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THE
COLLEGIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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

Vol. I.—No. V.

DICKINSON COLLEGE.

JULY,

1849.

THE COLLEGIAN.

GREGORY VII.

THERE are few periods in history which deserve more close and careful study than the times of Gregory the Seventh. Not only are the events which transpired during his life of the most interesting character, in themselves considered, but they are the more attractive, when we reflect that the entire tone of feeling, and most of the remarkable occurrences of the period, were the effect of the energy and perseverance of one man. The biography of Gregory the Seventh, or, rather, of Hildebrand, is indeed the history of his times; for he moulded the age in which he lived after his own fashion, and left his impress indelibly imprinted on every feature of it. He has plainly shown us that it is not pride of birth, or worse, of riches, which bestows true nobility, but that

“The mind createth its own destiny of power;”

and he has practically proved that industry and zeal can raise a man above his fellows, however mean his station or humble his birth may have been.

Hildebrand was born at Soano, in Tuscany, of parents in the lower walks of life, and received the best education which his father could give him. At a period in his youth which has not been ascertained, he entered the monastery of Cluny, near Macon, in France, where his great powers first began to develop themselves. His instructors were not slow to perceive his talents, and to predict that his future course would be a brilliant one. So eloquent was he, that, while at the court of Germany, where he remained a short time, the Emperor, Henry III., said he “had never heard God’s word preached with so much power.” He remained at the court but a short time, however, for it was not congenial to him; and, shortly after his return, he was made Prior of Cluny.

Previous to this, however, amid the silent groves with which his monastery was surrounded, he had formed those plans to the accomplishment of which his after life was devoted. It would far transcend the limits of this sketch to mention the circumstances which induced his contemplations; suffice it to say that, after long and earnest reflection on the state of the church and the world, he adopted the four following ideas, to realize which

he intended to devote the labor of his life. First, that God's church should be *one*, and Rome its efficient head; then, that it should be free; that it should be pure; and that it should command the princes and powers of the earth. And, however startling some of these propositions may seem to us, who live in the light of the nineteenth century, we cannot rashly assert that they were not demanded by the exigences of the times. Still less dare we impute any other than the purest and most disinterested motives to Hildebrand, their originator.

If we trace his future life, we shall see that one or more of these ideas was always the leading motive of his actions. He was not, like the good abbot to whom he communicated the results of his reflections, "content to pray, trust in God, and hope for the best." He knew that some one must *begin* the Herculean task; he felt that a life of action must be his who would change the tone and framework of society.

The first blow was struck when the pious old Bruno was about to ascend the pontifical chair, under the title of Leo the Ninth. This good man, after he had been appointed pope by the emperor, left Worms, of which he was bishop, and commenced his journey to Rome, with all the pomp usually attendant on those of his high dignity. As he was about to pass, on Christmas day, the far-famed monastery of Cluny, its abbot and prior hastened out to meet him, and request that he would spend this great holiday of the church with them. He consented; and while there, the conversation of Hildebrand opened a new world of thought and action to his mind. And when he went forth, it was not in the gorgeous robes and jeweled mitre of the successor of St. Peter; but wearing the plain garb, and bearing the staff of a pilgrim. Attended by the prior of Cluny, he walked to Rome, to ask the confirmation of the people and clergy to the otherwise empty imperial nomination.

Henceforth Hildebrand was his confident and counselor. Under his direction, priests, bishops, and nobles were tried for simony and illegal marriages, and, if found guilty, expelled from office, or excommunicated. When Bruno died, he compelled the emperor to nominate Gebhard as Victor II., and had the election as before made at Rome. He possessed equal power over the succeeding popes, and omitted no occasion to forward the objects for which he lived. By offering to settle a difficulty between Henry of France and Ferdinand of Spain, by the mediation of the pope, he laid the foundation of the supremacy of the Roman see over princes and emperors. To Stephen IX., Nicholas II., and Alexander II. he was chief counselor and director. So completely had he won the affection of the people, and to such an extent had he impressed them with the idea of his energy and power, that, when about to perform the funeral service over the body of Alexander, he was chosen his successor by the unanimous acclamation of the throng which filled St. Peter's. Once seated in the pontifical chair, he was moved neither by flattery, bribes, nor threats. His whole soul was

wrapt in the purpose of accomplishing the four ruling ideas of his life; and he deviated not from the path he had chosen.

His chief contests were with Henry IV. of Germany. At last, when Henry, in the height of his wickedness and folly, demanded that he should descend from the papal chair, which he averred he had usurped, Gregory excommunicated him. The horrors of excommunication were felt by Henry in their full force. He was even deserted by nearly all his adherents. They dared not drink to the king, for "in the clanking of their goblets they heard the re-echoing of the dreaded excommunication." Thus abandoned, he determined to sue for forgiveness. He performed the renowned journey to Canossa on foot, and unattended. The king, and the descendant of kings, climbed the snowy Alps, was lowered in Lombardy by peasants' hands, and waited, bare-headed and bare-footed, three days in the bitter cold to obtain the forgiveness of the carpenter's son.

And when he had obtained it, it availed him nothing. He was not reinstated in his former rights, but, by his humiliation, he had cast off even the few followers that had clung to him. Goaded by such treatment, his character suddenly assumed a new and singular energy. He gathered together what army he could, and, in seven years from his humiliation at Canossa, he entered Rome in triumph.

The noble Gregory was banished. Confined to his stronghold in Salerno, he could look out upon the world, seeming, as yet, unchanged by his labors. His last words are expressive of his disappointed hopes. As he looked from his window over the fields, which were just assuming the verdure of spring, he said, "I have loved justice, and hated iniquity, and I, too, die an exile." His attendants turned to comfort him; but his spirit had departed.

And had he lived in vain? Was the seed he had sown to bring forth no harvest? No. The seed he had scattered had rigorously taken root, although as yet it had not sprung forth. Let us look at the condition of affairs a few years after his death, and we see Henry the Fourth dying of cold and hunger on a door step. The supremacy of Rome was acknowledged, the church was free from simony and marriages of priests—the work of Gregory was accomplished!

Like Gregory must every one labor who would produce great results. Like him he may descend to the grave without seeing the fruit of his toil; but his labors shall succeed like his, if his motives be as pure or his toil as incessant.

THE BREAKERS.

THE breakers of time are the rock-based islands standing in the sea of life. The rapid currents setting in from the icy coasts of disappointment, and the shores of pride, with the storms raised by passion's burning sun,

often drive upon these breakers the vessels freighted with human beings and human hopes. The foaming, fluctuating currents of popular opinion sometimes set towards these, and dash with relentless fury the burdens of their angry bosoms upon the reef-bound shores.

