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THE
COLLEGIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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

Vol. I.—No. II.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

APRIL,

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.

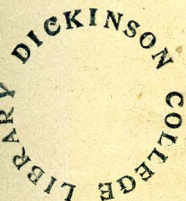
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THE COLLEGIAN.

THE TYROL.

THE valley of the Tyrol is one of no ordinary interest. The scenery is bold and sublime. Impending cliffs and towering crags surround it on all sides, and from the hills innumerable streams rush downward to the plain: now marking their track with one continued sheet of foam, and now dashing and boiling, they pitch headlong from precipitous heights.

The view that strikes one on entering the Tyrol conveys an idea of the loftiness of mind that characterizes its inhabitants. They unite the *passion* of the Italian with the endurance of the mountaineer. They possess the excellencies of their southern neighbors without their vices. The craftiness of the Italian is wanting, and the Tyrolese is acquainted with treachery and treason, only as he feels their effects from others.

But it is not the beauty of the scenery or the character of its inhabitants that attracts the traveler, but the remembrance of the struggle that here took place for freedom. When the French arms were everywhere victorious, the Tyrolese, deserted by their allies, were left apparently an easy prey to their well-disciplined and veteran troops. They patiently suffered every indignity, until slavery or extermination was presented as the only alternative, and then rose in the majesty of insulted valor and swore to be free. The spirit that glowed in Hofer, an innkeeper of the Tyrol, then burst forth like the pent-up torrent: he came, and by his words and actions infused courage into the hearts of his desponding countrymen, till they planned a stroke for freedom. The French troops came, and as they entered the lonely valley, so soon to be the scene of bloody and terrific strife, silence reigned around. No sound was heard amidst those hills, save the clanking of their iron armor, and the heavy tread of the soldiery, as they advanced in steady columns. A death-like silence had settled on all that, but an hour before, was animated by the labors of the peasantry, as they cut down the huge trees, and rolled up the rocks upon the mountain sides. *Now* all was still. So the air grows still before the coming of the tornado. The French were struck with the impressive majesty of that silence. They were confounded with the very lack of life.

They gazed upon the beauty of the scenery ; and admired the changing color of the foam on the wild torrent that leaped madly from height to height. The Tyrolese observed it too, for the dust upon its surface was the rallying signal of the free. Soon as the dust upon the stream was marked by all, a noble and commanding form arose upon the highest crag that shot its rugged spire towards heaven. The gray beard that floated upon the breeze, and the heron's plume that waved from the chamois cap, proclaimed that it was Hofer. He stood alone, but as the sharp crack of his quick-spoken rifle reverberated from crag to crag, the Tyrolese came forth from every rock and shrub, and filled the air with their fierce battle-cry. There was no silence *then*. But loosening the fastenings of their rocky bulwarks, they dashed them on the foe : the impending crags, toppling from their mountain summits, crushed the ranks of the horror-stricken French, who strove in vain to fly. The Tyrolese rushed down upon them, and with one blow that scarce met resistance, and one shout of victory, Tyrol was free !

THE AUTHORESS.

“O woman, best are all things as the will
Of God ordained them ;”——

In the progress of humanity, as mankind have thrown off the inhuman customs of the savage state, and become lovers of the truly beautiful and refined, woman has obtained her legitimate position in society ; and, from the mere slave of the ruthless tyrant, she has become sovereign—the subduer of hearts.

While man, in his rude condition, valued only what he considered useful, and more or less indispensable, the fair sex were esteemed only as they approximated his masculine nature, and woman's loveliest traits were then thought imperfections and evidences of her inferiority. As his pursuits constituted their ideal of perfection, she was the less valued as she excelled in her proper sphere, and the less loved as she was the more lovely. Her excellencies were as little appreciated as were the beauties of Milton's works by the profound mathematician, who soberly inquired, “What do they prove?” Under such circumstances, it is not strange that she should leave the graces uncultivated, as they only administered to her dishonor, and should endeavor to exchange her more refined nature for the rougher pursuits of man. But, since the respective provinces of the sexes, which are clearly separate and distinct, are now duly defined and appreciated, woman is valued for her own loveliness ; and the beauty of her own character has secured her the respect and even devotion of man. Though unable to cope in reasoning, and, perhaps, frightened by an argument, her surpassing persuasive power is a fair compensation, which shows her right without need

of proof. Her influence, as reflected upon society, gives it a charm which would else be unknown; and man, however depraved, acts with decorum in her presence, if he have not lost every feeling that would elevate him above the brute. Swaying such an influence with her magic power, why should she forsake these heavenly gifts for things of earth, which experience has shown are less powerful in her hands?

As the philosopher is not valued for his poetry, nor the poet for his philosophy, but each in his respective department wins for himself laurels, so all are surest of success and usefulness who confine themselves to that sphere of action which nature designed. It is true there are authoresses of whom the literary world may justly boast, whose works have gained much praise. This surely does not show her sphere not transgressed. It does not prove that she has not stifled her original design, and destroyed her usefulness in the sphere in which she wields so powerful an influence, and by which she has secured her deserved respect and esteem. The female of the uncivilized nations is, by habituation, able to perform the severest toil, yet no one of the least pretensions to refinement would affirm that this is her proper department, and that for this, she had not been compelled to sacrifice more useful natural gifts.

In the development of a nation's character, as well as that of individuals, nothing is more important than female influence. Her position and occupation are a sure index of the state of refinement of those upon whom her charms reflect, who so much need her balancing power to check the impulses of their varied propensities. But as an authoress, in any department of literature, she can profess only equality with man, and, as such, her influence is only what man has upon man. The experience of the past teaches that this is not her proper influence; that she was designed a sphere of action not common to man, though not less important. She is most valuable as she confines herself to this, and more appreciated as the importance of *her* department is recognized in distinction from that of man. Take this away, and society relapses into its original barbarity—our regard for the refined and beautiful is destroyed—and nature herself returns to her former wildness.

But we do not grant that this perversion of vocation often succeeds, even as proposed. Though many, seemingly dissatisfied with their nature, attempt things unnatural, they mostly terminate like the beautiful phantom of the love-deluded soul, that thinks the hovel would be a fairy palace if "one faithful heart will but share it" with him. It has not been considered that a year, a month, yea, even an hour, will dispel the delusion; and fancy, before so pleasing, now clothed in the realities of life unprovided for, augments the pains of the beguiled sufferer.

LOVE AND SCHOLARSHIP.

“An honest confession is good for the soul.”

I NEVER liked mathematics; and have at times been disposed to look upon Euclid as a minor Egyptian plague; certainly, as having brought about a greater curse to the *children* of men than ever did our primitive parents. But whilst I have always had such an antipathy to this Archimedean pastime, I have, on the other hand, been ever captivated by the study of the languages; and have never been able to speak of Homer, Horace, and Virgil, except as the apostles of intellectual peace and goodwill toward men. The Latin Treatise of Bishop Berkeley on Mathematics hath been from time immemorial my *beau idéal* of incongruity; the idea of a man's arrogating the Latin tongue, wherewith to put forth a treatise on this scientific abomination, appears to me more of a prostitution of “the livery of heaven to serve the devil in,” than aught else that hath ever come under my observation; I could have known from *this*, without a perusal of his subsequent productions, that he was not altogether human, in other words, that there was somewhat of *immaterialism* about him. I allude to this predilection for the classics, simply because of its intimate connection with the mournful incident in my history which I am about to relate.

