

Carolina Watchman.

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BY J. J. BRUNER, Editor and Proprietor.
J. F. HELL, Jr., Assistant Editor.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

This interesting sketch by the author of "Ten thousand a year" appears in *Blackwood's Magazine* for December. On a bright frosty day in December 1837, as I was quitting the mathematical class of the University of Edinburgh, of which I had been a member about two months one of my class-fellows said suddenly "If you want to see Christopher North, he's yonder." This my companion knew to have long been my desire, for I was in those days one of Christopher North's most enthusiastic admirers. My curiosity was gratified in a moment.— Walking rapidly across the quadrangle towards the class from that of Moral Philosophy with a sort of hasty impetuous step, as though he were behind his time was Professor Wilson, then in the very prime of life. A faded, tattered gown, put on carelessly, fluttered in the keen wind, and seemed a ludicrous appendage to a fine, tall, manly figure, and free and fearless bearing, as I have ever looked upon. As he came nearer, his limbs and his motions gave the idea of a combined strength, agility, and grace; and there was a certain sort of frank, buoyant unaffectedness about his demeanor that seemed to inflame high-hearted consciousness of great mental and physical endowments. When he came near enough for his face to be seen with distinctness, in it I forgot everything else about him; and I shall never forget the impression it produced. What a magnificent head! How finely embellished his features! What compression of the thin but beautifully formed lip! What a bright blue flashing

"Eve, like Mars, to threaten or command!"

Add to this all the fair transparent complexion, flowing auburn hair, and the erect commanding set of his head upon his shoulders, and surely no Grecian sculptor could have desired anything beyond it. As for his eye, it lightened on me as he passed, and suddenly disappeared.

As I heard that many more were crowding into his class-room than were entitled to do so, I followed their example, discarding from my thoughts for the nonce all poor Professor Wallace's sines, cosines, triangles, parallelisms; and when I entered the Moral Philosophy class, I found that Professor Wilson had just begun his lecture. He read it with considerable rapidity, as it were vehemently urging his words out of lips compressed with the natural energy of his character. Professor Sedgwick, of Cambridge, when speaking in public, has reminded me of Professor Wilson's manner.

The lecture was eloquent, and greatly relished by the auditory. I recollect that it dealt much with Plato; but I was completely occupied with Wilson, feeling that I could pay my respect to Plato at any time. I am bound to say, that this distinguished man did not favorably impress me as a Lecturer on Moral Philosophy, inasmuch as he seemed to lack that calm didactic manner, alone befitting the treatment of difficult, profound, abstract subjects. I think those who frequented his class must have found it difficult to recollect what they had heard from him. I do not indeed, recollect seeing any one taking notes; but I do recollect thinking one or two passages in his lecture very fine.

I did not see Professor Wilson again, except perhaps casually, and at a distance, till a few days before I quitted Edinburgh in the autumn of 1828. I had no opportunity of meeting him in society; and I was resolved not to leave Scotland without being able to say that I had spoken to Professor Wilson. But how was this to be done! Having been informed that he had concurred with Professor Pillans in awarding me a prize of English poetry, I thought, after many qualms and misgivings, that an allusion to that circumstance might, to a generous man of genius, serve to take off the edge of calling as a student quitting the university, to pay my parting respects to one of the Professors. So one afternoon, after walking hesitatingly up and down the street in which he lived, and other adjoining ones, I summoned up spirit enough to call at his house, and inquire if he were at home. The answer was, yes; and on being asked my name, I mentioned it, adding, "a student at the University."

In a moment or two's time the servant returned, saying, "The Professor would see me." Somewhat nervously I followed, and in a moment found myself, if I am not mistaken in his library. The room