The foliage of a sweetly scented flower may conceal the poisonous serpent; the hush of winds may precede a tempest; a country, smiling in its varied plenty and romantic scenery, may lie in fancied security above the pent-up and struggling powers of an earthquake. So the rovers on life's sea may promise themselves peace, safety, and glory, and then soon be wrecked on these foam-fringed islands; some of which, to the distant beholder, present nature in her garb of beautiful scenery.

A young gentleman of fortune embarks in the gaudy skiff of his father's patrimony. He shoots swiftly by the shores and landmarks of boyhood; and, forsaking the rudder of economy, gives himself up to the oarsmen of extravagance. With gay companions and pleasant winds, he sails at will over the slightly ruffled bosom of the deep. The song, and the music, and the whirlings of the dance delight him. He rejoices in the smiles of merry-cheeked Mirth, and says, "To feast and be merry are the two cardinal virtues." He casts out the well-baited, golden fish-hooks; but, instead of catching delicious trout, hauls in the slippery eels, which slip from his grasp, and leave only their slime behind. Perhaps he loves the rosy liquid, whose bright glow is often as deceptive as the hectic flush on the consumptive's cheek. Poor fellow! "Oft in the stilly night" the boat flies up and strikes him on the head; or, miser-like, he grasps at the stars, supposing them to be gems pendent from night's concave; and then these stars commence their wild dance on the blue pavement of the sky, while all things else are spinning round in endless revolutions. Yet on he speeds, in frolic and fun, until the startling cry, "Breakers ahead," comes too late; the frail skiff is wrecked; and the merry-hearted, reckless sailor is swept away to the ghostly regions, hid from mortal view by gloomy clouds that beetle toward heaven, like dark mountains on dark mountains piled.

Vicissitude rules this sea, Progression the limitless ocean beyond. Here storm follows quick upon storm. Calms and tempests alternate. Around the breakers, the ceaseless dashings of the waves utter their melancholy music; and toward them a vessel is moving. Her prow is decked with the spoils of vanquished navies; her flag, indicative of sovereignty, waves proudly in the breeze; her captain swears, in the pride of his heart, to sweep the sea of every rival, and sail in triumph to the harbor of universal empire. Soon the sharks, those minions of power, anxious for the fruits of battle, gather themselves together, to follow in the wake. Now onward, like some ponderous engine of destruction, moving with a wide wasting power, she bears down upon the slightly built craft, and more stately vessels; and yet onward, as a machine directed by the genius of Death, goes crashing

among the fleets, and beneath the troubled waters sinks them, laden with the hopes and liberties of men and nations.

Upon the breakers the terrible form of Destiny appears. Huge and moving shadows are seen; for, in the iron frame work of Necessity, is placed the deep sounding loom of Time, which fails not in its ceaseless workings with the lapse of years. Destiny is weaving his fatal chords. The chords are finished; they are tied to the balls of Opportunity, which, thrown from the sling of Fate, swoop unerringly to their mark, and fasten to the empire ship. The decree of her doom has gone forth. Her sun of dominion rushes down the west, and hides beneath the wave; and now

“ With one stride comes the dark ;
With far heard whisper o'er the sea,
Off' shoots the *fate-bound* bark.”

Stern Destiny still tugs at the chords; and, as a war horse goaded to madness rushes to destruction, the empire ship dashes upon the rocks; her masts quiver, and timbers groan, with the shock. The waters part, and down, like a mass of lead, she sinks to a dark and slimy anchorage, there to be ranked with the unserviceable, while others, in her place, sail the sea, foremost and greatest.

It is thus that a nation, emerging from obscurity, receives power and dominion to act out a scene or a play in the world's great drama; and then, relapsing into obscurity, gives up its dominion to another, which fulfills its part, and passes away; so that Progress may march with ever-advancing steps to the earthly goal of man's destiny.

A THUNDER STORM.

I.

If there won't be a thunder storm, I'm blest !
The sun has hid his beams behind yon cloud
That hangs like night along the darkened west;
The cattle gather in a fearful crowd;
The summer landscape wears a pall-like shroud;
These signs doth nature give of coming strife,
Of wind, rain, lightning, thunder raging loud;
A war of elements, with fury rife,
Fiercer than cannon's roar, and drum, and screaming fife.

II.

The rain begins to fall in large, quick drops,
That patter on the thirsty earth; and mark !
How the uprising wind sways the tree tops;
And faintest flashes now illumine the dark

Sudden as smitten flint gives forth a spark;
 The clouds o'erspread the sky, the wind is up,
 Red light streams down from heaven to earth—and hark!
 The elements have drunk the raging cup,
 Snap, bang! the thunder yelpeth like a furious pup.

III.

And now the storm is at its highest pitch;
 The wind howls like a famished wolf aloof;
 Where'er the lightning strikes, it digs a ditch;
 The thunder shakes the shingles off the roof;
 And if the water were not fire proof,
 It certainly would burn, (as sure as gun
 Is iron, or cow has cloven hoof,)
 For the whole heaven is melted into one
 Vast sheet of liquid flame, that dazzles like the sun.

IV.

Nowhere in nature is there such a sight
 For the true Poet's "frenzy rolling eye."
 Clear, thought-winged flashes of celestial light
 Dart from the bosom of the roaring sky,
 And rive tough locust trees and hickory,
 Scattering them in a thousand different ways;
 And where the lightning-rod doth tower on high,
 A glittering star of brightest glory plays—
 It is Ben Franklin's crown, woven of heavenly rays.

V.

Great Ben! the thunder shouts, louder than seven-
 Teen thousand trumps, thy fame; for thou didst snatch
 "From kings the scepter, lightning from the heaven."
 Though baked among the yesty Yankee batch,
 Thy soul soared higher than an onion patch;
 Yet Benjamin, it has been source of wonder,
 And the solution of it I could never catch,
 Why thou, good soul, didst e'er *invent* harsh thunder;
 It surely was a thoughtless and unlucky blunder.

VI.

Peal after peal, and gust, and zigzag streak,
 And deafening sound, as if the sky had crashed
 Upon that mountain's thunder-shaken peak,
 From heaven's artillery have roared and flashed

For the last hour; and floods of rain have dashed,
Mingled with fire and hail, on all around;
And trees have bent, and window panes have smashed;
And men and houses would have bit the ground,
Had not Ben Franklin's storm-rod kept them safe and sound.

VII.

