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A NIGHT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

I had spent the entire day in the Abbey. The evening twilight was fast thickening as I stood in the magnificent chapel of Henry the Seventh, before the monument of the Lady Margaret Douglas. I had often admired the chaste beauty of the sculptured effigy and its exquisite drapery, and had often gazed upon it, until in the silence of the dimly lighted nave, it seemed no longer a marble image, but a living form wrapped in tranquil slumber; and my fancy saw the chest heave, and the white robe stirred, with the gentle respiration of sleep. But on this occasion, I had been reading the inscription which records the illustrious lineage of the beautiful and unfortunate lady, and my memory dwelt upon the varied scenes of her sad and eventful history. I must have been standing there at least an hour, for when I entered the chapel, the rays of the declining sun filled the gorgeous windows of the nave with a blaze of glory. The echoing footsteps and subdued tones of the last loitering

visitors had ceased, and I was alone with the illustrious dead. So absorbing was my reverie, that I had not perceived the approach of darkness, when I was startled by the clang of the brazen gates. The next instant I heard the clash of the ponderous bolts, as the sexton turned the keys, and involuntarily I sprang toward the entrance, but at once checked myself, as I reflected how futile would be the attempt to make myself heard through those heavy gates. The first thought, as I realized my situation, was startling enough. *I must pass the night in the city of the dead!*

Now, I believe that I possess as much physical, and perhaps more moral courage than the average of men. I am, perhaps, still less subject to that nervous, superstitious timidity which is so common. I am skeptical to the last degree, as to the possibility that the spirits of the dead can appear in visible form.

At the same time, I was fully aware of the power which imagination has over reason, in even the strongest minds. I knew that this ascendancy might become so extreme, as to drive the bewildered mind even to idiocy.

I was familiar with numerous facts which exemplify this truth. I had heard officers in the army narrate instances in point. On frequent occasions during the Peninsular War, when the army bivouacked upon the battle field, pickets have been known to desert their posts during the night, their superstitious terror having gained a complete mastery. The very men who would volunteer with delight to lead the forlorn hope, or would charge a battery of field pieces with fearless gallantry, were unable to endure the awful presence of the dead, in the silent watches of the night. I had known more than one instance, too, where a man had been shut up within the vault of a cemetery, either by accident, or in jest; and, after but a few hours of awful imprisonment, had come forth, a gibbering maniac. I had even felt the horrible influence myself, in some degree. Often, when watching in the chamber of death, in the dreary hours of the early morning, when the brain is active and feverish with unnatural exertion, have I fancied I could see the dark lashes quiver upon the waxen lids, and the shrouded chest heave with a noise

less respiration. And, as I had felt that subtle influence stealing upon me—as I felt reason yielding before the power of stimulated imagination—I could appreciate the fearful peril of a situation such as that in which I now found myself.

Although I fully realized this, at the moment I felt perfectly calm and collected. I knew that escape was utterly impossible, until the gates should be unlocked next morning. I determined, therefore, to use every possible means and precaution to maintain my self-possession. I determined to withdraw my thoughts as much as possible from my situation, and to fix them upon the most real and practical subjects. Moreover, I fortified my mind with the settled conviction, that those frequent, well-authenticated cases of ghostly apparition with which almost every one is familiar, are but the fictions of a morbidly excited brain. Hence, I reasoned, even if I should witness some startling occurrences, I need feel no fear.

Before the short twilight had vanished, however, I found my mind dwelling upon occurrences such as I have narrated above, and my imagination conjuring up all manner of fearful adventures for the coming night, in spite of my efforts to the contrary. As the darkness thickened, my brain grew more excited, and I began to realize precisely what I had feared. My imagination was getting the better of my reason! I knew that everything depended upon resisting this influence, and I redoubled my efforts to concentrate my thoughts upon the most active, practical occurrences of my past life. "Oh! if I had but a book and a light," I thought, as I paced to and fro amid the sombre silence.

The last trace of twilight vanished from the western windows, as the great clock slowly tolled NINE. Ten hours more of imprisonment and horror remained! But, at that moment, I little anticipated what must befall me ere the ten hours should elapse.

It was now so dark that I could distinguish nothing but the tracery of the heavy windows, and the faint spectral gloom of the marble monuments and statues. My nervous excitement increased, and I paced the long aisles with a more

hurried step; but, as yet, I felt no fear. Suddenly, I thought I heard a footstep following my own—a soft, dull sound, like the fall of a naked foot. I stopped, and the footfalls ceased. I stood listening a moment, and then walked on. I had taken but five or six steps, when I heard the footsteps again, more distinctly than before, in regular succession, and close behind me. “Pshaw!” I tried to think, “it is my excited imagination.” I turned at the end of the aisle, and retraced my steps, and again I heard the footsteps, but this time *preceding me!* “This cannot be imagination,” I thought, and an involuntary shudder passed over me. I felt a strong impulse to follow the footsteps, however, and did so. They led me the entire length of the nave, around to the south aisle, and toward the low vaulted door which opens into the chapel from the south-east staircase tower. The steps seemed to go directly up the staircase, lingering as though waiting for me to follow. I knew that the door was shut and locked in the earlier part of the evening, for I had tried it before dark. I was astonished, therefore, as I felt around the doorway, to find it wide open! I dared not ascend the stairs, although I felt a strong and most unaccountable impulse to follow the mysterious footsteps; for I knew of no communication between there and the outside, and besides, what if I might fall into some open trap-door, or from some crumbling landing-place. It might even be a device to lure me onward to destruction. I stood at the doorway, therefore, until I heard the footsteps reach the landing-place; when the door suddenly closed with a startling crash, which rolled and echoed among the arches and along the fretted roof; and as its last reverberation died away, the Abbey clock slowly tolled TEN.

As I turned to flee from the spot, a hand was laid gently but firmly upon my shoulder. I turned sharply around. The hand was instantly removed, and a soft rush as of woman’s drapery passed by me, and floated slowly up the aisle. I stood still until the sound had ceased, and then mechanically followed. As I passed the monument of Margaret Douglas, I heard a deep moan and a convulsive sob. I turned with a start toward the monument, and my blood curdled in

my veins as I beheld it enveloped in a faint light, sufficient to enable me to distinguish every object, and I saw the veiled effigy slowly arise from its recumbent posture, and gently descend to the floor. She stood a moment in an attitude of supplication, her hands clasped convulsively, and her face lifted heavenward, and from her eyes streamed tears, as she paused to sigh and moan over the tombs of her husband and children, which lie around her own. She then became more calm, and moved directly towards me. I shrank to the side of the aisle, and she passed me as though unconscious of my presence. I almost forgot my terror, as I gazed upon the lovely apparition. A white veil enveloped her entire figure, and her exquisite features, though wan and pale, as though with sorrow and suffering, wore an expression of touching sweetness. The apparition passed slowly up the aisle, directly to the doorway of St. Andrew's Chapel, and vanished. I turned toward the monument, and saw that the luminous halo which had enveloped it, had disappeared. I groped my way towards it, that I might ascertain whether the marble bier were indeed empty. I reached it, and was in the act of stretching forth my hand to touch the spot, when I received a blow from a mailed hand, which caused me to stagger backward against a pillar. I heard a clashing sound, as of a sword thrust hurriedly into its scabbard, doors opened and shut suddenly in the distance, peals of hysteric female laughter echoed and quavered along the deep recesses of the vaulted roof, and again all was silent.

For some time I stood there, rooted to the spot with horror. At length I grew more calm. I tried to recall the reasoning by which I had persuaded myself that phenomena like these were but the creations of a disordered brain, with but poor success. I had been perfectly calm, I reflected, and my mind was occupied with other thoughts, when I first heard the footsteps. The pressure of the hand upon my shoulder had been distinct and firm, and at least I could scarcely have been deceived as to the staircase door. The apparition of the veiled lady might indeed be a mere optical illusion, but the blow I had received had nearly felled me to the earth, and my shoulder was even now quite painful. As

these reflections passed through my mind, I felt my self-command again leaving me, and I retreated hurriedly from the tomb.

As I paced the long middle aisle, I gradually regained my composure. Soon, however, I began to experience a most singular consciousness. I felt an indefinable influence stealing over me. I resisted it, thinking it perhaps the reaction from the violent excitement I had just undergone, and continued to pace the aisle. I began to hope the terrors of the night were ended, and tried again to bring back my thoughts to real and practical subjects. But the singular impression still continued, and still I resolutely resisted it. At first it had been like the ordinary impulse to the performance of some act, which is so familiar, and of which it is often difficult to detect the cause. I began to realize, however, that the influence which I now felt, was of a different character. I felt that some unseen power was striving with my will—some being quite distinct from my own mind. Some malignant power, I felt assured, was striving to gain the mastery over my faculties. I knew that my only hope, if this were indeed the case, depended upon successful resistance, and as the mysterious influence increased in energy, I became almost paralyzed with horror. I nerved myself for the struggle. I concentrated the whole energy of my being in stubborn, desperate resistance. How long the contest continued, I knew not. I was conscious of nothing save a long-continued, exhausting effort of resistance. I tried to speak, to shout, but my jaws were fixed, and my tongue was dry and shrivelled. I endeavored to move, to run, but my limbs were as inflexible as those of the statues around me. Every faculty was absorbed in the concentrated energy of unyielding will.

At length, the great bell began to toll TWELVE, and as the last stroke ceased, a dim, unearthly light filled the Chapel, revealing faintly the outlines of tombs, and statues, and fantastic carving. A moment afterward, the iron doors of St. Andrew's Chapel flew open, and a stately pageant emerged from its portals. At the same instant, every statue and effigy started into life. Mailed knights bent forward from their

pedestals, recumbent figures stood upright, the tombs opened, and shadowy forms came forth, robed in the garb of death, and all gazed with fixed and glassy eyeballs upon the ghostly procession, as with noiseless tread it passed down the broad aisle toward the choir. Two and two came the unearthly company, the foremost figure on the right with mitred head and arrayed in archepiscopal robes. His companion wore the insignia of royalty. Following came a long array of richly attired lords and dames, of steel-clad knights and men-at-arms, in the rude but stately pomp of the feudal ages. As the procession approached the choir, strains of exquisite sweetness filled the building; at first scarcely perceptible, but gradually rising and swelling into a magnificent and solemn dirge. As the last figure entered the choir, the dirge changed to an overpowering crash of jubilant harmony, while the whole building vibrated with its heavy tones. Again the unearthly music changed to a key of melancholy sweetness, as the shadowy company kneeled within the choir. Fainter and fainter grew its cadences, and at length, as the bell tolled ONE, the light disappeared with startling suddenness, the ghostly vision vanished, and again all was silent.

Soon the moon rose, and gradually filled the Chapel with its pale beams. I hailed its coming brightness with a feeling of inexpressible relief, for although I feared its light might reveal new horrors, this alternative was better than the appalling darkness, with the spectacle I had just witnessed burning in my brain.

