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VOL. XVII.

No. II.

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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,
CONDUCTED
BY THE
STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque YALENSE
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

NOVEMBER, 1851.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
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The Claims of Yale College to the Regard of its Students.*

'In the good old colony times,' when William III reigned over Great Britain, and Gen. John Winthrop was Governor of his Majesty's dominions in Connecticut; when Louis XIV held his voluptuous court in France, and Peter the Great was blessing Russia with his energetic labors; when the fellow-chieftains of Uncas traversed the plains around us, and the few Pilgrim Europeans who had made their home within this State were less than seventeen thousand; before a Post Office had been opened, or a newspaper established on this uncivilized side of the waters—a little stream of its own accord came bubbling from the ground to cheer and fertilize these barren lands, and a morning star arose in the East to shed its light upon the darkness then prevailing, to usher in the day.

That stream then feeble, narrow, scarcely overcoming the obstacles which it encountered, now broad and deep flows majestically along,—that star then twinkling in the sky is now a brilliant sun enlightening and invigorating both this and other lands. Need I say that stream, that star, is the Institution of which we all are members.

England was then reveling in the days of its greatest literary glory. About that time, Locke was writing his 'Essays on the Human Mind,' Bishop Butler was investigating the Analogies of Religion, Newton was developing his profound Principia, Hooke, Rapin and Middleton were compiling their Historical works, Addison and Steele were entertaining their readers with the shrewd Spectator's comments; Dryden, Pope,

* An Oration delivered on Wednesday evening, October 15th, 1851, before the Linonian Society,—the Brothers and Calliopeans being present by invitation.

Watts and Young were displaying their poetic fire; while Halley the Astronomer, South the Sermonizer, Bolingbroke, Parnell, Defoe and Prior and Berkeley were gaining eminence in their various departments.

Literature, having risen in the East, had been slowly traveling round the globe, and having in its progress cast its invigorating rays successively on Western Asia, Greece and Rome, was at the time we speak of pouring a flood of light upon the British Isles; while its forerunning rays, appearing in our morning sky, had, like the early twilight, betokened coming day.

Such, in very general terms, was the condition of the world around when the plan of founding a college within this colony was conceived, matured and carried out. For years the idea was well discussed, and at length, in 1700, ten ministers, bringing what offerings their libraries could spare, assembled at the town of Branford, and there established this college in those words which may well be cut in letters of stone and placed upon the Library, "WE GIVE THESE BOOKS TO FOUND A COLLEGE IN THIS COLONY."

Those of us who were upon these grounds some fifteen months ago, beheld a very different scene,—not indeed more interesting, but somewhat more imposing. We saw many hundred sons of our Alma Mater assembled to commemorate the third of her semi-centennials. Old and young, rich and poor, came back to show their love for Yale, and to renew the memories of other days.

They came—a band from the prairie land,
From the granite hills dark frowning,
From the lakelet blue and the broad bayou,
From the snows our pine-peaks crowning;
And they poured the song in joy along,
For the hours were bright before them,
And grand and hale were the elms of Yale,
Like fathers bending o'er them!
A noble throng, they made the song
Roll on in the hours before them,
While high and hale were the towers of Yale,
Like giants, watching o'er them!

This recent festival and that founding of the college, stand before us now as eras, each a convenient center around which we may circumscribe a circle, a lofty eminence from which we may view the surrounding region. We propose, accordingly, from these two points of view to look at what Yale College was and at what it is.

And, first, what was Yale College when it started! We can almost, but not, quite, adopt the language of the Harvard poet, who asked a kindred question, and answered it himself, about his Alma Mater:—

Pray, who was on the catalogue
When college was begun!
Two nephews of the President,
And the Professor's son;
(They turned a little Indian by,
As brown as any bun,)
Oh, how the Senior's kicked about
That Freshman class of one!

Our beginnings were even on a different scale from theirs. During its first six months, Yale College, with its rector, a man of such attainments as to be the sole instructor, and its ten trustees, with its formal charter from the Colonial Legislature, with its forty folio volumes in its library, was moreover blessed with *one single student*, by name Jacob Heminway! While Harvard's motto might well have been "*Rari nantes in gurgite vasto*," ours rather would have read, "*Solus cum solo*." Picture him, ye admirers of William Wickham! and ye non-admirers—if any such there be—picture Heminway, I say, not as the senior member of a flourishing society, but as the sole embodiment of college students! Behold him exhibiting in one form, the plain and inoffensive manners of the Freshman of those days—the haughty bearing of the Sophomore, the Junior's condescension, and the grave demeanor of the Senior;—standing high, undoubtedly, in the estimation of the class, and without rival in the eyes of the Faculty. Tradition adds, that his disputes before the President were exceedingly unique. He swept off all the honors of the day, received the Valedictory, and might have been "first President" if he had planned for it in time! To avoid the inconveniences which then attended Freshman life, he entered Sophomore, and in three years was graduated, having undergone, as it is supposed, two hard "biennials," whereat he was carefully separated from all other members of his class, and was closely watched by two members of an examining committee appointed for the purpose; but so well did he acquit himself, as to merit the approbation of all, for, like the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol Hill at Rome, there was no second to him; but, unlike that temple, he had no third nor fourth nor fifth!

There was then no School of Science and the Arts, no Law, Theological or Medical department, no prizes, no customs, no catalogues, and no laws; no tutors, no professors, no edifice, no permanent location, and no name; but in *one instructor* and *one pupil* we see the University of 1700!

But what is College now? We may here adapt to our own use the familiar words of another, and say that "the same sky is indeed over our heads, and the same waters roll at our feet; but all else, how changed!" Thrice fifty years have passed away, and the forty volumes have increased to over fifty thousand; the one presiding officer is supported by nearly forty, steadily employed; where forests grew before, thirteen substantial buildings stand, from which the bell each morning summons (with some exceptions, I admit) four hundred undergraduates; four departments beside the College proper, furnish to many scores of older students instruction in the higher range of science; and six thousand men having here completed a course of study in "the liberal Arts," now rank as graduates of Yale.

But I will not dwell upon a picture with which each one of you is so familiar. Of these six thousand graduates, one half yet live; and of these, one thousand gathered at the recent celebration. No one who was present then could have failed to notice the enthusiasm which prevailed, the pleasant meetings of classmates long and widely separated, the cordial greetings which were paid to the College officers, and the hunting up of rooms and places which were years before familiar; and when the multitude had dined around the common table of their Alma Mater, and a time was given for the expression of their feelings, not only in wit and poetry and eloquence did their sympathies find vent, but in the soul-stirring strains of music and the loud and hearty cheers.

It is not merely on state-occasions like this, that the love of Yale displays itself, but graduates and undergraduates exhibit it in a thousand different ways. Behold the former returning steadily in such numbers to their various class-meetings, ten, thirty, and even fifty years from graduation, and whether present or absent delighted to hear of the welfare of Yale, and eager to speak her praises. What makes the jurist, tired and weary with his public life, return to the Academic shades, and stroll around to find the faces of those who once knew him and the places he once knew? What makes the Reveries of a Bachelor turn back to college as 'the noon' of his life? What makes the poet linger here for inspiration and find it in these college haunts? Behold the undergraduates, moreover, possessed of an *esprit du corps* which makes them all desire to aid, befriend and counsel one another, to preserve memorials of college life, and when the day of parting comes, to part with real fraternal feelings. Tell me, both graduates and undergraduates, is it not true that the simple words "Yale College" are always enough to draw your immediate attention? When away from this place, let the driest speaker but

introduce Yale College, and do you not instantly give heed? If you meet the words in the dullest book, or see them in an ultra paper of the ne-plus-ultra stamp, do they not serve as an instant catchword, and are you satisfied until you know why your Alma Mater has been thus alluded to?

Are not your sympathies more easily awakened for one in public life, whose name may be found on the triennial? and do you not lament a death more keenly, because the life was past at Yale, and the number of your brothers therefore has been lessened? Yes, I am sure you all will bear me witness, that Yale College is to your hearts the magic 'Open Sesame!' of the eastern tale, the countersign to which your sentinel gives instant heed. Men who have been educated here, may seal their hearts against the stranger's approach—they may firmly lock with 'permutation fastenings' each entrance to their feelings, but if you wish to know what arrangement of the letters of the key will fling back the bolts and open wide the door, you will see it in the four which form that suggestive and potent word of *Yale!*

What now, we ask, has caused this state of things?

