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THE
LAPSUS LINGUÆ;

OR,
The College Tatler.

No. I.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7, 1824.

Price 1d.

LIFE AT COLLEGE.

“Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
“Wild wit, invention ever new,
“And lively cheer of vigor born;
“The thoughtless day, the easy night,
“The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
“That fly the approach of morn.”—GRAY.

“WHAT is the happiest period of a man’s life?” is a question which has been asked a thousand and a thousand times, and it has been answered in almost as many different ways. There are some, just tottering on the brink of the grave, whose eyes will fill with tears, when they think of the pure and extatic happiness of their school-boy days; and they will tell you, that it was only during that short but halcyon period, that they tasted any thing like genuine felicity. There are others who, as they bury themselves in the comfortable recesses of their easy chairs, will assure you, that life begins to be truly enjoyed only after the hand of time has matured every intellectual faculty, and checked the flow of that impetuous current of life that runs so rapidly through youthful veins.

We are disposed to agree exactly with neither of these opinions. We love to choose, with Horace, the “*auream mediocritatem*.” A school-boy’s pleasures are more the result of instinct than of reflection; his is the happiness of a creature conscious of the exuberance of his animal spirits, not of a being rejoicing in the expanded powers of his intellect. The enjoyments of the old, on the contrary, may be placid and uninterrupted, but they are rather negative than positive; they consist rather in exemption from any severe suffering, and from the operation of any tumultuous passion, than in actual warm and thrilling delight.

But look at the student, the vigorous and bright-eyed academician, the frequenter of the groves of Academus—ob-

serve him as he enters the class-room with a smile, watch him during the prelections of the Professor, follow him home to his solitary chamber, see him busily engaged among his books and papers—and tell us if there is not an activity in his mind, an earnest thirst after knowledge, a noble ambition to equal or excel the great names he has learned to admire and revere, a generous enthusiasm and a high aspiration, which, if preserved through life, could not fail to lead him on to what was great and glorious. And look, too, at the same being in his gayer and lighter hours, in those hours when his buoyant heart forgets for a time the intenser exertions of studious application, and gives free scope to a series of less permanent, though perhaps still more enchanting emotions; discover him, with all the warmth of an unsuspecting and uncorrupted bosom, forming, and cherishing, and strengthening those youthful friendships, which, as he passes through the world, continually

‘ Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;’

consider that the “sunshine of the breast” is still his, that neither selfishness, nor envy, nor jealousy, nor scorn, nor falsehood, nor “hard unkindness’ altered eye,” have as yet cast their gloomy influence over him, but that, having just sprung “the mine of elevated thought,” he has begun to look abroad among the magnificent works of Nature—to range at will through the fair regions of fancy, and to wander over the boundless fields of science. Thus, in the very spring of life, with nothing dark on the page of memory, and all the brightest visions of hope still floating before him, is he not spending some of the most important, as well as the most delightful years of his existence?

Let him resolve, then, that they shall not be thrown away. With earnest and persevering industry, let him join regular recreation and innocent amusement; let him, among his fellow-students, aim at obtaining a high character for unshaken honour, manly independence, extensive knowledge, and sound unprejudiced judgment; and let him at the same time recollect, that the noblest of all rewards—the most satisfactory of all enjoyments—is the well-merited approbation of his own conscience.

But it is not ours to assume the gravity of the moralist. The duty of bestowing advice and imparting instruction, has been entrusted to abler hands. We may aim, perhaps, at improving the heart, but we can hardly expect to assist in

forming the mind. We shall be satisfied if, in after years, when their memory dwells upon the pleasures of their College life, our readers shall class the pages of the "Lapsus Linguae" among the various and perhaps fondly regretted sources of their more youthful amusements.

SONNET TO MY BLUE COAT.—BY A STUDENT.

Relentless Time! you might have deigned to spare
 My good blue coat, which I in truth have worn
 Long, very long, since it was called thread-bare,
 Long since it suffered first the coxcomb's scorn.
 Bright were thy buttons many a year ago,
 And glossy was thy cloth, when I array'd
 My person in thee, and with mantling glow
 Upon my cheek thy various charms survey'd.
 Time! thou'rt a rattling skeleton, and since
 Thou hast thyself no coat, nor shoes, nor hose,
 A sort of devilish pleasure you evince,
 In stripping from our very backs the clothes
 Which we have worn for years; thou art a bore—
 I'll wear my coat some dozen months or more.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

SIR,—I have read your Prospectus, and shall be among the first to avail myself of your intended work. I am a native of America, and about the beginning of December last, I enrolled myself as a student of medicine in your College. Wishing to become acquainted with the Arabic and Persic tongues, I both inquired of my friends, and examined the Edinburgh Almanack, and the result of my investigation was, that Dr. Brunton was the Professor of Oriental Languages.

On my way to that gentleman's, I met my friend Hamilton, who asked me whither I was going. "To the Professor of Oriental Languages," answered I. "Oriental Languages!" echoed he; "why, surely you don't intend to add Divinity to the study of Medicine?"—"Divinity!" echoed I in my turn; "and what has Divinity to do with the Oriental Languages?"—"Indeed," replied Hamilton, "I do not know; but nobody now-a-days, except Divinity Students, learn Hebrew or Chaldee."—"Hebrew or Chaldee!" I responded; "I do't wish to learn Hebrew or Chaldee; I intend to study Persic and Arabic."—"Under whom?"—"Under Dr. Brunton." Here Hamilton indulged in a most "unoriental roar of laughter." Well," said

he, "you may go to the Doctor, but I scarcely think you will be able to prevail upon him to teach you either Persic or Arabic."

Now, Mr. Editor, what I wish to ask you is, whether or not Dr. Brunton, in his character of Professor of Oriental Languages, should be supposed to have limited his acquaintance with these tongues to the Hebrew and Chaldee, which every one knows are not to be found at present throughout all the East. If it is no part of his duty to teach the *modern* dialects of the East, pray to whom am I to apply? Is there no Professor of the *real existing* Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh?—I have the honour to remain, with all proper respect and esteem, your obedient servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE COLLEGE TATLER.

Monsieur Espinasse has sent, we perceive, the fines, (amounting to two pounds,) collected from the pupils attending his French classes, for the relief of the destitute imprisoned debtors. Might not certain Professors of a certain University benefit by the example?

A new literary society has lately been formed in this city, for the purpose of encouraging the re-publication of valuable and scarce poetical works. Sir Walter Scott, it is said, has become one of the leading members. We confess we are no antiquarians, but, with all due deference to Sir Walter's superior knowledge upon these subjects, we should be inclined to doubt very much, if any *really* valuable productions of this, or of any other description, are ever allowed to become scarce and to fall into oblivion.

The Students of King's College (old Aberdeen,) have subscribed the sum of L.7, in aid of the buildings to be erected at St. Kilda for a place of worship and the residence of a Missionary. From the well known good sense of the Aberdonians, we of course must presume that their wardrobes and libraries had previously been rendered complete.

The number of Students at present attending the University of Gottingen, is 1530. Of these 826 are foreigners; and only the remaining 704 are Hanoverians.

* * * Communications upon every subject connected with the University, or interesting to Students, will be carefully attended to, if left at the Publisher's.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CARFRAE, 3, DRUMMOND STREET.

THE
LAPSUS LINGUÆ;
OR,
The College Tatler.

No. II.

FRIDAY, JAN. 9, 1824.

Price 1d.

SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES.

THE history of Universities, like the biography of authors, is seldom productive of much interest. Every rule, however, has its exceptions; and a few facts illustrative of the rise and progress of that College, whose Students it is our particular business to amuse, cannot, we think, fail to prove both entertaining and instructing.

There is no doubt, that the model upon which all the Universities in this country are formed, was the College founded in Paris towards the end of the eighth century by Charlemagne. In these good old times, mankind had very different ideas from those they at present entertain with regard to "bookish lore." Charlemagne himself, the conqueror of Europe, the Alexander or Julius Cæsar of his age, was upward of thirty before he applied himself to the study of grammar! It is certainly not a little flattering to our national pride, to discover that Alcuinus—a native at all events of Great Britain, and most probably of Scotland—was the person pitched upon by that monarch to act as principal or president of the seminary established by him in the French capital.

But though we are unquestionably indebted to our neighbours on the Continent for the original plan of a University, a long interval appears to have elapsed before any similar establishment was instituted in Scotland. At length, in the year 1410, the University of St. Andrews (which is of a date 40 years earlier than any of our other schools of learning) commenced its literary career. In 1450 a similar *curriculum*, or course of study, was established in Glasgow; and in 1494, King's College, Aberdeen, was founded. In the same year the state of education in Scotland attracted the attention of government; and during the fifth Parliament of James IV. it was enacted, "That all barones and free-

holders that are of substance put their eldeste sonnes and aires to the schules fra they be sex or nine zeirs of age, and till remaine at the grammar schules quhile they be competently founded, and have perfite Latine: Throu the quhillks justice may remaine universally throu all the realme," &c.