But look! the darkened sky is clearing off;
The heavens and earth seem both agreed to stop;
The thunder's growl is changed into a cough;
From their retreats the toads begin to hop;
The bright sun has sufficient space to pop
His warm beams on the earth, between the fleece
Of glowing clouds, and clean away the slop;
The elements have come to terms of peace,
And freshened nature looks once more as slick as grease.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.

It is impossible to look upon the present commotions of Europe, without being awe-struck with the tremendous crisis they are evidently hastening on. If any one, fifty years ago, had predicted that, in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, France would be a republic, and almost every nation in Europe endeavoring to imitate her example, he would have been looked upon as a madman. But it is even so! Almost every steamer brings tidings of a despotic government overthrown, and a blow struck for liberty. And the end is not yet!

But, some think that all will end in anarchy and confusion—that these commotions will result in the re-enactment of the scenes of another Waterloo, and serve but to fix more deeply the despotism that produced them. And how can such sentiments be entertained by any true American? Do we not see, in the revolution that has lately agitated France, the same elements that constituted the glorious revolution to which we are indebted for the privileges that we now enjoy? This great struggle is a contest between truth and error—the oppressor and the oppressed. Our fathers fought the same battle; and, looking at the difficulties they had to encounter, and the glory they acquired, can we not bid France, On! and in the language of her beautiful hymn, exclaim,

“Ye sons of freedom, wake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!”

This great movement will not, cannot fail. The people are beginning to learn their power. In a moment they have snapped asunder, as weeds, the

manacles under which they have groaned for centuries. They have hurled from their thrones tyrants surrounded by forests of bayonets. And they have accomplished all this, not as a mob of maniacs, swayed by furious passions and lawless men: they trampled not upon the laws of nature and reason. It was for justice they sought—a release from the grinding and merciless will of their rulers. The eyes of the French people have been opened, and we cannot suppose that they will suffer themselves to relapse into their former ignoble condition.

But let us, for a moment, turn to poor unfortunate Ireland. How fares she? What are her prospects? And here we might pause for a moment, and drop the tear of sympathy, when we reflect how long and how much she has suffered. Surely, a heavy hand has been laid upon her. She stands before the world a Niobe. The lightnings have scathed her, and the billows of tribulation have nigh overwhelmed her. Fate seems to have decided that the epitaph of her illustrious martyr should never be written. But hope cannot yet be extinct. The sceptre that has so long been her scourge must, sooner or later, be broken. Her cries will be heard by a righteous God, and upon her enemies he will turn the poisoned arrow that has so long rankled in her bosom.

“And, thou gem upon the waters,
Fair, yet hapless Emerald Isle,
Once again thy sons shall triumph,
Once again thy daughters smile.”

It is true, that the difficulties which Ireland will have to encounter are great, and calculated to drive her almost to despair. She will never, perhaps, be able to cope, single-handed, with the giant arm of England. But there lies in store for her a more certain way of escape, a much surer means of obtaining retribution. The eyes of the world are upon her, and its great heart is beginning to throb in unison with hers. And England will find that the injustice with which she is treating her sister isle will bring down upon her the condemnation of every true patriot, and the wrath of an outraged humanity. This she cannot and will not endure. Her pride alone would make her shrink from such a fate. And thus will the way be opened for the deliverance of Ireland. If her enemies will not listen to the dictates of conscience, they will be compelled to do right under its lashes, or, at least, under a conviction that their own interests demand it; policy will force them to do what a regard for justice is unable to accomplish.

But not only have France and Ireland been shaken; a shout has been heard in the

“Land of old and classic splendor;
Life, new life, has thrilled the pulses
Of impassioned Italy.”

The seven-hilled city is waking from the sleep of centuries; from the

hoary battlements of old Rome, echoes a cheering response to Freedom's call; while,

"Beyond the blue Rhine's rushing,
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Brethren there have raised a standard
To redeem their 'Fatherland.'"

Almost everywhere, in fact, the spirit of revolution is at work, and almost every nation has caught the enthusiasm of reform. And who will say that this enthusiasm will pass away, and that these great movements will accomplish nothing in hastening on the world's emancipation. Let it not be forgotten that there is One, who, though unseen and unheard, is yet overlooking the affairs of nations, and exerting an influence among men greater than all that the combined efforts and machinations of earth's potentates can effect. And He is just, wise, and good. Under His strong arm shall the sons of oppression triumph. With the God of truth on their side, and with the example set by those whom tyrannical rulers drove to the wilds of a western wilderness before them, they will take courage, and learn that there is, indeed, a reality in the sublime theory of self-government.

THE COLLEGE OF THE MAGII.

THE Magii* of Babylon constituted a distinct class of society, into which none but literary men and public functionaries were admitted. A law, similar to that which existed in Egypt, compelled the king to become a priest among the Magii before he could ascend the throne. The care, as well as the direction, of the public worship was at an early period confided to them alone; and became soon profitable in their hands. These employments they endeavored, and succeeded, to make hereditary from the father to the son. (Diod. ii. 29.) But they had also an artificial succession amongst them, and this was obtained for an individual, by his being adopted by one of their number; Daniel and his three brothers became in this manner members of their society. (Manter, Emp. of B., p. 80.) The word Magii appears to have signified, among the Babylonians, "sages." (Hakim, Dan. v. 7.) They occupied themselves with the study and practice of all the secret arts appertaining to demonology; such as making out horoscopes, with goety (the art of conjuring, and calling up the spirits of the departed) and augury. The multiplicity of their occupations caused them to institute subdivisions in their order similar to those which were common in Persia

* The word *Magus* has been considered to be of Persian origin, according to Apulej. Apol. p. 290. But it is evidently Sanscrit, and means an enchanter, in that language. It is derived from the verb *mag*, to practice witchcraft.

and Medea, the countries whence the Magii originally came. These subdivisions were as follows:—

1. The scribes (Chartumim*) which Daniel mentions (i. 20, ii. 2, 10).

They were versed in writing and deciphering all kinds of hieroglyphics, such as were seen by Belshazzar on the wall of the royal palace; on which occasion, they acknowledged themselves unequal to the task, and Daniel had to be called in order to explain the handwriting.

2. The enchanters (Asphin), Dan. v. 11. Rabbi Maimonides (More Nebuchim. iii. 37), says of them, that they were able to subdue the savage beasts by conjuration, to cure the diseases of all animals, and to prevent trees and vegetables from withering and dying. They had also the power of destroying as well as that of healing.

3. The astrologers (Mechasphim), Dan. ii. 22. They conducted their astronomical observations in the temple of Belus. Isaiah called them the "Dividers of the Heavens;" because they, like the Hetracian and Roman Augurs, divided the firmament into equal parts, and assigned to each a separate influence.

