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**Title:** *Collegian* (Vol. 1, No. 4)

**Date:** June 1849

**Location:** Dickinsoniana Periodicals

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*Mr James Hamilton*

THE  
COLLEGIAN:  
A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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

Vol. I.—No. IV.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

JUNE,

1849.

# PROSPECTUS.


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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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DICKINSON  
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# THE COLLEGIAN.

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## CRITICISM.

“Art hath an enemy, called Ignorance.”—BEN JONSON.

THERE has always been a disposition abroad in the world, to pass judgment on the productions of others. Whether we are capable of pronouncing accurate, or even plausible opinions on works of literature or art, is a secondary consideration altogether; the *fact* of the expression of such opinions remains the same. The ancients were in this respect at least more democratic than ourselves. The criticisms of all sorts of exhibitions were left to the people; the elegance of the poem, the worth of the play, the beauty of the painting and the statue, were cried forth exclusively by the voice of the multitude. The fate of the performance was announced in the cheers or hisses. Homer had no Scotch reviewers to contend with, and Horace, Virgil, and the rest had no Quarterlies or Monthlies to molest them. No wonder Ovid felt himself perfectly secure, in stating in his peroration, the conviction that he would be handed down in fame through all time; he had no Macaulay, or even Brownson, to blast his *Metamorphoses*, or expose the fallacies of his “Poetic Art.” But the people evidenced themselves unable to attend to this sort of thing rightly; they committed all sorts of blunders; often handled their favorites without mittens, and awarded the palm to the odious. The crowd that admired the painting of Apelles, murmured at the same, when found to be the production of Protogenes. The potentates of the earth seemed to arrogate the right to themselves, after it had been proved that in this respect at least, *Vox populi* was not *Vox Dei*. The poets and painters were patronized by the kings and emperors. And it assisted them no little in their compositions, to know that they had to sustain themselves in the good opinion of those with whom they had the good fortune to ingratiate themselves. If they failed in this, there was no appeal to the public.

But the art of criticism suffered no less in the hands of royalty than in the voice of the populace. They repeatedly showed themselves insufficient to judge. On one occasion Alexander was proved to be actually an inferior critic to his horse; for he murmured at his steed's portrait, whilst Bucephalus

neighed thereat in recognition. After some minor gradations and changes, the prerogative has been assigned to committees constituted of men of third rate talent. These make a report every week, month, or quarter, as the case may be, to the reading public on the state of the literary world. These critics are generally very curious specimens; the best having just sense enough to know how things should be done, without being able to perform them. A critic somewhat resembles a *valet*, who serves only to introduce men to his master, and builds his own importance on that of his master. Hear how Dean Swift, who was a peripatetician, hits off this species of criticism.

"The malignant deity Criticism dwelt on the top of a snowy mountain in Nova Zembla; Momus found her extended in her den, upon the spoils of numberless volumes half devoured. At her right hand sat Ignorance, her father and husband, blind with age. At her left Pride, her mother; dressing her up in scraps of paper herself had torn. There was Opinion, her sister, light of foot, hood-winked, and headstrong; yet giddy and perpetually turning. About her played her children, Noise and Impudence, Dullness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry, and Ill-manners."

It must be confessed that the cynic displayed much wit, and even judgment, in this very bad representation of the deity of Criticism, who always met with a very *cold* reception from him, as is apparent from his placing her on the "top of a *snowy* mountain in Nova Zembla!" The critics of that day deserved this censure; they formed with the booksellers the most abominable class of men of that day. Yielding to every prejudice; capable of being bribed; they endeavored to suppress every work which they thought would conflict with their pecuniary interest, or that of their favorites. And had it not been for their tyranny, we should probably have many other Sternes and Smolletts to pore over with delight. But fortunately *our* deity of criticism does not wear the same unenviable aspect that she did formerly. True it is to be contended against, but then the strife is kindlier and more just; that was the dagger of the assassin, this the friendly probe of the physician. The critics live on the misfortunes of others, it is true, and often in the very worst sense, for in most cases they frame those very misfortunes themselves: as Congreve says:—

"For innocence condemned they've no respect,  
Provided they've a body to dissect."

Yet there is no knowing what is really due to critics. We *do* know what great benefit we derive from our reviews, &c., of the present day; and of what great importance they are in bringing about, and preserving a good standard of literature; but amongst the old writers, the benefit extended even further than this. They served to draw out the full force and power of satire and wit, from the authors whom they attacked. So that they never wrote so well, as when they were writing against, and denouncing most bitterly the critics. It is a pity for the posthumous reputation of the old critics,

that they did not bear in mind that they in their turn might be also reviewed and criticised. That they did not anticipate a more cultivated period, when their partiality or want of judgment might be exposed and derided; and what reputation they did have, even as writers, might be blasted by future comparison. In the language of another, "If Johnson had even conjectured that he must one day be tried by his own laws, more lenity would probably have been shown to Pope."

Criticism irritated the old writers very much; so much, indeed, that they could not write a work without inserting some point of satire or defiance at them. Circumstances of another nature may have rendered this disposition justifiable. But such is fortunately not the case at present.

He would be a very abject writer, who would have the fear of criticism at his pen's point; who would write, must be written about; and even hearty censure, is better than remaining unobserved. But then, in this day, the reviewer is liable to be reviewed. And when they are penning their criticisms, they have before them the fear of losing reputation; for if in one instance they are discovered to be unfair, uninformed, or insufficient, why they had as well attempt a living by hewing stone, as by book-noticing.

The criticising department is probably, at present, the very best portion of secular literature. It is certainly of the utmost importance and of the utmost influence. It is now in universal employ both in church and state; every sect has its Review, and every party likewise. This, however, is not well; for it is apt to give literature, of which there should be but one standard, a partisan cast; and the pure spring of letters, if it be adulterated with sect or party, will inevitably become a stagnant marsh. But nevertheless, doctrine and principle must be defended, and attacked, only let the strife be distant from the defence of the reading standard; let no one contend directly or otherwise against the sustenance of THAT. But why have so many authors, now acknowledged to be superior, been abused by the critics? The critics are here evidently in fault. We have a right to apply the complaint of Addison in his day, to a large number of critics in our own, to wit: they are not close readers. And must a good writer suffer for this? Nothing can be more obviously unjust; they should recollect this:—

"Errors, like straws upon the surface flow;  
He who would search for pearls must dive below."

Let these pearls be sought for; and if, after diligence, they be not discovered, then let the book be censured. This is the only method of attaining fair and accurate criticism.

## THE POWER OF SACRIFICE.

THE silent murmurs of the fireside had now grown to the open remonstrances of the club-room. What at first was whispered in the corner, now had become the topic of every conversation. The flickering spark which hitherto served to give life to the sire's tale, had now fired the popular mind. Everywhere signs of rebellion were evident. The disaffected multitudes could not longer be restrained; but, infuriated by the foulest treatment, nerved by patriotic recollections, past injuries, and a knowledge of present rights, they broke forth like the swollen torrent. The efforts to suppress them were as ineffectual as placing the hands against the dashing surges. The repeated secret manœuvres of governmental spies did in the mean time succeed in arresting several noble men.