A charter appears to have been granted by the unfortunate Queen Mary, for the erection of a University in Edinburgh; but little or no use seems to have been made of it till the year 1582, when James the VI., then at Stirling, approved of, and confirmed the grants formerly made by his mother. The Town-Council (who were in those days a very zealous and active body) sent a deputation to Stirling, to receive, with all due respect and gratitude, the new charter from the hands of the King; and immediately upon the return of their commissioners, every thing proceeded vigorously, and at the same time *prudently*. The worthy and excellent members of the Town-Council were of course all Scotsmen, and they had no idea of acting inconsistently with their character as natives of that favoured country. They recollected Horace's maxim, "*est modus in rebus;*" and though engaged in so great and important an undertaking, they saw no necessity for overlooking matters of smaller moment. Accordingly, we find the following clauses in their acts regarding the University, which surely none will read without admiring the mighty minds which must have suggested them: "Ordains dykes to be put about the yards of the Kirk of Field" (the place where the College was to be built,) "and to put new locks on the yetts (*gates*) thereof." "Ordains the bell of the grammar-schule, quhilk is under the same foundation as the college, to be taken doune, and put up in the college."—"The yards of the Kirk of Field having been made a common passage, and filled with muck, orders and ordains forthwith a remeid."—"Ordains Mr. Clement Little, advocate, to be thanked for leaving thirteen score and eight godly books to begin a library for the use of the college."

It would be equally tedious and uninstrucive to trace the progress of our Alma-Mater, from its comparatively humble commencement, with few professors, and but a very limited number of students, suffering from a want of funds, and from three separate attacks of the plague (which at one time

carried off upwards of fourteen hundred of the inhabitants of Edinburgh,) down to the magnificent and flourishing condition in which we at present behold it. It will be enough to mention, that Mr. Robert Rollock, who had for some time before been teaching at the College of St. Salvador, in St. Andrews, was the first teacher, the first rector, and the first Principal and Professor of Divinity, in the University of Edinburgh: that it was not till the year 1709 that any juridical lectures were delivered, when Mr. James Craig, advocate, was elected Professor of Civil Law; and that it was not for a year or two afterwards that, in consequence of the exertions of Dr. Pitcairn and Mr. Monteith, a medical school was founded, when a Mr. Elliot was regularly inducted Professor of Anatomy.

Great, however, as the improvements are which of late years have taken place in this University, we cannot by any means allow that perfection has yet been attained; and we shall not hesitate to advert, in some of our subsequent numbers, to what we consider mistakes and blemishes in the general system.

*Lines recited at the Anniversary Dinner of a College
Literary Society.*

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

I have heard that this world is a world of care,
 With a few gleams of sunshine that tempests destroy;
 But I love not the grumblers who bid us despair,
 For—"let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy."
 O! why should we think, in a moment like this,
 Of aught that might tend to imbitter the hour;
 O! why not enjoy all the rapturous bliss
 That fortune and friendship have placed in our power?
 Youth—youth is the season of purest delight,
 When all the wide world lies smiling before us;
 Ere the blossoms of hope have been seized by a blight,
 Or one black cloud of sorrow has darkling come o'er us.
 'Tis then, ere the heart has grown callous through time,
 That all its attachments are lasting and true;
 And dark must the soul be that even in its prime
 Attachments like these never thought of or knew.
 Such are not our souls; for though destined to part,
 It is not in absence young friendship to sever;
 Its image still hangs like a charm round the heart,
 And time cannot shake it—'twill hang there for ever.

O yes, Academics! When years have flown by,
 And when lonely, perchance, on some desolate shore,
 When sorrow has quench'd all the light of the eye,
 And when rapture awakens the bosom no more,—
 Even then—even then the remembrance will last
 Of the dear days of youth; and in memory's flight,
 Midst the scenes that are distant, the hours that are past,
 We shall call back the joys that have crown'd us to-night.

H.

CLAUDE OSTIUM.

At Glasgow College, when a luckless wight,
 Entering the class, forgets to shut the door,
 A fellow watching, bawls, with all his might,
 "Ho! *claude ostium!*" a stewartian roar.
 Once on a time, friend Thomas was in fault,—
 "Ho! *claude ostium!*" the censor cried;
 Friend Thomas stared, and with a sudden halt,
 "*Claude os tuum!*" readily replied.

CORRESPONDENTS.

We have heartily to thank our various Correspondents for the interest they express in the success of our Work. "Lines suggested by the ticking of a clock, procured to waken me for Mr. Pillans' class, at half-past seven o'clock A. M." are upon a good subject, but they are carelessly written. The author is capable of better things. "Timothy Tit-bit" is not without a slight vein of poetry, but neither of his two extracts from "The Maniac's Journal" are admissible. "Colinas asks very properly why the seats in Lady Yester's church, appropriated to the accommodation of Students, should be occupied by a number of *psucdo*-academicians, by whom the *real* Students are debarred from their rightful privileges?" "Observer" having popped one day into the Chemistry Class, and remarked that many of Dr. Hope's Students were so terrified lest their craniums should catch cold, that they sat during the lecture with their hats on, suggests the propriety of conveying steam in small pipes along the backs of the benches, in order that the surrounding atmosphere may always be kept in a state fit to be endured by tender heads.

By the end of the Session a volume of the *Lapsus Linguae* will be completed, when our readers will be supplied with a Title-page and Index. Our Publisher has still some copies of the first Number, with which he can furnish those who wish, for this purpose, to possess the work from its commencement.

* * * Communications upon every subject connected with the University, or interesting to Students, will be carefully attended to, if left at the Publisher's.

PUBLISHED BY JOHN CARFRAE, 3, DRUMMOND STREET.

J. Brewster, Printer.

3

THE
LAPSUS LINGUÆ;

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No. III.

MONDAY, JAN. 12, 1824.

Price 1d.

“NOTHING,” says Lord Byron, “so difficult as a beginning.” Should any of our readers feel inclined to question the truth of this remark, we advise them to start a periodical work. We can assure them, for our own part, that the commencement of the “Lapsus Linguæ” gave us no small uneasiness. “How are we to write our first article?” we said to ourselves. “Shall we make it grave, witty, or serio-comic?” Many reasons occurred to us for the adoption of each of these. Indeed, in debating this momentous question, we had nearly forgot the promise we had made in our Prospectus, to publish by a certain day; and had not the printer’s devil entered in the very nick of time, to ask for the manuscript of No. I., we are not sure if we should have yet determined in what particular style we ought to have composed it.

Heaven knows how, at that critical moment, “Life at College” contrived to get into our *caput*; but having once got in, it cost us no great effort to get it out again. Yet we by no means say that it was the article with which we should have preferred to commence a first number, although at the same time our modesty induces us to think, that we might have fallen on a worse one. But such is the strange fatality incident to authorship, that when we wish to please the most, we are infallibly certain to write what will be read with least pleasure.

Nevertheless, we are happy to think, that the plan of our work meets with the approbation of the Students in general. A production of this nature was long felt to be a great desideratum in Edinburgh; and, having now fairly begun, we shall take blame to ourselves if we do not make our future numbers worthy the perusal of those for whom it is our especial duty to write.

Letter from Joseph Hume, Junior.

MR. EDITOR,—I have often looked about for a proper channel through which to vent my grievances, and having at last found it in your new work, I hesitate not to announce myself a “Redresser of Abuses,” like my great Parliamentary namesake. I, however, differ from him in two material points: I neither deal in false calculations, nor in much verbosity. The ground of my present complaint is that system of “ruffing,” or beating with the feet, which prevails so much in our class-rooms. To what to attribute this most unacademic practice I am perfectly at a loss, unless I agree to the solution offered by Dr. Barclay. He says, that those who indulge in it seem to him to lack brain where it should have been; and that when they wish to express their feelings, they apply to their heels, where he supposes the missing portion to have settled. But, quitting the cause, is there no remedy? The only one that occurs to me at the moment is, that all disposed for this amusement be made to wear, as a badge of office, “the fool’s cap,” with a proper assortment of bells. Let them, in the name of every thing musical, shake their wise heads, with its honourable decoration, whenever they wish to express any of the emotions of their exalted minds. I remain your obedient servant,

JOSEPH HUME, Junior.

Materia Medica.