4. The soothsayers (Gasrin), Dan. ii. 27, iv. 4. They corresponded precisely to the Roman Augurs. Diodos speaks very highly of their predictions from the flight of birds, (in all probability, doves.) They pretended also to foretell future events by an inspection of the entrails of animals slain at the altar. Maimonides, c. 29.

5. The Casdim (Dan. ii. 2, 4, 10), a word which has been generally rendered Chaldeans. It is more probable that the name is derived from *Kosti* (χρυσος), the holy girdle of the priests, and which constituted the peculiar insignia of the order of Magii. The priests of Zoroaster looked upon this girdle as the only indispensable article of their apparel.

The chief of the college of the Magii was the Archimagus; an office which included also that of chief or governor of the royal castle. Diodos has preserved us the name of one of those priest-governors, Belesys, who incited Arbaces to rebellion against Sardanapalus, and aided him in liberating Babylon from the yoke of that effeminate monarch (Diod. ii. 24). He also speaks of him as an experienced astrologer, who could predict future events with much certainty; by which art he obtained great influence with the people.

It is difficult to say with certainty how many members the order had. The only passage which throws any light upon this question mentions seventy; but they are said to have been the officiating priests in the temple of Belus, and it is probable that there were many more whose duties never called them to officiate at the altar.

The Magii shaved their heads like the Egyptian priests; this we learn

* Chartumim is derived from *charath*—χαρᾶτω, to cut in, to engrave, of the same signification as γραφαί, *scrība*, to engrave.

from one of the engraved slabs found by Hammer, and also from Bar. vi. 30. They had no taxes to pay (Diod. i. 28), and received their salaries in provisions, &c. One of their perquisites was the daily offering made to Bel, which consisted of eighty-four bushels of wheat, forty sheep, and three buckets of wine. (Beros. ap. Joseph. Antiq., x. 11.) These offerings, made to the God, went to support the families of the priests.

We shall continue this subject on a future occasion.

AMERICAN PREJUDICES.

WE are a people much given to strong likes and dislikes; and are by no means slow to manifest them, when occasion offers. Both our national and sectional prejudices are alike violent. Separated into independent States, each possessing some distinguishing characteristics, and forming two great divisions *marked by different interests*, sectional prejudices are, consequently, very strong. Any day in the week we may hear the "Sir Oracle" of a village bar-room declaiming, with vehemence, upon the superior advantages his native State possesses and maintains over her neighbors. Frothy political demagogues, anxious to gain the public ear, are ever ready to bestir the feelings, and foment the dissensions, which unfortunately disturb the two great sections of the country. The Northerner is ready to affirm that the march of civilization, the progress of arts and industry, are arrested, at Mason and Dixon's line, by the inertness and apathy of the South; the Southerner, in his turn, is ready to retaliate, with the charge of unwarrantable interference in his domestic institutions, on the part of his stirring neighbors of the North. Were it not for the strenuous exertions of the wise and patriotic men found in all sections of the country, these feelings would find vent in something stronger than words. Fortunately for our peace, there is always a large and influential body of conservatives who ever stand ready to mediate between the adverse parties; to repress, on the one hand, the too busy interference of northern enthusiasts with southern rights, and to allay, on the other hand, the too hasty jealousy of northern encroachment manifested by the South.

But these local and sectional feelings seem all to be merged in one great national sentiment—dislike and jealousy of Great Britain. Indeed, this is but natural, after the wars which England has waged, first upon our freedom, and then upon our maritime rights. But the similarity between the language, manners, and institutions, and the possession of a common literature, would have seemed sufficient to have done away, ere this, with the strong prejudices existing between the two nations.

Yet this very likeness, we think, has greatly aided to keep alive the national ill-will.

Both ridicule and abuse have been heaped, and with no sparing hand, upon our simple republican institutions by the haughty Britons, proud of their ancient monarchical government; and the possession of a common language has only brought these things home to every American with ten-fold force. He can fully appreciate what is thus urged in his mother tongue, and nourishes, then, with greater warmth, the animosity which he previously felt. He deeply resents the unnatural conduct of the mother country, who uses the language native to both as the vehicle of abuse and misrepresentation, instead of praise and encouragement.

British travelers in this country have felt themselves bound, it seems, to repay American hospitality with English abuse; and have returned to entertain their credulous countrymen with fanciful pictures of republican barbarism, or to astound them with cock and bull stories of miserable slaves, sinking beneath stripes and chains.

So much of this trash has been written and circulated, that it is not wonderful that the great mass of our people should cherish a considerable degree of jealousy and resentment toward a nation whose writers have seemed so sedulously bent upon misrepresenting them. But this *Trollopism* has slackened of late years, and promises to die away altogether; the constant intercourse now maintained, will soon introduce better feelings, and sounder views as to the respective character of each people; and we, as a nation of Anglo-Saxons, will be proud to "shake hands, as over a vast," with the countrymen of Shakspeare and Newton; and they, as freemen, will come to regard with fraternal feelings the people who have established liberty on an immovable basis in the New World.

RECOLLECTIONS.

My heart still roves the world-wide sea,
Whose paths in buoyant youth I trod,
Communing with sublimity,
Alone with nature and with God.

O human heart, untrained to feel,
Wouldst tune the echoes of thy breast?
Let beauty's self her forms reveal,
Or naked grandeur stand confest.

There, where the boundless waters roll,
Where solitude, the hermit, dwells,
There school the young, ingenuous soul—
And vast to heaven its stature swells.

Weird Ocean, with mysterious spell,
Inspired the pilgrim leaves thy shrine;
Voice-haunted, like thy native shell,
Whose music is a part of thine.

I seem to hear thy hollow roar,
As when, in yearning boyhood's day,
I stood upon the lonely shore,
And listened to thy solemn lay;

Like some sweet, melancholy strain,
That wakened chords of sympathy,
The lingering echo swells again
Within the cell of memory.

Loitering upon the shell-paved strand,
The encroaching surf my feet would lave;
While gazing dreamily, I scanned
The flow and ebb of many a wave.

They come interminably on,
Like time's full tide, in billows vast;
How like the unconscious present gone,
Engulfed in the oblivious past.

Thus came the thronging joys of youth,
As prodigally thrust aside,
Till lapsing soon betrayed the truth—
Their source was not an ocean tide.

O give me back my boyhood's dreams,
The gushing heart, the fancy free,
And, manhood, all thine empty schemes,
And anxious wealth, are dross to me.