Days had passed. Low in the damp, dark cell lay incarcerated a lone patriot. Though in this gloomy prison-house he was shut in from the busy scenes above, yet in his visions he was listening to the call of his countrymen and mingling in their councils and battles. Suddenly he is awaked and hurried off. Before a grand array of lords and judges he is condemned and sentenced to death. As the sentence was pronounced he sat motionless: not a muscle moved; but the flashings of his dark eye gave proof of the secret scorn and fiery indignation which burned within. He was immediately remanded to prison. No time must be given to the felon to prepare for death; the occasion demanded speedy sacrifice. . . . The same place which had been lighted up by the blaze of burning martyrs, and had groaned beneath the ponderous tread of religious zealots, was to witness another sacrifice to truth. Ere the morning light had dawned, a vast crowd was assembled, awaiting in anxious suspense the arrival of the patriot. And when he approached the place of execution, seated upon his coffin, it was not amid the wild huzzas of the multitude; no, but everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, death reigned. Not a soul breathed. Man, woman, and child, were as though life had left them, a motionless mass. The sheriff ascended the scaffold, and after him the youthful patriot. No priest, no comforter attended him—he was a *traitor*. The rope was adjusted to his neck, and the sheriff descended to the ground. The ocean gave signs of life; it moved, it heaved, it raged. The great heart of the people was broken up; the heavens resounded with awful lamentations, and grew black with the dark breathings of revenge. But the felon was hung, the patriot was dead, and *Robert Emmet* had offered himself a living sacrifice upon the altar of his country. Does any one deny that in this man's death there was not greater power than in his life? This, then, is the secret of that energy which the name of Robert Emmet never fails to inspire in the breast of every Irishman: *He was a sacrifice.*

Sacrifice is surrender made for some object. It creates a free power. As

the elements arising from the decomposition of matter enter freely into combination and form new bodies, so from sacrifice escape elements pure and unhurt, which distribute themselves and unite readily with other elements. From the blood of the slain victim, from the ashes of the martyr, from the crucifixion of selfishness, that force is derived which is to beat back the powers of darkness, quench the violence of passion, reconcile clashing interests, wrest from men the implements of death, and convert the long-lived enmities of nations into mutual reciprocity and charity. What is the salvation of the world? Jesus Christ, slain from the foundation, a *sacrifice* for sin. And, to be more specific, how are nations, communities, and society, preserved? "Ye are the salt of the earth." Ye are the salt who have imbibed the spirit of the great sacrifice which teaches you to devote life to the cause of truth and humanity. By your kindness, benevolence, concessions, and uniform meekness, ye impart savor to the masses.

The universality of immolation in all ages proves that the conviction of its necessity and power is coeval with the human race. It has always been used as a means of reconciliation. And it is an astonishing fact, that not only the Jehovah of Jewry is appeased by sacrifice, but the divinities of almost the whole heathen world. There must be some significancy in all this. Apart from the specific deduction of Christian theologians, that this fact is a great index pointing to Calvary, we must also conclude from it that the principle of sacrifice is universal and constitutional to man. The offspring of Love, it is the basis of religion and politics, upon which are founded all institutions adapted to elevate human nature. Religion demands the *heart* of him who embraces it. The preservation of the state requires concessions on the part of the people. Society, for the maintenance of its peace and prosperity, must take from individual hands the right of punishment for injuries received. The right must be vested in a tribunal erected by the public. Were every one to take into his own hands the means of obtaining satisfaction for violence inflicted, there would be no end to retaliation. All barriers would be overrun, and destruction would ensue. The feudal systems which empowered the individual to avenge his own cause in person, devastated the fair plains of Europe, and spread the pall of night over her wasted inhabitants. But witness, in later days, the result of the transfer of this power to society. Agriculture, trade, the professions, commerce, the sciences and arts, are generally prosperous. In our daily observations we are called upon to pause in admiration of the beauty and utility of the workings of this principle. See its early manifestations in children. Innocence and love seek the happiness of all. Notwithstanding the conduct of children is used by writers on moral and mental philosophy to prove the inherent nature of the possessory principle, yet it must be admitted that it gives ground for basing the assertion, that *originally* a recognition of common interests is the stronger. Let it not be supposed, however, from this observation, that I have any sympathy with *modern communism*. Here is what I mean: Let self be yielded up for the common good, and, at the same



time, let every man's individuality be preserved. Some time after the American Revolution, the original thirteen States found the bonds of confederation entirely too loose for a perfect and effective general government; and in view of this fact each State voluntarily invested in the *general government* certain powers of which before it had possessed exclusive jurisdiction, and at the same time was careful to retain its own individual sovereignty. The result of these mutual concessions—this sacrifice on the part of the *States*—this concentration of *powers*, was the creation of a great independent *power*, a distinct sovereignty, a consolidated government, which commands the confidence of the people and the respect of the world. Again, a few years ago, we were threatened with disunion on the much agitated question of slavery. Dark and lowering were the clouds which gathered around us. It thundered at no great distance. In that hour of danger, the spirit which framed our constitution and gives it life did not fail us. Behold "the north" and "the south" each surrendering some cherished claim, and *compromising!* And permit me to say, that the same spirit of sacrifice which has been our conservatism in the past, can alone be our conservatism in the future, all the croakings of ultra anti-slavery men and ultra pro-slavery men to the contrary, notwithstanding. All have in vivid recollection the late London Evangelical Alliance. The crowning glory of the age! The greatest and purest hearts, seized by the Spirit of God, were caught up to a heaven of charity, beyond the vision of short-sighted bigots, and above the low and contracted systems of sects and parties.

Sacrifice is necessary to the attainment of deserved eminence. Is greatness gained? It is by sacrifice. Is it forfeited? It is because the sacrifice is not perfect. Napoleon sacrificed ease, and rose; refused to sacrifice selfish ambition, and fell. Washington sacrificed all, all make him great. The students of Germany for years have been identified with the progress of literature: their lives have been devoted to critical examination and untiring research. Self-denial is the predominant trait of a truly great man. But some who have gained supremacy by self-denial, forgetting that the means of attaining and retaining are the same, plunge into those habits of voluptuousness which work the destruction of all true excellence. How many thus fall and are crushed beneath the mighty superstructure of their own incessant toil!

The man who serves a cause because it is right, is the useful man. When his *conscience* is the reflection of public applause, he rejoices; still, if anathemas are heaped upon him instead of blessings, he stands unmoved. Reward, to him, is not the measure of duty. To conscience his actions are referred. Without doubt he finds it easier to act according to his convictions of duty on the conspicuous theatre, where he is stimulated by popular applause; but still his energy is not lessened in the shade; there, as everywhere, duty is one and the same, inviolable and obligatory. This is the man who converts prisons into palaces, and scaffolds into thrones. With him sacrifice is the basis, glory the crown of life.

LINES,

SUGGESTED BY READING CLIFFORD'S DESCRIPTION OF ELYSIUM.