Gradually the various objects in the Chapel came distinctly into view. The ghostly spectators were no longer visible, and the statues had resumed their wonted postures. Suddenly, I thought of the effigy of Margaret Douglas. I approached it fearfully, but could observe nothing unusual. The veiled effigy lay upon its marble bier as before, and the folds of its drapery were undisturbed. The moonlight streamed through one of the windows full upon the inscription, and as I read the date of the Lady's death, I observed, (which had escaped me before,) that this very night was its anniversary!

The Chapel was now fully illuminated. Every object wore

its natural aspect, I felt no return of the mysterious influence, (which had left me at the stroke of twelve,) and I felt assured that the terrors of the night were passed. I paced the aisles wearily through the remaining hours of the morning watch, and at length the sexton's key reversed the heavy bolts, and I was released from my dreadful prison. The old man started backward as he perceived me, with an expression of most ludicrous horror. "Why! don't you know me?" said I. The well known tones of my voice reassured him, and he led me, without speaking, to a mirror. I glanced at it, and in my turn started back. My face was bloodless as that of a corpse, and my hair and beard were blanched and grizzled! The sexton asked me what I had seen in the Chapel, and I briefly narrated the events of the night, alluding to the coincidence I had noticed in the date on Lady Douglas' monument. "There is something very singular about that tomb," said the old man. "Strange things have happened there before. You know Lady Douglas' son, Lord Darnley, who lies near her, was murdered, and her first husband, Howard, died very mysteriously in prison. The truth is, that Chapel is haunted, but it would never do to have it generally known." He paused, and seemed lost in revery. At length he said, "I can't tell you about it now, but come to me some day, and I will tell what I saw just nineteen years ago this very night." I promised to do so, and sought my way homeward.

My hair and beard are grown again, but my nerves have never fully recovered from the shock of that night of horror. I heard the old sexton's story, according to agreement, which I may perhaps repeat at some future time.

ON CONVERSATION.

"Did you ever hear me preach," said Coleridge to Lamb. "I never heard you do anything else," was the witty reply. Most of us, probably, would have allowed Coleridge to do all the talking: we would hardly have attempted to interrupt Dr. Johnson, nor have had much to say in the presence of

the late Mr. Macaulay. Likely, however, it has been our misfortune to meet men to whom we were very loth to extend so much courtesy. Men who would always be talking, who would never be frowned down, and could never be talked down, to whom we were obliged to listen until it was agony almost to hear them. The race of these interminable talkers is by no means extinct. Talk to them and they will preach to you. To be button-holed to one of these characters through a conversation is enough to make an ordinary man delirious. Give them a fair start and it seems as though they would never stop. They never pay any attention to the dreary looks and nervous movements of their hearers. They may be very exemplary in other relations of life, but they are most unmerciful here. Introduce a subject and they will go clear back to Adam, and trace the matter down; they will tell you what a Pagan emperor said, and what a Christian bishop thought, and all that the emperor and the bishop omitted to say the autocrat before you will be very certain to supply. The conversation of such men would be very instructive if one had only patience enough to listen. They know a great deal, but are under an impression that they must always tell all they know. They don't know what not to say. But there are other perpetual talkers who are by no means so tolerable. They have nothing to say and are all the time saying it. Some of them will talk to you about the transcendent virtues of their deceased ancestors, until you heartily wish that they lay along side of their ancestors in the family burying ground. They talk about the intense affection which they have for their absent relatives, until you wish that their absent relatives would come and take them away. Others again exhibit on all public occasions a highly cultivated literary taste. They have an intense admiration for a few poets and one or two prose writers. They subscribe for the English reviews, and read all the novels. These things are well enough if these people wouldn't insist on parading their little knowledge before the public on all occasions, if they didn't talk while better people must be silent, or if they would say something besides the most wearisome platitudes. The conversation of a solid old person is far preferable to theirs.

Some talkers are metaphysically inclined; they have an intense understanding of Emerson, and an unbounded veneration for Carlyle, they have read Theodore Parker's sermons, and consider him the greatest of living preachers; and they long to visit the land of Kant, Hegel and Fichte. The best way with such persons is to let them talk. We have the highest opinion of your intellectual ability, learned reader, but we do not think that you could understand them, for we do not think they understand themselves. Any attempt to reason with them would lead to a discussion in which you would certainly be worsted, in the opinion of your antagonist. You will find their conclusions quite monstrous enough to be rejected without discussion.

Some men are recognized as autocrats of conversation wherever they go. How they have obtained their office it is difficult to say; in many cases they have usurped it—their only qualification being great fluidity of words. But they are recognized as chief talkers. If you are invited to meet such an one and cannot make up your mind to listen, you had better stay away; if you are nervous at all you had better send an excuse. If you go under an impression that you will be allowed to say anything, you will discover that you are deluded. The great man will be glad to meet you, but in the capacity of a listener. If you are a quiet man, and never have much to say and have nothing important at the time to do, and especially if your friend gives good dinners, it might be well to go. But divest yourself of the idea that you are to do the talking; you might as well expect the Autocrat of all the Russias to abdicate in your favor. But above all things, never attempt to interrupt one of these great talkers. It will not do any good. If you have any doubt, try it the next time you have an opportunity. The great man pauses for breath—begin now. You progress very well for a moment; you flatter yourself that you have made a diversion, and successfully disputed the tyrant's power. How great is your mistake. You pause for an instant to enjoy your triumph. Your adversary begins; it is evident from the very first sentence he utters that he has not heard a word of what you have said; he goes on from

the point where you interrupted him exactly as if nothing had happened. You begin to feel very uncomfortable. If you have courage to hold up your head you will find the ladies regarding you with commiseration, and the rest of the company evidently enjoying your discomfiture. Politeness forbids to renew the attempt. You had better never make another of the kind.

It is a desperate case when one of these great talkers corners you, alone. Perhaps your good nature has brought you into trouble. You see a man standing aside from a large company, deserted by everybody. You approach him compassionately, pitying his condition. Did you observe the twinkle of his grey eye as you approached? it is the Great Talker; he has a victim. He has been avoided as a leper; he intends to have his revenge on you; you are unfortunate. It is a social gathering, perhaps; there are dozens of people present to whom you wish to talk; nobody comes to your relief. You must listen as long as you can, until the agony of impatience takes strong hold of you. Then you may devise ways and means of relief. Nothing discomposes a great talker so much as inattention. He likes to talk, but must have attention. As a last resort you might whistle; this in a majority of cases would prove effectual; but it may be that you don't like to offend the man. We saw an inveterate talker most completely disconcerted by the abrupt inquiry, "what's the price of potatoes?" This was a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous for which he was not prepared. Another suggestion would be to engage your tormentor's attention upon some object in the distance, and then suddenly to disappear. Mr. B., a confirmed talker, once complained that if he turned away his head for an instant from the person with whom he was conversing, the last he would see of the man would be his coat tails vanishing in the distance. There are a thousand expedients which you might devise, my unfortunate friend, but if you have neither the wits to devise nor the courage to execute, and if you must go, your only way will be, to cut and run.

There are some persons who can never talk without disputing. They dislike to agree with any one. They are

perfect porcupines in conversation ; they are always showing their teeth, snapping and growling at every thing which is said. They are always on the look out for a loophole into which to fire an arrow. The idea never enters their mind that perhaps they are in the wrong ; they give others credit for knowing very little. Every remark which is made, and every opinion advanced, they consider as a gauntlet thrown down to them which they must needs take up. The subject may be one to which you have devoted much thought and attention ; but you must hear your conclusions flatly contradicted by those who have given it hardly a moment's consideration. The best policy under these circumstances is silence. It will do no good to talk back. You may vanquish your adversary, but he will be unconscious of his defeat. He will invariably have the last word. Your supply of sense will be exhausted long before he shall have made the slightest impression on his own supply of nonsense. If you can avoid these wearisome disputes in no other way, take upon you the Pythagorean's vow, and talk no more.

Social conversation should be relieved, as far as possible, from discussion, and always from discussions of a violent character. There is always a certain courtesy to be observed on such occasions. Disputed matters ought not to be introduced ; and if they are introduced, it is always possible politely to intimate to a man that you do not adopt his opinions ; it is not necessary to make a dead set at him and clear the ring for a regular fight. A truce to that conflict of opinion which is raging about us on almost every subject should be proclaimed upon occasions of social intercourse, and weapons of controversy then be laid aside. On such occasions men should meet as the two hostile armies met under the walls of Branksome tower, upon suspension of hostilities.

“ They met on Teviot's strand ;
They met, and sat them mingled down,
Without a threat, without a frown,
As brothers meet in foreign land :
The hands, the spear that lately grasped,
Still in mailed gauntlet clasped,
Were interchanged in greeting dear ;
Visors were raised, and faces shown,
And many a friend to friend made known,
Partook of social cheer.”

It is very pleasant and very proper, as you meet a friend upon the street, to ask after his health and inquire for his wife and family. Such an inquiry is much preferable to the indistinct utterance with which a great many modern Pagans meet their acquaintances; it is a grunt or a growl, an expression of sympathy or detestation; it means anything. We doubt whether it would be tolerated on the side walks of Kamtschatka, or on the thoroughfares of Van Dieman's land; yet it is daily heard on civilized pavements. Side walk civilities by many are too much neglected. Some go to the other extreme. In reply to your question, they give you a history of their domestic ailments, from the baby up to the first born. Now your inquiry was not hypocritically made; you do really take an interest in your friend and his family, and would be glad to hear in general terms of their welfare. But the case looks a little alarming when your friend insists on telling you all about Jane who has the measles, and about John who has the croup, and about the baby who seems to be afflicted with an indefinite number of disorders, and about the unfortunate state of his own physical system. This is more than you bargained for. However, there are few men good natured enough to give so much information simply for the asking, and it is best to receive it in a good natured way.

It is very difficult to talk to a person to whom one has been newly introduced, without any knowledge of his or her antecedents. You have gone boldly through the introduction; there you have the advantage of a precomposed form; you have made the proper responses and the appropriate bows; but now you must extemporize. You feel that something must be said at once. The longer the silence the more awful it becomes. You may make the mistake of the man who talked of execution to one whose father had been hanged. Your new acquaintance has been introduced as Doctor so and so, and you talk learnedly of diseases and bills of mortality, of the prevalent fever, and prospects of cholera,—until a glance at his white cravat, which you had not noticed before, reveals to you the fact that the individual before you is a Doctor of Divinity, not of diseases. Or perhaps he is

introduced as a clergyman, and you turn the conversation upon the succession and the three orders in the ministry, eulogizing the early Church and exalting the authority of the early fathers. Speaking about sects and denominations and meeting hours, and deploring the prevalence of dissent, until you discover that your Reverend auditor is a Presbyterian minister from some neighboring town. Always know to whom you are talking before you begin to converse, if it is possible ; if not, confine yourself to the most general remarks until you make the discovery.

THE OCTOROON.*

It is one of those "melancholy facts" we hear so much about, that the majority of reviews at the present day are any thing but fair abstracts of the work—or, what is still more important, fair representations of the sentiments of the author they discuss.