First may be mentioned *the History of this Institution*, which, extending through so many years, and embracing so many topics of interest, may well be examined with pleasure, and regarded with pride. I know indeed of no local historical topic which would repay you better for a careful study. The College—not forced at once into a brilliant existence, but adapted to the wants of a feeble colony, not flashing up with periodic light, but steadily increasing, growing as the country grew, and strengthening with its strength, ever progressing and never retrograding, sustained not so much by munificent donations as by a rigid economy of those it did receive, poor yet knowing how to use its means, young and yet abounding in enterprise—presents in the record of its hundred and fifty years, a series of important events, and of entertaining incidents of great variety and stirring interest.

Secondly—the *list of graduates* hence sent forth, deserves consideration; and if it be right and pleasant to trace a goodly line of ancestors in the flesh, is it not almost as pleasant to trace the line of those who here preceded us, and who passed their days of youth in scenes and in duties so similar to those in which we are now engaged. If we take a laudable pleasure in claiming nationality with Washington and Franklin, if we are eager to claim as ours all English writers previous to our existence as a nation, if we take delight in all eminent men who speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue, may we not, with far more propriety, claim as our fathers

and our elder brothers, those who have gone before us in this school of literature? Let not the momentary exceptions which we are tempted to make at the times of our annual strife as literary Societies, prevent us in our calmer moods from giving all their due. I honor David Humphreys none the less because I love old William Wickham, Nathan Hale and others somewhat more. There is Percival as a poet, Calhoun as a statesman, Webster as a lexicographer, Kent as a Jurist, James Fennimore Cooper as a writer, David Brainard as a missionary, Jonathan Edwards as a metaphysician, of whom, each one of us should say without any reservation, are they not *ours*, ALL OURS?

I might for a third topic, dwell upon the present *means of instruction* we enjoy; of the course of study and the officers who conduct it; of the various aids we find in the library, the laboratory, the cabinet, the observatory, the apparatus, the gallery of paintings; but these are daily before your eyes, and I will not dwell either upon their intrinsic or their relative excellence, for you yourselves can judge whether, even though faults and imperfections may sometimes be detected, there is not much, very much, which we should regard with admiration.

Once more: *the large number of students* here assembled, is a great advantage to each of us. Look around, and you see more than four hundred undergraduates, young, intelligent, active men. Who of you wants a nobler field for emulation, or seeks for higher honors than those which here are offered? How great a diversity appears of natural sympathies, and tastes, and inclinations? and that, among those who are in many respects so similar in their circumstances, so nearly of an age, and so equal in their attainments. How sure we are to find proficient in almost every science and accomplishment, how bright the talents often exhibited, how various the intimacies which are so freely offered!

Then too we are not gathered from a single town, nor a single state, nor even from the same section of our land, but North and South here learn of one another; East and West may join their hands. Not only does every portion of our own confederacy send hither its quota, but at the present moment we see Canada sending her representative and Nova Scotia also; England, Scotland, Ireland, and Germany appear with theirs; South America here studies science, and the Islands of the sea help swell our numbers; the Turkish dominions send no less than four, and even China consents to learn at the feet of 'outside barbarians.'

We are not indeed to think that excellence consists merely in size and diversity, for the number and variety of students will be no advantage, unless a rigid series of examination like that which now prevails, shall make an occasional sifting and keep the standard high.

In the next place, I would mention *our three literary Societies*, notwithstanding that the claims of two of them have been so recently argued. I stand here at the present moment as an advocate for the peculiarities of neither, but I beg you to consider how the influence of the large number of students in college is felt within our society halls. In each how spirited the debates may be, and how well may be compared the different views of every question. The avowed rivalry between Lincolns and Brothers—as all in their calmer moments must admit—is also an advantage to them both, and even the neutrality of Calliope is not without its influence in aiding on the others, while it is a proud thing for Yale that it can so handsomely sustain three societies of the magnitude of those which now exist. Too much can scarcely be said of their libraries, so well stocked in general literature, so munificently increased, so carefully guarded. Selected according to the wants of students, bought with our own money, and subject to our own regulations, they are the laurel wreaths of the undergraduates of college, imperishable crowns by which we have adorned the institution to which we belong.

Again : I call your attention to the smaller literary associations which here exist, the '*class societies*,' as they are called ; and although it will not be expected that I should enlarge on such a theme, yet I may be allowed to say, that so far as my acquaintance goes, they are both profitable and pleasant. Liable to abuse as these and all things good may be, yet even a casual observer can scarcely overlook the advantages they possess, in uniting together those whom the rivalries of the large societies would render hostile through the year, and those whom sectional and other differences might keep entirely apart.

I must be excused for mentioning another thing, the credit of which pertains by no means to any class alone, much less to any portion of a class. I refer to the *Yale Literary Magazine*, which, whether dry or racy to its readers, has been of lasting service to those who have written for its pages. It contains the essays of young writers, but if you will study out the names of its contributors in by-gone years, you will see the names of many who have since been honored in far wider circles. I am not aware of any similar Magazine which has been sustained so long, while the various volumes, standing as they do upon the shelves of the several libraries, may be considered as fair specimens of what Yale undergraduates have accomplished with their pens. If all the classes would but do their best for its support, the Magazine might soon attain a higher rank, and by a larger number of writers, readers and subscribers would

increase its present advantages, by furnishing a field of emulation still greater than it does at present.

In the next place, consider the various *college customs*—not those boyish tricks sometimes handed down from class to class, but those local peculiarities which have been for years perpetuated, and which are of credit to the Institution.

Such is the "Annual Presentation," with its attendant exercises. The farewell speeches of that day are more heartfelt, and more impressive than those at graduation, for these are of our own accord, and are uttered among acquaintances alone, while the others, from the nature of the case, must be in a measure constrained and formal. The after dinner sports of Presentation Day, moreover, are not without their use, when those just to be recognized as men, for the last time indulge with a sort of lingering regret in frolicsome pastimes.

The annual *statement of facts*, and the concomitant electioneering, are of admirable tendency in more ways than one. The historical research evinced on such occasions, the skill displayed in arguing nice points, the knowledge which is exhibited of Human Nature, and the tact which is there developed, are indications that these electioneering campaigns are of almost incalculable service.

The *presentation* of the *Wooden Spoon*, freed as it is hoped forever from anything exceptionable, although an 'edged tool' which should be managed with care, has been, and may permanently be an outlet for real wit, an innocent occasion of mirth and recreation.

But it will not be possible for me to allude, much less to dwell, on all the various points which seem to me of interest, and I must therefore hasten on. Our *boat clubs*, however, must not be overlooked, for the refreshing pleasures they afford in summer evenings cannot well be prized too highly, while the athletic games upon 'the Green,' time honored and valuable as they are, are so much appreciated by those who engage in them, that I need not expatiate upon their praises.

The *books of autographs*, comprehensive as they are and embellished to such an extent with the portraits of College officers and perhaps of classmates also, form no small item in the literature of Yale; and when the formal words of false, unmeaning flattery are not employed, but a few suggestive sentences bring to remembrance scenes which classmates have enjoyed together, or when, in lieu of this, a word of council or of cheer is given, then books of autographs possess a real and a yearly increasing value.

The attention here paid to *music* is moreover deserving of note, exhib-

ited as it is not merely in the singing of a choir skillfully trained and accompanied with the organ's swelling tones, but manifested in the chorus which daily rises upon every side and from every company of students. Occasionally, with a chorus not unworthy of a German university, we join in singing

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus,

while you well know that not an event occurs, from the foot ball game to a successful 'biennial,' without some original song in its commemoration,—not a society but has its ample private collection.

There are many, moreover, in our midst who rejoice to say that in the *Church* which here exists and in the special privileges which it has furnished, they have found those ties which bind them more closely than any other to their college home, and from which they break with more reluctance.

Now, fellow students, do you ask why I have dwelt so long upon these things with which you are all acquainted, instead of choosing a more novel and perhaps more pleasing topic? There are two reasons.

First, because we see here and there among our number one who has not a particle of college spirit, who seems to care no more for his classmates and for the things in which they take delight, than he does in a wandering Tartar tribe. They are human beings, and as such he has an interest in them, but he feels no bond of union, no glow of sympathy, no desire to improve for his own and their advantage the intimacies which we are so fully offered. He lives a stranger in the midst of those who would be friends, a blind man in a paradise of beauty, a prosier in a world of poetry; he longs to be free from his present position, and when he goes he will tell to others that college is after all a sort of tread-mill bondage. Is this honorable or right, in one who might enjoy so many pleasures without a particle of detriment to his mental discipline?

