

OUR EXCHANGES.

The literary columns of the *Rochester Campus* contains a criticism, truly entitled "*Destructive*," on *Paradise Lost*. The critic, who seems to have read both the text of the epic, and criticisms on it, takes exception to its plot, and charges Milton with "*absurd blundering*." It would have been more consonant with the humility due in criticising a master-piece to have used less decided language. But could not L. L. C. find something to say in favor of the diction of the poem he falls foul of? Lord Macaulay, no mean judge, thought the *Paradise Lost* worthy of being committed to memory. Perhaps the following sentence from Lord Macaulay's essay on Milton may account for L. L. C. not appreciating *Paradise Lost*:—"The works of Milton cannot be enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer." We humbly suggest to L. L. C. that, after reading Lord Macaulay's essay, he gives *Paradise Lost* another study.

Lafayette College Journal is principally interesting to Lafayette men, in accordance with the sentiments expressed at the heading of its *Exchanges*. Its editors seem to find some difficulty in collecting subscriptions; it would be rather curious if one could know in how many colleges this difficulty is met with!

A very different style of journal is the *Hamilton Literary*, with its series of short papers on subjects varying from the "Quest of the Sangreal" to "The Weed"; the latter being a plea for tobacco. We don't quite agree with Mr. Adam as to the identity of the present age (with its duplicity and torpedoes for nations, and drunkenness and six-shooters for private persons) and the golden age, which latter we still locate in the "sweet by and by."

For the "light fantastic" literature commend us to the *Lampoon*, with its clever cartoons, especially those in outline depicting *manners and customs* of the Hub; but it would have lost nothing if it had rejected its *Accidental Pickup*.

Appropos of the Princeton fray, the *Harvard Advocate* has produced a "Comical, historical, pastoral tragedy, as presented in the Town of Prince, in the Wilds of New Jersey, U. S. A., Feb. 7, A. D., 1878."

We hope, for the credit of *North Western University*, that the *Vidette* was misinformed as to one of the professors of that institution having, in a lecture, confused Owen Meredith, i. e. Lord Lytton, with his father, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Except a short paper on "Words," the *Vidette* of this number does not contain much that is interesting to outsiders.

The *Crimson* agrees with the *Advocate* in lamenting the musical shortcomings of Harvard; but these two papers don't quite agree as to the best method of exciting the interest of the students in the matter. For us, too, the question is, "Why do we not have more music?" McGill yawns and answers, "I give it up; ask me an easier one."

The first page of *The Undergraduate* contains a full prospectus of Middlebury College. If the authorities pay handsomely, it ought to go a long way towards supporting the paper.

A Yale student must put on a great deal more *side* than the alumni of most universities, judging from the severely hyperbolic article on "Trimming" in the *Record*.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Cornell Review*, *Critic*, *Tripod*, *Bowdoin Orient*, *Dartmouth*, *Monthly Musings*, *Queen's College Journal*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *C. I. Herald*, and *Dalhousie Gazette*.

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FOUND.—At the corner of Blonde and Brunette streets, a communication, which, we imagine, is sadly in want of a possessor. To prevent any unnecessary anxiety on the part of those interested, we give it in full below, and the enamored author, or the favored "May," can have it of our fighting editor, by proving property and remunerating the staff; unless he or she be a subscriber to the *Gazette*, in which case the property will be restored gratis on promising to postpone the correspondence until after the medical examinations.

MCGILL COLLEGE, March—, 1878.

"MY DEAREST MAY.

"I was very much disappointed at your not meeting me according to our last agreement, being desirous of having a long talk with you, and, on Sunday, the presence of those other fellows prevented me from saying what I wished. You are everything to me, even my chosen profession and my future hopes would be but dreary wastes without the cheering association of your dear image. May Heaven protect and bless you!"

"Now, May, I want you to promise to meet me this evening at a quarter past eight, on the corner of St. Urban and Dorchester streets. Be sure to be at the little brick church. I shall pass down Dorchester street at that time. My dearest May, do not disappoint me. Be there exactly on time; but if you should find it impossible to accomplish this, I want you to meet me to-morrow morning when you go down to the shop. You will start at a quarter before eight, and go up Dorchester street to St. Lawrence Main street; you will keep on the side of the street on which Goulden's drug store stands. I will be coming up the Main street at that time. But if we should still be disappointed, I will call round in the evening.

"I am going out of town for a few days, and would like you to write to me then. In your letter you will please enclose about half a dozen of envelopes addressed to yourself in your own handwriting, because my writing might be recognized by some one and opened, which would be a very serious accident.

"When you write, give me the full particulars of that little affair,—you know what I mean. Before closing, I wish to warn you of certain parties with whom you are acquainted, especially two, who pretend to be your friends, but in reality they are 'wolves in sheep's clothing.'"

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Here the communication terminates with a heart-rending benediction, and an eccentric signature, a successful interpretation of which latter would have, without doubt, spared the pains of publishing this advertisement. We hope our endeavors may not go unrewarded.