1-1-1858

Kenyon Collegian - January 1858

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THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

The ancient and honorable University of Oxford has ever been coupled, in the mind of the American scholar, with feelings of reverence and affection. With her twin sister, Cambridge, she has been, through a long past, the cherisher of pure science and religion. From her portals have proceeded the greatest men of every age, "lights of the world," whose radiance has illuminated mankind with catholic beneficence. Under her fostering protection, when the pall of ignorance had not yet been removed, and the sombre shadows of the dark ages still enveloped the general mind, individual intellect, brought in contact with others like itself, and strengthened by the alliance, kept alive the flickering vestal flame of learning which had well nigh been extinguished.

All students are interested in the manner in which educational institutions, even though they be without the range of their own personal observation, are managed. In view of this fact, we shall briefly sketch the character of the government and educational system of Oxford University; and although it is of course impossible to give, within our narrow limits, a
complete description of the workings of an institution whose age is numbered by centuries, and which furnishes the educational discipline for a great portion of the world's mightiest empire, yet a general idea may be given, upon which the reader desirous of further information, may base his more extended inquiries.

The early history of Oxford, like that of many other institutions having their beginning in antiquity, is vague and uncertain; nor is the date of its establishment, its founders, or the motives by which they were influenced, particularly known. There are, to be sure, many hypotheses, having more or less probability, but none perfectly satisfactory. It is supposed by many to have been founded by King Alfred during the latter half of the ninth century; and, be this as it may, it is not unpleasing to imagine the early king, associated in childhood memories with the "gude-wife" and her scorched pastry, the romantic stronghold at Athelny, and other similar scenes and incidents, to have founded, with his courtiers—not the perfumed and profligate of Charles' reign, but men of stern hearts and strong hands—the institution of which we write. If this be true, they doubtless acted in the same spirit with which, at the foundation of our own Yale, "ten worthy fathers assembled at Branford, and each laying a few volumes upon a table, said, 'I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony.'"

The government of the University of Oxford greatly resembles in character, that of the United States, under which each state has its own chief magistrate, its own laws and regulations, and its own inhabitants, yet is, in common with the others, subject to a general or confederate government, whose executive consists of a President and other officers, and whose laws are equally binding upon all. The University is not, as is sometimes imagined, one great College, governed by a single executive department, and homogeneous in all its parts, but is composed of a number of institutions, independent and separate in themselves, and in the management and education of their members, but confederated together under the general title of "The University of Oxford," and as such subject to its general laws. These institutions are called Colleges and Halls—a Hall differing from a College only in not being endowed,
or in other words in having neither Fellowships nor Scholarships. The number of the former is twenty-one, of the latter five. The names of each, with the number of their fellowships and scholarships, and the dates of their respective establishment are as follows:

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<tr>
<th>Colleges</th>
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<th>Fell.</th>
<th>Schol.</th>
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<tr>
<td>1. Merton,</td>
<td>1247</td>
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<td>2. Morton,</td>
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<td>3. University,</td>
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<td>4. Balliol,</td>
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<td>5. Exeter,</td>
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<td>6. Oriel,</td>
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<td>7. Queen's,</td>
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<td>8. New College,</td>
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<td>9. Lincoln,</td>
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<td>10. All Soul's,</td>
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<td>11. Magdalen,</td>
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<td>12. Brazen-Nose,</td>
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<td>13. Corpus Christi,</td>
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<td>16. St. John's,</td>
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<td>17. Jesus,</td>
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<td>18. Wadham,</td>
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<td>19. Pembroke,</td>
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<td>20. Worcester,</td>
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<th>Halls</th>
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<td>1. St. Alban's,</td>
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<td>2. St. Edmund's,</td>
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<td>3. St. Mary's,</td>
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<tr>
<td>4. New Inn,</td>
<td>1391</td>
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<tr>
<td>5. Magdalen,</td>
<td>1480</td>
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The officers of the general government are—the Chancellor, High Steward, Vice Chancellor, and two Proctors. These transact the University business. In addition to these there are some thirty "Professors of the liberal Arts and Sciences," whose connexion with the University will be more fully explained hereafter. The officers of the individual Colleges and Halls are—the Head, whose specific name differs in almost every institution, being Warden, Rector, Provost, etc., the Tutors, and several minor and disciplinary officers. The powers and duties of the Head are somewhat similar to those of a College President in America.

It was before stated that there were connected with the
University some thirty officers. It is only in name, however, that they resemble those of American Colleges, since they neither hear recitations, lecture, nor have any direct educational intercourse with the students. They are men eminent in their several branches of learning, who are expected, in this station, to provide material for the purposes of education, that is, to explore their respective sciences, to discover, if possible, new truths, and to classify those already found, and thus to place in a tangible shape the elements and principles of knowledge. They are those who exhume and polish the before hidden marble, while others build it into the mighty structure of education. The question then naturally arises, by whom is instruction imparted, and the aims of an institution of learning carried out? These duties are performed by a class of officers called Tutors. There are two classes of these, Public and Private, the former of which are in every thing but name identical with the Professors of our American Colleges. They are chosen by each college, with great care, from its senior members, at the rate of one for every twelve or twenty students. Each is officially connected with his own college. It is their duty to lecture to their several charges upon the studies in which they are engaged, to examine them at these lectures with reference to the ability and research shown, and to explain and elucidate points of difficulty or obscurity. The private Tutors are entirely disconnected from any official capacity, but are employed by the students at private rates, and assist them in study and in preparation for examinations and degrees.

To obtain the simple degree A. B., the candidate must be thoroughly acquainted with the Greek and Latin classics, and with the Mathematics, and must also possess a knowledge of the doctrines of the Christian religion, and the tenets of the Church of England. He must have, too, an acquaintance with Logic and the other minor English studies. Provision is, however, made for honors additional to the degrees, for the attainment of which much higher qualifications are necessary. The nature of these and of the examinations for them, are so clearly and concisely stated in the English Quarterly Journal of Education for July, 1831, that we copy a portion of the article:—

"The names of those who desire to receive Class Degrees
(similar in meaning to our American 'honors,' are printed, arranged in four classes, according to a fixed standard of merit for each class. The candidate is permitted to name the books in which he wishes to be examined; and the examiners are besides at liberty to examine in any additional books which they may select. The following may serve as a specimen of the ordinary lists admitted by the examiners:—Virgil, Cicero De Officiis, the last five books of Herodotus, Porson's four plays of Euripides, and some work on Logic. For the highest class honors, the catalogue usually comprises two or more treatises of Aristotle, with the addition, usually, of some of Cicero, or some parts of Plato, Herodotus and Thucydides, and often of the whole or part of Xenophon's Hellenics, and Polybius; a selection of Greek plays and sometimes Pindar; a portion of Latin history, most commonly two decades of Livy; two or more Latin poets, which are almost always Virgil, Horace, Lucretius or Juvenal. Besides the examination in these works, the student is obliged to perform exercises in English, Latin and Greek, in prose and in verse, at the discretion of the Examiners. The mathematical examinations are conducted principally by means of printed questions, answered in writing. A candidate for the first class may be stated generally to have acquired in mathematics—1. The elements of Analytical Geometry and Trigonometry; 2. The Differential Calculus and its applications; 3. Mechanics, including the principles of its application to the solar system, embracing the substance of the three first sections of Newton's Principia, which are also read in the original forms; 4. The principles of Hydrostatics, Optics, and Plane Astronomy. The examinations take place twice a year. Prizes are also given for the encouragement of composition in prose and verse, in Latin and English."

There are usually upon the Oxford books about six or seven thousand names. Many of these students are residents, and many are not, but merely pass their examinations at the University. They are divided into two classes, Commoners and Gentlemen Commoners. The Gentleman Commoner possesses certain privileges which the Commoner does not; but to assume this rank a much larger expense than that accruing to the Commoner, is necessary. They wear a more expensive collegiate dress than the Commoners. The proportion of Gentleman Commoners is about one in twenty students. It is optional with the student which class he will enter.

The expense of an Oxford education is of course dependent upon the habits of the individual. There is, as in American Colleges, ample opportunity for extravagance and luxurious recklessness. The necessary expenditures, however, amount per College year, to between ninety and one hundred
pounds sterling, some four hundred and fifty or five hundred dollars in American currency. This includes College bills, tutorage, rooms, servants, boarding, or in Oxford language *battels*, washing, fuel, lights, and other minor necessary articles.

We have now briefly passed over the most important points in relation to Oxford and Oxford education. We have been compelled to touch lightly upon, and even to omit many things of interest connected with this subject, which, did space permit, we would gladly treat more fully. Enough, however, has been said to give the reader some idea of the peculiar character of the English University system, as well as to explain the chief points of difference between the institutions of learning in the mother country and those of our own land. Our object being merely to give a plain statement of "facts and circumstances," we have refrained from any expression of opinion as to the peculiar merits and defects of this system, or as to whether it could be advantageously adopted, to any length, in our American Colleges. This much we will say, however, that while the system of instruction pursued in our own Kenyon,—eminently "American," and such as most effectually to develop and train the minds of our rising generation for the great work before them,—meets our hearty approbation, we are right glad that there is something in her "antique towers," and in the very atmosphere that surrounds her classic halls, which at once carries our thoughts beyond the sea, to those noble fountains of learning, the Universities of Great Britain.

A HYPERION SKETCH.

"The great eventful present hides the past; but, through the din
Of its loud life, hints and echoes from the life behind steal in."  

A beautiful fancy is that of the early German poets concerning the "Death-knell of the Year." Far up, say they, in the mighty dome of infinite space, there hangs a great bell, whose solemn tones are heard, as the last hours of December die away, announcing that another cycle of days has been
completed,—that a new page is about to be opened of the great record-book of time. And whenever any one hears its mysterious voice—whether borne to his ears in the low sad wail of the winter wind, or in the hollow rustle of the sere leaves over the frozen earth—he may know that there is need for him to examine the record of his Past, and, ere he crosses the threshold of the new year, to make reformation of his conduct and life.

George Lessing heard this voice, as he stood at his window, thoughtfully gazing out upon the night, and towards the cold sky above. The lights had one after another disappeared from all the windows of the old College, save his own, yet still he stood there and watched the bright golden stars which, with all their merry twinkling, could bring no gladness to his heart. His thoughts were with the past, and upon his brow were marks of a great grief.