But, secondly, those of us who enjoy the scenes and the associations in which we live do well to pause sometimes and think how much we have in which to take delight. We love as brothers those with whom we meet, for now as to this world at least,

Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares;—

we already take delight in the various concomitants of college duties; and appreciate in some degree the enjoyments which here are found, yet the occasional review of what we here possess cannot but expand our hearts, enlarge our sense of the advantages which we have, and renew the glow of our love toward Yale.

For you my aim has been not to awaken such feelings of regard, but to show how they may be increased; to suggest those trains of thought which you only can properly expand. I have merely tried to unravel an end of the twisted cord which binds us together, that you may see the strands of which it is composed. They will amply repay you for a careful examination. Such studies would not interfere with the severer tasks which engage your time; they would be like way side flowers which beautify, but not impede our path, or like the lesser satellites around some brilliant planet, they would add their radiance to its own effulgence.

And if our advantages are indeed so great, let us *show* how much they are appreciated. If we cannot otherwise improve, let us at least adorn and beautify this place; let art as well as science here be cultivated; let no defacements be allowed; let elegance as well as excellence pertain to every thing around; let our present noble gallery of paintings be increased from year to year; let the libraries, the society halls, our private studios, and even the public buildings and the College Green be embellished with works of taste.

To be sure

There in red brick which softening time defies,
Stand square and stiff the muses factories,

and yet our efforts now, and our more ample means hereafter, may do much to improve as well as to adorn.

Again, let us hunt up the incidents which have here occurred and associate them with the various localities around us, till, as at Oxford, "Adison's walk" is still remembered, and at West Point the "Garden of Kosciusko" receives continual culture; so we shall point to rooms which our eminent men have occupied, to walks they trod and haunts they used to love.

And then I would have each student feel that to him pertains the duty of keeping up the college eminence. Not only would I have him defend its character, but frown on ought which would deteriorate its worth or injure abroad its reputation. Let none but worthy precedents be followed, but let every plan which an active imagination can suggest, an inventive genius contrive and an enthusiastic love can accomplish, be seized, perfected and established, that it may tie us more closely than ever to one another and our Alma Mater, and identify us inseparably with all her interests.

The fire I know is in our breasts, let us fan it into flames. Then shall the clarion cry of "Yale!" which used to be the rallying shout in times

of trouble, the watch word in danger, and the pæan of victory, be in these more peaceful days the countersign of friendship; and when we have left these walls it shall be 'a sound from home,' reminding us of early pleasures and dear associations, and introducing us to at least three thousand kindred spirits. Then shall we show in deeds and words that

Dum mens grata manet nomen laudesque YALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLIS UNANIMIQUE PATRES!

D. C. G.

Dorylla.

[The following poem has been founded upon an incident taken from an old legend of Savoy. The story of the silver arrow, variously modified, has given thrilling interest to more than one prose tale, but never before, we think, has it been narrated in verse.]

In far off lands, where flows the Rhine,
'Mid crag and rock and woody pine;
Where sunny hill and blooming plain,
Join with the rugged mountain chain;
Where cave and gorge and forest grand,
Add strength and beauty to the land;
There on a lofty cliff, and steep,
Which overlooks a chasm deep,
Where oft is heard the torrent's roar,
A castle stood, in days of yore.
In aspect stern, of massive form,
It breathed defiance to the storm,
Its walls were grim and gray through age,
And mocked with scorn the foeman's rage;
Dark, gloomy, fierce and strong it stood,
Fit emblem of its master's mood.

A summer morn is shining bright,
And tipping with its golden light
The forest glade and turret spire,
And fragrance breathes from leaf and briar.
When early dawn the morning waits,
Wide opened are the castle gates,
And soon upon the turf of green,
The vassals of the land are seen,—
The servile peasants of the plain,
Who till the Baron's proud domain.
No lordly summons brings them here,
Nor dreaded wrath nor servile fear,

But with a lightsome step they throng
The castle court with shout and song.
The blushing youth, the maiden fair,
The laughing child with curly hair,
The matron and the aged sire,
Are here with smiles and neat attire.
And as they join the merry throng,
And loud huzzas are echoed long,
With joyous hearts and mirthful glee,
They hail their yearly jubilee.

Amid the festive throng is seen
The Baron Chief, whose lofty mien,
Whose haughty look and rigid face,
Proclaim him proudest of his race.
Beside him stands a being fair,
Of matchless form and beauty rare;
His only child—yet so unlike
She seems as do the rays that strike
The dim, embattled walls and towers
In sunshine's soft and golden hours.
The Baron gazed with parent pride
On this loved being at his side,
And swore so beautiful an one,
Was ne'er by bard or minstrel sung.
And well he might,—with beauty armed,
Hers was the magic power that charmed;
The dark, black eye and flowing hair,
The blooming cheek so fresh and fair,
The form of gentleness and grace,
The blushing beauty of her face,
Proclaiming loveliness within,
A sterner soul than his might win.
While in the form almost divine,
He sees the last of Rudger's line.

Dorylla, with an earnest gaze,
Seeks 'mid the throng who shout her praise,
For one she knew full well was there,
Whose thoughts and wishes she could share.
She finds him—and their glances meet—
Nor nearer would they dare to greet,
For he, though of a noble form,
A peasant is, and lowly born;
Though strong of arm and brave in heart,
His father's is the minstrel's art,
And Rudger's is a haughty race,
Whose sway through ages back they trace.

The sports begin;—the wrestler's skill
They practice with a ready will;
And with the bow and arrow vie
To gain the prize in archery.
But poorly now they pull the string,
Wide from the mark the arrows wing,—
Again the eager peasants vie,
And each chagrined, once more would try;
But still in vain they draw the bow—
No arrow could the target show.
The Baron was ashamed not less
At such a sad unskillfulness.
He enters where the archers stand,
And takes a bow the peasants hand,
And though he was a marksman famed,
The target *his* defeat proclaimed.

With shame and rage the Baron shook,
And shouted with an angry look;—
"This is a vile and awkward thing,
Go! Haste! my own sure cross-bow bring;
With it, the silver arrow too,
I cannot fail with those I know."

The minstrel cottager drew near,—
His step was firm—his eye was clear,
And though his head was silvered o'er,
And time his brow with wrinkles wore,
His rich voice still was sweet and strong
In plaintive strain and mirthful song.
The minstrel was beloved by all,
In peasant's cot and Baron hall;
For oft he'd sung of former days,
At Rudger's festive board of cheer,
And many a peasant's heart could praise
The wisdom of the minstrel seer.

"Beware, my noble Lord," he said,
"Lest thou bring vengeance on thy head.
The silver arrow—know'st thou not?—
If for a trifling purpose shot,
Will bring the weightier grief and wo,
Than ere can come from mortal foe.
Remember, it has magic force,
Thy fathers owned its mystic source,
And bade thee oft to guard it well,
And fear its mighty magic spell;

And warned thee ne'er its power debase,
Nor use, except to save your race;
And should one dare from this depart,
Its point should pierce the archer's heart."

The Baron stamped the ground with rage,
And answered stern the minstrel sage.
"Know, meddler, mine is not the hand
To cease at thy unasked command;
Nor I the marksman that can miss,
With such a well formed shaft as this."

He took the arrow ;—never yet
Was one so fair in bow string set.
'Twas finely formed and wrought with care,
Of virgin metal pure and rare,
And if no magic power it knew,
It was a weapon sure and true.
With reverence which he could but show,
The Baron placed it in the bow ;
The minstrel's words his bosom sting,
He fears—but madly pulls the string.
It catches in his vestment wear—
The arrow whizzes in the air.
Swift in its flight it lodges now
In a decayed and rotten bough,
Which hangs far o'er the fissure's verge,
Where loudly roars the torrent's surge.
The peasants hasten to the brink—
Then in their terror backward shrink.
The tree grew o'er the farthest edge,
And the dead limb so dry through age
Seemed held to the trunk in fear and dread
Of the foaming torrent's rocky bed.

The Baron saw it, and his frame
Shook with the thought of crime and shame;
Remorse and anguish o'er him stole,
And horror filled his inmost soul.
A curse was on its loss, he knew,
The forfeit of his life was due.
Better to lose his castle tower,
His wealth, his vassals, and his power,
Ay ! he would gladly give them all,
The silver arrow to recall.