had a disordered appearance, as if its occupant were careless. He had a loose wrapper round him, his shirt collar was thrown open, and seemed writing. "Pray, take a seat," said he, addressed me by name, and then his piercing eyes were fixed on me with what I thought a slightly impatient curiosity. "I feel sir, that I have taken a great liberty, (I began) but I am an English student, with very few friends in Scotland, I felt anxious to have the honor of paying my parting respects to you." "Oh, well, I am much obliged to you. So you are leaving the university? Are you the Mr. Warren that gained the prize for English verse?" I told him I was; on which his whole manner altered, and became exceedingly cordial and gracious, and his smile was fascinating. "Well (said he), as you are an Englishman at a Scotch University, I was a Scotchman at an English University—at Oxford," and he talked with animation on the topic. After a long conversation, I happened to say—"There is only one person beside yourself, sir, whom I should have liked to see before returning to England." "Who is that?" he asked. "Mr. De Quincy, the 'Opium Eater.'" "Mr. De Quincy! Why he's staying with me now! Well, I dare say I can manage that for you. Come in to-morrow evening about nine o'clock, and I'll introduce you to him. I shall be most happy to see you?" He said this with so much kindness that I accepted the invitation; and after he had shaken my hand with much friendship of manner, I withdrew, he instantly resuming his pen.

On making my appearance next evening at the appointed hour, I was at once shown into the drawing room, where were Mrs. Wilson, evidently a very amiable and kindly woman, and some of her children. In about ten minutes time Prof. Wilson made his appearance, with one or two other gentlemen, to whom he was talking very energetically. He presently saw me, and shook hands with me cordially.

"Oh, you want to see Mr. De Quincy, come here." And leading me into a back room, towards a door which stood open in the angle formed by it, stood a little man, dressed in black—pale, care worn, with a very high forehead.

"Mr. De Quincy, this is a young friend of mine—a student of the University, returning to England." After a few words of course he left us; but Mr. De Quincy seemed exceedingly languid. He spoke courteously, though evidently disinclined to talk. Shortly before we went down to supper, Prof. Wilson said, "You shall sit opposite to Mr. De Quincy—and I think, he added, with a whisper and a smile, "It will be a queer kind of wine that you will see him drinking!" Presently we went down to supper. Nothing could exceed the gentle unaffected kindness to me of Mr. Wilson, whom I never saw again after that evening. I saw her watching me once or twice with a good natured kind of smile, as she saw me intent upon Mr. De Quincy, and his doings. I cannot at this distance of time pretend to say that his small decanter contained coffee; assuredly it was not wine, but exactly resembled landrum. He was taciturn for some time; but gradually fell into conversation, in which Prof. Wilson joined with vivacity. It was on some metaphysical subject; and at length I well recollect that the discussion turned on the nature of Forgetfulness. "Is such a thing as forgetting possible to the human mind?" asked Mr. De Quincy. "Does the mind ever actually lose anything forever?" I was very impressed it has received, reproducible! How often a thing is suddenly recollect that had happened many, many years before, but had never been thought of since till that moment! Possibly a suddenly developed power of recollecting every act of a man's life may constitute the Great Book to be opened before him on the judgment day." I think this is the substance of what was said on the subject, Prof. Wilson making several curious remarks as to the nature of mind, memory, and suggestion.

I was so absorbed with watching and listening to the conversation of Wilson and De Quincy, that I left almost supinely, in spite of the kindly pressure of the latter. I often saw her look as if fascinated, whose demeanor had a noble simplicity. His eyes sometimes seemed to glitter and flash with the irresistible fire of genius. I watched him with luxuriant vigilance; but all was spontaneous and genuine; not a vestige of artifice, affectation, or display, no silly "inflicting his eye on you;" but all, whether grave or frolicsome, the exuberance of a gloriously gifted man of genius. And see how hospitable and kind he was to a young English stranger, the preceding day! Before I

left, he asked me much about my intentions and prospects; wished me heartily well, and when, about eleven o'clock, I had shaken hands with him, and got into the street, the sun of genius no longer shone on me, and I felt dull indeed in the dark. As I walked home, I thought myself poor pigmy that had just been entertained by a good humored giant!

Professor Wilson read with great rapidity, and it was an exhaustive reading; he gathered the purpose, scope and character of a work, on even a difficult subject, at almost a glance. Instances of this have come under my personal knowledge; and I know the pages in *Blackwood's Magazine* which attest Christopher North's marvelous rapidity and accuracy of critical judgment. As a critic, his perceptions were exquisite, and his resources boundless. He could put a new or old idea into a sort of kaleidoscopic variety of striking and novel aspects, and with a charming facility. He could bring out a meaning often more distinctly and happily than his author himself. His rich comprehension and penetrating criticism shed new splendor over Homer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and whomsoever else he willed to set before his own and his reader's eye.

