Dignitate”—a philosophical disquisition—very practical too by the way—upon what Haven would call “The Desire of Repose.” From Mythology to History; The Swallows; Extempore Speaking; The Weed—a short but nervous critique upon the use of Tobacco; Lines; A Night in a Haunted House; The Grave in the Busento; The Prisoner’s Soliloquy; College Record; Editors’ Table.

The following Newspapers have also been received: Harper’s Weekly, The Western Churchman, The Ohio Cultivator, The Mt. Vernon Banner, The Sunday School Times, and The American Banner, all worthy of patronage and commendation.

May we be allowed in this connection to give to all our College contemporaries, an imaginary Editors’ Grip, and to wish every mother’s son of them—the Editors we mean now—the compliments of the season, and the best of Holiday-Vacations. We have passed our Examinations and feel in the best of humor, with the world in general and ourselves in particular. However, trunks must be packed and bills paid, so, kindly readers of the COLLEGIAN, good-bye, until next term.

“Es ist Zeit zu gehen.”