It has been demonstrated, I believe, that a man may follow himself to the grave. His senses may be alive, while the heart within his bosom is cold and dead, and while all hope is forever buried away out of sight. He may go abroad into the great world, and mingle with his fellow men, but it is only to feel the more keenly that he has no business there, that he has played his part in the game of life, and—lost. Oh! a sad, a terrible thing it is, while others look upon you as a man, yourself to know that you are not living, but dead.

And yet there are few to whom at least a dim foreshadowing of his experience does not come. Few close their eyes in death without ever having felt that their lives have been mis-spent,—that they have lived to no purpose. To some, this experience, indeed, comes late. They float idly and calmly along the current of existence, the years glide quickly by, old age comes on apace, and then, just ere the sands of life have ceased to flow, the light comes, and they awaken to the reality that life is something more than "an empty dream." Others make little progress over "the rough and thorny way" before they feel the shadows falling upon their hearts. Life is not always measured by the passing years. There are many upon whom disappointment and sorrow, and remorse, have done their work long before the morning dew has fled. The great sorrow comes with crushing force, and some after standing for
a time mute and paralized, sink never to rise again. But others, if the heart be brave and strong, emerge from the darkness endowed with a new life, purified and strengthened to accomplish their mission and prepared, when they depart, to leave behind them "footprints on the sand of time."

George Lessing's experience had not, in many respects, been uncommon one. To the eye of an observer, his childhood would have presented nothing worthy of special remark. There were the same school-boy days which we have all passed through,—the same little joys and sorrows,—the same victories and defects,—the same clouds and sunshine. But there was something beyond this in his simple child-life,—a something of whose existence not even himself was aware. The strange light which flashed in those bright eyes, as he stood sometimes upon the sea shore, and gazed out upon the wide waste of waters,—the heaving sigh—strange enough in one of his years—as he turned away from the boisterous sports of his young companions might have betrayed the truth—had there been one to read it—that already the soul was beginning to yearn for something which dwells not in regions of earth. Ah! that light has even thus flashed in many an eye whose lustre has been afterwards dimmed; those same noble longings have caused the young heart to throb, which in after years, was satisfied to turn away forever from the light and truth. And so, it seemed, was it in his case. His career at College had not been a successful one. Since his name had been first placed upon the college books, three years had passed, leaving behind them a long record of delinquencies, of failures where there might have been glorious triumphs,—of great purposes frustrated,—of disgrace instead of honor,—of disappointment to friends at home who had hoped much from his talents and early promise. His fate, however, was not yet sealed. Upon the new year's eve of which I write, his thoughts, from some strange cause, and much against his own will, had been carried back to the past. Influences, hidden and mysterious, were at work around and within him, yet he strove to close his ears against their "whispered importunings," and to hush the voice of warning which came to him from the spirit land. But the voice would not be hushed. The mournful record of the wasted weeks and months was presented to his view and
he could not but read. As he read, faint shadows of the old hopes returned,—yet they were but the shadows which at evening flit around the grey tomb-stones, and creep stealthily along the grave-yard wall. So empty were they, and so quickly did they disappear! Lessings hour of trial had come. He stood now upon the final turning point of his career. A single mis-step now and all would be lost. If taken aright however, a step would lead to a better life than he had yet known; and from the grave of his "buried past" might yet arise the glorious "hope of the future."

II.

Human life—I mean the life of an individual human being—is a profound mystery. We cannot penetrate its hidden depths. We see each other move and act, but the great spring of action is beyond the grasp of our mortal ken. Nay, many a man moves and acts for a life-time, himself unconscious of even the existence of that great under-current of the soul, which yet controls each step in his career, and "shapes his ends, rough hew them as he will." It is like the Ocean, whose surface, men of science tell us, furnishes no indication of what is doing in its great depths. When to the eye, all is storm and wild commotion, the waters, a few fathoms below, may repose in perfect tranquillity; and when, on the other hand, the surface is smooth like glass, mighty agents may be at work, producing effects which time only can reveal, or which, indeed, may never be revealed to human view. Could the "inner life" of even the obscurer of men be faithfully portrayed,—could all the silent influences which have part in moulding even his humble career, be brought to light, and correctly set in order, in all their minute and subtle details—we should have a history for the world to wonder at. Each little event—each every-day occurrence, which men pass lightly over and think nothing of—would exhibit to our wondering gaze a complication of cause and effect, a nice adjusting, a balancing one against the other, of principles of whose nature and existence we have never dreamed. And those moments of doubt and fear, of remorse and wild despair, which occur to every one,—moments when the soul shrinks from a review of the past as it does from a contemplation of the future—
when it loathes equally the thought of life and death, and longs only for annihilation—would be seen to be a conflict to the death of mysterious powers, fiercely contending for the mystery.

Such a contest was being waged in George Lessing's bosom, but he knew it not. He only felt the pangs of remorse for the past, and a sickness of heart at thought of the years to come. Oh! he would at that moment have deemed himself happy, had he been forever stricken out of existence.

Moved by he stopped not to inquire what impulse, he at length took his hat and cloak to go out into the open air. As he descended the stairs, the College bell began to toll. Some of the gay students were ringing the knell of the departing year. The solemn sound struck upon Lessing's ear, but it spoke to his heart. It told him that the year was 'being' laid to rest in the dark grave of the Past. It told him more than this. It told him that the record was complete—that the year, with all its precious moments of action—all its hopes—was gone forever. Without intending it, he entered the College graveyard. It was a spot which, during the first part of his course, he had often visited, while suffering from the usual attacks of homesickness, and when desirous of being alone. But for two years he had not stood within the sacred enclosure—for the thoughts which the white tomb-stones suggest are not such as a person engaged in a career of folly, cares to entertain. He stopped now, beside a grave, which, in days gone by, he had loved to meditate upon. It was that of a young man who had come from a distant state, full of the scholar's enthusiasm, and the scholar's glorious hope, but who, ere a year had passed, had been carried by his classmates to his last quiet resting place. By the bright moonlight, Lessing saw that the stone which had been erected to mark his grave, and upon which he had often read his sad history, had fallen from its place, and was crumbling into dust. So perishes the very name of mortal man. Thus he dies and is forgotten. But the words which he has uttered, the acts which he has performed—live forever in the universe of God, their echoes vibrating always through the regions of infinite space. This was what was passing through Lessing's mind. The associations of the place had given his thoughts a new direction. His sorrow was no less deep, but
he had grown more calm. It was to him the moment before the dawn. The tolling of the bell suddenly changed to a merry ringing,—a joyful welcome to the New Year. The Old had gone, but another was commencing. And might not he begin, with its beginning, to lead a new life? Might not he start anew, and yet win in the great conflict? The thought was like the sudden shining of the sun through the mists of morning. He knelt down upon the frozen earth, beside that poor student's grave, and prayed. As he arose, a voice whispered in his ear:

"Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act,—act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead!"

He looked around, but there was no one near. It was a command from within, a whisper from the unseen to his heart.

The struggle was past. George Lessing was saved. As he stood there alone in the old grave-yard—that city of the dead—he vowed solemnly a reformation of his life and conduct, and that vow was kept sacred.

It was not my intention, when I began, to write the record of a life. It might be a pleasant task to portray the struggles which Lessing subsequently passed through,—the temptations he encountered—the doubts and fears which were sometimes his—above all, the noble strength of purpose, the stern resolve to overcome, to be a man, which sustained him in every conflict—and the success which at last crowned his efforts. But here I lay down my pen, with the hope that the New Year which is approaching may be to more than one George Lessing the beginning of a new life—the starting point in a career of uprightness and manly, honorable success.

TO ———.

Lady, I may not press my bachelor lips to thine,
Nor breathe soft words of love into thy ear,—
And yet I bow before thy presence, as a shrine
Forever blessed and forever dear.

Lady, when first I saw thy finely moulded form,
And looked into thy loving, lustrous eye,
Blind Cupid's dart struck home, and then I felt
My bachelor-like resolves within me die.
Farewell is one of those few words which seem to awaken volumes of thought and feeling, which seem to untie the fetters of self-control and let the passions loose, to roam with all their energy through the brain. When the last adieu is given, how it wrings the soul, how expressive of what is tender and affectionate. Scarce a day of life but witnesses the influence of this strange spell.

The last adieu is cherished as a treasure in the heart of the tender child, when separated from a mother's care, and it lingers in its memory even when the last kind look is forgotten. The youth, when far away from friends and from those he loves, often brushes aside a silent tear, as he involuntarily repeats the last token of parting regret.

But there are many farewells besides those frequent ones on the parting of friends. We say farewell to the home of youth, with all its sweet associations, with its sunny spots, its shady groves, its bowers of ease, and entwined with all their dearness; perhaps a brother's sympathies in joys and sorrows, or a sister's fond affection. Spots to which our minds often return as sacred to the memory, where hour after hour we have wandered alone, when solitude seemed to lend inspiration to the soul, to be the time when our nature was freed from the baser things of earth, and to soar upward and attain the glittering crown of fame, without passing over the rugged road between.

We say farewell to the joys of childhood in the heart of the aspiring boy, when the stories of heroes has kindled the flame in his breast, and he feels within him a call from afar by the
trumpet of fame, when from statesmen's hall he sees hung out as ready to crown his brow, the laurel wreath. Farewell to bloom on the restless brow.

When genius' fires begin to glow, he looks back but for a moment and sighs farewell, the flame of ambition's fever which tinges his pale cheek, makes him its victim or burns forever. We say farewell to that gentle, lingering, rosy light, as the sun settles behind a hill or into the ocean's depths. At first we say farewell to it, with a heart full of gentleness, but when night with her sable fold gathers more closely around us, we speak it in a more mournful strain.

Farewell to innocence and love, in the gay, unthinking, misguided youth, when by evil ones his heart has been ferried not to safety, but upon the dark and dismal shore of destruction, to his peace he whispers farewell forever, for he can never know it again as when he trod the path of virtue.

But when the soul has burst its earthly thrall, to our friends and to earth we bid a last adieu.