THERE is a land where suns do ne'er display  
Their clouded rays to mar its brightest day—  
Nor moonbeams pale, nor twinkling stars, that sweep  
In sportive image through the glassy deep,  
Through murky clouds their dusky radiance pour  
On sleeping lands, or sea's resounding shore.  
There rage no wars—there no diseases dire,  
With stroke untimely, cut off son or sire—  
No mother's heart by death's rude hand is torn,  
While, anguish-struck, she cries, "My child is gone"—  
But endless day, with light unailing, cheers  
Abodes of spirits unoppressed by cares.  
There He, by whom the hosts above were made,  
Earth's form arranged, and ocean's pillars laid,  
With his own presence lights the space profound,  
And streams of glory scatters far around.  
There healthful air, in gentlest murmurs, moves  
Through richest fields and ever-blooming groves ;  
Whence odors, sweeter than Elysium knew,  
Diffuse their fragrance midst the pearly dew,  
Distilled on flowers, by clouds ne'er overcast,  
Unreft by storm and undisturbed by blast.  
There peaceful streams of crystal waters flow—  
There ripened fruits on trees perennial glow,  
Whose healing leaves, through life's dull movements, shed  
More potent vigor with a nimbler tread.  
There melting sounds, on softest breezes, bear  
Their soothing influence to the listening ear.  
No change of season or of time is known,  
But spring's perpetual verdant glories crown  
This smiling scene, where lasting beauties meet,  
Not scathed by winter, and unparched by heat.  
There angel harps their measured anthems raise,  
Fill heaven's high courts with ceaseless songs of praise ;  
While blood-washed spirits join the holy choirs,  
Drink in their strains, and feel their kindling fires—  
And Jesus's smiles, in beaming mercy, come  
To glad the *Christian's Everlasting Home.*

## THE "ME."

THE Germans have always been remarkable for their contemplative habits. They are fond of investing facts and principles in the shadowy garments of romance. Treading on more solid ground, they seek weighty abstract truths, and state them simply or in pleasing and apt illustrations.

Unlike the dwellers beneath the milder sky of southern Europe, the Germans, adhering to the meditative character of the Teutonic race, delight in looking into that inner temple, the mind; wherein they behold the swellings and calm flow of the Passions; the Intellect content with trifles, or striving after whatsoever is beautiful and true; and the Will presiding as a sovereign in the circle of the soul's high powers. This ideality is strikingly manifest in their conceptions of Me. The most profound thinkers have applied their utmost energies to comprehend this Me, this ego absolute, or, in other words, the mind as distinct from "the brute powers of nature," and from the body, which is but the machine in which it acts. And returning from the ideal excursion,

"Of the foundations and the building up  
Of the human spirit, they have dared to tell  
What may be told."

The soul as it was, is, and should be, has formed an attractive centre for inquiries which, in their circling ranges, have almost embraced the compass of human knowledge.

That the Me might be more fully understood, a divinely revealed light, brighter than the torch of Ceres, has been used to thread the many labyrinths of false systems of philosophy, or else light up the way through the clouded land of ignorance. To examine this Me, the Understanding patiently working in the deep and devious lodes of inquiring thought, has brought into use its vast stores of varied learning; the Imagination has taken the known, as it lies about us, and formed new combinations, has mounted upward, and warily hovered over the track of investigation; Reason has attended these with its scales of Comparison and Truth; and upon all the Will has exerted its coercive and energizing force. The four primary faculties, the Understanding, Reason, Imagination, and the Will, with the secondaries, Memory, Conscience, Passion, and Sense, have employed themselves in searching out and defining the Me. Patient philosophers have racked their brains with perplexing thoughts on this subject; and, turning the eye inward, have sought to peer through the obscurity that encompasses human consciousness. They have roved the sea of conjecture, plied out the plummet line of reason, but often with unsuccessful soundings.

This highest of all sciences, the science of the mind, has been more truthfully set forth from these abstract reasonings on the nature of the Me, which

is not what it once was; for its glory has been dimmed; its original powers weakened: it is a flesh-cased gem, which, by its flashings in the surrounding darkness, betokens its pristine brilliancy: it is a bright star, disturbed and wandering in erratic courses.

Whoever would claim the title of wise man, must understand himself. A clear comprehension of the Me must be gained, though the search lead through the regions of ideal speculation and the measured off grounds of logical analysis; for until this knowledge is obtained, man will be often at a loss in applying his powers; and cannot range himself in that higher community of intellect which disregards the boundaries of years and ages; but dwells in all time. If the half of life's small sum of days be spent before this knowledge is possessed, there is a gain, for then the ways of life become broader and higher, and from thence onward can be culled the choicest flowers of thought whose bloom fades not, neither are their leaves ever blighted. And truth, once full-formed and beautiful, but now smoothed about with the garments of error, will gradually reveal its glories, will reunite its links severed by evil. Grasp the ideal Me, and you will have reached the shaft that leads down to mines where treasures lie unveiled as yet to the gaze of mortals; will have obtained the sword to cut the Gordian knot of many difficulties; will have stepped upon the lower rounds of a ladder whose top is in the purest light; will have struck upon a path which winds up the mount of excellence; will have kindled a flame whose radiance mingles congenially with that which streams from heaven.

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#### LOGAN'S REVENGE.

It was midnight—yet the Mingo chieftain tarried. The assembled warriors became impatient. The council-fire began to wane. Silence, gloomy, awful silence reigned over that daring band, met for the deep study of revenge. There, with sullen determination pictured in each countenance, mingled the stern Shawnee with the cruel Delaware; their past hostility towards each other was forgotten, in the all-absorbing thought, vengeance upon the white man!

But suddenly a footstep was heard, and quick a dusky form emerged from the deep-tangled forest; with rapid strides it hastened towards the council-fire; and, as it approached, the clear voice of the Indian sentinel was heard exclaiming, "Who comes?" and a deep voice replied, "Logan, the Mingo chief, once the friend of the white man, but now come to plot with my brothers schemes of revenge;" then proudly did they welcome the Indian warrior. Slowly and sadly he looked round upon them; at length, shaking off, as it were, the heavy burden that almost crushed his heart, he spoke:—

"Warriors, arm for fight! Logan must be avenged!" Up sprang that

savage troop; they seized the deadly tomahawk, and, shouting loud their battle-cry, demanded to be led to the conflict. A smile, such as the Indian alone can wear, played upon the countenance of that old man, as he saw his braves thus gather round him. With the air of one used to command, he waved his sword and all was still again. Logan trembled as he spoke. His murdered family, wrapt in their bloody blankets, seemed to haunt his memory; he heard, as it were, the dying groans of his loved ones borne past him on the wings of the wind; and as they hurried by, they whispered in his ear, "Will the Mingo chieftain go unavenged?" he was silent for a moment, then turning himself he prayed to the Great Spirit for vengeance. To his warriors thus he exclaimed: "Tell me, ye assembled braves, who is there to mourn for Logan? who is there to strew the wild flowers upon my grave when I am gone to the spirit land?" and mournfully they answered, "None." They continued in deep council, until the dawn in the east warned them of the near approach of day.

Time passed on: night again spread her sable mantle over a slumbering world. Sleep waved her magic wand, and bade weary mortals rest; the voice of revelry and song had died away; all was still and gloomy as the grave: darkness, with its mysterious influence, brooded over the earth.

