

Dickinson College Archives & Special Collections

<http://archives.dickinson.edu/>

Documents Online

Title: *Collegian* (Vol. 1, No. 1)

Date: March 1849

Location: Dickinsoniana Periodicals

Contact:

Archives & Special Collections
Waidner-Spahr Library
Dickinson College
P.O. Box 1773
Carlisle, PA 17013

717-245-1399

archives@dickinson.edu

THE
COLLEGIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

———“Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.”

Vol. I.—No. I.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

MARCH,

1849.

PROSPECTUS.

THE COLLEGIAN will be published each month of the College year, by the Belles Lettres and Union Philosophical Societies, and shall be conducted by a joint editorial committee from the two societies. The Collegian will be printed in neat magazine form by Messrs. Collins of Philadelphia; each Number containing 24 pages, octavo, of entirely original matter.

Its contents shall be of a purely literary character; and the Editors will sedulously avoid anything of a personal or sectarian nature; yet it shall be at all times open to free expression of thought and opinion.

Our principal objects are, to state them briefly, in the first place, to obtain revenue for the increase of the Libraries of the Literary Societies; and secondly, to furnish to graduates a means of communication with their Alma Mater.

Yet we flatter ourselves that we can render our Periodical a welcome visitor to all who will patronize us.

PRICE \$1 00, invariably in advance—persons sending ten Subscribers shall be entitled to an eleventh copy gratis. Graduates and old members of the Societies are earnestly solicited to act as agents. Address, post paid, "Editors of the Collegian," Carlisle, Pa.

JOHN J. JACOB,
HENRY B. RIDGAWAY,
MONCURE D. CONWAY,
Ed. Com. from the U. P. Society.

MARCUS J. PARROTT,
JOHN H. WATTERS,
ALFRED A. AMES,
Ed. Com. from the B. L. Society.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Nationality	1
Machine for Grinding Poetry	3
Love in a College	6
Translation of Cleanthe's Hymn to Jupiter	9
The Spartan Youth	10
Fortunes of Nigel	11
Methodist Quarterly Review for January 1849	16
From the German of Klinger's Faust	18
The Blossoms and the Leaves	20
EDITORS' TABLE	21
Introductory	21
Mr. Dickens' Fancy for Christmas	22
MONTHLY GOSSIP	24

THE COLLEGIAN.

NATIONALITY.

STANDING upon the threshold of observation, I looked upon the world. The vivacious Frenchman, the grasping Englishman, the spirited Irishman, the vengeful Spaniard, and the high-toned American passed before me. Each, impelled by the tide of his own thoughts, moved onward. Each, wrapt in the seclusion of his own destiny, heeded not the rest. Silent, intent, I gazed.

The individual is an epitome of the nation :—presenting in concentrated form the distinctive characteristics of the people. So intimate is the connection between the man and the mass, so sure an index the former to the latter, that the same considerations which determine our judgment of the one, determine also our opinion of the other.

Nationality is based upon physical, intellectual and moral condition. These collectively constitute that character which gives a nation respectability abroad, security and confidence at home. England, washed by the waters of full many a sea, receives to her bosom the gems which for centuries have lain treasured within their pearly vaults. Having long since subdued

Old Neptune to her gentle sway,
By the power of her name,
She rides upon his stormy way
To glory, wealth, and fame.

We cannot fail to trace and feel the influence which the extensive and productive territory of France exerts upon her people. Pouring from her bowels nature's choicest gifts, and lavishing them upon her children, she receives in return only war's hard tread and floods of blood. No wonder that Italia's dark-eyed daughters are full of smiles, and wreathing for themselves loveliest garlands, surround them with the song and the dance ; since there, in the chaste language of Addison,

Blossoms and fruits and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Nature, in her conception, never intended Switzerland to be the land of luxury. No, but bleak and free ; that her Tell, cradled in the whirlwind,

and rocked in the storm, might afterwards exclaim, in spirit akin to the elements which played in terrific grandeur about his own mountain home,

Hail! native land of great renown,
 No more oppressed and trodden down!
 Your crags and peaks at length I greet;
 While all the hills the echo loud repeat,
 Switzerland again is free,
 Again the land of liberty!

To me the sound of an Atlantic and Pacific ocean, rolling and breaking upon the out-stretched shores of Columbia, speaks big with national superiority. To me her cataracts' deafening roar is significant of a sublimity that bewilders human thought, and compels its devotion.

True men, who have devoted themselves to science and to its diffusion, occupy a position at once prominent and commanding in the Temple of Nations' Fame. Beside them, the martyrs to the cause of right, standing in the flame, point upward as the climax of human greatness. The political and moral truths, for the maintenance and propagation of which they lived and died, infuse a nation's character with a living power and shed around it an original splendor.

What is it that has sustained humanity in her struggles?

In the long stream of life and action, what is it that has kept the bark of man afloat, despite the eddy and the storm? Distinctive Nationality, like a great Goddess, has presided. Humanity is preserved. To their national character the eyes of a people are turned. Around it their fond recollections cluster. Enshrined in it are the loved names they cherish. It is the focus of their greatest glory and highest hopes. It is their pride, and life, and light and power. Sully it, and they are enraged. Destroy it! and they fall lifeless and powerless. Dethrone it, and you strike from the firmament their ascendant star: you put out their only lamp, and launch them beaconless to burst like so many bubbles on the ocean of destiny.

A nation's character is stamped upon her every action. In peace it gives impulse to trade; and in war, courage to the soldier. It was the one great idea of *Rome*, standing in solitary grandeur—once the petty village, now the awe of a world—that penetrated the breast of every Roman, that honeyed the tongue of a Cicero, and created the genius of a Horace. It was the one idea of the *Union*, the *Federal Compact*, which absorbed the energies of a Washington, and when dying yet lingered upon his quivering lips. A nation's character is the common patrimony of all her sons. The ruddy little boy bounds over the green sward, and from his young full heart, bursts forth "hurrah!" for the hero his mother has taught him to love and admire. To body forth his countrymen's brilliant achievements, the poet invokes the inspiration of the muses, and wakes his slumbering notes to a song so noble.

The British fleet lay off Trafalgar, with the enemy full in view. Nelson,

the darling hero of England, on board his own swift *Victory*, moved out, followed and surrounded by the rest. They had approached. Just then, while every eye was fixed, every lip compressed, every countenance firm, and every heart quickened, dilated 'twixt hope and fear, there went looming up the immortal words, "*England expects every man to do his duty!*" In that word *England* was a charm that sent a thrill of enthusiasm, which resulted in the most glorious triumph that has ever graced the annals of British fame.

When disunion, that hideous monster, would snap asunder, Nationality reconciles clashing interests, and neutralizes jarring powers. When invasion, that blighting sirocco, that fiery deluge would sweep across the land, it arouses, animates, fires the hearts of the people. Clinging to it, our fathers and mothers, and brothers, are preserved amid the whirl of human passion. And now as I stand surrounded by the relics of ancient might, the awful sublimity of Roman greatness heaving in its last struggle, rushing upon my vision, would inspire me to the prophecy of Roman resurrection. And still impressed with the magic power of my theme, I would bid that vein of sympathy which has long flowed for Ireland, Flow on! For who knows but Ireland, quickened into life by the stirring memory of her Emmetts, her O'Connells and her Mitchells, and maddened by the sad spectacle of an O'Brien's gallows, may yet rise triumphant from the dust and tears of her thralldom!

