We venture to say to the reader, that upon looking at the title under which we commence this article, he will conjure up in his mind certain practical jokes upon learned professors, initiations of those who are making their first feeble steps upon the road to science, inroads upon henroosts, and other witless depredations, which the student performs, more for the purpose of relating them, than for any pleasure obtained in the operation. We are sorry that we cannot so gratify our reader; we have taken up the subject in a very different view from that of causing amusement alone, and would therefore advise him to consider as seriously as we do, that which has become the most important element in American civilization. He is sufficiently aware that thousands of the noblest hearts, and the best blood of our country, are yearly sent away from home, to obtain a drilling thorough enough to carry them
successfully through the troubles of the world; that home with all its joys and sweet associations are by them sorrowfully left behind; that old and tender friendships are broken up; that the hearts of thousands of mothers, and fathers, and brothers and sisters, beat wistfully over the reported progress and development of as many thousand young and ambitious hearts, who are undergoing the student's harsh discipline, in order to obtain a name hereafter. Can it then be a matter of wonder that the question arises, are the results such, as warrant so much anxiety and expense on the part of parents, and so much time and toil on the part of students. We shall not attempt to answer this question, but shall endeavor to place before our reader, such a limited amount of knowledge, as we have drawn from our own experience, and such as has come to us through our associations with others. We would request him, in addition, to keep in memory, that to obtain the greatest amount of benefit, we must undergo the greatest amount of risk; and that the person who wishes to correct evil must place it in the most prominent point of view. Having made these modifying remarks, we now feel at liberty to discuss our subject without fear of frightening from college, those who may there wish to take their initiatory step in life, and without fear of causing others to believe us entirely opposed to the system of education adopted in this country, when in fact we are only opposed to particular parts of that system, and endeavoring to exhibit these, as we think, in their true light.

The remark that "college is a little world," has now been so long quoted, that it has become an adage. Students themselves delight in no other saying so much, and though the citizen may shake his head with incredulity, yet he must own that though the circumstances are different, and possibly such as might never occur in the outer world, they equally tend to draw out the traits of human character. The great men, the political strife and intrigue, petty tyranny, disobedience to law, and contempt for true merit, exist to an equal extent as in the outer world. It is not certain, but that each of these qualities is developed to a higher degree than in the world. The great men have more absolute control, the petty
tyrants are much more successful, and the man who conscientiously follows his duty, is treated with much more ridicule, than he would be were he situated differently. Reputations are made and lost in a day. And while all delight in doing honor to the rising man, every one is ready to kick the falling man one step lower down. Policy and intrigue are developed infinitely, and party strife runs higher, and is more bitter than that of the great parties which divide our country.

We cannot compare our institutions with those of other lands; the differences between the systems are so great as to preclude the possibility of comparison. Take, for instance, those of Germany, as being the most celebrated, and we find that their establishment and support is contributed by the State, that they are few in number, that they are influenced by the characters of the inhabitants who surround them, that their instruction is adapted to the peculiar governments of the States in which they are situated. In all these particulars, and in the fact of their great age, the German universities differ from those of our own country. In these universities too, the before mentioned influences combined, have brought about certain results, each of which forms a permanent and substantial part of the institution. In the time of Napoleon, when all Germany was overrun with foreign troops, they formed the nucleus of liberty, around which all the bold spirits of the country gathered. Societies for the promotion of freedom were established, and under the direction of strong and educated minds became the propagators of independence throughout the land. These societies form a great part of the history of their times and country. The Burschenschaft, for instance, is known and honored throughout the world, and indeed its good influence is almost universal. The universities have acquired, too, a literature, which peculiarly belongs to themselves—a literature which is not only celebrated among the students, for whose benefit it was composed, but among students all the world over. It is indeed a peculiar literature, and goes far to show the attainments of those who have there undergone a course of instruction. How does the heart of every German student
swell with enthusiasm, when he hears the "German Father-land" sung, and rejoices that his country extends,

"Wide as the German free tongue springs,
And hymns to God in Heaven sings.
That must it be! That must it be!
That land, brave German, is given to thee."

And the "Song of the Sword," and "There twinkle three stars," how they must cause their hearts to throb with the true spirit of chivalry—a chivalry which consists of wine, love, music, and liberty.

We cannot, however, expect, or even desire, to make the German system a type on which to frame one for our own land. Omitting the fact, that circumstances in America would probably change, even the advantages of that system into disadvantages, there are many defects which would make it particularly injurious to the student in this country, such as for instance, the hard drinking, and the mistaken sense of honor on the part of the students. Both of these last may properly be called excrescences; yet they are excrescences which the Germans very much love, and which now form as necessary a part of their institutions, as the course of instruction itself. To adopt this, or the system of any other country, then would be to engraft on our people, along with many benefits, still more numerous evils; and while we degrade the adopted plan of education, bequeath to our posterity the seeds of a poison more deadly than that of the Upas tree. We are left but to one alternative: that of naturally rearing up our own institutions of learning upon such a plan as may best serve, under our various circumstances, to develop the resources of our country. That this plan cannot be manufactured from any brain, experience has shown long ere this. We can modify, but we cannot control events. The circumstances which make laws necessary, must regulate their subject matter. So the state of affairs which led to the establishment of colleges in this country, must control their development; and he would indeed be unwise who should endeavor to direct this development in a direction contrary to the moral feeling of the people, for whose benefit the institutions were established.
These circumstances have been working in full activity, and as a result we see the myriad of colleges which have started up throughout the whole extent of our land. Each village aspires to the honor of possessing so important an addition to its natural advantages. This zeal, though it may be mistaken, is still earnest, and shows the natural bent of the American mind. Equality and common improvement, in education as well as in material affairs, show themselves as the governing principles of the nation. That these institutions exist, and unless they were amply supported they could not exist, shows, too, the natural affection which our people have for their homes and home creations. Yet, notwithstanding their exhibition of some of the most noble principles of the freeman, we may doubt whether the great number of colleges may not in the future be the source of much harm.

In endeavoring to show how this may be so, we do not wish to revive the ancient, but now exploded proverb, that "a little learning is worse than none at all," and that consequently our system of education, is in this way calculated to do injury. On the contrary our object is to show that it is injurious in its effects, from the fact that it may prevent the performance of a greater amount of good.

Upon a review of the various colleges of the land, it will be found that at least nine-tenths of them are deficient in the means necessary to carry them on successfully, and that their opposition for the securing of students has so diminished the price of tuition, and consequently their incomes, as to preclude the possibility of adequate support in this way. It naturally follows then, that without sufficient funds, competent instructors cannot be obtained; and that anxiety for increasing the number of students, leads to the granting of diplomas to those who are in no way qualified to receive them. That this is all true we need not go to college to make the test; we need only look at the host of incompetent men who are yearly sent out into the world to live as bar-room loafers in the more respectable hotels, or to procure the means of existence through the petty trickery, which forms almost the sum total of their education. The student who in some
other situation might have become a worthy man is ruined for life; and even a worse result than this sometimes happens. Unable to find employment in the practical world, he turns hypocrite, becomes a minister, and for the poor sermons with which he favors his more honest and industrious hearers, receives in exchange their hard-earned money. The heart turns with disgust from such a picture, yet the instances which every day and in every person’s experience occur, entirely prove the truth of the assertion. How can we wonder then that these people, judging of the system, by the examples produced thereby, should condemn our whole plan of education, and not only the plan, but education itself? They see every day, men who once surpassed them all, now too worthless even to perform the lesser duties of life. They do not consider that this great fall in position may be the result of the student’s own improvidence. They consider only that a talented youth is for four years taken out of the world, and returned to it again shorn of many of his good qualities, and possessed of many which are vicious. This of course is not a universal evil, but one far too often arising from the want of requisite instruction, and this want of instruction, as we have before stated, arises from want of means.

Let us now change the view, and mark what might be the result, were the number of colleges lessened. Estimate the amount of money with which each of our one hundred colleges is endowed at fifty thousand dollars, and we have five millions of dollars. Now were this equally divided among, say, twenty colleges, much better instruction could be afforded, and the additional number of students in each, would do away with the custom of allowing incompetent persons to graduate in order to fill up the catalogue of the alumni. College educations would then be considered in a different light from what they are now; and graduates would be fitted to take a more active part in the operations of life. Every white-handed dunce would not have ready at hand, on all occasions, a diploma, certifying to his having a sufficient amount of ability and proficiency to govern his fellow men. Mind would reign supreme among students, and intrigue would sink to the swinish level, to which it naturally be-
We, as well as the Germans, might boast of literature equal to, if not surpassing that of the outer world. Our songs would not be mere expressions of partizan feeling, nor borrowed, nor such as are adapted to inferior intellects alone. Our strength would not be wasted in the attainment of the petty objects of a vitiated ambition. But new and better tastes, and incentives and honors, would take possession of our minds.

A close observer of the educational institutions in this country, would quickly discover that the internal arrangements are nearly the same in each; that, with a few exceptions, we need but describe the one, in order to show the advantages and deficiencies of the whole number. In this way, too, he could best give to the public a knowledge of the system, which, though a subject of a vast amount of discussion, is really very little known. Let us suppose ourself to be this observer, and to be giving as impartial an account as possible for one who had not been initiated into the mysteries of college life, but yet was studying its action and results carefully.