I was sitting in my room one night, imbibing the original, *i. e.* outlandish phrases of Æschylus, when I was interrupted by a very unceremonious visit from my friend Noddlestupe, of the Freshman class, if it is allowable for a senior to acknowledge a friend in the aforesaid class.

“Hallo, Jack,” he cried, “you must go down with me to see the ga'-h'als, so you must”—at the same time arranging his standing collar in the looking-glass with infinite *nonchalance*. He continued: “I s'pose if I *am* a Freshman, and you *are* a Senior, we can agree in going to see the girls, can't we?”

The fellow who thus addressed me was quite handsome, and a most essential fop in habit and appearance, in consequence whereof he was a universal favorite amongst the girls. But, however tempting his company might be on such an occasion, I had no inclination or intention to accept the abrupt invitation, and forthwith commenced an excuse.

“My respected friend,” I replied, “you have certainly found me in no frame of mind to engage in anything of this nature—”

“Faugh!” interrupted he, “when *will* you get in such a frame of—”

“But then I've ten propositions in Calculus at six, and five pages in Æschy—”

“Now that's a *precious* way for a man of your sense to talk. Why, you can get them both in ten minutes—and come, let me tell you,” at the same time placing his hands and mouth to my ear. He whispered something,

whereupon I immediately arose, and dressing myself, blew out the spirit lamp, and proceeded to follow my friend Noddlestupe!

As readers have a legitimate right to demand any information which it may be in the power of the writer to impart, and as the Freshman didn't whisper loud enough to be heard, I doubt not but that the curious reader will ask what he said. Why, la! me, 'twas nothing in the world but this: "Come ahead; we'll go down to see Miss Sus—I mean the Misses Benston!" And if he (the reader) or she should wish to know why my reluctance was so much overcome thereby, that I arose and accompanied friend Noddlestupe, why, in that case, I suppose, I must candidly confess that I—I esteemed Miss Susan Benston very highly. But mind, reader, I tell you this in confidence; and—but I hav'n't time to add what I was about to, for we are now standing at the door of the Misses Benston, awaiting an answer to the door-bell. And now good-bye, reader, for we are invited into the parlor, and, unless you will step in with us, we'll have to leave you for the present.

We had to wait some time before the young ladies entered; first came Miss Mary; in about ten minutes afterward Miss Jane, and, in five minutes after her, Miss Susan! as when the twilight of morning increases into day, and thus awaits the rising of the sun himself. I believe the fashion of dropping in one by one, so prevalent amongst ladies, arises from the fear of dazzling their visitors with too much beauty at once—I don't know though. It was very strange, but I never felt such complete inability to engage in conversation in my life, as I did this night. And oh! how I envied the senseless Noddlestupe beside me, who was carrying on quite a spirited conversation with *two* of the young ladies, whilst I could scarcely grumble forth my meaning in monosyllabic demi-sentences to *one*. Indeed, this envy occupied such a place in my mind, that I turned my attention more to what the Freshman said than to what Miss Susan said to me; and, in listening, I heard him pronounce the following amazing sentence:—

"That, Miss Jane, is, as Ovid says, a *rari ave*."

"*Rari ave*, Noddlestupe?" I cried, interrupting him with an emphasis that astonished the trio infinitely.

"Yes, to be sure, *rari ave*; what then?"

"Why, you must know that it's bad Latin; and, besides, it isn't Ovid that says it, but Juvenal."

"You're entirely mistaken; and if you'll think a moment, you'll doubtless perceive your error. Perfectly proper;" then, turning to the ladies, he continued—"you see, ladies, it's where Deucalion and Pyrrha are the only two who are not overwhelmed by the flood; and, as the dove comes back to him, he is beautifully represented as breaking out, '*Rari ave!* hail, hail! sweet bird,' and so forth."

The *sang froid* with which he laid this string of nonsense before three intelligent ladies, and the simple idea of a Freshman having the ineffable

impudence to quote foul Latin in my presence, and then try to browbeat *me*, a Senior, into the acknowledgment of its correctness, perfectly unmanned me; I couldn't speak, and he, interpreting my silence to his own advantage, continued—

“Oh, never mind, Jack! it was only a *lapsis lingus* of yours. The ladies don't think anything of it, I'm sure!”

The latter part of the sentence was spoken in a whisper, sufficiently audible, however, to call forth the consolation of the three Graces as followeth:—

Mary.—“Certainly we don't!”

Jane.—“Why, to be sure not!”

Susan(!)—“Never dreamed of such a thing!”

It has been months since, but I have never been able to look a lady in the face from that time to this. My classics have lost their attraction, and I have turned my attention to Philosophy!

J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

WE know no poet of the present day whose career we have observed with more interest or more ardent hope, than that of Bayard Taylor—short, indeed, as yet, but thus far brilliant and successful. Our eyes have been constantly fixed upon him, from his first appearance before the world as a poet, until now. We read with much pleasure, when first given to the public several years ago, his “*Ximena and other Poems*,” a modest little volume, produced amid the laborious and obscure duties of a printer's apprentice, and published by the author to procure means for gratifying his insatiate thirst for foreign travel. We then distinctly recognized, in those creations of his youthful genius, bright germs of thought that have even yet scarce had time for full development,—buds that have hardly yet burst into full bloom. We have followed him, too, with lively interest, in his “*Views Afoot*,” through the most enchanting scenes of the Old World; and have ever been forced to laud his indomitable energy and never-failing self-reliance, whilst we admired his unassuming character and modest disposition. His subsequent rise to fame has been remarkably rapid; difficulties which have crushed others, have seemed to vanish as he advanced. His steady progress, from the humble position of a printer-boy, through successive grades of journalism, to the editorship of one of the first literary periodicals in our country, declares him as well the favorite of fortune as the child of genius. Bayard Taylor has not yet reached his zenith; he is still calmly winning his way upward amid the crowd and din of the busy world around him. He is destined yet to acquire a stronger hold upon the affections of mankind—

“And leave some record in the hearts of men
That he has been——”

The same simple modest worth has distinguished him in every stage of his successful career; the noble sentiments and exalted love for humanity that breathe through all his works, do honor to the land of Penn; speak well for the purity of the moral atmosphere he breathed in his early youth, amid the green hills of his own loved Brandywine.

The second edition of his last volume, we believe, his “Rhymes of Travel,” has been published. This book well sustains the young poet’s rising fame. Want of room forbids us to particularize. We cannot refrain, however, from mentioning two pieces as having pleased us very much: his “Wayside Dream,” and that noble and spirited poem, “The Continents.” We would like to speak of others, but these must suffice. We heartily commend the book to all lovers of good poetry.

