

Dickinson College Archives & Special Collections

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

Documents Online

Title: *Collegian* (Vol. 1, No. 3)

Date: May 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. III.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.
MAY,
1849.

THE COLLEGIAN.

THE WORLD IS AS WE MAKE IT.

WE often hear it said that it is a sad thing to go out into such a world as this around us. Not that youth is prone to such reflections, for it is the crowning glory of our early days, that all their joys come up to the eye of youthful fancy, as though touched by the wand of immortality. But there are instructors, who, standing by us and looking out upon the world, can see nothing but danger and distress. They see the great machines of human contrivance for aggrandizement, riches, power lying scattered and broken, amidst abortive schemes, blasted hopes, and ruined enterprises. They see youth go forth, as they tell us, with all the courage of inexperience, to meet a world, where his bright hopes will all perish in their beginning; where his bounding heart will be chilled in the cold tide of misfortune; where he must sink under treachery and wrong, or if he survive the wasting journey, indifference itself must weep for the change,

“When ’rest of all yon widowed sire appears,
A lonely hermit in the vale of years.”

They look with a pitying eye upon the misfortunes of humanity, they lift the warning voice; and as year after year the ties that bind them to us are severed, they fail not to caution and to warn each adventurer that goes out from college walls. And there are many in the world who think that life must be endured and not enjoyed, that there is a fixed fatality of evil overshadowing all who enter it, which may be fought against, but never counteracted.

It may be hazardous to differ so widely with many who are good and great, but we believe that each man makes his own world. We see that there is no fatality of evil so fixed that a man may not make it worse, or any ordained happiness so great but that it may be made greater. And we think that the reward is not assigned to the man but to the labor. The idle man may by his own negligence be compelled to make his bed in wretchedness, while the poor by frugality may secure the comforts of life. And we do not think it to be the world's fault, that the doer of the wrong does not, like the good

man, tread a path of happiness and joy, but that he has overarched himself with a frowning sky, and planted with his own hand the thorns that vex and annoy him.

Bonaparte made his way to power. When he stood amidst the gorgeous scenes in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, though the Pope was there to consecrate the day, no Pope must make him Emperor; he placed the crown on his own head. Glory had not been laid up for him, he made the mountain upon which he sat, mined the gold of his throne with his own hand, and his only sceptre was the gleaming sword, with which he carved out his sovereignty.

There are some who work out for themselves a darker destiny, who shut up the fountains of the heart and make it their life to despair and to hate. What an awful world such a man makes for himself! It will return his hate as heartily as it is given, and measure scorn for scorn. He may fight on for years, but at last when every spring of hope is dried, every fond affection perished, every light gone down in dreadful gloom, he will be found by the wayside of life, with quenched spirit and shattered frame, a suicide.

Such spirits man may conjure up, but they will not down at his bidding.

It may be well to reflect upon the ills of life, but it cannot be well to brood over them. The seasons of the mind, like those of earth, must not all be winter. As well might there be all decay with no renewed supply for it to act upon. Soon there would be no flower to be chilled by the frost, and no leaf to grow sear. So would the mind, without the light of hope, consume its very essence in repining, and sink into a dark mornless night. For it is possible to dwell upon dark scenes and fancies till the whole soul is dark and the light of hope extinguished. Thus "all that we enjoy and much that we suffer, is placed under our own control." Let man have the eye that never quails, and the heart that never wavers. When clouds and darkness are about us, let a good conscience make a sunshine in the heart, it will cheer us there, and radiate in joy and gladness to life's remotest destiny: the world will seem to be lit up with a new brilliancy, and our fellow men appear not half as bad as we thought them to be.



REFLECTIONS ON THE COATS-OF-ARMS OF THE STATES.

A FEW days ago, whilst looking upon the coats-of-arms of the different States, the question arose in my mind, what gave each its peculiar charm, and the whole their harmony? This at once suggested a series of reflections, which were alternately pleasing and displeasing—these terms are too tame to express the intensity of them: the distance would be so slight that we would pass from one to the other almost unconsciously. Not so with our reflections: so great is the difference between them, that, secure on one side, I tremble

to reach the boundary of the opposite, and touch its shores. I gazed long and intently upon the noble fabric of our government, affording happiness to a free people. Again, in conception, I looked upon it prostrate, its energies dead, the labors and efforts of many great men made abortive by the vices of their posterity. *Profecto virtus atque sapientia major in illis fuit, qui ex parvis opibus tantum imperium fecêre, quam in nobis, qui bene parta vic retinemus.* How degrading to confess one's faults, and yet how proper when necessity calls for it. 'Tis thus alone we can retain our republic, by being sensible of our errors, by asking whether others failed, or succeeded in such and such a course; *not* by prating about liberty, and trusting to an abstract principle, listless and inactive ourselves.

But I wander; our native pride and national feeling prompt us to look well to the interests of our country; and when we speak of her, the mind involuntarily dwells upon her prosperity, or trembles for fear of failure.

In inquiring into the cause or source of some emblem, or signet, we first look to the individual: we ask what warlike chieftain, or patriot statesman first gave impress and signification to them: with them we associate "deeds of valor done," or the sacrifice of a noble soul to the cause of liberty and truth. The imagination paints a thousand images which recall to our memory scenes of baronial times, of the Crusades, and the gaudy yet imposing show of their heroes.

Next we turn to clubs and parties, which were employed in defence of some principle, rendered dear to them by suffering or victory—for both unite human hearts more closely than kindred blood. Here our minds revert to the Jacobin, the Mountain, the Gironde, of the French Revolution, to the Whig and Tory of our own. We may pause here to mark and observe the influence of their *insignia* upon the populace. But let the cockade of the American patriot appear in some public place, and shouts for freedom "cleave the liquid air;" it seemed to inspire them with such confidence in their and our cause, as to make them regardless of all reverses; they trusted to the majesty of right and were successful. This devotion to a *sign* is in accordance with the principles of human nature, set forth by the actions of men. *The thing signified*, in time of excitement, is associated and blended with the sign.

But it is worthy of remark that there is nothing enduring in "fascés" which are adopted on such occasions; when the excitement has passed which gave rise to them, they live only in the memory of the participants in such scenes, and become the synonyms to children of their fathers' greatness. Doubtless the reason of the strong attachment to the badge of a club, or party, is because of its medium generality. It presents itself to men, not as the rallying-sign of an individual—then all but one would be excluded from privileges attendant upon its use; not as a token of fidelity to all men—then no one could call it his own, and no one would be left to praise or censure the support of it. Men, like slaves, become careless when the

popular voice, their master, is silent. But when the world looks on, they cherish their faith as their being.