I never heard him speak in disparaging terms of any of his contemporaries; but how tremendous, in his earlier years, were his flagellations of those whom he considered deserving of them as literary offenders, is known to all well-informed literary readers. I have conversed with him much about literary men, and often admired his forbearing and generous spirit.

Shortly after Dr. Dickens had so suddenly eclipsed in popularity all his contemporaries, Professor Wilson spoke to me of him in terms of high admiration, as a man of undoubted and great genius; and he spoke of "Nelly" as a beautiful creation.

He used to be a daily visitor at Messrs. Blackwood's saloon, in George street, to chat with them and one or two other friends, read the newspapers, and skim over the magazines, reviews and new publications. He was much attached to all the Blackwoods, giving them many proofs of his zealous and affectionate good will. How pleasantly have I chatted with him in that saloon. How fresh and genial he always was! How slowly his humor; how playfully his eye glittered while he was good humoredly making fun of you. How racy his comments on literary and political topics! How ready and correct his knowledge in all kinds of subjects, even when he professed "to know very little about them!"

I saw him last in that saloon, towards the close of September, 1831. I had been for ten days in Edinburgh, superintending—as that was the long vacation—a work which was on the eve of publication, and lived quite secluded all the time. In passing hastily through the saloon with some proofs in my hand, I came upon Prof. Wilson, sitting there as usual; but had not seen him for several years. He had become a great deal stouter than I had ever seen him before; he was also aged much; but his face was as fine, his eye as bright, and his manner as delightful as ever. He did not, however, speak with his former energy.

The next, and last time I saw him, was also the last time he left his own house. During the intervening years, he had a paralytic seizure, which effected his powers of motion and speech, and to some extent his mental faculties. He had driven up to Blackwood's door, accompanied by a fond daughter, for the purpose of congratulating one in whom he had always felt deep interest, on his approaching marriage. I was in the saloon at the time; on being told that he would be pleased to see me, though he was feeble and could not converse, I went to the carriage door. Shall I ever forget father and daughter, as they sat opposite to each other, she eyeing her gifted but afflicted father with such tender anxiety! Never! His that was off, and his countenance, on which fell the rays of setting sunlight, was fine as ever; his eye was not dim, nor did his natural force seem abated, as he sat, and looked at me, and stretched forth his hand; but when he attempted to speak, alas! it was in words few, indistinct, and unintelligible. To me it was an affecting moment—but a moment; for he was not allowed to become excited. Again he shook my hand; and I had looked my last on Prof. Wilson. The next I heard of him, was his peaceful death; and then a burial befitting one of the great men of Scotland.

I am almost ashamed to commit to the press this sudden and spontaneous, but poor tribute to the memory of such a man of genius and goodness. I am altogether unequal to the task of his intellectual portrait; but what I have written is true,

and comes from my heart; wherefore I hope it will be accepted in the spirit in which it is written.

Adieu, Christopher North! Adieu, John Wilson!

SAMUEL WARREN.

This is a specimen from delineated by Messrs. Blackwood to the use of their friends, where are trying numerous newspapers and magazines; and ornamented with busts and pictures of their distinguished literary men.

Mrs. Gordon.

From the New York Observer.

PRETENDERS.

BY SAMUEL F. HERRON.