COMMUNINGS WITH THE DEPARTED.

THE Spring flower blooms above thee,
My sister and my friend;
'Tis nursed by hearts that love thee
With love that cannot end.
The wild bird warbles o'er thee,
In melancholy mood;
He sings but to deplore thee,
The youthful and the good.
Thou canst not breathe the fragrant air;
Thou canst not hear the minstrel there.

The Summer dew is gleaming,
Bathed in the morning light;
Pure as thy spirit seeming,
And as thy spirit, bright;
Ere noon it flies to heaven,
As thou hast early fled;
Thy morn to earth was given,
Thy noon is with the dead;
Next dawn the dew-drops shall restore;
Ah! when will death's long night be o'er?

The Autumn winds are calling
The storm clouds from the west,
And withered leaves are falling
Around thy place of rest;

The evening fire is lighted
 In yonder rural home,
 The broken group, heart-blighted,
 Weep that thou dost not come.
 Ah! hushed thy voice in silent earth;
 Thy seat is vacant at the hearth!

The Winter snows descending,
 Their virgin mantle spread—
 A shroud to nature lending,
 To wrap her children dead.
 No minstrel bird is keeping
 His vigil o'er thy tomb—
 The voiceless air is sleeping
 In chill, unbroken gloom;
 But earth shall break her icy chain;
 So thou to life shalt wake again!

THE WORLD OF MYSTERY.

“THE spirit of the age,” which we are continually hearing extolled by cracked-brained authors or saintly hypocrites, may be briefly defined “the love of money.” As this principle (if it may be so called) pervades everything, upon it are founded the prevalent ideas of moral and intellectual culture. We are taught to believe that there is no education but that derived from books, for these are expensive; and that we are bound to observe no moral laws but those set forth by some worthy divine, who must be well paid for his trouble.

But the human mind, though fortified (or rather imprisoned) by such “moral and intellectual culture,” cannot resist the powerful influence exercised over it by an innate though suppressed belief in dark and hidden mysteries of the universe, which books cannot explain. In vain we struggle against this fascination—there is something hidden from mortal eyes which we long, yet dread, to look upon.

The first emotion of this secret principle of our nature is called forth by the nursery tale of fairy or goblin, and active still, life itself departs as the dying sinner trembles at the dread spirits of that mysterious world into which he rushes, while the joyful Christian pauses for a moment with awful wonder at the gates of heaven. We may close up the heart in the rigid barriers of philosophy, and confine the imagination to mathematical lines, but its boldness leaps these artificial bounds and laughs to scorn the

puny art of man, which would fetter that independence which receives its charter from heaven.

Though credulity in the supernatural is ridiculed by a large part of mankind, there are few but feel its influence. The selfish philosopher struggles against his better nature—he traces every effect to its natural cause, and with scorn derides the superstitions of the vulgar and bigoted; but when the “icy hand of death” is laid upon him, he feels something for which he cannot account—his false pride deserts him, and in agony of soul he expires believing.—

Our holy religion—all our conceptions of a Deity—our very origin and being, are a mystery. To us a part of the creation is visible and palpable; but this does not prove that nothing more exists. A belief in the existence of supernatural beings upon earth is by no means deserving of ridicule. The mind has a natural tendency towards it until warped by the prejudices of education. Why, then, is this tendency checked? Our wise instructors tell us that it is for our own good—to curb the wandering fancy, and turn the attention to useful objects—to the every-day affairs of life. But we may question their wisdom in viewing the common business of this life of primary importance. This state of being is not the last nor perhaps the first. We go to a land of spirits, and from a land of spirits, perchance, we come. Life is but an atom in eternity. Should we then narrow down all our thoughts to this brief period of existence—confine ourselves to that alone which we can see, in the hope that, fettered to the one idea, earth, we can excel in transient honors and wealth? Will it be any obstacle to our progress to think the spirits of departed friends are hovering around our path to cheer us on to noble deeds? That heavenly beings are continually guarding our wayward steps or smiling upon our virtuous endeavors? That, in short, our earth is not “a mere sepulchral clod,” but a bright world peopled by immortal spirits, who weep over our faults or bear to heaven with joy the records of the just?

HUMAN LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

THERE is no past—but fond remembrance flings
 Its shadowy image o'er us ;
 There is no future—hope delusive brings
 Unreal forms before us ;
 The present only is, then disappears
 In blank nonentity ;
 What, then, is human life? Its fleeting years,
 A point, a hope, a memory.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

WHEN the night wind bewaileth the fall of the year,
 And sweeps from the forest the leaves that are sear,
 I wake from my slumbers and list to its roar,
 For it saith to my spirit—"No more—never more!"

The winter night's wind, with a shriek and a moan,
 Hurries onward and past—but ere it hath gone,
 It rests for a moment its swift fickle wings,
 And a dirge of the past it mournfully sings.

"Oh! say where now are the youthful forms
 That in days of yore trod these classic halls?
 'Twixt a smile and a tear' are they braving life's storms?
 Or are they all gone?"—the wind calls,
 "Are they gone?"

"Long ago—very long, where now you are,
 A student bent o'er the deep page, and sighed
 As he threw from his pale brow the jetty hair:
 Oh! where now is he?"—the wind cried,
 "Is he gone?"

"Go noiselessly—visit yon silent graveyard,
 Where so often I've merrily wanton'd and freak'd;
 There the pale youth lies low—you may say it was hard;
 Yet his spirit hath fled!"—the wind shrieked,
 "It hath gone!"

"Ah! thus it goes on—you will leave us to-day;
 To-morrow your heart round life's cares will be twin'd;
 But the next day—where then? Oh! youthful and gay,
 Thou wilt rest the next day!" mourned the wind,
 "Thou'lt be gone!"

Thus the wind spirit sang, and the whistling blast,
 With a loud mocking laugh, in a moment was past;
 But in memory's chambers the dirge echoed on,
 As I thought of the lovely of earth who are gone!

WAR.

“O, there are fires in every breast,
In peace, we never know ;
They die, in days of sunny rest—
In war, they only glow.”

UNTIL the moral condition of the world is changed—until the benign influence of Christianity shall have ameliorated the character of nations, and international laws and transactions be founded in righteousness, it must needs be, that wars will come. Hence, every wise government will appropriate all the means that science and skill can contribute, to lessen the awful consequences of this deadly conflict of nations, though it may not be prevented.

To accomplish this great result, the mathematical science has done almost everything. This science, that gave to Christopher Columbus his *chart* and compass, if not inspiration, to discover, under the guidance of Providence, a New World—that gave to the mariner his nautical skill, and has constructed the profound, yet beautiful machinery of commerce—has produced a mighty revolution in the mode of warfare. It has changed the ancient custom of barbarous cruelty to a system of science and skill. It laid hold upon the data furnished by the invention of gunpowder and the elementary principles of warfare, and constructed a profound science, called the “Science of War and Fortification.” “Now, nations take up arms, not until after cool reflections, and carry on their hostilities with so little rancor or animosity, comparatively, that war amongst them is disarmed of half its terrors.”