Continuing the generalization, we come to the *insignia* of nations and states: and here the questions which first proposed themselves to me, again arise in my mind. Their isolation, so to speak, from all historical incidents, the want of fabulous legends, and the exclusion of the individual, call for deeper and more mature study than the classification of such as I have mentioned—the study of shades of character. We speak of Grecian and Roman emblems and inscriptions as though all others were inferior: in romance this is true, but not in philosophy; theirs were founded in fables, ours in the hearts of our countrymen. When events and fables fail us, we look to something higher, to things unwritten save in the “eternal mind.” The only resort remaining to discover the origin and fitness of the coat-of-arms of each State, is in the genius of its people, not a part, a majority, but the whole. Then casting aside all accidental circumstances, we arrive at something fixed and substantial. In this light we look upon the coats-of-arms of any State as a mirror, in which may be traced the feelings, thoughts, and characteristics of that State; hence the charm of each, and the harmonious commingling of the whole. Virginia well sets forth her character when she places her foot upon the tyrant’s neck, and cries “*Sic semper tyrannis.*” How comprehensive and beautiful! It records her history and breathes forth her noble sentiments. We read at one glance her bold and patriotic exertions during the Revolution, and admire the *civium morem atque legem* of her after days.

The even course of Maryland, from her organization as a State to the present day, justly entitles her to her coat-of-arms. She has never been found wanting to do her duty; and justice has always presided in her deliberations. The temple of Georgia, calm yet severe, represents her firm and inflexible faith to the Constitution, and opposition to tyranny. We love to gaze upon it, because of the idea of the loftiness and grandeur of human nature it conveys to us. I would continue my journeyings throughout the States, but too long a tour makes us weary and wish we had never set out.

THE LAST PAGE FROM MY JOURNAL.

“*Nemo sapit omnibus horis.*”

April 1st, 1849.—A bright and lovely Sunday morning! The genial rays of the sun smile through the window. But notwithstanding the sweet serenity of nature—I shudder! I would not tell why, and yet I *must*; for a journal to be of any worth, must be truthful.

It was one year ago, that I was sitting clasped in the arms of this old and tried friend, my rocking chair, and lost to everything around, save that most

admirable production of Mr. Dickens,' "Master Humphrey's Clock:." I recollect distinctly, I was reading where the convalescent Swiveller awakes from his slumber, and views with astonishment the Marchioness playing "cribbage" with herself. I'm quite sure he could never have been more startled than was I, on seeing a being somewhat of the same description,—I afterward concluded she was an evil spirit,—enter, and having presented me with a card, vanish. The card was "done up" in the neatest style imaginable, and solicited my company that very night at Mrs. Foolem's. Now I was well enough pleased at this, for Sarah and Ann Foolem were universally regarded as the nicest belles in the neighborhood, and considerable "specs" withal. I was also the more elated, because I was assured by two of the greatest lady's men in College, that they felt themselves very much slighted, at not being "bidden"—especially as report confirmed, what the fineness of the card indicated, that it was to be a prodigious "blow out."

Scarcely had that brilliant luminary, which smiles equally on deeds of virtue and infamy, to which the heathen do homage, as unto a glorious God, lifted to its face the veil of vermilion; *Anglicè*, scarcely had the sun set, when I bolted my door, and set about making preparations for the evening; and as the town-clock struck seven, I sallied forth in my very best apparel, with a half bottle of Eau de Cologne on my handkerchief, and as much pomatum on my head; (and here I may observe *en parenthèse*, that my friend Jenkins said I looked as if I were just out of a band-box, and my neighbor Gasaway said that I was like unto a strong man about to run a race;—the fact was, I was destined to get *into* a box, and likewise to run a race!) It did not take me long to reach the house, nor as long to jerk the door-bell—which, if I had attended to it properly, would doubtless have sounded as the knell of the curfew. The door was opened by a maid-servant, who on seeing me, started back; now I didn't know the reason for this—couldn't divine it; perhaps the scent of the pomatum came near knocking her down, perhaps she smelt a rat—if so, it's more than I did. Whatever was the cause, certain it is she started back, and it would have been well for me had I done the same; on the contrary, I went in, threw off my cloak, and entered the parlor—but oh scissors! what did I see! Why the old lady and her two daughters sitting in their usual dress, one of the latter writing, and the other sewing! the room presenting about as much appearance of a "blow out," as my own room, No—!! A bewildering and death-like chill crept over me, as I peered about the room, to see if it was really the widow Foolem's parlor—alas, it was even so—half-past seven, and no guests! I was aroused from a state of insensibility by the noise of a bell, not however of the door bell, as I had fondly hoped, but of the supper bell!! I would feign have drawn a curtain over this scene; I excused myself from attending the table, more by keeping my seat than by words,—for they were inarticulate. I will not attempt to describe my emotions during their absence at the supper table; I recollect, however, peering about the room stu-

pidly—and finally resting my vacant gaze upon the piece of paper, on which Miss Ann Foolem had been writing——

Probably no emotion of our nature has been met with so great a degree of unmerited censure, as curiosity. Men seem disposed to obliviousness of the divers good inventions, &c., arising therefrom; and invariably in this case seem to possess the greatest disinclination to judge of the tree by its fruits. You may prate about Eve's curiosity entailing death on our race—but don't tell me;—Was not Eve assured on the authority of Monsieur Diable, (the devil's a Frenchman,) that by eating the apple, she would be a more sensible woman?—and is not desire for knowledge praiseworthy? I have said this as a sort of apology for what men would call a mean action; charity, then, will consider this, in connection with my terrible circumstances, a sufficient excuse for my reading Miss Ann's manuscript; it ran thus:—

April 1st, 1848.

“Dear Cousin:—As I have nothing to do this evening, I think I'll write to you, as a recompense for the *April fool* I sent you——.” “Good God!” I exclaimed, as I rushed out of the room; as I passed through the hall, the servants giggled immensely, as did the ladies who were just returning from supper; as I rushed out of the front door, my cloak caught in the door-bell handle, and it set a giggling too. In the madness of desperation, I ran forth with a duett of laughter pealing from Mrs. Foolem's parlor. When I reached my room, breathless, I found therein half of the College waiting to see the fun!——

* * * * *

This is a beautiful day—yet I can't help wishing it over. I have just taken a nap, and had a dream;—Methought I was going along the street, and perceiving a neatly folded piece of paper, I picked it up; it was Ann Foolem's letter containing my invitation card! Just then a corps of fiends cried and yelled—“April fool,” “April f-o-o-l.” Oh, I *do* wish it was Monday!



THE INDIAN MAIDEN.

O WEAVE me a wreath of the cypress and myrtle,
And bury me under the lone willow tree;
Where the soft plaintive coo of the heart-broken turtle,
While mourning its fellow, my death dirge shall be.

Then a pillow of roses and lilies entwine,
And gently upon it repose my cold head;
And over my bosom plant some unfading vine,
Whose sweet charm in winter will cheer my lone bed.

