Memory is a so-called faculty of mind, by which we voluntarily—or by an association of ideas—recall certain ideas.

Memory is not a creative faculty, like Imagination, but merely a faculty of reproducing what has already existed; but is, as it were, the basis of all mental development, and as such of immense importance for mental cultivation. Mind and Reason are only awakened, developed and kept in activity by memory. If memory is wholly wanting, what shall man love, desire and wish for; of what shall he judge; what shall he aim at? If we had only a faculty of perception, only impressions conveyed by the senses, and if the faculty of retaining and spontaneously recalling them was not bestowed upon us, we should ever remain in the lowest capacity of the child. Every sensation or impression, should it return a thousand times, would ever be a new one. We should act like the child, to which, in the beginning, every sensation or
impression is new; we should, like it, always touch again and again all objects, in order to instruct ourselves anew about their existence and qualities. Thus we would not learn anything in the world; we could distinguish nothing, day nor night, father nor mother; we never would come to self-consciousness, and should be forever like the idiot, in the same degree of mental capacity.

Many partly very ridiculous theories have been set up to explain how memory retains perceptions. Thus, e. g., it was by some asserted that the various impressions were inculcated upon the soft mass of the brain; which, they said, accounted also for the association of ideas, since impressions conceived in the same time were lying one aside of the other, and might, accordingly, easily be awakened at the same time; for which reason impressions would more easily be cast in the softer brain of the child than in that of older people, etc.;—or some imagined the "vestigia rerum" to be small images distributed in the compartments of the brain, brought forth, as it were, at each recollection.

Memory originates rather in the faculty of perception, by the senses open to impressions of the outer world; or, in a word, memory originates—and this very early—in sense-impressions. Every sense-impression works every time upon the brain; if the same impression returns more frequently, it works in the brain a change of some kind, which remains—till supplanted by other changes—and recalls the object, the image, the thought, etc., at the slightest excitation, the quicker and the more perfect the oftener it has been repeated before.

Memory awakens in the child after the first four months. Its first are: stretching the hand out for glittering things; the smiling when it hears the word of its mother and when seeing her. It recollects those things; it recollects the mother, her appearance and language. Henceforward, memory is further developed, and comprehends at last a multitude of very different things, which astonish us. But it is not equally developed with all men, the cause of which is to be looked for in the different individuality and education, especially in the manner by which we are, from early youth, trained to reflect when in the act of perceiving, and to consider with due attention what is to remain in the memory. Thus is memory, with regard to
conception, quick or slow; with regard to recollection, faithful or not faithful; with regard to retaining, strong or weak, it retains more or less ideas, for a shorter or longer time; lastly, memory may be a mere memory of words or figures, or of things, localities, &c. The former is developed by much mechanical learning by heart; the latter by our own power of judgment and reflection. Diseases, "lesions," &c., bring forth, however, in all these relations, the most singular abnormities. There are cases, when, at once, in a disease, things forgotten long ago, learned in early youth, come again distinctly and clearly before the memory; there are other cases where certain words, their pronunciation, &c., are erased from memory's table.

The most careful cultivation of memory, from early youth, results, in general, in a great development of talent, faculty and powers. But memory is cultivated, as every sense, every intellectual faculty, &c., by judiciously continued practice, which, if the memory is not to be one-sided, not a memory of names, figures, &c., must be as various as possible; for we forget very rapidly what is not frequently recalled. This we see, e.g., in the plays, experiences, &c., of our first childhood. This we see especially in language, for even, (as the writer of this had ample opportunity to notice,) the mother-tongue is apt to be forgotten if we have, for a long period of time, no opportunity of speaking it.

The training of memory, however, consists in merely bringing to it—for comprehension and retaining—a very large amount of widely different sense, and other impressions, perceptions and experiences. Now, this is a matter of education, and a very important one to reflect upon for young literary men and students.

The early youth is still a life of sensation, taught to be so, for it is with the senses that the mind roots, as it were, in the bodily organism; and as with the plant the roots first spread around with thousand fibres, and advance more and more their sucking threads, to give nourishment to the stem that is to grow out of it, and that this stem would be adorned with a crown of blossoms and leaves, and bear, at last, fruits,—so it is with the mind. The senses must first have penetrated everywhere, must have received thousands of perceptions and
impressions before the mind awakens, before it is properly developed.

Only think what man has to perceive by means of his senses before he is capable of the simplest conclusion; before he loves the mother, before he exhibits sympathy with other's pain! For, as to the so-called innate feelings, (e. g., the love to the mother,) it seems after a more careful observation of children, as though not they, but the faculty for them was innate, and that they must first be awakened, originally through the senses. For a child which did not see the loving mother's eye, nor hear the gentle sound of her voice, nor taste the nourishment she gives it,—a child, without any senses, would never feel love to a mother; a man, born without any senses, would never show the slightest trace of mind, heart or reason. There are but two feelings, as it were, innate to man as well as to the animal and the higher plants; they are the feelings of bodily pleasure and displeasure. But even these can only be awakened by an impression on the senses.

In man not all senses are developed at once, but this is done gradually. First the senses of touch and taste, then sight, hearing, smelling. When these commence evidently to react against the impressions of the outer world, the cultivation of the memory must be commenced; for as long as this reaction is wanting, the organ of sense is still inwardly occupied in its bodily development, and every forced practice of the senses before this period may result in their destruction.

By explaining the sensal impressions on a child, it becomes acquainted with the "criteria;" it learns how to judge; its memory develops to a memory of things, and becomes quick, faithful and strong. The acquiring of abstract things which the child cannot comprehend with its senses, the acquiring, e. g., of mere words of a language other than the mother-tongue, does not at all suit the period of youth. Memory is thereby entirely blunted or destroyed, or it becomes a mere word—memory. The child, indeed, learns a foreign language in its earliest youth very easily, but—strictly considered it is all worthless—nothing is easier forgotten than a language acquired in that time.

This way of developing memory, then, is unnatural; the first youth is not fit to acquire a foreign language, probably
because the child is still too defective in sensual perceptions, in order to combine such with each word, which is necessary if memory is to retain faithfully what has been heard. For this reason we would recommend for the sake of developing memory in this stage of life, Natural History and Philosophy.

If man has passed the years of childhood, and is mentally ripening, greater care must be taken that newly learned things be connected with the former stock of knowledge, and be added to it in the proper order; that they are comprehended in all their relations and continually recalled in other combinations; so that he be entirely master of them. Only thus memory is developed, only thus its strength and power will remain. In order to develop the memory, then, and not to neglect the other mental faculties, we may choose now the study of languages, logic, mathematics. Lastly, in old age memory fades away, especially that for names and figures: nothing can be done now by practice, any such exertions being deleterious.