“An old Student, and assistant surgeon in his Majesty’s service,” complains, that having got permission to spend six months in Edinburgh, for the purpose of graduating, and that having been recommended to attend the lectures of the Professor of *Materia Medica*, he was not a little mortified, upon going to the class for the first time, to hear that gentleman discoursing very learnedly, not upon the subjects he had expected, but (O! *mirabile monstrum!*) upon the “*Hips of the Hottentot Venus!*” “Now, Mr. Editor,” our Correspondent continues, “I have read many books, both ancient and modern, upon *Materia Medica*, but I do not recollect of ever meeting with this medicine before. Perhaps it is one of the Professor’s own discovery; and if so, I should like to know to what *class* he refers it. Will it be to that of Stimulants? But as I have attended pretty regu-

larly since the commencement of the session, it is but justice to confess, that the Professor has by no means confined his whole attention to this interesting topic. I have most unquestionably learned how to beat eggs, how to light lamps, how to ring bells, and how to grate potatoes. I have received orders to join my regiment in three weeks; but as this is the chance of war, I suppose I must not think it hard that I should have payed L. 4, 4s. for this course of lectures on *Materia Medica*. I am," &c.

Lines occasioned by a Sleepless Night after Supping at Ambrose's.

I lay it down as almost incontestable,
 That toasted cheese is very indigestible;
 Now indigestion, caused by toasted cheese, is
 Undoubtedly the "hell of all diseases."
 And therefore, Ambrose! I will cut your cheese,
 Although I still may sometimes drink your porter;
 For porter helps to lengthen a man's days,
 But I maintain that rabbits make them shorter.

GREGORY GALLIFOT.

To the Editor of the Lapsus Linguae.

There is a certain Professor in a certain University, who, I think, exerts rather an unusual degree of severity towards his students, not only in levying too heavy contributions from their too weak funds, but even in criticising too rigidly the first essays of their youthful and aspiring minds. I allow, Sir, that it is the duty of every Professor to point out the fallacies and errors of the exercises he receives; but, at the same time, a certain degree of moderation in criticism is necessary, as the only effectual method of encouraging the Student to diligence and perseverance. If this moderation is neglected, the pupil loses all heart, and relapses into an indolent and lethargic slumber, from which no stimulus can rouse him. I am, &c.

A STUDENT.

On the Ladies that visit the College Museum.

Talk not to me of the musty old pages
 That have slumbered in dust for a dozen of ages;
 Rave not to me of your vile mathematics,
 Nor of Jameson's minerals, nor Leslie's pneumatics;



Let Hope with his sulphur, his gas, and caloric,—
 Let Wilson with sentences so metaphoric,—
 Let Dunbar with his huge "*Collectanea Majora*,"—
 Let Pillans, and Ritchie, and Brown, "*sine mora*,"
 All shut up their class-rooms,—'tis nothing to me,
 I have taken their ticket, and payed them their fee!
 But do not, O! do not shut up the Museum,—
 The fairest of buildings,—the Scottish Lyceum;
 And do not, O! do not shut out from our College
 The loveliest sources of beauty and knowledge,—
 Those nymphs that glide past us like forms from the sky,
 And whose glances like sunbeams fall bright on the eye;
 Without them, O! what were the space that we walk in?
 And O! on what subjects would students be talking?
 But with them,—still gliding at intervals by us,
 All care and vexation must constantly fly us.
 Ye gods! but to gaze on those lips and those cheeks,
 Where beauty, tho' silent, in sunny smiles speaks!
 O! why may not students be ladies' confessors?
 O! why may not ladies be students' professors?

PHILOGUNAIKOS.

Apropos.

A footman, on a time, we find—
 'Tis an old joke—but never mind—
 In act to place an admirable
 Dress'd tongue upon a dinner-table,
 Let it slip down from off the platter;
 "La!" cried the landlord, "What's the matter?"
 "Nothing," replied a wag; "don't stir—
 'Tis a mere *Lapsus Linguae*, Sir."

CORRESPONDENTS.

"M. B." (whom we ought to have noticed sooner) is a very sensible fellow, though there certainly seems to be a little of the Zoilus in his disposition. With many of his criticisms on our first number we perfectly agree; but we must entreat him, as well as all our other readers, not to judge of us too hastily, nor to condemn us upon the appearance either of our first, or second, or even our third Number. "C." has our thanks, but his anecdote wants point. "*Simplex Munditiis*" will be attended to. "F.'s" translation from Horace is excellent, but it is too long, and the ode he has chosen is rather common-place. Strength, wit, and condensation, are what we particularly wish to meet with in our Correspondents. "An Old Student" must excuse the liberty we have taken with his letter. We shall be glad to hear from him again. "Tenax" and "Americanus" in our next.

By the end of the Session a volume of the *Lapsus Linguae* will be completed, when our readers will be supplied with a Title-page and Index.

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J. Brewster, Printer.

THE
LAPSUS LINGUÆ;

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The College Tatler.

No. XIX. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 18, 1824. Price 1d.

CLASS-BOOKS.

To the Editor of the Lapsus Linguae.

MR. EDITOR,—It is to be regretted that the Students attending the Edinburgh University have not the power, as in other similar institutions, of calling public and general meetings for the consideration and management of College affairs. I see no reason why in Edinburgh alone these matters should be left entirely to the Professors, the more especially as many abuses have crept into this seat of learning, which by the adoption of the means to which I allude, might be corrected. To *one* of these abuses I wish at present particularly to advert,—I mean the arbitrary authority which the Professors do not scruple to exercise over their Students, in ordering them to purchase *whatever books* they think proper to publish. Among the other errors connected with Academical administration, this, I think, is pre-eminent. Many, perhaps the *whole*, of these compilations for the use of a class, are of benefit only to the publisher. Now, Mr. Editor, I do not say that the *Senatus Academicus* ought to compel every Professor to give them satisfactory and conclusive reasons for so doing, before they allow him to put any book into the hands of his pupils; but I maintain, that when any member of this learned body has manifestly overstepped the limits of discretion, they are not only entitled, but bound in duty to call him to account, and either to induce him by their disapprobation, or *compel* him by their authority, to leave off a practice so shameful. The disgraceful mismanagement of the Library, the exclusion of Students from the Museum, and wrongs like these, flagrant and obvious though they be, are felt severely by none in particular. But the magnitude of the abuse to which I refer, is greatly increased when we consider that it strikes most heavily against the poor Student, who is already labouring with the frowns of

adverse fortune. Many a generous mind, ardent in its desire for knowledge, has been compelled, by the impediment thus wantonly thrown in its way, to relinquish the delightful pursuit.

Knowledge, sir, ought certainly to be made as easy of access as possible; and if the evil is not speedily remedied, I do think a stigma of no very trivial nature will soon be attached to this University, undoubtedly the first in *rank* in this country, and which consequently ought to be the first in *merit*. Is there a Student in Edinburgh, is there a man in Scotland, who can bear to think that real information is here not only rendered nearly inaccessible, by fixed and positive enactments, but that it is liable to be made, and actually *has been made*, still more difficult of attainment, at the discretion of those who, I am sorry to say, have proved by their conduct that they are hardly worthy of the trust imposed in them?

J. P.

SONNET.

A Professor to his Nose.

Yes, they may laugh at thee, my worthy nose!
 And call thee long, and large, and ruddy too;—
 Wert thou to blame, tho' on thy point there rose
 A few large pimples of a scarlet hue?—
 Well I remember, in my youthful days
 Thou wert a nose of beautiful dimensions,—
 And yet thou wert so modest, that to praise
 Most justly thine thou never mad'st pretensions.
 My nose, I love thee! Many a pleasant pinch
 Of black rapee together we have taken;—
 Then think not I will from my duty flinch,
 Deem not that thou wilt ever be forsaken,—
 Look if thou wilt like morning's brightest sky—
 Rosy and purple,—what the deuce care I?

COLLEGE JANITOR.

To the Editor of the Lapsus Linguae.

MR. EDITOR,—There is a grievous imposition practised upon the Medical Students, which, if I mistake not, has hitherto escaped your notice. Mr. John Wilson, janitor, it appears, demands and obtains a fee of one guinea from every Medical Student, before his Diploma is delivered to him on the 12th of August. I have no hesitation in calling this an illegal demand, since it is made, I am informed, without the knowledge or consent of the Faculty of Medicine. Mr. Wilson is

allowed by that Faculty a fee of six or seven shillings for every graduate ; and this is *all* to which he is entitled. The sooner this is made known to the Patrons of the University the better. Mr. Wilson has no family, and is, I have been informed, in the receipt of two or three hundred pounds yearly. He is surely therefore no object of charity. I am, &c.