This science has elicited the genius and labors of the greatest military men. The celebrity of Vauban, Turenne, Deville, Cohorn, Saxe, Marlborough, and of Washington, was founded more on science and philosophy than on the results of battles. According to their system, the greatest results are not obtained by the tremendous battle, and the slaughter of twenty or thirty thousand men, but by scientific manœuvring and skilful operations ; either by well selected *lines of operations*, or the genius of the tactician upon the battle-field. Their system embraces humanity and the physico-mathematical science. With a Vauban, or a Washington, the crossing of the *Bridge Lodi*, with the sacrifice of ten thousand of brave, youthful soldiers, would not be a victory.

Hence, it was by this “Science of War and Fortification,” that Washington baffled the greatest efforts of Lord Cornwallis within his fastness at Yorktown, Virginia, and compelled the British army, with very little loss on either side, to surrender on his own terms. This enabled the gallant General Scott to take his seat before the city of Vera Cruz and the impregnable walls of San Juan d’Ulloa, and, after a few days, with but very few killed and wounded, to silence their guns, and march into the city without opposition.

THE INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

THERE is nothing that is so well calculated to inspire us with correct and elevated thoughts, as to consider upon our own littleness and insignificance. And it seems to have been the special design of Providence that we should ever keep in view the true position we hold in the scale of existence, and the destiny that awaits us in the future. For everything around us, from the withered oak in the forest to the crumbling marble, reminds us that the glory of man passeth away as grass and the flower of the field.

And when we survey the ruins of sixty centuries, and looking back through the long lapse of ages, mark the nations and empires that have from time to time appeared upon the disk of this world's renown; and then look upon their decline and the few sad remains of their glory, with what power and sublimity are we impressed with the instability of human greatness!

We have seen Egypt crowded with magnificent cities that teemed with countless millions; we have seen Greece, the land of science—her philosophers unrivaled for their learning, and her warriors unequaled for their daring; we have seen Rome elevated to such a pitch of grandeur as almost to dazzle the mind, and stagger the imagination, when contemplating the dizzy height which she had reached. But what now is Egypt compared to what she once was? Where is the city of a hundred gates? and where the mighty multitude that once thronged her shores? Alas! but a few dusty heaps, covered with undistinguishable characters, remain the sepulchre of her departed greatness. And what of Greece and Rome!

They have fallen! and the crumbling column,
The deserted temple, and the deep silence
That pervades around, a dreary tale unfold.

And well had it been for humanity if the mighty conquerors—those who were dazzled by the splendid baubles of fame, and who sought to enrol their names among the great ones of earth—well had it been if they had perceived the great truths here set forth.

Napoleon, as he gazed from the summit of the Alps upon the wrecks that lay around him, might have learned that he was following in the footsteps of an Alexander or a Cæsar, and, like them, he would find that the foundation upon which he was rearing his greatness must yield to the overwhelming flood of a world's indignation.

And thus in the solitude of Helena, a little isle amidst ocean's dreary waste, Napoleon was forced to establish his kingdom, which he vainly hoped to erect upon the broad expanse of a continent. And there he met his final doom—there he lay unwept, save by the misty cloud which, at morn and eve, shed its tears over him, fit emblems of those he wrung from the millions that were crushed beneath his iron heel.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SEA.

To a casual observer the effects of gambling are rarely seen. To look upon a set of jovial young fellows playing a game of "whist," or "backgammon," one would scarcely venture to affirm that they were otherwise than innocently employed; but gambling, like every other evil, may be compared to a maelstrom, into the outer circles of which the little boat glides imperceptibly, and the unconscious victim sports with the rippling waves, while his bark moves on with streaming colors, and heeds not that "the fairy-like music stealing o'er the sea" is the roar of distant danger, until he awakes to shriek, as he sinks amid the whirl and foam of the engulfing vortex.

As the recurrence to scenes of our boyhood days frequently refreshes our minds, especially when cramped beneath the press of college studies, I often, while seated in my studium, recur to incidents I met with while connected with the United States Navy. The following illustrates my remarks above, and I give it as nearly as I can *verbatim*, as it was related to me. The main facts are strictly true.

Gambling is a crime which, in the United States service, has always been strictly prohibited, and the severest punishment awarded the unfortunate individual detected in practicing it. Notwithstanding all the vigilance of the officers, there are always to be found some who spend their leisure time in this pernicious practice; and many a promising young man have I seen reduced to a mere skeleton, by what is called the gambler's fever; indeed I know one who wasted away until he was little more than a walking shadow, and at last mysteriously disappeared, no one knew how.

On the birth-deck of the frigate, between the hours of seven and eight in the evening, might be seen a motley group of weather-beaten tars, gathered around a mess chest, upon which was a sperm candle dimly burning; some were reading, others playing checkers; while a third party was listening with intense interest to one who had obtained considerable celebrity for spinning good yarns. Farther forward sat three men, surrounded by a number of very attentive spectators. To an observer, the aspect they presented, was one peculiarly remarkable, added to their overgrown beard and hair, swarthy sun-burnt features, and careless swaggering air, which are common to sailors having been some time at sea, were the quick suspicious glance of the eye of one, the low hoarse chuckle of the other, and the wild vacant stare of the third, whose pale emaciated countenance denoted the inroads of much care and anxiety. The constant changes which took place in the expression of their countenances plainly indicated that they were playing no ordinary game. Sometimes the dark features of one would be faintly illumed with a sarcastic grin, as he coolly pocketed

the stakes, while a frown, like the shades of night, would settle upon that of the others. They were undisturbed, except now and then, by the cry of some one on the lookout, "douse the glim—the master-at-arms is about."

One night it was rumored that these men had been informed on by some one of the crew. This produced a considerable agitation among them, as nothing enrages a sailor more than to be reported by one of his own ship's company, and consequently every inquiry was made to find out the informer.

The night had set in dark and gloomy. The wind moaned solemnly, as it swept through the rigging of the tall spars. Numerous collections of sailors were seen seated around the fore hatch smoking; others, differently occupied, were gathered in crowds on the fore-castle, or around the halliard racks, while the chorus of some song was pronounced to be "done up brown," as it swelled out upon the evening air from the stentorian voices of Neptune's musical fund. Into a secluded part of the vessel three men were seen stealthily making their way, apparently anxious to escape observation, and now, had we the power to penetrate their thoughts, and behold the workings of their black hearts as they join in consultation deep and dark! Time passed on, and the greater part of the ship's company had retired to rest; some stretched upon the softest plank, while others preferred their hammocks. But the three we left in consultation—what has become of them? Are they wrapped in the arms of Somnus with those around them, peacefully dreaming of by-gone days, and sweethearts in every port? Alas! no. Their consultation broke up at a late hour. We cannot tell the terrible proceedings of that meeting. Suffice it to say, that it was determined that it should be decided by a game of chance which of their number should accomplish their black design. The die was cast, and the lot fell upon S——, the noblest-hearted of the three, and the one perhaps least consenting to their fiendish purposes; but honor, how strange that such men should talk of honor, compelled him to keep his word.