Then softly I'll sleep 'neath my own cherished willow,
 And sweetly I'll dream as the zephyr sweeps o'er;
 That leaves a soft kiss on my moss-covered pillow,
 And sighs on the spot it can visit no more.

I'll dream of each glen in the haunts of my childhood,
 And fancy each flower is blooming there still;
 Again will I roam through my own native wildwood,
 And visit each seat by the murmuring rill.

Each vine-covered arbor in my childhood entwined,
 Whose sweet, balmy fragrance around me was shed;
 Where oft in its shadow I have gently reclined,
 I still in the garb of a spirit will tread.



PHILOSOPHY OF FASHION.

A FRAGMENT.

It has of late become quite fashionable for us to turn up our noses at all earthly potentates, in general; and at the King of the French and Pope Pius, or rather "them as *was* the King and Pope," in particular. But perhaps some of our fashionable readers would be pleased to know what was the cut of Louis Philippe's coat, on the event of his taking French leave of his constituents. We can assure such, that he made his appearance, or disappearance rather, on that occasion—not in a coat of tar and feathers—but in one with a skirt perpendicular to his body,—in fine, he made quite a straight coat-tail of it. Now, fashion had no sooner frowned the French king from his throne, than she assumed the sceptre herself; and now rules with much more severity than ever did he,—and with many more devotees than ever had he! At every heaving of her bare bosom—at every rustle of her flounces—at every glittering of her bracelet,—the world falls prostrate, and cries out, "great is fashion of the Parisians!"

It's very strange—no it isn't either; we were about to say that it was very strange, to what extent fashion was being carried in our own midst, but very justly interrupted ourselves, and said, it wasn't strange at all! *fallacia alia aliam trudit*. It is very fashionable just now to talk a vast deal about "my liege"—or better *mileage*—Horace Greeley. On our honor, we haven't looked into a paper of any description for the last six months, which hath not had a peck of some sort at this notorious individual—we haven't in honest truth! The Daily *Herald* will prate enviously about the "Demagogue in Congress,"—whilst the Weekly *Hoosier* and Democratic *Sucker* will "copy off" with marvelous gusto!

Taylorism is likewise now all the rage. The office seeker, who was perhaps too much indisposed to attend the polls on the 7th of November, will now come boldly forth; and, cutting a fashionable coat "according to his cloth," huzza bravely for old Zac, against whom he never had voted, nor ever would!

We can conceive of no one so vile, so absolutely abandoned, as he who would consent under any circumstances, to walk ruthlessly and deliberately in our midst, with his collar turned down, or his hat sitting straight on his head. Surely, there is no more infallible sign whereby to form an accurate judgment of one's piety or gentility, than by the cut of his coat—none at all! The New York b'hoy knows that Lamartine is a great man, simply from his "de-e-vil-ish foine vest pattern;" and the whole world couldn't convince him that Guizot wasn't the smartest chap in Europe—for every wrinkle in his scarf proclaims the fact!

As Mantilini saith, "'Tis a demnition fine thing," is this fashion; whereunto shall it be likened? To the mermaid on the cupola which shrieks and screams, and cuts a thousand little fashionable pranks at every visit from Mr. Boreas, or any of the rest of the Æolian gentry; who, regardless of her age, hath yet sufficient brass to present a bright exterior, and ever changes with the wind of fashion.

EPIDEMIC SYMPATHY.

SYMPATHY among a people, begets a unity in their actions. It is a principle which determines to a great extent, the life and fortunes of the individual, and ranging wider, enters into the life of nations, and strengthens the sinews of their power; its absence paves the way for disunion and discord. This harmony of sentiment gives a quicker throb to a nation's pulse, a mightier energy to its movements. When heart beats with heart for the accomplishment of an object, there is a gathering of power, which, in its onward course, becomes almost resistless.

The times have been, when the ruled had nothing at their disposal, but physical force; no choice, but that of unconditional submission, or punishment. The times are changing. A consciousness of political importance has arisen among the people, which has shaken thrones of royalty, and there is no arm strong enough to stay their shaking. And now, especially among us, it is felt that each one in his civil capacity is a unit, not a mere cipher. This truth having been received by the public mind, will work out its legitimate results, despite the efforts of tyrants, and the selfishly ambitious; and why? The people sympathize with each other in regard to their rights, and wo betide him who would cross the path of a people contending heart and

hand for liberty, the thought of which sends a sympathetic thrill through every bosom.

Epidemic sympathy is the wire that the selfish politician pulls, to bring into play his puppet figures of personal interest; and he is but

"The frothy orator who busks his tales
In quackish pomp of noisy words."

It is the wheels of the political chariot which very accommodatingly conveys its passengers to the office of the "'Squire," or to the White House." It is the string of concord, which, if touched, evokes a spell that raises to, or hurls from, the pinnacle of power. This sympathy can convert a listless throng to an interested one; can stir a fever in a nation's blood; can make men heroes in any strife.

An agreement in views and feelings pervaded the legions of Satan,

—————"whom the Almighty power
Hurled headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,"

when, in building the capitol for the empire of darkness, some mined the burning mountain for gold, others refined the dug-out ore, and multitudes set themselves to forming the pillars, the architrave sculptured in gold, and the lofty dome with its richly wrought fret-work. The sameness of awakened thought and interested feeling, caused such activity among those glory-dimmed angels, that within the brief space of an hour there arose the well-built council hall, Pandemonium; its vast interior lighted up with terrible splendor, by lamps hung on magic chords.

—————"Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo such magnificence
Equalled in all their glories."

The Crusades afford evidences of its might and influence. Peter the Hermit spoke of the Saviour's tomb desecrated by the tread of infidels; of sacred places despoiled, or wasting beneath the shadow of the crescent; of pilgrims insulted and slain; and murmurs of sympathy were everywhere heard. He summoned Europe to the rescue of Jerusalem, that cradle of Christianity, from the Turkish sway. Peasant and prince were aroused. Soul burned with soul, for the release of the city of peace, for the restoration of places made sacred by a Saviour's footsteps. Responsive to the call of the shaven-pated hermit, Europe prepared for action. Fanaticism added fresh vigor to Europe's mighty heart, throbbing with awakened energy. The lively children of the south united with the more meditative sons of the north. The titled warriors now thought to realize their visions of oriental glory; the criminals to atone for their crimes; and all bore the symbol of the cross, as the sure passport to heaven. Excitement's lurid glare lighted up the way of the almost countless thousands sympathizing with each other, for the deliverance of the Holy City. The watchword and battle cry, "It is the will of God," found ready echoes in every heart.

What moved these tides of warring life, which in their reflux, were so richly freighted with blessings for humanity? Their eyes beheld, and their hearts desired the same object. It was an epidemic sympathy, which looks for a nation both good and evil; which strengthens, and even forms, the bonds of friendship, and directs into a common channel, the otherwise clashing affairs of men. It is a principle that holds wide sway in the world.

