The recollection of early school-boy days brings up to mind the Map of the United States as it was,—say a round thirty years ago. Ohio then, was in the far, far off West. The journey thither seemed like a life-long pilgrimage,—and even amongst bold and adventurous Yankees, very few were found with nerve enough to set out with a hope of ever getting so near to the setting sun. Beyond these confines of civilized existence, the map did, indeed, represent that there were territories of measureless extent beyond; and corresponding history did proclaim the strange assurance that living men had actually found their way across them, penetrating boundless lands of savage wildness, and floating on the bosoms of majestic rivers, the very existence of which seemed a strange marvel to the wondering urchin, partaking in his view more of the nature of a fairy tale, than of a sober
fact. There were marked out the vast domains which the God of Nature had given to the ten thousand red men who roamed over their boundless surface. There was a long waving line presenting the Mississippi, with its three thousand miles of ceaseless flow to meet the yet greater waters of the gulf. There was the yet longer line of the Missouri, with its numerous tributaries, which the astute pedagogue would insist were bona fide rivers, over whose beds, veritable living, limpid, flowing water actually passed, contributing thus their aid for feeding and sustaining the oceans of the world.

But who even of the more credulous boys of Yankeedom that were brought to believe all that the map and the geographer and the schoolmaster told them, ever dreamed of beholding these distant scenes, in the existence of which an honest faith was given? The project of leaving a New England home with a view of living to cross the Mississippi, would have been deemed just about as practicable as the project now of a railroad journey to the moon. And yet, marvel of all earthly marvels, a generation has not passed away, and these wondering children are now men, living by the waters, owning and tilling the grounds which were once regarded as almost infinitely beyond the footprints of civilized occupation. Or to speak in graver terms we may well, in view of the point before us, adopt the language of Balaam in its prophetic application to Jacob and to Israel, and exclaim with awe, "What hath God wrought?"

For in the marvelous workings of His providence, the "wilderness and the solitary places" spread over their countless millions of acres, beautiful though they may have been in their wildness, and lovely in their solitude, have been reached by the hand of Christian civilization, and these immense deserts have already budded and are now "blossoming like the rose."

Within the last quarter of a century, changes have been accomplished in our western world which surpass, in their magnitude and importance, anything that in a like space of time has ever been achieved in the march of human pro-
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gress. Even within the last ten years, hundreds of thousands have left their Eastern habitations and found homes in the broad valley of the Mississippi, and on the luxuriant plains that stretch beyond it. Though they who are left behind may be reluctant in conceding it, the people of the West insist that in the vast influx of population, there is an unusually large element of energy and enterprise. They can say this boldly, even though it may be at the risk of incurring the charge of vanity; for they can prove it by the plain common sense inference that none but smart people can carry through successfully such an undertaking as the removal of 1000 miles involves, while any snail-like drone can drag along in his grandfather's beaten path, and sit and eat and sleep out his life just on the same spot, and in the same way as a half-dozen generations have done before him.

To the energy and enterprise of Western people, we may add a fair measure certainly, of intelligence, a spirit for advancement, a habit of industry and a determination for general improvement that are unsurpassed in any other section of the world. General honesty, and honor, too, on all sides prevail. The strict principles of Christian morality and religion are everywhere respected, and perhaps it may be added, as extensively imbibed and put in practice as in most of the older communities of the East. These elements of a progressive society have all been imported with the living bodies and active souls which now make up the Western population.

To those who are familiar with the appearance of the Western country, it is scarcely necessary to speak of its beautiful surface, or of the richness of its soil. Outwardly it is a beautiful and glorious world, which God has given us. And to the eye there is nothing in its diversified surface so supreme in beauty as the rolling prairies. When first gazed upon from the uncurtained side of a winter's stage-coach, all then is bleak and desolate. Still as we roll along, the apparent rising and falling of the nearer slopes, and the distant changing outline of the landscape are objects of continual interest, and a little fancy is only required to cover all with a
mantel of green, and thus render almost enchanting, even in a winter's dreariness, the extending scenes over which we pass. To delineate on paper the ever-changing beauties of the West, as it is thus seen in all its breadth, requires a far more imaginative pen than ours. The rich, green waving of the prairie, the ever-changing varieties of hill and valley, the bright forests, the rolling crystal streams, the luxuriant soils, more rich than gold, for they can do for the human family what gold has never done, the gorgeous glories of the setting sun, who seems more glorious in his displays with every day's journey we make that brings us more near him in his descent—all these things can be boldly claimed as constituting a combination of richness, beauty and glory, such as is unsurpassed, nay, unequalled on any other broad section of the globe.