It was night. The dark clouds that gathered overhead in the early part of the evening had cleared away, and the moon shone clear and bright upon the glassy sea. The crew were in profound repose fore and aft. The sails flapped loosely against the masts, and fitful gusts of wind sighed through the slack rigging. The midnight silence was unbroken, save by the toll of the bell and the cry of the lookout.

"It seemed as if the general pulse of life
Stood still, and nature made a pause, an awful pause,
Prophetic of her end."

On the gun-deck, near the fore-hatch, lay a boy wrapped in profound sleep. His long disheveled hair flowing back, displayed an intellect of no ordinary character. The rays of the moon shining through the hatchway, fell on his beautiful features, exhibiting the flush of health upon his fair and

ruddy cheek. Sleep on youthful mariner, and dream on. Let fancy's magical pinions bear thee to thy father's land—let thy fond sister press thee to her bosom, and a mother's warm tear bedew thy cheek—for the last time bid them farewell. Thou shalt never see them more. Perhaps thou art dreaming of future prospects—high hopes, I would fain undeceive thee; but, alas, farewell.

A figure was seen stealing along in the dark, where the moon was obscured by the sails and the bulwarks. Suddenly a man emerged, and approached the hatchway. He looked around, and then gazing down below, his eyes rested upon the boy sleeping on the deck. Taking one of the cannon balls from the rack which surrounded the hatchway, he held it over the boy's head, and let it drop, then rushed away. Suddenly a shriek of horror echoed from the gundeck, and in a short time the ship was filled with the screams of murder.

* * * * *

It was a beautiful summer's day, and scarcely a cloud was seen in the sky, when the boatswain's shrill pipe sounded, and the cry of "All hands witness punishment," was heard on board of the frigate. The men were all dressed in their mustering clothes, and ordered on deck. To one extremity of the foreyard was attached a block, through which was rove a rope, at one end of which was a noose; at the other a very heavy weight, stopped with a cord, which passed immediately before the mouth of one of the forward guns. A prisoner was slowly led to the forecastle. The solemn sentence was pronounced. At the signal given, the roar of the gun was heard, and ere the sound died away upon the distant waters, or the blue smoke curled above the masts, a spirit stood in the presence of its God.



Ernest Maltravers.

MONTHS since we read Ernest Maltravers. We read it, not as the cold, calculating moralist would have us read such works, with a treble shield of crafty suspicion thrown before our hearts; but we read it as we contend, however erroneously, such a book should be read; with a mind ready to believe all it contained was true; with a heart prepared to sympathize with our favorites, and a disposition to place ourselves in their situations—to identify ourselves with them.

There is a vast deal of pleasure to be derived from the perusal of such a work; and, for our part, we envy not the man who has not a heart that will linger with pleasure over creations as bright and beautiful as those there shadowed forth. Such an one may sneer at this, and talk with disdain of sentimental novel readers; but if it be womanish and weak to love such things, we must plead guilty still, for we *have* loved the heroes and heroines of Bulwer. About some of them, there is something so pure and so noble

so like what humanity ought to be, so unlike what many of the specimens we see around us daily are, that we cannot but love them. We defy any man—any man, we mean, who makes any pretensions to having a soul—to read the story of the blind flower girl in the “Last Days of Pompeii,” and not feel his heart softened, aye, and bettered too. Bulwer has been charged with immorality, and his works have been decried on that account. In the volume before us we have an example of this. Maltravers, a young man of genius, with a soul all alive to the beautiful, possessing a heart that beat high with noble impulses and aspirations, loses his way in the midst of a storm. After wandering about till fully drenched, and well tired, he finds his way to the hut of a desperate character, Darvel. Here he meets Alice, the beautiful daughter of a miserable parent. With a form light and graceful, and a face extremely lovely, it was her misfortune to be so completely uneducated that she seemed more than half idiotic. In some instances, however, she exhibited not only quickness of perception, but even great depth of feeling. She was destined to exert a great and controlling influence over the future destiny of our hero. After having rescued him from the fate intended by her wretched father and his fellow assassin, she declares her determination to remain with him. Poor Ernest was greatly troubled to know what to do with her. But, filled with all the wild and romantic notions belonging to the German student of that day, he at length formed the singular determination of educating the young and beautiful being, of whom he had so strangely become the guardian and protector. Now Bulwer must have been sufficiently well versed in the mysteries of the human heart to know that, under circumstances such as those in which this interesting pair were placed, *love* would be the first plant to germinate. But then he ought to have remembered that, however *natural* such a denouement might have been, it was not exactly in accordance with our notions of morality. He ought to have known, too, that young men and women are apt to be more injured by the perusal of one short chapter of this kind, than profited by a dozen extended homilies. But we must leave Alice for a while, as Maltravers was compelled to leave her; and we have no time to follow our hero in his long search after her. Suffice it that they were separated, not soon to meet again. Years passed away, and Ernest became an author, a notable one, too. The romantic and adventurous spirit of youth was calmed down into something more than staid sobriety. Melancholy seized upon him, and with his fame spreading wider and wider as day succeeded day, he became still more discontented. Alice gone, he seemed to have nothing to live for. Just whilst he was in this state of mind, he received a letter from some unknown person. The lines were evidently traced by some fair one: the spirit of woman breathed through the whole, and it was evidently the production of one endowed with talents of no ordinary cast. The traces of genius were there—of genius, ever more attractive when it glances from the eye of some lovely woman. Before we