STUDENS MEDICINÆ.

Chit Chat.

“ In the name of every thing miraculous, why have the Editors of the *Lapsus Linguae* changed their Publisher? There is some deep unfathomable mystery in this, and we insist, therefore, on an explanation.” Gently, most revered and most beloved reader. Professor Leslie will tell you there is no effect without a cause, and we beg leave to corroborate the statement. But you are aware that the *effect* is sometimes apparent when the *cause* is concealed. The Students are excluded from the Museum, and every one perceives the *effect* produced, but the *cause* is not so easily discovered. The *effects* of the mismanagement in the Library are obvious, but the *causes* of that mismanagement are hid from the vulgar eye. If, then, extremely intelligent reader! you will believe our editorial word of honour, there was a cause—a most sufficient and satisfactory cause—why we emigrated from Drummoid, to the more classic purlieus of Infirmary Street.

Indeed, “*Jurisconsultus*,” we agree with thee. We think we never heard of any thing so overwhelmingly shocking. A gentleman, as thou tellest us,—we have no doubt a most consummate gentleman,—left the class of the learned Professor of Scotch Law a few minutes before the appointed time. His face was pale, and his hair dishevelled, and the rattling of his clumsy shoes sounded among the echoes of the lofty hall. But ah! unhappy youth! wert thou to blame for this? Little didst thou know the fate that awaited thee! The Professor looked up from the notes of his *extempore Lecture*, and assuming one of the most awful frowns that ever clouded the majesty of the “human face divine,”—“I suppose,” said he, “the gentleman whose antediluvian boots are sounding in my ear has grown suddenly hungry, and is hastening home to his dinner!”—The unfortunate Student heard the dreadful words, and fell senseless on the ground.

Yes, Gamma, thou art right. We cannot bear to see the books of the College Library, procured with so much toil and difficulty, thus shamefully defaced and abused. The old novels that have circulated over a whole county, and have graced the hands of the butler as well as of the squire, of the chamber-maid as well as of her mistress, are not more thoroughly and irremediably disfigured. What hideous faces decorate the top and bottom of every page! What faint and glimmering likenesses of Dr. Nimmo, or Professor Leslie, or Dunbar, or Wilson! What monstrous skeletons of unnatural horses, and decrepid asses, and unearthly dogs! What a countless multitude of unmeaning shapes, mixed together in unutterable confusion! And then the marginal notes, the splendidly illuminated borders! The brilliant jests, the delicate criticisms, the elegant animadversions of the Satans who reprove the sin which they themselves are committing!—*Proh Dii!* Is there a man who will lift up his head and tell us that this is not a barbarity which would reflect disgrace upon the Students of a Scythian or Kam-schatkan University?

Music.

I played upon the fiddle in my youth,
 And oft, as o'er its strings my bow I drew,
 In all the sober sadness of dull truth
 The powers of gentle melody I knew;—
 My sister Barbara, in a dreadful fright,
 Stopping her ears, to some far corner flew;
 My tabby cat gaped wide with all her might,
 Forgot to purr, and eke began to mew;
 The pug-faced dogs beneath my window snarled,
 The scrapers in the streets passed laughing by;
 With my sweet melody the neighbours quarrell'd,
 Calling me *Catgut*,—till in fury I
 Broke the vile instrument right thro' the middle,
 And bade the devil take my torment of a fiddle!

CORRESPONDENTS.

We hope to give our readers, in our next Number, some important facts connected with the Royal Infirmary. "H." considers it highly improper that so few of the Professors lecture on Saturday. "Job's" Chaldee Manuscript is under consideration. "C. E.'s" Advertisement in our next. "Z." and "Philopollanthos" are inadmissible. "B——c" and "Ruricola" have just been received.

This day is published another Edition of No. XVI. of the *Lapsus Lingue*, altered and improved.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ;

OR,

The College Tatler.

 No. XXII. WEDNESDAY, FEB. 25, 1824. Price 1d.

PROFESSORS DUNBAR AND PILLANS.

WE conceive few Classes in this University to be of more importance than those of Greek and Latin. Our countrymen on the other side of the Tweed have long asserted that their Colleges produce better classical scholars than ours. If this is correct, (and we are almost afraid it is) the fault must be entirely in our teachers, for surely the Scotch are not less docile by nature than the English. For the sake of our national honour, we are anxious that the reproach under which we at present labour should be removed as soon as possible. It is from Edinburgh, we believe, that any improvement in the general system must emanate, and it gives us, therefore, no little satisfaction to observe the spontaneous exertions which our learned and enlightened Professor of Humanity is at this moment making. We take notice of them now principally with the hope that they will stimulate the successor of Dalzell to make several important changes in the manner in which he teaches the Greek Classes.

The Students who are in the second year of their attendance on Professor Pillans read Juvenal and Tacitus, probably the two most difficult of the Latin authors, so that their daily lesson, both from its length and its matter, gives them always something to do by way of preparation. Professor Dunbar's pupils of the same standing read Zenophon and Homer, confessedly the two easiest of all the Greek classics. How then will our readers be surprised when they learn, that on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, one-third of a page of the former, and on Tuesday and Thursday about twenty lines of the latter, form the stated lesson! And this is the task given to young men, almost all of whom are in the third and many in the fourth year of their Grecian studies! We object too to the *part* of Zenophon to which the Professor directs their attention—the “*Memorabilia Socratis*,” which is in general remarkably dry and uninteresting, at least a

great deal more so than his "*Cyropædia*."—Professor Pillans prescribes every week a variety of different exercises, which afford admirable opportunities for those who really wish it, to cultivate and display their talents. Those exercises consist of translations of Latin prose and verse into English prose and verse, or, *vice versa*, English prose and verse into Latin, of original essays, dissertations, cursory remarks, or copies of verses either in Greek, Latin, or English, on a great number of different subjects—all more or less interesting to the pupil. It is of importance too, to observe, that the Professor so manages that the Student must trust to his own industry alone for the successful execution of any one of these tasks. Above all, Mr. Pillans particularly encourages private and voluntary study, and it is almost incredible how much has been done in this way in addition to the mere ordinary business of the Class.—Professor Dunbar prescribes *one* exercise every week, and this *exercise* is rather a curious one. The Professor turns up his Homer, or his Thucydides, or his Demosthenes, and translates a few lines into English;—these he orders the Class to translate back again into Greek. Now it so happens, that most of his pupils have Homer, and Thucydides, and Demosthenes too, which they do not scruple to turn up as well as the Professor, and very unceremoniously copy the original, making a few judicious alterations in order to avoid suspicion. And this is the weekly *exercise*! Surely the Professor need not be so very diffident as to doubt whether he would be able to detect errors unless he had the original to refer to; for really, although this may be very convenient for him, it is ruinous to the progress of the Student. As for private studies, it is a term unknown within the precincts of the Greek Class-room.—Professor Pillans's meets frequently on Saturday, Professor Dunbar's never.—Both give occasional lectures, and of these we shall very speedily speak, when we intend to conclude our remarks on this important and interesting subject.

A NUISANCE.

To the Editor of the Lapsus Linguae.

MR. EDITOR,—I should like to know by whose authority that long line of Hackney Coaches is drawn up in front of our College. I have no doubt that the *Town Council*, in their great wisdom, consider this a very convenient place; but I think that the *Senatus Academicus*, in their wisdom,

ought to take rather a different view of the matter. Had the coarse unclassic boards at the principal gateway contained the words "Carriage Stance" instead of "Carriage Entrance," they would certainly have been more correct. Pray, Mr. Editor, did you ever see a carriage entering by this large archway? I suspect the vehicle would have to be constructed on the principle of the Irishman's gun, "to shoot round a corner."—Yours, &c. A.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

Yes! there was once a time—in my youth's spring—

When I was happier than a king could be,

Tawing the painted marble in the ring,

Or sailing *cock-boats* on the summer sea,

Or with my *shinty* carrying all before me,

Or spinning merrily my favourite *top*,

Or gazing on my *kite* that flew high o'er me,

Or flinging snowballs at the shivering *fop*,

Or knocking out the ins at glorious cricket,

Or learning on the King's Birth Day to shoot,

Or seeking nests in many a tangled thicket,

Or robbing orchards of their tempting fruit!—

Yet why regret those joys, vain idle prattler?

Dost thou not now edit the far-famed College Tatler?

A Chronological Table of Remarkable Events from the commencement of the year 1824, to the present time.