But soon the scene was changed: dark and ominous clouds darted athwart the heavens; and, ever and anon, the angry peals of thunder broke the fearful stillness of the midnight hour; the lurid flash of the lightning's glare served but to render the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. Such a night seemed well suited for deeds of blood, rapine, and death. As the midnight grew old, and the storm increased in its fury, while huge masses of clouds tossed wildly through the sky, there might have been seen by the lightning's flash, the forms of many Indian warriors, winding their way cautiously through the dark forest. They moved on in silence, with firm and fixed resolves: suddenly they halted; no word was spoken, but with a wave of their chieftain's hand they disappeared in the thick underwood. For a moment the warrior stood silent, wrapt, as it were, in deep thought; perhaps he was thinking of the dead; but soon the thunder's voice, as it swept past, roused him from his reverie; with quick and noiseless step he emerged from the forest, and sped away to the nearest hill; having gained its summit, he looked down upon the habitations of the white man, which the lightning rendered so distinctly visible, with a heart exulting in his fiendish purpose; a wild fire seemed to sparkle in his eye, as thus he stood wrapt in dark and gloomy meditations; from between his clenched teeth he muttered, "The hour of retribution has come! Logan shall be avenged!" then quickly he vanished, and uttering a low, shrill whistle, soon his dark comrades gathered round him; he bade them follow where he led; like night, moved on those dark and threatening warriors; with stealthy step they approached their unsuspecting prey; then, shouting their fierce war-hoop, on they rushed like the impetuous avalanche. Roused by the well-known cry, the pale-

faces seized their weapons, and, with dreadful desperation, they met the coming foe. Fierce raged the combat; no quarter was asked, no quarter was given; death or victory was the watchword; the groans of the wounded and dying fell heedless upon the ear; hand to hand, each man grappled with his foe. Where the blows fell the thickest and most deadly; where the leaden messengers of death did the most terrible execution; there might have been seen the haughty form of Logan, dealing around him death and destruction; like an untamed lion loosed among the foe, majestic, yet terrible, he raged; the huge piles of the dead told well where he had fought; the moans of the dying were music to his warlike soul.

At length, as if weary of the work of death, (for well he might be,) and his men falling fast by his side, in triumph, he exclaimed, "Logan is avenged!" and back he sped with his savage clan into their native wilds.

Logan had now fully glutted his vengeance. He was satisfied. His war-hoop and battle-cry, as they echoed upon the stilly air, made the white men tremble; they knew the cause and cruelty that roused his vengeance, and the piles of the dead told them he was terribly avenged!

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### TRUE ESTIMATE OF SELF.

"Homine imperito nunquam quidquam injustius,  
Qui, nisi quod ipse fecit, nihil rectum putat."

THAT being, to whom alone intellect is given, has within him exalting and ennobling principles, which have obtained for him the mastery over other creatures, and raised him above the sensual pleasures of passion and appetite to the cultivation of those powers which give him his peculiar distinction. This strength is mind—a power invisible. The possession of this alone determined the position he should occupy—his rank as designed by the Creator.

While man should be conscious of these gifts, and well acquainted with his capacities, never is he excusable for arrogating to himself what he does not possess. He should seek to know himself; acquaintance with truth is never objectionable. This knowledge gives him a right conception of his imperfections as well as of his abilities. While it gives that confidence which is necessary for the proper use and improvement of those powers with which he is endowed, he is humbled by the gradual discovery of the limitation of these endowments. It is not until he becomes wise that he suspects himself a fool, nor is he fully aware of his ignorance until he has attained his maximum in knowledge. It was not until Newton had surpassed his age, and had robbed the solar system of its mysteries, and defined the laws which regulate the heavens, that he conceived an ocean of knowledge to be extended before him, while he could collect but a few drops along the shore.

Ignorance makes us presumptuous. The child, after experience, will not thrust his hand into the flames; the giddy youth, when entering upon life, if he have discernment, will quickly discover that this wide world "encompasses more than one man;" and the graduate, returning from college, soon finds that he does not "astonish the natives," though he have a "sheepskin" carefully stored in his trunk. Intellectual improvement secures our true position, it enables us to respect and esteem ourselves properly, and prevents us from lowering our more gifted natures to the ignoble condition of the brute; but never does it become a veil to conceal from us our infirmities; never does it make us esteem ourselves more highly than we should, or exalt ourselves above our fellows. It is "a little learning" that is the "dangerous thing." In every department, whether in the humbler walks, or in conditions commanding more influence, wherever may be found those who are not satisfied with a casual observation, but who look into the causes and effects of things; these have that knowledge of which there need be no fear; these diffuse a conservative influence upon society, and upon their own peculiar sphere; but those who have examined no subject beyond the surface, though they would be learned, have but the "little learning" which would lead them into danger without giving them means to extricate themselves. The truly skilled know the extent of their abilities, and are careful and unassuming; but the foolish think themselves wise, and "venture where angels fear to tread."

To the infant mind, when first it looks upon the world, it appears as though it occupied the centre of creation, and around but a few miles distant, could see all nature terminated by the horizon. But, when a youth, as he ascends those hills beyond which he thought space only was, he perceives that it had been a deluding fancy. Although the same arched heavens seem still to encompass him, yet he learns that the world, whose circumference he thought did not extend beyond his vision, was not limited by his vague notion of it. As he ascends, the extending view makes him more and more aware of his mistake, but he cannot be conscious of the full extent of the delusion until the universe is scanned. Thus many who, in an intellectual point of view, have never ventured from their native domicile, imagine that they are great geniuses and occupy the centre of the intellectual world, embracing all knowledge within the limit of *their* minds. Such have not yet approached even to the base of the hill of science;—they are but infants in mind though legally men. Though they think that they are entitled to the admiration of all, alas! how often their bright hopes and expectations are destroyed in the germ; how often they are compelled to lament that others have not discernment enough to discover their excellences.

We are often compelled, though reluctantly, to listen to the empty boastings of the egotist. He would entertain you with a dilated account of his own exploits and feats; he makes himself the hero of every little narrative,

and sometimes he is, ridiculously, the principal actor in scenes which were extant before nature blessed the world with his existence. The youth, who was never admitted above the grammar school, relates what occurred during his *college* days, with a face so straight that his more credulous friends almost believe that he received the honors of the graduating class. The minds of such have not yet expanded sufficiently to receive an idea more weighty than their diminutive selves. True it is, if men do not respect themselves they cannot expect to be respected; but it is equally true, that not all who value themselves are valued. Words are not heard when actions speak louder. Although Bathyllus imposed himself upon Cæsar, and received the honors due to Virgil, yet this deception, when discovered, only rendered him the more odious. Actions are believed: so when any are observed to delight in display and show, it may be well inferred that they possess but little else.

That excessive tameness and innocence, which would make the possessor bow to received opinions without examination, are quite as injurious to society as that confidence which makes him think his own opinions right and true, and that he has already acquired that amount of knowledge which precludes further improvement; "*medio tutissimus ibis.*" This happy medium can only be preserved by a sound and well-regulated mind. Due deference to the opinions of others is to be preserved, and still humanity should not be degraded by dethroning reason, which ought to sit in judgment upon every question.