read this book we had formed our idea of what a perfectly lovely woman ought to be; but we had never seen such an one; never even read of such an one, until, like the realization of some glorious vision, Florence Lascellas, the bright and gifted beauty, stood revealed before us. Proud as Juno, with a heart prepared for almost any event, apparently almost destitute of sensibility, there yet welled up in her heart a tide of womanly feeling, pure and strong. She had read the works of Maltravers, and, with a fancy almost morbid, she had dreamed of him long. In imagination she was often by his side, cheering him on up the rugged steep of fame, rejoicing with him when the world huzza'd, and consoling him when its sneers or coldness galled. From such thoughts grew the determination to communicate with him by means of letters. One after another was sent, but she expected and received no reply. Long after she had met Maltravers did she continue this singular correspondence. Crowds of admirers flocked around her, and proffered lovers were cheap with her; but the only being for whom she cared remained to all appearance unmoved. One day, however, when by his side, a letter dropped from her bosom; stooping to pick it up he immediately recognized the hand-writing of his unknown mentor. The secret was now disclosed. Florence loved him—had loved him long—had loved him before they had ever met. It was but natural that, under such circumstances, he should mistake the feelings that stirred his breast. It was not strange that, acting from the impulse of the moment, he should pour forth the hurried words of passion. But when, in cooler mood, he examined more carefully his feelings, his heart misgave him. He felt not now the same joyous sensations that had warmed his breast when Alice stood similarly related to him. He was sometimes tempted to take back the vows he conceived were rashly made. But Florence saved him this task. A letter, forged by the selfish Ferrers, and delivered by the half-crazed Cæsarini, filled her mind with suspicion. They met, quarreled, and separated to repent only when it was too late. Stung to the quick by her unjust and apparently unfounded accusations, Maltravers immediately left London. For some weeks he remained secluded at his country seat, restless, depressed, and unhappy. Too proud to seek a reconciliation after what had passed, and too much wounded soon to find relief, he suddenly determined to go abroad again. Arriving in London, he learned that Florence was extremely ill, but he resolved not to see her. At length, however, at her solicitation, he is induced to call. He arrives at the house. The muffled knocker, the noiseless tread of servants gliding silently from room to room, the half-neglected appearance of each apartment in that lordly mansion, tell a tale of sorrow. With a trembling heart he is ushered into the chamber of the invalid. Unseen by her he gazes long. There, propped on a couch, reclined the wreck of that form that, a few short weeks since, had moved by his side all graceful and glowing and beautiful. That large, clear blue eye, that had so often grown brighter beneath his gaze, was now dim and deep sunk in its socket. Those lips,

that had breathed to him their first vow of love, were now thin and compressed, as with pain. It was too much for Maltravers, and a bursting sob first revealed his presence. But we must not attempt to describe the interview: read it for yourself. We do not intend to enter upon a defence of Bulwer; but we defy any one who is not himself full of obscenity, to find anything calculated to minister to the appetite of the sensualist in the volume before us. With us it has always been a favorite. The plot is fine, and, what to young Misses is especially important, it ends well. After years of trouble, Maltravers finds Alice, and the meeting is a happy one. All the virtuous are rewarded, and the vicious punished.

Raphüel; or Pages of the Book of Life at Twenty. By ALPHONSO DE LAMARTINE. New York: Harpers, 1849: pp. 143.

THE revolution in the French capital, of February, 1848, gave a brilliant, though perhaps only temporary, celebrity to Lamartine, and that *éclat* has created quite a demand for his productions. Some years since he gave to the world a book of poems, and a History of the Girondists followed not long after. His latest effort is embodied in the work quoted at the head of this article—a work to which we should be pleased to apply the rules of criticism fairly, and with what ability we might command, did room permit. But our space will barely suffice for a somewhat enlarged “table of contents.”

We have heard of “an opinion as is an opinion,” but it was reserved for Lamartine to denominate a book *Raphüel* which is descriptive of an entirely different personage. It seems the name was suggested by the hero's resemblance to the celebrated painter; and he was fortunate that his likeness to other great men permitted him to sport even this cognomen, for

“Had he held a pencil, he would have painted the *Virgin of Foligno*; as a sculptor, he would have chiseled the *Psyche of Canova*; had he known the language in which sounds are written, he would have noted the aërial lament of the sea-breeze sighing among the fibres of Italian pines, or the breathing of a sleeping girl who dreams of one she will not name; [the reader is not advised as to the author who accomplished these two feats!] had he been a poet, he would have written the stanzas of *Tasso's* *Erminia*, the moonlight talk of *Shakspeare's* *Romeo and Juliet*, or *Byron's* portrait of *Haidee*.”

Verily *Raphüel* must have found it troublesome to know himself “all things by turns and nothing long.”

But let us come down to the earth, and discourse to mortals, who are obliged to obtain knowledge only by means of previously acquired ideas. *Raphüel* was a descendant of a Spanish noble of limited means. His mother had, in early life, spent some time at Madrid, and when she removed to the country her good manners and refined language “never evaporated

entirely." Lamartine knew her son during his childhood, and after a separation of twelve years, met him again at his castle, in feeble health, and mourning the loss of his mother, wife, and child. During this interview, Raphäel destroyed a number of papers; but one, which he had not the courage to burn, was given to Lamartine, with the request that he should use it according to his discretion. In a few days Raphäel died, and was buried, and here endeth the Prologue.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Raphäel's manuscript is "Raphäel."

After some very minute sketching of mountain scenery, we learn that the little town of Aix, in Savoy, is seated on the slope of a hill, and boasts of a quiet secluded house where invalids are admitted to board. When his health began to fail, Raphäel became an inmate of this dispensary, and soon learned that an interesting stranger, very much of an invalid, occupied one of the apartments. To describe the complete perfection of this being, would be to extract one of the lengthiest chapters of the book. Two points must, therefore, suffice. "Her voice sounded like those small metallic lyres which the children of the Archipelago use when they play upon the sea-shore; and the light of her eyes seemed to come from a distance which I never measured in any other mortal eye." With such eyes alone, it was easy to captivate a far less susceptible admirer than Raphäel. How, then, could he hope to escape, when the love by which he was influenced, shunning the common symptoms, diffused itself, like an invisible miasma, through the atmosphere, until at length he could see the beauty through the wall of her chamber as though it had been transparent!

With the usual consistency of French writers, it is stated that Raphäel, overwhelmed with his feelings, had, nevertheless, no desire to know any thing about the stranger; that would have been vulgar. Accordingly, *without inquiring*, he learned from the physician that Julie hailed from Paris, where she had left a husband many years her senior, and that, feeling symptoms of a decline, she had come alone to Aix for the purpose of trying its waters. Fate in due time made them acquainted. The little lake, on which Julie sometimes sailed, one day became naughty and disobedient: her boat was disabled, and Raphäel came to her assistance just as she had fainted. She was carried to a fisherman's hut, where Raphäel watched her all night, sitting on a bag of corn meal, with his hands on his knees. Towards morning, while he was praying for her, she awaked, exclaiming, "Oh God! I thank thee! I now have a brother!"

Thenceforth, for many weeks, they grew better and better acquainted—the weather all the time conniving at their desire for rural recreations. And now for the poetry! We hope the uninitiated reader will leave us here, and turn to some other article.

On one occasion, Raphäel ceased to be a man, and was metamorphosed into a Living Hymn of Praise. His body lost all consciousness of its earthliness, and he no longer believed in Time, Space, or Death. But if

he walked the earth a breathing Ode, Julie parted with her gravitation, and grew so ethereal that Raphäel was compelled to grasp her feet with both hands and kiss them with great vigor, in order to detain her on this sublunary sphere. Then they discoursed of Thought, God, Eternity, Heaven, Fate, the Stars, Sun, and Christianity in lofty style; and, after a day of rambling over the scenery of Savoy, they spent nearly a whole night "conversing, in a low tone, through the interval between the floor and the rough wood-work of the door," "in words not used in the ordinary language of men," "revealing unutterable thoughts." And then they fell asleep.