It was this reflection, as I turned the last leaf and closed the covers of the "Octoroon" last evening, that suggested to me the queer notion of writing a review of the book ; for, thought I, inexperienced as I am, and incapable of doing the work and its author justice, I can at least present my own opinions under the guise of criticism, at the same time benefitting myself in a manner our Professor of Belles Lettres used so strongly to recommend, and also the Editors of the Collegian ; and with thus much, by way of preface, allow me to review "Adela, the Octoroon."

Mr. Hosmer, a lawyer by profession, formerly an editor, and more recently appearing as a lecturer and follower of general literary pursuits, is a warm supporter of the system of African colonization, and his recently published work is evidently written with the intention at once to bring forward and defend his views. The subject we can not find fault with, and it

* "Adela, the Octoroon, by H. L. Hosmer. Columbus, O.: Pollett, Foster & Co."

must be conceded that he has accomplished it in a felicitous and forcible manner.

Unlike most novelists, the author of "Adela" at the outset introduces us to the heroine. The book opens with the scene at the death-bed of Thomas Rowland, a wealthy planter of Mississippi. He dies, and his daughter, a beautiful young girl of eighteen, is left sole heiress of the estate. By the will of Rowland freedom is given to four faithful slaves, Tom and Nan, Zeb and Harry. The "plot" of the story then commences, having a two-fold object; first, to follow the fortunes of "Adela,"—her condition as heiress of her father's vast estate; her love for, and subsequent engagement to, "a poor, but deserving young man;" the revelations as to her parentage; the discovery that she is an Octoroon and slave; her consequent misery and trials; her release therefrom; her marriage, happiness, etc.;—altogether forming a rather "plotty," telling, though not uncommon story, going to show the evils of slavery; and, second, to follow the fortunes of the liberated negroes—two of them settling in the free States, whose condition is depicted as more miserable than while they were in slavery, one going to Canada, where he finds he has been lured by a mirage which, on near approach, "melts into thin air;" and the fourth, accompanied by his wife, a runaway slave, register their names with the Colonization Society and set sail for Liberia, which is pictured in glowing colors, and where, in a colony composed entirely of blacks, they enjoy true freedom. The consequence of this double plot is a continual shifting of scenes, much more frequent than in any novel we ever remember to have read, which is excessively annoying to the reader, although perhaps it could not be called a *fault*, as it would seem to be inseparable from the plan.

The Hon. George Tidbald is a member of Congress, a large slaveholder, his estate adjoining that of Rowland's—of course, a warm defender of Southern rights and institutions, intended, doubtless, as a type of the Southern fire-eater. Frank Thomson, nephew of Tidbald, student in his uncle's law office, handsome, noble, generous, etc., young man, neglects the study of suits legitimate in his course and sues for

the hand and heart of Miss Adela; is accepted; uncle favors match.

Frank, however, has a rival in the person of Harry Westover, whose estate is also adjacent to that of Rowland's. This man is supremely selfish—bent on the addition of Rowland's estate to his own by means of marriage with "Adela," to whom he is exceedingly disagreeable, and who has rejected him on several occasions. Maddened by his ill success, there becomes mingled with his desire to obtain the estate a thirst for revenge on the person who has so often foiled him, and her successful lover. He accordingly instigates a friend by the name of Ewbank, who holds a claim against the estate contracted through Rowland's endorsement on a certain note unpaid and past due, to institute suit for its recovery. For the purpose of conducting the suit they procure a man, Garnet by name, an unprincipled lawyer, who enters upon the task willingly and with an alacrity sharpened by the prospect of heavy fees. Haynes, a slave-dealer, and a grossly brutal man, who, and who only, knows of the parentage of "Adela," and other circumstances throwing light on the trial, is bribed by Garnet as a witness. The trial comes on, and by the evidence of Haynes it is proven that Adela is the daughter of a quadroon slave, which he (Haynes) sold to Rowland, and that, consequently, she is herself an Octoroon and slave. Judgment is rendered against the estate, and the whole of it is sold under the hammer to satisfy the execution. Harry Westover, to satiate his revenge, purchases Adela, and also Captain Jake, an attached and a faithful servant of Rowland's, against whom he had many grudges. Captain Jake is a character seemingly overdrawn. The author, aware of his importance in the successful carrying out of the plot, has given him attributes and portrayed him in colors which would hardly have been conceded to that negro saint Uncle Tom. He is a *noble* character, but far too sagacious. Through his instrumentality a mutiny is produced among Westover's slaves—Westover himself murdered, and Adela escapes. She reaches New Orleans. Frank hears from her by letter, and against the command of his uncle, (who, on learning Adela's true rank, in accordance with his policy, had cut off

all further intercourse with her,) follows her—they meet—they marry—are happy, etc.

One of the most important characters is the man Wheeler, a Yankee from Vermont, and probably intended to represent a secret agent of the Colonization Society. Through his agency the four liberated slaves are provided for; through his agency the slave Eunice, (who subsequently married Zeb and went to Liberia,) obtains her freedom, and through his agency is effected the escape of Adela. He seems to be the life of the story, and without him it would be “stale, flat, and unprofitable.”

There are, in addition to these, innumerable minor characters. In fact, a fault which must be obvious to every reader, is the multiplicity of characters. The author's brain seems to be as prolific of them as Charles Dickens', not having, however, that eminent novelist's peculiar faculty of putting them to work immediately after birth, grouping them together for the accomplishment of a particular object, and carrying them along with the story till its close. Our author, when in an emergency, produces a character, extricates himself by means of it, and then drops it.

The state of public affairs at the date of the novel is largely dwelt upon. Our public men are handled without mittens, and some of their measures rated with no “honeyed tongue.” The author certainly has a right to his own opinions on the propriety of public measures, and may deem himself privileged to express them as he chooses; still, we cannot but feel shocked at what seems to us sacrilege in the familiar style they are spoken of. Thus he speaks repeatedly of Old Webster, once of Jack Hale, and worse than all, (reminding us of that ubiquitous personage in Hades,) he speaks of the noble Henry Clay as *Old Harry*! Perhaps this may be the style of conversation between such members as Tidbald and Winstead, yet we cannot rid ourselves of the idea that in a novel of the kind, and when used in connection with men whose names are almost canonized, it is, to say the least, highly inappropriate.

It is said the “Octoroon” was ready for publication at the time “Uncle Tom's Cabin” appeared, but that the author

was advised to keep it back until the excitement over Mrs. Stowe's work had subsided. The advice was certainly excellent; because, in the literary storm that ensued on Uncle Tom's appearance, a frail bark like the "Adela" would have been swamped. The "Octoroon" is no *sensation* novel; yet we consider it superior to "Uncle Tom," inasmuch as it gives a feasible plan to remedy the evils of slavery, whereas, Mrs. Stowe, with a masterly hand portrays the evils, but leaves us in doubt as to the remedy.

Colonization is certainly the most expedient plan, and we trust the "Octoroon" may *help* to accomplish the object which we feel assured the author could *best* accomplish by entering the field as a colonization lecturer.

LINES.

Hushed is the voice, and low the lifeless form,
That lost so soon its animated move;
Sadly I come at eve and early dawn,
To drop a tear upon the tomb I love.

Here, 'neath this yew, is laid my Mary's dust;
The dust that held the purer spirit fled;
Come, gentle shade, and hover near, the first
Of all thy mourners round this swardy bed.

Let me again thy tender breathing feel,
And know again that I am one of earth,
Lest my lone heart in grief shall never heal,
Nor in me e'er another joy have birth.

Not borne away on Lethe's hateful tide,
Oblivion ne'er shall rob this boon from me—
Thy memory as a spirit by my side,
To point me upward, onward, sure to thee.

What is't that calls this dread decree of fate,
And plucks our joys when scarcely in their bloom?
Why, King of Terrors, must his prey await,
So early snatched and taken to the tomb?

LOVE OF THE PAST.

—
CLAUDE.
—

The past! What a mysterious charm hangs around that little word! It is a miniature mirror, from which is reflected the feelings, actions, and even the thoughts of other days. The past is the *twilight* of the present. As the dusky shades of evening invest everything around us with a soft and hazy light, so time, the "beautifier of the dead," casts a mellow and hallowed light around the narrations of history. True it is, that many of the well defined features of the present are wanting; but with them too have gone much of the harshness and prejudice incident to close contact with immediate objects. When time has smothered the partisan animosities which once swayed us, we then can yield to cool judgment, and weigh evidence carefully and impartially. He will have a never failing fund of entertainment, who can for a time shut out the tumult of the present, and hold converse, in his own thoughts, with the learning of former ages. Water from the purest fountains will satisfy his thirst.

The gray-headed man loves to recall the scenes of his childhood. The joyous prattle of infancy, when care was unknown, seems like a dream. The old home, where he was born, possesses a thousand charms, which render it almost sacred. His parents, who implanted in his breast a love of virtue and hatred of vice, are enshrined forever in his memory, and he visits their graves to let fall a tear of tender recollection upon the loved, familiar spot. He recalls the old school-house, with its hard, oaken seats, and frowning teachers. The many friends who shared his sports, are written on his memory in characters which time cannot efface. Some of them, perhaps, remain the friends of his old age; some are high in power; some are rich; some poor; others are scattered to every clime to proclaim the gospel tidings; while still others sleep beneath the "clods of the valley," and like them he expects soon to be gathered to his fathers.

It is a merciful arrangement of Providence that, when our friends lie in the cold and silent tomb, the recollection of

their faults is buried with them; every failing is covered with the broad mantle of charity, or if mentioned, breathed only in a whisper, as if the very illusion were as impious as it is unpleasant. Their virtues are extolled, and even, perhaps, exaggerated. Their little acts of kindness are declared to have sprung from a spirit of universal philanthropy. The stately marble column rears its head to tell of their superior deeds and qualities, and offer its tithe of homage at the shrine of departed worth.

It is from the distant past that the poet seizes the material from which to weave the web of imagination. He dwells in continual friendship with the muses of Parnasus, and drinks from pure Pindaric fountains. He lives, breathes, and moves in an atmosphere of antiquity. The mere present tramples his free spirit, until he bursts away to commune in the past with the kindred spirits who have preceded him. The past is the food upon which he feeds and without which the fire of his genius would burn but dimly.

From the musty tomes of history the skillful statesman gains a store of experience, which points out to him the only safe means by which he may encounter, and sail confidently through the storms which assail the ship of State.

From the dim portals of antiquity there shines a light, which sheds its rays in the patriot's path, like as the lighthouse discloses the hidden rock to the practised eye of the mariner. The startling warning rings in his ears, that other nations starting upon the road to usefulness, with hopes as bright as those of his own, have struck upon the breakers, and now their wreck is scattered along the tide of time. By avoiding their errors, he will avoid the rock upon which they split. From the lesson thus taught him, he sees that unlimited monarchy and unlimited democracy are alike prejudicial to the welfare of mankind, and that "*media inter extrema*" is worthy of almost universal application.