THE MACHINE FOR GRINDING POETRY.

"That some things can be done as well as others," is by no means improbable. And, in this enlightened and progressive age, when lightning is trained and taught to speak, it is not probable that speaking of machines for making poetry will be considered, by men of science at least, as attempting to impose upon the credulity of the people; and if, indeed, such were the case, we feel ourself prepared, by a practical illustration, to establish the theory.

Of the inventor we know nothing but what is to be learned from the invention; that is, he lived, and if not dead, is still living. Of the machine we know a great deal, but shall say nothing, it being able to speak for itself.

Johnny L. was what might be classed in the scale of talent as a poetical genius. We have arrived at this conclusion after having enjoyed the extreme pleasure of perusing his only production, "*The Lover's Soliloquy*," strictly speaking, a scintillation from an intellectual star of the first magnitude; but, alas! by some ill-fated mistake, he, together with his production, has found a peaceful slumber in the archives of oblivion.

After having spent some time in composing "The Lover's Soliloquy," our hero, from the rapidity with which poetry was produced "by them ere Northern chaps," had come to the conclusion that they must have some kind of a machine for the purpose of making it. Of course, a trip to the "Quaker city" was determined upon. The necessary arrangements having been completed, Johnny found himself seated in a car bound for "the land of promise;" where, after an age to his anxious spirit, he had the extreme pleasure of planting his foot on the pavement. On casting a glance at the various curiosities, his eye was soon fixed upon a sign in front of him, having on it, in large letters, "Poetical Machines for sale." It is useless to say he went in, and came out with one under his arm. He was soon "on his way rejoicing," and, with a beam of pleasure in his eye, was, in an indescribably short space of time, standing at the gate of his home.

"Johnny, dear, what have you there?" said the mother, as the son entered the gate of the homestead. "Why, ma'am, I've been to the great city, and it's a machine for making poetry I got there. The man I got it from says it's an all-fired good one, and works to perfection." The old lady looked somewhat surprised—the old man, looking a little sorter "'twixt a sweat and a stew," went away muttering something like "nonsense;" but soon returned, thinking it might do.

After Johnny had rested some little, he determined upon making a trial of the machine. Arrangements were soon made, and the magical box placed on the table. "Now, dad," said Johnny, "take this string and hold it tight. Mam, you take this wire, and mind them pegs in the end of the box." Johnny turned the crank; around went the wheels. The old man and old woman stood in breathless silence, with mouths wide open, eyes protruding, anxiously awaiting the result, not dreaming of its success.

Soon a gentle murmur is heard to issue from the box, more and more audible, till at length came rolling forth, in a slow measured tone,—

Crickets were chirping on the hearth,
And snow was cov'ring fast the earth,
As through the barnyard crept a bear,
And stole the biggest sheep was there.

"Heaven save us!" exclaimed the old woman, "the old pet ewe is dead!" "Zounds!" muttered the old man, "my gun's over at Tom Hanson's, and I can't kill the old scamp." "Now, Mam, I knowed you wouldn't keep them pegs in!" Johnny put the peg in place, and turned on,—

All clear and cloudless was the sky,
The zephyr slept upon the plain,
While thunder rolled his car on high,
And thick and fast fell drops of rain;
The lightnings flashed, the thunders pealed
Along the sky from north to south,
The puppy barked, the piggy squealed
And carried wheat straws in his mouth.

“Bless his dear little soul!” exclaimed the old lady. “Johnny, go bring him in the kitchen; he’ll drown out there in the rain.” “Mam, it ain’t rainin’; dad’s only let go that string.” The old man took the string, and the machine went on—

O’er the hill lived the lassie that I loved the best,
In a vine-covered cottage, surrounded with flowers;
Close under her window was a humming bird’s nest,
Secure from the blasts and the cold drenching showers.

“Du say!” cried the old woman, “Johnny’s in love with that Sall Muggins.” “Thunder!” exclaimed the old man, “I’ll trounce the scamp till he’ll wish he’d never seen her.” The machine went on—

One morning, bright and early, old grimalkin espied
The nest of young chirpers hanging snugly on the wall;
He got up into the window, after having often tried,
And he broke down the little nest, and eat up them ev’ry one.

“Cruel wretch!” shouted the old woman—“if I had that cat I’d wring her neck off.” “Mam, there’s two pegs out. I knowed you wouldn’t keep ’em in.” Johnny put the pegs in. The machine continued—

The sun had set in the western sky,
The chickens all had gone to rest,
When master fox came slipping by,
And killed two chickens, and broke up the old blue hen’s nest.

“Mercy on me!” shouted the old woman; “set the dogs on him; he’s broke all the eggs, and I can’t go to market to-morrow!” “The band’s off that wheel, dad.” Johnny put the band in place, and the machine went on—

The sun shone hot—all nature looked gay—
The farmers were turning the sweet-scented hay;
The children were plucking the flowers so sweet,
As Tom Flint’s hogs broke into the wheat.

“It’s all over now!” shouted the old man. “Here, Watch! Here, Bounce! Come, Johnny, go kill them tarnal hogs; they’ll eat all the wheat up!” “Dad, the hogs ain’t in the wheat; you only let go that string. If you had held on, it would have done it up brown that time, certain. Now hold tight; let’s try once more.”

The dogs did bark, the cat did mew,
The moon shone silver bright,
When out from behind the kitchen cupboard an old bat flew,
And put the children in a fright.

“Knock it down with a broom!” cried the old woman. “Smash it to pieces!” shouted the old man, suiting the action to the word. And from the broken murmurs of the box was heard—

He hit Johnny a rap across the head,
And sent him blubbering away to his bed.

LOVE IN A COLLEGE.

Not "Love in a Cottage," whereof T. S. Arthur discourseth so eloquently, but love in a College.

Now, isn't it strange that this point has not been regarded as of sufficient interest to merit the attention of the innumerable love writers of the day; that Grace Greenwood, for instance, that amateur phrenologist, who has apparently touched every bump of the human head, which is in anywise connected with amativeness, should have failed to notice this, one of its most important phases: in fine, that, though the most prudent and experienced writers of the day have, by their united efforts, drawn up for Cupid a sort of Constitution and By-Laws, wherewith to regulate his Court, they have yet very strangely neglected this important item, not bearing in mind that these colleges and seminaries are the places where the seeds of love, as well as learning, are implanted. Perhaps the omission has arisen from ignorance. If so, a little information on the subject might not be out of place.

It is a fact, and we appeal to the discrimination of every student in the country for its substantiation, that religion and love in a college are twins. Why this is so, might be a puzzling query. Probably, however, the pious youths find this the only species of dissipation in which they can consistently engage. Impiety can sip whisky punch, and gallant the queen of hearts in a game of "whist," or "seven up;" but our sanctimonious students must not indulge in *such* frivolities. Yet their affections naturally enough come as nigh to worldliness as possible, and there rest—and the resting-place is invariably some pretty girl. This proposition is a matter of fact, and will doubtless find an assent in the experience of every conscientious and sober college student, whatever difficulty there may be in finding these latter.