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**COMTE'S PHILOSOPHY.**

In this last age of the world, in which the powers of the mind seem to be endowed with new and wonderful strength, in which the mystic lore of by-gone days has sunk into the grave of the past, and over its sepulchre has sprung into life the speculative character of the present; we see new forms and new features of development constantly arising, some to sink again into forgetfulness, brought to decay by their very constitution; and others, exhibiting the mighty grasp of some great mind, that has leaped the barrier of the present, and gazed into the dreamy, misty future, and seen the workings of the world's machinery in the time to come; which is destined to produce a convulsion in the life of man—perhaps for his good—perhaps to sink him still deeper in the troubles and difficulties of life. Every system has had its day, when it held its reign exclusively over the mind of its votaries, but before the advancing light of knowledge, they have shrunk back into the night of gloom behind these to mourn in grief over the fate to which they had been called. The opinions of
the Realists held sway over mind from the days of Plato and Aristotle down to the twelfth century. Their belief in the existence of some original form or archetype, whose abode was in the Eternal Mind, and which, inherently endowed with life, sought to reveal itself in the tangible forms of creation, possessed a charm which it was difficult to resist; but it faded away, and in its place stood forth the doctrine of the Nominalist, diametrically opposed to it in its every characteristic. No general or abstract idea was the basis upon which they built their superstructure, and from the days of Roscelinus and Abelard to those of Berkeley and Hume it had usurped the throne of ruined Realism, and with its sceptre ruled the mind of the world. Theory after theory has arisen and fallen. Every age of the world has been marked with some peculiar development—the out-breathing of the under-current of life. The Scholastic shadowed forth the existing sentiment of his age, which held the intellect of man in its grasp, until the Baconian system, with its truth, swept it away into the past, and reared its own standard over its fallen ensign.

Within the past few years a new theory has sprung into existence, which has startled the world by its mighty force, which has shown that it has had its birth in the mind of some master genius, whose depth of analytical reasoning has rarely had an equal. We refer to "Comte's Positive Philosophy." Among all the Atheistic Systems that have had their birth in these modern days, there can be found none perhaps, against which the forces of Christian truth will have to contend with greater determination. Like a giant it rises up from amid the infidel doctrines which are now demoralizing the world, the great leader which is to enroll the names of the powerful and influential upon its banner and marshal them forth to conflict with the followers of the cross. As Christians, and not only as such, but as citizens of this great bulwark of religious freedom—America—it is our duty to meet this foe with all that power which truth possesses, and attempt to strip it of its specious garb of fascination and expose the deformity that lurks beneath.

Now what is the position that Comte takes? what is the proposition which he endeavors to establish? and what are the foundation stones upon which he would base his theory? His
position in the world is as an Atheist—the proposition that he
would solve is,—that man in his development is inevitably
tending, and will finally result in Atheism—and as stepping-
stones by which he arrives at this conclusion, he makes a de-
termination of the limits of knowledge, which he asserts is
confined to the perception of phenomena and their invariable
relations and laws. Secondly, he assumes that the history of
the world is to be divided into three distinct and successive
ages—the Theological, Metaphysical and Positive. And lastly,
his attempts to establish the historic order in which the various
branches of study come into action in the human mind.

It shall be our endeavor, in as brief a space as possible, to
review each of these points, on the truth of which the whole
social system of Comte depends. As his first fundamental
principle, he declares that there is a determination of the limits
of knowledge, which is confined to the perception of phenomena
and their invariable relations and laws. Absolute knowledge
is an impossibility, and the perception of things considered in
themselves, a phantasm. The true prerogative of the mind
consists only in observing the appearance of things, and the
relations existing between them. We cannot look beyond into
the past and ask the cause of their existence, but must be con-
tent to rest in quiet, having reached the utmost limit of mental
investigation, when we have determined what the object is,
and what are the relations which it bears to others. When we
have defined what a thing is, i. e. how it stands related to other
things as an existing fact or sequence, we have exhausted the
intelligible sphere. With the why or the wherefore of its exist-
ence, or of its relations to priority or posteriority, we have
nothing to do. That is beyond our comprehension, and probing
into the secret laws of science and philosophy, attempting to
establish some fundamental axiom upon which to base their
superstructure is nothing but an endeavor after the unattaina-
ble, the pursuit of shadows and dreams. This is the position
which the author of "Positive Philosophy" assumes, in his
first principle, and let us analyze it before proceeding farther.
We readily agree with him that we attain our knowledge of
the outward world through the medium of the senses, that
things exist by virtue of their relativity; for if it were other-
wise they would be absolute, and consequently inappreciable
by the senses, and of course unknowable. Man is born into the world without a solitary iota of thought. He has to build up his future knowledge upon what he first gains through the power of sensation—he cannot look beyond, and grasp as if by instinct the wisdom world—he cannot at first theorize—he cannot at first comprehend that which is unconditioned, but he must satisfy his mind alone with that which is appreciable by the senses. Comte is correct in his statement that the senses are the medium through which we are brought to an acquaintance with the material world, that we know nothing at first but what is taught us by our own phenomenal organization, but in his next step he takes a wrong position. He firmly asserts that we can have no belief concerning those things of which we have no direct knowledge. Now where can he find a single feature of the mind to warrant such a position. On the contrary, does not the philosophy of our mental constitution bear with it the evidence that there are original and authoritative grounds of belief? It is constantly apparent, in every action of the human mind. Statements are made, in proof of which we have no direct personal knowledge, yet do we not believe them? Innumerable chances to one, that one man in ten millions has ever demonstrated the fact that the universe is governed by the laws of gravitation, yet does any one ever doubt of its truth? No,—here he is at fault. He would have us think that we have no belief, that everything that we know must be submitted to a course of mathematical demonstration. If he considers this position to be true, how is he to account for the vast variety of creences on which the whole business of society, its trades, as well as its sciences and religions proceed? It is upon belief that we must base the greater part of our knowledge. When we say that we know the truths of mathematics, the laws of astronomy, the principles of chemistry, are we at fault? they are not made perceptible to us by our sensations, but it is reason that fathoms their depths and brings these hidden treasures to light. The whole world, during every successive stage of its existence, has professed a belief in that which is unconditioned and perfect, in that which has lain beyond the limit of the senses, unseen by the physical eye, unheard by the ear, and yet we are to call them dreamers. Must we shut
the window (as it may be called) of the soul, which opens into God and the absolute, and take away that noble prerogative of the human mind, which leaps beyond the boundary of time and sense, and holds communion with the immaterial and spiritual? Science, it is true, commences with the sense, but it now ascends above this. It stops not at the threshold to dally with that which is perceptible only to the natural eye, but opens wide its doors, that reason may look therein, and behold its beauties. If she would halt here, she would but see the outside of the temple; she would recognize the cold exterior; but the Divinity, whose throne is within, that sheds a heavenly light, draping it in beauty, it would not behold. Comte would close this entrance, which leads from the material and limited, through the arched and fretted gate-way of the reason, into the boundless universe of thought beyond, and bar forever the efforts of the mind to penetrate into the arcana, and behold the secret mysteries that are hidden there.

His second fundamental principle is, that each of our leading conceptions, each branch of our knowledge, passes successively through three different theoretical conditions: the Theological or fictitious, the Metaphysical or abstract, and the Positive or scientific. That is, that man in his development, from the first stage of his existence, in the olden days of the world, through all the phases of his subsequent life, necessarily passes through three distinct periods; that at first he ascribes all visible phenomena to some supernatural cause; that in the second he abandons this, and supposes that there exists inherent in the nature of every one, abstract forces, veritable entities, capable of producing all phenomena; and in the last period, that man has cast aside all these, and established himself upon the true basis—a code of positive and final laws by which the universe is governed. The Theological, he says, is buried with the past. Those days of yore, when man in his infant helplessness, looked only to a God as the cause of all the effects in nature; when, at first, he was a believer in Fetishism, and then a Polytheist, and afterwards arose to the highest perfection of such an age; when he exhibited one God for the numerous divinities that had before been imagined. This era has passed away, and we are now living in the Metaphysical age—a period of speculation and doubt—that the idea of a
God is fast losing foothold in our minds, and ere long, when we merge into the Positive, it will be entirely lost, and one general law, fixed and eternal, will be the throne of supreme power by which our every action will be governed.

Now what is the course of argument by which he would sustain himself in this position. He draws an analogy from the cerebral organs. An ardent believer in the doctrines of phrenology, he considers that the brain is but a mere prolongation of the vertebral column, that the sensual passions at the back of the neck come into action first, then the sentimental powers, on the top of the head, and finally the intellect, on the forehead. He makes this assertion, but where is it that he finds the necessary arguments to attest its truth. There is no proof which he can bring forward to uphold himself in this view. The researches of the metaphysician have clearly shown the contrary to be true. The part of the brain in immediate contact with the vertebral column has been wholly removed, and yet the animal desires have been preserved in all their vigor, and so also with the sentimental powers and the intellect. Again, he would have us believe that these come into action at successive and distinct periods, that they have no connection one with another; but that, so soon as one is fully developed, it passes away, and the reign of the succeeding begins. Our own individual experience teaches us the opposite view: that the intellectual, the sentimental, and the sensual, do not follow each other in distinct compartments, but that they co-exist. Human nature has produced many an instance of those whose far-reaching powers of intellect, united with the most exquisite sentimentality, have been debased by the grossest sensuality. Lord Byron, whose brilliant genius rose upon the world like the star of morning, whose towering intellect cast a shadow over the feeble minds that shrank before him, whose writings evince the highest tone of sensibility, to the latest day of his life revelled in the most degrading sensuality. The lives of Webster and Burr, of our own day, testify to the truth of the contrary of Comte’s proposition.

Individual experience, he says, begins with theology and ends with atheism. In the first days of our childhood we look out upon nature and behold in it the hand of God; we cannot divest our mind, in its adolescence, of the idea of some
first cause, eternal and immutable, and the natural impulse of our hearts is to look to that being and worship him as the one Supreme. But as our years mature, we throw aside our eager longings for that which is spiritual, and fix them upon that which is tangible, that which is not beyond the limit of mind to comprehend. This view is plainly incorrect, for upon examining the history of man, we find results entirely different, where childhood has been marked with an utter disregard of everything in the least degree spiritual in its character, where the soul, from the very moment of its birth, has been the home of the darkest shade of sin. John Newton, whose life has shed a heavenly light over the Christian world, in his youth was the bitterest enemy of everything approaching religion. Every grade in society, every profession, can produce examples of a dissolute youth resulting in an old age of the most exalted piety.