January 1st and 2d—The Prospectus of the *Lapsus Linguae* published. An astonishing sensation excited in Drummond Street, the Pleasance, North and South College Street, and even in Buccleuch Place. Various reports in circulation. Lockhart and Wilson said to have been seen in Carfrae's under very suspicious circumstances.—*January 5th and 6th*—Great expectations;—curiosity on tiptoe.—*January 7th*—The first Number printed. Carfrae's shop blockaded from six in the morning till sun-set. All other shops in Drummond Street shut. Business at a stand. Dr. Brunton confined to bed. A solemn procession of the Professors to condole with him.—*January 12th*—Carfrae understood to have bought into the funds. Editors of the *Lapsus* said to have been seen in a tandem on Princes Street. A set to between the Hottentot Venus and Dr. Duncan. Much science displayed on both sides. The Doctor's knowledge-box somewhat damaged. Is cured with a plaster of grated potatoes. Ambrose petrified to find that no one eats rabbits; wonders if the last day is at hand.—*January 14th*—The Plinian Society in excellent spirits. The Editors of the *Lapsus Linguae* unanimously elected Honorary Members

Confidently asserted that the rare species of man exhibited on the Mound is the principal writer in the new Periodical.—*January 16th*—Messrs Bain and Small in dreadful agitation.—Dr. Brunton looking rather sour also.—No Student ventures into the library.—A report very generally circulated that a young Englishman was lately frozen to death while attempting to warm himself at the stove. The Humane Society determine to take the case into consideration, and Sir John Hope makes the *Senatus Academicus* a present of a hundred carts of the best jewel coal.—*January 21st*—No books sold at the sale-rooms.—Ireland, M'Claghlan, Stewart, and Carfrae, begin to think the *Lapsus* a very contemptible thing. The public have a different opinion. Five thousand copies sent off to Aberdeen, Glasgow, and St. Andrews. The Students there get a new light. They had considered their Professors demigods, and find they are only mortals. The *Janitors* call a meeting at the *West Port*. Determine to prosecute the Editors of the *Lapsus* for the perquisites of which they have deprived them. Their friends in the Grass Market in a great ferment. The liberty of the press unanimously voted a nuisance.—*January 23d*—Messrs Bain and Small in extreme agony. Dr. Brunton called in to pray with them. Their disease turns out not to be dangerous; only a species of *rabies*. “The Chemist in Love” is read everywhere. No person considered a perfect gentleman who has not seen it as well as St. Roman's Well. Many melancholy instances of Students dying of laughter. Professors observed tittering in the midst of their lectures; a smile on every face in Princes Street; ministers unable to preach for giggling; private parties splitting their sides; the whole population of the country, from Johnny Grot's House to the Land's End, indulging in one universal grin. Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron thrown entirely into the back ground, and the Editors of the *Lapsus Linguae* declared to be the cleverest fellows the world ever produced. (To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENTS.

The Chaldee Manuscript will appear in our next. “A sincere admirer of Professor Wilson” asks why he does not allow the Students to read their essays *themselves*. “Amicus” alludes to some part of Mr. Ireland's conduct as an auctioneer, with which we do not think we have any thing to do. “Nemo” asks why the *Lapsus* of a hat, stick, or umbrella in any of the classes is followed by such noisy demonstrations of mirth?—We shall tell “Phœbus” what we think of his translations when he sends us them. “Valteius Meun” and “A. Constant Reader” are inadmissible.

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THE
LAPSUS LINGUÆ;

OR,
The College Tatler.

No. XXIII.

FRIDAY, FEB. 27, 1824.

Price 1d.

Translation from a Chaldee Manuscript.

THE Chaldee Manuscript from which the following is a literal translation, was discovered lately by Mr. Small between the leaves of a huge volume of Divinity bound in wood, and carefully closed with what had once been steel clasps, so covered with rust that it was almost impossible to unlock them. We understand that the celebrated Dr. Nimmo is about to publish the original, to which he will prefix a dissertation on the probable name of the author, and an inquiry into the age in which he lived.

1. IN the days of Iergos the King, there sojourned in the great City of the North, that standeth in the valley and on the hill side, a certain woman, and she was called by name *Uije* Nuddah, which being interpreted signifieth wisdom.

2. And in her dwelling were the Rabbis and wise men of the land, who taught the young men knowledge.

3. And many came unto her, from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South. And the Lord blessed Nuddah, and she grew and prospered.

4. But it came to pass in process of time, that the young men began to say one unto another, Nuddah waxeth old; Behold! she is no longer what she hath been. And they lamented sore for Nuddah.

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5. But Jeremiah the son of Kish the Levite, and Samuel the son of Baruk the Scribe, and Absalom the son of Arun the Rabbi, met together, and said, one unto another;

6. Behold! it is not Nuddah that waxeth old, but it is her wise men which wax dull.

7. And Samuel the son of Baruk the Scribe said, Let us put forth a Book for the honour of Nuddah.

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8. Now there is a man who is called by name John, who dwelleth in the street which runneth to the East and to the West, and which being interpreted signifieth the street of the warlike instrument.

9. And the man who is called by name John said unto Samuel, I will send abroad thy Book for a time, and it shall be as a lamp before the feet of the children of Israel.

10. And when they put forth the Book, there was a great murmur, like unto the waves of the sea of Azoph when they break upon the land of Canaan.

11. And the Rabbis and wise men girded up their loins, and met together in the house of Nuddah, and said one unto another, What shall we do to be saved? Verily there hath arisen amongst us a Baital.

12. Now Baital, being interpreted, signifieth devil.

13. Then the Chief of the Synagogue, yea the principal man, whose name being interpreted signifieth the hair that groweth on the face when the days of the years of puberty have expired, spoke with a loud voice, saying;

14. Of a verity I say unto you, that the Philistines are amongst us. We will arise in our might, and cut them down before us, even as the harvest is cut down on the plains of Galilee by the hand of the reaper.

15. Then Bardun the son of Timothy the artificer, which sitteth in the chair of the learned, and teacheth the doctrines of the Heathen, lifted up his voice and cried Amen.

16. For verily the name of the Book is an abomination in my eyes, and the voice of the scoffer soundeth in my ears like the roaring of the bulls of Bashan.

17. Then Lieles, which is of the seed of the prophet, but became a mighty magician while he was yet young, and joined himself with those which are the worshippers of fire, cried aloud, saying;

18. Behold! I will gird up my loins, and I will go to the man who is called by name John, and who dwelleth in the street which runneth to the East and to the West, and which being interpreted signifieth the street of the warlike instrument,

19. And I will enter into the combat, yea I will wrestle with him, and peradventure I will return victorious. For already have I gained the victory over him whose name is as ebony, who is crafty in council, and who dwelleth in the street of princes.

20. ¶ Now when the man who is called by name John saw Lieles the mighty magician, he trembled, and was sore afraid. And he lifted up his voice, saying;

21. Rabbi! Whatsoever thou sayest I will do. And Lieles pointed to the Book, and cried with a loud voice, O! thou who hast leagued thyself with mine enemies, and with the enemies of those who fill the high places of the Synagogue, fling that book nterly from thee, as thou wouldest fling the serpent of the desert from thy bosom.

22. And the man who is called by name John answered and said, Even as thou wilt.

23. ¶ Now when these tidings came to Jeremiah the son of Kish the Levite, and Samuel the son of Baruk the Scribe, and Absalom the son of Arun the Rabbi, their hearts sunk within them, and they were sore dismayed.

24. But Jeremiah the son of Kish the Levite comforted them, saying;

25. Be of good cheer, for I will go to the street which is the street of the infirm, and I will commune with my brother Lucius, whose surname being interpreted signifieth Alas.

26. Now Lucius was a wise man and a just, and had fought in the battles of his King, and had routed the hosts of the Phillistines when they would have rushed like locusts on the land of his fathers.

27. And Lucius said unto Jeremiah, Verily thy Book shall still go forth thro' the City of the North, and the children of Israel shall hearken to its voice.

28. Thy adversaries, yea even the Chiefs of the Synagogue, are mighty; but call unto thee thy counsellors, make unto thyself a hulwark of the young men who have come unto Nuddah from the East, and from the West, and from the North, and from the South.

29. Jeremiah hearkened to the advice of Lucius, and the hook was again put forth.

30. ¶ Now when the Rabbis and wise men saw that the enemy was again amongst them, they marvelled greatly, and cried out, saying;

31. O perverse and wicked generation! we have fed thee with the words of our mouths, and we have given thee understanding that thou mightest distinguish good from evil, but thou hast deserted the right path, even the path that leadeth to our favour, and hast followed the counsel of the ungodly, and walked in the way of the sinner.