At first our devout friends are extremely timid, taking care lest their inclinations be detected; and fortunately there are many sick and afflicted about that time, who should be ministered unto. But gradually this timidity is worn away; the offender becomes more seared; at prayer meeting exhibits strange boldness by singing that pretty hymn,—

" My passions hold a pleasing reign,
When *love* inspires my breast;
Love, the divinest of the train,
And sovereign of the rest!"

which he sets to that amiable tune, "Ballerma;" and when he is called upon to lead in prayer, hesitates not, in his ardor, to pray that the world may be constrained to say—"See how these Christians *love*." This is the climax of hardihood.

However much of Christian humility pious students may possess, it is frequently to be feared that they "think more highly of themselves than they ought to think." They unquestionably look upon themselves, like Charles O'Malley, as irresistible, in so far as love's concerned: in fact, as accomplished heart-breakers. And, in this connection, an instance occurs, the only plausible quality of which is its implicit truth; an instance wherein one of our amiable fraternity fell deeply in love—very. He was a youth of goodly parts, and piety. Indeed, if our memory serves us aright, he was a licensed exhorter, with occasionally an accidental "Rev." appertaining to his name. But his "ladye love" was nothing scant for beaux, and amongst them was another "licentiate," a mechanic in the town wherein the college was situate, but who was not connected with the institution.

So here these Christian brethren met in holy antagonism, to settle their difficulties—

"With apostolic blows and knocks;"

to run the race set before them, looking unto Miss Juliana White, the author and finisher of—one of them!

The college Reverend had a regular appointment, every two weeks, at a prayer-meeting "down town;" but it so happened that this brother didn't have long to stay. His time of graduating was nigh at hand, and he had set his heart not only upon the acquisition of an honorable sheepskin, but likewise of his sweetheart. The college commencement was nigh at hand, and our beloved hero, Mr. John Quincy Madison (we are sorry we have to call names, but then it must go on his diploma), was to speak a literary oration. But had Sophocles' "Antigone" occupied his brain, instead of Juliana, he might have been honored with a "Philosophical;" but there's precious little philosophy in love, so Mr. Madison had to put up with a second-rate speech. Well, he had committed his oration, and thought it was high time to try his eloquence in another direction; so one night he dressed himself right starchily, and turned him—heart and feet—to Miss July's. An hour afterward look in upon the scene. Let us attempt to describe it in the style Lippardesque.

Pause a moment with us to admire the holy workings of love. See yon student, his gaze rendered more intense by the paleness of his cheek, as he tries to penetrate the soul of her whose fair hand he clasps. Ah! does he see aught there that bids him hope?—

But we can't approximate to the saintly George—so we are constrained to come down to earth again, and keep for the future in our own sphere.

"Mr. Madison," said the lovely Juliana, "this is unexpected—'tis a subject of much importance, both to yourself and me. Perhaps, Sir, in one week I could tell. Fortunes—altar—heart—" The remnant of the sentence was audible only in a prolonged sigh, which told of her deep emotion. With a gentle pressure, John Quincy left. Ah! who can tell?—but we

won't sentimentalize any more. Not long after the interview, however, the loving gentleman was in bed. But sleep was banished from his eyes, and the deep stillness of night served only to increase his agitation. Would the declaration of the night eventuate in his happiness or misery? This was the turning point of his thought—the grand central idea of his imagination. But ere he closed his eyes, there was another, a fearful and terrible reminiscence, which, flashing upon his senses, caused him to start from his bed, and as he wiped the cold perspiration from his bewildered brow, he remembered—horrible memoratu!—that this was the night of his appointment; that whilst he was bowing to Miss Juliana, he should have been bowing in supplication with the assembled brethren “down town.” Oh, how he had wandered! And as the thought of his great negligence stood up before him, the phantom of remorse, he sank overpowered upon his restless pillow.

Three or four days afterwards, sullen and dejected, Mr. J. Quincy sat in his room, meditating on his grievous delinquency, which, by the way, might have been attended with serious results, had not one Jos. Watkins been present to lead—the identical rival of our hero! John Q. would even have preferred that his place should not have been filled at all, than that—Just here, thanks to his better genius, a rather impious train of thought was interrupted by a youth, who handed him a neat card, done up in white wax and ribbon, accompanied by the following note:

“MR. MADISON—Is he who neglects the household of Christ, the one to whom a family can look for protection?”

“You will doubtless infer from the above that I cannot accept the offer made at our last interview.

Yours, &c.,

“JULIANA WHITE.”

And the card—alas! what did it contain? Why nothing else:—

“Mr. and Mrs. White respectfully solicit the company of Mr. Madison at their residence in — street, on the night of the 15th, at 8½ o'clock.”

“Half past eight!” echoed the afflicted one, in a watchman-like voice.

We hate to go on with the poor fellow's history. But little was seen of him afterward; yet he *did* go down to the Whites, pursuant to invitation; and on entering, he found several persons standing on the floor, one of whom looked very much like a parson. And two others, standing very prominently in the midst, were the very images of Juliana and Joseph. Certain it was that he was bid not to interrupt the *ceremony*. Equally certain that he left the room as fast as possible, and soon after left for the far west. Oh! the loves of the angels!

A TRANSLATION OF CLEANTHES' HYMN TO JUPITER.

Greatest of Gods, far-famed, Almighty Zeus,
Author of Nature, Arbiter of Fate,
All hail! 'Tis fitting that the mortal race
Should call on thee; for we, of all thy creatures
That live and move on earth, alone possess
The gift of speech. Wherefore, in endless song,
Thy power, thy praises we will celebrate.
Thee, the celestial concave, gemmed with stars,
Which rolls around the steadfast earth, obeys.
By thee, whate'er thy mandate, it is ruled.
Such potent minister of wrath thou hold'st
Brandished in thy resistless hand,—the flaming,
Twice-pointed, ever-living thunderbolt.
When this thou hurl'st, nature congeals with fear.
Thus thou directest universal Reason,
Which penetrates through all thy works,
And curbs with law the shining orbs of heaven.
So great art thou in all the highest king.

Without thine aid, O Zeus, no work is done
In earth, or sea, or heaven's ethereal space,
Save what the wicked in their folly do.
Thou bringest order from confusion forth;
And jarring discords blend in harmony.
For thou hast so combined the good and ill
In nice adjustment, that in nature's plan,
Eternal Reason, all-pervading, reigns.
But from this rule the wicked would escape;
Ill-fated men, who ever long to grasp
Substantial good, but neither look nor listen
To God's great common law, which every man
Who wisely scans, and willingly obeys,
Shall meet the guerdon of a happy life.
But they, each in his chosen path, rush on
Unprofited; some, mad with lust of fame;
Some, by low arts, strive for dishonest wealth;
Some sink in sloth and sensual delights;
All eagerly pursue some fancied good,
Toil but for pain, and labor but for woe.

But thou, Oh Sire, of every gift dispenser,
 Lord of the thunder, cloud-pavilioned Zeus,
 Save us from stupid ignorance and folly;
 Disperse the brooding darkness from our souls;
 And grant us to approximate the wisdom,
 With justice joined, by which thou guidest all;
 That honored thus, to thee we may repay
 The honor due, and hymn thy works, as fits
 The mortal race, in never-ending strains.
 For neither gods nor men, who own thy sway,
 Can higher glory gain, than in fit songs
 To celebrate thy Universal Law.