"My vassals brave and strong"—he cried,—
"In many a deed of courage tried,

A prince's wealth waits his commands,
Who puts that arrow in my hands."

A wistful buzz was all he heard—
He looked—but no retainer stirred.
They durst not, for though great the prize,
The frightful peril met their eyes.
The Baron marked them shrink in fear,
Then cried in tones which all could hear:—
"With wealth, with lands I freely part,
And give them with a grateful heart;
Name but the boon your souls demand,
And take it from Dorylla's hand."

Then leaping from the crowd who try
His mad, wild progress to deny,
A youth springs forth—the minstrel's son—
And swears the arrow shall be won.
One bound—his light and agile form,
Which seemed well fitted to perform
A wild and daring deed like this,
Is hanging o'er the dread abyss.
The bough is gained—a moment there
He pauses ere its strength he dare,—
A moment—and with courage rare,
Lays the cool plan as if aware
His peril, yet too bold to quail,
He treads the bough so weak and frail.
With eye firm fixed upon the prize,
His step the cracking wood defies,
He stops—his hands the arrow meet—
He throws it at the Baron's feet.

A shout—but hark! a fearful cry
Of terror rises shrill and high.
The limb gives way—they see him now,
Grasping the fragile, broken bough.
In awe they gaze; with giant might
Undimmed by fear, unnerved by fright,
He springs, and from the bough leaps clear,
And strives to gain the railing near.

'Tis barely gained—and with a grasp
Like one whose hands fond life would clasp,
With sudden fall and stunning shock,
His arms around the railing lock.
He's safe—and climbing to the plain
He mingles with the throng again;

Then takes the arrow from the ground,
And puts it in the Baron's hand,
While shouts of triumph loud resound,
In deaf'ning echoes through the land.
E'en Rudger smiles, and bids him name
The promised boon he well might claim.

The youth gazed on the maiden fair,
Who trembling stood in terror there,
And conscious now of him alone,
Whose safety made her love complete,
Blushing with hope before unknown,
She kneels with him at Rudger's feet.
The Baron white with anger grew,
His face was of a deadly hue ;
A storm of passion swept his heart,
Which well nigh tore his frame apart.
He gasps—when less his fury grew—
“Bind him—he's mad—your sports renew.”

'Tis evening—and the castle hall,
With torch and lamp from roof and wall,
Shines with a gay and brilliant light,
Upon a mirthful, festive sight.
For gathered there the old and young,
In shouts of revelry which rung
The ceiling and the oaken walls among,
Join in the smile, the jest, the glance,
And in the rustic village dance.
Rudger, the proud and strong, was there,
The arrow grasped within his hand ;
His brow a darker look did wear
Of scorn, defiance, and command.
Dorylla too, but pale and sad,
No mirth could make *her* bosom glad ;
The one she loved—the minstrel's son—
The peril of his life had run,
And now in dungeon chains he waits
The doom her angry sire debates.

At length his harp the minstrel took,
And as its strings with music shook,
The dancing ceased, and gathering near,
Attentive now they strive to hear
The song of lovers, sad or gay,

Or list to tales of ancient day,
When stillness through the castle reigns,
He sings in simple ballad strains:—

“There lived a Baron once, revered,
Kind Fortune on him smiled,
His life a lovely lady cheered,
And a fond and only child.

“The good wife died, and years passed by,
The child a lady grew,
And many a lip of praise did vie
In blessings kind and true.

“A peasant youth she loved, alas !
With warmth and fervor true ;
No wrath the Baron’s could surpass,
No prayers that wrath subdue.

“But when the haughty Rudger heard
That she was not his child,
He gave her to———”

“Cease, harper !” cried the Baron loud—
Stepping in front the peasant crowd,—
“It was of Rudger that you spoke,
Beware lest you his rage provoke.”

The minstrel threw his harp aside,
And calmly to his lord replied :—
“It was of Rudger that I spoke,
And not a word will I revoke ;
Dorylla is no child of thine,
I am her father—she is mine.
Hear, Baron ! nor my words deride—
Recall the time thy lady died ;
The one who nursed her was my wife,
Now both have ceased this troubled life,
An ancient wrong her lady did,
Aroused her anger, and though hid
For many a year within her breast,
Your very race she did detest, !
And vowed a deep revenge should come,
And strike a blow at Rudger’s home.
Her vow was kept—her mistress dead,
She placed another’s child instead ;

And who was there to know or tell
The secret that she kept so well ?”

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“Tis false—I do not care to dread—
What proof?” the Baron coolly said.

“My oath,” the minstrel quick replied—
“My wife’s confession when she died.
At these you scorn,—but hear me through,
E’en *thou* shalt say the tale is true.
An arrow marks the Rudger race,
Upon your arm its form you trace;
And well you know ’twas said of old
Your house this seal of birth should hold.”
The finely swelling arm they bare,—
There was no mark of arrow there.

The minstrel speaks in accents mild,—
“Now, Rudger, I demand my child.”

“Take her,”—he answered with a scorn—
“Take her, false man, and quick—begone !
No blood of mine could be so base,
As mingle with a peasant race.
But hold ! is this brave youth your son,
Who late the silver arrow won ?”

“Not mine, as all the peasants know,
But was adopted years ago.”

“Then bring the Priest,—he eager said,—
And by the fiend, they now shall wed.”
Off from the youth the chains are thrown,
The Priest is brought—and they are one.

The minstrel stood in silence there,
And heard the injured Baron swear,
That on the morrow he should die
For such a foul, base treachery.
And when at length proud Rudger ceased,
And bade the peasants end their feast,
The minstrel, without fear or dread,
Turned calmly to his chief and said :—

“List for a moment, I entreat,
While I this tale of mine complete ;
For now, proud Baron, thou shalt hear

Of the lost one thou hold'st so dear.
When this fair maid was given thee,
Thy child, thy son was brought to me.
He whom you saw this very day,
A deed of courage rare display,
When all were deaf to your command,
Who placed the arrow in your hand;
He whom this moment you have wed
To peasant blood, though nobly bred,—
He is your son—in him you trace
The last of Rudger's haughty race.
Look, Baron! on this arm, and own
This arrow makes him yours alone."

The youth's strong arm he looked upon,
And knew he was his only son.
His spirit stern, unused to yield,
His heart by long indulgence steeled,
Were rent and torn beneath the blow
Of such a mighty, deadly wo.
There was no joy that he had gained,
A long lost son by fraud detained;
But in his features one might trace
A look of shame and deep disgrace,
That his proud blood and ancient might,
Degraded by the marriage rite,
Was joined with one who was his serf,
A vassal, and of menial birth.

With lifted hand, he totters near
And whispers to the minstrel seer :—
"Lost is the pride of Rudger's line,
Traitor! thy blood is joined to mine."

His arm upraised to strike a blow,
Against the one who caused his wo,
Dropped to his side—he tottered—fell,—
The arrow which he clasped so well,
True to its spell and ancient name,
With magic power and fatal aim,
Pierced deep his heavy, falling side,—
He moved but once—then gasped, and died.

W. W. G.

www.libtool.com Junior Year.

HERE at length is Junior year, the late summer of college life. The modest budding of the Freshman bloom, the early, fitful heat of the Sophomore months, with the disappointing frosts of the one, and the chilling damps of the other season, as occasionally the prospects of the year were obscured, is past, and the proximity of fruit time causes things to wear a more sober and unvarying aspect, while at times the distant refraction of an approaching exit from these familiar scenes traces an additional line upon the thoughtful brow; and occasionally a strong swell from the heaving ocean of active life rolls up the river so fast descending and widening to the confluence, and makes the heart beat for the strong and mighty impulses of the winds and the tides. The shallows and the quicksands of the Freshman and Sophomore navigation, where so many of our companions grounded and were left behind, are now escaped; the difficult rapids of the Biennial are safely passed, and now the wider and more placid stream bears the bark right gaily onward, while the pleasant remembrance of toils successfully endured, and the lightness of heart when burdens are removed, and the expectation of pleasure while yet we remain, and the ardent resolves for the subsequent years, each add in their freshness a joy to the time. All sorts and complexions of fancies rise before us as we review the past two years. There are pictures of term time and vacation spread out as bright and vivid as when the sunshine of friends or fortune traced them on the memory. A delicate line here shows our former scrupulosity in Freshman days, when we were "righteous over much." See with what horror we made our first flunk—with what sincere penitence we approached the tutor's confessional to acknowledge our first delinquency. There is a blot or two made by a few tears, with which at the twilight leisure hour we mourned for

"The little parlor and the evening hymn,"

before we had entirely forgot the pious practice. Here the pencil shows hurried work, as if it had moved with the rapidity of our passage homeward, when the swift iron Phlegethon seemed a snail, and thought anticipated by many hours the embrace of a mother and a sister, and exulted triumphantly and sometimes tremulously, in the prospect of greeting many friends in general, and one *petite ami* in particular. The smoking party, armed to the teeth with blackened pipes for an onslaught upon some timid Freshmen—the Lyceum as it was, with its economy of rick-

ety settees, its oft mended, barn-like doors, its well-defined and ever memorable odors—the grim and terrible Biennial, with all its paraphernalia of un-Spartanlike tables, the sentinel tutor, the sound of the scratching of pens—all these glide before us as the panorama of the past moves on.