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#### THE AUTHORESS.

On looking over the Collegian for April, we observed a piece entitled "The Authoress," which, as far as we could comprehend its bearing, undertook to prove that the *penchant* for writing, with which women are from time to time seized, is very naughty and should be discontinued; that the pen should be resigned exclusively to the male portion of the human family, whilst the ladies should bestow undivided attention on those "heavenly gifts" wherewith they have been endowed, and also, that "magic influence" which, as "reflected on society, gives it a charm which would else be unknown."

Now, this may be a very happy and comfortable doctrine for an aspiring youth who doubtless anticipates setting aside with his pen an Ellis or a de Stael; but then, we have a slight fault to find with his theory, which is, that it doesn't contain a word of truth. And, inasmuch as the Collegian is "at all times open to free expression of thought and opinion," and lest silence should imply a prevalence of the sentiment in college, we beg leave to notice a few of the arguments adduced in the piece.



After an extended series of awkward compliments to the ladies, the writer gives us the remarkable information, that woman exerts a very potent influence on men and manners; and that she shouldn't do away with this influence by writing books—implying the loss of influence in society as the inevitable consequence of female authorship! Now it appears to us quite an *outré* specimen of logic, this. We have not studied any but Whately's, it's true, but then we've learned sufficient from that, to prohibit our admitting any such premise as this—which, by the way, is apparently the hypothesis upon which the whole argument rests in this piece. Now, we not only deny it, but insist that her influence is in this manner increased, not only in her personal relations, but extended beyond her own fireside; as being a woman of acknowledged talent and taste. Who has exerted a greater influence for refinement and amiability among the youth of our country than Mrs. Sigourney? And what a desideratum would have been occasioned in every family, had Miss Edgeworth been content to shine only at her own hearth; whereas her works are now the Penates of every household.

Would this writer have us believe that a woman cannot be influential in society, and at the same time an authoress, any more than a man can serve God and Mammon? Why, we contend that this authorship is one of the surest assistants to this "magic influence," which we are told is of such importance in the development of national and individual character.

But we come now to notice the second argument, which is embodied in the following words: "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, &c." Now, is it not plausible and proper to suppose, since woman and man exert the same influence in this department, that woman is the very one that should exert it? Is not the mild and refining influence which literature ever has, and ever should exert over men, more consistent with her employment of inculcating moral precepts to the young, and in giving care to their early instruction; whilst to the ruder being should be left the fierce strife of the political world, the attainment of wealth and honor? We were rather amused at the writer's speaking of woman as engaging in the "rougher pursuits" of man, i. e., literature. Now, literature should *not* be rough, and if it is thus in the hands of the "ruthless tyrant," it should be taken away from him, and given into the more refined hands of woman. But the most amazing thing relative to this very queer composition, is, that it is headed with the line—

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

Are we to infer from this that the remarkable talent for writing, which God had "ordained" to a Hemans, a Norton, or a More, should have remained buried in a napkin, or should have been set on a hill to give light to the world—which was the will of God?

EXTRACT FROM THE PROMETHEUS CHAINED OF  
ÆSCHYLUS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

[In this play, the wild and vigorous genius of the Father of Tragedy is displayed in all its energy and magnificence. To punish Prometheus for his contempt of the gods, and especially for stealing fire from heaven, Jupiter sentenced him to be chained to a rock on Mount Caucasus, for a period of thirty thousand years. There, as the fable runs, exposed to the fury of the elements, and to a vulture that preys daily on his vitals; suspended, as it were, between earth and heaven; and surrounded with all that can inspire awe and terror, he breaks forth in the following apostrophe.]

## PROMETHEUS.

Celestial air, ye winds, that sweep  
On swiftest pinions o'er the deep;  
Ye fountains of the streams;  
Ye countless ripples of the wavy sea;  
All-bearing earth, you I invoke; and thee,  
Orb of all-seeing beams.

Behold what pains I suffer, though a god!  
What blows endure from Jove's avenging rod!  
Such cruel bonds the new-made lord of heaven,  
In his unseemly wrath, to me has given.

Alas! present and future I bemoan.

When will these torments end?

Why question thus? full well to me are known

The woes that Jove will send.

And I must bear, as best I may,

The rigors of this rueful state;

For e'en immortals must obey

Unconquerable fate.

But to be silent, or complain,

The one impossible, and both are vain.

For kindly gifts on men bestowed,

I'm yoked to misery's crushing load;—

Hid in a reed, the fount of fire,

Rich favor, to the earth I brought;

To me, the source of mischiefs dire;

To mortals, every art it taught.

Such is the crime for which I lie

Confined beneath the open sky;

Chained to this wild and savage rock,

Torn by the vulture's beak, scathed by the lightning's shock.

Ah me ! what sound, what voiceless odor flies  
 So softly toward me through the sleeping air ?  
 Say, are ye gods, or heroes from the skies,  
 Or men that come to look on my despair ?  
 Ye see me bound, the enemy of Jove ;  
 Hated by all that tread his courts above.  
 Because I loved too well the mortal race,  
 Ye see me fettered in this fearful place.  
       But hark ! again the sound I hear  
       Of busy pinions rustling near ;  
 Naught but grim forms, terrific to my sight,  
 To this remotest cliff direct their flight.

[The Chorus, composed of sea-nymphs, daughters of Oceanus and Thetis, now approach and address Prometheus.]

CHORUS.

Fear not : we come, a friendly train,  
 On well-poised wings athwart the waves ;  
 Our sire's consent we scarce could gain,  
 When echoing through our coral caves,  
 The clanking of thy fetters came ;  
 Sent by the winds, though red with shame,  
 Unsandaled, to thy drear abode,  
 We swiftly thus in winged chariots rode.

PROMETHEUS.

Daughters of Thetis, offspring of the sea,  
 That flows the unmeasured earth around,  
 In restless current, look on me ;  
 See with what chain of iron bound,  
 On this rough mountain's highest steep,  
 My ceaseless watch I sadly keep.

CHORUS.

I see, Prometheus, and like night,  
 A cloud comes o'er my aching sight ;  
 Tearful I see thy withered form  
 Racked by the whirlwind and the storm ;  
 Bound with that adamantine chain,  
 I see thee writhe in hopeless pain.  
 Such the decree ; for subjugated heaven  
 Obeys the laws its new-made chief hath given.

PROMETHEUS.

Oh that beneath the ground,  
 In chains indissoluble bound,

Below the sombre regions of the dead,  
Where wide the gulf of Tartarus is spread,  
He'd thrust me! Then my scornful foes  
Had not rejoiced to see my woes;  
But pendent now, between the sky and earth,  
I hang, a spectacle, for their insulting mirth.

## CHORUS.

Has any god such heart of steel,  
With joy to see thee suffer so?  
Lives one, save Jove, who does not feel  
Compassion for thy torturing woe?  
But he, for aye, his vengeful ire maintains;  
His tyrant arm the god-like race constrains;  
Nor will he cease, till glutted be his hate,  
Or stratagem subvert his force-defying state.