But very rarely we meet one individual with all the qualities of a good memory; such as, easy perception, well-regulated and faith retaining, complete renewing; we must generally assist it here and there, lest a one-sided memory be injurious to the entire future mental culture of the individual. Thus there are such as learn very easily by heart, while with others it is very difficult; but the former forget ordinarily just as fast, the latter retain longer what they have learned. Thus the one retains figures, words, sounds, better and for a longer time,—the other an event, a locality, an occurrence. Thus there are periodically returning times in which even the clearest mind, with incessant assiduity, learns less easily, but forgets easier. All this is to be considered in developing memory, by compelling the one who learns very easily to greater attention for what he learns; by not troubling him who learns with difficulty unnecessarily with the acquiring of useless technical work, by not taxing him too much, and by a most judicious transition from easy to more complicate matter; by trying to hinder effectually the cultivation of a predominant talent for a mere word memory, exercising it in abstract objects, where it is obliged to retain more from the substance of the objects and to awaken thereby the independent
reflection and judgment;—finally by allowing some rest to the mind in general, and memory in particular, at times of evident relaxation.

We must always choose between the valuable and the worthless, and not retain the latter in our memory; since this latter interferes with the rest, and there remains not room and power enough for the important matter, nay, is forgotten by the unimportant one; e. g., insignificant daily occurrences, superficialities of things and persons, &c., and all "bagatelles" are to be thrown aside as useless encumbrance and trash. The fair sex is particularly apt for faithful recording of such rubbish of memory—a circumstance carefully to be considered in their education. Thus the young girl soon knows the wardrobes of her friends; she will, even after a long time, recollect the color, cut, ribbons, even needles in the dress of a person;—a boy generally does not mind anything of this kind, but recollects, after years, the total appearance of a person, his expression and what he has said.

The general rules for the development of memory are:

It is to be practiced from early youth in a proper and natural manner, according to the want of the different periods of age; any evident one-sidedness is to be opposed; memory is not to be exposed to over exertion and too excessive a burden.

The last mentioned is particularly done when, in noticing a happy organization of memory, it is filled with a mass of adages, maxims, rhymes, vocabularies, before the individual is sufficiently ripened in mind to reflect on and to digest the substance of these subjects.

But such a proceeding does not only hinder the free growth of the youthful mind in general, but it causes also, chiefly, the neglect of the cultivation of intellect, the result of which is, at the highest, a talkative memorist, whose mind moves constantly in borrowed forms, words and signs.

The special rules for cultivating memory regard rather memory exercises, by which alone its cultivation is realized:

I. Choose for them a proper time.

Never undertake any memory-exercises—in fact, any great mental exertion—shortly after a repast, with filled stomach and during the first digestion.
The most suitable day-time for such like exercises, and for learning by heart, is always the early morning; because the mental powers are then refreshed, and the impressions of the day have not engrossed them.

As to the evening, some assert, indeed, that they have observed that the singing-birds retain best the airs whistled them in the late evening; others that they themselves immediately before lying down commit most successfully to memory,—probably because no new image supplants what has just been learned.

But we would not, in general, recommend the late evening for learning by heart, because the sleep becomes thereby uneasy and defective.

II. Never practice memory exclusively, so as to neglect other faculties of mind.

Much reading, much learning by heart, without reflecting in the same time, without representing to one's self, by imagination, what has been read, is apt to make a man a one-sided memory-man. We learn, on the contrary, much quicker, and the learned matter remains much deeper impressed, when we have previously understood it thoroughly. This must first be aimed at, and a teacher is never to compel a pupil to learn by heart some matter not understood. This is easily and best prevented by previous perusal of that which is to be committed to memory, which is to be repeated with due attention, till the matter is understood. Much learning of vocabularies, whereby in the long run a mere word-memory is developed, is always highly deleterious and decidedly to be disapproved; while, on the other side, it appears very proper to exercise the matter-memory sometimes alone, and without any connection with word-memory; which is best done by acquiring early the habit of repeating, either by writing or orally, in logical connection, a treatise heard or read, whereby, at the same time, also the rhetorical talent is betimes developed.

It ought always to be borne in mind, that when we commit to memory our attention must not be distracted. Nothing else ought, meanwhile, to be thought of; imagination is to be checked, lest it disturb by heterogeneous images; the other senses are to be shut up: we ought to see nothing but the letters, to hear nothing than the words of the piece to be
learned by heart. Seek for this purpose a quiet, remote place.

III. *Proceed with the memory-exercises from the easier to the more difficult, from shorter to longer, from simple to complicated,* not to forget the necessary variation and the regard for age, capacity and inclination.

Tables and tales, especially alternately learned, suit best for the first memory-exercises. For youth exhibits a higher interest in poetry than in prose, the embodying of ideas in images accords with the awakening imagination, the regularity of rhythm, the euphony of rhyme to aid memory. Children learn fables in rhyme extremely easily—but for this reason they ought to have sometimes tales in prose, that they practice the difficult, that memory remains constant, faithful and firm.

IV. *Never allow the subject learned to be prattled without expression.*

V. *Never flatter persons of happy memory for it,* especially when it is a mere word-memory, which, taken altogether does possess a very great value. For not he who learns quickly many vocables, (which is sometimes impossible for the best head,) but he who familiarizes himself in the word with the matter and keeps it, develops his mind to advantage. We must, therefore, as to individuals boasting of their happy memory, deprive them of every opportunity to shine by it, and rather show them in a tangible manner the value of a ripened mind, of an independent power of judgment.

These means of developing memory are easily found out by a faithful observation of nature; besides these, *artificial methods and means* have been set up, combined under the name of Mnemonics, *art of memory; i.e.,* the art of assisting the power of memory by special methods.

This art is very old. It is said to have originated in the Orient and came first to the Greeks; it was known to the Romans at the time of Augustus, but little heard of after Quinctilian; re-established in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries by *Celtes and Schenkel;* among the modern scholars it was taught by *Kastner, v. Aretin, Feinaigle,* &c.
An illustration may suffice to point out the value of Mnemonics:

In order to retain figures in memory, it has been proposed to form certain words so that they, according to a previously fixed meaning of letters as figures, indicate in themselves a figure. The change in the words generally takes place in their endings, according to the scheme following:

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If we want to know when Julius Caesar obtained the ruling power over Rome, *Julius* is changed in *Julios*, and *o* and *a* give 46.

If we say instead of Alexander, *Alexita*, we get 331, the year B.C. in which Alexander founded his empire. Thus Cyrus, changed to *Cyruts*, gives the year of the foundation of Cyrus' great monarchy.