THE SPARTAN YOUTH.

At evening, when the sun had sunk to rest
 Behind the western hills of Attica,
 Skirting the clouds with tints of golden hue,
 A youth, of talents rare, from Sparta came
 To sip the cooling draught that flowed from Athens,
 Its purest fount. He came to learn the lessons
 Of wisdom, taught by Socrates "The Wise,"
 Whose fame was heralded in every land.
 His heart was full of laudable ambition,
 And much he longed for skill in mystic lore.
 As he came near the city's gates, and saw
 The temples of the Gods, and the green groves,
 Where Socrates the youths of Athens met,
 To train them for their country's use, his thoughts
 Ran wild for joy. With eager haste he asked
 For Socrates; and when 'twas told him, that
 By the decree of his own countrymen,
 He had been forced to drain the poisonous cup
 Of hemlock to its dregs, his sorrow knew
 No bound, his heart with grief was broken up,
 And as he went, he wept aloud. The tear,
 That dared not find a course upon his face,
 Because 'twas thought too woman-like,
 Stole forth from his dark eye, and glistened bright
 Upon his burning cheek. His earnest eye
 Shot forth the flashes of the fire within,

And then again diffused itself in tears.
With indignation just, he turned his back
Upon the place that, in an evil hour,
Decreed the death of her own wisest son.
He sought the spot where Socrates was laid.
As on he sped, the soft rays of the moon
Stole through the trees, revealing a new grave,
And simple stone, with "Socrates" thereon.
His feelings once again burst forth in tears;
And wailings loud, that echoed through the wood
And vale, declared the sorrow deep that smote
His inmost soul. O'ercome with toil and grief,
He sat beside the grave, and bent him o'er it.
He slept—and as the daydawn streaked the east,
He woke not. The world pursued its daily work,
And all around were seen the signs of life.
The herdsman drove his cattle out to feed
Upon the mountain glades; the shout and laugh
Of merry youth upon the morning air
Rang joyously; the notes of little birds,
That seek a genial clime like that of Greece,
Were wafted on the gentle breeze: but still
He slept—nor did his slumbers cease, until
The sun had risen high in heaven, and thrown
His scorching beams upon his careworn face.
He rose, and though 'twas hard to leave the grave
Of him, the idol of his heart, and thus
The many bright hopes of his youth give up,
With heart depressed, and eyes cast down to earth,
He sighed the sad farewell, and took his leave
For his own home in Lacedæmon's land.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

A FRAGMENT FROM MY COMMON-PLACE BOOK.

"It is now some weeks since I read this novel, and at this distance of time I consider my mind and feelings in a better condition to express my opinion of it as a work than immediately after its perusal.

"Sir Walter Scott's Romance manifests one characteristic by which it will always be distinguished from the fiction of any other author: *an unyielding attachment to feudalism*. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in his

'Anecdotes,' very gravely endeavors to account for Sir Walter's decease at the time it occurred, by attributing it to sheer mortification at the triumph of the Whig interest in England; and the author of the 'Spirit of the Age' happily hits off this predilection for baronial manners and life by suggesting that were Scott to compose a sketch of the Millennium, he would probably fix the scene and date in Great Britain about five hundred years ago! Both these opinions must be received with a large *quantum* of abatement—yet, after all, Sir Walter's forte lay in his ability to live and feel the life and feelings of bygone days. It would be interesting to know how he became so fond of this species of composition; and especially to learn how a man 'living, moving, and having his being' amid the arts, manners, and men of the nineteenth century, could so completely identify himself with the PAST as to look at all practical questions only through that medium. On this question we are not left entirely in the dark. If Watts 'lisped in numbers,' Scott, when quite a stripling, made story-telling a stated recreation. Speaking of himself on this subject, he says:—

“I must refer to a *very early period* of my life were I to point out my first achievements as a tale-teller; but I believe some of my old school-fellows can still bear witness that I had a distinguished character for that talent at a time when the applause of my companions was my recompense for the disgraces and punishments which the future romance writer incurred for being idle himself, and keeping others idle during the hours that should have been employed in our tasks. The chief enjoyment of my holidays was to escape with a chosen friend, who had the same taste with myself, and alternately to recite to each other such wild adventures as we were able to devise. We told, each in turn, interminable tales of knight-errantry and battles, and enchantments, which were continued from one day to another, without our ever thinking of bringing them to a conclusion. As we observed a strict secrecy on the subject of this intercourse, it acquired all the character of a concealed pleasure, and we used to select, for the scenes of our indulgence, long walks through the solitary and romantic environs of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crag, Braid Hill, and similar places in the vicinity of Edinburgh; and the recollection of those holidays still forms an *oasis* in the pilgrimage which I have to look back upon.' *Autobiography*, pp. 9, 10.

“When about fifteen, a long illness threw him back from graver cares to the kingdom of fiction; he was allowed to read inordinately; the Circulating Library of Edinburgh was at his command; ‘and I believe I read almost all the old romances, plays, and epic poetry in that formidable collection, and no doubt was unconsciously amassing materials for the task in which it has been my lot to be so much employed.’—*Ibid.*, p. 11.

“These extracts powerfully illustrate the value of *facts*. How much would we give for an equal amount of information in reference to the early experience and thinking of such men as Shakspeare and Bishop Butler!

“But to the novel, or rather its author, for we are not done with him yet. In depicting feudal manners, no writer can approach him; and the reader finds himself unconsciously carried along with the narration, and even taking part with the actors until the broad Scotch dialect and—I am rather sorry to confess it—the profane exclamations lose much of their harshness.

“Whether it is for the better or worse, few men succeed in more than one line of action; and to this rule Scott did not prove an exception. His *Life of Bonaparte* was a failure—indeed, he seemed disqualified by the nature of his subject for doing his reputation justice. The French Revolution, in its horrible details, sickened him. Besides, the Emperor was the acknowledged enemy of England, and after his fall the life was hastily written in the flush of victory, when the nicest historian is prone to exultation, and not over scrupulous as to his inferences. Excuse might be found in these facts for defects in a temporary chronicler; but in a work professing to take rank with sober history, they constitute an insufficient atonement. Perhaps Hogg’s suggestion may be of service here. Scott saw in the commotions at Paris the utter prostration of his idols, the aristocracy and nobility—and an entirely modern and upstart affair rudely usurping their places. Here his equanimity forsook him. The contempt for ancestral rank, though in a foreign land, ruffled his usually serene temper; it roused the energies of his wounded spirit: but in the extreme to which he allowed his resentment to carry him, he proceeded too far, and injured his own character for truth and justice. No one ever thinks of consulting the ‘*Life*’ on a material point. British readers themselves blush at the attempt to justify Captain Maitland’s conduct in detaining Napoleon as a prisoner on board the *Bellerophon*—though they affect to sanction his subsequent arrest and confinement at St. Helena. Many now believe that the remark of Napoleon’s brother contained as much of truth as of antithesis: ‘The Wizard of the North, in the early part of his life, spent his time in converting romance into history; but the latter, in converting history into romance.’