## PROMETHEUS.

Though smarting thus in chains, yet he  
Shall need and ask a boon from me;  
For the new plot that threatens his throne  
Can be revealed by me alone.  
But though smooth-tongued persuasion lend  
Her charms, or menace stern her rage,  
By hope or fear, my stubborn will to bend  
To show the secret of a future age;  
Yet will I not the fatal word disclose,  
Till he shall loose my bonds, and sorrow for my woes.

## CHORUS.

Thy soul, with resolution strung,  
To punishment disdains to bow;  
Defiance sits upon thy tongue,  
Unawed and dauntless is thy brow.  
But trembling fear my bosom thrills,  
Lest on thee fall severer ills;  
For Jove, intractable, will scorn to melt;  
His hard, relentless heart compassion never felt.

## PROMETHEUS.

His stern severity I know;  
I feel the rigor of his power;  
But even he shall softer grow,  
When fate and vengeance o'er him lower;  
Then shall his pride, his cruel fury cease;  
Submissive shall he bow, and humbly sue for peace.

## SHELLEY.

WE love to read Shelley, and yet it makes us sad. His was a mind singularly gifted with poetic talent, sadly united with much that is corrupt in principle and morality. The grandeur of his conceptions and the perfection of poetical expression everywhere abounding in his works, attract the mind by an irresistible force; while the simplicity of his life, the kindness of his heart, and his unyielding devotion to what he believed to be the truth, arouse our deepest sympathy. We honor his genius; we admire his ardent—though false—philanthropy, which compelled him to be ever active in battling against those institutions of society which to him seemed the cause of all human suffering. He beheld and lamented over the wretchedness of his fellows. He set himself up as a reformer, vehement and fanatical, indeed, but eminently sincere. He saw the evil and thought he had found the remedy. He acted up to his belief; and for this we admire him, remembering

—“how easier far,

Devout enthusiasm is than a good *action*.”

With the confidence of fanaticism he obtruded upon the public the startling principles of his morality, and very naturally met the fate of those who boldly array themselves against opinions which mankind believe and venerate, and principles which are intimately connected with the safety of society. He has accordingly been decried as an infidel—a blasphemer. He has been accused of developing theories of loose morality, as an excuse for his own vices. But we cannot join those who take pleasure in heaping calumnies upon his defenceless head. His errors, indeed, were great, but we believe they were errors of the head, not of the heart. And that we may form a just estimate of Shelley, it is necessary to know something of the *man*, as well as of his writings.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, was born at Field Place, on the 4th of August, 1792. He was brought up under the paternal roof, and with his sisters, was there taught the elements of Greek and Latin. He subsequently spent some time at Sion House, Brentford, and at Eton School, and entered University College, Oxford, at the age of sixteen. He was soon expelled from Oxford, for publishing a syllabus of Hume's Essays, with inferences of his own, called the “Necessity of Atheism.” He soon after greatly displeased his father and friends by marrying a girl much younger than himself. This marriage, as might have been expected, was a very unhappy one. Their union was of short duration; for in the spring of 1813, they separated, and his wife went to reside with her father. Her death, by suicide, occurred about two years afterwards. He subsequently married a Miss Godman, with whom he appears to have lived very happily until the end of his life. He left England in 1817, and hence-

forth resided partly at Venice and partly at Pisa. During a temporary residence at Lerici, in 1822, he visited his friend, Leigh Hunt, at Leghorn, and when returning, the boat in which he sailed was lost in a violent storm, and all on board perished. Such is a brief sketch of the life of one who experienced the poet's blighted hopes and the world's ingratitude.

His life was short and unhappy, and his death melancholy in the extreme. And when we look at those gems of surpassing beauty that adorn even the wildest of his poetical imaginings, we cannot but regret that a mind so highly gifted—so fruitful of good as well as of evil—should have been stilled in death, before experience had taught it wisdom, and more mature thought purified the fountain which poisoned all its streams. His motives may have been pure, and we believe they were. His errors sprang, not from a settled determination to teach what was unsound in morality, but from the wrong bent given to his mind by the neglect of those who had the care of his early education. Neither his parents nor teachers seem to have thought of any training but that of the mind. The heart was left to take care of itself. And any one who has a just idea of the susceptibility of the mind, at an early age, to demoralizing influences will not wonder that Shelley, thus left to himself, imbibed principles so essentially wrong. It has been well said that, "the highest of the parent's obligations finds its sphere in the *moral* and *religious* training of his offspring. The superior importance of this department of education is sufficiently apparent, from the consideration that whilst both the mind and the body, left to themselves, and wholly neglected by parent and teacher, spontaneously acquire from their own activity, and from the business and conflicts of the world, the discipline as well as the knowledge and skill, most valuable in the pursuits of after life: the moral susceptibilities, if neglected, are always perverted and corrupted. The most careful and unremitting culture is requisite to preserve them from the most irreclaimable deterioration. They come to no good by any spontaneous, unguided efforts or essays of their own—they will not remain in a state of embryo or torpor, till genial influences and a plastic hand woo and guide them with kindly manifestations. To let the child alone, is to insure both precocity and proficiency in evil." This is the position in which Shelley was unfortunately placed by those who *should* have been the guardians of his early life, who *should* have attended both to the training of his mind and the education of his heart.

While at school he seems to have read with avidity all the novels and romances the circulating libraries threw in his way, and at Oxford his constant companion was Hume's Essays. As a very natural result of such reading we find him becoming skeptical in his opinions, and producing *Queen Mab*, in which he denies the existence of the Creator of the world, and speaks of a spirit of the Universe, and a co-eternal fairy of the earth. This is the first fruit of his lessons in skepticism.

There is, indeed, no surer way of poisoning the youthful mind than to make it familiar with objections against the doctrines of religion. The

answers may accompany the objections—the bane and the antidote may go together—the effect will nevertheless be pernicious. The inquisitive mind will set itself to start new objections for the glory of finding a solution to them. “Next to making a child an infidel, is the letting him know there are infidels at all. *Credulity* is the man’s weakness, but the child’s strength. O, how ugly sound scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!”\*

We see no reason to affirm, as some have done, that in his later years he changed his views of Christianity, but we think he did somewhat modify them. In his early productions he treats Christianity with the utmost hatred and malignity, and speaks of its author with the greatest contempt; but in the Revolt of Islam, he states that “the erroneous and degrading idea, which men have conceived of a Supreme Being, is spoken against, but not the Supreme Being himself.” And had he lived longer he would probably have seen fit to change entirely his views of religion.

There is a marked difference between Shelley and some others of the same school. However corrupt the tendency of his theories, his life was comparatively blameless. He hazarded theories which his life contradicted; for his domestic habits were widely different from those which, in the dreams of his distempered fancy, he dwelt upon with so much delight. The following passage, written with the natural partiality of a wife, while it passes over in silence many dangerous opinions, bears noble testimony to his moral worth, and inclines us to look upon the wanderings of his erring spirit more in sorrow than in anger.