Most of our readers will, we suppose, observe by these illustrations how faulty and defective Mnemonics are. This method is too artificial; it increases the task of memory, instead of diminishing it; overtaxes the memory, instead of relieving it. For, while before we had solely Julius Caesar and 46, we must now also know that Julius must be changed into *Julios*, in order to get in a circuitous way the number 46. It is the same case with the other methods of mnemonics, topology and symbolics.

We may, besides, spoil our memory by such artificial methods, and we may become as perplexed, sometimes, as an eminent Professor of a German University, who used to look, in his lectures, steadfastly at the coat-button of one of his hearers, and was once on a sudden stopped in the very midst of his lecture by the absence of that button.

Weakness of memory may be a consequence of weakness of intellect, or of laziness, neglect, want of exercise, or lastly, of moral extravagances.
"Omnia flueunt."

In this great passing day of life
All things unconstant seem;
And as a bright but empty show,
Or outward form, doth ever flow,
Life's wandering stream,
With endless motion passes time,
Like fleeting clouds away:
And as a stream its course, though slight,
Can never check, so time its flight
Can never stay.

As each wave is by other waves
Impelled with mighty power,
And they themselves are urged on,
By every following wave upon
The one before,—
So in like manner time doth speed,
And yet is ever new:
Its nimble hours, though swift they fly,
Are never old, nor gray, nor die—
Time's ever true.

And what was made before time was,
To us is left as then;
And that is now, which then was not,
And all the facts of time are but
Renewed again.

The Sun in Ocean's limpid wave,
Doth make his genial bed;
And night, thick set with myriad stars,
And sprinkling earth with heavenly tears,
Lifts up his head.

And now the night emerging, tends
To usher in the light;
And Helios, with his shining steeds
And holiest, purest beams, succeeds
The shades of night.

The foliage buds in Spring's embrace,
And blooms at Summer's kiss;
And Autumn sees with withering breath
The leaves, and Winter bringing death,
Ends all its bliss.

The Daughter of Tyndarus wept
With deep and heartfelt tears,
When on her visage she beheld
That Age, with ruthless hand, had sealed
His coming years.

O, Time! thou still destroyer, Time!
Thou dost all earthly things
Brand with thy deep eternal mark,
And e'en destroy'st the lingering spark
That to life clings.

O, Time! thy dark, relentless hand
Is never to be stayed;
O, Envious Antiquity!
This is thy sense of equity,
All earth shall fade.

**THE SPANISH EMPIRE—THE CAUSES OF ITS DECAY.**

At the southwestern extremity of Europe, lies a country
which once stood at the head of the list of nations, but now,
sunk to the rank of a third-rate power, its revenue reduced to
a pittance, its government imbecile and bankrupt, its population
scanty and impoverished, is scarcely able to maintain its
integrity and independence.

Few portions of man's heritage have been so lavishly
endowed with Nature's gifts. Mountain chains and fertile
valleys, high table-lands and broad, rich plains, sloping
downward to the waves of the Mediterranean, afford every
variety of scenery and climate. Almost surrounded by the
ocean, and situated at the gateway of access to the rich and
populous countries which border upon the Mediterranean, no portion of the globe seems more admirably adapted for maritime and commercial greatness. Its natural resources are varied and abundant. It is peopled by a highly gifted race, its geographical position affords opportunities for close and constant communication with the most polished and progressive nations of the earth.

Still, this favored land is centuries behind the age. Spain was once rich and populous, the mistress of the ocean, the source of warlike and commercial enterprise, the seat of learning, the favored abode of poetry and the arts. Proud, haughty England trembled at her power. France lay at her mercy. Italy obeyed her mandates. Germany and the Netherlands acknowledged her dominion.

She was early distinguished for maritime adventure. Her ships of commerce covered every sea. Her explorations were more remote and more adventurous than those of any other nation. To her belongs the greatest achievement in navigation and discovery that ever has been or ever can be accomplished—the discovery of the western continents. This event gave a great impulse to the spirit of maritime adventure. Thousands flocked to the shores of El Dorado. Conquest and commerce absorbed the energy and enterprise of the nation. Her navy expanded to a colossal engine of power, the terror of all Europe. Even England, entrenched within her sea-girt isle, whose “wooden walls” have ever been her power and her pride, was filled with dismay at the approach of the Invincible Armada.

But how sad is the contrast between her present wretchedness and her former grandeur. We see that noble race, degraded and ignorant, crushed and impoverished by the oppression of an imbecile, tyrannical government and a haughty, avaricious priesthood. We see her broad plains half tilled or lying waste, her cities crumbling into ruins, her forts and harbors unrepaired, her army small and undisciplined, her navy scarcely sufficient to protect her seas from piracy. Her glory has departed, her greatness is fallen; she has become an object of contempt to those who once courted her favor and trembled at her wrath.

But let us briefly examine some of the causes of this
decline and decay. They are to be found chiefly in the policy which she observed in the administration of her American colonies.

1. Her policy was too avaricious. She acquired a territory larger than she could control.

2. The turbulent and lawless character of the race. The history of the Spanish colonies is a constant succession of wars among the colonists and revolts against the mother country.

3. The sole employment of the colonists was to enslave and pillage the unfortunate natives; and as the resources of the country were not developed by the introduction of the agriculture, arts and education of the Old World, it soon became desolate and uninhabitable.

4. The character of the colonists. They were chiefly mere adventurers, who left their homes in the Old World, not like those of New England and Virginia, to find a new home in a new world, but simply with the hope of amassing wealth and soon returning to Spain.

5. And in the fifth place, we cannot but believe, that the present condition of Spain, stripped of her magnificent possessions, her people ignorant and impoverished, oppressed by her rulers and her church, as a mark of the righteous retribution of the Creator and Ruler of the universe, for the atrocities practiced upon the simple, unoffending natives.

And to this point we shall confine our remarks. It is an acknowledged fact the universe is governed by fixed, immutable laws. A violation of these laws is invariably followed by its penalty. If we transgress the laws of health, the penalty of physical suffering inevitably follows. If we leap from a precipice, we cannot escape destruction. But the Creator has established not only a physical but a moral law, whose operations are no less invariable, and whose penalties are no less certain. Its workings are not so readily perceived, its penalties are often long delayed, and the period of their occurrence always uncertain. But not more surely will violation of physical law be followed by physical suffering, than will offence against God's moral law bring terrible retribution upon the impious offender. Now, if individual crime is invariably punished, how can it be maintained that
national sins will escape? Nations are of longer existence, their actions and circumstances more complicated than those of individuals, and their punishment is accordingly longer-delayed and less clearly discerned, but none the less certain.