That which would first strike us as worthy of notice, is the college government. This by a process entirely similar to that in which we estimate the character and intelligence of a nation by its government, opens the door to the character and advantages of students. If the government is strict and inquisitive, we conclude that the students are inferior in character and ability; if loose and irregular, that the students are idle and profligate. The error which our colleges have fallen into is the former rather than the latter; and as a result we have the fact that many of those who graduate are as contemptible men as our country can afford, while noble and generous souls, and such as are naturally calculated for becoming influential men, are dismissed with ruined reputations, and often with prospects forever blighted. This government consists of a Faculty, at the head of which is a President, at the tail a Tutor. Neither of these officers is an individual of slight importance. While the President commands, the Tutor executes; so that indeed the Tutor should be called the arm rather than the tail. The duty of
the President is to see that the laws are executed. It will require then no penetration to discover that while the President is only a limited monarch over his associate dignitaries, he is entirely absolute over the students. It will require no great amount of penetration either, to discover that in institutions established and supported by a corporation, for the benefit of the students, this exercise of power is necessary. But when it is exercised in prying into and watching every little action of the student; when, wherever his situation may be, whether in church or in the play ground, the student knows that he is always subject to suspicion and criticism, not only from matronly disposed unmarried old ladies, but from the very Power in which he ought most implicitly to rely, then follows as results, two serious faults of character, namely, meanness and recklessness. The one arises from the desire of the student to attract the flattering notice of the Power, by assuming qualities which he does not possess, and by endeavoring to place his associates in an unfavorable light for comparison. The other is consequent from a disgust which the individual has for inquisitorial surveillance, and a desire to break through the trammels which bind his proud and turbulent spirit. We remember of having read, that Dr. Arnold, the most successful of all modern teachers, was also the most unsuspicious, as well as the most thorough of instructors; and as a result of his system, that the wild were sobered down into faithful working Christian men, while those predisposed to meanness were ennobled by intimacy with their generous and open hearted companions. Should our college authorities follow a similar system, like results would probably succeed.

But if the President of a college will sometimes so far lose his dignity, as to descend to the position of sentinel and spy, what under such an authority should we expect from the Tutor. What indeed is he in most cases under the best circumstances, and while yet a student? Just what we should expect a person to be who has gone through college with a conscientious dread of marks, and a religious faith in the power of grades—many times a superior character, much oftener one who is weak enough to receive his opinion second hand, and faith-
ful enough to his profession to carry out all its requirements without reference to results. He is reduced to one of two alternatives, by his situation as mediator between the Faculty and the students; he must either execute his duties on the broad principle of making allowances for circumstances himself, or must perform them unconditionally, without at all using his judgement. In the latter case he becomes what is called by another, "a conscientiously mean man, and of all men a conscientiously mean man is the meanest.'

These two officers are almost the sole administrators of college government. The remainder of the Faculty are quiet, gentlemanly, and sometimes even great men. Caring for little besides advancing the popularity of their peculiar province of knowledge, they do not trouble their minds with the details of a petty discipline. They indeed have their trials, but they are not such as involve the personal welfare of those over whom they preside. We can imagine no pleasant occupation than that of a Professor. His time is not more fully occupied than is necessary for healthful recreation; his mind is not overburdened with care; and often his memory is filled with the pleasant associations of cherished friendship. Many, too, delight in drawing out the undeveloped resources of the youthful mind, when this employment is unmixed with the enforcement of college discipline.—Knowledge, also, here extends her most ample stores to those who may have the good fortune to possess the key to the granaries, and learned Professors always possess this key. Their lives flow on like the slow current of the peaceful river, and when they die they have the satisfaction of knowing that they embrace an important portion of the ocean of thought. One word more in reference to discipline. A strict enforcement of too many regulations, may make good, orderly, law-abiding citizens, but never produces controlling characters. The harsh discipline of the Persian youth, in the times of Cyrus, produced a machine of tremendous power, under the absolute control of an all-powerful will, but it was very far from being the self-moving machine which all wish the American citizen to be considered.

From the Faculty, we proceed directly to the students.
We ask what is the fascination which makes his college days a subject of so much interest to the graduate—days when were formed the associations which cling to his heart as long as he exists, and always grow brighter with the lapse of time? Long after the dull classics and abstruse mathematics have passed from his memory, these bright mementoes of former days come up before him in all their early freshness, and to many, unfortunate men they form the only bright spots in their life-long journey. So great is their reputation, that many, considering them alone, look upon the whole collegiate course as one of entire pleasure, unconnected with toil or care.

The only answer which can be given to this question, besides the natural joyousness of youth, is the peculiar character of their amusements, and the institutions which have arisen and flourished by their necessities, and under their control. Like all the rest of our college system, we find these to be almost exactly the same throughout the whole country. The most important amusements are those manly games, which formerly celebrated, lately have found their only home in the college. Foot-ball, wicket, cricket, base-ball, forming the chief outside, while chess and backgammon are the chief inside games. In addition to these are the many practical jokes with which every student's experience teems. Any one not acquainted with the secret, might ask, how are these amusements more pleasant in college than any where else? Let him consider that in college everything is done by parties; that where a foot-ball, wicket, cricket, or base-ball club is, another immediately arises to contend with it for superiority. Sometimes, as in foot-ball, the contest is between two classes; at others, as in initiating new students, the deed is done under cover of the night, by a band collected for the occasion; and this deed is soon eclipsed by the more bold and original operations of another set, ambitious of this somewhat doubtful distinction.

We sadly deplore the fact, that while the latter portion of these amusements—that of playing practical jokes—is becoming more prevalent than usual, the manly games, which formerly were the students pride, are rapidly vanishing into
"things that were." Can it be that in these days of advancement, the noblest youth in our land, are willing to exchange for the paltry, little, barbarous pleasure of gazing upon the painful writhings of a sensitive companion, all that rendered the Greek and Roman, and lately our own Anglo-Saxon relative, manly and generous. Our earnest cry is, come back brother students to your old rough games. They will render you strong in body and vigorous in mind. They will fill your hearts with more generous impulses than the politic and selfish considerations which now far too much occupy your thoughts. They will do away with the popular suspicion that graduates are invalids and intrigues, and you will be conferring a double benefit, first upon your country, second upon your "Alma Mater."

One of the distinguishing traits of the American mind is its associative tendencies. In our colleges this same principle is even more powerfully developed than usual. Societies abound for all purposes, some for advancement in literary study; some for social benefit, some for gastronomical indulgence. To name them, all the letters of the Greek alphabet, and every expressive word in the Latin and Greek Lexicons, have been appropriated. To estimate their popularity one need only mention their names to the student, and see his face flush with enthusiasm. The coldest dispositions become warm on this subject, and ready if necessary to sacrifice life in behalf of their principles. A half hour's conversation cannot be held in which the merits of the different societies are not discussed. And well may they be the object of the student's highest solicitude, for in them he receives the most practical, as well as the most pleasant part of his education. They draw forth all his native powers, and place him upon his own resources, with no chance of success except by his individual effort. They exhibit to a remarkable degree, his administrative powers, and show how willing he is to obey constituted authorities, when allowed to possess a share in the government. Instructors should take a lesson in human nature and the art of controlling it, in observing the manner in which societies conduct their affairs.

To condemn any of these societies as injurious, without care-
ful consideration, would indeed argue strongly of folly. It cannot be possible that man will attach himself to that which gives him no benefit, so strongly as to sacrifice time, money, and even the good opinions of friends therefor. Though many may doubt whether the results of those societies, of which the object and proceedings are concealed, are beneficial, yet as long as they are not decidedly injurious to the student, they should not be condemned. While the literary societies are undoubtedly productive of great improvement to the student, his secret organizations at least form a pleasant variety to the irksome study of the rest of his course, and may sometimes tend to develop his finer qualities. His violent outbreaks for society, whether secret or literary, should be regarded as an indication of the zeal which he will hereafter show in a noble cause.

In conclusion we have only to say that the four years spent in college, though accompanied with many trials, pass swiftly by, loaded with pleasure and improvement. While here the ring of time certainly has its deficiencies, yet the glittering gems with which the ring is loaded, serve to conceal them. Let the ambitious young aspirant then push boldly forward, taking care only to avoid the snares which are every where laid for him, and success will surely crown his efforts. "Knowledge is power."

A SERIES OF ARTICLES,
REVIEWING THE LIVES AND WORKS OF THE MOST EMINENT GERMAN CLASSICAL AUTHORS.

"Res ardua, vetustis novitatem dare, novis auctoritatem, obsoletis nitorem, obscuris lucem, fastiditis gratiam, dubis fidei, omnibus vero naturam et naturae suae omnia." Plinius.

LESSING.—(1729–1781.)

Lessing was born at Kamenz, in Upper Lusatia. He inherited, in a manner, from his father the destiny of his life, to defend the cause of truth against its enemies, with ingenuousness and intelligence. While hardly at the boundaries
of boyhood, he was better acquainted with books and preparatory studies than many are at the end of their youth, and at the entrance of the sphere of higher science. Having rapidly gone through the course of the governmental school at Meissen, he went, hardly yet a youth, richly imbued with knowledge of ancient classics, and possessed of many other attainments, to the University of Leipsic, where he received the first impetus to his literary activity. He found here already the first movements of a new literary spirit, the past and future on the point of separation—school and world, authority and rising talents, in mutual strife. Occasion was likewise offered to him then to familiarize himself with theatrical life, which is not to be overlooked, as his later activity, was mainly developed from the stand-point of the Drama. His rich, unsteady and much tested life—a life not to be estimated according to its duration, but its contents, ceased long before the usual expiration of human life. Lessing died 1781, in his 53d year, after he had, as his friend Mendelssohn says, forerun his Century more than a generation.

At the epoch when Lessing appeared, it mattered before all, to settle the confusion which had sprung up in the literature in consequence of the conflict between the scholastic and traditional authorities on one side, and "Young Germany" on the other. There was, to such a purpose, required less poetic originality, than the strictness of a philosophic-critic mind, and a sufficient store of literary science, together with a very skillful management of the material, and with all, the courage of impartial truthfulness. Lessing was the man who united within himself, in a happy manner, those requirements according to their measure; and thus he devoted himself safely to the high avocation which his times appointed to him; and the very fact, that he understood and satisfied his times, assigns to him his indelible position in the history of the German literature, which begins with his name its classical period.

Others before him, as Klopstock and Wieland, suggested, praised and blamed, sometimes in earnest and charity, sometimes with bitterness and scorn; but to penetrate, to take a firm stand-point, from which to seize upon and to treat
with thoroughness any literary productions, to sift judiciously, to point out clearly and distinctly the false and the true; to condemn or defend with justice, and to leave the decision to the tribunal of public opinion, and not to schools—that was only attained by Lessing.

He showed how to write with wit and distinctness, with clearness and thoroughness, with erudition and energy. The importance of an idea was, with him, to be connected with the precision of diction. He himself gave for it imperishable specimens in his own style. Horace's "Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons," nobody fulfilled as much as he. There is, therefore, in all his works, life and stir, fresh vigor without extravagance, depth and impressive language without rhetorical bombast, clearness to the bottom. This is true especially with regard to his prose.