* * * * *

“The characteristic already mentioned is readily recognized in the ‘*Fortunes of Nigel*.’ Much of the drapery, and some of the features and proportions clearly indicate its affinity with ‘*Rob Roy*’ and ‘*Redgauntlet*.’ As I do not propose a *critique* on the whole ‘*Waverley*’ tribe, no more may be advanced on this point.

“I think the characters sufficiently distinct and consistent with themselves throughout. Few as they are (and this in a novel is certainly a merit), there are probably more than enough. For example, I see no pressing demand for Vincent and Dunstan—their parts might have been omitted, or assigned without difficulty to somebody else. Vincent, I think, never seriously insinuated anything like the tender feeling towards Margaret,

and for the best reason—he must have seen, as the reader can easily see, that a different person is to be the successful suitor.

“But while I admit *consistency* in regard to the characters, it must be evident that some are over drawn. The portrait of James I., as it is professedly sketched in some two or three pages, may as a picture be a fair display of that monarch’s mental and moral endowments; but his conduct does not fully correspond with it. In his intercourse with others, his shrewdness degenerates into passive acquiescence with advice which a child would consider an insult to his understanding. The amiable Sir Mungo Malagrowth (who could be unamiable, when rejoicing in a name so euphonious?) figures as a wit—adding the character of buffoon gratuitously; but, according to my unsophisticated way of thinking, it is not easy to understand how, even in Scott’s Millennium, a man could sustain his position as a courtier, and yet never spare the feelings of a friend or be sensible of a kindness; how his coarse sarcasms could fail to deprive him of those services which, nevertheless, he always commanded; how, finally, the irascible courtier, wit, and buffoon, dependent upon charity, and with an interest in the cabinet just equal to zero, could use his superiors, without resistance, on any business he chose to select them for.

“An author should indicate, in writing fiction, who shall be the hero of his story, and he generally does so either in the preface, or by making one of his characters prominent through the work. It does not seem evident on the surface who is to aspire to that distinction in ‘The Fortunes of Nigel.’ Some pitch upon the ‘variable quantity,’ James; others select Nigel; for myself I think Master George Heriot has as fair a claim as any with whom his name is connected. Let us glance at the three ‘individuals,’ and see.

“Nigel Oliphant is the son of a Scotch nobleman. In assisting to place James on the throne, his father greatly damaged his fortune; and after the accession, and the settlement of the crown, Nigel first appears in London as a petitioner to his majesty for the payment of what was so justly due him, and which would enable him to arrest the sale of his estate, then within very little distance of the auctioneer’s hammer. His small stock of worldly wisdom seems oddly at fault with his highly finished education at a university on the continent; and his *entire passivity* to circumstances, combined with a *burning desire of success*, does not come up to my simple and unsophisticated ideas aforesaid. True, forbearance would seem necessary in treating with a monarch so capricious as James, (for James anticipated Paley—having no conscience but expediency,) but Nigel on many occasions goes off into the most reckless disregard for consequences. All this, however, by the way; the question still remains, who is the hero? If it is Nigel, how happens it that with his whole soul enlisted in his own cause, he embarrasses it by his blundering awkwardness, and involves in

distress everybody connected with his schemes? He has not even the merit of sincerity: for he gambles without compunction or object, and deliberately lies when detection is inevitable, and when the successful concealment of the fraud would be unimportant to himself or anybody else. And when at last his adversary is prostrated, his estate secured, and himself rescued from degradation and punishment, he marries a watchmaker's daughter, whose virtues consist in claiming kindred by the tenth generation with a decayed limb of nobility, and in sparing his modesty by opening, conducting, and finishing their matrimonial negotiations herself.

"The king's claims will be considered in connection with those of Master George Heriot. This worthy citizen is goldsmith to the royal family, and being very wealthy, renders himself useful to James, whose treasury, after enriching court favorites, could bear replenishing. Master George fully comprehends the king's weakness—he abounds in that *sensus communis* which through endless details jumps intuitively to correct conclusions. Accordingly he encourages his master at the proper time, and when the king was in the proper mood, in the exercise of those generous sentiments which, through all his folly and king-craft, would often well up fresh from his heart. And now following the narrative from the time Master George is introduced, he is never found to leave it a moment. His cool sagacity comprehends the designs of Buckingham; his acquaintance with Lady Hermione prepares him to turn the tide against Dalgarno; his wealth gives him the reins over the king, while his blunt and honest counsels to the monarch enlist him upon the side of right, and keep him there until the 'Fortunes of Nigel' are established, and the catastrophe leaves all parties in a proper state of rewards and punishments. Such are the facts—the inference is easy.

"As regards the *continuation of interest*, the work offers nothing peculiar. The author aimed not so much at instruction as amusement; and accordingly we have no long dialogues not strictly connected with the plot. While, therefore, the reader does not weary in the perusal, he finds but little to invite him over the track again.

"The modern rules of criticism require two things: 1, that the critic shall read no more than the title-page of the work to be criticised; and 2, that the reviewer shall show his vast superiority over his author, by patronizing him with sundry flat compliments, and dismissing him as he would a verdant schoolboy, with encouragements to persevere, as he may be something yet—who knows. I have gone out of the usual track this time, having actually read through the two volumes of 'Nigel.' Besides, Walter is gathered to his fathers, and heeds not blame or praise."

METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW FOR JANUARY, 1849.

WE looked with much interest for the appearance of this number, not only because of the high personal regard we feel for its editor, but also because we believe that a new era in the literature of our Church is at hand; and we hoped to find evidences of this in the general tone and character of the Review. By saying this, we do not mean to disparage, in the least, former series, or former editors, but simply to state what we consider to be a fact in the literary history of American Methodism, to wit, its progressive tendency and capacity to adapt itself to changes in the social condition of a people.

As the forests disappear before the energy and perseverance of man, advancing with rapid strides from the condition of a comparatively rude and uncultivated backwoodsman to opulence and power, the refined pleasures of life, and facilities for mental culture become more abundant and more generally diffused. A church, to fulfil its high mission for converting the world, must possess the flexibility requisite to adapt itself to this onward movement without. It must keep pace with, nay, should lead the age, not by pressing down its standard or bending it to suit the times, but by elevating it, and by showing that she possesses also this vital principle of progression.

We are happy to state that our expectations, justly entertained, we think, have not been disappointed. From many sources we learn that the character of the present series of this standard periodical of the church, bids fair to be such as the growing wants of its day demand. We tender our congratulations to its editor upon the success which attends his labors.

The narrow limits allowed us necessarily preclude any extended notice of the articles contained in the number before us, and we hope our readers will be contented with a hasty glance at those in whose perusal we were most interested ourselves.

The article upon the Rev. Dr. Dixon pays a just tribute to our transatlantic brother. We were much pleased with the style, at once flowing and perspicuous, and think it justly entitled to its place as vanguard.

The article on Channing we read with more interest, perhaps, than any other. We have ever admired the man; not for his errors, to be sure, but for his noble and comprehensive philanthropy, his devotion to what he considered truth, and the lofty bearing of his moral life. Nor shall his opposition to slavery prevent me, though a son of the south, from according to him the merit due to upright and honest purpose.

Claiming for myself the right to form my own opinions, and to express them freely, I *cannot, will not* deny it to others.