History is full of examples. Egypt, the oppressor of the Hebrews, is blotted from existence. The Roman Empire, that monster of iniquitous conquest, was at length dismembered and destroyed by barbarian arms, and its proud capital again and again pillaged and left desolate by barbarian hands. England is even now suffering a terrible retribution for its cruelties and neglect practiced in her East Indian Empire. Spain, too, is suffering the penalty for her cruelty to the defenseless natives of America. Her magnificent empire torn from her grasp, her power destroyed, her proud and haughty spirit humbled and broken, despised and trampled upon by her bitterest enemies, she presents the sad yet instructive spectacle of national expiation of national sin.

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**TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.**

When shall we cry To-morrow? While
The heavens gladden through our tomb!
To-day is God's own morning-smile,
O man, that lookest from the dust!

When shall we cry To-morrow? While
The clouds about our hearts are blown?
To-day will let their rainbow smile—
The heart, a home of music grown.

When shall we cry To-morrow? While
The Past is come with all her woes?
To-day has sun enough to smile
To Morning all the Night she knows.

When shall we cry To-morrow? While
The Stranger comes—a hearse—a bier?
To day will give the parting smile—
To morrow be the Angel near!
THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

A MEANS OF INSTRUCTION—POLITICAL AND MORAL.

Among all the benefits to be derived from the study of history, none is greater than the instruction it affords in regard to the tendency and consequences of certain courses of action on the part of a nation.

A nation is often likened to a ship on the ocean. Carrying out this simile a little farther, the lawgivers and magistrates are the crew who man the ship, and the people, who enjoy the benefits of its laws and institutions, are the passengers who are making a voyage through life under her sail. To all aboard, but especially to those who have the management of the ship, it is of the highest importance to be well-informed in respect to all the places where there are rocks or dangerous shoals, or currents that might draw the gallant sail with all its precious burden into ruin. If similar causes produce similar effects, in the moral world, as well as in the physical, (a proposition the truth of which few will attempt to deny.), then history places a beacon at every dangerous spot, in the light of which may be seen the wrecks of noble vessels which have been dashed to pieces or swallowed in ruin by "Scylla, or Charybdis."

Thus the voyager is warned, and may avoid a like fate by shunning the track in which the danger lies. In such a government as ours, in which every one aboard has a share in the guidance of the ship of state, he who neglects to study history is guilty of the same folly displayed by a ship-captain who should neglect his charts and compass, and pay no attention to the lighthouses, when sailing on a dangerous sea.

History is of great value as furnishing continual illustrations of the justice of Him who superintends all the affairs of men. It is a verification of the truth of Holy Writ, which declares Him to be a God loving justice and hating iniquity.

This attribute is especially manifested in His dealings with nations, since they receive all the rewards and punish-
ments awarded to them in a national capacity, in this world. An idea of the impartial justice of the Ruler of Nations, seems to have strongly impressed the minds of some, even of the heathen. It was strikingly evinced by Scipio when, having given up the City of Carthage to fire and pillage, by order of the Senate, he wept at the thought of the retribution which, perhaps, awaited Rome. Thus he almost predicted that fearful six-day’s sack, when that city was deluged with fire and blood, by the barbarians under Alaric.

The history of the New World is a grand illustration of the justice of Him who governs the world. The Spaniard and the Frenchman settled on this continent, only for the hope of gain. Gold, Gold, was the thirst that parched the Spanish adventurer. To obtain this he braved all the privations of the wilderness, and was guilty of the most heinous crime and treachery against the unoffending natives. Now, after a lapse of more than two centuries, not one of all the Spanish colonies is more than a feeble little State, weighed to the earth by ignorance, vice and effeminacy, torn by internal dissensions, and only retaining its national existence by allowance of stronger powers. The French colonies have almost lost their identity. The English pioneers sought homes where they might be free and worship God in their own simple manner. Now each one of those little colonies has become a mighty commonwealth; all united, they form a nation which is the wonder of the world; equal in in greatness to Rome when in her palmiest days, a nation towards which every philanthropist turns his eyes with exulting, and hope for the future.
LITERARY IDOLATRY.

"Est modus in rebus; sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra citræque nequit consistere rectum."—Horace.

Idolatry, in the literary world, is carried on to an alarming extent. The literature of every language has its Divi majores, whom all the lesser divinities are wont to revere and imitate. We object not to this, provided it be not carried beyond a certain limit. To venerate master-intellects is a duty we owe to those intellects; to imitate their chef d'œuvres is a duty we owe to ourselves. The one is their due, the other our own interest. We object not to imitation, provided it be a moderate, self-confiding imitation. But there is a difference between imitation and idolatry. The sanctuary of literature has too long been defiled by the presence of heathen divinities. Their altars may be found in every corner of the edifice, and incense is offered up to their name in the very presence chamber of the genuine goddess. What a field for the iconoclast! Why will not some one raise the war-cry of reform, and blot out this time-honored abomination?

In no department of literature have we more striking examples of image-worship than in biography. When an author undertakes to write the memoirs of a distinguished man, he is always sure to magnify his virtues and throw a veil over his faults—to place his noble actions in a conspicuous and perhaps an unmerited light, and to pass by his baser deeds with an apology, or even a misrepresentation. To trace back to its origin this species of literary idolatry would require a more persevering book-worm, as well as a more experienced archaeologist than we. It will suffice to notice a few of the most glaring examples. In ancient times it was as wide-spread as the worship of the Olympian Jupiter. Plutarch would fain persuade us that many of his heroes were something more than men. So great was the devotion of Xenophon to Agesilus, the Spartan, that he fears to mention even the name of Epaminondas, lest the virtues of his beau-ideal should be eclipsed by those of the noble Theban. Were
it not for the panegyric of Tacitus, we may safely say that the name of Julius Agricola would have been lost to posterity.

But the examples in ancient times are very scanty, when compared with those of a later date. Dr. Middleton, in his life of Cicero, not content with paying just tribute to the talents and noble labors of that man, exaggerates his virtues, heaps upon his head laurels which he was far from deserving, and takes upon himself the Herculean task of vindicating him from every accusation, however just. That he most ludicrously fails in this is no wonder; since his client has been adjudged guilty by the concurrence of his most devoted admirers. The Life of Lord Bacon, by Lord Montague, is a repository of misrepresentation and sophistry. The intellectual labors of Bacon will never want a panegyrist, as long as the sentiment of gratitude shall constitute a part of the human character. But what a pity that the noble-minded philosopher should be thus associated with the narrow-souled politician, and the mean-spirited man.

And what shall be said of Boswell, the sycophant of a man who was not so far above mediocrity as is commonly supposed? The neglect into which the writings of Samuel Johnson have at present fallen, is by no means unmerited. Men were at first dazzled by the external brilliancy, and are now disappointed at the internal nothingness. The influence of Johnson is daily and hourly becoming less, and it is only owing to his servile biographer that he has not long since taken his place among the multitude of literary pigmies. In reading his life, we despise the narrator in proportion as we admire the hero. It is with regret that we see such a tendency towards Boswellism in too many of the biographers of our day. A long and formidable list of examples might be given, but space will not permit.