Having thus observed what the God of Nature has done for the West, it may be both interesting and of some advantage also, for us to note what improvements have been made, what the measure of the social progress, and wherein deficiencies may be supplied, and defects corrected.

The emigration and extent of settlement in our western country have been amazingly rapid, and without a parallel in the world's history. Those of the western people who have lived any considerable number of years in any old settled section of the East, can with difficulty understand that the places where they now live, and those around them, with which they are familiar, were in actual possession of the native Indians twenty years ago. A space of five years or ten, and in some regions, of even twenty and more, seems there to have made very little impression or wrought very little change. This observation applies equally to towns and to rural districts. But in the West, with every advancing season, farm upon farm is brought under cultivation, so that the traveler over some of the more public roads might well fancy them to have been peopled for an entire century. The towns, too, have grown up so rapidly, and have become so speedily filled with all the essential elements of prosperity, plenty and comfort, that the oriental cousins of the western
people whom they have left behind on the Atlantic shores, will hardly give them credit for common veracity, when they tell them the simple facts as they stand out daily before their eyes. They have habitually to tell them to come and see for themselves. And generally it is observed that the few who do screw up their courage sufficiently to get out there, and then get back alive, report far stranger things than the inhabitants themselves have ever told, and stir up more amazement among their wondering listeners. This state of Eastern feeling and wonder is, however, less marked now, than in years just passed. Railroads have fairly opened more eyes, as they have borne out more and more of the Eastern population. They are learning every day what the West can do, and admire more, the more they learn. A gentleman, who had just returned from a summer’s travel on the continent of Europe, had the preceding spring, and a little time only before embarking, paid a visit to St. Paul. He saw the city of six years, and learned the brief story of its rise. A few weeks only passed and he found himself a wanderer in the valley of the Rhine, and in the centre of a large village, in which not a solitary house of any description had been built for more than a hundred years. He hardly knew whether he was more amazed by the marvelous infancy of the one town, or by the long, stupid decline of the other. But the strange contrast served to impress him with the idea of the almost miraculous energy in the mighty West, and to prompt the emphatic concession that the progress of the western population in all things which go to make up the greatness and power of a people, is very far beyond that to be found in any other section of the world.

It is a question of prime importance to all the people of the West, whether to the high point reached in their outward and material position, they can claim a like advantage in regard to that which is social, intellectual, moral and religious.

A question almost invariably propounded by one friend to another, when the two dwell in different towns or sections
of the country, is, "have you a good society?" Now the phrase "good society" has to our minds for a long time, involved in its more common acceptation, a great deal of what in vulgar parlance, is denominated humbug. We say this, because of the essentially false ideas which the expression too generally conveys. We appeal especially to those who have had any extended intercourse with our more populous towns, whether East or West. Who are they that claim by their manners and general bearing, if not by express words to be, par excellence, the good society of the community? Many, certainly, whose claims when weighed, will be found to consist in some outward circumstances of mere family association, in the size and furniture of their houses, in the trappings of equippage, in the tinsel and splendor of dress, in a word, in the general display which they can present before the eyes of a staring world. Now the quiet comforts and conveniences of living are never justly to be disregarded. The ornaments and luxuries, too, and refinements of a progressive Christian civilization ought to be appreciated and used in due moderation by those whom a kind Providence has blessed with the means of so doing. Good society does not eschew any of the rational comforts or even the elegancies of life. But they only can lay, in any just claim, to belong to a good society, who by converse of the words, belong to the society of the good. The mind, the heart, and the manners, not the trappings of outward show, make the man. Where the head is well endowed, and the heart carefully nurtured in social virtues, where manners and language are the uniform outward exhibition of the intelligent and genial warmth that glows within, there lie the true elements of good society. Real intelligence springs from cultivation of mind, true politeness has its foundation in the heart.

When, therefore, the western people are asked by those living East, as they frequently are by letter and verbally, in respect to their society, they might boldly reply, "our society is as good as yours!" This answer, it is true, sometimes might lead them, as the politicians say, to "define their position." But they would never find any difficulty in
doing this, at least to their own satisfaction. A gentleman of the West when once pleasantly pressed by a familiar friend to name one point of superiority that his older social relations possessed over the new, rejoined, you and your wife and your neighbors Mr. and Mrs. A., and Mr. and Mrs. B., could present at an evening party more varieties of wine, and heavier displays of silver, than I have ever seen west of the Mississippi; but, your society is none the better for all that. To this was made the quick and witty reply, "well, on such a poor show as that, I never could think of living West."