As to Lessing's character, he belongs to those men, whom we must know intimately, in order to appreciate them entirely and truly. He did not care so much for any narrowly circumscribed business, as for occupation as such. The idea of truth, of truth for truth’s sake, animated him in every investigation and led him on the path to Science. What Saladin says in his "Nathan": "Er will Wahrheit, Wahrheit, und will sie so, so bar, so blank, als ob die Wahrheit Munze ware"—(he wants truth, truth, and wants it so bare, so pure, as if truth were a coin,)—he says properly of himself. But they only can truly work in truth's service, whom philosophy offers the key to the mysteries of mankind. Lessing's scientific foundation is philosophy. It is to him the source of his aspirations; it leads him from one step of research to another. The Spirit of Investigation was to him everything. "A truth based on shallow grounds" he used to say, "is prejudice, not less injurious than palpable error, and sometimes even more so, for such a prejudice leads to a superficial investigation." Truth was also, with him, to be active. His whole life illustrates this; "Nathan" says it, and his "Faust." With this philosophic freedom he placed himself at the head of Protestantism, not so much in order to give preference to some particular dogmatic belief, but rather for the principle of free, individual conviction.
the shallow rationalists, too, find no mercy in his eyes.

Since Lessing, the German literature has decidedly assumed the character of a protestant literature, and has maintained it down to this age, although with some modifications. "Lessing," says Fr. Schlegel, "has accomplished in a manner what had been begun by Luther; he has carried Protestantism to its utmost consequences." He found out what was good in Klopstock and what was defective; he pointed out where Wieland went astray and where he walked on the right path; where Shakspeare was an authority, and where, in him, lay the danger of seduction. He was equally averse to any party that did not abide by truth and mental freedom. Thus, mere sentiment was not to sway the mind, effeminacy over manliness; Homer was not to yield to Ossian, Shakspeare not to Young, and the Greek Aristotle was not to recede before the French Boileau. With all that, Lessing knew himself too well, to mistake his own position. Thus we see him less engaged in the field of production, than in that of criticism. Here was his domain, here he found the support for his own productions and the rules for genius. With the consciousness of a safe possession he displays in this sphere all the riches of his mind and knowledge, advances with firm step and with the feeling of real superiority, using the weapons of attack and defense with equal skill. When Herder calls him "the first critic of Germany," he gives him only what is due to him. Entirely devoted to his cause, Lessing wanted to awaken the German spirit in its literature. People should learn and venture to speak and write German in Germany—that was the aim of his work; for this purpose he sought and first displayed to view the actual wealth of the language of his nation and her past monuments.

Lessing began his literary career with the publication of "Contributions to the History of the Theatre," and by writing "Kleinigkeiten" (trifles) and little Comedies, which were represented at Leipsic.

The ingenious manner in which he exercises criticism, gives to it a peculiar stamp. Criticism was his poesy; it did not give him, as he says, a kind of genius, but it was his ge-
Lessing. His poetic productions are merely a plastic individualization of his critical principles—practical critiques. The first work in which he delineated distinctly his literary position is: “Pope ein Metaphysiker,” published 1755, in common with Mendelssohn. It is the programme of his entire literary life. For what, or how much-so-ever of it may belong to his friends, its spirit comes from Lessing. In what the scope of poetry differs from that of science, has been expounded here in a classical manner. His tragedy “Miss Sara Sampson” appeared in the same year. He began, with this piece, his contest against the French Dramatic School. Here already he sides with the English Drama.

Lessing continued to work with unflinching industry. We meet him next in the “Literattur Briefe.” Having been appointed Secretary by General Tanenzien, he went with him to Breslau, in the very midst of the Seven Year’s War. There he soon found literary friends, libraries and leisure. Seemingly inactive and in lively enjoyment of the pleasures of the world, his mind gathered the manifold elements of future literary “deeds” and he laid the foundation of the two works, which, each in its kind, have placed him on the height of his literary mission. The “Laokoon” and “Minna von Barnhelm” were conceived and published there 1766–67. They stand to each other in the same relation, as criticism and poesy. Beauty for beauty’s sake, is demonstrated in “Laokoon” as the basis and aim of all artistic productions; this work is to be considered as the first theory of modern aesthetics. Kant strikes at the same result in his “Kritik der reinen Vernunft”; Schiller has aspired to it in theory and in practice; Goethe has accomplished it with classic perfection in his master-works. Lessing defines especially the boundary-line between the art of painting and poetry, by submitting the latter to a strict analysis, and by proving that it is a false principle to call painting a mute poesy, and the latter a speaking painting. He showed by the most eminent works of the ancients, that poesy had properly to deal with successive action under the principle of time, while painting represented a single moment under the law of space. This new poetic maxim of successive action
was practically realized in "Minna von Barnhelm." We meet here with a national event, German character and manners.

His next work is the "Hamburgische Dramaturgie" (1768,) the aim of which is to eradicate the prevalence of French taste. He reproaches with bitterness his countrymen of their predilection for all that comes from "beyond the Rhine." Though a French author, Diderot, had an advantageous influence on Lessing's dramatic taste (as he owns himself), he could not help directing his critical zeal principally against the chief representative of the French drama; Corneille, and particularly Voltaire, are subjected to a sharp analysis. Shakspeare is introduced and exhibited in all his dramatic excellence. The ancient tragic muse comes forth to deny her pretended affinity with the French muse. The ancient world, the treasures of the English and even of the Spanish literature, are searched by Lessing, and we do not hesitate to say with Gervinus, that this work has become "a legacy to Germany."

As the child the mother, so follows poesy criticism, in "Emilia Galotti," (1772.) It is, according to Herder, "a theatrical piece, which must be seen, not read," as it is of a great stage effect by its dramatic energy, important situations, truth and reality. It is a decisive negation of the French tragedy. The basis of this work is the story of Virginia (cf. Liv. iii, 44), killed by her father to keep her virtue and honor unstained. The prince in this drama, his position, inclinations and caprices, the "princely" is individualized in a true picture, the truth of which strikes us even now, when we compare it with living originals. Who could not, in the description of Emilia, in her wavering between innocence and guilt, between duty and instinct, religion and the world, weakness and noble resolution, find the great art of a master fully expert in the knowledge of man? Who will not admire in Orsina the contrast between the once loved and now rejected, between pride and humility, coquetry and vengeance, madness and reason?

Having arrived at this point of power, Lessing turned his eye sharply towards a higher truth. At the very threshold
of the temple of philosophy and religion we meet with the
most sublime zeal of this excellent man, whose admirable
mind raises him above his age. (He was, 1770, entering in-
to the functions of librarian at Wolfenbuttel). His "Be-
rengar" opened this new stadium which ended with "Na-
than."

From the manuscript of the famous Berengar of Tours,
(1088), found by Lessing in the library at Wolfenbuttel, the
latter showed the relation in which that scholastic stood to
the doctrine of tran-substantiation. Berengar's view, though
condemned by several Councils, coincides almost wholly
with the doctrine set up by Luther. In 1774 appeared Les-
sing's "Fragmente des Wolfenbuttelischen Unbekannten" on
the same subject. More important than they, however, is
the theological contest arising from them, the centre of which
was the famous pastor and senior Goeze of Hamburg. Les-
sing's writings against this man, may be considered as
masterworks of truly ironical, philosophical and learned
polemics. They remind us vividly of the polemical manifestos
issued by Luther and Huttent to the German nations. Les-
sing wants a Christianity in mind, which may have a posi-
tive basis in the evangelical and apostolic writing, but is to
be also independent of them. "Christianity," says he,
"was in existence, before the Evangelists and Apostles
wrote." The written traditions are, therefore, to be explain-
ed, "by their intrinsic truth," and if Christianity has not in
itself such inner truth, all the holy writings cannot give such
to it. He distinguishes between the religion of Christ and
the Christian religion, and confesses the former—(the lat-
ter being, with him, based on arbitrary explanations of the
apostolic writings). In his work, "Erziehung des Men-
schengeschlechts," he pronounces his expectation of a "new
gospel."

In connection with this theological polemic, stands his
other poetic production, "Nathan der Weise."

In the work "Erziehung," etc., he purposes to bring the
dogma of Revelation in accordance with Philosophy. Rev-
elation can only have a meaning for Lessing, inasmuch as
it leads mankind to the real human perfection, serving
therefore as a proper means of education. This work is, indeed, a Commentary to the other (Nathan).

Nathan is Lessing's Hamlet, his Messias, his Faust—Nathan is Lessing in all his zeal for truth, in all his humane sentiments, in all his freedom of mind.

Were we to concentrate the whole in a single comprehensive idea, we would say, that it is the fundamental idea of Christianity itself that underlies it, to love God in our love to mankind." What Lessing said of Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet," that "love itself had composed this piece" we may, mutatis mutandis, apply to his Nathan, viz: that the religion of love and tolerance itself has composed it. Its "moral" is: TO DO GOOD AND TO BE WHOLLY RESIGNED IN GOD.

Lessing has, as he himself reports, found the first idea of Nathan in Boccaccio's "Decameron;" but the execution is entirely his own work. Reflection has assumed in it the tone of calm enthusiasm, and given a poetic dress to didactic material.

And thus we part with this excellent man, to whom we may apply Goethe's words:

"Wer in die Zeiten schant und strebt,
Nur der ist werth, zu sprechen und zu dichtren."
"Thou little knowest what ails me now,
For naught would make me glad;
Oh, no! 'tis nothing I have lost;
That thus doth keep me sad."

Then up and haste thee now away,
And from such grief refrain;
For one has strength in thy young years
The wished for goal to gain.

"Oh, no! I cannot gain it now,
It stands so far on high;
Not farther hence nor half so bright
Lies yon star in the sky."

That star thou canst not hope to reach,
Nor more than see its light;
With pleasure gaze upon its orb,
As it peeps through the dusky night.

"But with delight I look abroad
On many a lovely day;
Then let me weep in night's dark hour,
For weep I must and may."

**MOODS.**

First Soldier—I prithee, Landin, help me furbish this cuirass.
Second Soldier—Go to, I'm not in the mood for't

[Old Play.