For the writer of the article we are also free to confess our high regard. We like his bold and fearless advocacy of opinions deemed by him of vital importance to humanity. 'Tis true we differ from him on many points. Born and reared in the midst of those institutions which, to *his mind*, are so directly at war with the nobler impulses of our nature, which trample with cruel indifference upon the most sacred rights of men, *we* are perhaps so blinded by habit as not to see the glaring enormity which offends *his* vision, yet Christian charity demands of us to cherish feelings of brotherly kindness. We hope our brother will reciprocate, and not judge of the general character and operation of those institutions by the possible or actual abuses of them.

If, instead of indulging in indiscriminate, and often unjust reproaches, northern men would devote their energies to devising some practicable plan of emancipation; if, forbearing to provoke by harshness, they would strive to win by kindness, we think much more could be effected towards gaining their object.

Southerners feel that slavery is an evil, but an evil which the present generation had no part in originating. They would gladly be rid of it, but know that this cannot be done in a day, and consider themselves better judges of the time, means, and manner of effecting it, consistently with the interests of both races, than those who are far removed from the difficulties which any plan of emancipation must involve.

The article upon the "Progressive Principle of Language and Style," contains many valuable thoughts. We would, however, prefer a style more natural, and more readily understood, with less of seemingly studied ambiguity. The articles upon Irving and Carlyle afforded us much pleasure in their perusal, and we are glad the writer of the latter has promised to continue his subject in a future number.

We consider the critical notices of the editor by no means the least valuable portion of the work. In short, we believe the plan and execution are such as to merit and secure a largely increased subscription. We commend the Review to the patronage of the public, particularly to members of our church. Substitute this journal for the trifling, not to say pernicious literary productions of the day; for the trash which is constantly poured forth from the press, and is found, I am sorry to know, in the hands of persons whose profession should keep them aloof from all that corrupts—I mean members of our church.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KLINGER'S FAUST.

NIGHT covered the earth with its raven wing. Faust stood before the awful spectacle of the body of his son suspended upon the gallows. Madness parched his brain, and he exclaimed in the wild tones of despair :

“Satan, let me but bury this unfortunate being, and then you may take this life of mine, and I will descend into your infernal abode, where I shall no more behold men in the flesh. I have learned to know them, and I am disgusted with them, with their destiny, with the world and with life. My good action has drawn down unutterable woe upon my head; I hope that my evil ones may have been productive of good. Thus should it be in the mad confusion of earth. Take me hence; I wish to become an inhabitant of thy dreary abode; I am tired of light, compared with which the darkness in the infernal regions must be the brightness of midday.”

But Satan replied: “Hold! not so fast—Faust; once I told thee that thou alone shouldst be the arbiter of thy life, that thou alone shouldst have power to break the hour-glass of thy existence; thou hast done so, and the hour of my vengeance has come, the hour for which I have sighed so long. Here now do I tear from thee thy mighty wizard-wand, and chain thee within the narrow bounds which I draw around thee. Here shalt thou stand and listen to me, and tremble; I will draw forth the terrors of the dark past, and kill thee with slow despair.

“Thus will I exult over thee, and rejoice in my victory. Fool, thou hast said that thou hast learned to know man! Where? How and when? Hast thou ever considered his nature? Hast thou ever examined it, and separated from it its foreign elements? Hast thou distinguished between that which is offspring of the pure impulses of his heart, and that which flows from an imagination corrupted by art? Hast thou compared the wants and the vices of his nature with those which he owes to society and the prevailing corruption? Hast thou observed him in his natural state, where each of his undisguised expressions mirrors forth his inmost soul? No—thou hast looked upon the mask that society wears, and hast mistaken it for the true lineaments of man; thou hast only become acquainted with men who have consecrated their condition, wealth, power and talents to the service of corruption; who have sacrificed their pure nature to your idol—Illusion. Thou didst at one time presume to show me the moral worth of man! and how didst thou set about it? By leading me upon the broad highways of vice, by bringing me to the courts of the mighty wholesale butchers of men, to that of the coward tyrant of France, of the Usurper in England! Why did we pass by the mansions of the good and the just? Was it for me, Satan, to whom thou hast chosen to become a

mentor, to point them out to thee? No; thou wert led to the places thou didst haunt by the fame of princes, by thy pride, by thy longing after dissipation. And what hast thou seen there? The soul-seared tyrants of mankind, with their satellites, wicked women, and mercenary priests who make religion a tool by which to gain the object of their base passions.

"Hast thou ever deigned to cast a glance at the oppressed, who, sighing under his burden, consoles himself with the hope of an hereafter? Hast thou ever sought for the dwelling of the virtuous friend of humanity, for that of the noble sage, for that of the active and upright father of a family?

"But how would that have been possible? How couldst thou, the most corrupt of thy race, have discovered the pure one, since thou hadst not even the capacity to suspect his existence?

"Proudly didst thou pass by the cottages of the poor and the humble, who live unacquainted with even the names of your artificial vices, who earn their bread in the sweat of their brow, and who rejoice at their last hour that they are permitted to exchange the mortal for the immortal. It is true, hadst thou entered their abode, thou mightst not have found thy foolish ideal of an heroic, extravagant virtue, which is only the fanciful creation of your vices and your pride; but thou wouldst have seen the man of a retiring modesty and noble resignation, who in his obscurity excels in virtue and true grandeur of soul, your boasted heroes of field and cabinet. Thou sayest that thou knowest *man*! Dost thou know thyself? Nay, deeper yet will I enter into the secret places of thy heart, and fan with fierce blast the flames which thou hast kindled there for thee.

"Had I a thousand human tongues, and as many years to speak to thee, they would be all insufficient to develop the consequences of thy deeds and thy recklessness. The germ of wretchedness which thou hast sown will continue its growth through centuries yet to come; and future generations will curse thee as the author of their misery.

"Behold, then, daring and reckless man, the importance of actions that appear so circumscribed to your mole vision! Who of you can say, time will obliterate the trace of my existence! Thou who knowest not what beginning, what middle, and end are, hast dared to seize with a bold hand the chain of fate, and hast attempted to gnaw its links, notwithstanding that they were forged for eternity!

"But, now will I withdraw the veil from before thy eyes, and then—cast the spectre *despair* into thy soul."

Faust pressed his hands upon his face; the worm that never dieth gnawed already on his heart.

(From the German of Jean Paul Richter.)

THE BLOSSOMS AND THE LEAVES.

A PARAMYTH.

MAY came, and the blossoms pale and thin, fell from the trees; then said the leaves, "Behold these puny things, how useless! hardly have they seen the light, before they fade and die; but we, we grow stronger, enduring the heat of summer, which serves only to make us larger, more brilliant, and more luxuriant, until at last, after many months of usefulness, when we have raised the most beautiful fruit, and given it to the children of earth, we sink into our graves ornamented with the colors of *many orders*, while the thunders of autumnal storms roll over our heads." But the fallen blossoms said, "Willingly do we abandon life now; for we have fulfilled our mission—we have given birth to the fruit that is to live after us."

Be not discouraged, ye silent, unnoticed men of books, though ye pass away quickly—ye little esteemed martyrs in the school-room, ye noble benefactors of mankind, whose names are not inscribed upon the tablets of history; and you, mothers, whose lot is to dwell in obscurity, be not discouraged in the presence of the proud statesmen, the rich merchant princes, the haughty conquerors; be not discouraged—for you are the *blossoms*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

INTRODUCTORY.