Again, he says that the historical proof of the world shows that mankind has been gradually rising from Fetichism through Theology to Atheism; that in the first dawn of the morning of the earth, he vested divinity in the brute creation, or in inorganic matter; that as his nature became more exalted, he transferred it from the natural to the spiritual, and enthroned a god as the guardian over every phenomena in nature, and that at last, as the grand triumph of the theological era, one God was made the ruler of the universe; but that this period has now passed away, and through the intermediate—the metaphysical—we are about entering upon the final epoch, in which the idea of a God will be lost in the contemplation of the one fundamental and eternal law that governs all things. We have no direct and universal evidence that Fetichism has been the attendant of the earliest stages of civilization, but rather that those nations where it has existed have sunk into it from Polytheism. It exists now among the nations of the east, and has existed for ages, where these opportunities for development, under the Atheistic plan, have been as great as those of other and more favored climes. History gives us no evidence of primary Fetichism. Again, instead of being the accompaniment of a barbaric infancy, it has rather been the event of the most exalted degree of scientific and intellectual culture. Egypt, the most celebrated country
in the annals of history for the worship of animals, in the days of its greatest splendor, when the light of knowledge which it shed forth cast its influence over the whole of the then known world, and penetrated even into future ages, when the developments in science and art were greater than have even been attained in these modern days, at that time was groping in the darkness of the lowest order of Fetishism. Again, the three stages of Theology, Metaphysics and Positiveism, are coincident. They have not followed each other in succession: as soon as one has passed away, another has not appeared upon the stage of action, to the exclusion of the others, but they have been, and are, co-existent. The present aspect of the United States is an evidence of it. Here exist the opinions of the Christian, the Speculator and the Atheist, each opposed to the other, but all existing at the same time, and under the same government. Again, Christianity has not been contemporaneous with the adolescence of civilization, but has been a necessary element in the era of its maturest development. The great discoveries in science and art have not been left to the age of Positiveism to bring forth, but have been the out-growing of the mind, enlightened by the influence of Christianity. There has not been a gradual rising from Theology to Atheism, but the record of history shows that the nations of antiquity, instead of advancing into this age of Positiveism, have sometimes sunk into the deepest mire of barbarism.

The position of the Atheist, that the developments of science clearly disprove the existence of a God, is utterly untenable. If he will but look for a moment at the condition of the world, as it now is, the marked advancement of the human race in the powers of mind, in bringing to light the hidden mysteries of nature, and all this done, too, in the broad daylight of Christianity, when the greatest minds, that have solved the profound problems, have been subject to the influence of the religion of Christ, and have found nothing in them contrary to the teachings of the Saviour. This is evidence sufficient that the word of the Bible is in strict accordance with the developments of science; that far from being its opponent, it is the guardian angel which attends its march, directs its movements, and sheds a heavenly ray to light up its dim and
mystic windings, that the mind of man may investigate and reveal its secret beauties.

The third and last division of Comte's Philosophy is left to the establishment of the historic order in which the various branches of study come into action in the mind. Here he has far surpassed the endeavors of former philosophers. By his power of mind he has grasped the knowledge of this great fact in our mental constitution, of the successive periods of each branch of study. We do not say that he is correct in his view, but that he has approached the nearest to perfection of any who have undertaken the same task.

The analytical mind of Comte has exhibited deep thought and wonderful penetration into the future. He says that there is a time coming when the laws of social development will be discovered and acted upon, when we shall no longer be searching in vain for some first cause, for some supreme being, the guiding spring of every action, but that we will then rest in peace, nature will be positive, it will have its immutable and eternal laws.

ALONE.

All without is sad grey twilight, melting into gloomy night,
As the drifting cloud of darkness veils each struggling ray of light;
Fast and thick the dead leaves falling, flutter wildly on the gale,
And the sobbing of the sad rain mingles with the storm's low wail.

All within is wrapt in shadows, deeper, darker than the night,
As the flickering, dying embers, startle with their ghastly light,
And from out the gloom seem starting, pale, dead hopes of long ago,
Robed in sable garments trailing, and with voices sad and low.

Chanting slowly solemn dirges thro' the dim aisles of the Past,
While its distant vaulted arches ring with echoes dear and vast,
And each trembling, sad vibration, rolling through the dreary hall,
Touches Memory's withered garlands—one by one their dead flowers fall.

Loud without the swollen torrent rushes madly to the sea,
On its troubled waters bearing many a rich argosy,
While within the waves of sorrow with a tide resistless beat—
Wave on wave, the bitter waters cast their burden at my feet.

Fast within the gloom is deep'ning, and its shadow never flits,
On my soul, with drooping pinions, Sorrow's brooding demon sits,
While the dying embers darken, slowly fades Hope's last faint ray,
And with weary, slackened pulses, ebbs life's crimson tide away.

A footstep falls on the threshold,
And a deep voice breathes my name,
And the flickering embers quiver
And burst into bright'ning flame.

And the folded pinions of sorrow,
Unclose o'er my throbbing heart,
And the soaring wing of an angel
Gleams as the shadows depart.

The footstep draws nearer—nearer,
Through the opening portal gleams
A light like the glorious radiance
Which falls on us in dreams;

And it floats like a golden halo,
O'er the shadows stealing away,
And they chant no longer the dirges,
But an anthem glad and gay,

Whose soft, faint echoes, returning,
Stir the garlands on the wall,
And the odor of early blossoms
Floats through the cheerful hall;

And afar, thro' the bright'ning vista,
Gleams a future sown with stars,
Which like angel eyes are smiling
On me through its golden bars.

The footstep draws nearer—nearer,
A dear hand clasps my own,

And with wild heart-throbs I listen
To a loved, familiar tone—
I sit no longer in darkness,
'Mid shadows gloomy and gray—
All the past, with its weight of sorrow,
Melts like a dream away.

Without, in the tranquil midnight,
Patters the musical rain,

Falling, like fairy footsteps,
Merrily over the pane,

And the waves, with their joyous music,
Dance on the shining strand,

Dashing, in wildest profusion,
Gems on the silvery sand.

Bright within Love's waves of sunlight fleck with gold the dusky Past,
On its shore, from each bright billow, Memory's choicest pearls are cast;
From the rainbow mist above us, Love's bright angel bending down,
Wreathes for me a fadeless chaplet—crowns me with her starry crown.
The innocent confidence of three children, whom I deceived yesterday, went to my heart like the familiar melody of Christmas bells. I confess it freely, I confirmed these credulous innocents, as firmly as I could, in their belief in the Christmas-child. I told them that it flew high over the houses, and looked down upon the deeds of children, rewarding the good and punishing the bad. And I showed them a peacock feather, which hung trembling upon the vane of the tower, and told them, without thinking, that it was one of his.

It is childish and pedantic to weed out these pleasing, harmless errors from the minds of children—which plant there only the shoots of roses, never the seeds of nettles. Banish the story of Rupert, but let the mysterious Christmas-child, with his green and golden plumage, still flutter among the bright December clouds; for the former sometimes starts up fiercely with its terrible claws in the delirium of fever, but the latter often flies bright and smiling, through a dim, mysterious dream, through the last evening shadows of the dying bed, and breaks through its dark clouds with a flood of cheerful golden light.

The confiding credulity of children, and consequently their readiness to receive gross deceptions, is as great as their quick shrewdness, which will open the false, painted door of deception, be it never so carefully closed. Well do I remember my own disenchantment—the destruction of my own childish Eden.

But thus must my soul, and every soul, which the invisible air-columns of life, in these depths of our earthly abode, press downwards, ever stretch out its arms and wings towards a higher being—ever will our poor, dull hearts, confined in the cloisters of the breast, in the prison-house of our sluggish, earthly blood, by the leading strings of the nerves, struggling and swelling, and often bursting, unfold themselves to that Being in whom they shall finally rest—for our abode is in-
infinity, and our time is eternity, and creation is but the forerunner of our Creator.

O never, then, does that time of youth, when existence is more brightly illumined and more expanded than the simple, limited desires of the child—never does it lose its brightness. Delightful was it then, indeed, when no higher Heaven over-arched the little head than the vault of shining blue above, when we might still build castles in the morning air,—delightful was it, when fancy still peopled the earth, and not the earth, fancy; when, instead of immortality, we wished for nothing but years, and cared to be nothing higher than parents.

So yesterday, as the night closed my walk and my flight Heaven-ward, I engraved anew upon my chamber walls the well worn tracks which the chariot wheels of my childish years had made. All was quiet around me, and within,—the bustle of household work had ceased, the waves of female restlessness had subsided, the window and bed curtains hung and glittered, the sanded, ocean-like floor of the chamber twinkled, every loved object around me sat hoping—and joy, like bird of paradise, or that strange bird which the Norwegians tell us, visits man at the Advent season, floated dreamily downward, and covered me with its quivering, many-colored plumage. My eyes wandered around the chamber, and rested at length upon an old-fashioned primer which lay upon the table. At such a moment, they could not have found a more insignificant object. Few books, however, which I buy or write, do I read with such delight as this familiar little work, the inmate of every household—this gilded door-handle to every University, to every system of learning and science. I explain this delight by tracing back to that time long past, when I saw my first A B C book, with gilded letters on its gay-colored, wooden covers, shining in my childish hands. Are not, indeed, the contents of that book, namely, the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, of equal value to me now—to me, who live by them, as I mingle them carelessly together, like cards, or the tickets of a lottery? Yet the little book attracts me the more, when it is closed—and I gaze upon the gilded A B C of my golden age, which glitter upon its wooden covers, as upon the illuminated flourishes of a triumphal arch. And yester-
day, as I gazed upon this little relic of the past, with its golden memories, I became like one who awakes suddenly from a long deep sleep, and it seemed to me that I had slept, (that is, lived) but an hour—and I asked myself, "Is then that time, whose epitaph, in letters of gold, stands so brightly before thine eyes, and within thee—is the day of life indeed like the Christmas-night, not only so cold and gloomy, but also so short? But I controlled my sorrow, and read, lest my poor head might become demented, trying vainly to recall those days—trying to fill the dark chambers of the brain with those bright, happy memories, now wandering in distant lands—as the cheerful tints of morning, struggling upward from the gloom of night, fill my dusky chamber. Instead of this, I let my thoughts wander at will. I placed myself in every spot of the earth—in every zone. And I thought—at this moment are reposing a thousand wearied ones—a thousand infants sleep sweetly on the gentle bosoms of their parents—now rises the sun like a sea-god from the blazing ocean, strewing the islands with roses, and the islands behold their shores bathed in waters of joy—now it leaves the broad harvests of other lands, and hides itself behind the distant wheat-fields, then behind the tops of yonder orange trees, then behind the leaves of three rose-trees in my window, and at length gleams brightly into the soul of the gazing poet. At this moment how many lovers are pressed to loving hearts! How many separated ones meet again! How many infants for the first time unclose their eyes, and their parents smile instead of they! How beautiful the tears of joy which the good genius of earth beholds—falling in pearly showers amid the song of nightingales and feasts of happiness and love! O, what eyes bright with pleasure, and hearts full of joy do I see in the earth! And O, thou good genius, do not I, looking upon them all, belong also to it?