32. Then Baal, which sitteth in the King's Court, and is well learned in the law, teaching the young men to open their mouths in the cause of the dumb, arose and said;

33. We will not gird on our swords and fight, for in war there is much danger, but we will lie in wait for them that have come forth against us, and from our holes and our secret places we will smite them to the earth.

34. And again Bardun lifted up his voice and cried Amen.

35. Then rose he whose name being interpreted signifieth riches, a tall man and a hony, who standeth in the high places of the temple, and fingeth the stone over the ice better than any Egyptian who goeth upon the waters of the great lake Moeris, and he spoke, saying;

36. Woe unto us, my brethren! and woe unto the land of Canaan! and woe unto the City of the North that standeth in the valley and on the hill side, if this Book continueth to go forth among the nations!

37. Then he whose name keeps up the heart of the mariner on the deep;

38. And he whose words are of the East, and who knoweth the tongues of many people;

39. And he who diggeth into the bowels of the earth, and handleth iron, and fire, and understandeth the course of the stars, and the changes of the seasons, whose name being interpreted signifieth the son of James;

40. And he who speaketh of spirits and secret thoughts, and poureth

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forth his aspirations like unto the steam of a caldron, and whose name being interpreted signifieth the son of William;

41. Lifted up their voices and cried, Away with it! Away with it! We will fling it to the four winds of heaven, and its name shall be cast out from the memories of men.

42. But he who came from the house which is in the street of the infirm, and which though low is called by name High;

43. And he whose name when interpreted signifieth the mingling of black and yellow; *Duncan*

44. And Andrew the son of the chief physician, a wise man and a just;

45. Lifted up their voices and cried, Of a verity the Book is a good hook. We will gird on our swords, and we will defend it, for knowledge and truth are to be found therein.

46. ¶ Whilst they were yet speaking one to another, a figure like unto a woman appeared among them;

47. The brightness of the morning shone upon her brow, and her features were more glorious than the features of the children of earth.

48. But nevertheless her countenance was sad, and her eyes were red with weeping.

49. The Rabbis and wise men trembled before her, and they wist not how to look, for her eye could read the secret thoughts of the soul of man.

50. And she called out with a loud voice, like unto the voice of the south wind when it passeth among the forests of Lebanon;

51. Where is the wisdom I left in the dwellings of Nuddah? Tell me, where is she?

52. And the echo answered, Where is she?

53. And the wise men marvelled greatly, and said one unto another, What do those things mean?

54. And they looked for the figure like unto a woman, on whose brow was the brightness of the morning, and whose features were more glorious than the features of the children of the earth, but she was gone from among them, and no one knew where.

55. ¶ Then rose the chief physician and said;

56. My Brothers, I am an old man, four score and upwards, and I have sat in these halls two score and ten years, but never did I behold a book like that of which ye have spoken.

57. If to tell truth is sinful, let the Book perish. If to tell truth is no crime, the lord will peradventure bless the Book and the writers thereof.

58. ¶ Now the Book was blessed; and it spread over the land of Canaan, and was known among all nations.

59. And Jeremiah the son of Kish the Levite, and Samuel the son of Baruk the Scribe, and Absalom the son of Arun the Rabbi, grew in wealth and greatness, and their names were revered in the City of the North which standeth in the valley and on the hill side all the days of the years of their lives.

Those who have favoured us with Chaldee Manuscripts will have them returned by calling at our Publisher's. "Anthropos," "Spectator," "A Limb of the Law," "Hatchway," and "Sangrado," have just been received. "Non Omnibus Dormio" is under consideration. "Humphy Terrier," we hope, will write to us on a better subject.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ;

OR,

The College Tatler.

No. XXIV. MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1824. Price 1d.

PROFESSORS DUNBAR AND PILLANS.

SINCE the publication of our last Wednesday's Number, we have received several letters on a subject to which we then directed the attention of our readers—the respective merits of Professors Dunbar and Pillans as instructors of youth.

Our correspondent who signs himself Hatchway coincides in the correctness of most of our remarks, but considers it a decided imperfection in the system of Professor Pillans, that many, perhaps the majority of the Students, are hardly ever called upon to say a single sentence of the tasks assigned them in the general class,—the investigation of their diligence being by far too frequently left to *Inspectors*, who are appointed for the purpose from among their fellow-students. Professor Dunbar, on the contrary, it is maintained, though he prescribes short lessons, always makes sure of hearing them himself.

“Anthropos” is a still more devoted admirer of Professor Dunbar, and still more disposed to find fault with Professor Pillans. His observations, however, though cleverly expressed, are not just. His principal objection is to the “rigid discipline” which the Professor of Humanity has brought with him, he supposes, from the High School. Now it is in this very point that we are inclined to think he has made one of his most essential improvements upon the system of his excellent predecessor. We allow that to Anthropos, and such as he, who “have come to the years of manhood, are six feet high, and very slender, and are blessed, moreover, with large whiskers, and a tolerably bushy black beard,” this drilling of the class into the regularity of clock-work may be somewhat disagreeable. But look at the great body of Mr. Pillans's pupils, and are they not mere boys, whose first set of manly emotions are just beginning to be awakened by the consciousness that they are attending a University, and wearing boots? Nay more, are they not exactly at that period of life

when a little wholesome restraint is perhaps more necessary than at any other? We are quite disposed, therefore, to approve of the levying of small fines, and the occasionally forming of the Class into divisions, and any other equally judicious methods for securing subordination and attention which Mr. Pillans may adopt. Anthropos concludes by assuring us, and in this we believe him, that no such innovations have ever been made by Professor Dunbar on "the good old plan."

Another correspondent very properly adverts to the great impropriety of the Professor of Greek *publishing* and *advertising*, or allowing to be published and advertised, a "Key to the Greek Exercises used in his Class."

One word more on this subject, and we have done. The lectures which Professor Pillans delivers, display a fund of *real* information and learning. They are *not* translations of the Latin Notes at the end of the Collectanea Majora. They are *not* extracts from Lempriere's Classical Dictionary. They are *not* quotations from Adams's Roman or Potter's Grecian Antiquities. They are *not* abridgements from Plutarch of the lives of the Grecian worthies, with which every school-boy who has read his Cornelius Nepos is already sufficiently acquainted. But they are erudite and interesting dissertations upon topics upon which no Student could receive so much information elsewhere, and of which few, perhaps none, either in Scotland or England can speak so well and so much to the purpose as Professor Pillans.

A Plot Discovered.

Sangrado presents his most respectful compliments to Principal Baird, and entreats that he will order the Professors over whom he bears sway to scrape the sand off the seats of their various Class-rooms. Sangrado has just been informed that the *Senatus Academicus*, in conjunction with the Town Council, have entered into an agreement with the tailors of this city, to give them two thousand additional coats—at least elbows and sleeves of coats, to repair every year. In return for which the tailors, he is informed, have undertaken to present the *Senatus Academicus* with a dozen silk gowns, and the Town Council with as many pairs best kerseymere trowsers. Sangrado has no doubt that Principal Baird has been kept totally ignorant of this transaction; but as he considers both the bargain, and the means taken to secure its fulfilment, a gross attempt to defraud the Students,

he has no doubt that the excellent Principal will immediately interpose his authority, and restore the benches to their former smooth and gentlemanly condition.

SONNET

To Jeremiah the son of Kish the Levite, and Samuel the son of Baruk the Scribe, and Absalom the son of Arun the Rabbi.

Immortal trio! your great names will dwell
 Locked up for ever in the Student's heart!
 In after years each generous soul will swell
 With honest rapture, and the tear will start
 Unbidden to the eye, when, looking back
 On early life's long lost but well-known track,
 It sees the flowers that flourished by the way—
 Those brightest flowers of summer's cloudless day—
 And marks among them, all unwithered still,
 The blossoms of young genius you did fling
 Around you as you went, plucked from that hill
 The Muses loved when earth was in its spring;
 And we shall bless you then as those are blest
 Who loved to kindle sunshine in the breast. H.