But biography is not the only province of literature notorious for this sort of idolatry. The practice of imitating the style of one particular author is far too prevalent among writers of the present age. It has always been in vogue, to some extent, in every epoch of literary history, but at present more so than ever before. It would be no evil, but rather a benefit, if not carried too far. Arrian, among the Greeks, can be pardoned for his servile imitation of Xenophon on the plea
that his writings would otherwise savor of the dullness of the Byzantine historians. But for those writers of the middle ages, who neglected their own languages out of admiration for the once majestic, but then impoverished Latin, we can find scarcely the shadow of an excuse. It is probably owing to the slavish attachment of most mediæval authors to the Latin tongue, that the European languages were brought to maturity at so late a day. Polish literature might have seen better days, had Casimir Larbievius never become enamoured of Horace. Italy could probably boast of another Tasso, had Angelo Politian been ignorant of the Latin.

Among the Italian imitators of Petrarch, do we find a single poet who can lay claim to respectability? In the seventeenth century, imitation of Marini was the monmania of the poetasters of that nation. The neglected tomes of the seicento will tell the rest.

But let it not be understood that we would discourage imitation altogether. Where there are so many aspirants to literary fame, as in our day, there must of necessity be some imitation. The talents of a very large majority of mankind are imitative rather than inventive. The great creative minds of the world are few and far between. Now and then one shines forth as a beacon light, not only for his age and country, but for all subsequent generations. To see a Descartes change the current of human thought, is a very rare sight. Others must be content to follow in the footsteps of such men, and strive to perfect the work which they have begun. The greater number of authors can do little else but imitate,—yet there is no excuse for their carrying it to excess. The genius of Smollet was for the most imitative. His Roderick Random is a moderate imitation of Gil Blass, and, at the same time, one of the most entertaining books of its kind in our language. But when we turn to the adventures of Sir Launcelot Greaves, we are disgusted to see to what extremes an author goes in mimicking Don Quixote. A man of such powers of mind as Smollet can never add anything to his reputation by paying such bigoted deference even to Cervantes.

On the other hand, there are minds which, even if they should try to imitate, will succeed but indifferently. These are purely creative minds. Let them try their best to model their
own thoughts and language after those of their exemplars,—there will be in their writings a decided preponderance of their own peculiar mental idiosyncrasy. Ariosto was a professed imitator of Homer,—yet the Orlando Furioso is decidedly anti-Homeric. The Italian bard was unconscious of the current of original thought in his own mind, which was continually carrying him in a diametrically opposite direction from his Grecian pattern. It was the same way with Dante. He adored Virgil, and acknowledges himself indebted to that poet for his style. The lines of rare beauty in the original are thus rendered by Mr. Cary:

"Thou, from whom I have alone derived
That style which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me."

Never was mortal laboring under a more groundless delusion than when Dante wrote these lines. There was an inventive power in his own intellect which could not but display itself, and render conspicuous its own creations, to the exclusion of all borrowed ones. The difference between Dante and Virgil is as great as that between Roman majesty and Italian fancy. Our own Milton was an ardent admirer of the Greek tragedians; yet, in all his poems, we lose sight of the uniform majestic tone of Sophocles and Æschylus in the more striking solemnity and grandeur of his own mental temperament.

All such men as these which we have mentioned, may justly disdain to fix upon any author or authors as models for imitation. They carve their own images out of marble of their own quarrying, and leave them on an exalted pedestal for the admiration of mankind. At a height far above those aforementioned, stands Shakespeare. His productions spring entirely from his own mind, unacted upon by external influences. It would have availed him but little had his acquaintance with the classics been more profound. His comparative ignorance of general European literature, is little or no defect. A perusal of all the master-pieces of literature written since the beginning of the world, would scarcely have induced him to alter a single iota of his productions. A more accurate knowledge of character would, indeed, have secured him from the error of making Agamemnon quote Aristotle, and a more diligent
research into Roman history would have taught him the impropriety of making the contemporaries of Coriolanus talk about Cato and Galen; but no additional information with which the resources of his age could supply him, would have affected the peculiar character of his mind.

Now, it is not all men who are gifted with this high order of originality. In fact, the minority is exceedingly small. The rest must imitate them in a greater or less degree. The presumptuous maxim,

"Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,"

can safely be adopted by but a very few imperial intellects. The multitude of inferior minds must look up to these as models, but not as idols. If all who write for the press in our days were better convinced of this, there would be a speedy reform in our ephemeral literature.

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

FIRST "PRESENTATION DAY" AT KENYON.

It becomes our pleasant duty, as

"—— providetors
For the Public—that insatiable goose,"

to record among the Memorabilia Kenyonensia an event unsurpassed in interest to all concerned by any which has occurred, for many a year, in this College-world of ours. We need scarcely say that we refer to the exercises which ended the student life, (so far at least as College is concerned,) of the Class of 1858. "Presentation Day," under any circumstances, would be worthy of no mere passing mention; but the occasion of which we now speak, being the inauguration at Kenyon of the ceremonies "peculiar and appertaining thereto," would seem to call for still
more extended notice than would ordinarily be deemed advisable. We shall, therefore, present our readers with a detailed and complete account of the matter in question, from beginning to end.

And first, as to the meaning of the term "Presentation Day,"—concerning which not a few surmises were made, and questions asked by the uninitiated, previous to its occurrence,—we would say that it owes its origin to the ceremony of presenting the Class to the President and Faculty, as having completed their academic course, and as being candidates for the Bachelor's degree. At those Colleges where this ceremony is omitted, the day, we believe, is commonly known as Class Day. For ourselves,—we speak, now, as a member of the Class soon to graduate,—we preferred, (owing chiefly to the fact that our Alma Mater has for a long time, at anniversaries, &c., been toasted as the "Yale of the West,"') to follow the example of that venerable and illustrious institution rather than that of others. Of course we avoided all close and servile imitation as to the particular method of carrying out our general design, and modified the tone of the performances to suit our western character. The presentation ceremony, however, was retained, as adding greatly both to the interest and the impressiveness of the occasion, and hence the name given by Yale was retained also.

As we have already intimated, the ceremonies in question have hitherto been unknown at Gambier. The Class of '58,—famous, as it has always been, for "setting precedents,—early in the Senior Year determined to make an effort to introduce them here, as being not only interesting in themselves, but as forming an appropriate and almost necessary conclusion to the regular course of study pursued in College. The matter was promptly brought before the notice of the Faculty, who cheerfully acquiesced in the proposed arrangements, and gave us all necessary counsel and encouragement. A Class-meeting was held soon after, at which, as was made known in one of our previous issues, the following appointments were made:

President—J. N. Lee,
Orator—F. H. Hurd,
Poet—W. Hall,
Historian—J. F. Ohl.