To the antiquarian, who loves to wander amid the ruins of national splendor, to dwell on the recollection of their glory, and read the history of their greatness in their crumbling palaces and broken columns, the past is replete

with themes for the imagination. The Pyramids of Egypt remain the monuments of the despotic pride of the Pharaohs, long after the bones of their builders have mixed with their original dust. The Academy, hallowed by associations of Platonic memory, the master-pieces of Phidias, and the imperishable works which remain to attest the genius of Pericles, the wisdom of Socrates, and the polished learning of Sophocles, bring to mind the proudest days of Athenian power. The classic ground of Rome teems with attractions for the tourist, as he walks along those streets once frequented by Cato and Cæsar. Beggars now seek their daily pittance amid scenes rendered famous by the patriotism of Cicero. Miserable priestly despotism usurps the boasted senate house, while the hostler stables his steed in the tomb of the Cæsars.

But the voice of the past speaks to us in tones far above the din of the present. The shackles of modern innovations fall from us, and we see Rome as she was in the hight of her power, long ere she merited those mournful words of Byron—

“The Niobe of nations ! There she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe ;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose sacred dust was scattered long ago ;
The Scipio’s tomb contains no ashes now,
The very sepulchres lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers.”——

Wheresoever upon the continent of Europe we turn our attention, the same love of antiquities clings to us. The many thrilling and romantic tales which invest the old English castles, like the ivy clinging to their walls, have been feelingly related by Mrs. Stowe, in her “Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands.” Our own Irving has rendered the Alhambra, the noblest relic of Moslem power in Spain, a spot of great interest. Under the pen of this skillful historian, the many legends attached to the grim old place are revived. We seem to wander through the sumptuous courts of the Moorish kings, where once all was revelry. The long line of brave knights and gay courtiers pass in rapid review before us. Where now the bat builds his nest in the audience chamber of kings, was once gathered the wit and refinement of Europe; where now the wind whistles mournfully in its deserted halls, once echoed the light tramp of merry feet.

These, with the examination into the ruin of Central America, and the key which science has furnished to unlock the mysterious hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt, are but a few of the many evidences of the love of the past.

But if the history of the past is fraught with interest to the Poet, the Statesman, and the Antiquarian, what must it be to the Christian Philosopher? Long experience has proved to him the frailty of human nature. He has seen it in its power, strive, by its own strength, to throw off the burden of sin; he has heard the boasts of the efficacy of human reason, and he has felt the utter vanity of its vaunts. When he has relied upon his strength to chain the evil passions, and keep himself "unspotted from the world," he has found his proudest boasts prove "worse than nothing and vanity," and his firmest resolutions lighter than vapor, liable to be swayed to and fro by the violence of the first temptation. From the review of the past, with a knowledge of his own infirmity, he casts his eye upward to one who is the pilgrim's friend. When thus firmly anchored upon the "rock of ages," he smiles at the wiles of his cunning enemy; while every assault made upon him drives him nearer and nearer to his Savior. He envies not the man of wealth, for he himself has treasures in heaven. The gay pomp and glory of the world do not attract his eye, for he knows they will leave the possessor at death, and cannot ease his journey across the line which separates time from eternity. Firm in his reliance upon one who is mighty to save, he breathes a prayer of gratitude to God for giving him a faith which will remain unmoved amid

"The wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

THE UNKNOWN.

The unknown! How widely does it assert its empire! How thick the veil it spreads around its strange secret! The human mind has been busy for six thousand years—sea and land have been traversed—the bowels of the earth ransacked—and those far off orbs that float through space have

been unceasingly interrogated, yet how little has been attained! A pebble at our feet, a blossom on the bough, even the dew-drop that trembles almost unnoticed in its tiny cup, suggest questions that baffle the greatest philosophers. And so in the more obscure region of mind. The single volition that raises the arm or moves a finger, involves mysteries which the deepest metaphysics have been invoked in vain to unravel. Here, simple as the action is, are depths which the world's profoundest thinkers—a Plato or Descartes, a Locke or Edwards—could not fathom! So very near us are the circumscribing boundaries of human knowledge! Beyond this is the unknown—the, to us, “unexplored region,”—a vast tract, where no daring voyager or traveler has yet cast an anchor, or run a line, or fixed a stake. Here, at its best, the mind can proceed onward but a few steps. Then its course is impeded. The remoteness, or else the minuteness of things soon remove them beyond its grasp.

Yet, with all its darkness and mystery, this wide unknown that thus environs us on every hand, possesses for a thoughtful mind abundant interest. It is the storehouse whence yet the philosopher is to draw precious things—the hidden mine out of whose depths he shall dig richest ores—another *Colchis* from whose mysterious shores he shall bear away a prize more rich and rare than the fabled fleece of gold! What truths, as yet undreamed by mortal mind, may there lie hid—central truths, in which shall be seen to converge and harmonize a thousand now seeming incongruities, and around which may cluster new and startling ideas, fit to light up with their brilliancy the whole hemisphere of thought, and work untold changes in the present order of things!

But leaving entirely out of the account the future achievements to be won from that source, how much are we indebted to the unknown for even present attainments. It becomes a mighty motive power oftentimes. There linger strange charms along its shadowy confines, which lure the human mind to its sturdiest efforts. Often, in pursuing some of its dimly seen, yet pleasing phantoms, have men stumbled upon splendid discoveries. Like the Peruvian slave, perchance, in pursuing a beast of burden up some hitherto unexplored hillside,

they have laid bare mines better than mines of the precious metals. Such were the influences that impelled the old alchemists in their solitary, we often think, fruitless tasks. With crucible and fire, shut up in their cells, they found, not indeed the gold bearing stone, but they taught the world the important lesson of patient experiment and persistent toil. And what brilliant, though fanciful prospects, led forward the first discoverers and explorers of the new world! And so also, those who in more recent times have done so much to enlarge the area of science and thought. Something, at every step, urges them on—a deep-seated curiosity *to know*. Upon the pillars which genius and learning have, in times past, erected along the borders of human research, they still see inscribed the ever inspiring words, “*plus ultra*.”

And further, let us note how large an element in the sum total of man's happiness is supplied from the unknown. It furnishes the pleasing groundwork whereupon fancy delights especially to limn the wild tracery of her frostwork. It opens an enchanted ground where hope builds with impunity her gorgeous, though oftentimes baseless fabrics. The voyager over the sea, when his eye becomes wearied with gazing on the blank waste of waters, can let himself down at pleasure to the pathless depths beneath him, and in imagination thread his way into palaces of coral and pearl, where the dark sea flowers blossom and mermaids play; or, if he will, turn aside to look upon a menagerie of monsters more huge and terrible than ever saw the light! Again, when we cast our eyes up to behold the stars of light, how is our pleasure enhanced by the very mystery that hangs around them. Are they but the outpost of heaven—blank, desolate, untenanted? or, perhaps, they are happy isles, sunny, genial, each swarming with innumerable intelligence, purer, nobler, happier than ourselves, having their circle of ideas, of interests and joys, and, perhaps, some of them, at this very moment, like us, looking out upon and admiring the magnificent temple around us, and adoring the same Almighty Architect, the common Creator of us all!

But this is not all. Man lives in the future, curtained though it be in obscurity. Youth lives in the imaginary

honors and influence which manhood promises. Midlife reposes in the hopes of a long life and quiet age, that may never come. To godly old age is reserved the more certain hope of things to come, which, nevertheless, "eye hath not seen nor ear heard."

Ah, how unspeakably would our joys be circumscribed, were we condemned never, in imagination, to transgress the boundaries of the unknown! Even its magnitude adds immeasurable interest. It is an illimitable sea, where exalted minds may voyage forever without meeting an opposing shore. How sublime the reflection, that when even the intellect of a Newton shall have been comprehending more and more, and more, of the Universe of God, for ten thousand ages, it will still, even then, be but gathering pebbles on the shore, with an unbounded ocean of truth still stretching beyond! And thus the finite mind, however strong and capacious its powers, however ambitious to mount upward in knowledge, sees opening before it a path which vanishes into the infinite—sees spreading out a land of promise so large that the soul may go up into it and be ever possessing itself of new conquests, and yet the land never be all possessed! Such is the field opened up in the unknown to the good, the true, and the holy!

OUR VACATION JAUNT.*

"Arma, virumque cano."—VIRGIL.

"Pooh!" exclaims the reader, as he glances at the title of this sketch; "Pooh, 'tis too bad? Once every three months or so there is a dose of 'vacation jaunt,' 'vacation doings,' or something like, presented for my mental digestion! I won't stand it. I'll have my name removed from the subscription-list of the Collegian. As though I must read the 'haps and mishaps' of every unfledged student

*We cheerfully make place for a sketch of the Cave trip made last vacation by our younger brethren of the Grammar School. Very pleasant are our reminiscences of something similar "a long time ago."—Eds.

who tears himself from the apron strings of Alma Mater for the tramp or journey of a week or so!"

"—Hold, hold,—thy words are naught."

My dear fellow, do be quiet for one moment. I do not intend to bore you. I am about to give you something original.

Our respected brother H—y, who does the artistic at Milnor Hall, and who deserves a more extended patronage than he at present receives, kindly offered to give the drawing-class under his charge some practice from nature. His offer was gladly accepted by the few who remained in the class; and with a generosity common to all lovers of art, they extended an invitation to a select few of their fellow-students to accompany them, and participate in the enjoyments and adventures of the trip.

We will not stop to describe the hardships encountered by a party who volunteered to examine the "sea-board and navy," or to give you warning as to the dangerous state of the former, or corrupt condition of the latter. Let us rather come at once to the morning of the 27th of March, 1860, when

"—rubes cebat stellis Aurora fugatis,"

and ask your attention while we follow that band of eleven who now stand in front of Milnor Hall, and are about to take up their march to the Caves. It is most certainly a motly crowd. Each man bears upon his back a huge pack, from whose side dangle, fantastically, coffee pots and other culinary utensils. A stout staff also assists the footsteps of each. As the group leaves, an admiring throng gathers upon the door-steps to witness so extraordinary a sight.

Thus did we march on in true military style, our brother H—s having created himself *tyrannus*, and as we passed our country friends on the road, each salutation was answered in the pure and classic dialect of our friend Xenophon, the boon companion of our leisure hours. Once was met a country cousin of uncouth garb who greeted us with, "what in thunder's broke loose?" When from the lips of the immortal eleven came the reply, "*Oi Barbaroi*," and as our friend turned to depart he was heard muttering inquisitively, "Rob Roy?"

Onward we strode, feeling more and more forcibly the weight of the responsibility we had taken upon our shoulders, *i. e.*, the packs; and also realizing the necessity of a halt for the relief of the same. This was mercifully granted by our commander, and after a rest of some ten minutes, we arose refreshed and ready for the journey. Soon we passed through a small village of which we will not make much mention, save that we marched through it to "Miss McGuire's Reel," on H—s' fife, and that we took our departure to the evident relief of the inhabitants thereof, as was testified by the crowds, which with undisguised joy viewed our retreating forms.