“I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory.”

These are the queer shapes that often rise phoenix-like out of the blue flames that flicker on the grate at night, when study is dismissed, and dreams steal over one sitting in the silent, glimmering darkness. Who does not love to call them up, to interrogate them, and listen to “twice told tales?” But there are more than these:

“When the dark shadows flit along the ceiling,
And the dull firelight trembles in the grate,
Fancy, fond yet with old, remembered feeling,
Striveth the loved and lost to recreate.”

The forms of him who first, and who last left us, appear familiarly, as they sat by our side in the recitation, or joined in the social walk and talk, or animated the debates of the Society halls. The impress they made rests still upon us, but they are no longer with us. The last days of health, the slowly waning life, the solemn annunciation of death, the sober groups that gather to converse, the crowded room of the coffined, the long, sad procession—these also flit like shadows by us.

Thus much for the retrospect. Pleasant indeed it is; who can deny? Sadness and the remembrance of grief impart a sober tint to our picture, but it is no less sweet. Having gained as it were a point of survey, the rugged places behind us are smoothed and softened in the distance; we have forgotten the quagmire, and remember only the crystal stream where we washed out the stains.

Perhaps imagination has tinted the memories of the past too brightly. But the present has too much of sober, stern reality to allow such a liberty. How lustily sang and roared a certain crowd in the woodland a few months ago,

“For the sunlight clear of the Junior year
Is beaming bright before us!”

It was then supposed for a verity, that the winter was past, that is to say, that hard times were over, and that thenceforth every tired Mæcenas of a Sophomore might cease to patronize Latin, Greek, etc., and would glide along toward the A. B. as smoothly and easily “as lightning on a greased railroad.” Pardon the inelegant simile, reader, but it is Davy Crockett’s own. What a hallucination those Sophomores labored under!

We certainly cannot see how the condition of a Junior is superior to that of a Sophomore. We, as well as they, are reluctantly aroused by an Alectryon as discordant as any that ever greeted the early dawn with its "brassy roar." We are bored as severely as they, and are not, moreover, allowed to remonstrate. A Junior must endure *tacitus*; a Sophomore may scrape and groan as loud as he please. Then Juniors are tantalized with a refinement of cruelty. They are obliged to sit and gaze for several hours every week at certain shawls, often ugly ones, upon the backs of the fair that frequent the Philosophical lectures, but are indignantly denied a sight or glimpse of "the human face divine." Was not all our expected "otium cum dig—" a mere mirage? Concerning appointments, modesty prompts us to say, that they are a humbug, writing the pieces a bore, the glory of speaking, vanity of vanities.

But, regarding the position of a Junior more seriously, there are doubtless many sober thoughts suggested to the mind that muses on the frequent change, and the rapid progression of life. Time, as it advances, bears us ever onward, and the approach of future scenes, and the receding from those forever past, knows no cessation. Not many months will run the round of change, before those now midway in College life will stand upon the outer verge, and the records of an important epoch in their history will have been engraved forever. Like the ancient knights who oftentimes spent the hours before the decisive conflict in meditation within the silent cloisters, they pass in seclusion the time of preparation for the severe struggles of life. Already the signal notes are heard, and heralds admonish us to be carefully equipped.

These more serious thoughts suggest themselves. We shall moralize no farther, but commend them to him who reflects,

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be."

!

The Harp of the Winds.

'Twas night, and tired men slumbered, slept and dreamed;
And Earth, aweary, bathed in Lethe's wave;
Yet the wide dome of slumbering Nature seemed
Peopled with winds, trooped forth from Æolus' cave.

Not zephyrs, such as dimple limpid lakes,
Or slyly whisper, hid 'mid forest leaves:—

But fitful gusts, whose forceful onset breaks
 Ships from their moorings, and the sea upheaves !
 Wild winds which, though unseen, yet shouting loud
 In lawless turbulence on-whirling roll,
 Besieged my casement in a furious crowd—
 Till gentle thoughts, in fright, forsook my soul.

When *Memory* swept my heartstrings, not a strain
 But cruel winds supplanted with harsh discords.
 Hope's whispering voice the harsh blasts rudely stifled
 So, all my solitude's sweet charmers gone,—
 All gone—I sat, at mercy of the storm.
 And then, plenipotent to vex my soul
 Like minions of some power that owed me spite,
 These boisterous creatures joined in tuneless chorus.
 Vast, whirling, rushing, dashing hurricanes
 Formed for the lesser blasts, appropriate bass :—
 While little, whistling, piping, spiteful winds,
 Shrill shrieked a piercing treble, high and wild ;
 And for the other parts, whoops so unearthly
 Burst in, that I did think *Discordia*
 Was howling slumbering earth a serenade !

Well nigh distracted by the hideous din,
 I sought, like Saul, a charm 'gainst my tormentors ;
 And, happy thought ! when these a moment lulled
 Gave me short respite, I brought forth the harp
 That owns no master save the tameless winds.
 That wondrous instrument ! The soul of Saul
 Not sooner felt the "Shepherd Minstrel's" power,
 Than mine the influence of the tones that rose
 Responsive to the advancing winds' attack.
 Those winds, no more disturbers of my peace,
 Came welcome now, as angels of delight ;
 Their turmoil turned to tuneful tender lays,
 Or noble symphonies resounding joy !
 Now as I listened, rapt ;—at every *blast*
 Tumultuous pleasure thrilled throughout my being ;
 While every *kush*, gave tenderest harmonies
 To sooth my soul, till in a loveful song
 My heart poured praises to that witching harp.

I.

Harp ! that wooest winds of Heaven
 By their gentle breathing fanned,
 To thy melody 'tis given
 Thoughts to sing of spirit land !

II.

Hark! I hear thee murmur faintly,
Faintly as the mourner's prayer;
Tones all heavenly, pure and saintly,
Saintly as a Seraph's are!

III.

And methinks thou sadly singest
Things I would, but cannot speak;
Griefful memories thou bringest
Of low voices, mournful—meek.

IV.

Still tremulous and low!
All silent, now!
Those voices faded so
They're silent now,
Silent now!

V.

Hark! from depths of silence welling
Joyous harmonies arise!
Tone o'er tone triumphant swelling
Higher, higher toward the skies!

VI.

'Minding me of *happy* voices
Jubilant amid the past!
Now like these thy strain rejoices—
Ah! too happy long to last!

VII.

Fading even as I listen,
Tone departeth after tone;
All earth's songs of joy thus hasten,
Just approach us and are gone.

VIII.

Hark! murmuring sad and low,
All silent now!
Glad voices faded so,
They're silent now,
Silent now!

IX.

Is the spirit-harp forsaken?
List! dim echoes, strange and wild,

Chords unearthly now awaken,
Each a wandering Fancy's child.

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X.

Such the strains a dream revealeth
When the spirit, free to roam,
From the closing portals stealth,
Of its humble earthly home.

XI.

Strains to make a seraph listen,
Ceased the while, his harp of gold;
Music as of stars that glisten,
Morning stars that sang of old!

XII.

This evanescent, too?
All's silent now!
Dreams, vanished like the dew,
Are silent now,
Silent now!

Now comes a breeze to strike thy silent strings,
Laden with heavy groan, and sob, and sigh,
And as each note of sorrow thrills, it wrings
A tear-drop from the sympathizing eye.

And now, from far a gale comes sweeping on!
Vibrations, rapid, free, a hymn resound,
In praise of noble deeds and freedom won,
Speeding the life-tide in a swifter round!