The Class passed their final examinations on Monday, the 31st of May. The 1st of June had some weeks previously been
announced as "Presentation Day," and the hour of half-past ten, A. M., fixed for the opening of the ceremonies.

It will be remembered that during the whole of May the weather was exceedingly changeable and capricious. Hardly a day passed without clouds and rain; and it is believed that during the month we had scarcely two consecutive fair days. Inasmuch as a portion of the proposed exercises were to be held in the open air,—beneath "the twin-oaks" near the Chapel,—it was a matter of great fear to the Seniors, that the 1st of June might be rainy. This fear was general with the Class, though of course it manifested itself more or less strikingly among the different members, in accordance with their difference of temperament, &c. One individual, for a week previous to the appointed day, seemed very anxious to "bet a dollar that it would rain on the 1st of June," but for manifest reasons the wager was on all hands declined. However, much to the satisfaction of all parties, the morning of "Presentation Day" was unclouded. An hour previous to the time fixed for the opening exercises, strangers and citizens began to assemble within the Park; and when the Seniors made their appearance, and marched up the north aisle to their appointed places upon the platform, quite a large audience had assembled in the Chapel. After an opening prayer by the Rev. Mr. Cracroft, Rector of Harcourt Parish, and Chaplain of the College and Seminary, Mr. G. T. Chapman, the Senior Tutor, rose, and in a short but expressive and beautiful speech, presented the Class to the "President and Faculty" as candidates for their first academic degrees. President Andrews then, with, as we thought, more than his usual vigor and earnestness of manner, addressed the Class in response, alluding to the positions we were thenceforth to occupy,—to the kindly relations which had always existed between ourselves and the Faculty in whose behalf he spoke,—and giving us sundry directions in regard to our future career, which, we are sure, all will both remember and profit by. The whole presentation ceremony was marked by great solemnity on the part both of the Faculty and Students, and of the audience as well.

After the conclusion of the President's address, and after a "musical interlude" by the Kenyon Band, of the excellence of whose performance it would be superfluous to speak, Mr. J. N. Lee, the "Class President," announced a

_Poem,_

_by Wyllys Hall, of Portsmouth, Ohio._
Should we speak of the excellence and beauty of this "Valedictory Poem," as it deserves, and as our inclination would prompt, we should, without doubt, be accused of belonging to a "Mutual Admiration Society" of our own. We shall, therefore, leave the subject with the single remark that assuredly never was applause more justly bestowed than that which followed the performance in question. Next in order came the

Oration,

BY FRANK H. HURD, OF MT. VERNON, OHIO.

Certainly, no occasion is better calculated to inspire a speaker with eloquence, than such an one as that of which we speak. The circumstances which govern the appointment of Orator for Presentation Day,—the peculiar thoughts and feelings which the day itself cannot but excite,—the character of the audience which must always be present at such exercises, all conspire in calling forth, to its greatest extent, the power which the speaker possesses. It will be enough for us to say that Mr. Hurd proved himself equal to the position which he occupied, and abundantly deserved the compliments which he received.

After the Oration, the Class sang the following

Partial Ode.

Air—"Auld Lang Syne."

The parting hour has come at last,—
That hour expected long;
Yet, brothers, let us linger still,
To sing one farewell song.

CHORUS.

Kenyonian days, farewell!
We speak it with a sigh—
To College life, with all its joys,
We bid a sad good bye.

Like some bright dream, our College days
Have glided swiftly by;
And o'er each scene, forever gone,
Fond memory wakes a sigh.

But from those voices of the past—
The sweetest ever heard—
In sadness, now, we turn away,
And speak the parting word.
Farewell, a fond farewell to thee,
Our Alma Mater, dear—
So long as life itself shall last,
Thy name we'll still revere.

What e'er our lot in days to come,
Full oft we'll call to mind,
Thy gentle teachings and reproofs,
So motherly and kind.

Thy consecrated College walls
Shall still be pictured o'er,
With visions of the olden time—
The happy days of yore.

And when, some forty years from now,
Our locks are turned to gray,
We'll joy in living o'er again
The scenes so loved to-day.

So now, farewell, a fond farewell,
O, Alma Mater, dear!
As long as life itself shall last,
Thy name we'll still revere.

The morning exercises—comprising all those of a strictly public character—were closed with a Benediction by the Rector.

In the afternoon, the Class assembled beneath the shade of the "Giant Oaks," in front of Rosse Chapel. As the performances which were to follow were designed to be of merely a private and rather "social" nature, the participators therein came arrayed in comfortable "College costume," and most of them equipped with a goodly supply of pipes and tobacco. Having seated ourselves with more regard to comfort than to dignity of appearance, we first joined in the following

**Song.**

**Air—"Sparkling and Bright."**

I

Come gather near, each classmate here
Fond memories we will gather
Of days gone by when you and I
Have fought the fight together.

Then Kenyon we with three times three
Will hail thee in our chorus,
While we break the spell, and bid farewell
To thy gentle ruling o'er us.
II
We soon must part, and o'er each heart
Strange fancies now are stealing
For we'll pass our life, in a different strife
With other spirits dealing.

III
Then with steadfast aim, on the road to fame
Let every season find us
Though we meet no more, we will ponder o'er
The joys we've left behind us.

IV.
Nor will we sigh, as the day draws nigh
When we must part forever,
But lingering long mid joy and song
The golden link we'll sever.

V.
As the forger here, on this earthly sphere
Welds the chain of gold together,
In a better land may our little band
Unite the link we sever.

At the conclusion of this song, the "Pipe of Peace," decked out in a curious but to us expressive paraphernalia, formed of a combination of ribbands,—the badges of half-a-dozen different Societies,—was passed round. After this ceremony, we joined in this

Song,
Air—"Co-ca-che-lunk."
Tell me not in mournful numbers,
College life wags slowly by—:
Nothing else but joy and pleasure
Scuds along the student sky.

Chorus.—Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay-ly
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-lay
Co-ca-che-lunk-che-lunk-che-la-ly
Hi! O chick-a-che-lunk-che-lay.

We as Freshmen came to Kenyon,
In a very verdant state;
Now we splurge along this campus,
Seniors grave, of '58.

Chorus.—Co-ca-che-lunk, &c.

College life's a perfect fizzie;
Every body 'll tell you so.
Students are like pasteboard figures
Moving in a puppet show.

CHORUS.—Co-ca-che-lunk, &c.