But I soon was forced to tear myself from this flower-strewn course, for my changing fancy showed me also a second train, of afflicted ones, who passed, veiled and shrinking from the sight, in silent sadness, or sobs of mourning, through the narrow theatre of life. But I will not guide you through the gloomy galleries, filled with pictures of sorrow, which I thought of in this hour—which passed before me like a fune-
ral train; and in which I pictured to myself how many wounds and graves were made in this moment—how many groans went upward—how many of our sisters were growing pale with toil and sorrow—how many were torn from loved and loving hearts, forsaken, despised, oppressed, pierced through. No! Hope closes fast these caves of Trophonius—these gloomy abodes of sorrow. But in this sadness, of mingled delight and pain, which, powerless against the deep storm-waves of affliction, knows no other refuge on the way of life, than to lay itself in the last and safest, but coldest and narrowest home; but which soon lifts itself up willingly, smiling amidst its pain, and in the clouds of grief recognizes the image of the Infinite and its Heaven,—in this bewildered state of mind, full of confused dreams, I sought sleep, whose light, short dreams compose and comfort the troubled soul.

But I found it not. The winter hours passed lazily over with their long shadows. The secret thoughts of my heart became brighter and more distinct with electric sparks, and moved at length through the black vacancy of night, first before closed eyes, and then before opened ones. With ardent longing I looked upon the glowing morning hours of this day, as upon the dewy spring-time. I went to the window, upon which the night-frost was weaving forms, wilder than the strange creatures of my fancy; for I wished to hear the accustomed Christmas music which, wafted from wind-surrounded, iron-latticed tower-windows over the deaf, lifeless houses, came swelling clearer and louder to my ear. Below lay a sleeping street of deserted charnel houses. Out of the snow the funeral train of a melted stream drew its long drapery across the white expanse. Naked trees cast a trellis-work over the white valley with their black skeletons, and the gloomy forest fringed the hill-tops with a band of mourning. Over the blue-black heavens were driven thin white clouds, like huge snow-flakes, and shrouding the stars, floated vapor from the steaming earth, like the magical clouds of the wizards art. As the night-wind, the life-breath of nature, played over my closed eyes, over my heated forehead, with its cool and gentle touch, like spring leaves and flowers in a quiet dream—came true dreams and a deep sleep.

Dreams and old age carry us back to our childhood, and
from both the earth-worn of our childish illusions creeps back over the heart. I dreamed that I had mounted the highest mountain of the earth, and kneeling upon its summit, had laid my ear at the closed church and church-yard door of this years future,—striving to reveal its mysteries. Below the mountain lay the towns and churches of the earth, in the twilight depths; everything slumbered, no lights appeared, nothing moved, and from city to city, the whole earth was overspread with a white, silent mantle of ashes, as from the crater of the grave. But as I looked upward, visions appeared in the heavens also. Visions formed of twinkling stars, following each other in bright succession—pictures painted with rays of light, as thunder-clouds paint their gleaming outlines in the deep, dark blue of heaven. The sky trembled with the contest of gleaming, struggling shapes. The Dragon lay in the zenith, coiled around between the pathway of the Sun and the Pole-star. Near the splendid Orion lay the Scorpion and the Dog-star, the Crab, piercing the Twins with his two claws, the Raven pecking at the Virgin, and the Serpent, holding himself with head erect, prepared for flight.

The hour when spirits walk abroad drew near. Peal after peal the bells below me sent up their voices, striking each minute of the eleventh hour. I gazed fearfully downward upon the sleeping, darkly-shaded valley. At length all the clocks struck the sixtieth minute, and the ghostly hour of midnight had come. There arose a storm low down in the distant horizon, hiding the rising stars, and swept towards me upon the earth. The ashes upon its surface flew upward, and the changing constellations glimmered through its clouds,—their bright shapes became spirits and gazed upon me with gleaming eyes. The spirits of light took the ashes of the dead and shrouded themselves with it, making corpses of men and forms which I knew. They played the scenes of life—some wept and muttered like sleeping men, others laughed with their ashy lips—they made graves and laid infant forms in them; others stretched forth motherly arms and pressed little innocent beings to their cold breasts. Then another hurricane swept their mantle of ashes from the white, drear battlefields of the past year. And the twinkling spirits changed themselves into dark, shadowy forms, and with other dusky shapes,
fiercely fought through future battles; and the falling warriors groaned only when they fell, but from their ashen forms flowed no tears and no blood. And as I lifted my sorrowing eyes towards heaven and cried, “Father of consolation, give poor erring mankind peace and love,” I saw the starry Dragon between Arcturus and the Galaxy, waving its cloudy wings, and as its glowing form sank deeper and deeper, the mountain upon which I stood sank beneath my feet, the ashes upon the earth swept over me, the earth seized me in its embrace, and the hovering Dragon let fall upon my heart a bright and glowing star.

Then was my spirit set free, and strove upward above its crushed earthly prison-house. I soared calmly and unmoved above the tumult of the world, and the revolving earth rolled onward beneath me its lands and clouds. O, what misery and 28
joy—my heart burst with despair, and I cried—'O, Eternal Being! is there then at last no happiness? When will then the wearied soul find peace? And a gentle voice answered—'Not upon earth, but in death—in never ending love—in infinite wisdom.' Then came back the earth from its long course of years, and mounted upwards between me and the sun; and the voice sang more sweetly and more gently—'Return thy earth; thou art not yet dead!' And here arose from the worlds revolving in the abyss below me, a trembling melody of bells, and my comforted soul pressed with longing towards its old abode. A shining halo of two joined rainbows encircled its rounded shores; it caught me trembling to itself—and I awoke.

Around the tower were flowing the holy tones of the Christmas bells, wafted gently by the morning wind—below me wound the dark river with its familiar wavelets, and its everlasting murmuring voices—the stars stood calm and bright in the vault of heaven, clouds lay towering upwards, heaped in snowy masses by the cold night-wind; and as the sun arose, melted beneath his beams, and vanished in the eastern sky—and in one of the nearest houses, the Christmas-tree was already lighted, and happy children, awakened from their morning sleep by the early music, were leaping joyfully among the lighted branches and the silvery fruit.

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**THE COMING OUT OF THE STARS.**

While all the scenes are darkly bright,
And twilight searches through the woods—
And sounds are hushed by coming night,
Among the meadow solitudes,

Across the woodland pastures far,
Whose clover loves the dewy breeze,
I first behold my evening star
Make music in me from the trees.

And soon the distance everywhere
Brings forth the silent heavenly birth,
Till, filling all the happy air,
They gladden all the shades of earth.
They are not in yon heavenly blue
With solitary words to grow,
Through all our mystery anew—
    They are the heavenly stars below!

Their music,—though unheard by those
Who wander with the outward strife—
Keeps heaven there forever close—
    The music of the spheres of life!

From windows speaking by their light,
    To loving feet that nigher come—
Their glitter makes the bosom bright—
    They are the heavenly stars of home!

Glad spheres! that light the world along—
No telescopic eyes to gaze—
That keeping in your heart your song,
    Send light to kiss the lonely ways!

How beautiful your light at even,
    Reflected in the world afar!
But—loveliest in the watch of heaven—
    I follow still my Evening Star!

_____________________________

AT MORNING.

When this strange darkness, anchored in sight of heaven—
Mingling with stars, with holy visions painted—
This waking dream forever nearer closing
Our eyes to sleep that sleep (to go at morning,
A mist gold-hidden, half-forgotten behind us)—
This dream and sleep of life and death—shall waken!
May we not trust, those bidding "Good Night" before us—
They who arose the earliest from this slumber—
They who that morning earliest have arisen—
Into our prison with their sunny pinions
Descending will awake us with "Good Morning!"
And all those other angels sing "Good Morning?"
Having exhausted his personal resources, the Bishop was unable to prosecute his usual labors in the Diocese. Both on this account and one or two severe illnesses he accomplished but little in 1822-23. He was cheered however by the accession of two more laborers, the Rev. Ezra Kellogg, Deacon, who took charge of the infant parishes at Chillicothe, Portsmouth and Circleville, and the Rev. Spencer Wall, in Piqua, Dayton, and Springfield. In the Fall of 1823 he was induced to accept the Presidency of Cincinnati College and to remove his family to that city. His duties were to be so arranged as to leave him sufficient time to perform a full Episcopal visitation of the Diocese. He found however, that the Presidency of a College of “all denominations” materially interfered with his Episcopal usefulness, and his original project of founding a Diocesan College and Theological Seminary, the Presidency of which might yield a support to the Episcopate, began to occupy his attention more and more and to assume in his mind a more definite and tangible form. He wrote to his son Philander to meet him at Worthington on the day previous to the meeting of Convention in 1823, that they might have time to confer together in reference to this and other Diocesan subjects. It was late in the evening when his son arrived. He was ill and the road from Granville to Worthington was heavy and difficult. He threw himself from his saddle into his father’s arms and was borne by him to his bed. He slept a little and when he awoke he advised the Bishop as he lay awake watching him with parental fondness and anxiety from a couch at his bedside, that Mr. Morse had seen in the Episcopal Recorder a favorable notice of his (the Bishop’s) labors in Ohio, taken from the British Critic. This pleasing information first suggested to the Bishop the project and hope of obtaining aid from the wise and the good of the Mother Church of England to found Kenyon College. He urged that his son should go on this mission, but he was too ill to think of it. The father, therefore, resolved to go himself, brought the subject before the clergy and laity after the adjournment of the Convention, with
great difficulty and in the face of great opposition at last obtained their consent, resigned the Presidency of the College at Cincinnati and commenced immediate preparation to go to England to lay before her Bishops, clergy and laity the wants of the Church in Ohio.