THERE is nothing better adapted to stir the slumbering powers of a young man, to nerve his inactivity, to inflame his ambition, and fire his genius, than the fact that his reputation is exclusively dependent upon his individual exertions. Where this truth obtains, we find, instead of a universal death, an energized, busy life.

A vehicle for thought has long been needed among us. And now that one has been constructed, we doubt not but its legitimate purpose will be duly appreciated by our fellows. The spirit of Dickinson College will assume tangibility in the columns of the Collegian. The people at large will now be able to get hold upon us. And if what they seize presents any merit, after impartial examination, the due credit will be unanimously rendered. In view of this, those who shall write will feel a strong desire to excel. Praise is the sweetener of literary toil. The student bends with intensity of thought and ardor of feeling over his books even to the midnight hour. While sloth is reveling in dreams and the votaries of ease lie wrapped in Morpheus' firm embrace, he is awake. The emaciate frame and sick heart call in vain for repose. Visions of glory fill his mind. The shouts of the distant multitude drown the remonstrances of wearied nature, and infuse the soul with supernatural strength. Here is the secret of his life—the food he feeds upon is ambition.

It is a proverbial saying that the days spent in college are the happiest in life. These are the halcyon days, the bright days—the days of joy and gladness—of high and noble impulses, of warm and lasting attachments. True, college life has its little strifes and "honorable combats." But the short-lived enmities, the hard thoughts, and hearty laughs caused by these, impart a charm, and are dwelt upon by deliberate age with the utmost complacency. To call up such reminiscences is one object of our Magazine. Among the noble sons of Dickinson, where shall be found a breast which will not echo the faint sound of departed years yet stealing mournfully from these old granite walls? The mention of our classic shades and silent groves, "fit haunt of gods," will revive a long series of thrilling incidents still lingering in the memory of the good and great. Doubtless when our neat periodical shall meet the eye of a Buchanan, a Taney, a Wilkins, to them will return fresh the visions of youth. Buchanan, as if seized by some strange spell, shall drop his document in the cabinet. Taney, young again, shall become impatient of the dull routine of judiciary. A year, a day, an hour, since they, where we now do, joined the sportive throng, or sat with countenance all pale over books of antique lore, and dreamed of future greatness.

We think we do not flatter ourselves, when we indulge the belief that the Collegian will be a most welcome visitor to all who here quaffed the Castalian waters, or caught the first sparks of poetic fire. Our monthly coming shall be the presentation

of that "miniature world," where youth has rioted and love played havoc: where, hand in hand, beauty and "genius struggling in adversity," have walked on to victory. Surely, then, we shall be hailed with raptures, or at least with a complacent grin, as we enter the shops of some degenerate followers of Æsculapius, or the contracted boxes of certain miserable scribes of Themis, who within these precincts breathed and gasped, and kicked their last, at the mere mercy of this their Alma Mater.

The Collegian shall be strictly literary in its character.

Whatever of sound philosophy we can "fetch,"
 Or poetry machine, or wit can "ketch;"
 Whatever of humor we can get out of bones,
 Or satire sharpen on the dullest hones,
 We'll surely pony over.

Our readers shall not be greatly plagued with "German Exigesis," as we purpose scrupulously avoiding all encroachment upon the territory of the Methodist Quarterly Review.

Common sense, acting centrifugally, shall keep us constantly flying from those imbecile "melo-dramas" to which, as a great centre, certain editors are irresistibly gravitating. We fear, lest coming in contact with the "Quaker City," there should succeed a thundering explosion.

In conclusion, we call upon all the alumni and patrons of Dickinson, upon all the devotees of science and votaries of taste, to shout our new creation into birth!



MR. DICKENS' FANCY FOR CHRISTMAS.

Doubtless one principal reason why there is such an immense amount of unreadable matter in the literary world is the fact, that too much is attempted. An author gains reputation by some sensible book which he has written; but this is not sufficient; he has a dazzling idea of literary fame which he *must* attain. Like Icarus, he cannot keep his proper sphere, whilst the brilliant sun is above—like him he flies toward it (authors are very *flighty* at times), and, like him, his wings melt as he nears it; and, to continue the comparison, being unable to sustain himself, he falls finally into the sea of oblivion. Not very long ago a very smart work appeared under the title of "Jane Eyre;" one which excited, and deservedly, much attention; shortly afterward "Wuthering Heights, by the author of Jane Eyre," was published; but so inferior was the latter, that many confidently expressed the belief that it was by a different author, and that the name of "Jane Eyre" was plagiarized merely to assist the sale. We attribute all the success with which T. S. Arthur has met, as a writer, to the fact that he has never attempted anything except to depict every day life as it is in our own country.

We always peruse Mr. Dickens' works with confidence. We have no fear of failure with him as with others, although there is much difference in the merit of his works. If it is a novel, we look for a work for humanity;

one which by its natural pathos and accurate delineation of the human heart, will call forth the better emotions of our nature. If a story, like the one before us, we look for one which will increase the happiness of the reader, and make him more contented with his fellow man. The sentiment of this story is admirable. The principal character is a man of considerable learning, with whose life some dark scenes had been connected, which perpetually haunted his memory : a phantom offers to cut off this terrible recollection of sorrow, wrong, and trouble, and he consents ; but he finds that he loses with it the lovelier feelings of life ; he has no pity now ; no sympathy for human suffering. But he not only has this horrid gift himself, but his presence breathes it into the souls of others ; and in those families where pure and holy enjoyments reigned, now are misery and heartlessness. But a lovely woman is introduced, as one having, unconsciously, the power of reversing the gift, and where she goes she revives peace and gladness, causing that—

“Hearts that had been long estranged,
And friends that had grown cold,
Should meet again, like parted streams,
And mingle as of old.”

We like these Christmas stories, although we don't like the circumstances under which they are written. They make us think highly of the heart whence they emanate. The present is not as good as some he has written ; the “Christmas Carol,” for instance, or the “Cricket on the Hearth,” yet it is superior to others, and on the whole a very pleasant fancy.