We have galloped through the "Classics,"
Some with "ponies," some without,
Some with "interlineations,"
Few perhaps have thumbed them out.

CHORUS.—Co-ca-che-lunk, &c.

Mathematics are a nuisance,
And "Rhetoricals" a bore;
We have struggled nobly through them
Somewhat wiser than before.

CHORUS.—Co-ca-che-lunk, &c.

Fellows, let us swell the chorus,
Shout for Alma Mater O!
Let the twin oaks bending o'er us,
Catch our voices ere we go.

CHORUS.—Co-ca-che-lunk, &c.

Cherish every kindly feeling
With a brother's open heart,
Through life's trials and endeavors
Bear a manly noble part.

CHORUS.—Co-chah-cho-lunk, &c.

We have reached the goal of honor,
Fought the fight, the "sheep-skins" won!
After this protracted meeting,
Let's adjourn till '61.

CHORUS.—Co-ca-che-lunk, &c.

Next in order was the reading of

The History of the Class,

BY J. F. OHL, OF BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Of this performance we do not feel at liberty to speak. We desire, however, in this place, to animadvert slightly upon what struck us as being almost the only instance, during the whole day, in which bad taste was manifested,—and that is the smoking during the reading of the History. As we have already intimated, the afternoon exercises were designed solely for the benefit of the Class, and hence the before-mentioned pipes and tobacco. But the public were interested, and honored us with their presence; students, children, and ladies and gentlemen generally,
were anxious to witness what was going on, and coming within hearing distance, they were, as a matter of course, within reach of the smoke. It is certainly not over polite to smoke in the presence of ladies, nor yet to attempt to drive them away by smoking in their faces. But, this only by-the-way. After the reading of the History of the Class, we joined in the following

**Song.**

Air—"There's a good time coming."

The world's all before us, boys,
The world's all before us;
The world's all before us, boys,
Up and let's be doing.

Our College days are o'er at last,
And clouds our sky may soon o'ercast,
In the great world before us;
But we'll not falter or grow faint,
As, onward bravely moving,
We face each duty manfully,—
Up and let's be doing!

Chorus.—The world's all before us, &c.

We ne'er shall hear the College bell
(Whose tones we've learned to know so well)
In the great world before us;
And ne'er again shall "morning prayers"
Break slumber's gentle wooing,
But louder calls shall rouse us then,—
Up and let's be doing!

Chorus.—The world's all before us, &c.

Each College law we thought a bore
Shall never once disturb us more
In the great world before us;
But other cares, and greater too,
Shall soon our paths be strewing;
So if we are not mummies, boys,
Up and let's be doing!

Chorus.—The world's all before us, &c.

We've idled many an hour away;
There's need of something else than play,
In the great world before us;
Then banish every useless sigh,
And Fortune's favors wooing,
Let's forth, our mettle each to try,—
Up and let's be doing!

Chorus.—The world's all before us, &c.
The Class thereupon proceeded to the north-east corner of the Chapel, when, under the direction of our worthy "President of the day," we planted a sprig of ivy.—each one of us throwing around it a handful of earth. After this ceremony was over, "Pres. Lek," delivered an appropriate address, after which we sang this

**Song.**

*Air—"Gentle Annie."*

I.

They are gone—those days spent so blithely
'Neath the beams of our Alma Mater's smile
Gone alas! like a dream passing lightly
O'er the fancies which life's sad hours beguile.

*Chorus.*

Then in sorrow we must leave thee
While our hands and hearts be joined in one,
And one last farewell fondly give thee,
Though the world may still look coldly on.

II.

Ah! old Kenyon at last we must sever
The ties that have bound thee to our heart,
But 'tis sad to think that we ever
Should be forced from thy fond embrace to part.

III.

We remember how first thou didst cheer us,
When our heart with pride's young hopes did swell,
And e'en yet as thy mem'ries endear us,
We must sigh when we say to thee farewell.

IV.

Now the spring-time of youth's early promise,
Lit by glimpses of pleasure's brightest ray,
In the summer of manhood glides from us
As it wakes us to life's more busy day.

After a solemn and general shaking-hands, we proceeded—singing "Gaudeamus"—to the residences of the different Professors, calling upon each of them for a speech. Most of them obligingly complied with our request, and spoke to us in a manner which, we doubt not, was profitable as well as very agreeable. At five o'clock, we went in a body to the residence of one of our respected class-mates, (whose marriage was announced in the Collegian, nearly two years ago,) where "lunch" was prepared for us in beautiful style. After partaking of the viands placed
before us, we all kissed the baby, and then adjourned till half-past eight. At that hour we all sat down to supper at the “College Hotel.” We will not speak of the table further than to say that one of its attractions, and that by no means the least, was a huge “pyramid of flowers,” in the shape of a most magnificent bouquet, for which we were not backward in thanking the kindness of the lady of one of our Professors.

After supper, the Class,—or rather the Kenyon Band, under the direction of the Class,—serenaded the good people of Gambier until a not very early hour in the morning.

We cannot go further in our description. Altogether, this, our Presentation Day, was exceedingly pleasant, and will not soon be forgotten by any member of the Class of 1858. At its close, the sentiment, if not the words, was present to many of us:

“Hec olim meminisse Juvabit.”

Editors’ Table.

Dear Reader—With the present number of the Collegian our Editorial labors are at an end, and we are called upon to say a parting word ere we leave you. A twelvemonth ago we assumed the responsibility of editing our College Magazine, and how we have succeeded is for you to judge; we leave you, however, with the consciousness of having done all we could to make our monthly visitor interesting and instructive. That you have always had a fair specimen of the literary ability of Kenyon, we cannot believe, and would have urge upon our fellow students to contribute more than heretofore to the pages of the magazine, thereby greatly lessening the labors of our succeeding Editorial corps. To those who have contributed during the past year, we return our warmest acknowledgments for the aid given us, and assure them their kindness will long be remembered.

And now what shall we say to our Patrons! To those who have complied with our repeated calls for aid, we say a kind Good Bye; but to you who have neglected to send us the great necessity in the publishing business, ought we not to give you a scolding? We have told you of the increased expense we have incurred in enlarging the Collegian, and yet you have turned us a deaf ear. Trusting, however, that you will repent and do that immediately which you ought to have done long ago, we will likewise to you kindly say, Good Bye.