LINES,

COMPOSED WHILE WALKING ONE EVENING AMONG THE SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

MY native hills and vales ! once more
 Your lovely aspect meets my view,
 While walking here, as oft before,
 Beneath the deep Cærulean blue.

Thy face, O Nature ! lovely is !—
 O spring ! thy breath surpassing sweet !
 A cold, unfeeling heart is his,
 Who ne'er exults thy approach to greet.

I oft have hailed thy kind return,
 Thou virgin season of the year ;
 And, joyous, seen the tree and fern,
 Exulting, smile when thou wert near.

How lovely, to my childlike sight,
 Appeared this well remembered scene !
 How heaved my breast with pure delight,
 Beholding Nature's vernal green !

Ye haunts of boyhood's early hours,
 I know ye sure were lovely then ;
 And oh ! how like of old, your bowers,
 As now I see them once again !

In sportive gambols here I've passed
 The purest hours of life's calm spring,
 When smoothly fled the years and fast,
 Nor swifter than the joys they bring.

How pleasant now, since time has fled,
 To view the scenes of early life,
 When every moment, as it sped,
 With peace and innocence was rife !

How sweet—as now descends the sun,
So calm and glorious as of yore,
Rejoicing that his race is run,
And on the earth his beams doth pour—

How sweet—since spring nor flowers remain,
But ere they scarce have bloomed, decay,
To view the spot we loved to name,
Ere like them, we too, pass away!

Here, by my side, the purling rill
Still gaily dashes by so clear,
And yet the heart that grief doth fill,
It striveth well with songs to cheer.

Above me, on the cypress tree,
Sits undisturbed the pensive dove,
And as the moments swiftly flee,
She sweetly sings her song of love.

Oh, fain I still would linger here—
But evening's shades come on apace,
As to his rest the sun draws near,
And I must now my steps retrace.

Farewell! thou spot to mem'ry dear!
Farewell! thou emblem of the past!
Bright bloom thy beauties ever here,
While earth's revolving years shall last.



LAST VERSES OF VOLTAIRE.

(DICTATED MAY 29, 1778, THE DAY BEFORE HIS DEATH.)

Translated from the French.

Whilst I have lived to frightened fools, mankind
Has seen me boldly dare to speak my mind;
In death's dark realm my thoughts I'll still declare,
And prejudices heal, if spirits have them there.

[A witty correspondent of the *Courier des États Unis* writes the following *jeu d'esprit*, which we have thought proper to lay before the readers of the Collegian. As it is the first line of French which the translator has ever attempted, he has naturally failed, in some instances, to give the full humor of the original.—Ed.]

MONEY.

Quousque tandem abutere, republica, nostra pecunia? It is thus, at least I imagine so, Cicero would have commenced a series of funeral orations, having for a title "Money." Money! Money if you please! Money for the love of God! Money for the love of money! This alone resounds incessantly in my ears. Alas! why so? Has the thing become a none-such, proverbial, a mere hypothesis, an impossibility? One would certainly suppose as much from its rarity. Horace, the immortal Horace, says,

"O cives, cives! quærenda pecunia primum est,"

which, being interpreted, goeth to say: Oh, my dear fellow citizens, above all else put money in your pockets! Hurrah for money! which gives us our purple, our ornaments, our joyous entertainments, and procures for us those enchanting damsels of Suburran notoriety! Money! which allows us to say to the beggar, "Here, take this purse, dine as Lucullus, and get drunk with the priests of Jove! drink my health"—so true it is that Horace was a socialist; every one is, in his own way.

There are some ultra republicans, who persistingly see in silver a corrupting metal, whose importance monarchical prejudices have exaggerated, and the total suppression whereof is demanded by the interests of virtue; but, nevertheless, these personages have by no means *despised* the seducing coin; the state treasury has more than once felt their tender caresses since their acquaintance with the same, and I'm inclined to think that they slander money with pretty much the same *spirit* as drunken folks abuse the wine, of which they are unable to drink more; and I would furthermore submit to these gentlemen whether this austere language doesn't slightly resemble the hypocritical morality of Seneca; the philosopher who, being possessor of *fifty-nine millions*, which immense sum he had amassed during three years of ministry, wrote on tablets of great value his work entitled "*The Contempt of Riches.*"

How! does money prevent virtue or chastity? As for that matter France is now well nigh canonized. Oh no, money is not as pernicious as it is represented to be. What period can boast more as regards morals and decency, or lay more claim to a character for honesty, candor, and especially the absence of all political and social prejudices? What generation has seen more churches and fewer revolutions, or has distributed more of the Monthyon premiums, and at the same time has known less of police officers?

What period so happy as that wherein Saturn was declared by acclamation the President of the Italian Republic? (!) and yet this is called, as that, the *golden age!* which proves, as clear as daylight—whose existence Mons. Proudhon hath not as yet contested, thank God—that gold was thought of even in *that* model period, in which they practiced virtue so much more readily than in this coarse epoch of ours, which is stigmatized as the age of *brass*. I will permit you to deny the existence of the sun, or would excuse your rigorously denying the philosophical theories of M. Pierre Leroux; I wouldn't prevent your questioning the universal good resulting from the *harmonies* of Fourier; the bliss enjoyed by the inhabitants of Icaria; the eloquence of Caussidière; the pacific intentions of the house of Raspail, Barbes, and Co., whose social reason has *not* been demonstrated to me; any or all of these truths I would allow you to handle without gloves, even though they were axioms; but as for money—stop there!—you shall not touch it. I shall plead its cause *pro* and *con* with the same disinterestedness with which Monsieur Lachard plead the case of a certain defendant, whose acquitment was not of so much pecuniary profit to him, as the honor of his appearing an able advocate, and at the same time making it an occasion of charity to a poor indigent devil. Yes, I will defend money and prove the falsity of the proverb—*The absent are always wrong*.

Money and I never meet, unless by some strange fortuity, but instead of revenging myself thereon for its prolonged absence from my purse, I promise it my perpetual esteem, and quite a hospitable reception, if the fancy should ever seize it to come and take up its abode with me. Alas! the only consolation I can afford myself for its contempt and abandonment, is by the reflection that I'm not the only one thus neglected. If the general complaint is to be heeded, silver has become more invisible than ever, and gold—umph! One *never* sees it, unless it be in the boxes of the money changers. If things go on at this rate, in a few years we can find it only as the choicest specimen in some mineralogical collection, with an inscription of this kind:—

SPECIMEN OF GOLD DISCOVERED IN THE ENVIRONS OF PROUDHONVILLE
IN 2020.

And further down we may read the following notice:—

“Persons visiting this cabinet are *particularly* requested to respect, in the interest of science, this curious piece; which is the more valuable, as it will be impossible to replace it.”