Having thus marched forward three dreary stages, twenty-five parasangs,—our weary limbs being the register—we arrived at Millwood, famous alike for its supply of ginger-wine and its great scarcity of coffee, of which more anon. As we reached the first tavern, the welcome order from our brave commander bid us halt. In view of the proximity of the neighboring bar, (temperance) we needed no second command, and made our way with all dispatch to where the glittering glasses stood in rank and file. As we thus hurried into the tavern, who should meet our astonished gaze but one of the most staid and sober editors of the *Collegian*. "*Eloquar an silcam?*" Yes! there he stood shaking hands with the different members of our little band, and in a very confused manner muttering something about "school-examination." I spare the tale!

A number of suspicious looking bottles were quickly filled with a concoction called "ginger-wine," and making a bold push for the street, we marshaled once more into line, and beneath the concentrated gaze of the astonished inhabitants took up our toilsome journey to the *cavities*, as an intractable member of our body persisted in calling them.

At length the goal of our exertions was reached. We scrambled down the steep rocks and satisfied ourselves that we had arrived at the "Caves." We will not detain you, kind reader, by describing the manner in which our *domus* was erected. It is sufficient to state, that by ten o'clock that night a noisy crowd was collected within its walls.

Blankets and shawls were spread, upon which they reclined ; the fourteen pipes and two pounds of tobacco which had been provided by two philanthropic fellow pilgrims were in extensive demand ; and some who had shortly before written compositions on the Evils arising from the Use of the Weed, were observed to indulge in the narcotic. The first match having been set, some of the most sensible were attempting to snatch a few hour's sleep, but were defeated by the riotous ones, who in addition to their natural vivacity, had imbibed noisiness with copious draughts of ginger-wine. In a short time, however,

“—silence, like a poultice came
To heal the blows of sound,”

and our slumbers were undisturbed, unless by the heavy breathing of a tired sleeper, or the steady tramp of the sentinel. One interruption, however, occurred. All lay in death-like stillness, when the sepulchral voice of the guard was heard at the door, crying, “A misfortune, gentlemen, a misfortune!” Every one was aroused, and several anxiously inquired what that misfortune might be. “I’ve broken my pipe,” was the reply. A general groan followed this “cute,” and a pious wish from a number of amiable individuals, that he might also break his neck. No other occurrence worthy of note took place during the night. The watches were regularly relieved, and as the hour of five drew nigh, and the gray and gold of the eastern sky heralded the advent of approaching day, the morning gun was fired by B——e with so much vigor that he nearly lost his equilibrium in the operation, and its report was answered and repeated by a hundred echoes up and down the rocky valley of the river. To wash, prepare and dispose of breakfast, and set about finishing our shelter, did not occupy much time. J——s was sent to get some milk for dinner, and returned in excellent humor, not only having been successful, but having found a relative—if there be anything in a name—of the feminine gender, somewhat younger than himself, and as he stoutly maintained, in need of his protection. He, therefore, found occasion at different times during the day, to make visits for the ostensible purpose of procuring articles for the use of the party.(!)

We have neglected to mention, that at 9 A. M., a party started for Millwood to get some coffee. Their labors were unsuccessful; not a grain of coffee could be found in town. They, however, purchased a quantity of sugar, replenished empty bottles, and added to the already large number a few more. H——y persevered to the last in his endeavor to obtain coffee. In one store he was not satisfied until he had put the following questions to its keeper.

“Have you any ground coffee?”

“No.”

“Any burned?”

“No.”

“Any unburned?”

“No.”

“Have you any coffee mills?”

“Yes.”

“Indeed! I hope you may find them useful.”

The party returned to camp, took dinner, and then set about laying in a stock of wood for the succeeding night.

After supper S——e, who had been an attentive listener to J——s’ description of his new-found relative, was taken sick, and declared his intention of going up to see if they could not provide him with a bed. He carried this resolution into effect, and succeeded in dogging his watch, and enjoying the society of ladies that evening. H——y manifested a brotherly love towards S——e beyond all praise, and called three times to see the gentleman, and each time, strange to tell, missed his way back to the camp. A scandalous report has been circulated, that H——y’s visits were caused by a desire to ascertain the whereabouts of a certain quart bottle of ginger-wine, which S——e was suspected of having secreted. No sensible person, of course, credits this report.

The second night passed off more quietly than the first, disturbed only by the vocal performances of K——r, who, notwithstanding his chronic cold, gave us a solo from the rocks above. When morning broke we arose refreshed by sleep, and with appetites that would throw boarding-house proprietors at Gambier into hysterics. Thank fortune,

there was enough to satisfy all. After breakfast we made an excursion to the Eagle's nest, which to tell the truth, was rather a sorry affair.* After this excursion we took our dinner. This, our last meal, consisted of a slice and a half of bread, (butterless) which having been disposed of, it was thought to be about time to return to Gambier.

Preparations were made for departure. The way before us was long and dreary. The word had gone forth from our commander that there should be no stop made at Millwood for ginger-wine, which of course cast a gloom over the whole party. At 2 P. M. each one strapped his pack to his shoulders, and having had our portraits taken by "our own artist," we turned our steps Gambier-ward, to the inspiriting notes of H—s' flute playing "The Girl I left behind me." Soon heave into sight the spires and barns of Millwood. A halt of thirty seconds is made to leave the borrowed decanters. On, on we go; farm-houses and rail fences disappear from our view, and it is not until three good miles have been passed, that we are allowed to halt.

Nothing of interest occurred during the remainder of the march, except an atrocious act of inhumanity on the part of J—s. That individual being aware that the party to a man was suffering from extreme thirst, informs us that "there was a delightful spring *round the corner*." This information was received with cheers. We quickened our steps in anticipation of a cooling draught, and swept around the next turn of the wood most majestically. But no spring greeted our anxious gaze. A murmur was heard in the ranks, and a husky voice in imploring accents asked, "J—s, are we near that spring?" "Yes," replied J—s, "it is right ahead of you," and as he spoke a demoniac smile lighted up his visage. But enough. Three miles brings us in sight of that "spring round the corner," and a few quaffs of that sparkling beverage, so highly prized by our great progenitor, Adam, enabled us to reach our own loved Milnor.

Here endeth the Expedition.

In conclusion, the writer would beg leave to state for the information of the Faculty, but more especially for the bene-

* QUERY.—The excursion, or the Eagle's nest ?—Eds.

fit of the Phi Delta and Athænian Societies, upon the authority of a country-gentleman, that his nephew—the country-gentleman's, not the writer's—will soon take up his abode at the “Student House.”

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COLUMBUS, O., June 11, 1860.

DEAR MAG:—We feel an irresistible impulse to drop you a line from the Capital city, where, for a few days, we have been enjoying a re-union with friends and scenes familiar to us in former days. The usual signal, “All aboard,” at which the last good-bye is spoken, and the last pressure of the hand is felt, and lover, or parent, or child, or brother, or sister, or friend, takes a last look into loving, it may be, tearful eyes,—“All aboard,” was shouted by the “gentlemanly Conductor” of the S. M. and N. R. R., at precisely 10 o'clock and 30 minutes, A. M., and soon our flourishing Shire town was seen receding to the northward at a rate which in a few moments, left in view only its most prominent and beautiful structure, the High School building. Mt. Vernon never took a surer, nor longer stride onward and upward, than when she opened wide her purse, and erected that magnificent temple of learning, and dedicated it to the people.

In this day of space annihilating steam and electricity, how intolerable are a few minutes detention at a railroad station! The train with which we were to make connection at Newark, was thirty-five minutes behind time—an interval which appeared to us an hour. It was about one o'clock when we rumbled into the Columbus depot, whence plucking up courage, and drawing down our hat over our ears, we took a bee line through the mass of gaping and bawling runners, determined to use our own understanding in spite of their advise. A walk of a mile and a quarter on High street, brought us to our favorite stopping place, where a hearty welcome from a friendly old couple, a little rest and refreshment, were duly appreciated.

With this old couple, kind, obliging, parental, we boarded six or seven years ago while engaged, for a short time, in the business of house painting—an occupation to which we resorted to enable us to pay for a winter's tuition in the Capital University of this

city; and we take this occasion to commemorate their kindness towards us at that time, and on several subsequent visits to their fireside.

On the same day of our arrival, we embraced an early opportunity to call on our excellent and distinguished friend, Dr. J. W. Hamilton, with whom, and his agreeable family, we have passed, in a very pleasing and profitable manner, much of the time that has elapsed since our arrival in the city, and of whom, without desiring to appear obsequious we may be allowed to make a passing remark in testimony of our profound appreciation of his worth, both as a physician and as a man. Dr. Hamilton came to this city about nine years ago, and commenced practice in a quiet, unpretending way, and with scarcely an aspiration beyond a meagre support, and an eighth or tenth rank as a professional man. But true ability, coupled with moral integrity, will not be long in coming to the light. Three years had not elapsed before Dr. H. occupied, not the tenth nor the eighth, but the *first* rank, both as a physician and a surgeon in the city. Still unpretending, unaspiring, he fancied himself unknown beyond the sphere of his humble, though numerous patients. Great was his surprise, therefore, when a member of the faculty of Starling Medical College called upon him and informed him of his election to the chair of *Materia Medica* in that Institution! He at first declined; but subsequently accepted upon certain conditions, and delivered his first course of lectures in the winter session of 1855. One year after, upon the death of that most excellent man, Dr. Howard, he was transferred to the chair of Surgery, a position for which his tastes and ability admirably fitted him, and which he still fills with honor to himself, and satisfaction to all concerned. Four years ago he was chosen physician to the O. P., where his success was so marked as to secure his retention for a second term, contrary to all precedent in that office. His fame as a surgeon is rapidly extending, and bids fair to become co-extensive with that of the first practitioners of the west. His recent success in *Oöriotomy* is conceded to be unparalleled in the history of surgery in this country.

Thus have his untiring devotion to the noble profession of his choice, and his strict adherence to a manly and upright course of life, been rewarded with abundant success; and our only apology for this gratuitous allusion to his career is, the admiration we ever have for the man who, not by force of circumstances, but,

on the contrary, in defiance of obstacles to which the common herd succumb, rises up in the strength of regenerated manhood, and stands forth an exemplar to those of seemingly, if not really, more advantageous surroundings. We now pass with our medical friend to his lecture room in

STARLING MEDICAL COLLEGE.

This institution was transferred from Willoughby to this city, in the year 1847. The building, a very curious specimen of modern gothic, is situated on the corner of State and Sixth streets. Its greatest length is 135 feet; and height to the top of the tower, 138 feet. Its cost, thus far, (it is not yet quite completed,) has been about \$55,000, \$35,000 of which was donated by Lyne Starling, Esq., one of the original proprietors of the town. Of the remaining \$20,000, the greater part has been generously given by the professors, from their salaries.