But, to apply the remarks thus discursively made—there is, through the West, a very fair measure of the solid essentials that constitute a really good society. Smartness implies intelligence—and, as already intimated—had not the Western people been tolerably smart at least, they could never have found their way out there. Then, the miscellaneous character of a new community like their's, and the feeling of mutual dependence that naturally arises in consequence of the breaking up of their older associations East, are calculated to nourish all their better and sympathetic emotions, and draw them toward each other in heart and habit. Hence a new society becomes more closely bound together than an old one; and by the cultivation of cordial feelings, and courteous manners, which a free intercourse engenders, they become, in proportion to the greater extent of these virtues, a better society. Let, therefore, the people of the West congratulate themselves on the self-complaisant assurance that they are pretty intelligent and very amiable, strive all of them in their respective spheres of influence and duty to encourage and cherish these valuable traits, both for themselves and for the improvement and happiness of others. Their social position is good, but they can all do something to make it better. In feeling and active kindness they can all bear a part, and each one do something for the social wants and pleasures of the rest. Most of them are called upon to keep a little watch against the influences and innuendoes of their down East friends. Mostly, no doubt, from ignorance; but
sometimes, it is to be feared, from little twinges of jealousy, they will draw invidious comparisons, affecting to suppose that the settlers of the West are, for the most part, a sort of outside barbarians, and therefore to pity those who they think deserve a better fate. If they shed tears of sympathy over the benighted state of the western people, they must give them to understand that light has flowed in on their glorious domain. If they express deep sorrow for their misfortune at being so far off, they must be asked, so far off from what? The people of the West must inform them, for, poor simple souls, they seem not to comprehend it, that the Western States are not a bit further off from the Atlantic Ocean than the Atlantic Ocean is from the Western States. If they boast of their surf and their sea-breezes they must be told that the prairie in her billows will, for majesty and beauty, yield no palm to the ocean, and that her summer winds in imparting health and vigor, can never be outdone by the air that floats over the waters; and, if descending to the vulgarity of the palate, they boast of being nearer to the oysters, the western people must respond that they are by precisely the same distance nearer than they to the prairie chickens, and that if they have to pay a dollar a quart for the one luxury, the people of the East are more glad, by far, to pay a dollar a pair for the other. So, at whatever point this kind of contest opens, the people of the West will find the balance of ammunition to lie on their side of the battle field. They must use it in self-defence: and, even, if in an occasional skirmish they overstep the line, and carry the war into Africa, they shall be justified by the righteousness of their cause, and on the score of extending the great interest of their common humanity.

We have above alluded to the moral and religious position of the West. As in the points of natural and social advantages the Western people claim to be peculiarly blessed; so, while they are compelled to see and hear so much that is painful to the heart of the christian and the patriot, they see much on the other hand to admire in the
moral and religious aspect of western life, and very much for which to be thankful to Heaven. The observation of all in regard to business men, in their capacity as business men, has impressed them with the full belief that in no portion of the world are the great cardinal virtues of truth, honesty, honor, and justice more generally and scrupulously maintained than in the multiform active business relations of the western men. Vice there, as everywhere else, has doubtless, its secret haunts; but, the general tone of moral feeling is apparently healthful. Certainly, amongst the better and more influential classes, strict rules of morality are respected, and by example maintained. The religious element, too, is extensively incorporated into the western emigration, and has its hold by its restraining power, even where it is not suffered to do its work of active personal renovation, over the masses of the people. The urgency of its holy claims belong to the pulpit rather than to an essay. Still, in a social, financial, and political point of view, the importance of Christianity cannot be overrated. The enlightened statesman understands this, and therefore on grounds of human expediency and policy will always commend its extension and support. As then, the people of the West love, and would promote their social joys, as they would extend and perpetuate their civil liberties, as they would see their rising land blessed with all that adds dignity, peace, and happiness to a growing people: they must do their share, and labor, that with their swelling thousands, the advancement and power of pure morals and religion undefiled be spread throughout their borders.