COLLEGE REMINISCENCES.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—When, on a recent occasion, one of your gentlemanly *corps* observed to the writer that another article was expected from him for the July number, the hint was received with a few misgivings. He had occupied some room, and spoiled some very handsome paper in several of the earlier issues; and for a moment, he construed the suggestion into a

playful attempt to twit him for the abundance of his previous scribblings. But the earnest solemnity of the subsequent conversation completely disarmed suspicion; and we parted with the mutual understanding, that, after one more infliction upon your "*fifty thousand subscribers and over a million of readers,*" I was to "give way," as they have it in country debating societies, "to a more abler individual."

I have just signed, sealed, and (hope to have) delivered a letter to an old classmate, and while writing it, many scenes of "*Auld Lang Syne*" came up to my recollection. Do not wax facetious, gentlemen, at my antiquity. Time is an exceedingly relative entity. With the peaceful rustics of a retired valley—with men whose peregrinations never transcend the line sketched on the sky by their mountains—not less than forty years make a generation. But with us, one-tenth of that period is sufficient to replace the forms we once knew and cherished with strangers. The old graduates returning for the second degrees can tell you all about this matter. To them the college buildings and the town seem much as when they left: "but all else how changed!" * * * I belong, then, to a former generation, and with your leave, offer a reminiscence or two, which, at this distance of time, untinged by party hue or excitement, may aspire to the dignity of history. Out of consideration for the feelings of surviving friends, however, I must restrict myself in the use of names, and present only the initials.

I. C—— was the descendant of an excellent clergyman, but a notable example of a remark not precisely original with me, that moral goodness is not always hereditary. Possessing talents which might have placed him in the first section at least, he never pretended to prepare an exercise until within about five minutes of the bell, and then he would exclaim, like Queen Elizabeth on her death-bed, "millions for an inch of time!" The excuse usually offered for this procrastination was—that, having heard of students who began well and ended badly, he had too much regard for his pious parents to pain them by any sudden reverse in his career; he therefore preferred consistency to cruelty, and gave himself credit for the preference. In this way he gained opportunity for planning schemes of fun and deviltry, and more than once has he applied to me for any surplus wisdom I might be able to lend him for the completion of his pranks. Thus, after hanging a vessel of water over a neighbor's door, he would ask—"Think that's about high enough to cool his ambition?"—or, after slipping the rope from half the pins on the bedstead—"Wonder how far he'll get down before he turns to rise?" were questions he would ask with the innocent and self-satisfied air of a man devotedly engaged in promoting the public good.

One dark but very still night, near eleven o'clock, I met him in deep distress. He asked me to his room, and I followed. When I arrived—there was "a scene more easily," &c. His bed lay in a heap on the floor, the cord was strewed round in all kinds of curves, and his wood box had emptied its contents in glorious confusion. "You see," he began, "the old steward's

down here sound asleep, and I question whether he feels the slightest gratitude for the blessing of refreshing slumber. Now, I want to teach him its value. I've been trying to let down one of those confounded sticks from the east window, and touch up the steps; but my wood's so fine and straight that it slips through the noose and does no execution. Perhaps you have a stick *large at both ends and small in the middle*: if you have, the thing can be done yet." Search was made, and he soon found a piece exactly suitable. But a few minutes elapsed until "there was a sound of deviltry by night;" every dog within five miles of town set up his long, gloomy howl; and for two precious hours the steward found neither "sleep to his eyes nor slumber to his eyelids." As soon as he made his appearance near the steps, the billet would ascend as gracefully as if all the simple powers in mechanics had a hand in raising it; and no sooner had he tucked himself cosily in bed, and began to feel a little warmth, (it was a stinging night,) than the old torment would commence anew. At last luck favored him. He only pretended to have retired; watched his chance; took a firm hold of the hated block, and almost drew the wicked offender out of the window. C. left in disgust, and returned to sleep on the floor—coolly remarking, "I fear my system of instruction is not likely to cultivate the principle of gratitude."

But labors thus self-sacrificing could not fail of their reward. "The powers that" *were*, in those days, could not refrain from expressing to the young gentleman himself their respect for his rising abilities. They even wrote home encouraging accounts of his precocity; and at last were obliged to intimate to his friends that this place did not furnish him a theatre sufficiently grand and commodious for the exercise of his powers. The suggestion was acted on; and the last time I heard from C. he was "teaching school and studying medicine"—the almost invariable destiny of every student who outstrips his class two or three years.

II. F. hardly ever made a good recitation. He greatly regretted the "unsatisfactory" character of his performances—though, at that time, the long word did not flourish in the reports with the consequence it has now. Those were the days in which a successful effort was soon to bring with it a 20. Ah me! what a fall, first from 20 to 9, and then to *satisfactory*!

—— "What a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then you and I, and all of us fell down!"

When shall we have, again, the powerful eloquence of the pure Arabic?

But to return to F. After an attempt at reciting, he always discovered that his successor in the chair had received the very subject upon which he could have dilated gloriously; while it always happened he was called up on the only part he didn't know. "Don't you think," he inquired, one day, of a classmate, "it would be a good plan to *prepare best the parts I don't know*?" Then I can recite as well as other people!"

III. Sitting, one evening, with my chum, we dashed off into a sublime

fit of moralizing upon the results of collegiate education about thus:—
 “The public institutions of this country are, every year, graduating hundreds of young men. But what becomes of all this talent so fitted for honor and usefulness in life? Commencement everywhere shows a grand parade of very fine scholarship; but, unfortunately, much of it seems destined, like Sterne’s flower, to

‘Waste its fragrance on the desert air,’

or to be so chilled by the world’s blasts as to produce no valuable fruit. True, many study professions, and become highly useful members of society; but how few contribute, in any degree, to the science or literature of our country? Nay, are not these departments very much indebted to the efforts of self-educated men?

“If we analyze the causes of these results, they will, probably, all be found combined in one—the *multiplicity of studies pursued in college, without the selection of any controlling subject*. The usual course includes Mathematics, Philosophy (Natural, Mental, and Moral), Natural Sciences, Languages and Religion—and about equal attention is claimed for each. In this way, the mind becomes confused by the ever-recurring routine. It does not dwell long enough on one subject to acquire for it such a predilection as to lead to farther investigation subsequently. And when the course is at last concluded, and the graduate, with all his blushing honors, arrives at home, his books lie in glorious repose on some back shelf, unless, perchance, they serve the purposes of some younger brother, who pants to become as learned as the first born.