The number of students is increasing each session. The museum is becoming an attractive feature of the Institution, the number of specimens having been largely augmented by late receipts from France and Germany. The Penitentiary Hospital furnishes a convenient resort for Clinical instruction. Altogether, we can see no reason why students from the central and eastern portions of our State, as well as from the "great west," might not find it to their advantage to patronize the Capital City, in preference to either Cleveland or Cincinnati. But a word about the lecture, or, as it proved this time, *recitation* room. Well, we have nothing much to say. Students are students, wherever you find them, and are as liable to mistakes, and bad recitations, as well when reciting on a medical, as on any other topic. The only reflection we have to make upon that particular class, is, that it was quite clear to our classical (?) mind, that Latin was not their mother tongue. They were a fine set of fellows, though, as we have since had occasion to learn, and we shall say nothing more about their bad Latin, hoping they may not encounter the incensed shade of Cicero.

OHIO PENITENTIARY.

On the second morning of our visit, we accepted an invitation of the attendant physician to accompany him to the Hospital of the Ohio Penitentiary. We found awaiting the Doctor's visit, about seventy patients; many of whom, however, were very

slightly, if at all, in need of his services, and were accordingly sent back to work. Only six persons were confined to beds.

It was somewhat amusing, notwithstanding the solemnity of the place, to hear the symptoms of ailments preferred by many, with no other view than to secure a respite from labor. It requires no little experience, as well as skill, in the physician, always to do justice to these wily creatures, and at the same time secure to the State all the labor they are really able to perform. Hence the impolicy, nay, downright *folly*, of rotation in that office. The whole number of convicts at this date, is nine hundred and thirty; the number having decreased thirty-one in less than two months. No one can visit our State Prison, and go away unimpressed with the idea that a wholesome discipline prevails—that everything is moving along harmoniously, and in good order; but there is one thing which calls loudly for reform, and which a higher degree of civilization than that to which we have yet attained, must and will correct. We refer to the cells or sleeping chambers of the convicts. Now, we cannot, and never could, see the justice, even in a penitentiary, of depriving human beings of the right to breathe good air, and in sufficient quantities. It is not the intention of government to kill those whom, for wise reasons, it is pleased to deprive of liberty, else why not slaughter men at once? No, it is not the intention to kill them, and yet who does not know that hundreds, every year, in our penitentiaries, *starve to death* for want of pure air—Heaven's most bountiful gift to man! Why, it makes one take a long breath just to *look* into one of those little black holes. Were it not for the great cleanliness that is observed throughout the prison, and for the wholesome condition of things in the kitchen department, we should expect to see the Hospital continually crowded with sufferers. As it is, sallow complexions and haggard forms, low spirits and depraved appetites, are too general, not to indicate some common promoter of ill health, and that, without doubt, is the bad air of their cells. But this to some future Howard.

THE STATE HOUSE.

This magnificent structure looks vastly more huge and imposing since the yard has been graded, and shrubbery set out. The effect of this improvement is charming. The green grass looks greener, and the white marble whiter, for the two being proximate to each other. The Library looks comparatively di-

minutive, now that it occupies so spacious an apartment. Thousands of volumes must be added to put the contained in keeping with the container. It numbers now about 20,000 volumes, and is most admirably arranged and conducted by the intelligent, energetic, and obliging gentleman who has it in charge. Mr. Coggeshall is known as an educational lecturer, and as an author. He has now in press a work, which will be a worthy accession to Western literature.*

We stood for a few minutes by the *borers*, and *bored* them with a few questions about the

ARTESIAN WELL.

The depth attained to-day, June 9th, is 2429 feet, and still the work "goes bravely on," at the rate of 4 feet daily. The first thing they know some wily antipode will have the auger clinched on the other side of the globe; so suggests Mrs. Grumby.

A word more, and that about a Sunday School which we attended at the Congregational Church, on Broadway. There was present such an assemblage of children as we had never seen before, the number being three hundred and twenty-two. At least two hundred of these were very small children, and, after the opening of the school, were sent to an apartment below, very appropriately called the "Bird's Nest." The great charm of this school, and, we are convinced, the great secret of its success, is its music. A half hour before school time is devoted to singing, in which these three hundred infant voices join, accompanied by a violin and bass viol, played by skillful hands.

Now, dear Mag., we have said enough for once; and without boring your readers with our reflections upon the *Common Schools* of the city, some of which we hope to visit to-morrow, we will dry up, *sine die*.

* THE POETS AND POETRY OF THE WEST, with biographical and critical notices, by well known Western writers. It will contain about 500 octavo pages; will be printed on superior paper, in the best style, and will be sold only by subscription. Follett, Foster & Co., Columbus, O.

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

The present Term, so far, has been especially noticeable from the more than usual interest taken in out-door sports. We do not remember any time for four or five years past, at which there has been—we were going to say as much—at least more out-door games going, than at the present. A large Base Ball Club, holds daily sessions at the upper end of the Park; a Wicket-Club does good execution of evenings, at the ancient ground east of the College; and we are credibly informed, although we have not had the pleasure of seeing them play, that manifold of the Barbarians have duly ordained and constituted themselves a Cricket-Club, and with regular spring handled, willow bats, and an excellent ball, energetically practice the royal game to the edification of all beholders at Milnor Hall. The several pairs of boxing-gloves about college, are, moreover, in constant requisition, and Heenan and Sayers had better look to their laurels. Indeed, having occasion the other evening to visit the room of one of our Freshman acquaintances, what was our astonishment to find him and a doughty member of that “glorious never-was-nor-will-be-such” class of '62, stripped to the waist, in regular prize-fight style, and engaged in sundry gymnastic evolutions with dumb bells, etc. The exercises closed with an energetic “mill,” much to the editorial amusement.

The effect of all this is plainly visible in the extraordinary appetite of everybody. Landlords and landladies look aghast at the wonderful disappearance of provisions. Waiters display unheard of agility in their endeavors to be at both ends of the table at once, and the dishes at the close of the meal are bare as a bald man's head.

We must confess, however, that satisfactory as all this is, we have yet a lingering regret for the grand games of foot-ball we were wont to have of old. After all, this was our favorite game. There was a thrill to it, a glowing excitement, which no other similar game we know of gives rise to. There were the swift changes of the game, the ebb and flow of the tide of war, the opportunities for individual prowess, the rally and rush of contending platoons, the sturdy, hand to hand, inch by inch contest, the final home kick, and the ringing shout of the victorious party, as

the ball whirled over the opposite goal. Ah, we grow enthusiastic at the very remembrance of it! But some how the game has gone out of fashion, and we have had no real old-fashioned games for several years. To be sure, the play was somewhat rough, a fellow occasionally got a fall, or a bruised pair of shins, or possibly a torn pair of trousers. From whatever cause it be, the game is certainly in disrepute. Is it dignity or degeneracy that has got the better of us?

All this is by way of introduction to a match game recently played by the Base Ball Club, a report of which, in default of other matter, will, we trust, make a respectable and interesting "memorabilia."

The base ball match was played on Wednesday afternoon, May 9th, at the regular grounds. The Club assembled at about half past 1, P. M. The weather, in the morning, had been somewhat wet, but towards noon the rain ceased, and the grass had become quite dry by the time the match commenced. The sky's remaining overcast was favorable to both sides, the glare of the sun being thus avoided by the fieldmen, while the air, being cool and bracing, rendered exertion much easier than if it had been warmer. Some of the costumes on this occasion were quite unique. We noticed the very active catcher of one side bare headed, in his stocking feet, and with the sleeves of his shirt cut close off at the shoulder. Whether these various preparations increased his agility we cannot tell, but he certainly got over the ground and after the ball a number of times remarkably fast. The energetic catcher of the other side also displayed his usual skill, and his cropped head bobbed around the home base in a way that was a terror to all poor strikers. We believe there was not a ball missed by either of the catchers during the whole nine innings. The pitching was also very fair, although as usual, much fault was found by both sides with the manner in which balls were thrown by the other. The fielding was generally very good, and there were some very fine catches made; sometimes, however, the cry of "butter" would greet some luckless wight who had not been as wide awake as he should, and had permitted the ball to slip through his fingers to the ground.

There is one general fault which we noticed, that should by all means be avoided. Every man upon the inside seemed usually to consider himself a special committee of one to instruct the person who happened to be striking at what balls he should strike, when he should run and to what base; and thus there was a continual shouting by perhaps half a dozen at a time of

"Why don't you strike that one?" "That's a good ball?" "Why don't you run?" "Run to the first base!" "Run to the second base!" much, it would seem to us, to the confusion and consequent ill-playing of the person thus interrupted. Now, any man that is fit to play at all and to be chosen on a side, is the best judge of what ball suits him best to strike, and of when he should run and to what base; and all gratuitous advice, from half a dozen bystanders, ought to be promptly and effectually tabooed. Coolness and self-reliance are the two great aids to good playing, and we can think of nothing that is adapted more effectually to destroy these than the shouting above mentioned.

After all this preface we come to the more particular details of the match.

Messrs. John Norris and J. A. Searight were selected to chose and act as captains of the sides. After the men had been divided and their places allotted to them, the sides stood as follows:

NORRIS' SIDE.

Catcher,
A. FRANKLIN.
Pitcher,
G. W. SHANKLIN.
First Base,
JOHN NORRIS.
Second Base,
G. PRATT.
Third Base,
M. E. BRASEE.
Left Short Stop,
GEORGE DUNN.
Right Short Stop,
J. STAMP.
Left Field,
EDWARD BATES.
Right Field,
E. TAYLOR.

SEARIGHT'S SIDE.

Catcher,
A. M. KINZIE.
Pitcher,
H. W. CHIPMAN.
First Base,
J. A. SEARIGHT.
Second Base,
A. D. ROCKWELL.
Third Base,
E. W. TARLETON.
Left Short Stop,
W. M. POSTLETHWAITE.
Right Short Stop,
M. C. SHOEMAKER.
Left Field,
GEORGE B. WILSON.
Right Field,
B. H. WEBB.

Scorer,

J. M. HURD.

Umpires,

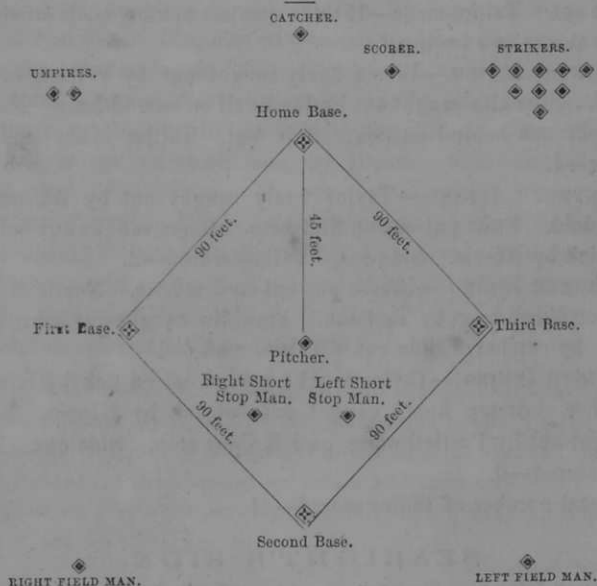
Z. F. WILBER,

C. H. MENDENHALL.

For the benefit of those who may be unacquainted with the game, which differs very much from the old-fashioned "Base,"

or "Town Ball," we subjoin a diagram, giving the distances, and the positions of the players on the ground.