And we are to part, too, with the Collegian! No longer will we be permitted to collect together in our dear old sanctum, to prepare and select matter for “our next number.” No longer will we have the privilege of occupying the Editorial tripod, and feeling somewhat important to think that we are contributing to the gratification of many readers. No longer dare we indulge the thought that we deserve free passes on the railroads, together with the other privileges of the Members of the Profession of the Quill, because we are Editors. All, all, is to be given up! We, however, carry with us the consolation, that if we are not permitted to look behind the scenes, yet we can peruse and profit by the pages of our dearly loved Magazine. And now, dear Readers, we bid you all a heartfelt Good Bye.
At a meeting of the present Editors, C. B. Guthrie, of Putnam, Ohio; J. K. Hamilton, of Milan, Ohio; J. D. Hancock and M. A. Woodward, of Wyoming Valley, Pa., were chosen to conduct the Collegian for the ensuing year. It is a cause of gratulation that we are able to leave the magazine in such competent hands. We doubt not that under their fostering care, the Collegian will be made to hold a more prominent place among the literary magazines of the day, since they bring with them high talents, extensive attainments and a determined energy. That success may attend them is our sincere wish.

IMPROMTU,

On hearing the Seniors do up Wayland's Moral Science.

BURRE on Sublime we've heard to-day,
(But lesser lights now fade away.)
On Moral Science (HALL) is clear,
Since we have Hurd the Seniors here.
Wayland now shows himself a Duke;
Seasoned by Thompson he's a snob.
The Paine experienced here to-day,
His hair will change from Black(ALLER) to Gray.
No more his tea he quiet sups,
But smarts under smart (J) cups;
Lost in a Hays, he mourns his folly,
Betakes to Burton's Melancholy;
And Lurking some forest 'er,
Or lingering on some black Lee shore,
Will vent his agony in groans,
That he had not been born a Jones.
Then,smarting under lash of Oil,
Will drown himself in some deep hole.

FINALE.

NOW, hurrying on from Washington
Comes MUNGER, Dayton's famous son,
Performs the last sad, solemn rite—
Poor Wayland's buried out of sight.

WHITE MAN'S LEAP, CAVES, June 19th, 1858.

DEAR MAGA:—Feeling the necessity pressing upon me of acquainting you with the ways and doings of a certain portion of our little college community, who have retired from the active scenes of College life to pass a few days in this quiet spot, I thus address you, hoping that you will fully appreciate the motives, and if any mistakes may be made, "you may pass my imperfections by." Sufficient it is to say, that on Thursday morning, the 17th inst., eight of the Senior Class started from the College door fully equipped for a taste of camp-life at the "caves." With songs and shouts we rattled through the village streets, seeming glad to break away from the associations of Kenyon for a short time, and seek enjoyment among the rocks and forests of a wild woodland home. We had but just commenced our journey, when it was moved and seconded that we enter into the election of officers for the expedition, which motion being carried, the result was as follows: one Commissary, two Cooks, two Scullions, one Boot Black, one Chicken Thief, one Reporter for the Collegian. These all being elected by acclamation, and each one being perfectly satisfied with the post to which he had been appointed, pums and jokes followed in rapid succession—so fast, indeed, that the Reporter was unable to note a tenth of them, and will therefore be excused if he does not record them here. The only difficulty which we had to encounter throughout the whole travel, was the frequency of dismounting from our carriage in order to walk up the hills, (a marvellous number of which seemed to us to lay between Gambier and the place of our destination,) and this was so much the more of a "bore" from the fact of our being Seniors. Knowing, as all well do, that there is something in their very constitution opposed to the least unnecessary amount of labor, or undue expense of animal exercise; but, nevertheless,
through all our "trials, difficulties and dangers," we at last made a safe journey, and with good spirits halted to unload our effects at the "mouth of the caves." The first thing to be done was to seek a good spot for camping-ground. This having been selected by the prudent foresight of our "head Cook," we immediately shouldered our packs, and, pilgrim-like, sought our resting-place upon the rock yclept as above. The universal cry was, "Now for dinner!" and in answer to the call the Commissary brought forward the provisions—having previously rationed out the whole amount—and the cooks went, backwoods-like, to work to supply the wants of the inner man. A large flat rock served us for a table, which was soon supplied with ham, bread cut in the most improved style, crackers, cakes, a liberal amount of good water brought from a cold spring at a little distance from camp, and a basket filled with a liquid, often called "beer," for short, which mysteriously made its appearance from the Initiation Hole, which served us as a cellar. Dinner being over, the next object in view was to pitch our tents for the night. A portion of the party immediately prepared to take the work in hand, while the others, with a great deal of zeal, stretched themselves out upon the rocks, and with pencil and paper proceeded to write a few words to those we had left behind us, that they might have the satisfaction at least of knowing that we were all right. The mail for Gambier being soon "made up," the carrier started on his homeward track, and we were left alone. It would be impossible to make a minute of everything that was said and done, though I have good reason to believe that it would be of interest to all who might read this letter; but I will briefly state the regular routine of daily duty. The stated hour of rising was at seven o'clock, but strange to say, there were some who actually crawled forth from the tent at the hour of five. This is so singular an occurrence, and especially so when I take into consideration that these very ones were members of the "Lazy Club," that I cannot but note it here in order that the fraternity at College may take their cases into consideration, and inflict the proper punishment for such an infringement of the constitution. After issuing from our tents, the first thing was a shower bath under the "cascade," then sit round our table-rock to partake of breakfast, then each went about his business for the day—some to fish, others to read and smoke, others to finish their Commencement orations, others to speak them, and others to do nothing. At two o'clock we again collected around the stone table for dinner, and the afternoon passed as as the morning. Supper at eight in the evening, then a lounge around our camp-fire till eleven or twelve o'clock, and then to our bunk-bed. In this manner we passed our time. I should like to enter more fully into a narration of all the little incidents that took place, but space will not permit me.

Yours, &c.,

Reporter.

Most worthy and, (as we earnestly hope,) most indulgent reader, we desire to apologize for what may seem, at first sight, a very grave omission in this number of the Collegian. We imagine we hear you,—as you receive the Maga. from the office, and turn over its "virgin leaves,"—exclaiming, "What's the matter with the Collegian?" Dear reader, we plead guilty; there is something the matter with this, our July number. It contains but thirty-two pages, instead of the customary forty-eight. Before condemning, however, pray "Hear us for our cause, and be silent that you may hear." We plead the following:

Excuse, No. 1. Our friends in College have failed to supply us with the necessary contributions. This is doubtless owing to the extreme warmth of the weather, and the unusual amount of work devolving upon all in consequence of the near approach of examinations.

Excuse, No. 2. After making up thirty-two pages, with no little labor to themselves, the Editors feel that they cannot further exert themselves, personally, without a violation of conscience. Reason: Oppressive state of the weather; and near approach of Commencement. Also, a slight regard to oium cum, &c.

Excuse, No. 3. Our printer, in consequence of an uncommonly and unexpectedly large amount of extra work, could not possibly issue the number before Commencement, without the omission in question;—we need not add that it would be indeed shocking to have the Magazine make its appearance after Commencement. Reader, are you satisfied?