*A Chronological Table of Remarkable Events for the year 1824
 Continued.*

January 26. The Divinity Students consigned to immortal ridicule. The price of black cloth falls prodigiously. The Doctors and Lawyers wear nothing but blue, lest their profession should be mistaken. Walker of the Agency office cannot comprehend why nobody ventures to bid for a "dozen of pencils, a six-bladed knife, a razor-case, or a quarter of a hundred of quills." No more communications are sent to the *Lapsus Linguae* written on pot paper, sealed with a blue wafer, bearing the impression of a watch-key. The Professor of *Materia Medica* lectures for three days on the new work. His Students begin to think him interesting.—

January 28. A hint that the Museum should be thrown open to Students. Professor Jameson expresses a wish to have his friends the Editors stuffed and preserved as natural curiosities. Mr. Wilson reminds him that he has already several specimens of the Solon Goose. *Quære*, Does Mr. Wilson know the difference between the Solon Goose and the untameable Hyena?—Friend Doull sells more tarts in a day than all the other Confectioners in a month. Sends us a dozen of his best ginger wine. *N. B.*—We understand the last bottle was finished yesterday, *verbam sapienti.*—

January 30. Professor M'Claghlan hires fifty assistants, among whom are ten Divinity Students. Frizzes six hun-

dred heads daily ; much fatigued in consequence, and plagued with *headachs*. Offers to cut the hair of the Editors of the *Lapsus Linguae gratis* "all the days of the years of their lives." Barclay, Ambrose, Young, Amos, and Ferguson, immortalized. All very thankful.—*February 4*. The Royal Medical Society in an uproar. Cast lots who is to challenge the Editor. Mr. M'Donald is the fortunate man. Parties meet by moonlight at Mushat's Cairn. The Editor a remarkably handsome fellow in a mask and a Spanish cloak. Mr. M'Donald winged at the first fire.—Chairs introduced into the Library. Examined by all the Antiquarians of Scotland. Generally believed that they have been brought from the ruins of Herculaneum. (*To be continued.*)

A Dream.

The morning star was sparkling bright
To welcome the approaching day,
When sleep to my enraptured sight
Presented one now far away.

No more with fortune's frowns I strove,
Compelled her dictates to obey,
But sacrificing all to love,
I flew to her now far away.

I found the maid dissolved in grief,
Nor time nor absence could allay ;
No joys to her had brought relief
When torn from me and far away.

The deep-drawn sigh, the glist'ning tear,
And heaving bosom, seemed to say,
That each fond hope and anxious fear
Had been for me tho' far away.

Pale sorrow heightened all her charms—
Around her magic seemed to play ;
I strove to clasp her in my arms,—
I woke—and she was far away !

J. B.

CORRESPONDENTS.

"M.'s" judicious remarks were not received till the first article of the present Number was written. He has our thanks. "A Limb of the Law" and "Bibliopole" in an early Number. "Non omnibus dormio" wants point. "Spectator," "Emigrant," and "Philokranium," who is "neither a bumpist nor antihumpist," are inadmissible.

This day is published a Second Edition of Number XXIII. of the *Lapsus Linguae*, containing the Chaldee Manuscript.

8

THE
LAPSUS LINGUÆ;

OR,

The College Tatler.

No. XXV. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1824. Price 1d.

WE intend to devote this Number entirely to our correspondents. If, therefore, it prove surpassingly dull, our readers must not blame us; if it should strike them as dazzlingly brilliant, the more communications we get the better.

THE CONDITION OF 'THE EDINBURGH STUDENTS
AS A BODY.

To the Editor of the Lapsus Linguae.

There is perhaps no other University except our own, Mr. Editor, where there does not exist some bond of union among the Students, occasioned generally by certain privileges which they possess in common, or certain duties in which, on some occasions, they are all included. In our *Alma Mater*, however, (if such she can be called) the Students have neither rights nor privileges; they are never assembled publicly, nor do they possess the means, either direct or indirect, of recommending any measures they approve, or of opposing any they dislike. Every one feels himself single and solitary, perfectly destitute of any opportunity to attract general regard, and, in short, among most of his compeers unknowing and unknown. Never does he lose for a moment the painful consciousness of his own personal identity; never is he allowed fully to develope those generous sentiments, which in the young heart wait only for a first impulse to be roused into instantaneous action.

Is it wonderful, then, that so little enthusiasm exists among us? If the Students of Edinburgh, in as far as relates to a kindred warmth of generous feeling, suffer prodigiously in the comparison with those of Oxford, or Cambridge, or even Glasgow, is the cause not obvious to which it must be attributed? That the disadvantages under which we at present labour may speedily be removed, and that a more liberal spirit may ere long be found within our walls, is the earnest hope of one who, with best wishes for the success of your Editorial exertions, remains, &c.

F. O. L.

CONVEYANCING.

To the Editor of the Lapsus Linguae.

SIR,—I have been for some time anxious to direct the attention of your readers to the proposal, which has been long before the proper authorities, of instituting in our College a Professorship exclusively for Conveyancing, that most important branch of the municipal system of the country, upon which nothing but a course of private lectures is at present delivered.

The subject has excited no little interest and discussion, both in the Town Council (as Patrons of the University,) and among the different branches of the Profession, for a number of years. I am happy to add, that when last agitated, it was more favourably received than it had been on any former occasion. I regret that other avocations prevent me from saying more upon this important topic at present. Permit me, however, to recommend it to your attention as one deserving the fullest consideration, and believe me, &c.

L. L.

On a Nosegay of Artificial Flowers in a Lady's bosom.

Behold yon little mimic flower
 With leaf forever green,
 Tho' neither cheered by sun nor shower,
 Nor "born to blush unseen."
 Well may it bloom—that magic wreath—
 'Tis fanned by lover's sighs,
 And draws its dew from Jessie's breath,
 Its rays from Reuben's eyes.

SYLVESTER.

THE CHALDEE MANUSCRIPT.

To the Editor of the Lapsus Linguae.

SIR,—I read your paper of Friday last, and was extremely shocked at its contents. Above all its inferior faults—such as vapid inanity of sentiment, useless and unmeaning phraseology, laboured, stupid, and unavailing attempts at wit—its impiety was pre-eminent. I have no doubt that you will smile, sir, at such an accusation. I have no doubt that you will attempt to gloss over the faults of the article to which I have just referred, by calling it merely a good humoured and playful imitation of the language of scripture. I, sir, cannot discover this good humour. I can conceive nothing more calculated to make the infidel rejoice, and the Christian shudder, than to see that some who bear that sacred name are not ashamed to use what they consider a message from heaven as a theme for low ribaldry and profane amuse-

ment. This, I doubt not, is called enthusiasm; and on this subject I am proud to say that I *am* an enthusiast. I cannot bear, sir, to see serious and solemn truths treated in a way so derogatory to their dignity and importance,—in a way in which he who disbelieves and scorns them is alone expected to treat them,—truths, sir, which, not to speak of their intrinsic merit, have come down to us stamped with the impress of Divinity.

If you are not *afraid* to insert the above remarks, by giving them a place in your paper you will oblige

A CORRESPONDENT.

If there are any seats to let in our "Correspondent's" church, we entreat him to keep one of them for us. If he preaches as well as he writes, we will hear him twice or thrice every Sunday. We hope he will continue to favour us with communications. Ed.

DR. AITKIN AND MR. LISTON.

To the Editor of the Lapsus Linguæ.

DEAR LAPSUS,—I marvel much that you have never yet directed the attention of your readers to the Classes of any of the private Lecturers. To many young men, and especially to those who do not intend to take a degree, notices of this kind would prove highly interesting and beneficial. Under this conviction, I take the liberty of sending you the following very cursory remarks on the Classes of Dr. Aitkin and Mr. Liston, whose lectures I have myself attended.

With Dr. Aitkin the Student will enjoy every opportunity he could desire of acquiring a knowledge of the Anatomy of the human body. The Doctor lectures in a manner remarkably clear and distinct; and from the comparative smallness of the Class-room, every part of the subject is distinctly seen. He illustrates his course by many valuable preparations, both of the human body and of the lower animals. His Students are besides entitled to attend in the evening gratis the Class of his brother Mr. T. Aitkin, of whose demonstrations I perceive you have already spoken favourably.

Those who attend the Surgical lectures of Mr. Liston will enjoy the inestimable advantage of seeing almost every operation performed upon the *living* body. The number of poor patients whom this gentleman's fame as a surgeon daily attracts to him, is truly immense. In the course of the last twelve months, Mr. Liston gave gratis advice to upwards of 3000 patients, on 155 of whom he performed operations more or less important. His Museum, to which his Students have access, contains some highly valuable preparations.

Unluckily, my time prevents me from saying more upon this subject at present. Allow me, therefore, to subscribe myself yours abruptly,

SUBSECIVUS.

A LAPSUS PEDIS.

To the Editor of the Lapsus Linguae.

Very little time, Mr. Editor, or rather no time at all, is allowed to the Law Student for emigrating from Mr. Napier's Class-room in the Parliament Square, to Professor Bell's in the College. Now it so happened the other day, that the Professor was to deliver a lecture on "Marriage," and so, of course,

"There was racing and chasing on Canoby lea,
Forsters and Fenwicks they rode and they ran."