And, in all probability, we may read below, the following historic note:—

“This gold abounded formerly. It procured, it is said, that which constituted the happiness of life; and men put themselves to incredible trouble for its acquisition, for without it they conceived happiness *must* be incomplete. But gold lost in one day its value and importance. Its possession became a positive danger in that famous epoch, when the false republic of the veritable *Thor* was proclaimed in France, and recognized in the five

divisions of the Globe. The *cosmo-social* assembly determined, on the proposition of the *cosmo-citizen*, M. Proudhon, the abolition of all proprietorship, and moneyed aristocracy. One piece of gold found on some person sufficed to stamp on him the flagrant vice of plutocracy, (!) a crime prohibited by the article 18,952 of the Universal Code, the punishment whereof varies from five to ten years in the workhouse. Finally, however, the last traces of this mineral were effaced which so compromised the virtue of its possessors."

What would happen if by some misfortune a mineralogist of the school of M. Proudhon should set foot in this cabinet? I shudder to think of it! The precious specimen would vanish, and soon be numbered amongst the things that were. One would then read in works on chemistry:—"Gold WAS a simple substance, a very bright metal, very ductile, unchangeable to the eye, etc. etc." Troja fuit!

You would be delighted recurring on the wings of imagination to this remote period. What wise books have been written on gold! What learned commentaries! What ingenious discussions! What curious *theses* produced relative to this material! They will be divided into two classes. One part bearing the name "*les OR-alists*," will support the anterior existence of the metal in question, whilst the other, designated "*les contre-OR-alists*," will deny its existence, and allege its fabulousness. Perhaps these last, at the end of their arguments, may append a passage from *Robert le Diable*, which they will cite as authority, and even have the boldness to form the following syllogism.

Gold is a chimera;
A chimera never existed;
Therefore, gold never existed.

But why the mischief should I allow myself to be carried away by this hypothesis? That which is sadly true in all this foolishness, is, that without being reduced to this fossil state, money has become singularly rarefied. Economy is the order of the day. And what economy—ye gods! that which extends over the least things, and gnaws everything; which regards wax-candles as a luxury, since a person may burn tallow; tea as useless, and coffee unhealthy at the approach of the cholera; which modestly refuses all, and thinks 'twere better if all the filth in Paris were picked up; an economy which never buys silk, velvet, or lace, but makes it a point to dress in printed calicoes, and merinos; bah! this is enough for one Republic; an economy which renounces all arts, music, theatres, and light literature, prose and verse, etc.

These are the pretexts. You have your pockets filled with money. You have not, however, received the rent of your farms, and have hastily lost your situation and the fruit of twenty years' labor, perhaps, unless you are an old functionary. You are not a sufficiently good republican to figure the finances, or write in the cabinet, for there you'll have nothing but customers and commands; but if you fail, notwithstanding, to pay your imposts, the

proprietor and deputy will immediately discover you as one of the aristocracy, the reactioners, the examiners ; then you'll see your money caught at ; you're rich, and in consequence it's quite a *catch!* Oh, how the poor are rich, and the rich are poor, in this time in which we live ! The Blouse bears envy to the Cloak, which is really wrong. The Blouse, which has never reached revolutions, which finds everywhere—whatever to the contrary—bread and work, doesn't know the grief and misery which the Cloak bears within its folds. Nor does it know how much it is elbowed by the Coats, which say to it—clear out ! They lose more than they gain by the change.

ON RECEIVING A WATCHGUARD FROM A LADY.

THE Parcæ are three mythologic dames ;
 Lachesis, Clotho, Atropos, their names.
 Clotho a distaff holds, from which is spun
 The thread of life by Lachesis ; this done,
 Sad Atropos, in sable vesture, stands
 To clip the thread, with scissors in her hands.

Oh, what transcendent spinsters ! spinning still
 The varied filaments of good and ill !
 Here golden hope, brown melancholy there,
 White peace, red war, dun sorrow, black despair ;
 All particolored shades of weal and woe,
 All forms of joy and grief the fibres show.
 Trembling with hope and fear, I gazed to see
 What fate the busy dames would spin for me.

Behold ! a blithesome maid comes tripping by,
 Song in her voice, and laughter in her eye ;
 Beside those shriveled termagants she seems
 Fair as Diana in Endymion's dreams.
 Is she my guardian sprite from fairy land ?
 And what that slender texture in her hand ?
 Entranced I saw her on the distaff place
 That braid, that might Apollo's bosom grace.
 " Good dames," she said, " my fingers this have wrought
 For a dull fellow, who my friendship sought ;
 Be kind, and in his sombre life-thread twine
 The brighter colors of this work of mine."

THE GERMANS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THERE are no people within the bounds of our country, so peculiar, and so distinct from all others as the Germans of Pennsylvania. Being among the first inhabitants of the State, they have given a tone to its general character, and although mingled with the descendants of nearly every other European nation, they remain to this day a distinct and peculiar race. An iron wall of partition, rarely broken down by intermarriage, or familiar intercourse, stands between them and the offspring of other races; and to this is owing, in a great measure, that slowness of progress which so distinctively marks them.

The restless ambition of the Grand Monarque, and the horrible cruelty of Turenne, converted the beautiful valley of the Rhine into a smoking desert, and the wretched peasantry of the Palatinate fled from their desolated firesides to seek a more hospitable home in the forests of Pennsylvania.

The greater part of them landed in America stripped of their all, and dependent for the bare necessaries of life upon their own exertions. Many were sold to defray the expenses of their passage, and the rest went forth, with nothing but the woodman's axe, to earn a subsistence amid the deep forests of the Schuylkill and the Susquehanna.

They were ignorant and superstitious, and brought with them the wild legends and superstitious rites of their fatherland. The spirits of the Hartz mountains and the genii of the Black Forest were transferred to the woods of Pennsylvania, and the same unearthly visitants which haunted the old castles of the Rhine, continued their gambols in some deserted cabin on the banks of the Susquehanna.

The Germans of this State have been but little changed by time, so far as regards the general character of the race. They have, it is true, made some progress; and many of the distinguished men of Pennsylvania trace back their descent to German origin; yet these are but solitary cases, and, considered as a body, they have been far outstripped by the other races. In manners and customs, and too often in ignorance and superstition, they are the same as when they first crossed the Atlantic. In the darker and more unfrequented districts, the horse-shoe is yet nailed above the door—a sure preventive against the presence of some troublesome “spook”—the ancient and mysterious Black Art is yet secretly practiced, and other ceremonies, relics of Pagan or Romish superstition, are still in vogue.