Thus, wildly swept by wandering winds of night,
Thy music murmurs, swells and bursts away!
Plains, hymns, and pæans, varying like the light,
Dim or resplendent, of the Aurora's play.

Sweet Harp! thy crystal tones seem not of earth!
Thou dost prelude the songs of heavenly choirs,
By angels warbled since Creation's birth,
To ring forever from their golden lyres!

A. B.

A Romance of the Laboratory.

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So-AND-So, a classmate of mine, gave a birth-night *convivium*. His rooms were up in High street, and when we had spent all our resources of enjoyment, which was at the smallest possible hour of the next morning, we departed for our respective abodes. The other fellows roomed out of College, and I started for "Old South" alone, refusing all offers of attendance, and relying on my own abilities to "steer clear" of the corners. It was rather dark, but I navigated safely through the posts opposite the Gymnasium, and was congratulating myself that I was safe on College ground, when, as I came near the Laboratory, I became conscious of a "dim religious" light, proceeding from within those low walls. I was not at all alarmed; I could have met with friendly cordiality, old Nick himself, or even a tutor, so I drew near one of the side windows, and peered into the darkness of the room, which was illumined only by a dim little spirit lamp on the table. Suddenly a series of bubbles burst out from the cistern and ignited with pale flashes of light, by which I could just see "Robert," with his hand on two large bell-glasses, from which he was turning up some inflammable gasses. In a second more there was a report and a flash together, and I caught a glimpse of a form rising from the cistern, from which Robert fell back with a shriek; then all was dark and still again, only the little spirit lamp burned dimly as before, a kind of blue, luminous bean in the thick gloom.

I began to get excited, and taking off my hat, placed my face close to the glass and waited for further developments. Nor had I to wait long, for a dark figure, not nearly as tall as Robert, poked the fire and lighted a candle and then a cup of alcohol, so that I saw clearly what was going on. 'Twas a sight to have frightened the Pope, for there by the stove was the image of the very Devil himself, horns, hoofs, tail and all! And on the floor lay Robert in a swoon! As I supposed then, and think now, Robert had been trying some alchemical experiment by himself, and had let together some antagonistic gasses, from the sudden union of which, Auld Hornie, or some of his crew, had escaped. I still gazed through the window, indeed I seemed fastened there, though I felt willing to leave the mysteries unprofaned, and saw the fiend begin flying about, taking the stoppers from various bottles, and after rapping them with his tail end, calling out "Evenite! Evenite!" Immediately out came fizzing various and sundry other devils of sizes corresponding to their bottles, who began to release others of their fiendish friends,

who worked in their turn at the same kind offices, till there were troops and troops of the little imps, whizzing and hissing about in all directions. They seemed mightily pleased at their release, and cut up the maddest antics, leaping and flying about, diving into the cistern or into the fire, knocking over bottles, and producing all manner of explosions and flames and smokes, so that for a time I could hardly see what they were doing; but when they lighted more of the combustibles which were lying about in a variety of forms, and became a little more quiet, I could see every thing. They had hauled poor Robert up into the Professor's high chair, where he sat stiffened with fright, the whites of his eyes rolling around ghastly, and his hair doing its best to stand on end. Some of the imps were crawling over him, playing a devilish game of hide and seek in his pockets and sleeves, or were straddling his nose, and tickling his ears with the ends of their tails. He, poor fellow, was utterly powerless, and stirred not a peg. The rest of them, great and small, were scuttling all over the room and in and out of the back rooms, doing—every thing. I wish I could remember half what they did, or rather I wish I could forget it, for I dream of them whenever I have been taking the least drop, even of ale. I'll mention a few of their pranks.

Crowds of them were taking turns at a bottle of chloroform and getting gloriously tipsy; two of them had found a glove, which some of "our friends on the right" had left, and they were on top of one of the seats, trying it on as they would a double pair of trowsers; two others had tied their tails together with a piece of red ribbon, which some fair one had dropped, and were cutting about gaily; some were trying to swim in the bath of mercury; others rubbing themselves with sticks of phosphorus; a bunch of them were tugging together at a large horse-shoe magnet, with which they had caught the steel-tipped tails of a dozen others and were pulling them around in wild glee; a continual supply was taking the place of Robert's tormentors, as they grew tired; some were polishing their horns and the extremities of their tails with sulphuric acid; others warming themselves in the stove; these and several thousand other things they did, more than I can or wish to think of. A terrible clatter they kept up, galloping over the tables and benches, knocking over glasses, mixing effervescences, and letting off confined gases, and as I looked, my brain reeled with confused astonishment. Yet in the midst of my bewilderment, I had emotions of pity for poor Robert, who continued in *statu quo* , and a wretchedly funny statue he was. I could not bear to see a fellow mortal in the clutches of such an infernal crew, so I picked up a brick, which I found lying close to my hat, and

standing back a little, hurled it through the window into the midst of them, and then fell down completely overcome with—exhaustion.

One—two—three—four—five, on the College clock, aroused me to consciousness. Aurora had not yet become rosy-fingered, but by the gray light, I picked up myself and my hat, and tottered over to my room to get ready for my morning lesson.

I should have considered my vision as only a dream that had visited me, as I rested myself on the grass on my way home, and the frisky spirits akin to the whiskey spirits of the night before, but a hole in the window and a brick found among the bottles on the table next day, seemed to give some thing of substance to the foundation of my ROMANCE OF THE LABORATORY.

Essay on Sleep,

AS IT EXISTS IN OUR WORLD.

THE solemn march of night and day is a great fact, throughout the system of worlds in which we live. The shining sun and whirling planets have led on these phenomena from the morning of creation, and must continue to command their march until the wreck of all things. Those twinkling suns, which shine upon us from afar, and reveal to us other systems revolving there, may, with their whirling spheres, extend the phenomena of day and night beyond our utmost thought.

What meaneth this? Who dwell in these worlds? What have they to do with night? Or if made to live in darkness, what have they to do with day? What twofold nature have they, to need both?

There may be beings to whom all these are deep problems. And to us they are but in part explained. We may *conjecture* from analogy, and it may seem more than guessing, but *certainly* for us must be confined to the little world in which we live. Here we may lay aside conjecture, and look around us for the answer.

Amid the light of day, we see the hurry and hear the bustle of active life. But in the shade of night, all is motionless and still. The flood of darkness, as it rolls on its daily circuit, drowns all living things, and shrouds them in silence and gloom. The manifestations of life are no more seen, until the brightness of a new born day wakens the slumber-

ing world. While day is succeeded by night and night succeeded by day, action is succeeded by repose and repose succeeded by action, again and again until, the eternal lethargy of death swallows up both.

This intermediate rest, this temporary repose, which we call *Sleep*, is the subject of the present remarks. The theme may appear unattractive. Its phenomena may seem to be a suitable basis for nothing except a Physiological or a Psychological discussion. But they have relations, interesting not merely to the Philosopher, but equally to all who love to contemplate the system of things amid which we are living, and which gives signs of a nobler system that lies still in the future. We need not then, and we will not be confined in our observations, by the one science or the other. Not desiring to found any system, or frame any theory, we will seek only the entertainment and profit that may be derived from the examination of a curious and noble law of the world in which we live.

I say *law*, for Sleep is not merely a habit, but truly a law of nature. It is one of those general principles whose operation is not only beyond the control of all living creatures, but rules over them. It is in vain to resist its power. We may as well attempt to fly from the cravings of hunger as endeavor to escape its demands. We may rebel against its authority, and do our utmost to keep the machinery of activity and consciousness in motion, but we shall not succeed. Though we should for a short time maintain our liberty with struggles, our resources will soon be expended, and then our captivity will be only the more complete.

It is indeed a natural law, but it is *peculiar*. Though we become so familiar with it, yet we can never reflect upon it without surprise. It is without analogy among all the other laws of creation. There is none like it. The heavenly bodies are driven on by forces which *never cease or abate*. The elements have each their affinities *fixed and eternal*. They seize each other, and *never* voluntarily relinquish their embrace. They reject each other, and *never* of themselves become reconciled. *All* other laws are *steady and permanent*. They either *forever* resist all cessation of action, or *forever* resist all renewal of motion. But Sleep is an intermittent law. Now with resistless hand it holds motionless the wheels of life. Now it releases its grasp, and they fly on with renewed vigor and speed. So peculiar is Sleep.

