

a Dean occupies in a small College like this where the Chapel and other regulations are so strict, is far from an enviable one; he has not only to exact from us a proper discharge of our duties, but also to do so in such a manner (taking a Student's view of the question,) that he shall not forfeit our good opinion, or, as may be so easily done, provoke us to a secret defiance of law, and perhaps, direct insubordination. To conceive a man capable at all times of hitting upon this happy medium, is to conceive an impossibility; and, therefore, it is not to be wondered at, when on several occasions, the opinions of Professors and Students were as far removed from one another as the Antipodes, or from other causes, that abuse hot and heavy fell upon the devoted head of our former Dean. But we are glad to say that this very soon died away, and that the only feeling which now exists among us in reference to Mr. AMBERY, is one of universal regard, heightened into affection (if we may use the word) among the more sensible portion of the Students. That the course which the present Dean may think it expedient to pursue may be productive of like consequences, is a consummation devoutly to be wished."

O. C.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

"—Once a day I'll visit
The Chapel—; and tears shed there,
Shall be my recreation: so long as
Nature will bear up this exercise,
So long I daily vow to use it. Come
And lead me to these sorrows."

Winter's Tale, Act III, Sc. 2.

The Dean's remarks on taking away Student's gown.

"Thy gown? why ah! come let's see it.
Oh mercy God! what masking stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? too like a demi-cannon
What! ups and downs, carved like an apple tart,
Here's snip and snip and cut and slash and slash
Like to a censor in a Barber's shop,
Why what o' Devil's name, call'st them this?
Away thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant."

Tommy, of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 3.

To the College Quire after six months' of Mus. Doc. Teaching.

"At last though long our jarring notes agree."

Taming of the Shrew, Act V, Sc. 2.

An EARNEST boy not a thousand miles from
College.

"—Behold my Lords
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the
valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and neck, his
smiles.—"

Winter's Tale, Act II, Sc. 2.

*Inscribed to the Amateurs in the East End of the
Building.*

"Why masters have your instruments been at
Naples,
That they speak i' the nose thus?"

Othello, Act V, Sc 2.

*Pythagoras' (once more a professor of moral
philosophy,) grey mare, which is evidently still
fed on beans.*

"His horse possessed of the glanders, and like
to mose in the chime, troubled with the lampass,
infected with the fashions full of windgalls, sped
with spavins, raised with the yellows, past cure of
the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn
with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-
shotten; ne'er-legged before and with a half-
checked bit and a head-stall of sheep's leather;
which being restrained to keep him from stumb-
ling hath been often burst, and now restrained
with knots."

FROM the many scraps which have been sent
in relation to our Christmas dinner, we have
found it altogether impossible to distil any thing
like a connected account; they all bear marks of
very indistinct recollection, whilst some are evi-
dently at the expence in a great measure of the
writer's imagination. The dinner, however, is
on all hands allowed to have passed off most
happily,—[didn't we say so?—]reflecting great
credit in its arrangement on our committee. Of
many of the speeches we have received elaborate
reports, composed however, in a style which un-
fits them for insertion here. Mr. Ball's speech
has been reported to us by several, — so volumi-
nous, in fact, are our materials for the examination