Rough in their manners, and plain in their appearance, they nevertheless conceal within this uncouth exterior a warm hospitality, and the stranger is seldom turned from the threshold of a German farmer. Having for the most part, by dint of hard labor and perseverance, attained to competence, they yet retain those habits of economy and industry by which they have

risen. Seated by his blazing fireside, with plenty of apples and hard cider, the honest "Dutchman" enjoys his condition with gusto, and perfectly contented with his lot, he is happy in his own ignorance; and firmly believing that the earth is flat, and that the sun, moon and stars, move around it every day, caring for nothing save the cultivation of his own farm, he lives and dies as his fathers did before him.

A LEAF FROM MY HISTORY.

The leaves of the forest shall blossom again,
And the song bird shall carol a soul thrilling strain,
But the lost one whose beauty I used to adore,
To my heart seems to murmur, "No more—never more!"

It is midnight. The hollow winds are sighing around me. The storm rages wildly without. Not a single star breaks through the gloomy veil that curtains the heavens. All is dark, and drear and miserable. This night and this equinoctial storm are to the year what the occurrence I am about to relate was in my history.

I have loved once, and only once. I was just about seventeen when I met Elmira N——. It was at a pic-nic. As I had just returned from college a Junior, I was of course expected to pay some attention to the ladies, for all of them seem to think, when a youngster has rubbed his back against a college wall, he is admirably suited for a gallant. They are quite in the wrong here, however, for nearly every young man leaves college ruder, and less fitted to shine in female society than he was, when first loosed from his mamma's apron strings.

But to my story. The place in which we were assembled, was a small promontory that jutted out into the bright waters of the Chesapeake. On one hand the bank rose like a miniature cliff, to the height of some fifteen or twenty feet, whilst on the other it sloped gently downward to the water's very edge. Above us towered huge oaks that had defied the storms of centuries, their branches lapped and interlapped so closely, that the sunbeams seemed to seek in vain for an entrance. The earth was covered with a carpet of green, soft to the tread as velvet. It was a beautiful spot, almost lovely enough to tempt one to think the general curse had never fallen there. We danced and sported here the live-long day, and the shadows of a beautiful moonlight evening were closing fast around us, ere we dreamed of separating. Just when we were about starting, some of us mounted, and some of us rein in hand, we heard the first notes of a song; the voice was clear and melodious, yet full and strong. Looking out upon the bay, we saw a light schooner skimming along graceful as some ocean bird; the vessel was instantly recognized, and the person at helm, a fine manly slave belonging to Mr. N——, was the singer. I always loved music; and have often felt its

power, but though years have passed away, though I have since listened to many a well-tuned voice, I have never heard that song equaled; I remember, it seems to me, almost every modulation of the singer's voice. The song was Highland Mary, the sweetest, in my humble opinion, the inimitable Burns ever wrote.

Some moments after the last echo had died away inland, I was startled from a dreamy reverie by a softly whispered exclamation, "how beautiful!" and this called me back from a world of fancy, to a scene scarce less pleasing. I assisted my fair companion in mounting; away we went side by side, through that brave old forest which skirted the bay shore. Who shall say it was strange that on such a night, mid such scenes, with such a companion by my side, love should be uppermost in my thoughts? But speaking of my companion, I have never met one like her since. As she rode along on a beautiful jet black pony, her countenance now but half revealed beneath that old wood's shade, and now lit up by the moon's soft beams, she looked the spirit of the place. She was a little over the medium size, with a form that Venus herself might have envied. Her features were more than faultless, they bore the stamp of intellectuality. Her eye, large, dark and brilliant, was just such a one as Byron gave Gulnare. Her hair fell in rich glossy ringlets over a neck and shoulders white and clear as finest alabaster. What wonder, then, I say, that I should love such a being? There are times when not to love were almost a crime; there are occasions when the soft language of love is the only proper one to be spoken. Whether the present was such a moment or no, I leave my reader to determine. Certain it is, however, that then my first and only vows of love were made; and they were returned. O! who that has known the joy of such an hour, can expect to find another spent as bright on life's too often tedious road. Moments like these are the pleasantest things to be met with in the garland of time; that garland that begins in buds and blossoms, and ends in blighted flowers and withered leaves. What a moment too do hours like these bequeath, when we have settled down into the calm occupations of after life. How beautiful through the vista of years, seem those brief moonlight traces on the waters of our youth.

A month had passed and my vacation was nearly over, two short weeks only remained. I dined at the house of Mr. N——, and never did Elmira seem so lovely. I never saw her so gay, and attractive; always in conversation, she excelled herself to-day. Late in the evening I left, promising to call again soon. A day or two after I heard she was unwell. I called, and found her ill but in no danger; the next news brought assurance that she was recovering, and day after day for two weeks, it was the same story. Now the time had come for me to leave; I had but another day left. I called for my horse, and started for her father's house, expecting to see her nearly well. It was a fine September morning, the air was clear and bracing, the sky perfectly cloudless, Nature now looked more charming in her half veiled

robe, in the russet tints that decked wood and field, than if she had worn the brightest livery of early spring. I would not then have seen her otherwise attired, for I was sad as I rode along, and yet I scarce knew why. I never believed much in presentiments, but the occurrences of that day have left their traces on my heart, and often now a slight tremor creeps over my frame, when I see, or fancy I see the misty and impalpable form of some approaching evil. As my journey shortened, I felt more and more depressed; I could not shake off a kind of dread that had seized upon me. Leaping from my horse, I threw the reins to a servant, and slowly strolled up the avenue. As I entered the porch that shaded the door of that noble old mansion, I heard the sound of suppressed weeping from an open window above. I had read in old Irish romances of a singular being that burdens the night wind with low mournful wailings, when any disaster threatens the house over which she watches. Though the sound I now heard was soft and smothered, though the voice was sweet and low, still upon the inmates of my heart, *hope and love*, it broke sadder and more terrible far than any banshee's dreary wail.

I rapped softly, and stood trembling. The door opened noiselessly, and the sister of her I loved met me on the threshold, with the exclamation, "Oh, Elmira's dying!" Great God, what a shock was this! A thick mist gathered before my sight—my brain grew dizzy—I reeled, and came near falling. As soon as I could command words, I asked to see her, and was ushered into her room. As I entered, she stretched forth her hand, and pronounced my name. I clasped those fingers, fairer now, and more slender than before; they were cold, and around the roots of the nails a dark purple tinge was perceptible; that was no die of henna from luxurious eastern climes,—it was the coloring of death. I glanced at her face; it was not much altered; a little of its roundness was gone, the cheek that blushed now for modesty, and now for joy, was blanched and pale, but beauteous even thus. The lips not quite so full and smiling, closed more firmly on the pearly teeth. That luxuriant hair which I had so often admired, now lay disheveled on her pillow, but rich and glossy still. Those bright and laughter-loving eyes were slightly sunken in their sockets, but they were softer now and seemingly more full of life and love, for through them *the soul* looked forth still.