And then Julie, without disguise, declared her resistless love, observing that, though wedded by law to the decrepid old gentleman at the capital, she was Raphäel's by nature. But time and the weather waxed ungracious to this precious couple, and, notwithstanding they could enjoy an eternity of happiness in a single moment, the sad truth came at last, that they must part. This fact weighed heavily during a ride on the lake, whereat Julie, in a fit of "heaven sickness," languishingly exclaimed, "LET US DIE!" Raphäel attempted to comply with this benevolent injunction, and had actually lashed her with boat-ropes to his side, preparatory to taking a dive in the blue water, when she fainted with bliss, and the scheme was frustrated. It is added, naturally enough, "*we re-crossed the lake and returned home silently and thoughtfully.*"

On her route to Paris, he followed her unperceived, and returned to Savoy without speaking to her, inwardly rejoicing that he had not contaminated himself by making any body's acquaintance. A correspondence ensued, in which Raphäel encountered one severe want—an *ignorance of the language of the skies*. He had conversed with Julie by "CRYING FORTH THE CRY OF HIS SOUL." But the atmosphere, with all its load of love's miasma, would not consent to sound from Savoy to Paris; and in attempting to lash his pen into compliance with the heavenly dialect, he perspired rather freely, and often "opened the window to cool his fevered brow."

In the course of time he paid her a short visit, but want of the needful induced him to return home. Meanwhile Julie descended to the tomb. Her conversion from the religion of nature to that of the cross is thus described in one of her last letters.

"Midnight.

"Raphäel, your prayers have drawn down a blessing from heaven upon me. I thought yesterday of the tree of adoration at St. Cloud, at whose foot *I saw God through your soul*. I have discovered my soul to an old priest, and he has shed on it the love and light of God."

After reading the whole epistle, Raphäel occupied himself for some time in "sobbing without tears;" then, seizing his gun, he dashed out into the mountains, where he heard his name frequently called from heaven by her who had promised to watch over him from above; and for fifteen years he never ceased to believe her presence was with him.

"Here ended Raphäel's first manuscript." And here endeth ours.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SOME one writes to know our politics, very justly remarking that we have *tremendous* influence, which we may wield for the weal or woe of our country. This is what is vulgarly called a "poser," and for a time, threw the editorial corps into confusion. All hopes of a peaceful and happy career passed away; and we found ourselves in what logicians call a dilemma—editors, a predicament. Whiggery stepped into our sanctum, with his hair all sleek and powdered, without invitation swaggered to a chair, and said very coolly, as he was on his way to Washington, he thought he'd call in to enlist us in his service. We had scarcely recovered breath and reconciled the *clashing interest* of our knees, before a feeble knock at the door announced to us the presence of his majesty, democracy. On his phiz might be seen the traces of sorrow—long under lip, stealthy tears, elongated and wan visage. He thus began his harangue:—

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose sins have borne him from the capitol;"—

the other portion was lost "mid sighs and tears." We pitied the latter—

"Scattered to the waves to be
Emblem to others of like destiny"—

and smiled at the folly of the former.

We shall now leave this amiable pair to glory, one in the future, the other in the past, and talk to our *inquisitive* correspondent. We have just this to say to him; we were with the administration at the date of his letter, 4th March, and also we don't approve of writing on Sunday, except—editorials. After that time we declared ourselves, truly and emphatically, what our cotemporaries call *neutral*. Some of our readers of fastidious taste and philosophic turn of mind, may doubt the propriety of the application of this term. But if they will turn, not to Plato, or Hume, but to the Websters from *Noah* to *Daniel*, their doubts will be removed in so voluminous a manner, that they will never afterwards fail to give due and just credit to editors. Now, reader, if you wish to know our reasons for such a course, and no doubt you do, we will give them to you in a manner not unlike the aforesaid. "Silence is the deep fountain of eloquence." Of such we make use in politics. 'Tis useless to talk when passions rule. Words only confuse what otherwise might be clear. True and honest men are bewildered and blinded by excess of light, if empty declamation be worthy of such an epithet.

Silence is the night of excitement, when passions slumber. It gives life and activity to reason, soothes the weary and disappointed, and causes the elated to look back upon the day of turmoil passed, with many a regret for deeds done or forbearance omitted.

"A happy bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree."

However, we'll just keep our hands off of politics; for when Prometheus stole fire from heaven, he burnt his fingers. Our Pegasus spurns such humble flights, but bends his wings for loftier ones, and soars to a purer atmosphere, where Genius, Fancy, and the Immortal Nine hold heavenly converse, far removed from vulgar view. Here our spirits love to while away the passing hour, having shunned the open pathway, which all do tread with sluggish steps. Here refreshing thoughts steal o'er us, fancy paints, and we are lulled by the soft melody of poetic numbers.

There are hours when we listen with rapture to the praises of our fellows. Then we lose our dignity—man's highest prerogative. A feeling of poverty within prompts us to seek riches without. In solitude, nature calls upon us in vain to satiate our thirst, and satisfy her longings, after we know not what,—perhaps the divine,—at the fount she has placed within us. We turn, with regret for our imperfections, to the circle of such beings as ourselves; we cannot call them refined who would poison that which would make them so. 'Tis strange that as civilization advances, true refinement retrogrades. In fact we may say as the arts advance, men become more artificial. Their thoughts, their modes of expression and manners become conventional, so much so that we can scarcely find a trace of that natural ease and eloquent simplicity for which the classic writers are so justly admired.

We feel, on reading some modern authors, a want of intimacy, a sense of estrangement, which the boldest figures and finest flourishes of rhetoric cannot remove. When we read a work free from these faults, we are lavish in our praise, inaccuracies are overlooked, and its appearance affects us as much as the most striking phenomena in nature. We like the calm and gentle earnestness of Channing, and the manly vigor of Macaulay; although we are sensible that by art they have cast off what art has introduced. Men choose the shortest path to glory and to fame. When difficulties arise in one way, with disgust they turn from it, and seek one less arduous. It is only when

“Wearied by sorrow, fear, and doubt,
Oppressed by earthly din,
That turn we from the world without,
To seek the world within.”

Perhaps from these principles we may see why it is we have so few literary men, and so many politicians. Political distinction, comparatively, is so easily obtained, that but few give their attention to letters, and still fewer for the love of them—the true bases of education. We are taught, in childhood, so to value the blessings of liberty, that in maturity we fail to estimate duly the advantages of intellectual culture. We cannot esteem too highly our free institutions,

“Which to our life and land should bring
The blossoms of eternal spring.”

But we are apt to make all things *inferior* to the one great idea of freedom, forgetful of the fact that there is no true freedom unless we can think, feel, and act freely.

Dr. Warren's "Now and Then."—The *London Literary Gazette* contains the following paragraph:—

“Dr. Warren's preface to the third edition of *Now and Then*, states the incredible short time in which this popular production was written, passed through the press, and published, viz: the writing in eighteen days, or rather nights, for the author's professional duties occupy his days; and the printing and publishing within nine days more.”