While the Bishop thus promptly commenced preparatory steps for a mission to England, he was still hoping that his family and diocese would be saved the inconvenience and injury of his own absence, and that his son Philander, the choice of the friends of the mission, would be able to go. But on the following Sunday, at his son's ordination to Priest's orders in Chillicothe, these hopes were painfully disappointed. Philander was so weak as to be unable to stand at the service without on either side the efficient support of a clergyman. The Bishop was therefore constrained to dismiss all hesitancy about going himself on the mission, and he at once applied himself to be prepared to sail for England at the earliest possible day. The diocese was united as to the imperative necessity of a diocesan provision to supply laborers for its extensive wastes and the west generally, but divided as to the wisdom and propriety of the mission to England. Some thought it unbecoming to seek foreign aid, and particularly in England, and others were opposed to the Bishop's absence; but the clergy and several of the leading laymen of the diocese thought rather favorably of the mission, and a few entertained ardent hopes that a personal appeal from the Bishop to the enlightened churchism, piety and intelligence of old England, would be crowned with a cordial and happy response. The following recommendation of the mission was therefore signed by all the clergy of the diocese, seven in all:—

"We, the presbyters and deacons of the Diocese of Ohio, North America, having at our last annual convention, in communion with our apostolic head, contemplated with sorrow the gloomy condition and more gloomy prospect of the church in the States West of the Alleghany mountains, unanimously resolved that some effort should be made, under God, to insure her preservation and extend her borders. In looking anxiously around for relief, our eyes involuntarily turned to the land and church of our fathers. Here, thought we, if anywhere, the Lord hath appointed us succor; their benefi-
cence is proverbial, and we are their brethren. At the impulse of hard necessity, therefore, and from a conviction that nothing of an ordinary nature can continue to succeeding ages our apostolic ministry and doctrines, we have determined to lay our wants before them. And beholding in our venerated and beloved Diocesan a zeal which prompts him to sacrifice to the good of Christ's mystical body, private interest, domestic comfort, and the tranquillity required by advancing age, we would humbly introduce him, as the messenger of these our wants, to that venerable church whence, by God's good providence, we derive our name and existence. By him the precarious condition and needy circumstances of our diocese will best be set forth, for he best knows, having longest felt them. We wait, therefore, anxiously, but submissively, the sentence of the Lord on the destiny of our infant church.

Samuel Johnston,
Rector of Christ Church, Cincinnati.

Ezra B. Kellogg,
Rector of St. Paul's Church, Chillicothe.

Intrepid Morse,
Rector of St. Paul's Church, Steubenville,
and St. James', Cross Creek.

Philander Chase, Junr.,
Minister of St. James', Zanesville.

Joseph Doddridge,
Missionary in the Diocese of Ohio.

Roger Searle,
Rector of St. Paul's Parish, Medina.

John Hall,
Rector of St. Peter's Parish, Ashtabula.

By the 4th of August (1823), the Bishop had completed all his arrangements, and on that day, acting as his own coachman, started from Cincinnati with his family in a carriage and two on a long journey, for his wife's mother's in the State of New York, where his family was to stay during his absence. On the 16th of the following month they reached Kingston, their place of destination, in safety, after a travel of eight hundred miles. Here he was first apprised of determined and violent opposition from a high and influential quarter in the church, to his project of founding a Theological
Seminary in Ohio, as well as to his mission to England to obtain means for this purpose. Bishop Hobart of New York had at this time attained to commanding influence in his large and powerful Diocese, and also to a position of great influence in the whole of the American Protestant Episcopal Church. He had adopted extreme high church views, and put himself forward as an unflinching and the leading advocate of the Laudean scheme, and determined that the most effective measures should be initiated to mould the clerical mind by his high church pattern, so that no churchism but high churchism should be formed, if possible, in the American Church. To this end he had set his heart on the project of having but one Theological Seminary for the whole church, and that that should be under his own immediate control and supervision. His doctrinal views, unlike those of Archbishops Land, were, upon the whole, evangelical, his learning quite respectable, his business talents of a high order, his pulpit talents more than ordinary, his devotion to his duties most exemplary and untiring, his energy exhaustless, and his life adorned with purity and with most, if not all, the winning and most attractive virtues. With such a character, in such a commanding position, his opposition was most formidable, and there are few who would not, in Bishop Chase's circumstances, have been overawed and driven back by it into the wilderness. But Bishop Chase was a man that no opposition could deter from what he considered duty. He put down his foot in reference to this, and said he *never would yield!* repeated his favorite motto, "Jehovah Jireh, God will provide," and determined at all hazards to prosecute the mission. It is very singular that the objection urged by Bishop Hobart to the establishment of a Theological Seminary West of the Alleghanies, "that it would ultimately lead to a division and schism in the church," was precisely the objection urged by the wily Minister Walpole against the noble project of the able, enlightened, generous and devoted Bishop Berkeley to found, on the Bermudas island, a college for supplying with ministers the American church! If the objection had any force, it lay equally against the New York Seminary and the formation at all of an independent Protestant Episcopal Church in the independent United States of America. It is however highly probable that
Bishop Hobart himself saw but little force in the objection, and merely used it to mask his real objection, lest any opportunity might be afforded in the church to adopt any views that would conflict with high churchism. He was an honest and unswerving high churchman, and of narrow views and intolerant bigotry. He overlooked and ignored the fact that the Reforming Bishops and episcopal martyrs in England were for the most part all low churchmen, and that the policy of the Protestant Episcopal Church had ever been to allow the largest liberty upon questions merely touching the external organization and scaffolding of the church, and he had imbibed very much the spirit of Land, whom he seemed to emulate. Bishop Chase was at this time probably quite as high in his churchism as Bishop Hobart, but he had no fears that the church could possibly suffer by an increase of her facilities for educating her ministry. He therefore determined to proceed. Every imaginable obstacle, however, was thrown in his way. The immediate relatives of his wife, highly respectable and leading church people in New York, were instigated warmly to oppose his going, and inflamed with anger against him for his determination to go in the face of Bishop Hobart’s opposition; a request of an eminent member of the bar in Ohio, of his friend, then residing in Long Island, who had once spent some years in London, to furnish Bishop Chase with introductory letters to England, was for the same reason refused; and Bishop Hobart himself, in a personal interview with him, threatened, “you will be opposed in England by all the weight of the church in America, and that in the strongest manner.” Bishop Chase’s reply was that he could not bring his mind to believe this, but Bishop Hobart sternly answered, “this must and will be done.” Bishop Chase informs us that these were the last words exchanged between them upon the subject. In the midst of this hot struggle against him, he was cheered with sympathizing letters from Bishop Ravenscroft of North Carolina, and Bishop Bowen of South Carolina. Both most warmly approved of his project to found in Ohio an institution of learning to train up western men and sons of the soil for the ministry of the church there.

A few days before the 1st of October, the day fixed upon for his sailing for England, his son Philander, in increasing
feebleness of health, arrived in New York on his way to spend the winter in the South. On learning the bitter and determined opposition in New York to his father’s project and mission, he advised and urged that his father should address the public on the subject of a Western Seminary and of going to England for aid. The Bishop did so in an admirably written and masterly production, under the title, “A letter on the subject of going to England for the relief of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of Ohio, addressed to the Rt. Rev. Bishop White.”

PROBOSCIANA.

In our world it not unfrequently happens that in fixing our estimate of persons and things, the more excellent is neglected, and the less worthy and useful receives the preference. And this is true not only of the regard in which we hold the various elements of moral and intellectual character, but also of the different features of the physical system.

To illustrate:—It makes very little difference in a person’s health or happiness whether the hair be black, auburn, or sandy, yet the color, quantity and appearance of the hair, is often far more closely scrutinized and criticised, than, for instance, the development of the chest, though upon this last depends directly the action of the whole vital organism, and consequently the entire well-being of the man. And here it may be remarked that there is one little item in the human countenance which ought to be mentioned in this connection, both because it possesses real merit, and because it has here-tofore, usually, experienced a most ungenerous and ungrateful neglect. I allude to that little triangular, pyramidal shaped protuberance, situated in the midst of the face, called in common parlance the nose. This has almost alone, of all the features, been neglected. The beauty of the eye has been extolled, and the comparative merits of black eyes and blue have been largely and ably discussed. The finely arched brow, noble forehead, the rosy cheek and cherry lip, have each had their admiring adulators. Even that notoriously waggish
appendage, the chin, has, ere now been noticed with favor. But nothing of all this to the nose. Time out of mind, it has nobly _stood forth_, not only without a word of praise, but also in the endurance of a thousand most provoking _rubs_ and _snubs_. And, notwithstanding all, who ever saw or heard of a disquisition, long or short, pro or con, detailing either the rights or the wrongs of the poor nose?

And why thus neglected? Are not its functions important, and generally properly discharged? Beside the performance of its legitimate duties, as janitor of the whole upper department of the system, it has ever subserved many other useful and interesting purposes, which should entitle it to a passing notice, if no more. In the first place, it is the repository of one entire class of delicate sensations, which have not a little to do in enhancing our pleasures and allaying our pains. But for it, a walk in the flower-garden would be hardly more agreeable than a walk in the field; and but for it the smelling-bottle, which is wont to exert such magic influence over the unstrung nerves of sickly sentimentalism, would be poor consolation indeed!