Turning to the physician, she exclaimed in faltering accents, "Doctor, *must* I die?"—and as I sat with my face buried in my hands, my heart convulsively replied, "no, she cannot die!" And, indeed, I saw not why she should. I had seen one person die, but he was an old man, weak, trembling, palsied, childish, and a mere skeleton; I could understand why *he* should die. But she! O! *she could not die!* Surely two short weeks' sickness could not stifle all the load of life that had bounded through her glowing frame, and sparkled in her glancing eye. She was not palsied, she was not a mere skeleton like the old man I had seen. O no, she *would* live!

God surely would not hurry one so young and fair, away from earth. Such were my thoughts as I sat there, more moved than I had ever been before, with my bosom heaving, and my heart almost bursting, and yet with an eye dry, and tearless. Roused at length, by hearing my name breathed, as I had heard it breathed of yore, I turned and saw her playing with a single tress of her hair. Taking up a pair of scissors that lay beside her, with her own hand, she severed this one little lock, and putting it into mine, she said, "don't forget me—I am dying now, but I am not afraid—I *did* wish to live, but that is past." For a moment her lips quivered, as if other words plead for utterance. Her eye gleamed and brightened, even 'neath the death dew that was now gathering on it. A sweet smile played upon her countenance. She was lovely in death.

I have it yet about my heart—
 Her beauty of that day:
 As if the robe that she should wear
 In other climes were given;
 That I might learn to know it there,
 And seek her out in heaven.

For some moments I sat, expecting to hear her speak, to see her smile again. But her hand grew colder and colder as it lay clasped in mine. Now I wept—wept like a child, and turned away.

I saw her again, as she lay shrouded in the coffin, a wreath of wild autumn flowers upon her breast, and that same sweet smile upon her face; but she was cold and dead. Her spirit had left the lovely tenement to begin a new and brighter existence. She went into the presence of her God pure and innocent. And I have not forgotten her yet. Her image has lingered around my heart from that day to the present; and often when tempted to some youthful folly, she has seemed to stand before me, and my better nature has triumphed.



AN IMITATION OF

"WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE?"

What constitutes a man?

Not learning, wit, or wealth, or shouted name;

Not titled honors, or ancestral fame;

Not deeds in battle's van:

But steadfast purpose, and an honest heart;

A will that never wavers from the right;

A ready hand to gather and impart;

A mind to grasp the true, the infinite;

A soul aspiring to a blest abode;

The love of human kind,—the fear of God;—

These constitute a *man*.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WRITE an editorial? Dear reader, how gloomily the announcement struck upon our ears, that the fatal lot had fallen upon us. And in vacation, too! Some may suppose this to be the best time, but we have found, since our residence in this sublunary sphere, that the more we have to do, the better we can do it. The thought rests upon us like a heavy incubus. That unfailling remedy for cares—a cigar—has proved entirely useless. Like Banquo's ghost it will not "down." Sometimes we feel the burning aspirations of genius. Sometimes we feel as if we could mount our Pegasus, and disdain lower objects, soar far above the Parnassian heights, till we lose ourselves in the clouds, the garments of the muses, but awake from our pleasure-dreams to find ourselves enveloped in a cloud of cigar smoke, and our ideas partaking of the same aërial nature, and evanesing most rapidly. Our thoughts are too rapid for our pen; so we shall have to walk the earth for a time, and leave the giant ideas to men of more giant intellects, and bodies too, than we possess.

The office of an editor is at once a useful and a difficult one. His supposed greater capabilities of knowing the subject on which he is immediately employed, give him an influence over the minds of others, and a position commanding and responsible; hence, men readily yield themselves to his guidance. His journal will always resemble the mind of the editor. As the stream partakes of the character of the fountain to which it owes its origin, so the journal, if conducted by a low, groveling mind will be low and groveling; if otherwise, dignified and refined. Hence a good editor should be clever, affable, and learned. His office is to teach and improve the minds of others. If his journal be a political one, he should try to convince men, not by forcing them, not by low, mean slander, but by persuading their judgments. He is not to be the organ of a party merely, but of the *people*. To descend to low, mean slander upon the reputation or personal character of an opponent, argues an inferiority either in debating powers, or good arguments, and men will be apt to think so. The great political questions should be presented with both sides, his own arguments set forth in as forcible a manner as possible, and the opposite ones answered. To try to force men would now-a-days be considered absurd. Never was there a truer saying than that

"A man convinced against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

Should his journal be a literary one, his object should be to cultivate the taste and improve the mind. The mind, though formed after a model, the perfection of which cannot be comprehended, must, nevertheless be cultivated, before it can subserve those lofty purposes for which it was designed. It is man's most precious gift, and the proper exercise of it may confer upon him the choicest blessings. But, unfortunately for him, he is too often found ignorant of its worth, and before he is aware of its value, it is wasted amid the dissipations of youth, or the indolence of maturer years.

Not conscious of its having been the very means by which he is enabled to enjoy life, he is but too often found deprecating its cultivation, or impeding the spread of its influence. Such men have their reward. They have it in that ignorance which disdains to emerge from darkness to light—that ignorance which shows itself in the actions of the bad citizen and incompetent magistrate—in short, in that ignorance which mystifies and darkens every idea of man, and renders him incapable of performing the ordinary duties of life. But happily a great change has taken place amongst us; society is becoming more and more intellectual in its structure, and he who would attain to eminence in any department of life, must be no mean child of the muses. In the first stages of a nation's existence, the physical wants and necessities must be attended to. After these have been satiated, men begin to feel the want of something else. There is a vacuum in the *mind* which must be filled. We appeal to history in proof of our assertion. Compare America now with America thirty or even twenty years ago. The difference is incalculable. We are now considered as a nation great, not only in political and liberal relations, but also in intellectual culture. The office of an editor is now considered an honorable and responsible one, and men of learning have taken the charge of our journals. Thus, then, is our course onward; our civilization progressive. To give additional stimulus to this desire for mental culture, this is the work to be done, and the leaders of it are the noble souls, the philanthropists of the age.

One reason why we do not make still further progress, is the desire which all men have for fame. Men have now, as ever, the same objection

“————— to go down
To the vile dust from whence they sprung
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.”

To too many in this world, self is the only idol; not that we mean to condemn all selfishness. All men should be somewhat selfish; unless we claim our rights, unless we look to our advancement, nobody will do it for us; modest men never get along well. But we now refer to those who make self the guiding principle of their lives. How many bled and died in Mexico, that bled and died *but* for their country's good! Could the bloody fields of Resaca, Buena Vista, and Chapultepec be interrogated on this point, their answer would be

“Infandum jubes renovare dolorem.”

