

poetry of his native tongue. Having a genuine taste for philosophical poetry Wordsworth and Shelley became his prime favorites; and his own productions at this period bore the impress of marked ability.

In the summer of 1827, he left Eton and travelled eight months in Italy in company with his father. And now began that life of thought and feeling so conspicuous to the end of his brief career. Among the Alps his soul took the impress of all that is most glorious and beautiful in nature. After passing the mountains Italian Literature claimed his attention, and he entered upon its study with all the ardour of a young and earnest student.

Returning home in 1828 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. It is said he cared little for Academical reputation, and in the severe scrutiny of examination he did not appear as competitor for accurate mathematical demonstrations. His aims were higher than the tutor's blackboard, and his life-thoughts ran directly opposite to the usual College routine.

About this time some of his poetical pieces were printed. The following lines forming the opening of one of his poems and addressed to the man who was afterwards to lend interest and immortality to the story of his early loss give some faint idea of his poetic genius:—

“ Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,
Sitting beneath a mossy, ivied wall
On a quaint bench, which to that structure old
Winds an accordant curve. Above my head
Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves,
Seeming received into the blue expanse
That vaults this summer noon.”

The first prize for English declamation was awarded to him; and his exercise, *The conduct of the Independent Party during the Civil War*, greatly improved his standing at the University. Other honors quickly followed and he was chosen to deliver an oration in the College Chapel just before the Christmas vacation. He selected as his subject, *The Influence of Italian upon English Literature*. The subject was treated in an admirable manner; and for a youth of twenty summers displays an eloquence and wisdom rarely found. He ends his disquisition in these words:—“An English mind that has drunk deep at the sources of Southern inspiration, and especially that is imbued with the spirit of the mighty Florentine, will be conscious of a perpetual freshness and quiet beauty resting on his imagination and spreading

gently over his affections, until, by the blessing of Heaven, it may be absorbed without loss in the pure inner light of which that voice has spoken as no other can,—

‘Light intellectual, yet full of love,
Love of true beauty, therefore full of joy,
Joy, every other sweetness far above.’

At the University he lived a sweet and gracious life. No man had truer or fonder friends, or was more admired for his excellent accomplishments. Earnest in whatever he attempted, his enthusiasm for all that was good and able in Literature stamped his career at Trinity as one of remarkable superiority.

On leaving Cambridge he went immediately to London and there in company with his father sat down to the study of Law. Legal studies occupied his attention till the spring of 1833 when failing health obliged him to cease study. In company with his father he went to Germany hoping a change of climate might in some degree restore health.

All efforts, however, were unavailing and on the 15th of September, 1833, Arthur Hallam lay dead in his father's arms.

It is not too much to say, no brighter or more promising genius has been born in this nineteenth century, and his untimely end will for years to come be a source of sorrow and regret. TAT.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

No. 8.

Time—An evening in early January, in a certain year before some of you editors had “drawn the common air.”

Place—The parlors of the building then, or thereafter, known as “the Great House,”—now the Acadia Hotel.

There is to be added to our institutions at Horton a ladies' seminary, and this is to be its habitat for years to come,—until (to put it somewhat pedagogically) the fair young creatures soon to flit about these halls shall have doubled their average age. The lady principle is here, with several other maidens including our friend the poetess, the future wife of a learned professor, and others, besides two or three favored ones of the sterner sex (not very stern specimens however), among whom are “Uncle Ned” and the future “Secretary.” All is yet in a state of preparation,—floors bare, furniture wanting or in confusion, walls wringing with echoes.