Be not startled, kind reader, nor call up reminiscenses of the old school house and the worn Kirkham; or later of the recitation room, of Sumpt and of Kühner. It is not of moods grammatical that we write, but of moods psychological.

Let us examine all the phenomena of existence, with which experience makes us familiar. As the mind passes from one to another, we find none, perhaps, that exercises so strong a control over the destinies and interests of mankind, as that of mood. Our leather-covered Webster says it is "a temporary state of the mind in regard to passion or feeling," and, although this definition, like the bull's hide of good Queen Dido, must be sadly stretched, distorted, and cut up, to cover the required ground, it may, notwithstanding, for want of a better, suffice as our text.

There are many wonderful things with which we become acquainted in our goings forth and comings in, in daily life. There are wonders in science. The laws of matter, their
own administrators, so to speak, astonish with the curious, paradoxical, or sublime character of their results. Art, with magic finger, paints scenes gorgeous as a summer sunset, and awes or melts to tears with the grandeur or tenderness of her creations. But more than all, it seems a cause for surprise, that man, endowed with a reason that has gauged the heavens and weighed the earth, that has accomplished the most profound and difficult achievements, should be guided so frequently, and in so many important questions, not by this which should be the ruling power and autocrat of his actions, but by the petty princes of his moods and passions. Not only in active life do we see this to be the case, but so true is it, that in those literary productions which are known as being most faithful to nature in their deliniation of character, we find the same fact exemplified. In Hamlet, for instance, we see the men and women of the poet’s fancy, and above all the “noble Dane” himself, bowing to the command of this imperious despot. The far-famed soliloquies of this tragedy are but moods put in words, their fleeting shades of passing thought and sentiment, photographed by the skillful hand of Shakspeare. The same is also true in a greater or less degree of Lear, Macbeth, Othello, and the other tragedies of the great poet.

The causes of these momentary states of feeling are perhaps beyond our ken. There are certain conditions of the mental and physical economy which seem to defy the powers of theory and analysis. They are held amenable to no laws, they owe allegiance to no system framed by inquisitive and ingenious men. To a certain extent, we can trace their relations to cause and effect, mark their risings and ebbings, and their blendings with each other; yet, after observation and study have done their utmost, they remain in a great measure hidden from sight. The

——“Electric chain,
By which we’re darkly bound,”

is indeed mysterious in its being and influence. We know that it exists, as we know that there throbs through the human nerve an impulse, mind-born, yet physical in its results, although in neither case can we judge of their natures or measure the intensity of their action.
However much beyond our power it may be, to tell why moods are, no one is ignorant of what they are. The great schoolmaster, experience, has taught us well their characteristics. How often, without seemingly any sufficient cause, is the whole tenor of our emotions altered. A single word, a glance of the eye, or a motion of the hand, changes as it were, the entire atmosphere of our being, and arouses from slumber feelings far from akin to those we had experienced a moment before.

Paul Flemming, in Longfellow's Hyperion, says, "Indeed, I know not what to think of it. Sometimes it is all gladness and sunshine, and heaven itself lies not far off. And then it changes suddenly, and is dark and sorrowful, and clouds shut out the sky. In the lives of the saddest of us, there are bright days like this, when we feel as if we could take the great world in our arms. Then come the gloomy hours, when the fire will neither burn on our hearths nor in our hearts; and all within is dismal, cold, and dark." And again on a Sabbath morning, at St. Silgen, we behold the wanderer with meditations such as these: "In the life of every man there are sudden transitions of feeling, which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes, may have been long at work within us; but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause."

Another remarkable phenomenon of the mind, to whose manifestations all can bear witness, has much in common with the phenomena of moods. We refer to the sense of pre-existence, as it is called by some—to that consciousness of having at some former period, passed through scenes, and received impressions, similar to those of the present. Who has not, when engaged, perhaps, in the most trifling duties of every day life, seen as it were in a dream, away back in the misty past, himself performing the same duties, and in the same state of mind, as at the present. And who has not had rise up before him at certain times, these shadowy fragments, as of a former existence, throwing over the spirit a weird and ghostly influence.
In student life, we are, perhaps, more intimately acquainted with the nature of moods, since, by the character of its pursuits, we are brought into closer association, and live as it were more as room-mates with our minds, than at any other period of life. What student but knows that shadow-land in his brain, from which at times sally forth hordes of swarthy strangers, and take possession of every sentiment and desire—sadly, sometimes, to the detriment of studies and recitations.

In the old systems of industry and study the influences of mood were entirely disregarded. Men went plodding on, day after day, year after year, in sublime indifference to the cravings of their better natures. In old monasteries, monks copied away, from dawn till sunset, and from sunset until midnight, the obscure and stained manuscripts of Latin and Greek antiquity; and when the old parchments grew misty before their study-worn eyes, and nature cried out for the green fields and babbling streams of their childhood, they turned away for a moment, and kneeling before the crucifix, besought guardianship from the Prince of Evil and his carnal temptations. Such were the principles of mental discipline, which bore legitimate fruit in the bigotry and asceticism of the dark ages.

In the same spirit with this was the old fashioned advice to the student: “never to leave any point till he understood it.” In one sense, this is excellent counsel; but in the sense which is meant, to fasten the mind upon the obscure point, to hold its faculties at the highest tension, and to continue this without intermission until the difficulty is resolved; this, a farther sighted experience has shown to be unhappy in its effects upon the mind, and to accomplish with great labor, and exhaustion of mental vigor, that which a much less effort skillfully applied would easily effect. It is to toil with the unaided hands, when a lever would produce the same result with vastly less exertion. A more enlightened age says to the earnest student: “Your mind will not be forced. You may not compel it with advantage to labor beyond its will. Although it will suffer a guide, it will submit kindly to no task-master.” Instead then, of goading on the mind,
when, wearied by long labor, or from some physical cause, less active than usual, it does not immediately surmount some difficulty in thought or study, let us give it rest—let us turn for a few moments to some other part of the question—and we will find that the brain, grateful for the kindness, will accomplish vastly more than it otherwise would.

Another point of much interest, is the sympathetic action of moods upon the minds of others. This view of the subject opens before us a field of thought almost infinite in extent. It would be impossible in the narrow limits of a magazine article, to even mention the various relations and counter relations of mind to mind, to which it gives rise. It influences and modifies almost every action of mankind. In it, the passions may be said to have their rise. It is the speaking of heart to heart, and soul to soul. In it eloquence consists. We see the orator stand before his audience. If he be a true man, he will deeply feel within himself the sentiments his lips fashion. Mark, as his eye glistens, and his voice trembles in the delivery of some earnest thought, how every eye before him answers back to his, and the feeling which impelled his utterance, heaves and struggles in their hearts. The mood which controls the speaker’s mind, if he be truly eloquent, becomes the mood which controls the minds of his auditory.

If moods have an influence so widely extended among all the interests of human action and existence, rich treasures await those who make their philosophy a matter of study. The subject is as yet almost an unknown land, whose fountains of gushing water traveler has never tasted, and whose glades and forests await his coming footsteps.

THE ENGLISH ARMY.

We select the English Army for our subject because its operations, in connection with, and in opposition to, the forces of other nations, give us the most marked contrast which history shows, between the armies of a christian and an unchristian country.
War in every age of the past has exhibited the gushing forth of all that is corrupt in the nature of man. True it is, the exceptions are many; noble deeds have been performed, great souls have been awakened by opposition to a knowledge of their strength and brought out of seclusion. Men have become renowned as leaders, monuments have been raised to their memories, and their names have been inscribed, in glowing characters, on that more enduring tablet, the page of history. But the armies, the soldiers as a class, usually drawn from the lowest of the people, by being thrown together under circumstances the most trying to man’s virtues, have ever generated and nourished the worst passions of the human heart, and when these men, in whose hearts are planted the seeds of vice and disorder, are disbanded among the people, the effects must be the most demoralizing, blighting the native virtues of all with whom they come in contact, with as fearful effect as when the Sirocco of the Desert sweeps over the green and lovely fields of its neighboring districts. This is a picture of war such as has ever been the sad experience of man to witness, a picture such as Europe exhibited to the world but a very few years ago. But when we turn to England, and follow in the footsteps of her soldiers, from the day they embarked for the Crimean, up to the present scene of their struggles in India, we behold a new order of things, and our emotions are far different from any the Christian ever before experienced in contemplating the battle field. We are lifted up with the confident hope, that the dawn of a new and far brighter day is breaking, to light up the hearts of suffering humanity.

The deep, heartfelt grief with which the English nation mourned over the loss of her sons in the Crimea, the sorrows of a people and their queen, which found its way into the very homes of the afflicted, drew our sympathies, in spite of ourselves, to the British Army. We certainly admired the dashing manner of the French, but we could only admire. The cool, calculating policy of Louis Napoleon, drafting his men as if they were but tools, especially prepared to further his designs, and counting the profits and loss, with the same feeling and purpose as the speculator reck-
ons up his risks and gains, could never win the hearts of a
christian people. The time has come when men begin to es-
timate human souls at too high a value, to willingly see
them bartered in open sale for glory.

But we see and feel much plainer the contrast, between the
armies of a christian and an unchristian country, when num-
bers of individual instances are brought to our view. This
too, is a case where the few prominent instances named are
not particular exceptions to the class. The deeds of chris-
tian love, performed by individuals, enlisted for them the
feelings of a whole people, and it was from this earnest sym-
pathy, that we felt called upon to acknowledge the true,
benevolent and christian principles which actuated the Eng-
lish nation. We may ask, where in the annals of time, such
examples of self-sacrificing spirits, are to be found, as have
been given the world in Miss Florence Nightingale and Miss
Marsh; the one in the Crimea, and the other in India. Like
ministering angels they followed in the train of death, giv-
ing their kind attentions and tender sympathies to the wound-
ed and dying, consoling them in their bodily sufferings, com-
forting them in their troubled souls, and teaching them the
way of eternal life and peace. But their gracious works
were not confined to such scenes as these alone. They ever
had ready a word of warning and hope for the stern and
hardened soldier, and often did a woman's gentleness and
persuasion make the strong man and hard heart yield to the
promises of a Savior.