We are glad to read this; we think that some apology is due the public for having such an inferior production placed before them—and we find it here. We read this

work immediately after the perusal of Tupper's *Crock of Gold*; and we were astonished, not to say disgusted, at the direct *aping*, if we may so speak, of the style and plot of the latter, by the author of *Now and Then*.

We doubt if there be an original idea in the book; and it seems to us that the author fails signally in everything which he brings forward in it. At times he attempts to portray the most powerful emotions; but there is nothing natural—nothing striking in it. Again, his efforts at pathos are positively ridiculous.

Mr. Warren may be—and doubtless is—a good lawyer; but universal geniuses, even in the department of letters, are rare; and we have settled down into the conclusion, that this novel is as much of a failure as Sir E. L. Bulwer's attempt at speech-making in Parliament.

Graham's Magazine for March is on our table, and a good number it is. The contents are rich and varied, and the engravings executed with much taste and spirit. The first, "Christ weeping over Jerusalem," is, we think, superior to anything of the kind which has come under our observation. This periodical is conducted with as much ability, perhaps, as anything of the kind in the country. It is to be found at Erb's.

The Dickinson College Register for 1849.—This beautiful article has at length appeared, "done up" in most superior style. The following is the general summary:—

Law departments	-	-	-	-	9
Resident graduate	-	-	-	-	1
Under graduates,—Seniors	-	-	-	-	26
Juniors	-	-	-	-	34
Sophomores	-	-	-	-	32
Freshmen	-	-	-	-	42
				144	
Preparatory department	-	-	-	-	30
Total	-	-	-	-	174

The Institution is now in as flourishing a state as at any period hitherto.

To Correspondents.—We have some difficulty, in making up a number, to make such selections as will not only please our readers, but also our very accommodating contributors. Sometimes contributions are handed in of merit, equal to those we publish; yet the subject-matter may not be such as to present a pleasing variety.

"The Sleepy Bard" has some merit, but we decline publishing it because we have sufficient verse. The above will also apply to "My Native Place." The authors of other articles we have *conciliated* privately.

MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE first appearance of the Collegian was looked for with solicitude, from the novelty of the undertaking, and again from the interest each felt in its success. As the time for its debut approached, this feeling was strongly manifested. Indeed it grew every day, and we as much expected to be daily saluted with the interrogatory, "has the Collegian come?" as we did to receive the "how d'ye dos" of our particular friends. There was some point in this question, and from being asked ourselves, we began to ask each other, and at length the inquiry reached head-quarters, in the shape of a telegraphic dispatch to the publishers. Being "posted up" on this point, we determined, with our usual sagacity, to suppress all intelligence. Rumor, however, was busy, and when we entered the chapel, on the evening of the eventful day, for the purpose of vesper orisons, a crowd collected in one corner attracted our notice, which, on examination, we found to contain

for its "central idea" an Editor. Apprehensions at first seized us lest he might reveal, but our fears were dissipated by a glance at his phiz, which not even the excitement had stirred from its usual vacancy. After tea, we proceeded at a familiar step down town, and, in order to divert attention, joined a party of gentlemen on the corner, who waited for some one to treat.

It did seem strange that such faithful public servants, who being omnipresent in the aforesaid corner, treat every passer by to some little mark of attention, should stand in need of the same kind office themselves. Feeling no disposition, however, to relieve their wants, but fully sensible that our own mucous membrane needed some stimulant, we fell gently aside, and in a few moments reappeared, breathing forth the pleasant aroma of a delicious "plantation." Conducting ourself thus carelessly, until the coast was clear, we then moved rapidly to the office, and rapping sharply, procured admittance. The freight discharged, we next summoned to our assistance one of the sooty deities of a neighboring cookery, and secured his services by the talismanic aid of a "long bit." Old Ben was the identical individual. We followed close in his wake, and as it rained, kept close to the houses, as well to keep dry as to "keep dark." Our muse broke forth—

The drizzling rain was falling fast
As through the college campus passed
Old Ben, who bore in wrappers nice
A bundle with this "strange device,"
Collegian.

The guardian angel of our precious charge was in hue so like old Erebus, that we were only informed of a halt by a distinct "whew" proceeding from the first section. This aberration corrected, he started on, but at the third section sank down, exhausted by the weight and importance of his burden.

Terrified at this mishap, the words of Julius Cæsar to his timid pilot were on our lips, when we suddenly remembered that Ben was a native of Guinea, and not likely to think it happy, so we fell back to the Anglo Saxon, and exclaimed, in a sympathetic tone, "pick yourself up, old hoss." This tender request aroused him, and this time he reached the room. Then was a time of trial and tribulation. The glare of lights, the shuffle of slippered feet, and the crack of booted heels, then the cry of "give me out my copy," "I'm a subscriber," "it's me," &c., succeed in rapid succession. Accessions to the crowd and the cries multiplied, until a compromise was effected. Each one now being supplied, they first fell greedily to perusing, then to guessing authors, and finally, alas for human nature, to finding fault. In the limbo of college dreams the editors will remember the first advent of the Collegian.

Assault and Battery.—It isn't often that students ride in coach and four "free gratis" in this hospitable country, and as one instance has *actually* occurred in which this was the case, we must not, as historians, fail to record it. We cannot assign any plausible reason for this occurrence, unless it be that the people in these parts are Federalists, and still cherish the *name* of their great leader to such a degree, as to help his nominal successor "on his way rejoicing." Our hero, like his prototype, was engaged in the benevolent act of ridding the country of nuisances, such as dogs, not Aaron Burrs, when he was carried in coach and four, with an escort of Dutchmen to the executive, to receive the reward of his gracious undertakings. Such was the patriotism shown on the occasion, that his host would not part with him, until he received a memorial in the shape of 100—50—25 cts.

The Soiree.—"Delightful," we exclaimed, as we left this scene of pleasure and pretty girls. In fact it was *very* delicious in every respect, but more especially so was the neat performance of "Joys that we've tasted," and that charming *duetto*, the "Wrecker's Daughter"—which was the only thing that inspired us with sufficient courage to enter; but we are now convinced that it was the Syren's strain; for no sooner had we yielded to the allurements, than we found ourselves in a den of thieves! In confirmation whereof, we allege that our heart was stolen (!) by one who was apparently the most innocent "amongst them a"—and that, too, without our becoming virtually conscious of the theft, until we had left. It went prodigiously hard with us to leave—it did indeed; and as we saw all the ladies so very modest, or rather *retiring*, we mentally exclaimed:—

"If we could grasp Time's fickle wings,
We'd ——" play the mischief with 'em.

(We ask the reader's pardon for filling up this last line, but we've really forgotten the latter clause of the original). We enjoyed ourselves very much at this Soiree—though we *did* get some one else's hat, and some one else *did* get ours from the huge pile where they were all promiscuously heaped, as when the odd-fellows cast in their gloves at the funeral of a brother!

Chapel Stage.—Ladies don't know what they miss when they neglect to attend the chapel, on Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock—but the speakers do!