And not only is it peculiar, but its *relation to ourselves is most intimate*. Other natural laws may be displayed about us in splendor or in tremendous energy, while we without concern are intent upon other

matters. Or we may turn our attention directly to them, and employ our noblest powers in contemplating the beauty or the grandeur of their operations. But Sleep comes upon us and locks our senses. We cannot contemplate, we cannot even feel its power. While other laws are acting, even on our physical frame, the mind is free to think, to reason, to hope, to fear. But Sleep lays his hand on the thinking self, and consciousness sinks to nothingness. The mind before exalted as a spectator of the scene is now the very object on which the energies of the law are expended. So *personal*, as well as *peculiar*, is Sleep.

But though a thing so personal to *us*, yet it is not *limited* to man. Every thing which has life must sleep. Creative Omnipotence has left no exception. Not man only, but *every* animal, and not the whole *animal* world merely, but also the vegetable,—all these yield to its sway. Two of the three kingdoms of nature are united to form its empire. The lord of creation, Man, bows beneath its power. The wild monarch of the fields, the Lion, sinks powerless under its heavy hand. The great Leviathan of the ocean sleeps among the waves. From the pine on the mountain and the oak in the forest, to the lily that swims upon the surface of the water, there is a constant alternation from action to repose, and from repose to action.

Such are some of the *general characteristics* of Sleep. Now we may draw nearer and get a more *distinct* view,—take a survey of a more *definite* class of phenomena.

We inquire then, what are the *signs by which we may distinguish Sleep*? Here a difficulty presents itself. This state is not always clearly defined. Between perfect wakefulness and perfect sleep there may be numberless intermediate states. They merge into each other, and blend like the hues of the rainbow, or even like the imperceptible fading of twilight. Here is the broad land of dreams—a hazy wilderness difficult to explore. The boundaries of this disputed region we will not attempt to settle. Its uncertain phenomena we leave for others to examine. But *perfect* sleep is easily distinguished. Our inquiry, then, is, what are the distinguishing phenomena of *perfect* Sleep? I answer—*cessation of consciousness, cessation of external action, temporary, and periodical.*

The first and most obvious of these is *cessation of consciousness*. In perfect sleep there is no consciousness of any affection, either of the mind or of the body. Pain and pleasure are not felt by the body: joy and sorrow are annihilated in the mind: hope and fear cannot enter. Thus it is with man. And of other animals, so far as we can know, the same is true. They cannot indeed *tell* us of the affections of their *spirit*—

nal part, but we know that their senses are shut to every thing external, and we have no reason to believe that there are any spiritual motions within. In plants this change is more difficult to discern, as the conscious principle itself is more obscure. But it takes place even in them, and may always be detected by refined experiments and strict scrutiny.

In death also there is a cessation of consciousness. How, then, do we distinguish sleep from it? Though all external action has ceased, yet the action of the muscles on which life depends, ceases not. And the vital fluids still continue to move. Hour after hour passes by, while the unconscious subject is wrapt in sleep, and still the powers of respiration are freely acting, still the current of life is shot through every part of the system.

But Sleep is *temporary*. In health it is always of short continuance. In a few hours at longest consciousness returns, external action is renewed, and the whole living machinery is again in motion.

Sleep is, also, *periodical*. It returns after regular intervals. Once, at least, in each revolution of the sun, with a course as invariable as that of the revolving orb himself, it comes back to reassert its dominion.

Such are the *phenomena* of Sleep. We now inquire, what is Sleep? What is its *essence*? What is that which *constitutes* it what it is—that without which it would not be sleep? I answer, it is a *cessation of volition*. This we may derive from its phenomena already exhibited. We have seen that sleep is distinguished from wakefulness by a cessation of consciousness and external action. But consciousness is an *act* of the will, and external action is but a *manifestation* of volition. While that internal vital action, which continues unabated in sleep, is entirely *free* from the control of the will. The essence of Sleep, therefore, can be nothing else, but a *cessation of volition*. This principle, attended by the phenomena described, and modified by various accidents, constitutes all that we call Sleep, whether perfect or partial.

Being thus acquainted with the nature or essence of Sleep, as well as familiar with its phenomena, we next inquire its *cause*. But here our search is less amply rewarded. Curiosity, though unsatisfied, must be content to call it an original law. Its cause is covered with the thick darkness which veils the secret workings of Omnipotence. When the wonderful power of Gravitation shall be explained, then, and not till then, may we expect that the secret cause of Sleep will be revealed.

It remains to consider its *Destiny*: to view its design, operation, and end: its mission for the body, and not less its mission for the soul: its *Moral*, as well as its *Physical*, *Destiny*.

Its mission in both relations is one of kindness and mercy. To the body it brings relief, enjoyment, and refreshment. It affords an *escape* from many a pain, and assists us to *endure* the ills from which we cannot flee. It is even a positive gratification. Amid all the joys of wakeful existence, its soothing pleasure is known and prized by all. No one would wish to be free from its mysterious chain until we shall have exchanged *all* earthly pleasures for the higher joys of pure unsleeping spirits. It also brings refreshment. How appropriate its name—"tired nature's sweet restorer." Health and vigor it renews. It checks the hurrying pulse and cools the fevered brain. It receives the toil-worn mortal of to-day and launches him into to-morrow, restored to begin anew the struggles and the conquests of life. This is its Physical Destiny.

Its Moral Destiny is summed in these three words,—Faith, Humility, Hope.

Where Reason fails, *Faith* begins. Sleep brings us to an arm of that great sea of mystery on which man is floating. It bears us out into deeps which Reason cannot fathom. It leaves us amid an unbounded expanse, where Reason is a bewildered stranger. Faith *then* must be our guide. Faith is *then* our all. Without her, we are lost, in the vast unknown. Here we learn to trust where we cannot know.

Humility is a plant which thrives most in the shade. Sleep, like a sable cloud before us and behind, covering from our view the brightness of immortal life, makes us feel that we are treading the shadowy path of mortals. So the darkness of our lot is made to wither pride, while humility expands the more.

Hope, sweetened by Humility, hangs on Faith. Sleep may be Death's brother, but he is also the pledge of his destruction. He may be the herald of his approach, but he is also the prophet of his defeat. As sleep retires before the rising dawn, so Faith beholds Death vanish before the morning of an eternal day. Faith believes, Humility relies, Hope appropriates, and rejoices. Thus Sleep's destiny is fulfilled.

J. F. B.

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Prof. Silliman's Tour.

PROF. SILLIMAN'S late tour in Europe was one full of incidents, which it would interest every son of Yale at least, to hear in detail; and not a few would be delighted to have his journals published. The passages we have already heard in the lecture room, are like partial glimpses of a hidden painting which only increase the desire to see the whole. Prof. Silliman carried with him his well-known accuracy of observation, his energy and zeal, and he has not returned empty-handed, like too many who travel with more time at command. His object was not merely to gratify curiosity, but to gather from the various places and objects which he visited, many valuable gems of knowledge. And these will go to enrich his scientific lectures, which have given so much delight as well as instruction to many College generations. His testimony in future on many points of fact, will be that of personal experience, instead of hearsay.

The outline of his journey has already been given. The pleasure of the trip was greatly enhanced by the company of his son, Professor Silliman, Jr., and lady, and several other friends, swelling the number to seven.

On their arrival in England, one of the first to welcome them was Dr. Mantell, between whom and Prof. Silliman there had been for many years a warm friendship, commenced by correspondence which was now for the first time strengthened by a personal interview. They spent only a fortnight in England at this time, devoting it principally to North Wales, where they richly enjoyed the romantic scenery around Caernarvon Castle, and those stupendous works of British art, the Menai and Tubular bridges. In London they attended a meeting of the Geological Society, where were gathered many of the principal scientific characters of England, by whom they were very cordially received. While in the metropolis, they were admitted as a special favor to the Crystal Palace, before it was opened to the public.

Without delaying in London, they passed over to the Continent, and another fortnight was passed while they were enjoying the society of the philosophers of France, and surveying the lions of Paris and its environs, its palaces and its monuments. At that place they procured a courier to accompany them through the rest of the route, who had been a confidential valet to the unfortunate Marshall Ney, and was one of Napoleon's couriers at Moscow. After the disastrous retreat, he had been intrusted

with private despatches to the Empress Maria Louisa, which he put into her own hands at the Tuileries. Proceeding through Marseilles, they took the *Reveira* road to Genoa—the city of palaces. Amongst other objects of interest, they here saw the tomb of Columbus.