DIAGRAM.



All the preliminaries having been settled, and Norris having won the first innings for his side, the match commenced. We give below a running sketch of each of the nine innings upon each side.

NORRIS' SIDE.

FIRST INNING.—A. Franklin caught out on second base by Rockwell. Stamp caught out on second base by Rockwell. Bates caught out on second base by Rockwell. Side out. Tallies made this inning—4.

SECOND INNING.—Brasee put out on first base. Shanklin finely caught out by Rockwell on second base. Dunn beautifully caught out on left field by Wilson. Side out. Tallies this inning—9.

THIRD INNING.—Pratt caught out on tick by Kinzie, catcher. Bates out on tick by Kinzie. Dunn out on tick by Kinzie. Side out. Tallies made this inning—5.

FOURTH INNING.—(Tarleton takes Chipman's place as pitcher, Chipman having been disabled by the ball.) Brasee caught out on tick by Kinzie, catcher. Shanklin out on tick by Kinzie, Bates put out on first base. Side out. Tallies made—1.

FIFTH INNING.—(Excitement increases; this inning briskly played.) Norris caught out behind on tick by Kinzie, catcher. Franklin put out on first base. Taylor put out on second base. Side out. Tallies made—15; the greatest number made on either side at any one inning.

SIXTH INNING.—Brasee finely caught out by Wilson on left field. Shanklin caught out by Rockwell on second base. Norris caught out behind on tick. Side out. Tallies made this inning—4.

SEVENTH INNING.—Taylor finely caught out by Wilson on left field. Pratt put out on first base. Bates caught out behind on tick by Kinzie. Side out. Tallies scored—2.

EIGHTH INNING.—Brasee put out on first base. Norris caught out on third base by Tarleton. Franklin caught out behind on tick by catcher. Side out. Tallies made—1.

NINTH INNING.—Taylor caught out behind on tick by Kinzie, catcher. Stamp finely caught out behind, by Kinzie. Bates caught out by Postlethwaite, on left short stop. Side out. Tallies scored—0.

Total number of tallies scored—41.

SEARIGHT'S SIDE.

FIRST INNING.—Tarleton caught out behind on tick by Franklin, catcher. Shoemaker caught out on right field by Taylor. Searight put out on third base. Side out. Tallies made—7.

SECOND INNING.—Chipman well caught out behind on tick by Franklin, catcher. Postlethwaite put out on third base. Shoemaker caught out behind on tick by Franklin, catcher. Side out. Tallies scored—5.

THIRD INNING.—Kinzie caught out by Bates on right field. Tarleton put out on third base. Rockwell caught out by Brasee on third base. Side out. Tallies made—2.

FOURTH INNING.—Chipman caught out behind on tick by catcher. Postlethwaite finely caught out by Brasee, on third base. Searight beautifully caught out by Bates on left field. Sides out. Tallies made—1.

FIFTH INNING.—Kinzie caught out by Taylor on left field. Rockwell finely caught out by Dunn, at left short stop. Webb put out at third base. Side out. Tallies made—2.

SIXTH INNING.—(Briskly played; efforts to make up on tallies, but unsuccessful.) Postlethwaite caught out behind on tick by Franklin, catcher. Searight caught out by Dunn, at left

New Publications.

THE NATIONAL FIFTH READER: Containing a Treatise on Elocution; Exercises in Reading and Declamation; with Biographical Sketches and copious Notes. Adapted to the use of Students in English and American Literature. By Richard G. Parker, A.M., and J. Madison Watson. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr, 51 and 53 John street. 1860. 8vo., pp. 600.

We are glad that so excellent a Reader has been published. We think it the best we have ever seen. Far superior to the old "Rhetorical Reader," by Prof. Porter, and in many respects excelling McGuffey's Fifth Reader, it must at once take its place as a successful and useful school-book. The selections are judiciously made, from the ablest English and American writers; nor is it, as is too often the case, that the former are made use of to the exclusion of the latter. The book is also fully brought up to the times, and the scholar who reads has before him selections from the successful authors of the day, as well as from those who have long been classics. We notice, as such, the names of Bancroft, H. W. Beecher, Carlyle, Cheever, Holmes, Donald G. Mitchell, George D. Prentice, T. B. Read, William H. Seward, Sumner, R. C. Winthrop, and others. Among the excellencies of the volume are the Biographical Sketches which accompany the selections from the various authors. These are well written, and give, with the historical incidents of the writer's life, the names of his works and the peculiarities and excellencies of style for which he is noted. There are over one hundred and thirty of these, making the book to some extent valuable to the school-boy as a biographical dictionary. A treatise on Elocution of some fifty pages is given at the beginning of the volume, and contains a large number of rules and exercises which the more elderly student might study with advantage. Words liable to be mispronounced are carefully and numerous noted in the text and in the margin, and the powers of the letters and syllables composing them accurately given; while names of persons and places, mythological references, and many hundreds of words, are copiously illustrated, explained and defined in foot-notes. We suppose that were these notes printed in the same type with the body of the work, they would comprise fully one-fourth of its contents.

The getting-up of the book—paper, printing, binding, etc.,—is excellent.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. No. DXXXIV. American Edition. Vol. L., No. 4. April, 1860. New York: Published by Leonard Scott & Co.

This is a good number of Blackwood: Blackwood the staid and conservative, yet Blackwood the sprightly and genial. The Articles are as follows:—Wellington's Career; Lady Hamilton—this article is in palliation of the numerous crimes laid at Emma Hamilton's door. It seems to us that the purity of this lady's character is not rendered any more remarkable, or her alliance with Lord Nelson any more virtuous by the recent efforts made to lighten the weight of opprobrium which has so long rested upon her memory. The agitation of the subject throws up but mud and mire—; Our Position with China; Stabat Mater—a wooden translation of the quaint old hymn; Alison's History of Europe from 1815 to 1852; Norman Sinclair—an Autobiography—Part IV; Poetic Aberrations—a scorching review of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's new book, *Poems before Congress*; The Rulers of the Land—a short rhythmic-

political sketch, in which, it seems to us, that poetry and breadth of thought are equally wanting; Our worthy Friend Nap; What we have done for the Princes of India; Parliamentary Duelling—an *ex parte* structure upon the late parliamentary positions of the Hon. Wm. Ewart Gladstone—very shrewd and very unfair.

To keep up a knowledge of the current English literature and politics, there is no better way than to make use of Blackwood and the four great Reviews. Republished as they are in this country, at an expense of only about one-fourth of what they are sold at in England, they are within the reach of almost every student.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. No. CXX. May, 1860. Published by Harper & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

The above number completes the first decade and twentieth volume of Harper's Magazine. We remember—ten years ago it was—with what a school-boy eagerness we devoured the first number, from title-page to finis, and then felt like calling, with Oliver Twist, for "more." Harper is always interesting; always instructive and entertaining. The engravings for the past ten years comprise an immense number of subjects, and are almost invariably well executed. All lands, the Orient and the Occident, the North and the South, are mirrored and live to the reader in its pages; Science is not forgotten, and strange insects and animals are pictured before us. As to its literary merits, it is not necessary for us to speak—with such writers as Thackeray, G. W. Curtis, Aldrich, and Mrs. Marsh, it must needs stand high in this respect.

The illustrated articles in the present number are:—Loungings in the Footprints of the Pioneers, II.; Raleigh and his City—a jaunty sketch of Southern scenes and travel; Ancient Monuments in the United States, No. I.; The Silk-worm—an elaborate article upon the habits, life-history, and culture of this insect, and containing very many interesting facts and much valuable advice.

The remaining articles are:—Miss Muffet and the Spider; Milton; Rosalind Newcome; How a French King once overthrew the Papacy—an extract from Dr. Draper's forthcoming History of the Intellectual Development of Europe, for whose issue we look with interest; The O'Connors of Castle Conor; Mary Reynolds; A Case of Double Consciousness—a very interesting sketch; After the Funeral; Lovel the Widower, Chap. IV.; Charlotte Bronte's last Sketch; Our Cemeteries; Monthly Record of Current Events; Literary Notices; Editor's Table; Editor's Easy Chair; Our Foreign Bureau; Editor's Drawer; Master Charley's Prize-Fight; Fashions for May.

THE UNIVERSITY QUARTERLY: Conducted by an Association of Collegiate and Professional Students, in the United States and Europe. April, 1860. Printed for the Association: Albany Law School, Amherst, Andover Theo. Sem., Antioch, Beloit, Bowdoin, Brown, Columbia, Dartmouth, Hamilton, Harvard, Kenyon, Middlebury, Oberlin, People's Coll., State and National Law School, Trinity, Troy University, University of Berlin, University of Halle, University of Heidelberg, Union Theol. Sem., University of Vermont, Williams, Yale. Thomas H. Pease, New Haven, Conn., General Agent.

This second number of the University Quarterly, formerly the "Undergraduate," is, we think, in all respects, an improvement upon the first issue. The change of the name strikes us as one eminently meet to be made, giving to the enterprise, as it does, a wider scope, and a field of

labor more commensurate with the idea upon which it was based. We notice in some of the articles, especially in those upon abstract subjects, a rather dictatorial and intolerant style of both argument and expression, which should be studiously avoided by all who wish to persuade or instruct. It is an error into which men of acknowledged ability in College frequently fall. Looked up to and quoted, they are apt to assume the bold and positive manner of literary law-givers; a temptation which, yielded to, greatly injures the person himself, by cultivating and confirming an offensive manner of expression, and lowers him in the estimation of others, who would else hold in high regard his talents and ability.

Original, and dissimilar to any previous undertaking of which we are aware, as the *University Quarterly* is, it is of course impossible to predict as to its success or failure. We are inclined to think that the necessity of a literary arbiter at the fountain-head, whose ability shall be undoubted and whose autocracy unquestioned, will before long manifest itself as a condition upon which the success and literary excellence of the magazine must eventually depend. The inequality of various parts of the last number are very marked. Among the best articles, we note that upon the "Best Method of Studying the German Language," and that upon "Physical Education at the English Universities."

So much in criticism. We sincerely hope that the effort will be a successful one, and that the enterprise may add another to the many, yet still increasing, aids to American scholarship and literary culture.

The following is the table of contents for the last number: *ESSAYS*—Best Method of Studying the German Language; Self-Brooding; The Grounds and Guards of Liberty of Opinion; The May Training; On Reading; On Studying for Rank; What should be the Scholar's Ideal of Greatness; Cæsar and Cromwell; Physical Education at the English Universities; College Fallacies; The Educational Character of the *University Quarterly*.

NEWS ARTICLES—Amherst College; Beloit College; Bowdoin College; Columbia College; Dartmouth College; Hamilton College; Kenyon College; Middlebury College; Oberlin College; Troy University; University of Vermont; Williams College; Yale College; *University Quarterly Association*.