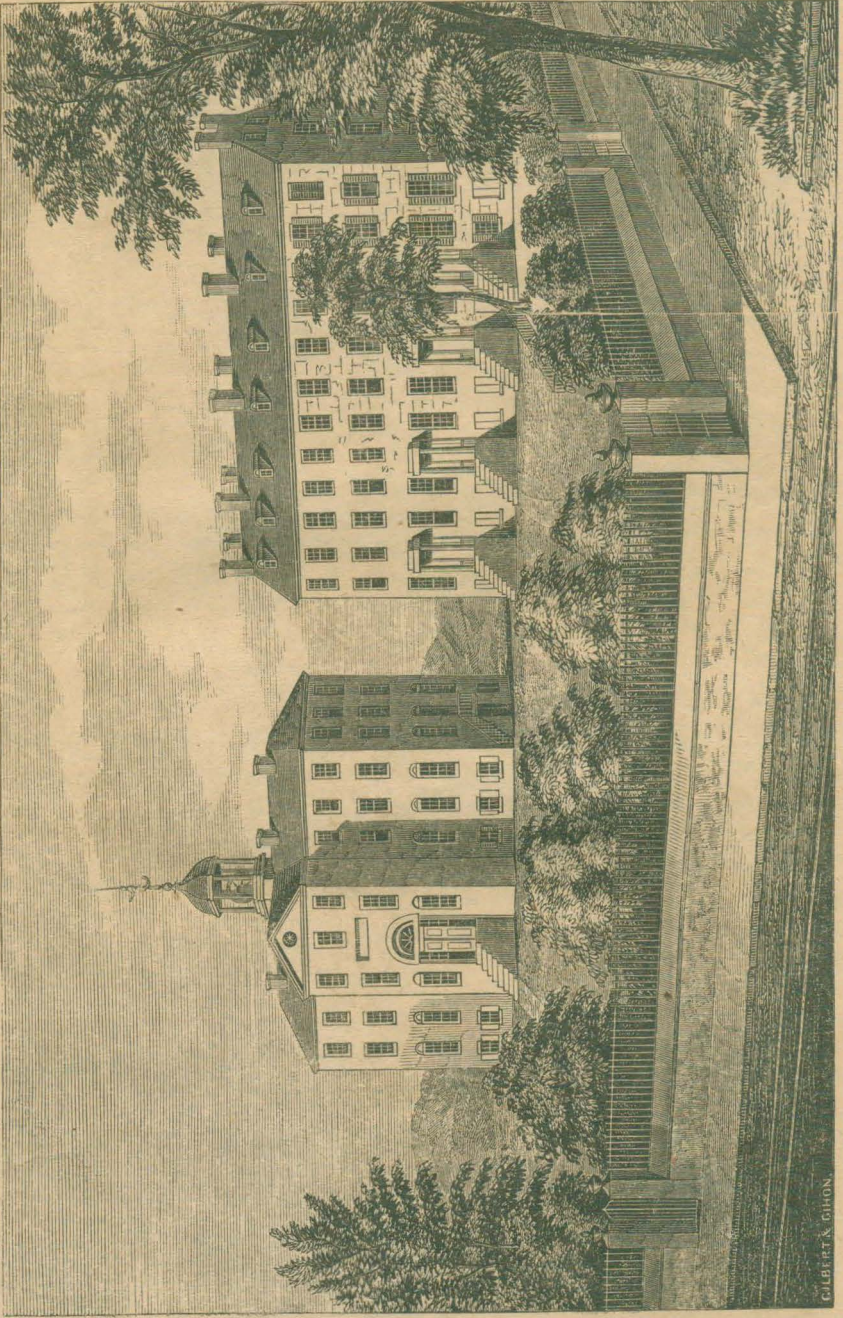
MONTHLY GOSSIP.

"See here, Mr. Editor, you must get about that Gossip. Here we have all the MSS. ready for the press, and you, as usual, have been loafing away your *precious* time over in No. —." This anathema escaped the lips of one of the fraternity just as we entered the door of our sanctum this morning, immediately after the "breakfast-time of life," as some one calls it. This caused a gentle redness to suffuse our face, which the ladies call "modest blushing," or "blushing modesty." Another, to alleviate our embarrassment, exclaims, "Who expected anything from *him*?" This conversation, though laconic, aroused us to a sense of duty. In an *unguarded* moment we mentally resolved to do better. Editors do not always adopt such noble, self-denying resolutions, and never think of their performance! Acting under this impulse, we hastened to our room to perform the arduous task, but no sooner had we entered than our gaze was attracted by our dear pipe, the companion of diurnal labor, and sweetener of toil! All visions of glory and duty vanished, and we sat ourselves down to dream o'er our pipe again. This duty finished, we begin, Oh "may all that breathe share our destiny!" Well, we had a fire in college, a real *bona fide* fire. How shall we attempt to describe it? A poet's pen could scarce do it; how then can we, who never wrote a verse of poetry in our lives? "O tempora, O mores!" Pardon us, reader, but according to modern usage, we wanted a quotation just here, and we could not think of anything more apropos, i. e. applicable in any and every way. We had just divested ourselves of a portion of our apparel, when the harsh sound "fire! fi-ire!! in the first section—water buckets"—reached our ear. We hastened down to make observations, taking a bucket with us to allay suspicion. We had not cleared the steps, when we met a young man toddling down the steps with a wood box on his shoulder, and exclaiming, "Who thought it would come to this!—oh my mamma!" We pitied him, but hurried past to alleviate the *woes* of others. We next met with a youth astride his trunk in the campus, soliloquizing after this fashion, "I'll leave college if it burns down!" We were somewhat amused, but were constrained to keep silence "for conscience sake." It was even alleged that a certain youth ran down to the car office, and engaged a trip in the morning train; but we have our doubts of its truth. There were many very entertaining scenes—but we forbear.

Gen. Tom Thumb.—This "small specimen of a gentleman," as he is pleased to designate himself, has honored Carlisle with a visit lately. Thomas boasts of having kissed one or two millions of rosy lips, and in confirmation thereof exercised himself very industriously one or two days in kissing the *belles dames* of our borough. Oh! how we did *not* envy the little 'un, as with quiet resignation he endured the salutations of his fair visitors. On one occasion a prudent Miss was conversing with him on kissing in general, when we heard him observe, rather satirically, we thought, "O Miss, if the ladies are *anxious*, I'm sure I'm willing." Just then she ravished a kiss from his fair cheek, and made way for a host of others. How forcibly it reminded us of Mr. Clay's memorable visit eastward, when people were smothered, locomotives obstructed, and steamboats sunk, in order that our patriotic lasses might imprint fervent kisses on the venerable statesman's cheek, chin, or nose, just as fortune or misfortune would have it. Bless us! how energetic the ladies are!

By the way, speaking of the sage of Ashland, the first word spoken by him to Old Zac, is reported to have been—"Why, General, you've grown out of my recollection!" "Now, in the name of all the gods at once, on what meat hath this our Cæsar fed, that he has *grown* so great!" *Grown* out of his recollection! Verily, that's queer. We thought if there was a man in existence other than Lewis Cass of Michigan, out of whose "recollection" Zachary would *never* grow, that man was Henry Clay. But it seems we have been mistaken in our supposition, for the *Delta* tells us that it took a strong punch in Harry's side to cause even a recognition!

St. Valentine's Day.—They say Valentine's a saint—they do; but if one is accountable for the sins done in one's name, prospectively, why then were we inclined to doubt whether he be a saint or not. 'Pon our editorial souls, we don't envy the grizzly old chap, if he is responsible for the prodigious amount of nonsense which hath adorned the boxes in our post office during this Valentine season. And then the innumerable hoaxes! Many were the poor fellows we saw "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," over some Valentine which flings up in his face his mental or personal attractions, the postage whereof might have smoked in whisky punch at "Burk's," or been smoked in a cigar at "Criswell's," whilst the poor fellow finds in himself much disinclination to "smoke" the joke. In fact, though we weep for humanity in owning it, not even the editors have been spared. We were aware that our fraternity were very attractive; that as we pass along, ladies pop up at the windows and shed brightness from their eyes on our rugged path; in fact, that they are frequently constrained to knock at the windows, cheering us on in our great undertaking; but then we didn't expect to receive Valentines, we didn't positively.



GILBERT & GHON.