But it grieves me to be obliged to state, that one of my unfortunate fellow-students, in attempting to clear with a single bound the steps at the College gate, fell prostrate on the earth, like the mighty Ajax when his foot slipped in the blood of the victim he had been sacrificing. "O! what a fall was there, my countrymen," cried a wag as he passed by.—"Ah! thou *exvanitate* clever man," said another, "marriage has undone thee!"—"By no means," interrupted a third, "it is the *faux pas* he has committed as a bachelor which is the cause of his disgrace."—"It was merely a Lapsus Pedis," groaned the unfortunate youth.—"It would have been better for thee," said I, "had it been only a Lapsus Linguae."

V. V.

To the Editor of the Lapsus Linguae.

DEAR SIR,—I was in your Publisher's the other evening, when an Hibernian, standing six feet four or thereabouts, made his *entrée*, and placing his paw familiarly on the shoulder of the *garçon* who stood behind the counter, "You little broth of a boy," said he, "make a good hand of your legs and give me the Lapsus Linguae." The boy gave him that day's Number—"Och botheration!" cried he, after glancing at it; "this is not it at all at all. Now did'nt you know, jewel, that I wanted the Number that's published to-morrow, honey?" Yours,
JEREMIAH FROTHY.

CORRESPONDENTS.

The remarks on Mr. Napier's Class-room are in reserve. "W's." prose is hardly witty enough, and his poetry hardly poetical enough. We had not received his "Trysting Tree" before. "Cogitator" and "Reuben Sylvester" on the "Bell Rock Light House," and on "Home," are inadmissible. The plagiarist who sent us the "Description of London" did well to put no initials to his letter. "A Friend to the Lapsus," "Calumniate Inimicus," "P.," "Philemon," "A Law Student," "A.," "Blunderbuss," and the "Lines to my suld shoon," have just been received, and are all under consideration.

9

THE
LAPSUS LINGUÆ;

OR,

The College Tatler.

No. XXXVIII. FRIDAY, APRIL 2, 1824. Price 1d.

“ Farewell ! a word that must be, and has been.”

OUR labours among you, fellow-students, are now at an end, and we are at length reluctantly compelled to take leave of you. We feel it, however, to be a duty we owe ourselves as well as you, to request your acceptance of our sincerest acknowledgments for the truly cordial and friendly interest you have all along manifested in our success. To the support which we have received from you must be entirely attributed any beneficial results which may have sprung from our exertions. For ourselves, we can say with truth, that we have been animated with nothing but the most earnest desire to establish your privileges, to preserve unviolated your rights, and to enhance as much as possible the usefulness and the importance of an Academical course. To secure these ends, we have not hesitated to expose the impropriety of measures which had formerly been allowed to pass unquestioned, and we have brought upon ourselves, we are afraid, the dislike of some, for whom, individually, we entertain the highest respect, but who, in common with other mortals, we believe liable to occasional errors. But conscious that we were animated by no improper motive, and receiving, as we have done throughout, the most unequivocal demonstrations of regard and encouragement from you our brother Academicians, we have proceeded fearlessly, and acquitted ourselves in a manner with which we are proud to see you are not dissatisfied. Once more let us thank you for your indulgence, and, wishing you all the happiness you may desire in every situation of life, with that kindred sentiment of affection which ought always to be entertained by fellow-students, we bid you heartily farewell.

“ Most potent, grave, and reverend seniors,” we have to part with *you* also, and we hope you will not refuse to shake hands

with us ere we go. We do assure you, whatever jokes we may have ventured to make, and whatever remarks we may have thrown out upon the wisdom of some of your proceedings, that there are no Students at present receiving the benefit of your instructions who are more thoroughly convinced of your talents and virtues, or who in after times will look back with more satisfaction on the intelligent and enlightened teachers under whom they spent the best years of their youth. If we have in any one instance spoken of you uncandidly, we entreat your forgiveness, and beg that you will not judge of us too severely from the occasional inadvertencies into which the conductors of periodical papers are but too apt to fall. Few Universities indeed can boast of a Leslie, a Brown, a Hope, a Pillans, a Jamieson, and a Thomson. It is impossible that we can ever forget the respect and admiration due to such names.

Our Contributors and Correspondents will allow us to conclude with a few words to them. They have been our steady friends during the whole of the Session, and have sent us not only many excellent articles, but have furnished us with a vast variety of useful hints. There are some, however, who deserve to be more particularly mentioned, and though personally known to only one or two of them, yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of taking this opportunity to present our best thanks to "Joseph Hume jun.," alias "P.," "Philemon" (or, if he pleases, "T. T."), "M. S. C.," "Tenax," "J. B.," "A.," and to the gentleman, whoever he is, who sent us the inimitable song of "The Chemist in Love." There are others whom we should be glad to mention, did our limits permit, but we must confine ourselves (however unwillingly) to general acknowledgments, and with these acknowledgments we bid them for the present adieu.

Many inquiries have been made with regard to our re-appearance next winter. We can only reply, that this depends upon circumstances over which we have no controul. It is possible that we may never spend another winter at this University; but if we do, we can assure our friends that we shall be heard of again. Our career this Session has been too successful to admit of our hesitating a single moment about renewing our exertions, provided other and more pressing duties do not claim our attention. However this may be, we shall never forget our Alma Mater, and all the little

anxieties and pleasures in which the literary occupations in which we engaged under her auspices occasioned us; and we hope, too, there are some who will long be disposed to look back with no sentiment of displeasure on what they may be pleased to consider the philosophy or the learning, the pathos or the humour, of the *Lapsus Linguae*.

Sonnet.

Scenes of my childhood! I return once more
 To your secluded beauties, for again
 The breath of April moves along the plain,
 And spring calls forth anew her flowery store.

O! let me wander, as in days of yore,
 Pensive and lonely, by the wimpling stream,
 Whilst o'er my fancy steals the pleasing dream,
 And visions rise unsought, unknown before.

Ye green retreats! the wise, the great, the good,
 Have sought among your shades the tranquil rest
 Found in the quiet of gentle solitude,
 Where, save the bird who builds her simple nest,
 And carols gaily o'er her timorous brood,
 Upon the listening ear no other sounds intrude.

A FRAGMENT,

In the manner of Sterne.

My uncle Toby sat by the side of his bed. "I think you are better to-day, Mr. Tatler," said he in a tone of cheerfulness. The dying man shook his head, and heaved a deep sigh. The motion and the sound were both equally convincing, and they smote upon my uncle Toby's heart; but he chose to continue the argument. "I am no doctor, Mr. Tatler," said he, "but I would wager the "*Chaldee Manuscript*" against a sixpence, that you will yet return to the arms of your Alma Mater and her two thousand children." A faint smile came upon poor Tatler's face. He spoke in a low feeble voice. "I shall never leave *Infirmiry Street* again," said he. "My last moments are at hand. The last words I shall ever speak are at this moment escaping my lips."

There was not a dry eye in the room. Dr. Nimmo sobbed aloud. Hecate was inconsolable. Joseph Hume pulled out his pocket handkerchief and wept aloud. Bob Short fell on his knees and prayed. Professor Dunbar

clasped his hands together, and exclaimed in agony—“Amen!” Messrs Bain and Small were speechless for three minutes, and then they offered to kindle a fire in the library, if Mr. Tatler would like to see it once more before he expired. In the distress of his spirit friend Doul shook like an aspen leaf, and the tears rolled over his cheeks like cranberries. Professor M’Claughlan went into hysterics: and thirty Divinity Students fell on the floor in fits.

“He is not yet dead,” said my uncle Toby, wiping the moisture from his eyes. “He is! he is!” screamed the disconsolate Hecate. “Woman!” said my uncle Toby, “I tell you he is not dead!” “Alas! alas!” groaned Dr. Nimmo, “he is as dead as a red herring!” “Man!” cried my uncle Toby, “I say that he is not dead!” “Oh! Tatler, Tatler!” sighed the tender-hearted Mr. Small, “thou art at last defunct!” “Babbler!” roared my uncle Toby, “I swear to you he is not dead, by ——!”

The printer’s devil who carried the oath to press blushed as he gave it in, and the compositor who set the types inserted a dash instead of the words, and left them blank for ever!

“Yes, Tatler! thou art indeed dead,” said my uncle Toby; “and I have committed a *Lapsus Linguae*.”

CORRESPONDENTS.

“Anthony Froth,” “Skullcap,” “Tristis,” and “Juliet Forlorn,” arrived at our Publisher’s when Mr. Tatler was speechless.

Any of our readers who have spare copies of Nos. 1, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 23, will receive double price for them from our Publisher, from whom, with the above exceptions, copies of the work may be had.

A Title-Page and Index are published this day.

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