Yet, however deep may be the impressions which have
been made upon us by such exhibitions of true womanly feel-
ing and determination, we can feel scarcely less moved by
the evidences of christian love and labor which have been
given by many of the officers and soldiers of the English
Army. Who has not read, with deep interest and almost
with wonder, the lives of Captain Headly Vicars and Cap-
tain Hammond. Their gallant conduct upon the field of
battle and their noble deaths, won the applause of the allied
armies. But even more gloriously had they fought un-
der the banner of the cross, and while they were bu-
ried amidst the honors of war, there were many hearts
mourning in silence, as they thought how they would miss those dear ones from the ranks of their little band, which had also enlisted in that far higher cause of advancing the gospel of Christ; they felt that no more could they hear the encouraging voices of their captains, cheering them on to the work.

At the present time we find an equal interest, for the progress of the gospel, shown by England's brave soldiers in India. The name of a Havelock—not to speak of the many others of whom we have heard, just as pure and zealous, perhaps, though not as bright examples—is cherished in the hearts of all christians with a greater admiration for his piety, than even that which all the world has expressed for his splendid deeds on the field of war.

If we could visit, morning or evening, the tented field of the British camp in India, and see those veterans of war gathering here and there, and in the impressive silence of earnest religious worship, forgetting the strife of the day, with its bloody scenes, could we see those features, which have been scarred by many a wound, softened down; every lineament of the face lighted up with the confiding hope in a Savior, and the eye beaming with the joy of possessing his love and sympathy; could we see the sick and wounded, dragging themselves near, eager to catch the word of promise, which might cheer and strengthen them in the darkest hour of trial; could we see all this, just as it is, we could not but be drawn much nearer to those soldiers in all our feelings.

Yet this is not a subject upon which christian America is looking with mere idle curiosity. However much we may differ with England upon other subjects, our interests are certainly felt to be one with hers, in the great cause of religion. There can be no doubt but that these two nations are the chosen instruments in God's hands to perform a mighty work. Perhaps this iron chain which now binds these two countries together is intended to wake up, by its fiery current, the feelings of love which should draw them near to each other, and create a mutual affection for mankind, an affection which must exist before much of the world can receive any advantage from their individual progress.
Let England and America, actuated by the right principles, send forth their armies to assist the cause of freedom and the Bible, and nations, if not their oppressors, will recognize its justice. Then the mighty change, which, sooner or later, must take place, will have been begun. If the armies, too, shall go forth, clad in the armor of truth as well as of steel, and scatter the words of life rather than the seeds of evil, in their foot-steps, a new and far better order of things will have been established upon a foundation of rock, from which no storm, can drive them.

It is true, indeed, the present gives us but a faint hope that such a time is approaching. Yet the best part of the community among the most pious people, will ever leave some good work unperformed, and engage in schemes which are inconsistent with strict justice. The soldiers, too, are always the poorest representatives of that community; still from what we have seen in the English Army, we may expect that soldiers will yet act well their part in the important cause. We of course do not claim to ever look for complete excellence; as perfect as man can become in his present nature, he is infinitely distant from that point. We speak of men in a comparative degree, as they must, indeed, always appear; it is upon the contrast between the armies of England and those of Europe, and by comparing her soldiers of to-day, in a moral view, with those of former times, that we found our hopes that a better time is coming, and that the date of its beginning is the present. We might take up in our subject a consideration of the manner in which England may finally overturn the rusty forms of deep-seated superstitions of the East, by carrying with her arms, the broad principles upon which the Anglo-Saxon has securely planted his institutions. Owing to her various relations, the presence of her forces is often demanded among some of the largest of the eastern Empires; and if she, for the sake of humanity, will but sow the seeds of her liberal and growing principles, and introduce the Bible wherever her flag may wave, those old nations will wake up from their sleep of centuries, and start off, with a new life, in the race for the attainment of happiness and excellence. What Britain may
yet do in Europe, when revolution upon revolution shall roll over broken, helpless States; when the people shall raise their hands beseechingly to her for help, time alone can tell. We may expect much and not be too bold.

We have thus exhibited the Army of Great Britain, as it has appeared to us under a Christian influence. We have to some degree shown the contrast between her soldiers and those of Europe, keeping in view the effects of the same agency, and we have also drawn the outline of a work which we may conjecture, the future will see accomplished.

HERBERT’S “ROMAN TRAITOR.”

Those writers of romance who have attempted to portray the domestic manners of ancient Greece and Rome, have, with scarcely an exception, fallen far short of the mark. While modern dramas on such subjects have been frequently successful, and rank sometimes among the master-pieces of our theatrical literature, a singular fatality hangs over our romances of those by-gone days. So hazardous is the undertaking that most novelists shrink from it, and have recourse to the more easily managed times of modern Europe.

Those who have had the courage—I had almost said the audacity—to touch upon the Roman or Grecian annals, seem not to have been aware of the great difficulties that lay in their path. Some, counting too strongly on the fact that the human mind and heart are, and have been, essentially the same among all races and generations, have overlooked entirely the great diversities of national character and the influence of a religion differing in all respects from any that now exists. They have thus sometimes with ludicrous inconsistency given to the men of ancient days a character very similar to those of the present generation, clothing the dignified Roman matron with the attributes of the modern English or French lady, and making the citizens of Athens appear like our own countrymen in all their shades of character.
Others again have attempted to adhere too rigidly to the extant classical writings, and have made the Romans, even the most ignorant plebians, to speak the measured periods of Livy and Tacitus, and to discourse in the high-flown language of Cicero or the majestic strains of Virgil. If they bring before the reader a Greek, of any condition whatever, free-born or slave, they endow him with Homeric suavity of expression, with the eloquence of a Demosthenes, and with Platonic depth of mind.

Both of these faults should be shunned. But as a general thing, if a writer avoids the one, he will surely fall upon the other, so narrow is the passage between Scylla and Charybdis. We cannot recollect ever having read more than three romances, in which the scene is laid upon classic ground, that are free from both the above-mentioned faults. Two of these are the Gallus and Charicles of Becker, which are at present known to the English public only by a very inaccurate, not to say blundering, translation. They portray faithfully the public and private life of the Greeks and Romans, and display in *alto relievo* their national and social idiosyncrasies. But as it is not the object of the present sketch to dwell long on these works, we will pass at once to the third exception.

Not many months ago England as well as our country was called upon to mourn the tragic fate of one of our most prominent literary men. Henry William Herbert has enriched our literature with several works, bearing the stamp of genius of a high order. The best known of these are "Marmaduke Wyvil" and "The Roman Traitor." It is the latter of these that we now propose to consider. The subject is the Catilinarian conspiracy. We cannot agree with a certain periodical of the day, in the statement that "the book deserves a permanent place by the side of the great Bellum Catalinarium of Sallust." No one can suppress a smile at such overdone, bombastic adulation. Yet the work deserves a high position as a classical romance. It opens with an appointed midnight meeting between Catiline and Cethegus; then follows the murder of Cicero's slave, Medon, by the former; and then the ever memorable conclave in the house
of Laeca. In the third chapter, the hero of the story is introduced, Paulus Arvina, a young patrician, not an historical character. This young man is the very counterpart of Marmaduke Wyvil, the same virtuous and patriotic adventurer, though inclined to irresolution and moral cowardice, easily enticed from rectitude, but quick to see his errors, and always ready to retract. In Marmaduke Wyvil our author shows decidedly bad taste in causing his hero to transfer his affections from Alice to the less interesting Elizabeth; and it is this which brings the story to a tragic conclusion. In the Roman Traitor we have the same fault, but much less glaring. The noble and virtuous Paulus Arvina is ensnared by the wily and profligate Catiline, and is for awhile induced to forget the worthy Julia, and to succumb to the charms of the wanton daughter of the arch-conspirator. This naturally enough displeases the reader, and is somewhat of a blemish in the narrative.

The character of Lucia is well drawn. The unfortunate girl, misled by those who should have shielded her from all harm, consecrated from her very childhood to all sorts of iniquity which might promote the nefarious designs of her father, at last shakes off the authority of her unnatural parent, reforms her abandoned life and devotes the short remainder of it, to the counteraction of the schemes of the conspirators. Nor is Catiline himself badly portrayed. The reckless debauchee is arrayed before us in his true colors, with all his vices, shocking as they are. In the Catiline of Herbert, we recognize the Catiline of Cicero and Sallust, the same remorseless traitor to his country, the same assassin reeking with hideous crimes. But we think the author exceeds probability in ascribing to the conspirator such extraordinary physical prowess. The incessant debaucheries of Catiline must have wasted his strength to such a degree as to make him incapable of performing such feats as the pursuit and capture of the slave Medon, as related in one of the opening chapters, and various other things in different parts of the book. Nor do we approve of the introduction of a translation of the whole of Cicero's first oration against Catiline, though it is to be acknowledged that the famous senate scene could scarcely have been described without it.
Who can help admiring the character of Julia? Chastity was not yet extinct at Rome. We see in Julia Serena the inflexible Roman maiden, preserving virtue pure and undefiled, as the brightest jewel in her diadem; a strange contrast to the shameless levity of Fulvia, Sempronia and Aurelia Orestilla. We are continually interested in the fortunes of this maiden. In prosperity and adversity she is the same. The character is well drawn and admirably sustained throughout. 

There is, however, one character on which Mr. Herbert has made something of a failure. Why should he bring upon the stage the greatest Roman of the day, Cicero, when the superior Becker dared not introduce his readers even to the *literati* of the Augustan age? His only excuse is that the narrative would have been lamentably deficient otherwise. How awkward would the tale of the conspiracy have appeared to the reader, had Cicero been kept behind the scenes! The only alternative was to bring him out in bold relief and run the risk of a failure. The Cicero of Herbert is not the Cicero of history, the Cicero who thundered against Antony and philosophized amid the Academic bowers of Tusculum.

Julius Caesar is not a very prominent actor in this romance; but when he is brought forward, the author does not attempt to vindicate him from all participation in the conspiracy, as some have done. Nor does he represent him in any false light, as a better man than he really was. The evidence still extant is very clear that the subsequent dictator was a co-partner of Catiline. Well had it been for Rome if he too had suffered death together with his fellow traitors, Lentulus and Cethegus. Such a fate should have been the desert of this infamous seducer of his country's republican virginity; for in Caesar were embodied ten thousand Catilines. If the comparison be not too irreverent, we may call Catiline the Moses, and Caesar the Joshua of Rome's enthrallment and degradation.