It is readily admitted that it is unworthy of a great mind to make war upon every one who succeeds beyond his desert. It is as true, though not so apparent, that such conduct is as impolitic as it is unworthy. If any one seeks to discredit the impostor, he will have his desire soonest by conniving at his want of merit, and by leaving the nature of things to its own sure and quiet work. It is not easy to discover any effort that we may make, which will not add resources to the weak, and apology to the undeserving. The most deficient man, when put upon his guard, will find means on some side to render himself formidable. There is no more fruitful in expedients than he, if he is once aware of his danger. His proper weakness, that he does not know his disadvantage, and he who makes this discovery to him has done him important service. There is no station in which there are so many uncertainties, as that of literary life; none in which men are placed so nearly upon equality. One of the prominent weaknesses of our nature is seen in this, that men will abandon, in peace, advantages for which, in war, they would have bravely died. It is upon this stage of the human character that most of the cunning of the world has played. The man who has more artifice than sincerity, will smile most insidiously upon him whose fall he desires. He will go round the fair of his defects upon tips, lest he move a leaf; he will not teach him caution by obliging him to stand habitually upon his defence, nor will he, by exposing his defects, induce him to court defect. A defective character, like a dead body, always seems when left undisturbed. False excellence has something barbarian in its nature, and is more perfect in the arts of war than of peace; of conquest than of self-preservation. It will flourish in its own territory, yet is able to spread boundless devastation, if driven beyond its natural confines. There is not so much gained by destroying the credit of the pretender with others, as is lost by rousing him to the full exertion of himself; whilst you show your batteries at one gate, he fortifies his whole wall.

Again, there is perhaps no man who has not his admirers and admirers. If times severe—in every question which arises, give your influence decidedly in favor of love and subordination. A great danger to us in this land of liberty is that the spirit of disobedience will get the mastery and that pretends will let it. Read the history of Eli (1st Samuel 2d, 3d, and 4th chapters.) Faithful discipline is absolutely necessary, and is even an important means of grace.

7.—Yet encourage in the young the free will choice of right principles and conduct; so that reverencing God and their parents and instructors, and respecting themselves, they shall with true courage and decision do their part in making up a right public sentiment in the institution of which they are members. Put them upon their honor and say, Judge ye yourselves what is right. Treat them accordingly until they show themselves unworthy of confidence.

8.—In and over all, implore the blessing of God in the name of the risen Redeemer. It must be by his grace, if our children escape the thousand paths of iniquity, and rise to the safety, the dignity, the blessedness, of Christian men and women.

REV. P. E. STENNING, Wyoming, Pa.

A French Woman's Opinion of American Steamboats.—Madame Fontenay, a French lady, thus writes about American steamboats:

"The life aboard of the steamboat, although not so varied, has none the less of real charms. Who has not heard of those magnificent boats navigating Lake Erie, the Hudson, the Ohio, the Mississippi, or the St. Lawrence!—boats which cost sometimes a million of francs, and which earn, in a season of six months, as high as two hundred and fifty thousand francs of profit for their owners. The Eclipse, a steamboat which plies between Louisville and New Orleans, is nearly three hundred feet long. The interior is of a magnificence incredible in France, the ladies' saloon, as also that of the gentlemen, surpassing in richness and elegance the most splendid boats of England. The Eclipse contains about two hundred chambers, and five hundred beds.

"On the panels of the door of each chamber is painted with care, and sometimes with art, a view taken on the borders of the Ohio or Missouri. The decorations, sculpture, tapestry have mingled their marvels of beauty with the painting. Around the steamboat, which resembles a floating palace, there is an exterior gallery, from which the traveller may admire the plantations—which border the river."

and there is a species of domestic diligence, as well in virtues as in fortunes, which enables a man to look with equanimity upon the rise and fall of men.— Personal vigor and diligence, like an anchor, give stability to their possessor. A meddling disposition naturally arises from neglect of one's own business. He who lags upon his journey, frets at the people that pass him by, and is more ready to reprove their speed to ostentation, than his own delay to inactivity. On the other hand, he who seeks proper objects, with the resolution they deserve, has neither leisure nor inclination to examine the claims of others, nor to inquire with what speed and in what order they accomplish their race. His eye is set upon the goal, and not upon those who run. Indeed, from the greatness of his designs, he is not properly a competitor. These are too just and high to be common to the multitude. Such a man can rather afford to assist his neighbor, than to be under any necessity to him; and he will not so often find it a duty to punish, as a gratification to encourage. By seeking his own advancement, in the use of energetic and virtuous means, he feels a royal freedom in promoting and congratulating that of another.

Such is the course which nature recommends as the prudent and the innocent one in our intercourse with the world. It is the only way in which we can contribute to rectify what is evil amongst men, without conflicting ourselves of the same imperfections. It is better to let pretenders flourish, than that just ambition should be committed to a vulgar contest. It is better, in most cases, that falsehood should walk at large, than that truth should lay aside her retiring grace.