“And yet, the present system is, perhaps, the best that could be adopted. Imperfection attaches to every human scheme, and all we can do is so to direct our minds as to secure the advantages, and avoid the evils of the influences bearing upon us. I would, therefore, suggest *that every student, while in college, ascertain that department of learning in which he would be most likely to excel, and let his reading, writing, and reflection be conducted with reference to that department*. Under this plan, other studies will answer the purpose of a pleasant recreation, after long and exclusive application to one. Besides, it will give tone and character to the individual himself. Of course, a hobby, always on the trot, becomes disagreeable: but a man loses nothing from its being known that his mind acts best in a particular direction. But, especially, can such a course render all inquiries subservient to a man’s advantage. No thought stands isolated from all others. Each is connected with others; and receives illustration from all.”

LETTERS FROM THE RHINE.

BY H. ZSCHOKKE.

Two volumes 12mo. New York: Stringer & Townsend, 1849.

IN the reign of cheap literature, a few years ago, among the shoals of books issued by a prolific press, and which loaded down the counters of every country shopkeeper, was one entitled "*The Walpurgis-Night, from the German of H. Zschokke.*" This book, although now almost forgotten, excited in its day much attention, and was in truth a work of no small merit, and gave evidence of being the production of no ordinary mind. Since then nothing was heard of H. Zschokke, until, a few years ago, he appeared as the author of two handsome volumes, bearing the attractive title of "*Letters from the Rhine.*" This work gained immediate popularity in his own country; was translated into English, and was scarcely less popular there; and is now, by the kindness of *Messrs. Stringer & Townsend*, presented to the American public. As yet, it has by no means attained the popularity in our country which it deserves; is but little known beyond the precincts of our cities. But, though neither a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, we venture to predict that in a short time there will not be a more universally read and admired work in any department of the literature of the day. We hasten to bring it to the notice of our readers, as not among the last to do justice to merit, and with the faint hope that our labors, however humble, may be instrumental in introducing it to a portion of the reading public.

We confess to a deep rooted love for the Rhine, consecrated as it has been for centuries by the offerings of genius—where still remain the mementoes of former generations, the secluded monastery, and the gloomy castle, around which still linger the traditions of bygone days. No stream is more world-renowned, and, as a consequence, none is more written about. But we have no hesitation in saying, that all the previous efforts, which have come to our knowledge, to give a life-like description of the regions of the Rhine, have been most signal failures. No ordinary talents, and no ordinary share of attainments are requisite to do justice to such a subject. The author before us is peculiarly fitted for the task he has undertaken; to a remarkable keenness of observation, to an ardent enthusiasm for his native land, to a reflecting and liberal mind, he adds all the accomplishments of learning; there are few sciences into which he has not made incursions, and brought from them choicest treasures. Whether rambling over hill and mountain, gathering curiosities, examining ancient remains in the museum of Treves and Cologne, criticizing paintings in the galleries of Carlrushe, pouring forth eloquent opinions in the libraries of Frankfort and Mayence, he is equally at ease, and equally attractive. And, to crown all, his style, strange thing for a German, is exceedingly lucid, forcible, and elegant.

Our limits will not allow us to pretend to give a connected view of his
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wanderings. All we can do is, to give here and there a brief extract, more to exhibit the field gone over by our author, than as a specimen of the work, or of its style.

The following general description must be taken with some grains of allowance :—

“Uniformity is the prevailing characteristic of the scenery of the Rhine. The tidy villages with their slate roofs, scarcely perceptible above the banks of the stream, form the foreground of the picture; behind them rise the vine-clad mountains, on whose summit stands some gloomy castle, last relic of the days of chivalry! The churches and walls found in almost every village are in appearance at least as old as the castles themselves. What an interest these structures, the work of rude hands, in barbarous days, excite! Unequaled by any inspired by the chaste relics of the classic period.”

These feudal castles form one of the most prominent features of German scenery. To each are connected numberless legends and traditions. Our author is well skilled in legendary lore, and delights to retail it out to a circle of listening admirers. We are favored with no few specimens of his skill in this, by no means despicable, department.

Among the most celebrated of the German castles, is that of Mt. Godesberg. Our author's philological skill is put in requisition to settle the correct derivation of the name of the Mount; this done, he proceeds to describe the castle, and relate its traditionary history. It appears that it was once garrisoned by the troops of Archbishop Gebbhard. Beneath it lay the territories of the lovely Countess of Mannsfield. The archbishop, in spite of his mitre and surplice, was a mortal; the countess, although, in the songs of the minstrels of her day, an angel, a divinity, could, like Dian of old, stoop to notice a mortal lover. But what was to be done? The archbishop was a dignitary of the church, and the vows of celibacy were upon him, and the countess was no friend of Catholicism. Love was the strongest. He resigned his archbishopric, and forsook his church. Our author will tell the rest :—

“Arrangements for the wedding were made, to be celebrated with all the pomp of the expiring days of chivalry. The sun sank calmly to rest behind the summit of Godesberg. And the moon soon arose, and floated serenely in the blue ether. The halls of the castle shone with the blaze of hundreds of torches, and its arches echoed with the gay laugh and the sprightly jest, and ever and anon would arise the song of the minstrel, in praise of the ‘fair lady,’ and the brave warrior that night to be joined in bands of holy wedlock. And never had minstrel a lovelier theme—of all the beauties of the land there assembled, none could vie with the Countess of Mannsfield. But the destined bridegroom is absent—an hour passes on, and he appears not—another, and still he makes not his appearance! Intense anxiety and fear seize upon every breast. A band of gallant spirits start out to find him.

Their path led them through a dark, deep defile—a spot still a place of terror to the simple peasant—and there, bathed in blood, lay the corpse of him they sought. He was borne to the castle, and the late scene of gaiety became a place of mourning. The archbishop was buried in the vaults of the castle. A few days after, the halls of the castle of Mannsfield were alive with the din of a bustling crowd. But she who before had been the bright star of the assembly, now lay motionless and lifeless—locked in the embrace of death.”

This touching tale has been the foundation of some of the noblest productions in German literature. Richter, Klopstock, Goëthe, and Schiller, have each labored to embellish it—Klopstock’s poem on this is decidedly his best production.

Our traveler is an amateur in wines, and dwells with evident satisfaction on the far-famed wines of Bacbarah. “The vintages in this place are among the most renowned in Germany. Pope Pius the Second exhibited his good taste and judgment by ordering two tuns of its wine to be annually sent to Rome; and one of our good emperors granted independence to the town of Nuremberg for four butts of it.” He warns all from touching, tasting, or handling the vile trash sold at the inns, but to apply to the generous citizens of the place, by whom he will be cheerfully supplied.