But it is time to draw this sketch to a close. It has been our object simply to call attention to this fertile, but hitherto neglected field of romance. We hail this work of Mr. Herbert as an auspicious beginning of the apparently diffi-
cult labor of cultivating it. Let us hope that it will not long remain thus desolate. We have a right to look for some enterprising Scott or Bulwer to launch his bark into these seas, and prove to the literary world that they are navigable.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE WAY.

I recently had occasion to travel several hours on the railroad. Immediately on entering the cars, I seated myself in a corner alone, as is my usual custom, and began to take notes on my fellow passengers. To me it is quite interesting on such an occasion to observe the various physiognomies, the movements and occupation of the strangers around, and thence form notions of their several characters. While thus engaged my attention was specially elicited by a flowing pile of “checked” lying on a seat, and beside it, a broad-brimmed lady’s hat. On the seat adjacent sat a short, stout, tanned-looking man, in whose sunny expression of countenance, and bright twinkle of the eye, it was easy to read Hibernia.

The whole attention of this “son of the Emerald Isle” was absorbed in watching vigilantly the pile of “checked,” and the broad-brimmed hat. Ever and anon he would just gently raise the edge of the brim a little and peep under it with an expression of pleasure quite indescribable. My curiosity, always extreme in such matters, was of course highly excited to get a glimpse of the face which could cast such a halo over the brawny visage of the Irishman, and from which the ringlets flaunted out under the edge of the hat just as if to taunt lookers on, and as if saying, “look in, if you dare.”

It was not till the sun was high in the heavens and the air growing hot that the hat was removed and the sleeping nymph awoke and sat up. As far as appearance went, she was an example of sweet sixteen such as might bewitch not only an Irishman but a stoic philosopher. Her face was as red and as round as a rose. I ceased to wonder that Patrick was in extacies, as he peeped under the hat, and, almost en-
vied him his charge. I soon began to perceive however, that his unremitting attention had its chief reward in the satisfaction arising from a consciousness of duty performed, or of attachment expressed, rather than in the gratitude of the maiden on whom it was bestowed. A sort of shade passed over my feelings as I observed that all his assiduities were received with a sort of haughty, thankless air; and indeed throughout the whole way they did not call forth a single expression, by word or look, of grateful appreciation.

Gradually to me the beauty of that blooming face began to disappear until at length it became almost repulsive. This gave rise to a train of reflection, that true beauty does not reside in the face, but beams out from the heart through kindly eyes. Where the living beauty of the soul is wanting, beauty of features is like gilding of tinsel, soon worn out and of little value. True beauty always shines like the diamond and though incased in ragged rock, its lustre is not diminished, but is rather increased by its rough setting.

While thus musing and occasionally wondering what relation the broad faced Hibernian sustained to the little that so engaged his case, I was aroused suddenly from my philosophizing, by the shout of the brakeman, “Sandusky,” and in the confused rush that followed, my Milesian friend and his fair protege disappeared.
Memorabilia Kenyonensis.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The record of the events of this day, so important to the "little world of Kenyon," certainly deserves a prominent place in our Magazine. As "Commencement Day" drew near, new life and energy seemed to be infused into every part of our small community, and Gambier once more emerged from her seclusion, and put on the garb and appearance of the active world.

Strangers from all parts of the country were present, attracted by the rising reputation of our College, and the expressions of pleasure and satisfaction which fell from every lip, during the progress, and at the close of the performances, assured us that none could leave with disappointed expectations. The interest thus evinced for our College, forms a striking contrast to the attention paid our Commencements of a few years ago. It shows the rising importance of our Institution, and betokens for her a glowing future.

The rain fell unceasing for a few days preceding the important one, which seemed to cast a shade over the feelings of all, and especially of those who had come from a distance in anticipation of witnessing an unusually interesting event. But as the sun rose bright and clear on the morning of the 30th of June, all gloomy forebodings were dispelled from every heart, with the mists which for days had hung low on the surrounding hills. On this morning the old College halls echoed to the constant tramp of students, even before the dawn of day, a phenomenon not occurring often in College. On any other morning, silence reigns supreme, until the students' personal feelings are appealed to by the breakfast bell. A sense of the responsibility which rested upon their shoulders, no doubt excited the nervous system of many of the graduating class. The prospect of so soon meeting the dear friends at home, if our own experience is any criterion, was the moving principle with the rest. What a charm that very word "home" has for the student. He has probably left his friends for the first time. He has become weary with the dull routine of College duties; and as he feels that he is on the point of meeting those he loves, every hour drags upon him.

But to return from this digression. The most prominent men
in the field were the Seniors and Juniors, with their newly donned honors. Their suddenly assumed dignity, under which they made desperate attempts to appear comfortable, and the terribly indifferent looks which they cast upon the poor Freshmen, was the mere repetition of every year’s experience. The Sophs., as usual, showed out their peculiar characteristics, and would have convinced us that they had outgrown all of the Freshman’s greenness, had they not shown the same indiscretion as that unfortunate animal which once put on the lion’s skin; but they certainly deserve praise for the kind attentions they paid to the new Freshman’s comforts and interests, all too, from the most disinterested motives. If a Freshman would eat ice cream, or smoke a cigar, the Soph’s generosity would not allow him to bear the expense; his friendship was their chief desire; his ability and accomplishments made him a desired companion. By some sort of accident they had heard of many of his friends,—soon the youngster’s head is turned, and his Corpus secured for a Society. Here his elysium terminates, and his importance is forgotten. This is the first experience of College life, of that miniature world, a faint glimpse of the great world outside.

To return again to our subject. The loveliness of the day seemed to infuse a cheerful feeling into the heart of every one. At nine o’clock the procession of Students and Faculty marched up from the College and entered the Chapel, which was at once filled to overflowing. Bishop McIlvaine arose and pronounced a prayer, amidst a silence which ever awaits upon his impressive manner.

It would take up too much space to speak of the merits of each piece; it is enough to say that the class satisfied the justly high expectations of all their friends.

**ORDER OF EXERCISES.**

(Spectemur Agendo.)

**MUSIC, — PRAYER, — MUSIC.**

Latin Salutatory, — — — W. Munger, Jr.,

Dayton, O.

Great men as Types of their Times, — W. W. Hays,

Washington Co., Md.

“Act well your part,” — — B. B. Burton,

Cincinnati, O.
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MUSIC.
The Knight Errantry of Science, - J. E. Jacobs,
West Chester, Pa.
The Safeguard of Nations, - A. P. Dobb,* Gambier, O
The American Lawyer, - W. Munger, Jr.,
Dayton, O.

MUSIC.
Greek Oration, (Ὅραμα Ἐλληνικὸν) J. N. Lee,
Lansing, Mich.
The Mission of Sorrow, - W. Thompson,
Circleville, O.
The Dignity of Labor, - J. F. Ohl,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

MUSIC.
No true Civilization without Christianity, F. H. Hurd,
Mount Vernon, O.
Civilized Idolatry, - L. Paine,* Pomeroy, O
Secondary Influences, - J. N. Lee,
Lansing, Mich.
Havelock, - H. M. Blackaller,
Dresden, O.

MUSIC.
Unspoken Eloquence, - J. K. Jones,
Columbus, O.
God's Heroes and the World's Heroes, J. M. Burke,* Canton, O.
Unity of the Human Race, - R. Lurkins,*
Gambier, O.
Philosophical Oration—The Crown of
Education, - W. Hall, Portsmouth, O.

MUSIC.
The Palimpsest; with Valedictory Ad-
dresses, - F. M. Gray, Cincinnati, O.

MUSIC.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

[Intermission of an hour and a half.]
SCENES FROM VACATION LIFE.

BY "REDSTICK."

Vacation once more. The old College building is silent and deserted. Its halls resound not to the hurrying tread, merry laugh and joyous shout of the light-hearted student. Homeward bound, to the loved fire-side circle, the communion and fellowship of friends and relatives.

The students have departed from Gambier, with its loved haunts and beautiful scenery. With its turrets and tall spire pointing heavenward, stands the old gray stone building, like a sentinel grim, amid the forest oaks, keeping guard over the slumbering might of Intellect. Now and then a solitary form may be seen roaming through its deserted rooms and halls, making it appear all the more lonely and forsaken. Though almost alone, yet do we find a few congenial spirits with whom to spend the weeks of our long Fall vacation. Now, with particular pleasure do we dwell upon the memory of excursions and gatherings planned, to spend the time pleasantly.

It is a pleasant morning in the early part of August. The sun
pours down a flood of pure golden light upon the verdant forests, crowning the hill-tops, lighting up the beautiful valley of the Kokosing, lying east of Gambier, rendering particularly beautiful the forests with a variety of light and shadow. It is that delightful period when,

"From the brightening fields of ether fair disclosed,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes.
In pride of Youth, and felt through Nature's depths,
He comes, attended by the sultry hours
And ever fanning breezes on his way."

It is a luxury to breathe the pure air after having been shut up with musty books through all the sunny hours of the summer days, and we feel the exhuberation of the freedom and freshness in every limb and muscle. We revel in it, like long imprisoned birds just released from their captivity. We bound on with feelings of joy and exhuberation.

On this beautiful morning all is bustle and activity in the village, carriages are hurrying to and fro through its streets, whirling the dust in eddying clouds from the earth. Soon they are filled with ladies and gentlemen, and depart Eastward. Hearts are beating with quick pulsations of joy. Through our youthful excited minds flit visions of coming pleasure, for we are to spend a day on that romantic pic-nic ground—the Caves. At a brisk pace do we hurry from the village, and as we gain an eminence east of it, we look back upon the town, that huge stone structure, Rosse Chapel, and the tall spire of Kenyon, rising from amid the trees. What a beautiful picture! Far away to the South-west, between the hills, stretches the valley with the "gently flowing" Kokosing, coiled through it and gliding along the fields and meadows and writhing among the old elms, sycamores, willows and button-woods, "like a huge serpent stealing noiselessly along, while his great scales glitter like molten silver in the morning's sun."