EDUCATIONAL SENTIMENTS.

1.—Let parents to their children, and children to their parents, and every man to every man, exalt the worth of a good education, and all be ready to make efforts and sacrifices to secure its priceless benefits.

2.—See to it that students are present at the beginning of the session when the classes are organized; that they are in their places every day; and that they continue until after the close.

3.—If possible, let students keep on through successive sessions. There is no calculating the disadvantages of the opposite course. It requires much labor and some time to get the mind harnessed and used to the harness. Yet if there must be interruption, only half the time is better than none at all.

4.—Institutions of learning have rights. How often both rules and rights are forgotten.

5.—Since in all institutions there must be government—kind, firm, and sometimes severe—in every question which arises, give your influence decidedly in favor of love and subordination. A great danger to us in this land of liberty is that the spirit of disobedience will get the mastery and that pretends will let it. Read the history of Eli (1st Samuel 2d, 3d, and 4th chapters.) Faithful discipline is absolutely necessary, and is even an important means of grace.

6.—Yet encourage in the young the free will choice of right principles and conduct; so that reverencing God and their parents and instructors, and respecting themselves, they shall with true courage and decision do their part in making up a right public sentiment in the institution of which they are members. Put them upon their honor and say, Judge ye yourselves what is right. Treat them accordingly until they show themselves unworthy of confidence.

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"Give me something to harden my heart." So said a middle-aged man, as he entered the bar-room of a tavern and walked up to the bar-keeper. "Here I—give me something to harden my heart!"

It was uttered in part, evidently as a witticism; for, as he spoke, he looked about the room for the smile of approbation. And yet there was a sneer in the tone of the request, like the jeer of some fiend from the pit, for the speaker and all his associates well knew that the bar-keeper was a professor of religion; and they knew, too, that he had not the apology that he was only the bar-keeper, hired to perform a service about which, personally, he might have had scruples, for he was the owner of the hotel as well as bar-keeper in it, and a man that they knew was not wanting in sense, or ignorant of the great truths and rousing appeals that have been poured forth on the subject of temperance.

To this man was addressed the call, "Give me something to harden my heart!" And he knew what was meant, and took down the decanter of brandy, and handed it to the speaker, that he might help himself. And as he did so, a cold shudder passed over me, as I thought of that expression of the Saviour, "Woe unto the world because of offences!" It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!

"Something to harden the heart!" Alas, too true a description of what the one asked and the other gave him! Beyond question, it hardened the hearts of both—the one again to drink, and again to sneer at religion, and again to make light of the fearful fact that his own heart was hardened, for ruin; and of the other, to smile upon the one that insulted alike himself and his profession of religion, and to sell his principles, and his self-respect, and his conscience, all for the paltry price of the glass that was purchased.

"Something to harden the heart." Remember it, young man, and touch not the social glass. Remember it, parent, and permit not your child, and invite not your friends, to partake of it. Remember it, ye dealers, who, for filthy lucre, are poisoning out the tide of death, and hardening your own hearts and those of your victims, for the judgment. Remember it, ye friends of temperance, and see, in the light of it, how blessed is your work, by which you may keep the hearts of thousands tender, and save perhaps their souls from death.

"Something to harden the heart!" What the scoffer asked for is not the only thing that will do it. You may harden your heart not only by the intoxicating cup, but in a thousand other ways. By neglecting the Sabbath, the sanctuary, the Bible; by profane, or lewdness, or falsehood; by casting away that tract, or disregarding that friendly exhortation; by forgetting a father's counsel, or a mother's prayers; by going within the limits of temptation; in a word, by trifling with conscience, or truth, or God's spirit in any form, by any or all these things, you may harden your heart, and seal yourself over to death.

"Something to harden the heart!" Tremble at the thought of any thing that shall do so fearful a work, and rather seek for that which may soften the heart in penitence at the cross and prepare it for duty and for heaven.—*Ames Messenger.*

appear the object of contempt and abominable. An intimate acquaintance with the best descriptive poets—Spenser, Milton, and Thomson, but above all with the divine George—joined to some practice in the art of drawing, will promote this amiable sensibility in early years; for then the face of nature has novelty superadded to its other charms, the passions are not pre-engaged, the heart is free from care, and the imagination warm and romantic.

