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OCTOBER, 1858, NO. I**

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIV.

OCTOBER, 1858.

No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '59.

S. D. FAULKNER,

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G. W. FISHER,

T. R. LOUNSBURY,

A. H. WILCOX.

Vacation Lessons.

What do we mean by that? We will tell you as Guizot defines civilization, by telling you first what we don't mean. They are by no means the tough lines of Schiller, over which you, enthusiastic, new-fledged Senior, have been digging. Not the long crabbed pages of *Æschylus*, through which you, Oh Junior Class, have been plodding, step by step, up the appointment list. Not the jumping metres of *Horace*, which have been scanned from the earliest college antiquity, down to the very late era, of the present Sophomore Class; nor yet those choice classics, so sought by every Freshman, who spends seven of his summer weeks in "cramming" his conditions; those stumbling blocks which Tutors, by no means sireno-voiced, yet always counselling delay, scatter along the road up the hill of Science.

We mean, by vacation lessons, something far different from all this—lessons which we breath in with the atmosphere of home—lessons to the heart and the man, rather than the intellect; an unwritten and unwritable music, felt but not heard; the sweet chime of the thousand and one kindnesses and dear associations, of familiar

sights and joyous sounds which forever linger around the "old place." We go from our College rooms, from jovial evenings with student friends, from cold, dark recitation rooms, crowded with memories of ungraceful "flunks," from a strange jumble of pleasure and pain, of care and carelessness, and enter once more upon the half-forgotten routine of our former lives. How everything seems to welcome one back. Not only the sympathies and attentions of friends greet you, but inanimate and once unnoticed objects seem to beam with a peculiar satisfaction at your return. The old trees stretch out their arms, and nod their heads in token of recognition; the fences, the stones laugh with mossy lips, and as you enter the house, every article of furniture greets you as kindly as it can. These are the teachers of vacation lesson No. 1. They speak to you in their quiet, old fashioned way, and tell you stories of the old time, and of those who were with you then, until a kind of pleasant sadness steals over you, and unconsciously reciting, you murmur, "*Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

Vacation lesson No. 2, is something entirely different. I have often wished it were something entirely as pleasant. A boy friend, who has been several years away, is coming to visit you. You remember the ruddy cheeks and bright eyes, the manly, frank way he had, and are happy in the prospects of seeing him again. At length he comes, or rather a tall, slim, spectre looking individual of the same name. You look at the incipient mustache dimly outlined upon his upper lip; at the flat, vacant countenance, at the immense gaudy rings upon the long, white, bony fingers, and he in turn giving you two of those precious digits to shake, raising a delicate eye-glass, surveys you an instant, and then, with a look of affected concern, ejaculates, "The doose! Why demme, Frank, how you've changed!" He languidly subsides into a sitting posture, and you inquire about his health, his situation, etc. "Health, eh? aw, very good, nevah bettah, nevah. Situation, aw, pleasant, pleasant. Oysters very good at N——, very, very. Foine theatre. Am acquainted with Outroarem, our storr actor. You ought to know Outroarem, Frank, good boy,—Outroarem—good boy." You feel still a touch of sympathy and fellowship, as you remember the long, sunny, autumn afternoons, in which you wandered with the bright-eyed, generous boy, after nuts, in the woods, over beyond the meadow. You remember, too, the time when you went with him after school, to his sister's grave, out back of the old brown church,

one cold October day, and how he wept as he looked at the little white slab; and you looked steadily at it too, absently watching the sunshine glinting across it. You venture a remark, intended to call up some one of the memories common to both. "Aw yes, I remember. People get doosed bloo in a country place, don't they, Frank?" You hasten to change the subject. Long dissertations follow, respecting "*our* house," "*our* firm," "we do business with Biteem & Co." You wonder at the change in your friend. There is not one thing in the insipid, affected being before you, to remind you of the boy whom you once knew, and as you think of him as he once was, and as he now is, you find yourself reciting vacation lesson No. 2. "Without charity I am nothing," it should be, but most of us "fizzle" it sadly; get entirely on the wrong track, (?) and recite promptly, "What a stupendous snob! Intolerable bore! Regular squirt! Don't know anything!"

By vacation lessons, we mean those feelings of commingled disgust and sadness, which we learn first, when we find buds that promised fairly, blossoming into worm-eaten, odorless, dying and worse than dying flowers. Those feelings which arise when we see gallant ships, before their voyage is well begun, already split upon the rocks, the paint already soiled and dim, the masts and spars snapped, the torn sails flapping idly, the precious cargo wasted, and the lading taken in exchange, worthless sand.

By this time, however, your health needs recruiting. Nothing can save you but a trip to the sea-side, the mountains or the springs. You have been to the sea so often that you conclude that there is nothing like the mountains. You become poetic, filled with the "divine afflatus," and talk earnestly about

"Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest,"

and all that sort of thing. In short, you go *to* the mountains. That is one thing, and a very pleasant one too. Next, you go *up* the mountains. That's quite a different thing. Stage crowded, driver crabbed and stupid, and says there's room for three on the box. You submit with as good a grace as you can, and begin to look out for remarkable scenery, and you find *remarkable* scenery with a vengeance.

SCENE 1ST.

