

MY FIRST NIGHT AT COLLEGE.—My spirits had been flurried during the day, from the revolution in my state:—launched from the School-Dock into the wide ocean of a University;—matriculated by the Vice-Chancellor in the morning,—left by my father, at noon,—dining in the Hall at three o'clock, unknowing, and almost unknown,—informed that I must be in the Chapel next day soon after sunrise,—elated with my growing dignity,—depressed by boyish *mauvais houte*, among the *sophs*,—dreading College discipline,—forestalling College jollity,—ye Gods! what a conflict of passions does all this create in a booby boy!

I was glad, on retiring early to rest, that I might ruminare, for five minutes, over the important events of the day, before I fell fast asleep.

I was not, then, in the habit of using a night-lamp, or burning a rush-light; so, having dropt the extinguisher upon my candle, I got into bed; and found, to my dismay, that I was reclining in the dark, upon a surface very like that of a pond in a hard frost. The jade of a bedmaker had spread the spick and span new sheeting over the blankets, fresh from the linnen-draper's shop; unwashed, unironed, unaired, "with all its imperfections on its head."

Through the tedious hours of an inclement January night, I could not close my eyes;—my teeth chattered, my back shivered;—I thrust my head under the bolster, drew up my knees to my chin; it was all useless; I could not get warm;—I turned again and again; at every turn a hand or a foot touched upon some new cold place; and, at every turn, the chill glazy clothwork crept like iced buckram. God forgive me for having execrated the authoress of my calamity!—but, I verily think, that the meekest Christian who prays for his enemies, and for mercy upon all "Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heriticks," would in his orisons, in such a night of misery, make a specific exception against his bedmaker.

I rose betimes,—languid and feverish,—hoping that the customary morning ablutions would somewhat refresh me,—but, on taking up a towel, I might have exclaimed with Hamlet, "*Ay, there's the rub!*"—it was just in the same stubborn state as the linen of the bed; and as uncompromising a piece of huckaback, of a yard long, and three-quarters wide, as ever presented its superfcies to the skin of a gentleman.

Having washed and scrubbed myself in my bedchamber, till I was nearly flayed with the friction, I proceeded to my sitting room, where I found a blazing fire, and a breakfast very neatly laid out, but again I encountered the same *rigour!* The tea equipage was placed upon a substance which was snow-white, but unyielding as a skin of new parchment from the law stationer;—it was the eternal unwashed linen!—and I dreaded to sit down to hot rolls and butter, lest I should cut my shins against the edge of the table-cloth.

In short, I found upon inquiry that I was only undergoing the common lot,—the usual seasoning,—of almost every Freshman; whose fate it is to *crackle* through the first ten days or fortnight of his residence at College. But the most formidable piece of drapery belonging to him is his new surplice; in which he attends Chapel on certain days of the week;—it covers him from his chin to his feet, and seems to stand on end, in emulation of a full suit of armour. Cased in this linen panoply, (the certain betrayer of an academical *debutant*,) the New-comer is to be heard at several yards distance, on his way across a quadrangle, cracking and bouncing like a dry faggot upon the fire;—and he never fails to command notice, in his repeated marches to prayer, till soap and water have silenced the noise of his arrival at Oxford.—*Colman's Random Records.*

REASONS FOR CHOOSING A HUSBAND.—"What in the world could you see in Lord A—— to marry him?" "Why, I saw a house in town," said the marchioness, "and a box at the opera."

NOT COMFORTABLE YET.—A highly respectable and wealthy farmer in Connecticut gives the following as his own experience:—"When I first came here to settle about forty years ago, I told my wife I wanted to be rich. She said she did not want to be rich—all she wanted was enough to make her comfortable. I went to work and cleared up my land, I've worked hard ever since, and got rich—as rich as I wanted to be. Most of my children have settled about me, and they have all got farms—and my wife aint comfortable yet."

A MIS-DEAL.—Mr. Thom had just risen up in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it; the whole pack was scattered over the breast of the gallery. Mr. Thom could not resist a sarcasm, solem as the act was in which he was about to engage. "Oh, man, man! surely your psalm-book has been ill bound!"—*Laird of Logan.*

DYING FOR LOVE.—A gallant old Scotch officer was narrating the unfortunate history of an early friend, who had been jilted by a fickle beauty of that age, in favour of the Duke A——; and he concluded the story thus, in a tone of much emotion: "Poor fellow, he never got over it; no sir, it was the death of him;" and then, after a pause of much pathos, with a faltering voice, he added, "He did not live above fifteen years after it."

FRENCH-ENGLISH.—"Why," says Dick, "there are so many English travel this road now, that they are beginning to put up the inscriptions in our language, and you may observe upon most of the shop windows, 'English spoked here,' or 'English spiked here;' though when you get inside, they can seldom go beyond—'vairy goot an vairy sheep,' which they constantly repeat, however bad and dear their articles may be."