We find an account, in the East Brooklyn Times of a new method of "raising the wind," as well as the dead, in that city in the diddling line of the season, and indicates the extent and pressure of the hard times. A female called a few days since on a lady of some influence in Brooklyn, and told a sad and plaintive story of suffering and privation, and more-over, that her husband had just died and that she lacked the means of a decent burial. Her tale of woe so wrought upon the lady that she proceeded to visit her immediately, to satisfy herself there was no imposture. On entering the apartment she beheld the coffin, and was satisfied all was right, and not wishing to harrow the feelings of the bereaved woman, she left her a considerable sum of money and immediately departed. After passing two or three blocks from the dwelling, thinking all the way of the way of the strange complexions to which we are liable, she missed her pocket handkerchief and returned to see if she had not dropped it in the house. The stairs were ascended hastily and the room entered without much ceremony, when what did she behold—the woman's husband sitting up in the coffin counting over the money.

YOUNG AMERICA IN A BARBER'S SHOP.

A boy of twelve, not long since, entered Lawrence's saloon, and with an air of composure quite amusing in a youth of his age, took off his collar, and carefully laying it down in a chair, seated himself with an air in the torsoal chair.

"Have your hair cut!" inquired the knight of the shears, giving them a preparatory flourish.

"Have my hair cut?" echoed Young America, disdainfully. "No sir—ee. I want to be shaved."

"Want to be shaved?" returned the barber. "I suppose you want your head shaved."

"No, sir, my beard. Don't you see it?"

"Can't say I do," returned the knight of the razor, after a close inspection.

"Pooh, that's nonsense," said Young America. "I suppose you are afraid I won't pay you, but you needn't be afraid, old boss. I've just sold off one of my old school-books at Burnham's, and I reckon I can pay you."

Lawrence made no further objection, but proceeded to lather Young America's face very bountifully, the boy meanwhile leaning back in the free and easy manner clearly indicating that he knew his rights, and knowing dared maintain them.

After a while the lathering process was completed, and our hero began to anticipate the touch of the razor. But he reckoned without his host.

"Now I've lathered you," said Lawrence, coolly. "You may come in to-morrow morning, and I'll do the shaving part."

"What!" said Young America in dismay, "you ain't going to leave me so!"

"Yes, but I am though!"

"And you won't shave me now?"

"I must wait till to-morrow to have it grow."

"Then you'll wash the lather off."

"No, I won't; and won't let you do it in this shop. Come, out with you, you are keeping other customers waiting."

Young America made ineffectual attempts to rub it off with his handkerchief, but was compelled to emerge into the street with a very crest-fallen air, and a countenance *white in streaks.*

THE A B C OF RAILROAD MANAGEMENT.

There is a great deal more truth than poetry in the following "A B C of Railroad Management," and the Washington *Globe* has the credit of telling it:

A stands for Accidents, frequent alas!
B for the Bungling that brings them to pass;
C is the Cheapness, the sole end and aim,
D of Directors, who're free from all blame;
E for Expenses, diminished by half,
F for the Few servants kept on by staff,
G a slow Goods train, with one man to mind it,
H a High pressure express close behind it,
I an Incline, where to stop takes so long;
J is the Junction, with point all turned wrong;
K is the Knowledge of danger ahead,
L by the Lights turned (too late) into red;
M is the Mystery how it took place,
N the "Nobody to blame in the case,"
O stands for Officers, sleepy or drunk;
P for the Permanent way which had sunk,
Q for the Quagmire o'er which it had passed;
R for the Rails, which were wearing out fast;
S for the Signal the driver don't mind,
T for the Train some two hours behind;
U is Uniform rate of speed;
V a Velocity frightful indeed;
W the Wreckers (tho' by which is discomfited)
X an Excursion train, quite unexpected;
Y is Yourself, if you travel, our measure,
Z a new Zeal will to your pleasures.

THE UNIVERSITY.—Rev. Evander McNair is to deliver the sermon to the next graduating class.

Edgar A. Poe used to drink strong tea to excite him to poetical inspiration.—*Diogenes* says it is no wonder that T should make Poe a poet.