“The comparative solitude in which Mr. Shelley lived was the occasion that he was personally known to few; and his fearless enthusiasm in the cause, which he considered the most sacred upon earth, the improvement of the moral and physical state of mankind, was the chief reason why he, like other illustrious reformers, was pursued by hatred and calumny. No man was ever more devoted than he to the endeavor of making those around him happy; no man ever possessed friends more unfeignedly attached to him. The ungrateful world did not feel his loss, and the gap it made seemed to close as quickly over his memory as the murderous sea above his living frame. Hereafter men will lament that his transcendent powers of intellect were extinguished before they had bestowed on them their choicest treasures. To his friends his loss is irremediable; the wise, the brave, the gentle, is gone forever! He is to them as a bright vision, whose radiant track, left behind in the memory, is worth all the realities that society can afford. Before the critics contradict me, let them appeal to any one who had ever known him: to see him was to love him; and his presence, like Ithuriel’s spear, was alone sufficient to disclose the falsehood of the tale which his enemies whispered in the ears of the ignorant world.”

\* Charles Lamb.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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THE student at college looks forward with pleasing anticipations to the goal, where ends his academic toil; to the period, when no longer he shall be restricted to this "miniature world" which he now occupies; but when he shall, under new circumstances and relations, enter upon a life for which this is preparatory, and of which this is a true epitome. The *ignis fatuus* in the distance ever plays its pranks upon the fancy of ardent youth. Attracted by its brilliancy he pursues, but by pursuit does not approach save to the place where imagination pictured it; for it has fled as if conscious that to distance it owed its enchantment. Thus contentment eludes his grasp; he seeks, but ever seeks in vain the hidden treasure until life's short span is most ended. Now, looking back upon his phantom chase, he sees that often he would have seized the prize had not a repulsive principle, which he unconsciously nourished within himself, driven it before him, to dangle continually in the future; now, when the flame of anticipation can burn but dimly, unless rekindled by the torch of immortality, dissatisfaction still makes him its prey. He reflects upon those hours as the most happy of his life, which, when passing, he least suspected. Those hours which once he wished were gone, he would now gladly recall from their slumberings; but, though not enjoyed as they passed, they *are gone* for ever. Time in its ceaseless march brings him his wish, and with it, disappointment; but gazing still upon some fancied happiness in the future, he would that the interval of even years might pass in the pleasant dreams of a single night, and bring him quickly to the fruition of his hopes:—

"Oh! how impatience gains upon the soul  
When the long-promised hour of joy draws near!  
How slow the tardy moments seem to roll!  
What spectres rise of inconsistent fear!"

Thus, longing for the speedy approach of future joy, we would dwindle down the three-score years and ten to a few short days made up of moments of unrealized expectations.

That we cannot avoid our destiny, is a theory much acted upon, whatever may be the general opinion respecting its truth abstractly. It is a beautiful prospect, to look forward with an eye of fancy upon future greatness, which, we flatter ourselves, awaits us. Nor is the scenery defaced by labor and toil which interpose. As rocks, hills, and cliffs impassable appear, to the distant observer, like gradual ascents from the plane, which serve to relieve the eye from dull monotony; so these, so long as kept in the future, seem but pleasant recreation to the traveler. Present toils alone seem hard to undergo. It is easy to resolve well; and thus, while unbiased by the employment of present means, it is shown that we are aware that we must shape our own destiny: but, when the time to put these resolutions into practice, is present—when bewildered by the formidable array of duties, we defer them, and re-resolve; it is then, that our actions show that we would believe that we are destined to be great, and must be, though the means be not used, for nothing can prevail against the fates. Thus we are apt to consider graduating, not only as the end, but often, as the object of college toil—imagining that all other things shall be added unto us.

To us, the long looked for period has at length almost arrived. That week, in



which we will have to give an account of our *thoughts* and *actions* here, alone remains, and we shall have reached the goal. We have brushed the dust from books long since laid by, and have brightened our memories, more dusty. We have carefully examined the coffers in which we have been laying up treasures—*current* paper money and *private documents*—that we may be able to draw hence assistance in the darkest moment of the approaching night. Like a sentenced criminal anxious for the fatal hour, we say, let it come—let the lowering cloud inevitable bring its worst speedily. But we are not as those without hope. Although the unpleasant task is before us of telling *all* we know, and what is more unpleasant, of telling what we do not know, yet the anticipated end—

"A beam of comfort, like the moon through clouds,  
Gilds the black horror, and directs our way."

The recess, after the close of college duties, while we shall not yet have left the academic shades, will certainly be the most pleasant, if *not* the most profitable part of our college life. He who finds pleasure in books, may in them seek it still,—but free. He who is fond of variety, when tired of ease, may in books find relief,—but free. To him, whom morning slumbers delight, the prayer-bell will ring in vain; for

"No sound shall awake him"—before breakfast time.

Those, who are pleased with the ladies, and who are never more delighted than when in their society, may then, without danger to their minds, expose their hearts by visiting them quite often. Many know well by sad experience, that this was not safe before. When once the heart is gone, the new possessor claims as her own just right, every thought and the will, and the poor victim makes a willing surrender. Then, they may go on excursions and walks with the ladies, without risk to further improvement at college by becoming more inclined to the study of love than of philosophy. Moreover, there is this one thing which will be pleasant to us all; we will have nothing to do while all others are busy. It is a pleasant thing to have a companion in grief; but no one, who has not experienced it, can conceive how delightful it is to "bore," and disturb the other students, when they are busy, and we have nothing to do ourselves.

Our reflections were here interrupted by a thought of our speedy entrance upon the turmoils of professional competition. It is a critical period in our lives, when we are compelled to decide what part in the machinery of society we shall fill—what place nature best designed us. Here, it has been the object to develop and train the whole mind, and especially, those parts which were less favored by nature; but then, it will be important to discover what pursuit, from the peculiar character of our minds, best suits us, and to that, to direct our energies. Mistakes here, though often made, are fatal. Many a Franklin, Story, Rush, or Edwards has spent his life unknown in drudgery and care, and has buried his mind in labor and toil, unconscious that nature, partial in her gifts, had designed him for his nation's service and pride. On the other hand, not a few, ambitious for popular distinctions, or captivated by some ideal honor or wealth which they hope to acquire, enter upon a profession, thinking these a necessary consequence. Many a lawyer, or physician, or even clergyman—though I speak here with reverence—if talent had been considered in deciding his calling, would have given his attention to some pursuit, where excellence depends upon bodily strength, and not upon mind. To the diversity of sciences and arts which are necessary for the prosperity of society, there is a corresponding diversity of tastes and talents. Only when there is this adaptation between the mind and the pursuit, does man venture behind the curtain of ignorance, and discover truths else unknown, and diffuse light where before was only darkness.

*The Man made of Money*: by Douglas Jerrold.—We read a few years ago a work, entitled "Story of a Feather." We thought it one of the most delightful creations we had ever perused; its pathos and humor were so exquisitely treated and intermingled, that we were carried along as in a pleasure-boat,—charmed with the sprays on every side, and sighing at the end of the ride that we could go no further. We naturally, then, anticipated a rich treat when it was announced that the author of "St. Giles and St. James"—the *bona fide* "Candle" lecturer—the veritable *London Punch* man, had issued a new work; and hastened accordingly to read it.