And more! The nose is certainly _ahead_ in all our most important movements. Is danger to be encountered? the nose is first to come in harm's way, and it cannot be denied that in getting ourselves out of difficulty it almost invariably takes the lead; so that, like the father of his country, it is _first in war, first in peace_. Moreover, occupying as it does the most prominent place in the whole system, it is always on the alert, ready to give warning when any innate law is infringed. Is the man about to do violence to himself by tasting long at the wine? this faithful monitor, true to its trust, hangs out the flag of distress, so that its owner can at once see how the matter stands with him, "as plain as the nose on his face." And it does this, too, at the imminent risk of being tantalized as "blossom-nose." Moreover, it is the willing servant of its neighbors. Are the eyes afflicted by either weakness or pride? the nose will stand all day long patiently holding up a pair of spectacles for them to look through, although itself receive not a particle of benefit from the operation.

But the most admirable thing of all is, as in most similar cases, the _manner_ in which our nose performs all these onerous
duties. Silently it does its work. Not a word of dissatisfaction—not a syllable of complaint. Indeed, it seldom makes the least noise or disturbance, unless pressed to do so by some most unmerciful, unrelenting pinch or squeeze. Almost the only indication of like or dislike, it has ever been known, of itself, to give, is that it "turns up its nose." It has, we know occasionally been accused of being meddlesome and disposed to be "poking into other people's business." Be that as it may, it can at least be urged in its favor that it has never been known to tattle what it chances to meet with under such circumstances, and that is more than can be said of every meddler.

As to beauty, while we totally object to the idea of judging real merit merely from external appearances, we yet deem it proper to say that the nose is, without doubt, the most shapely feature of the whole face. If geometrical proportion is the standard by which we square our judgment, certainly its lines and angles are without a parallel. Or if we prefer rather to take picturesqueness of outline as the true standard of beauty, surely there is not one of the human features but presents a far more flat appearance than this self-same nose.

But our subject enlarges. I might go on enumerating not only its uses but its abuses. But I despair of exciting, in this "degenerate age," any permanent sympathy in its behalf, and did I think best to continue my subject, would no doubt find it more advisable slightly to change the drift of thought and proceed to classify and describe the various kinds of noses, as the Roman nose, the Grecian, the (so called) Gimlet nose, the Pug nose, &c. &c.; or falling in with the unreasonably practical and utilitarian spirit of the day, I would enlarge upon the comfort and necessity of proper care and attention, and of the methods suitable to these ends. But lest in so extensively considering the subject we should fail of confining ourselves strictly to the point, let it, for the present, be dismissed.
THE HEROISM OF LIEUTENANT HERNDON.

There is, perhaps, no more striking illustration of true heroism and genuine greatness of soul, on record, than that presented in the conduct of the gallant Herndon, commander of the ill-fated Central America. The gloom occasioned by that melancholy disaster is fast fading from the public mind, but not so the actions of him to whom many of the survivors owe the preservation of their lives. Let us picture to ourselves that scene of death, which occurred but a few months ago. Standing upon some lofty eminence from which is a wide-extended view of the ocean, we may behold the doomed vessel loaded with hundreds of living beings, majestically ploughing her way over its calm and tranquil bosom. There is nothing to excite the alarm of the most timid. All around is peace, serenity and repose. Suddenly an angry storm-cloud rises above the horizon, and with lightning speed envelopes in its folds "the sea and the earth and the starry heavens." With revengeful fury it burst upon the ship, and covering with spray and foam the trusty mariner, baffles his every effort to guide her in her course.

"Like mountains the billows tremendously swell,  
In vain do the men call on Mercy to save—  
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing their knell,  
And the Death-Angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave."

Fierce was the contest and long the struggle, but human skill was unable to cope with Nature's messengers fulfilling the commands of the Majesty Divine. It soon became evident that the Central America would never again reach the shore. Then it was that Herndon might have been seen stretching every nerve and exerting every energy to save the lives of those who had been committed to his care. Utterly unmindful of his own safety; thinking only of the unhappy beings by whom he was surrounded, and whom the relentless ocean was fast claiming as its victims, and breathing a silent prayer for those dear ones at home, his only care was to rescue his fellow-voyagers from the perils of the deep. When urged by many to leave the sinking vessel, how noble, how generous, how manly his reply: "No," said he, "I will not desert her.
while one soul remains on board. I will cling to her to the last.” And then, after handing his watch to one who stood near, and requesting that it might be given to his wife, he added: “Say to her that my last thoughts were of herself and my dear children.” Long after he had done enough to secure the gratitude and esteem of his fellow men, he was still actively engaged for the preservation of others, till at length the storm-tossed ship went down, and with her the lamented Herndon, “to night and darkness sank for evermore.”

This is heroism, this is bravery. It is a spectacle of which we are permitted to be proud; for it honors our country no less than the illustrious dead. Before it let the heroes of history come with bended knee, and at its bidding let each heart prepare for him a living tomb, unequalled by the proudest Mausoleum the Genius of Sculpture could erect. What a noble tribute to the character of a husband, a father and a friend, was uttered by his bereaved wife when told of the disaster: “I am prepared to hear my loss, for I feel sure he would be the last to leave the ship.” She had not read his generous heart in vain: she knew that its every chord vibrated to the gentle touch of love and sympathy.

An entire nation mourned his death—may it not prove itself unmindful of its cause. All honor be to her who first conceived the thought of providing for the widow and children whom he has left behind in a cold and thankless world. May God speed her in her noble undertaking, and may all her efforts be cheerfully seconded by the women of our land. Let us not as a country be charged with the sin of ingratitude; rather by giving due honor to his name, let us furnish to the world an undeniable proof that we have not failed to appreciate, nor been slow to reward the Heroism of Lieuten.

*HERNDON*.
Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

FIRST JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The usual public Exhibition of the Junior Class has been omitted for two years past, owing to the want of a suitable room. The old College Chapel is low, dark, and gloomy, besides being quite too small to accommodate the audience, which now assembles at Kenyon on all public occasions. Arrangements were made, however, during the past year, by which Rosse Chapel is now thrown open to the use of the College for all literary exercises connected therewith, including Commencement, Class, and Society Exhibitions.

The exercises of the first division of the Junior Class, accordingly, took place on the morning of the 17th of December—the last day of the Fall Session. They consisted of ten Oraisons and two Essays, according to the following programme:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

"MENS AGITAT Molem."

MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.

GREEK SALUTATORY,

ORATION—Eulogy on Webster,

Wm. S. Marshall, Charleston, Ill.

C. B. Guthrie, Zanesville, O.

ORATION—The Classics,

Essay—India and England,

J. P. Stephens, Trenton, N. J.

W. H. Dyer, Manchester, Vt.

MUSIC.

ORATION—Last of the Incas,

ORATION—Mind, Man's noblest attribute,

J. A. J. Kendig, Ashland, O.

H. A. Lewis, New York, N. Y.

MUSIC.

ORATION—Hope, the light of Life,

Essay—Hugh Miller,

C. E. McLyaine, Cincinnati, O.

J. Denton Hancock, Wyoming Valley, Pa.

MUSIC.

ORATION—America's Mission,

POEM—The Student's Aim,

C. C. Parker, Dalton, Mass.

T. H. Rearden, Cleveland, O.

MUSIC.

ORATION—The March of Mind,

ORATION—The one progressive principle,

R. C. Smith, Cincinnati, O.


BENEDICTION.

It is always an extremely difficult matter to render a College Exhibition interesting to a mixed audience, and to sustain the
interest until the close. The large number of pieces which it is usually necessary to present, makes the time of performance, (seldom less than three hours,) much too long to be endured with patience. The subjects and style of composition suitable for such occasions are also of too grave and dignified a character to suit the popular taste. Besides this, the speaker is placed in a situation of peculiar disadvantage. It is usually his first appearance in public, and the novelty of his position, the consciousness that a large proportion of those he is addressing are watching every sentence and gesture "with a critic's eye," together with the dread of libellous mock programmes, or in College parlance, "Bore Bills," are embarrassing in the extreme. Sagacious Seniors look on with quiet condescension; Sophomores are on the alert, with jealous rivalry, to make every slight defect and peculiarity a subject of merriment and ridicule; while the Faculty and the Class look anxious and apprehensive, lest the exercises may not go off well. On the present occasion, circumstances were particularly unfavorable. It had been arranged to take place in the evening, (the advantages of which every student knows,) but was changed by the action of the Officers of the Institution but a short time beforehand. It was also the first exhibition of the kind which had been given since the Class entered College, and not having the advantage of comparison with former ones, was consequently regarded with the greater curiosity and severer criticism. The weather was quite unpleasant, the Students of the Grammar School had been dismissed several days before, and had nearly all left the Hill; besides which, the earliness of the hour (9 a.m.), and the almost impassable condition of the roads, prevented the attendance of those residing in the country and in Mt. Vernon. The audience was, in consequence, quite small—not half filling the large church.

The exercises went off, however, with much spirit. Nearly all the pieces possessed a high degree of literary merit, and two or three were delivered with great elegance and effectiveness. Excellent music, both vocal and instrumental, was discoursed at intervals, by a large orchestra of amateurs, consisting of students, and ladies residing on the Hill. Their performance of several of the pieces was much superior to that which we have frequently heard in the Concert Halls of large cities. Among those worthy of special mention, was the duet and chorus—"There's a good time coming, boys,"—made memorable by the
Hutchinson family some years ago, and the following Latin Song written for the occasion by a member of the Class:

**HODIE COLLIGIMUR.**

_Amb.-Laurea Horatii._

Hodie colligimur
Pectora ferventes,
Hodie nunc canimur
Curas et pellentes.
Procul sint haec studia
Quae nos arrogarent,
Cara sitque patria
Atque nos qu’ amarent.

Nobis academia
Inclyta conatis,
Hace facit concordia
Gaudii illatis.
Procul sint haec studia
Quae nos arrogarent,
Cara sitque patria
Atque nos qu’ amarent.

Nobis clare, hilar,
Dea spes effulget,
Vita nostra placide
Et tranquilla fluet.
Procul sint haec studia
Quae nos arrogarent,
Cara sitque patria
Atque nos qu’ amarent.

Taken as a whole, the Exhibition was one of the most interesting we have ever attended; and was highly creditable in respect of literary and rhetorical excellence, both to the College and the Class. Success attend them.
Editors' Table.