Italy, rich in remarkable geological phenomena, as well as in ruins, absorbed much of their time and attention. At Rome the remains of an empire lay around them, temples, palaces, baths, and aqueducts—relics of pagan magnificence. But even there they found natural curiosities of almost as much interest. Near the city there is a wonderful lake of sulphureous waters, the only *lake* of that kind known in the world. They ventured near it, though not without difficulty and danger, and found it boiling away like a mighty cauldron, as it has done ever since the time of the ancient Romans, by whom it was first described. They traveled by land from Rome to Naples, admiring the beauty and fertility of the country, and, meeting with similar adventures on a part of the same road, they understood more forcibly than ever before, that immortal description of a journey to Brundisium, by one of the finest poets of ancient Rome. Here they noticed a singular intermingling of desolation and beauty. In the midst of beautiful rolling land, richly cultivated, there constantly appeared decaying monuments of human greatness. Magnificent aqueducts now fallen in ruins, united with the tombstones on the road-side, tell of a people who departed centuries before.

Immediately on arriving at Naples, they rode over to Pompeii; for when so near, their earnest desire to see that place would brook no delay, and they found it a spot of greater interest than almost any which they visited during their journey. A city buried by volcanic action, and embalmed so as to preserve to modern time a type of Roman magnificence, must naturally have awakened emotions of peculiar intensity, in one in whom are blended so much scientific knowledge and classic lore as in Prof. Silliman. Just outside the old city walls stands the villa of Diomedes, roofless, but with its columns, and arches, and walls just as they stood eighteen hundred years ago. The party were shown where the members of that ancient family—the lady of the house, her daughter and servants, met their fate, the tufa which concreted around them, having formed a perfect cast of their bodies—and even some of the bones being preserved entire. They spent many hours in examining various buildings, public and private, which have been excavated; and yet the excavations bear but a small proportion to the whole city.

Vesuvius next took up their attention, and they ascended to take a

view into the fuming abyss which has poured out such torrents of liquid fire in years that are passed. The ladies were borne up in chairs, and the gentlemen were assisted by Neapolitans who were more accustomed to the business than they. The ascent was somewhat arduous over the rough lava, and through deep beds of cinders and pumice stone, but they were well rewarded by the sight which at last they obtained. The crater is about one thousand feet in depth, and the very centre—the opening into the internal fires into which curiosity would have prompted them to look, was covered by impenetrable clouds of vapor and sulphureous fumes.

At Naples they made the acquaintance of Prof. Melloni, who is distinguished the world over, for his valuable contributions to science. Leaving the remainder of the party at this place, Professors Silliman Sr. and Jr. with Mr. Brush, made a trip to Sicily. On their way they were enabled to see the volcano Stromboli on one of the Lipari islands, which has been in action for more than two thousand years. Arriving at Messina, they proceeded to the base of Mt. Etna, seventy miles distant; not however without being obliged to obtain special permission from the government. This favor is denied to all but Americans who are supposed to be non-interventionists, and consequently safe travelers in a political point of view.

The principal object of attention connected with Mt. Etna, is a deep gorge on one side, which has not its parallel in the world—The Val del Bove. On all sides but one it is surrounded by almost perpendicular walls of nature's architecture between two and three thousand feet in height; the remaining side opens toward the sea. In this stupendous amphitheater they spent much time, deeply interested as geologists in the structure of the mountain which was laid open around them, and at the same time as intelligent men, filled with that awe which is induced only by a contemplation of the more magnificent of God's works.

Prof. Silliman, Jr. and Mr. Brush attempted to ascend the cone of Etna, but being too early in the season they went only to within thirteen hundred feet of the summit. They set out about nine o'clock one evening, and after toiling all night over rough lava and deep beds of snow, braving the cold blasts of a furious wind, they found it unadvisable on reaching the Casa Inglese, ten thousand six hundred feet above the Mediterranean, to proceed farther; they took shelter under the gable of that building—the rest being all embedded in snow—till sunrise, which occurred with great magnificence soon after four. Their thermometer stood at 18° F., while a few hours before at Catania, they had experienced heat as high as 94°. The view presented from that elevated position was, as might

have been expected, beyond description, either by pen or pencil. On their descent they obtained another view of the Val del Bove from the summit of its walls, which well repaid their toil.

A number of other objects attracted their attention in Sicily, which we have no room to detail. Hastening back to Naples, after visiting what remains of the ancient temple of Jupiter Serapis at Pozzuoli, a structure remarkable not more for its antiquity, than for the curious and instructive geological phenomenon of which it bears record—they traveled northward again to Pisa, passing Leghorn on the way. At Pisa they were so fortunate as to witness the ceremonies of a great Catholic celebration. At night the festivities were continued by an illumination more brilliant than they had ever seen before. Amongst all the other public edifices, the lofty leaning tower was conspicuous in a robe of fire, while the Arno, which runs through the city, was spanned by brilliant arches and temples reared for the occasion.

Lucca, Florence, Bologna, Padua, Venice, and Milan were successively visited, and thence our travelers entered Switzerland through the Simplon pass—one of the monuments of Napoleon's energy. Here the Vale of Chamouny, Mt. Blanc, the Alps and their glaciers, afforded them new pleasures. At Neufchatel they were met by a Swiss pastor of the same name, who is a connection of the Silliman family, and through whom the genealogy has been traced back many generations, and Lucca in Italy is now the ultimatum of the investigation, instead of "Holland Hill," at Fairfield, where it rested for many years.

At Geneva Prof. Silliman had an interview with Dr. Merle D'Aubigné and a number of distinguished philosophers. At this place, he found that men of science maintain a high stand, both in point of wealth and in rank, living in palaces in the city, and at the same time holding large estates in the country.

While visiting at Frankfort, the two Professors rode over to Giessen, where resides that most indefatigable of living chemists, Liebig. They entered his room in the midst of a lecture on Quinine, and on sending in their cards, were received with a smile of recognition while a pupil gave them chairs. At the close of the lecture, they were very cordially received and were shown all over that laboratory, whence have emanated many important discoveries which will give their author an enviable immortality. Their time was limited however, and they were obliged to cut short an interview which it would have been very pleasant to have continued.

The pleasure of their visit to Berlin—the next place of importance in

their tour—was much augmented by the fact that the Royal Geographical Society was in session. With Carl Ritter for their president, there were assembled Ehrenberg, Rammelsberg, the two Roses, Dove, Magnus, and Mitscherlich, with many other eminent men of Prussia—a noble band. The President presented Prof. Silliman's name, and he was elected a member of that Society. The following day a note addressed by Prof. Silliman to Humboldt, was promptly followed by an invitation from him, and he met them with a warm welcome and a pleasant rebuke for hesitating to call.

The interview was deeply interesting, and Prof. Silliman was much pleased with the spirited conversation of the venerable philosopher, who though over eighty, still retains his wonderful powers of mind, and shows an intimate knowledge of every part of the world.

Returning to London through Paris, they visited many objects of interest in England which had been omitted before. The Crystal palace occupied much of their time, and they shared in the delight of the thousands who were privileged to see that rare exhibition of all the most beautiful productions of art. After visiting the beauties of the Isle of Wight with Dr. Mantell for their guide, they reëmbarked for their native land on September third.

J. H. D.

Memorabilia Valensia.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE COLLEGE BUILDINGS.

DURING the past vacation, the old Lyceum underwent an internal rejuvenation. On the first floor are now three rooms instead of four. The door in the rear has been shut up, and across the whole width of the building, extends a room for the use of the Senior Class. Leading to this room from the front door, is a hall (without any steps in the middle,) on each side of which is a Sophomore recitation room,—so that now there is no way to pass from the front to the rear of the building as before. Those who have broken their shins and nearly broken their necks in measuring their length in the old Lyceum entry of a dark night, will know how to appreciate this change. In the second story, the old Senior recitation room has been somewhat altered, and is now used by the Sophomores, and the two front rooms have been enlarged. These latter are Junior recitation rooms as before. In the third story, the old "Rhetorical Chamber" has suffered division, the South room being used as a recitation room by the Professor of Latin, and the North by the Professor of Rhetoric, with whose private room it communicates. This has also been enlarged and otherwise improved, and the whole building with the exception of one or two rooms, has been newly lathed and plastered, newly floored, newly painted, and thoroughly

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