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A VISIT TO THE OLD HOUSE.

I had not revisited the home of my boyhood for forty years. It was moonlight, when I alighted from the stage-coach, within sight of the house in which I was born; and though I had determined to postpone my visit until the next day, there were some distant glimpses of towering elms and piles of building, which brought a world of recollections back upon me, and sent me to bed to dream all night of broken scenes from my boyish history. Ah! how deep are those impressions which are made in the child's soul while he is thinking only of his present sports and passing troubles!

Business of a more common-place and sordid character occupied me, among papers and receipt-books, till noon. I then prepared myself for a solitary visit to the home of my fathers; and I chose to approach it by the rear. Between the old garden and the river was a meadow. I had rolled in it, among the dandelions and buttercups, a thousand times: but the old nurse, who had been to me a mother, was long since dead. The cool clear spring was in the place where I left it; and the rill which wandered from it into the river was marked by an edging of greener grass. The fragrant mint along its borders came to my sense with associations of

One who beheld, a kindled fagot lifted,
 And thrust its purple blaze beneath the pile,
 Up through its pitchy spoil it gloated, drifted,
 With baleful light and hiss and moan the while.

A sudden cloud from their pursuing vision,
 And from the throes his mighty heart that tore,
 To the blue Islands of the stars' Elysium
 On high, the agonizing hero bore.

No more the awful Night his form shall render
 To earthly love and joy and sorrow down,
 Before him burns, and burns in deathless splendour
 The beaming Harp, behind, the glittering Crown.

T. H.

SEEING THE WORLD.

Having gained a handsome competency at my business, and no small knowledge of human nature, I resolved to see something of the world abroad, and accordingly left Philadelphia at nine o'clock, on a beautiful morning of September, in the steamboat Trenton. I wore my new frock-coat and figured vest, striped pants, plaid neckcloth, summer boots, and white hat with a broad band of crape. My black kid gloves were rather tight, and I was forced to wear the right one only half-way on, which had a fine effect, and excited some attention in the ladies' cabin. My baggage consisted of a bright red carpet-bag, fastened by a small brass padlock, the key of which I carried in the left-hand pocket of my vest, together with a larger key belonging to my private drawer at the old and well-known stand in Kensington. I also took my best umbrella, which had been repaired and covered by my friend O'Donoho in Market Street, about two

months before. It had been lost or borrowed by mistake three times, but still looked very well, except a tear in the silk near the handle, which I kept concealed by holding my hand over it. My hair had been cut for the occasion by Joe Rialto, the Italian wigmaker at the south-west corner of Brown and Schuylkill Tenth. He spoiled one of my whiskers, but allowed for it in settling. I had two hard buscuit in my pocket and bought four peaches on the steamboat Burlington, which I had to cross to reach the Trenton. I was interested in observing two small boys fight upon the wharf, just as I used to do myself, before my father bound me to General McGillicuddy. On the forward deck there was a great crowd and confusion, so that I did not know at first which way to go. A man, sitting in the door of a large square box on wheels, took my bag and gave me a small piece of metal, exactly like one which he fastened to the leather handle of the bag. He called it a check and told me to take care of it, which I promised to do. It was stamped, I think, with the words "New York, 127." I put it, for safe-keeping, into my vest-pocket with the key of my bag, but nearer to the right-hand corner. Following some people over a very awkward kind of step-ladder, I came to the door of the engine-room, where a man was standing in his shirt sleeves, looking at the passengers. The machinery was not at work; so on I went until I came to the door of the ladies' cabin, where I sat down in an arm-chair fastened to the floor. Seeing some people going up a staircase just before me, I went up after them, and found myself upon an upper deck with seats and fire-buckets in abundance. Here a Dutchman spoke to me in French or something of the sort; but as he did not speak grammatically, I determined not to notice him. While I was gazing at the city of Camden, and an island cut in two by a canal, a boy offered me three morning papers for six cents, and afterwards for five cents; but I found that I had lost my two half-dimes. I think I must have dropped them as I came upon the boat, for I remember hearing some-

thing jingle on the deck, and somebody laughing just behind me; but the crowd was so great that I could neither stoop nor turn, and I am now quite sure that in this way I lost ten cents, if not more, for I remember having three five-cent pieces in my hand that morning, but I think I paid one to the baker's boy. Just as I discovered this loss, I saw the window of a small room or closet open and a number of men rush to it. On coming up behind them I perceived that they were buying tickets. Every time that I attempted to get nearer, some one went before me; but at last I came to the window in my turn, and had to pay three dollars for a pasteboard ticket, with "Car B" and some other words upon it. I was much pleased with the appearance of Kensington and Richmond, where the Reading Railroad delivers its coal. I was looking at the cars running backwards and forwards, and listening to the whistles, when I heard a bell ring and a black man say something about stepping to the Captain's office. So I spent another fifteen minutes elbowing my way back to the window, where I found that it was just the same thing over, and that I had done enough already. As I got out of the crowd, I saw a number of the passengers moving to a certain part of the boat, and there a man was opening the gangway, and I found that we were coming to a very pretty place called Tacony. There I saw a tavern with a long piazza and a beautiful green yard. We came close up to the end of a long shed, and then a man on the boat threw a rope to another on the land, and he made it fast to a short thick post, and then a wide board was placed upon the edge of the boat reaching to the wharf, and a man jumped off, saying, "Have your tickets ready, gentlemen!" Seeing a gate open on my left hand and some people going through it, I went after them, giving up my ticket to a man that stood there, and found myself close by the tavern I had seen from the water. There I sat for a while in the piazza, and then asked when the cars would start, and being told that they had gone and left me, and that my ticket would be

good for nothing, I determined to come back in the next boat, a good deal disappointed in my expectations, but still pleased that I had seen so much of the world and human nature.

A. S. A.

OLD COMMENCEMENT.

The last Wednesday of September! What a crowd of old associations does the very sound awaken! Some of them too are such as no Board of Trustees or Faculty can transfer at pleasure to another page of the almanac. June is a sweet month, but its sweetness is that of summer, not of autumn. And is not the whole spirit of commencement day autumnal? The old puzzle—what does it commence?—is full of meaning. There is deep philosophy and solemn truth in that apparent contradiction, that old confusion of the end and the beginning. Do not break the illusion by referring the unlearned to the academic mazes of England, and mystifying them about “commencing bachelors” and all that. Let the enigma still remain unsolved to those who do not understand it. Let them attach wrong but wholesome meanings to the well known but mysterious phrase. Why should they not imagine that it speaks of active life, with its exciting hopes and fears, as just commencing—to the heart of the young graduate? When he returns to take his next degree, he may look back and see another meaning in it—the commencement of his struggles and temptations. Later still, he may be forced, against his will, to trace back irremediable sorrows—nay, inexpiable crimes—to that commencement.

But I am growing sentimental on the subject of Commencement Day in general, when my purpose was to speak of Old Commencement in particular. In turning over lately a huge volume of State Trials, I was unexpectedly attracted