As specimens of our author’s descriptive powers, we would refer our readers to his account of his visit to the Black Forest, to the mines of Eifen, and more particularly to his description of the prospect from the summit of Mt. Torrenne. Their length renders it impossible for us to give them here.

But we turn to another portion of the work. Our author is a literary character of no small note in his own country, and has access to many of the most distinguished characters in Germany. His interviews with these constitute one of the most delightful portions of his work. Indeed, we cannot but think he is too free in communicating to the public the conversations and domestic affairs of his cotemporaries. But he certainly amuses, although it is at the expense of propriety. No less amusing, and more delightful, are his reminiscences of the dead. He dwells on their memory with delight, and criticizes their works with genial sympathy. Jean Paul was never more fairly estimated and more graphically pictured than by H. Zschokke, his disciple, and in a manner his imitator. And nowhere can there be found a more eloquent tribute to the memory of departed genius, than in the brief and glowing eulogy of Körner, the poet-warrior, in these letters. We cannot deny that his prejudices have, in several instances, led him to do manifest injustice to some of his cotemporaries. His attack on Lamartine we cannot see the provocation of, and the exhibition of ill humor does him no credit.

We have but barely time to refer to the most elaborate portion of the work before us—that relating to the *Dramatic Literature of Germany.*

Our author devotes several letters to the subject, and writes as one well acquainted with his subject. His aim is to vindicate it from the aspersions of foreign writers. We do not think he has altogether succeeded in his attempt, although he has given us a more favorable opinion of the German drama than we were wont to entertain.

Germany, in the opinion of one of our modern critics, is not the soil for the drama. There it is a "sickly exotic;" the plays are "monsters, misshapen, deformed, disagreeable, Calibans." This in the face of Lessing, Goëthe, and Schiller! Our English readers may see how far the assertion of the critic is borne out by fact, by perusing, and no one who lays the least pretension to anything like a love for literature, has not already read with delight, Coleridge's translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, a play inferior, either in variety of character and events, intensity of interest, development of plot, and magnificence, to none of Shakspeare's himself. Translations, though brief, from Goëthe's and others' tragedies may be found in the published works of Shelley.

There is one disease, if we may so speak, characteristic of the German mind, and which taints its whole literature, a morbid straining after originality. To think as no one else thinks, to speak as no one else speaks—this, in the German's opinion, is genius. This has led them to wildest sophistry, to the confounding of all distinctions of right and wrong. And this is evident in their dramatic works. Many of their most popular plays are based on principles of morality revolting to every cultivated American mind. One, and a very popular one it is, too, inculcates the doctrine compressed by Rahel into an aphorism, that, "Always to love the same, or *something else*, is constancy; not to love, inconstancy." The play gives us a specimen of a German lady's constancy on this rule. Those who are curious, will find the tale eloquently told in letter lxxvi. of his series. This licentiousness may also be attributed, in part, to the influence of French literature, which has exercised a baneful influence on all with which it has ever come in contact. Our author attempts a defence of his licentiousness, on the ground that they are pictures of real life—of human nature. This, our readers will see, is but a lame way of apologizing for what cannot be excused. But we refer them to the work itself—we must close. In conclusion, we take the liberty of recommending it to the notice of all who may honor this with a notice. They will be amply repaid for their money, and the time spent upon its perusal.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Eheu! fugaces Postume Postume
Labuntur armi.—*Horace.*

Farewell—farewell is a lonely sound.—*Song.*

Thus to the elements he poured his last "Goodnight."—*Byron.*

THE Collegian has now reached its fifth number; and with this the term of service for the present editorial committee expires.

It was once said, by a very smart man, that he "knew of nothing approaching so near a mother's love as that of an editor—for his paper," and this we have been convinced of in our connection with the Collegian. No one can tell what a bitter pang the time of our "passing away" inflicts; and well may we here give Sterne's interjection, "What a life of it has an author at this *pass!*" Our only solace is, that we will have it as a monthly visitant, to keep our memory green and fresh, as when we were in our editorial meetings.

Dear Readers! (for we always have the greatest conceivable affection for our readers) permit us to render our heartfelt thanks for the uniform good will and commendation with which we have met during our service as Editors, and which are the more valuable because of their being from so cultivated a people as yourselves. We have certainly spared no efforts to make our College Periodical an acceptable visitor; it is our delight if we have rendered it such. Allow us to express a desire for your temporal and future welfare and happiness; at the same time suggesting that we know of nothing more calculated to insure both than subscribing for the Collegian. To the end that you may not be destroyed by the literary dearth in which you will be involved during the next two months, wherein the Collegian shall in no wise make its appearance—when the brains that compose it shall be scattered into divers sections of the country;—we say, in order that too serious injury be not occasioned thereby, we prescribe plenteous reading in Shakspeare, which can be the only sufficient substitute.

To the ladies we would say that, if their contributions had cheered the Collegian as much as their smiles have us, they would doubtless have rendered our experiment doubly successful. And we will, furthermore, briefly state a fact for what it may be worth. The celebrated Mrs. Radcliffe never gave any evidence of brilliant genius until she married an Editor; and it is supposed that her connection with his journal gave the first impulse to that imagination which held the world spell-bound, and raised the authoress of the *Mysteries of Udolpho* to the highest point of literary fame in her day!

It may be expected that we will say a few words, by way of encouragement or advice, to our successors in the Editorial department. We had some idea of pointing out to you, worthy friends, the fact that, in editing a publication of this kind, you are following in the footsteps of Fielding, Addison, Jerrold, Dickens, Proudhon,

Prentice, Ritchie, and many others of ancient and modern renown; and thus, by "magnifying our office," incite you to exertion. We had also a notion of giving you the newspaper statistics of the world, which are now before us, and thus impress you with the immensity of the work in which you are engaged, and representing to you the importance of sustaining our reputation in College for excellence in letters. We apprehend, however, that both of these would be useless. We doubt not but that the difficulty some of you had in attaining your position, will teach you its value and importance. And we will merely conclude with hoping that, under your direction, the Collegian may shine forth, after vacation, with increased brilliancy and subscription list.

Horace Greeley said, in his speech in Congress on mileage that to talk about money was no part of a gentleman, and was by some considered disreputable even for editors; but that he was nevertheless resolved to do it—and so are we.