The dying soldier might imagine so, and there is so much of high-souled chivalry about it, that we ourselves might be deceived; but were his feelings carefully analyzed a desire that his name might rank upon the pages of his country's history as one of its heroes, would be found to predominate. Do not misunderstand us to confound ambition with selfishness. Ambition is noble, selfishness degrading. Napoleon was *selfish*, Washington *ambitious*; Richelieu and Aaron Burr were selfish, Wilberforce and Patrick Henry *ambitious*. The one principle we should condemn, the other, cherish.

And so it is in literary pursuits. Men write more for fame than for improvement and instruction. Taking advantage of the “*omne ignotum pro magnifico*,” they disdain to bring down their knowledge to the comprehension of those inferior to themselves in learning. Such is not our object. To improve the taste, and to excite a love for intellectual culture, this is our highest aim, this our ambition. Should our journal be of service to but one of our readers, should it improve the taste of but one, should it add to the stock of knowledge, and induce one idea into the mind of any, our highest object will have been attained, and we will retire from our office with the consciousness that we have done a noble work.

New York in Slices.—We read these "Slices" as they appeared in the New York Tribune, and have gladly enjoyed a reperusal of the same in the neat form in which they now appear. These slices are certainly graphic, and, as far as we can judge, accurate and truthful; the cut that accompanies "Broadway" seems to have been put there merely to show how much stronger is the impression produced by the "Slice" than by the picture. Though this is perhaps the best sketch in the book, yet the author sustains himself well through every one, and rarely or never becomes tedious. The style is so terse and natural, that we find ourselves involuntarily carried along with the author—*carving* our way with him, until his very thoughts seem to be the offspring of our own brain; we feel with him the alternate emotions of indignation and pain, as we pry into the horrid mysteries of the "Tombs" and "Five Points;" then, sick and disgusted, turn like some moaning wind "hurrying swiftly away frightened at what it has seen and heard, and hastening to lose itself in the purifying sunshine of the upper world."

There are many things in the book to excite admiration—a pleasant sort of admiration we mean—but there are also many things to shock and disgust; if the *man* and the philanthropist have any *right* to be disgusted at the honest disclosures made by the Slicer. Though the book is evidently written under strong excitement, yet it is not without much wit and humor, and abounds in spirited description.

The character of the work deserves a more extensive notice than we are able to prepare at present. The book is to be found at Erb's, and we recommend it to all.

Lamartine's Confidences have lately been put forth to the world. It seems he has more confidence in the French public than they have in him. We shall probably have more on this production hereafter.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Godey's Magazine is the Lady's Book of this country. The April number, with which the publishers have kindly furnished us, abounds in the very best pieces from the very best writers, and presents a pleasing variety.

We have received the last number of the *Nassau Monthly*; it is an interesting periodical, and this number sustains its previous character for literary merit.

The *Lancaster Farmer* has been received. We will gladly continue the exchange.

Our friends of the University of Virginia will accept our thanks for the promptness with which they have sent us the first two numbers of their valuable Magazine. The contents are characterized by interest and ability. We feel a sort of sympathy with this youthful periodical; it is a literary experiment commenced probably under the same auspices with our own, and doubtless with the same attendant difficulties. We have begun together, and we trust that our attempts will be alike successful.

"Te doctorum ederæ præmia frontum
Dis misceant superis."

Attention Company!—Now that the long and lazy days of spring are with us, why don't our college military turn out. We mean companies A, B, &c. (so called from their being in the *rudiments* of military study). In fact our mid-day summer naps are involuntarily associated with gray jackets and pinchbeck buttons. Let's at it again!

MONTHLY GOSSIP.

WE had intended to give you a disquisition upon the impropriety of putting calves in the chapel, but we were kindly relieved of the task by a speech from the stage on the Minor Morals. However, as Editors, we feel it incumbent upon us, to notice and denounce all infringements upon the statutes; whereas, it is expressly stated in the said document, that all calves are to be excluded from the institution. It was really amusing to Editors, who are always prepared, to see students who engaged in this infantile pastime, on Monday morning, in turn, act the part of their victim by bleating forth "not prepared."

The night was dark and fearful,
A calf came running by;
As boys quite scarred and beer-ful,
The poor calf's tail did tie.

See how the Freshman gazes,
To see his near friend there;—
The calf that wont to graze is,
Has now come in to prayer.

Vacation.—This was a rare time truly! After three months' incessant toil and study, how ready we are to indulge in anything whatsoever; from lounging in the sun, with no one *under* the sun for a companion—save Scott, Smollett, or Sue—to a sentimental walk out to the cave, where there is any quantity of romantic scenery and mud! Then it is that the prep lays aside his grammar, and the senior (we wish the reader could see our blush) his dignity(!), as is too often evinced by his playing ball with this same prep. The junior feels himself in duty bound scrupulously to disregard "moral science," and wo-betide that senior who would, under any conditions, deliberately open the pages of Butler, or pay any attention to natural or revealed religion!—he would be excommunicated *instantly*.

Napoleon arose brilliant as the meteor—and like it passed away. The flower is sweet and lovely, but it "fades and falls away, ere it hath blossomed for a few short hours." Since then the brightest of earth are but born to wither, why should we tear our nether garments for anguish at the departure of vacation? We will not.

"—— I knew it could not last;
'Twas bright, 'twas pleasing,—but 'tis past!"

Dr. Valentine.—This facetious personage has been exhibiting his whimsical face and farces in Carlisle. The Doctor takes *nature* as his authority for making men and women laugh; which (*nature*) has, he says, "provided us with three muscles to pull the mouth upward, and only one to pull the same downward; which means that we are to laugh just three times as much as we cry." The Doctor certainly succeeds in making people laugh—in fact, we're inclined to think that we, though Editors, should have smiled ourselves, had it not been for the "Collegian for April," which hung like a continual blight over our enjoyment. This is the second time we've noticed "*Valentine*;" though we apprehend that there's much difference between the "Doctor" and the "Saint!"

The Bakers.—This family of singers has lately paid a visit to Carlisle. They certainly do not sing well; their voices are not musical, and lack in refinement what they cannot make up in strength. The solo, however, sung by one of the ladies, "The Lament of the Irish mother," was very well sung indeed. One of the principal faults which we observed in the Bakers, was the want of *variety* in their musical compositions.

Official.—The press seems to be very busy in discussing the subject of "President Taylor's organ." We would merely say, that the "Collegian" is the organ of a New Administration!

Horns.—It's really astonishing how popular these instruments have become of late. It is the most natural thing in life for students to take *horns* and go forth to serenade. And many have well-nigh come to *blows* over these horns. This should be designated the *Horny age!* These horns are chiefly sheep's or calves' horns, however, and consequently should be made the *butt* of the College by all lovers of good order.

On Dit.—That the Faculty contemplate pewing the Chapel. As we are not over punctual in our attendance in the morning, we think in the evening we'll take our seat in the *Gallery*.