The production is certainly very strangely "done up," yet we fancy every one will perceive its object. The hero is a man whose wife has a great affection for the needful, greater, probably, than for her spouse. And she not unfrequently exhibits this affection by questions relative to the possession of the same. The oppressed husband, driven to despair, finally exclaims, "*I wish to Heaven I was made of money.*" His wife utters a hearty "amen." And, strange to say, the wish comes true—the man's heart is one roll of bank notes! We then follow the moneyed man; go with him to Parliament—to Jogtrot Hall—to the dueling ground, where he receives a ball through the left ventricle of his heart, and goes off the ground a living, breathing, moneyed man still, to the infinite discomfiture of the physician. We follow him through all these stages; at the same time seeing him waste away with every expenditure from his heart-bank; until we exclaim with Basil, "Blessed if you don't look as if you'd been locked out last night, and carried to bed through the key-hole." But least of all we see his wealth turn into ashes!

There are many incidental scenes and characters, in connection with the main thread of the story, which are pleasing and instructive. Many domestic narratives which are well told; and especially beautiful are some of them as contrasted with the moneyed man's household.

The book is not as good as "The Story of a Feather;" it lacks the pathos which renders that so interesting, but it has the same perpetual flow of wit which is so highly characteristic of the author. There is in Jerrold's writings a studied originality which seems to prevent in some degree naturalness of incident. His power as a humorist is rather inferior, by no means to be compared to that of Dickens; but, on the other hand, in the character of a wit he is more brilliant than any of his cotemporaries.

There is one very evident and very bad fault in the *Fancy* before us; it is, that there isn't enough of it; he doesn't complete his characters. We look longingly after the *Halcyon*; and when it dies away in the distance, we are really pained that we shall see no more of the Carraways. We wished to see Basil and Bessy living in domestic enjoyment in the "Antipodes"—and the old man happy in the lot of his declining years. Where he might learn—what the moneyed man would have felt in his heart, had it not been composed of bank notes—the truth of that couplet of Virgil's:—

Qui — metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
Subjecit pedibus, strepitum que Acherontis avari.

GEORG. ii. 402.

Happy the man, —  
His mind possessing in a quiet state,  
Fearless of fortune and resigned to fate.

DRYDEN.

☞ We received the above work from Mr. Jacob Erb (at Kneidler's old stand), who keeps a very attractive counter indeed; having constantly on hand a fine selection from the innumerable publications of the day.

## MONTHLY GOSSIP.

*Clubs.*—It is rather unfortunate that Bulwer never placed an appendix to his Essays on English character, which should have been entitled, "Want of Amusement among the Literati." Had he done so, no doubt many clashing opinions would have been reconciled by it. But, alas! he has not done it, and we must think and speak for ourselves; lest society may suffer for want of instruction on this point, we shall venture a word. We shall not call back to earth again, Shakspeare's shades, to witness his monument bespoiled, and glory marred: but we would call upon his "benighted followers," to return to the path of duty and common sense.

"Wisdom speaks in me, and bids me dare  
Beacon the rocks on which high hearts are wreck't."

When we expostulate with them, how do they evade our arguments, and neglect our wholesome counsel? They say Shakspeare is *next* to the Bible; and the consequence is, that on Saturday evening, the atmosphere is decidedly Shaksperian: all conversation upon Goëthe, Schiller, Friedrich Von Schlegel, Milton, Shelley, Coleridge, &c., is actually forbidden as tainting: a long train may be seen wending its way *westward*, with as much gravity upon the countenances of the individuals, as Diogenes bore whilst seated in a tub. "Westward the star of empire takes its course." When we remonstrate with them on the impropriety of reading on Saturday evenings, and urge them to carry out their theory by reading on Monday, which is *next* to Sunday, they will say Saturday is *next* to Monday; everybody knows that Saturday comes *before* Sunday, hence, in violation of the first principles of logic, and by a strange incongruity, they make "next," and "before," synonymous; we get out of patience in reasoning with such persons. Unfortunately, falling in company one evening, with one of the most enthusiastic, we inquired of him, whether he had faith in the theory before advanced, to which he replied in a measured tone, "that from what he could gather, in his *waking intervals*, he sposed he did." Even Byron has been subjected to the same course of proceeding, but on a smaller scale. In short, we must speak in *Shakspeare* or *Byron*, or keep our dull thoughts to ourselves.

*Fie!*—It is really a shame, that the Editors can't walk with the ladies, but that the "*—men*," all stand aghast and take off their hats. This is a decided nuisance to ourselves; and we do urge the "City Authorities" to take speedy measures for its redress. The other day there was a walking party; and there were the "*—men*" a looking! Now these looking men confuse us, not the ladies. The ladies are pleased with *looks*. But young gentlemen who are just beginning to devote their "leisure moments," to looking *after* not at the ladies, don't like to be *looked* out of countenance. Once for all, "*—men*," desist! Let your looks be spent on your books, not on your persons, or on the Editor's.—*Carlisle Police Gazette please copy.*

*Wanted.*—As the Editors have given up loafing, a reporter for the Monthly Gossip is much needed, and his services will be *thankfully* received.

*Progress of Science.*—We have all read, no doubt, of the difficulties attendant upon the pathway of Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress." And we are also well aware of the divers aches and pains, incidental to the attainment of any desirable object. Sterne, the eccentric church dignitary, observed very complacently, when he was persecuted by critics and booksellers, that "the way to fame was like the way to heaven, through much tribulation." These reflections were forcibly impressed on our mind, as with the most aged and venerable portion of our apparel, for science scorns to think of what it shall put on, but considers the lilies or the varied hues of the snake; indeed we have thought it would be for the interest of science, if nothing at all were "put on,"—or in anywise affected. We proceeded, in company with a numerous host of the inquisition, out towards Sterritt's Gap. And, oh! had the unfortunate salamanders, the toads, or the snakes have seen the uncouth coat, the misshapen hat, or the fiery appearance of the red flannel shirt, how they would have trembled in their little skins; but these they could *not* see, though really they are inexcusable for not having heard the sound of the nails, when a certain huge shoe came in contact with the earth. The Pilgrim came to the Slough of Despond—we also, came to a slough, but not of despond; this was the very time we were Hopeful; bright and curious reptiles danced before our eyes, and indeed every one in the company seemed at times metamorphosed into big Salamonias. But the illusion vanished when we commenced floundering in this scientific morass. This then, is the Progress of Science, when we can get young men to leave the comforts of a recitation, or of declamation, to wallow in the mud.

*The "Scoville" Entertainment.*—We entered Education Hall, to hear the Shakspeare reading, thinking of the gifted Fanny Kemble; and, minding us of *her* crowded houses, went early in order to procure a seat. We *did* get a seat—and that's not all we got. We got a glimpse of a new Julian, totally different from a certain character of one William Shakspeare, and after seeing the Scovilles eat a very hearty supper, which didn't seem to *go down* with the audience, we left in the midst of a very eloquent 4th of July oration!

NOTICE.

THE Union P. Society of Dickinson College, will celebrate its 60th Anniversary on the evening of the 4th of July.

The commencement of the College will take place on Thursday, the 12th.