The Collegian was started principally for the benefit of the graduates of the College. It was to them that we looked for support and co-operation. Let each one ask himself if we have met with that patronage from them that we had reason to anticipate. How many are there who were always foremost in vaunting their love for society and its associations, (especially about *election* times, for love is as a fever, periodical, intermittent, &c.) who have not at all interested themselves in this new undertaking. It is well known that, when they were in College, it would be universally acknowledged that such a periodical was wanting; and yet, when there are those found amongst us who are ready to labor to sustain it by their contributions, there are also those who are unwilling to pay a paltry sum for its support; who can, at the same time, write letters to College on every other subject, and declare that they still cherish the most tender affection for everything connected with "Old Dickinson." We certainly cannot divine what their idea of consistency may be. But whilst this is the case, on the one hand, we cannot forget to return thanks to those who, not having been connected with the College, have nevertheless volunteered a ready assistance, and also to the ladies, both far and near, whose names have been entered on our books as subscribers. We think we should like to publish their names, if for no other reason than the great credit it would give the Collegian in the community. What *cannot* the ladies do, when they take a notion? Why there's not one that couldn't procure us a host of subscribers, if she'd only endeavor so to do—and why shouldn't she? We hope that hereafter our graduate members will take a greater interest in our experiment, and endeavor to extend our circulation. We hope that all who graduate this year will do likewise. * * *

The departure from College walls is the embarkation on the great sea of life. There is rarely an intermediate position. And how different is the preparation for the voyage in different youths.—Some go forth prepared to encounter every storm that may rise, to breast every wind; whilst others start off

"With a light *heart*, much lighter than a feather;
With a light *soul*, that spurned the freezing weather;
And with a *head* ten times as light as either;
And a *purse* as light as all together."

The idea of going forth into the world is slightly revolting to every one, however prepared; and this is an ingredient in the pain caused by leaving College; one which can be only counteracted by the thought that soon is to be realized

"All that the heart can dream of heaven—a home."

Mr. Dickens' New Work.—We know of no work by this popular author which, from the very first line, carries with it such intense interest as this. It is a book we don't

think we could endure to read by numbers. The style is to some extent different from any of his former works. It has all the wit of Punch, and the pathos of Boz. On the whole, we think this bids fair to be one of his most successful and delightful novels, superior to any of his late efforts. The first number, published by Mr. Wiley in this country, may be found at Erb's.

Memoirs of a Preacher. By George Lippard.—“Eugene Sue wrote the history of the Jesuits of France—but it has been reserved for George Lippard to write the *Memoirs of a Preacher!*” So said the first number of the “Quaker City,” and so in flaming capitals has every subsequent number said. And we must confess that, on reading these portentous words, a thrilling sensation crept over us. Grim Moroks and lovely Adriennes stood again before us. But these were all dispelled by the perusal; we found the lions chained. We shall not attempt to give any plot of this work, or any hint relative to its object, for the simple reason that we have not been able to satisfy ourselves of either.

The first part of this work was certainly the most sensible writing we had ever read from the pen of its author. The letter to Bishop Potter reassured us: the first chapters were excellent; but it couldn't go on so—not at all! The work was to be spoiled by awful chapters on mesmerism: trap-doors, springs, secret closets, false faces, pistols, and poisons must all be introduced; what a fondness George has for them! And then Ralph was to be put into every unnatural and uncouth position imaginable. We couldn't refrain from laughing outright, when he peeps behind the curtain, and then runs and jumps out of the window. Such a scene might do very well for Emily in Udolpho, or might be told with a very good grace by Horace Walpole; but they must *not* be dressed up in the summer fashions for '49, though it be the *Annus Mirabilis* of the nineteenth century!

Chronological Error.—A work has lately appeared in London under the title, “Chronology of the times of David, Ezra, and Nehemiah; considered with a view of correcting an error of thirty-three years in the received chronology, between the capture of Jerusalem, and the birth of Christ, etc. By James Whitman Bosanquet. London, 1848.”

The author, who is a man of great literary acquirements, shows clearly that there is an error of thirty-three years in the accepted computation of the time between the capture of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar and the birth of Christ. The discovery of this error makes several of the obscure passages in the Old Testament perfectly plain, and reconciles the apparently gross contradictions in the biographical sketch of Cyrus, as given by Herodotus, when compared with that given by Xenophon. According to Mr. Bosanquet's computation, it appears that the Ahasuerus of David, Esther, and Ezra, is one and the same person, and indeed no other than Darius Hystanus of profane history; while the Darius of Ezra and Daniel is shown to be the Xerxes of the Greek historians.

Agnes Morris.—We were very much pleased, indeed, on reading the first portion of this tale of domestic life. We thought the style natural, and the sentiments good and well expressed. But we found it similar to the caricature in Horace

— ut turpiter atrum

Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne.

The latter part was truly tedious—lovesick!

My Uncle the Curate is the title of a new work which we have received from Mr. Erb. We have not had time to peruse it, but have read several reviews, which represent it as superior.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Our separation from the Collegian reminds us that we owe a duty to its exchanges, as well as its patrons. To you all, we return our sincere thanks for the promptness with which we have been favored with your monthly issues. Your monthly coming has been, to the Collegian, a token of regard—to ourselves, a source of pleasure; for a time, forgetful of our own difficulties, we rejoiced in your prosperity, or saddened at your disappointments; in imagination, we exchanged friendly greetings with our brothers. The Collegian, at all times, will feel honored with your numbers upon its table.

The Yale Literary Magazine.—The April number of this periodical is upon our table. After the many encomiums passed upon it, it would be useless for us to attempt an extended notice; yet its merits are such as cannot but elicit a word of praise. It has the singular felicity of combining interest with instruction—we say singular, because experience has taught us that these qualities are difficult of union in a College publication—extremes are the characteristics of youth.

The Nassau Literary Magazine.—We have regularly received the numbers of this truly worthy magazine. The article which appeared in the May number is, we think, the most correct criticism that we have seen upon the writings of George Lippard. And we may safely say that the spirit of candor seen in this pervades the whole.

The University Magazine.—We can but repeat what we have before said of its worth. Manliness and vigor may be considered as its very enviable characteristics. Gentlemen, you have our best wishes for your success; we started together—may our journeyings be equally prosperous.

Godley's Lady's Book.—In looking over the pages of the Lady's Book, we have often thought that, were the lessons of morality taught on its every page substituted for the *trash* weekly given from the press, our country would feel the beneficial results of them. We shall not attempt to institute a comparison between this and other magazines, for the public mind has long since given its decision.

The Female Student, published by the ladies of the Seminary at Wilmington, Del., is upon our table, and we will gladly continue the exchange. In fact, we have a peculiar kind of attachment to such magazines, as well as—to the conductors of them.

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.