Without accident or incident worthy of notice we arrive at our pic-nic grounds. A perfect fairy nook is the Caves, surrounded, south, east and west, by precipitous walls of rock, while the waters of the Kokosing guards the north, it lies a small patch of ground covered with grass and shaded by forest trees.

As we descend the rocky stairway on the west, the melody of gushing water strikes our ears. We hasten to the spot whence the sound proceeds and behold a beautiful cascade of clear, spark-
ling waters, leaping down the rocks with a laughing, joyous shout, a delightful music from its crystal drops,—

"Down the mountain leaps the streamlet,  
Down the rock's side leaps and gashes,  
Down the precipice it dashes,  
In the sun-light sways and flashes."

Falling into a basin formed by its constant washing, thence it flows, in a meandering stream, through the grass plat over rocks and pebbly bottom, finally emptying into the Kokosing.

"Ever on the streamlet goeth,  
'Neath the sun-beams warm caresses,  
In the solemn woods' recesses,  
Foaming, frothing o'er its channel,  
O'er it's tinkling bed of pebbles."

Ever beautiful, ever fresh and green, the Caves loses none of its beauty, nothing from its romantic scenery and pleasant associations, by frequent visits. We soon find the company enjoying themselves according to their various tastes and feelings. Collected in groups, the older and more sedate, converse quietly upon some sage topic, while in all directions amid the rocks and forest trees, burst forth the merry laugh and ringing shout, which the exhuberant eager spirit of youth sends forth from a joyous heart. Wander where we may, yet do we find happy couples reclining on the moss-covered rocks, conversing in quiet, earnest voices; others are gathering "mountain-tea," or wandering through the forests in search of the wild, beautiful, woodland flowers, while still others are weaving chaplets of evergreen and wild flowers, to deck each other's youthful brows. Over the features of all beam happy smiles, and a brightness of expression, speaking of pleasure and contented spirits within each bosom. Here and there are couples leaning over the Chess-board.

Playing Chess! Even so, dear reader. (Let me inform you privately it is a dangerous game at such a time, in such a place.) We unconsciously stumbled upon a youthful couple. The young lady possessed regular, well shaped features. There was a beauty about her clear complexion, and cheeks tinged with roseate hue, which made her very attractive. Her dark hair was combed smoothly back from her fair white brow; and, as she raises her large, lustrous, dark eyes from beneath the drooping eye-lids, you start at the irresistible fascination beaming in their liquid depths. As you watch the mild expression of those bright orbs, a glance tells you their possessor has a mild, gentle, loving disposition—a
soul full of peace, harmony, and love. Her companion has a good
looking face, somewhat obscured by a growth of whiskers, a com-
plexion denoting exposure to the sun, and dark brown curly hair.
His careless attitude, as he reclined upon the grass, exhibited a
compact, well-built form, indicating activity, strength and power.
What a contrast did these two present! The one with her beau-
tiful but mild features and graceful form; the other with dark
complexion, a deep restless fire in his hazel eyes, and determina-
tion and energy plainly stamped upon his features, in the firm ex-
pression about the mouth. Intensely did they seem to be engaged
in the game before them, but it was evident from the quick, ear-
nest glances bestowed upon each other, that they were deeply en-
gaged in a more interesting game than Chess—a game upon whose
issue was staked future happiness or misery. "Check!" at length
exclaims the fair one. A move is made. "Mate!" says the same
sweet voice. Mate indeed, thought we, no doubt—hereafter. How
long we might have lingered in our ambush we know not, had not
some things we saw made us feel guilty of our treachery. So,
quickly and noiselessly we stole away, leaving at least one couple
happy and ———. Well, no matter. But reader let me seriously
advise you never to play Chess at the Caves with one for an op-
ponent, who has fair features, and irresistible power in the glance
of her eye. Do not do it, if you regard your personal safety or
the future peace and comfort of your mind.

The period for dinner arrived. The repast spread out upon the
green sod was such as the ancient gods would have envied. Here
were cakes, coffee, sandwiches, "sliced ham," "chipped beef," pies,
pickles, oysters, and in fact such a variety, as utterly defies my
powers of description. While we appeased the cravings of nature,
jokes, laughter, and the earnest conversation indulged in, showed
that "however excellent the dinner might be per se, it was none
the less a feast of reason, and a FLOW of SOUL." But the golden
hours of joy sped by on swift pinions, and soon the declining sun
warned us that the day was far spent, and we must hasten homeward.
With tired and aching limbs, but happy hearts, we reached our
homes, feeling that we had spent the day pleasantly and profita-

It is a bright, beautiful afternoon. Not a cloud obscures the
clearness and beauty of the blue ether above. Nature is
in one of those moods when every object seems adorned with
a peculiar beauty, speaking to the human heart in pleasant
voice; awakening responsive chords in its deep recesses.
The birds are singing in the fields and trees by the wayside. Everything seems bursting with joy, and the humble plants by the wayside seem the voices with which the glad earth is striving to give utterance to her emotions.

A gay company of ladies and gentlemen might have been seen on this particular afternoon, proceeding northward from Gambier, taking the road which leads to the strip of woods northeast of that beautiful building, Bexley Hall. Entering the forest, a shady, grassy spot is selected, and the company seat themselves. The ladies produce work-baskets, pieces of muslin, lace, and various kinds of cloth. With nimble fingers they ply their needles, while the gentlemen entertain them by reading prose and poetry, selected from some favorite author. Commenting seriously and gaily upon various passages, chatting and singing, do they pass many pleasant moments. Oh! dear reader, those were happy hours spent within the shady forest. There heart could commune with heart, in unreserved social intercourse, untrammeled by the formalities of society. The soul throbbed with deep emotions, filled as it was with joy, gained from the beauty and freshness of surrounding objects. It poured forth its feelings in a clear, bright, sparkling stream, from its fountain-head, the mind. Many happy afternoons of our vacation days passed in these communings and social gatherings beneath the shadows of the forest monarchs.

What a glorious landscape view meets the gaze as you stand upon the site of the "Sunset tree!" Far westward gleams the waters of the Kokosing, as it winds its serpentine course through the hills. From the brow of the "Hill," is presented as lovely a picture as the eye could wish to dwell upon, especially when the sun sheds a flood of golden light upon the green bosom of the valley, filling the forests, crowning the sloping hill-sides with alternate light and shadows. Upon this beautiful spot is situated the mansion of one of our Professors. A lovely, almost romantic—I was going to say—site for a dwelling. It is a spot endeared to the students, connected as it is, with many happy scenes and pleasant reminiscences of College life.

The sun had gone to rest, and night was enscribing in its dark mantle, hill, stream, valley and forest. The heavens were sparkling, begemmed with glittering stars. Lights flashed from every window of the mansion, over the trees and shrubs, making them cast fantastic and fitful shadows upon the green sod. As we enter
the open door, we find a goodly company of ladies and gentlemen, seated in the well furnished, comfortable parlor, engaged in that irresistible, fascinating game—Chess. What a picture would the various groups have made for a painter! The prevailing silence, broken only by an occasional word, the contracted brows, earnest gaze, and deep thought written plainly upon the features of the various combatants, marked the interest evinced, by all in the game. Between each couple, lies the white and black Chess-board, chequered here and there with Chess-men—kings, queens, knights, castles, pawns and bishops.

"The players on each side the battle-field,  
In breathless silence watch the game;  
Each are determined never yet to yield  
The hope of victory and fame.

See, how they watch each other’s every look!  
How carefully each move they make!  
And sudden start, when from a hidden nook,  
Some fearless knight, some pawn doth take."

Deep and wild grows the game, and plot and counter-plot are changed. In vain does each player strive to find the other with men disarranged. In hopes of gaining the victory, moves strange and new are made by the players. Then begin the cries of "Check;" "If you are not very careful, I’ll check-mate you."

"Great drops of sweat stand on the players’ brows  
First flushed with hope, then lost in fear,  
Their fiercest, wildest passions are aroused,  
The end of the game is near.

* * * * * * *

"The game is up, the battle fought and won,  
The battle-field is laid aside;  
And both exclaim, now the fierce play is done,  
‘We'll try again another day.’"

* * * * * * *

Amid such scenes passed swiftly away the days of our long vacation—each day bringing on its swift pinions only golden hours of joy and pleasure. These social gatherings, Chess parties, musical meetings, reading, rambles at twilight, will long be remembered by those few who remained at Kenyon. Feeling invigorated in mind and body, they were prepared to enter upon the duties of the present session.
Editors' Table.

**DAR READER:**—Three months have rolled their round since the Kenyon Collegian passed into the hands of the new corps; we, now, mount the tripod and assume the quill and scissors with sensations foreign to our previous experience, but peculiar perhaps to the new sphere in which we are to move. So much by way of introducing ourselves, and what next? Here those "peculiar sensations" trouble us, and we puzzle our brains, puffing away most vigorously, in the mean time, at our pipe. Editors have to use pipes (they cannot afford cigars) for something wherewith to proceed.

Can smoke be ever transformed into tangible matter? As we watch the wreaths float away towards the dim, dusty ceiling of our sanctum, our thoughts grow even as hazy and ethereal as they, and the conviction forces itself upon us that smoky ideas are not easy to be grasped and that few other pens, save Ike Marvel's, could ever have weaved them into the genial and entertaining "Reveries of a Bachelor." Speaking of bachelors reminds us that we belong to that honorable and much abused body. We cast our eyes about the room and observe its want of all those graces and niceties, which feminine hands alone can arrange, then mechanically turn from the desolate picture and endeavor to solace our hearts with the contemplation of the future; when, bear it in mind, we do not intend "to be bound together in holy matrimony," but, to return to the region of refinement and femininity.

Attached as we are, notwithstanding the above doeful setting forth of our situation, to the student bachelor state, we do not propose to enlarge on its pleasures, its freedom from the cares of the marital condition, its sole engrossing regard for self—no! we can't conscientiously say that, because we believe some of the milk of human kindness may be found in even a bachelor's composition; nor, on the other hand, to recount the trials and vexations of the benedict.

However, poverty and destitution seem to fall by virtue of hereditary right to editors, he they bachelor or benedict, and we are no exception to the general rule. Yet, these possessions seem strangely incongruous with the dignity of a Senior. Think of seniority in threadbare coat, torn vest, and patched inexpressibles, the contempt of brassy Juniors, the object of Sophomoric ridicule, and Freshman wonderment. Such a swarm of Freshmen too
(they number nearly fifty) who have passed through the usual ordeal, and been duly initiated into the mysteries of a college arcana.