Road in front, inclining upward at an angle of seventy-five degrees. Two rods ahead of you, "a mighty cloud of dust," which doesn't

long preserve that respectful distance, but the next instant is in and around your eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth. (I here found that what had seemed stupidity in the driver, viz., a remarkable aptitude for keeping his mouth shut, was, in fact, the result of maturest wisdom. Also a brother editor has since informed me, that this little piece of sapiency, which I learned from experience, was embodied in a maxim by his maternal relative, and in his tender years was frequently quoted for his or her especial benefit. We give it for the convenience of future travelers: "Shet yer hed." However, I find upon consulting history, that I am not the first who has "*bitten the dust,*" for not keeping the mouth shut.)

SCENE 2D.

Dust so thick all around that you cannot see anything.

This is a wonderful opportunity for pensive thought. The gross external world is all shut out, and you think of the "wild goats" again, but just here the cloud in front breaks a little, and you see, dimly figured in the atmosphere of sand, the long ears of a herd of jackasses. You abandon the goat theory instantly, but do your best, you cannot gather up the reins of your imagination, before that brilliant faculty has supplied a long linen duster, an umbrella, and a carpet-bag to a few pairs of the above mentioned ears. Singular freak of the fancy, you soliloquize. Wonderful illustration of the influence of our sensations upon the imaginative portion of the mind. You wonder if Reid was ever conscious of such a process within him. But there's an end to all things, and so there is to a mountain road. A little before sunset, the stage stops at a large white house, and you are politely requested by the driver to "*come down with your dust,*" which being done, you eat an excellent supper, and then you learn the grand finale of vacation lesson No. 3, out of what Horace Smith so finely calls the "vast three leaved bible—Earth, Sea and Sky." It is on page first, which was never so spread out before you, until you came among the Catskills. The sun, almost down, is taking leave of the valley for the night, "imprinting its last kiss," and you are looking at a picture of evening painted by the Master's hand, on canvas which was woven of rock and mould and tough fibres, when the stars sang, and the world had yet to wait over four thousand years for her Titian and Raphael and Angelo. There are hills and valleys, forests and plains, orchards and streams, lying at your feet, all displaying every variety of color, all blushing in

"the glow of even tide." Then fainter and fainter, the rosy tinting slowly fades from the green forest, brown hill, and gray rock, then the outlines of these grow dim and obscure, and as you gaze at the fading, darkening picture, the grand old chant of the Romish church rises spontaneously to your lips, and you recite once more, "*Te Deum Laudamus.*"

Kind reader, we have given you a summary of three lessons, which we deem it very possible you have learned by heart already, learned from the same sources with ourselves, with all the bitter and sweet blended and mingled indiscriminately. If you learned them as pleasantly as we did, you will not murmur at their rehearsal. There are many which nature and experience teach, many bright and holy ones too; lessons of sadness from breaking hearts; lessons of beauty from purple sunsets; lessons of joy from the forests and the fields; lessons of sublimity from the hills and the sea. To students of dry books, vacations are, or should be, nature's lecture hours, and to all who will listen, she speaks with magic eloquence; now humorous and amusing, now grand and sublime, now moving to tears as she discourses in the outpourings of a bleeding heart, of misery and anguish and blighted hopes, now filling the soul with hope and joy, as she points with the crimson fingers of the "dying day," up, up, to the last, saying as it were, "God o'er head." "Sermons in stones, learn from everything." A. H. W.

LEONORE.

As to deeper shades are turning the glowing sunset skies
O'er the Day-god's altar, burning with his evening sacrifice,
So my soul the daylight flying when the cares of earth are o'er,
Is to thee from darkness crying, Leonore.

As these crowding shades are marking the departure of the Sun,
Those that in thy grave are lurking say my dayspring's joy is done;
Round it memory's treasures wasting, like flooded moonlight pour,
But they trouble not thy resting, Leonore.

I do not mourn with weeping for the beauty that is dead,
For the golden glory sleeping on thine early-coffined head;
Like the strong wave's steady beating on a moveless, helpless shore,
Sorrow passes all repeating, Leonore.

Though I know thy presence guided from my vision as a star
Whose gentle grace had guided all my footsteps from afar—
Though on earth thou wert not given—thee my spirit hands implore,
Stretching upward to thy Heaven, Leonore.

What to me a cold faith, telling that an angel's harp is thine,
That thy raptured voice is swelling in a harmony divine—
When I know thy spirit, leaving all these new-born joys, would store
E'en my weak heart's lonely grieving, Leonore.

And as midnight's shroud effaces every ray that noonday flings,
The deep awe of death replaces all the love a life-time brings;
And my dreams of the departed rise to worship evermore
At thine earthly shrine deserted, Leonore.

I cannot pray to meet thee—e'en the mourning, hopeless song
With which my soul would greet thee, falters on an earth-born tongue;
And despair my heart is telling thou art lost—not gone before
In the far land where thou'rt dwelling, Leonore.

The Devil—.

I.

Is there innate in the heart of every man a desire which prompts him at times to make a fool of himself? Can the path of any individual be traced through life by words and acts of folly, which have found expression and manifestation, in spite of the resistance of the higher nature, not because they were natural, but apparently because they violated the plainest laws of common sense?

Perhaps every one who has stood looking from the top of any high elevation on the vast depth which lies directly below him, has felt, on some particular occasion, that almost insane desire which urges him to throw himself down. Perfectly conscious as he is that he shall be dashed to pieces, yet the love of life seems to forsake him, the reason to desert him, and high over all reigns as sovereign of the moment, that morbid feeling, which proclaims the weakness and teachery of the human will.

Nor is it in this particular alone that the mind manifests its faithlessness to all those higher attributes, which the man so proudly claims for himself. There are moments in the life of every one, there are peculiar situations in the history of every one, when the