

from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per annum in every extravagance and vice, not least among which is poker playing. So extensive a hold has the spirit of gambling obtained in Harvard, that one of the instructors of the college calls poker playing "the bane of Harvard." Poker has attached rich and poor, and seems to be indulged in at every opportunity, and far into the night. One man at Harvard, a theological student—take this to heart, O! ye Theologs.—is so far gone in iniquity, that he divides his time between playing poker and attending prayer meetings.

"One of the Fast Set" answers Mr. Quest in the December number of the same magazine. This writer does not attempt to justify the "fast set," but he is unwilling to have it thought that it tinges the college so much as Mr. Quest says, or that the College Faculty are in any way blameworthy.

He says that every college is an epitome of the world, and has its "fast set" as the world has. It is not college nature or freedom, but human nature that is to blame, and he adds that the "fast" man often grows up a good husband and a good member of society.

He denies that the vulgarity and shamelessness that Quest speaks of exists in the Harvard "fast set" to any extent, and affirms that such men as demonstrate such traits are shunned. He also denies that poker is so prevalent as his opponent says, or that cheating is a common resort.

We may sum up his motive for reply in a sentence—"I do not, for one moment, admit that Harvard undergraduates are blacker than any other undergraduates."

### Contributions.

#### AN ENQUIRY INTO THE ALLEGED ANTI-POETIC TENDENCIES OF THE AGE.

##### II.

Many of those who restrict the domain of poetry are fain to admit, that religion and politics, in their highest sense, are legitimate sources of inspiration; but they stipulate for pure religion, not sectarianism, and for Catholic and national politics, not for party warfare. This being conceded—and that poetry should enter within these precincts solely in search of, and for the promulgation of, truth—they would, nevertheless, shut the door of science against it. Within this they will on no account suffer it to enter. "The scholar," says Madame de Staël, "has nothing to say to the poet, the poet to the naturalist." It has been said that—"Poetry and Science are two rival and hostile powers. Whenever anything has been

"reduced to matter of science, its poetical character is extinguished; it ceases to appeal to any passion or affection. What was veneration or terror, religion or superstition, becomes satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence. Imagination is dethroned there; its creative power abolished and destroyed. Even mere wonder, the lowest of all the imaginative states of mind, ceases, when the scientific comprehension is complete; for, of course, when understood, no one thing is really more wonderful than another. The tendency of science is to reduce and level; the tendency of poetry is to magnify and exalt. Each, therefore, has its proper and peculiar ground. They cannot act in concert. In other words, it is impossible to treat any subject scientifically and poetically."

But these writers fall into a great mistake. Any one must have studied "the great truths of science" to little purpose, who can talk of the "satisfied and unimpassioned intelligence" with which he comprehends them. These truths, even the very least of them, are of sublimest import; and it is not after such a manner that those who have most studied, and who know most of the ever wondrous, ever new, revelations of science, would think it fitting for the humble spirit—humble in the bitterness of the highest knowledge—to speak either of the known or unknown agencies of the Indefinitude.

Poetry may and must treat of the truths of science, wherever it suits its purpose to do so, or it abdicates a portion of its prerogative. We must acknowledge that the withdrawal by science of the veil from creation's face, though it may deprive fancy of some flagrant adornments, robs imagination of nothing. The rainbow has venerable associations, when we think upon it as the sign of the covenant:—

We think its jubilee to keep,  
The first-made anthems rang,  
On earth, delivered from the deep,  
And the first poet sang."

But science, which shows us the secret wonders of its mechanism, adds a new delight to its contemplation, without depriving it of this. We acknowledge the simplicity, the grandeur, the majesty, of the "material law," which is obeyed in its formation. We find that law to be, not cold, but warm and fruitful, producing invariable and inevitable results from the same causes. We see that both the cause and the effect are proofs of infinite wisdom and divine goodness, filling all nature with things of beauty, of which the contemplation increases our enjoyment and exalts our souls, and makes us fitted to be true men in this world, and to mount in the scale of creation in the next to a state of a higher intelligence, purer love, and more certain happiness.

The planets are not less the "poetry of heaven" because astrology is defunct. They do not the less loudly chant to the devout soul, in the silence and in the splendour of the midnight, that "the hand that made them is divine," because we believe them to be, like the kindred planet in which we live and move, the abode of myriads of immortal spirits, playing their allotted part in the mighty progression of the