ORATION OF THOMAS S. BOCOCK, OF VIRGINIA. Delivered on the occasion of the Inauguration of Mills' Equestrian Statue of Washington, at Washington City, February 22, 1860. Washington: W. H. & O. H. Morrison. 1860.

This pamphlet contains Mr. Bocock's Address upon the above occasion, together with "a sketch of the inaugural ceremonies, embracing the address by President Buchanan, and the remarks of Clark Mills, Esq., the Artist.

We have not had time to examine as to the literary character of this Oration; but at all events, the pamphlet, recording, as it does, an interesting event in the fruition of patriotism and art, has not only a present, but a historical value. We hail with satisfaction the increase of such monuments in our land. The sentiments which they inspire and combine—reverence for the Earnest, the Right, the Self-denying, and love for the Beautiful—are among the noblest of our nature. We are glad, too, that the West, that Ohio, is not behind-hand in this matter, and that the Perry Monument at Cleveland, and the Old-Settlers' Monument at Cincinnati, will soon prove the gratitude and reverence of posterity. May many such be reared in the future!

Editor's Table.

Less than a year ago, in the first beautiful days of autumn, we penned in all modesty and inexperience, our salutatory to the readers of the *Collegian*. As the months have since waxed and waned we have renewed our labors, until, arrived at this last number with which the present editorial corps will be connected, it becomes our duty to bid good bye to our readers, and to take our departure, with all proper dignity and regret, from our seats at the Editors' table. The banquet is over; we are hosts no longer. After these last words shall have been spoken, we resign our guests to other hands—to the new board, which shall serve forth,

“Cae cuba dignior

Servata centum clavibus, et mero

Tinguet pavimentum superbis

Pontificum potiore coenis.”

But trifles aside. We have to thank our numerous readers, both among students and graduates, for the cheerful support and friendly encouragement which they have ever given to the *Collegian* while in our hands. And we would bespeak for the new board of editors, recently elected by the Junior Class, a continuation of the same kind offices. They have been happily selected as gentlemen of literary and scholastic ability, and we are certain that the Magazine will preserve under their management, whatever of excellence it may have hitherto attained. The gentlemen who will hereafter take charge of the Magazine, are—

EDITORS:

THOMAS BROWN, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

MURRAY DAVIS, Iowa City, Iowa.

NGAN TOONG KIUNG, Shanghai, China.

WILLIAM W. LATHROP, Carbondale, Pa.

BUSINESS BOARD:

S. M. D. CLARK, West Baton Rouge, La.

GEORGE GAMBLE, Cincinnati, O.

The old corps of editors now take their hats and canes for departure, and make their final and most respectful bow.

There is an imaginary shaking of hands with the circle of readers with whom they have many times held converse; there are imaginary good-byes to many, although not personally known, yet numbered as friends; and if there be real indications of moisture at the corner of each editorial eye, it is only what happens at a hundred other partings, and will happen at a hundred more.

THE various conflicting elements which generally compose a college class, often render its elections extremely unpleasant, and sometimes result in the choice of those not remarkably qualified to fulfil the duties imposed upon them.

An illustrious example of this variety of interests, occurred in a Class not long graduated from this Institution. It was reported, with how much truth we cannot say, that, in this Class, numbering 26, there were just *eleven* different parties. The most numerous consisted of *five*; there were two of *three* each; seven of *two* each; while one man was so disinterested, that he would never vote for any one but *himself*.

But we are loth to believe that this dissension and partizan feeling is a characteristic of classes in general. At any rate, it is a pleasure to announce that uniform good feeling has marked the Class of 1860, in whatever preferences it has bestowed upon its members, and that a kind brotherly sentiment has, to a remarkable degree, characterized its election.

That no occasion might be offered to mar this hitherto happy feeling, it was determined to hold the elections for Class Day at a date too early to allow of scheming or "log-rolling." Accordingly, on Thursday, Jan. 19th, a meeting of the Senior Class was called, at which the following appointments were made:—

President—GEORGE S. BENEDICT, Cleveland, O.

Orator—HENRY M. HERVEY, Martinsburgh, O.

Historian—HENRY W. CHIPMAN, Detroit, Michigan.

Prophet—JAMES L. DAYMUDE, Amity, Ohio.

THE "Hill" is fast becoming a place of popular Summer resort. Families desirous to be freed from the heat and dust of the city, and looking for a healthy rural retreat, find Gambier a delightful spot. Boarding places are not numerous; hence arises the necessity of renting or building. Following this desire to breathe fresh air, an old graduate of Kenyon has within the past few months, purchased property here to a considerable amount, which he is rapidly improving both in point of beauty and comfort.

But that which most intimately concerns us, as members of this Institution, is the munificence which Mr. NEFF has shown in purchasing Professor Smith's large refracting telescope, and presenting it to the College. To be sure, the institution enjoyed as much benefit from the instrument while in Prof. Smith's possession, as it now does in its own. But use and ownership being different, the Trustees must be highly gratified in possessing one of the largest and best refractors in this country.

In addition to this, the same gentleman has lately purchased, and presented to the Institution, a fine transit instrument, which, as an accompaniment to the telescope, is to be placed in the Observatory of Ascension Hall. Such liberality will not fail to call forth the warmest thanks from all friends of Kenyon.

KENYON is enshrouded in deep gloom, occasioned by the sudden demise of our friend and college-mate, EDWARD BATES, of Columbus. Needless is it to utter any eulogy upon the virtues of the deceased. The many tender tributes of respect and affection paid to his memory, by his fellow-students, are a more touching commentary upon the appreciation in which he was held by all, than any labored rhetorical obituary. Seldom is it that the black angel

of death has descended in our very midst, bearing away on his sable wings one so near and dear. Never before within the memory of those now connected with Kenyon College as students has this occurred. Death, with its attendant circumstances, could not perhaps be more impressive than has it been in the case of our departed friend, one in whom health and youthful vigor were united with talent and industry.

We subjoin a series of resolutions which this mournful occasion has called forth from his sorrowing Society and class-mates.

NU PI KAPPA HALL, KENYON COLLEGE, }
Gambier Ohio, May 16, 1860. }

WHEREAS, In the wise Providence of Almighty God, our late brother, Edward Bates, has been removed by death from our midst; and whereas, we, the members of the Nu Pi Kappa Society, desire to record some suitable expression of our sense of this bereavement, be it therefore

Resolved, That, while we deeply sorrow for the departed, we recognise in his peaceful death the hand of Him "whose ways are not as our ways."

Resolved, That by this affliction, we are called to mourn the loss of a warm and generous friend and brother, who, by the aid of a rare and gifted mind, and by pursuing an upright and manly course, has ever occupied an eminent position as a scholar and as a man, and has reflected great honor upon the Society of which he was a member.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish in generous remembrance the many intellectual and social qualities of the deceased, which in life gave him bright promises of useful distinction, and which endeared him in a peculiar manner to his fellows.

Resolved, That we express our deep and heart-felt sympathy with the bereaved family of our deceased friend, finding comfort in the assurance that he is now in a better world, reaping the rewards of a virtuous and exemplary life.

Resolved, That in token of our bereavement, we will wear the usual badge of mourning, and that the Hall and Library be draped in deep mourning for the remainder of the College year.

Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to the Kenyon Collegian, and the papers of Columbus and Cleveland, for publication, and be inscribed in the records of the Society.

GEO. S. BENEDICT. }
 M. S. DAVIS. } *Committee.*
 W. E. WRIGHT. }

Gambier, May 16, 1860.

At a meeting of the Sophomore Class of Kenyon College, held in Rosse Chapel, on the 14th instant, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, The Supreme Ruler has seen fit in His mysterious Providence to remove, by sudden death, one who was beloved as a fellow student and a friend, therefore,

Resolved, That it becomes us "To be still, and know that He is God."

Resolved, In token of the heart-felt sorrow and respectful memory of our esteemed classmate, Edward Bates, deceased, we would say, that had it not been done by Him, "who sees the end from the beginning," and who knows why this plant, blooming with unusual and delightful promise, was not permitted to mature and bless the world, it would seem hard to bear his loss. A pattern of good morals, of refined honor and veracity, of friendship pure and ardent, of attention to his duties as a pupil, and of firm, unwavering, Christian principles, we are reconciled to our loss, only in the belief that a youth so rarely dear on earth is in Heaven.

Resolved, While we have our own sorrows, we can but feel that they who knew him better than we, experience a far greater loss; and we are ready to say, that were it in our power to relieve the anguish of their hearts, no sacrifice would be too great for us to make.

Resolved, That in token of our sorrow, we wear the usual badge of mourning the remainder of the College year.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the Kenyon Collegian and the Columbus papers.

A. M. KINZIE, *Pres't.*

W. D'ORVILLE DOTY, *Sec'y.*

At a meeting of the students of Kenyon College, held in Rosse Chapel, Monday, May 14, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has appeared in our midst, and taken from us our friend and fellow-student, Edward Bates; therefore,

Resolved, That in this sad affliction we acknowledge the hand of a God of infinite goodness and love, "who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our deceased friend our warmest sympathy, and testify to them our appreciation of his noble, generous and christian character,

Resolved, That, as an expression of our sorrow, we wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to the Episcopal Recorder, and the papers of Mt. Vernon and Columbus, for publication.

S. GRIFFIN,
E. W. TARLETON,
GEO. E. MANN,
C. H. MENDENHALL,
WM. P. BROWN,

} Committee.

THE Philomathesian and Nu Pi Kappa Societies have, it seems to us, been remarkably fortunate in procuring their orators this year. At Commencement, Rev. Joseph Haven, D. D., the author of the capital works on Mental and Moral Philosophy, used as text-books in this Institution, is to address the Philomathesian Society, and A. W. Loomis, Esq., of Pittsburgh, Pa., well known throughout the country as a ripe scholar, able jurist, and polished orator, is to speak before the Nu Pi Kappa Society. We do not doubt but that both of these addresses will be deeply interesting, and are glad that we are to have the privilege of listening to such eminent men.

CLASS Day passed off in an agreeable and satisfactory manner. The weather was fine, the rain-god was propitious. The Ivy-Planting came off in the afternoon, at half-past three. Shortly after this ceremony was performed, the Freshmen made their appearance in performance of the usual burlesque. This was capitally gotten up in every particular, and very agreeably varied and gave a sprightly finale to the somewhat solemn and lugubrious ceremony which preceded it.

The Literary exercises were holden in the Chapel at 7 P. M.; consisting in the presentation of the Class by Tutor Ohl, reply by Pres. Andrews; Class History, by Henry W. Chipman; Class Valedictory Oration, by Henry M. Hervey; Class Song; these were interspersed with music by the College band, which, by-the-by, did themselves much credit. The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Clements, the Chaplain of the College, and closed with the Benediction by Bishop Bedell.

We refrain from giving particulars, as we suppose a full account will appear in the next Collegian.

Owing to a press of other matter, we omit the usual mention of our Exchanges for this month.