By the way, what a siege the poor Freshman has to undergo! Scarcely is he arrived on our Classic Hill, ere he is beset as the fox by the hounds. The barometer of college politics indicates stormy weather, the mercury rapidly rises to fever heat, the excitement becomes electric, and electioneering begins. Sophomores, ardent in their new capacity, gather round him and court favor by invitations to the "Madame's" to partake of oysters and coffee. Juniors lead him on long walks, and dilate in large words—carefully conned for the occasion from Webster's Unabridged—on the superiority of our society. While Seniors, not to be behind hand, call upon him at his room, and with low voice and serious face advise him to look well before he leaps; to consider the merits of the two—meantime slyly initiating the high literary and class-room standing of our men—the importance of the step as having a mighty influence on the whole collegiate course, with many other impressive items too numerous to mention.

This is the regular programme of the Freshman's first week or two, and he deems it a fine thing to be treated with such marked attention. This over there comes an after-clap beyond aught he ever knew or dreamed. Once secured to either society he is left to his own resources. The verdant have to suffer from smoking-out, room-packing, squibbing, mock-initiations into the skull and bone fraternity, and so on ad libitum. This long catalogue of his fortunes and misfortunes has been acted out, and a calm has followed the storm, so that now college life goes slowly and peaceably on.

The great addition to the number of our students was incidentally alluded to above. This augurs well for the prosperity of Kenyon, and leads us to hope for a proportionate increase of our subscribers; but from some expressions which met us when soliciting support—that greatest of all editorial trials—we fear we may be disappointed.

Our readers will allow us to say a word to a certain class of gentlemen, not such as feel a pecuniary inability to aid us; they of course are right in their action, but to those who refuse on the ground of our Magazine not being worth the amount invested; who tell us they never take any interest in its perusal, &c., &c.

That students are hypercritical has become an adage. These gentlemen, however, would seem to surpass the generality in their demand. They certainly do not view the subject in a reasonable light. Would they expect those who are comparatively beginners in the art of composition for the press, to vie with those who make authorship a profession? that a collegiate magazine should stand on a par with the periodicals of the day? The total impossibility of such a result is palpable at a glance, and needs no further comment. The purpose for which the Kenyon Collegian was first established, was that the friends of the institution might have some index to the talent here existing; and glean from its monthly pages some idea of what is passing among us. We feel convinced that our predecessors have sought to carry out this purpose; and, in conclusion, it shall be our aim to render our protege worthy the perusal of our patrons; may we not, then, have your best wishes for our success?
Editors' Table.

[October,

Even at this eleventh hour we would briefly notice the "Exhibition of the Sub-Freshman Class," held at Milnor Hall, Saturday, A. M., June 26. Among those about to change their sphere from the humble degree of Grammarians to the higher walks of College, the custom of thus bidding farewell to the scenes of preparatory study is very appropriate, and no doubt extremely satisfactory to the worthy Professor whose care and attention they have there experienced.

The young gentlemen who figured in the programme on the morning in question, must have been much encouraged by the array of beauty and loveliness assembled beneath the shady trees of Milnor, to listen to their efforts, though we thought we observed a slight palpitation of the heart and trembling of the voice indicating the proximity of some dear form. This may have been only the disturbance of the physical organism, natural to those making their first appearance before an audience, and certainly detracted nothing from the success of the performers, who delivered their productions with elegance and force. The general tone of the exercises was fine, and the presentation of mementoes to the Instructors in extremely good taste. While we express our own gratification, we would commend the performances to the emulation of those coming after. If they do themselves equal credit, we hope to be there to see.

Mrs. Grundy, that faithful chronicler of Gambier history, has lately favored us with a communication descanting on some of the occurrences at the close of the last term, and a few of the incidents of the vacation. The venerable lady—we say it with due deference to her age and position, and with all honor to her natural kindness of heart—has her own peculiarities and is apt to look at matters in a different light from most persons. However, here are her views, of which judge for yourselves:

Gambier, Oct. 9, 1858.

Messrs. Editors:—Since I last wrote to you there have been a great many doings in our little village. The first of any importance was that grand party of one of your Professor's wives, to which I had the honor of being invited, though I do belong to the Grundy family, of which some of your students make so much sport. I went early of course, for I supposed she wanted me to come in good season. That carries me back to the time when I was a young woman; everybody used to go at candle-light, have a nice, quiet call with something to eat, and come away at nine or ten. They didn't turn night into day as they do now. As I walked up to the house I noticed little candles, or something else, hung up in the trees to make the yard look pretty. When I got into the room Mrs. S. shook hands and appeared right glad to see me, and I was watching round to find out who was there, when, bless you! nobody had come but me. But I hadn't waited more than an hour or two before they began to walk in, and it wasn't long before the house was crowded, which I hope was the reason the young folks went out into the yard, where I saw them sitting by twos in the dark corners. I was very much shocked at this, and shouldn't think the mothers would allow their daughters to be so improper. I can't stop to tell you how the ladies all looked, how the young college gentlemen were very attentive to the young Gambier ladies, and how much I saw. I heard some people say the supper was as fine as could be got up anywhere,
I'm sure it was the nicest I ever saw, and some of the Grammar School boys thought so, I guess, for they ate and ate until I had an idea they had been starving. And I expect their shadows will haunt the place where the table stood for a long while. I was bound to stay until the rest began to go—and so I did. When I was coming home, I hadn't more than got to the parkwalk, than along came a lot of ghosts—as I thought, some in white shrouds and white masks, some in black shrouds and black masks, and all carrying tremendous torches and singing hideous songs. I screamed, and asked the nice young man who was with me who they were. He said they were Freshmen, and they were going to burn Mr. Balbus, of Latin Composition; then he said something about "Balbus never again raising his hands." I never heard of him before, but I said I thought it was nobody's business if he was of Latin Composition and did choose to raise his hands, except the Faculty's, and they ought not to let the Freshmen burn the poor innocent, and scare folks. I suppose you know that Mr. Brown has built a new store here since last Commencement, and he has some very good things there; but, they say he keeps whiskey, brandy, and all sorts of stuff to drink; and I'm afraid he'll sell some to the students. I don't believe you'd buy any of it to get drunk on, would you, Messrs. Editors? (We can inform the old lady that that is a pointed question.) Have you seen the comet? It has been hanging over here for some time; and I've been afraid every night that I might wake up and find it had struck the earth. I was very much frightened one morning to hear that Mr. White's store had been robbed. I asked Mrs. Jinkins if she knew who could have done such a naughty act, and she said no! If you can discover and publish the guilty man, I'm sure you will receive the thanks of all the people in Gambier as well as

Yours truly,

Polly Ann Grundy.

A Few Words of Appeal.—It may seem rather springing the subject upon you in our first issue, but, kind patrons, we "make a virtue of necessity" in asking you, even at this early moment, to listen to a few practical financial remarks. The existence of our Magazine has been heretofore an undisputed fact, a tangible reality.

In favor of its continued support we have no less authority than that of our friend of junior days, Archbishop Whatley, who sanctions the validity of the "Argument in favor of Existing Institutions." Notwithstanding such a burden of proof, it is incompetent to the task of aiding us; and there is a more important consideration, i. e., money!

Owing to a change of the place of publication, and diverse other changes incidental to that on the matter of terms, we firmly and candidly assure you that the unpaid subscriptions must be cancelled, or the Kenyon Collegian may be a topic for historians, before it has finished its third volume.

This is certainly "a consummation not devoutly to be wished," and one which we shall most earnestly endeavor to avoid; our efforts will, however, prove of null effect unless you come up manfully to our assistance. We do trust that those knowing themselves indebted will appreciate our need and forward the cash; also that any, not subscribers, who take an interest in Kenyonian matters, will favor us with their names, accompanied by the mitey amount of two dollars.
MARRIED:—In Rossie Chapel, Wednesday evening, Oct. 6, by the Rev. Dr. Bolles, of Cleveland, E. G. Knight, Esq., of Auburn, N. Y., to Miss Mary Bottles, of Gambier.

Never within the past four years, at least, has the old church wherein Kenyonians are wont to congregate, presented such a gala appearance as upon the above occasion. The old-fashioned lamps seemed to shed an unusual lustre over the hard-worn and straight-backed seats, sacred to the memory of all grades of collegians, and we wondered as we saw the elated groom place the ring upon the lady’s finger, whether he had ever experienced the disturbed slumber incident to long sermons and uncomfortable benches, seemingly intended to harrow the feelings of sensitive Freshmen.

We confess our incompetency to portray the picture of the five bride’s-maids, robed in garments of unsullied white, the affecting ceremony, &c, &c—suffice it, we wish the happy couple all the pleasure kind fortune may have in store. May their cup of bliss be full to overflowing!

To Contributors:—We earnestly request all our fellow students to favor us with productions, particularly on topics pertaining to our Alma Mater; and as to the style, we would suggest the avoidance of either extreme, that on the one hand of the heavy, (not necessarily metaphysical) and on the other the sentimental hifalutin. We can recommend no better model than Addison’s Spectator. We must insist also that contributions be written on only one side of the leaf, both for the sake of our own convenience in correction, and that of the printer in setting up.

APOLOGY FOR DELAY.—In excuse for the late appearance of this October number, we can offer several bona fide reasons. First, the slowness with which our contributions have come, and the labor thereby thrown upon the editors; second, the pressing duties of the first term Senior, affording little leisure for the preparation of necessary matter; third and last, but far from least, the difficulty of obtaining sufficient cash to ensure prompt payment at its issue. We trust this will be satisfactory, when we promise to be more punctual hereafter.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: June number Yale Literary, Amherst Ichnolite for August, Cosmopolitan Art Journal, Denisonian, Kentucky Military Institute, and Harvard for September, with the North Carolina University and Yale Literary for October. We had almost forgotten to mention the Fly-Leaf for April, a most piquant and racy quarterly, published at College Temple, Newman, Georgia, and edited by a most charming (we doubt not) coterie of ladies, to whom we cordially extend the hand.