One of the best, and at the same time, one of the worst of the Rev. Charles Kingsley's novels, is "Two Years Ago."

(Let not the orthodox reader be in the least alarmed. It is not our intention to discuss, for a moment, the merits or defects of the book in question, or even to hint at introducing the veriest trifle of Kingsleyism into the Collegian, which—as everybody ought to know by this time—is the uncompromising advocate of the right, and the sworn enemy of all "isms" whatever, and of every kind of humbug. We only quote from the title page.)

Two Years Ago! How long a time, and yet how quickly has it passed! How much has been accomplished, and what mighty changes have taken place, since the mid-winter of two years ago! It was then that our Magazine first made its appearance. (But we must not speak of it; people tire of hearing, no matter how chubby and good-natured a baby, continually talked of even by its parents or nurses.)

Two years ago, we who are Sophomores now, were Sophomores: and the Sophomores of to-day, where were they? Reader, if you chance to be a Sophomore, look dignified for once, and remember that this College world of ours had not then been blessed by your presence!

Two years ago, in the very uppermost window of W. W., shone nightly a solitary light, long after all other lights in the College had ceased to shine. At a table in the center of the lonely room, sat a single student, quietly and patiently extracting the precious grains of knowledge from the musty tomes before him.

Ah! "the light has gone out in the old familiar room."

In the parlor of a neat cottage, and at a table upon which are books and papers—arranged more tastily, reader, than are your books and papers—sit two human beings. Another human being sleeps the sleep of childish innocence in a little cradle near at hand. Two years have done it all!

Two years ago, on the last night, that is, of the year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty five, the College bell tolled just as on the last night of the year fifty seven. But other forms stood in the old belfry then, and the frozen snow in the Park cracked beneath the tread of little young feet other than those which press it now. On that night came to youthful hearts dreams which two years have dissolved, or changed into realities. To-day there are wrecks tossing helplessly against the rocks, and far down in the caves of Ocean, where sunlight never comes, bones of men lie forever bleaching. But to-day there are, also, stately vessels out upon the sea, which no storm can subdue. To-day there are Titans conquered and hurled headlong, who, two years ago, lifted their impious heads in open defiance of men and gods.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-eight brings its dreams, as its predecessors also did theirs. To-day there are young hearts beating proudly at thought of battles and victories to come. "Patience, young Amyas! Thou, too, shalt forth, and westward ho, beyond thy wildest dreams: and see brave sights, and do brave deeds, which no man has since the foundation of the world. Thou, too, shalt face invaders stronger and more cruel far than Dane or Nor-
man, and bear thy part in that great Titan strife, before the renown of which
the name of Salamis shall fade away!"

Pardon, that's Kingsley! But they are brave words, nevertheless, and may
be treasured in the heart.

Reader, if not too late to exchange the compliments of the season, Mara
wishes you a happy new year!

"How different the expression upon the countenances of the Seniors, from
that which Freshmen and Sophomores wear, when they appear before the
Examiners!"

We were just entering the Chapel basement, with "Woodbury's New
Method" under our arm, when this remark—made by our facetiously inclined
and very popular Professor of Natural Sciences, to an exceedingly bearded
member of the Examining Committee—fell upon our ear. Of course no dis-
respect was intended towards the two lower classes. The Professor was,
himself, a Freshman once, and we doubt not, remembers to this day how ter-
rible is the ordeal of examinations to those not accustomed to them. The
justness of the remark cannot be questioned, and we can see no reason why
our young friends who occupy the lower forms should think it in the least
disgraceful or unmanly to confess to the truth. They will be Senior's some
day, let them remember.

But the examinations? We were unable to attend many of them, other
than those of our own class, and shall, consequently, have to speak in some-
what general terms. We are inclined to think, from what we saw and heard,
that the Examiners cannot but be highly gratified with the evident marks of
thoroughness in every department. There were, we are forced to say, a few
inglorious exceptions, but, as a general thing, all the classes acquitted them-
selves well. The Freshmen exhibited the wonders of plus, minus and infinity,
to the entire satisfaction of all parties, and brought vividly to our recollection
the days when we thought Bourdon one of the most mysterious of all mys-
teries. The Sophomores told the story of Socrates, and why Xenophon didn't
think the Athenians right in condemning so noble a man to death; and render-
ed

"Lydia die!"

and

"Maeenas, atavis edite regibus!"

as well, perhaps,—and this, we beg leave to assure them, is saying a great
deal—as we could have done when we were Sophomores. The Juniors, we
are sure, deserve an "honorable mention," for their brilliant examination in
Logic. The good Archbishop of Dublin himself could hardly have con-
structed better Syllogisms in

"BArBArA, CELArEEnt, &c., &c.,"

than did they. Modesty forbids us to speak of the Seniors. We merely give
a single illustration of the manner in which some of them explained the mys-
teries of the chemical combinations:—

Professor.—"Mr. S——, Chlorine?"

Senior.—"Chlorine, so called from its yellowish green color, is found abun-
dantly in nature, in union with Sodium, forming common salt. Symbol Cl.,
Chem. Equiv. 35 47, Specific Gravity, 2.470. Is best made by the action of
hydrochloric acid on the peroxide of manganèse;—
Prof.—"Very well, sir! By what name was the hydrochloric acid formerly known?"

Senior hesitates. Prof. assists his memory by hinting:—

"O you know! Spirits of——"

Senior.—"Spirits of——"

Prof.—"Well! What?"

Senior.—"Spirits of—— ammonia?"

Prof. (in a disappointed tone,) "O, you know better than that!"

Senior tries again. This time, in a more confident tone, he ventures:—

"Spirits of—— turpentine?"

The Professor immediately gave him up.

The system of Written Examinations, we believe, is found to work very satisfactorily, both to Examiners and Students. The latter are relieved from the embarrassments which they have always, to some extent, to contend with, on being obliged to stand up, at a moment's warning, and answer questions which they have no time to "think over," while the former are, certainly, much better able to arrive at a correct conclusion respecting the scholarship and standing of the students, than they possibly could from any mere oral questioning.

Our readers will observe in this number of the Collegian a translation from the German of Jean Paul. We present, below, a specimen, which has been handed us, taken from another corner of the great field of German literature. Our correspondent, with characteristic modesty, assures us that in addition to the peculiar beauty and force of the verses, in themselves considered, the life and spirit of the original have been carefully preserved. However this may be, we think all will agree with the translator (?) in considering them valuable as containing a curious piece of historical information. We were aware that poets are generally supposed to enjoy peculiar privileges in Jove's domain, but we never knew before in what manner such came to be the case. Here are the verses:—

DIE THEILUNG DER ERDE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

"Divide the world,"—spake Jove, from his high throne,
Den Menschen zu,—"nehmt, sie soll ene sein.
Its fruits and flowers shall be all your own,
Doch theilt euch bruderlich darein."

And then and there, each for himself to choose
Es regte sich geschäftig Yung and Alt.
The Farmer vowed his fruits he wouldn't lose,
Der Yunker birschte durch den Wald.

The Merchant siezed whate'er his storehouse held,
Der Abt wahlte sich den edeln Firmewein.
The King got mad, when he their haste beheld,
Und spricht: "der Zehente ist mein."
And now, when the division was complete,
Naht der Poet, er kam aus weiter Fern',
Ah! naught remained for him of numbers sweet,
Und alles hatte seinen Herrn.

"Unlucky me! shall I alone of all,
Vergessen sein—Ich dein getreusten Sohn?"
Thus from his throat arose a mournful call,
Und warf sich hin vor Jovis Thron.

"You're served just right. Why lag behind and tarry?"
Versetzt der Gott, "so had'ne nicht mit mir,
Sure, all the rest got much as they could carry!"
"Ich war," sprach der Poet, "bei dir,

"My eyes were feasting on thy glorious Light,
An deines Himmels Harmonie mein Ohr,
And I was, with the splendor of the sight,
Berauscht, das Irdische verlor!"

"What shall I do?" cried Jove, "I've nought to give,
Der Herbst, die Yagd, der Markt ist nicht mehr mein!—
Yet stay! You're free in my own House to live,
So oft due kommst, er soll dir offen sein."

The following—sent anonymously through the Post Office, from we cannot even guess what source—reached us too late for publication in the body of our Magazine. Not wishing to withhold it long from our readers, we give it a place in the "Table." The writer has evidently experienced cruel treatment at the hands of the fair sex, of whom we hope he may be led soon to form a better opinion:—

WOMAN.

Ah! woman knows too well her power
O'er weak confiding man,
To yield it for a single hour
Of his short earthly span.
And every chance that she can find
To bind the heart, to chain the mind;
Around her victim, like the vine,
A lasting hold she seeks to twine.

Didst ever watch
A spider catch
An unsuspecting fly?
Hast ever seen
The serpent wean
And charm with deadly eye

The powerless bird?
Canst find a word
In any lexicon
That will express
The deadliness
Of woman's power o'er man?

Should wintry snows rest on man's brow
Ere summer's suns have left, I vow
'Tis woman has arranged it,
She thinks no leaf can fall too soon,
If autumn winds have changed it.
She loves to see the strong man bowed
In grief, and watch the tears that crowd,
Like weeping April's falling dew,
Adown his care-worn cheek, and view
The slow, and deep, yet sure decay,
That like an opiate wears away
His life and soul; and think that she
Has laid this weight of woe on him;
And then, how sweet to her, to see
The light of his Hope-star grow dim!
She loves to bring him bending low,
A lover suppliant at her feet,
With all love's smiles she'll bind him now,
And when the cord's secure retreat,
His heart breaks, but her joy's complete.

Since our last issue we have received the following:—"Yale Literary" for Nov., "Williams Quarterly" for Nov., "Knox Collegiate" for Nov. and Dec., "Harvard" for Dec., "North Carolina University Magazine" for Dec., and the "Kenyon Reveille" for Dec. Some of our exchanges have not, for some time, been received; what can have become of them?

The Class of '53 have determined to institute the custom practiced at many of the Eastern Colleges, of holding "Class Day" at the close of their final examinations. The appointments for that occasion have been made as follows:

President: J. N. Lee.
Orator: F. H. Hurd.
Pep: W. Hall.
Historian: J. F. Ohl.