In most matters of importance, the past furnishes sound lessons for the formation of opinions and hopes in respect to the future. In applying this rule to what is to be looked for in the coming years of western existence, we must anticipate a future greatness, and that of a rapid growth to surpass all that has yet been realized in our past observation. But probably the tide of emigration will not set in so full and strong as it has done for the past ten years. The effects of the "hard times" must endure for a conider-
able time yet to come; the better lands in the West have been swept from the market, the temptations and excitements of investment have become weakened, and hence the "rush," technically so called, will doubtless be very materially slackened. But then the country is too beautiful, the climate too salubrious, the soil too rich and tender, to admit of any thing like a universal neglect by those who have been left behind. Sturdy men and their devoted energetic wives will yet spread themselves over the inviting fields of the West by thousands; money and enterprise will yet float on and fill up the broad waste places, railroads will advance and lavish their enormous contributions on the rising prosperity. The smaller towns will become cities of social and commercial greatness. New towns will spring up over the prairies and on the beautiful water courses, and the yet new regions of the West will teem with all that is most attractive in civilized greatness. The political importance of this great country is already felt, and jealously felt too, in other sections of the Union. The politicians who, North or South, were, but at a recent date, accustomed to see little to hope for, or to fear in the supposed semi-civilized condition of the western people, are looking that way now with very respectful eyes, and even paying court to their conceded consequence. In fact, it may be said that the West already holds the balance of power in our national councils. We can then scarcely conceive the magnitude of her weight in the confederacy, when, as will assuredly be the case, a few more of her great territories shall rise into States, and seek, and gain admission into our Federal Union. If the past is any reliable guide for the future, another century, if not half as many years, will find independent States stretching across the entire continent; the hum of business, and the echoes of civil liberty at the same time reverberating along the whole length of the Rocky Mountains, and dying away on the remotest shores of the vast Pacific.

But for our own part, bright and glorious as thus appears from the past, the distant future, we cannot but fear that ere
this national millenium shall be reached, our federal compact may be snapped asunder. The mutterings of discontent have, we know, been at times long and loud for a space of twenty, nay forty years, and the ark of our political safety yet rides calmly over the waters of strife. But whether a democratic government that encompasses a continent so broad can be maintained through extending generations is a problem which the present length of our national existence is not adequate to solve. A people who are their own governors, must have intelligence, must have morality, and must have religion, or they cannot, with wide diversity of interests, remain long under one governmental compact. And if the day shall by a righteous Providence be permitted to arrive, in which ignorance and passion shall triumph over knowledge and virtue, and infidelity in our high places usurps the place of faith in the Gospel of the Son of God, posterity, if not we ourselves, will be called bitterly to mourn over the shattered fragments of our Republic. But then, on the other hand, there seems to us very plain indications that the Almighty designs our land as both the theatre on which, and the agent by which, He intends working out great revolutions, for the dignity, advancement, and salvation of the universal world. We may trust then that these revolutions will peacefully advance with revolving ages, embracing in their mighty compass, generations yet to come, unnumbered and unborn. As in Rome of old, it was deemed the mark of a good citizen never to despair of the fortunes of the Republic, so the Christian citizen of the world can never despair of the fortunes of the human race. He will believe and act on the conviction that error, prejudice, and corruption must gradually give way to truth, liberty, and virtue; and that in the moral world, as well as in the material, the farther our observations are extended, the more we shall perceive of order and benevolent design in the universe of God.
THE UNSUNG DEAD.

They do not sleep unwept—the mighty dead—
Those who have bathed in their own blood, the right
Which was a landmark for the strides of men
That followed after, or have laid their hands
Upon the wheel of Progress, to bring blessings down
On the hereafter. Aye, they have been mourned!
The cloudless sky of Summer's eve has wept
Tears pure and sparkling, thick upon the grass
That waves above the earth, whence Time hath filched
With stealthy grasp, each lingering trace
Of the corruption, that once weighed
Their noble spirits down. What need have they
For brazen, rusting pillars, to declare
In sounding verse their painful life?
The hills beheld them and the mountains stand
As witnesses of what they were, and did.
The pure-eyed stars who smiled upon their hope,
Or dimmed when persecution hunted to their home,
Now hold a more than Epic memory
How such old heroes lived. Not all the books
Of honied bardic rhyme could tell their tale
With half the beauty of those silver flames.
To them night is not long. They only sleep
Until a nobler than the poet shall declare
A resurrection to their deeds sublime.

VACATIONISMS: JOTTED BY A SENIOR.

"Hoc olim meminisse juvabit."

Dear reader, were you ever a school boy? Certainly, you reply. Well, then, can you at this period of your life remember how irksome the prescribed duties of the day became as the quarter approached its end? How impatiently you looked forth from the window—if you chanced to occupy that privileged seat—longing for the freedom of
the open air! How slowly the hours seemed to pass, and how enormously long the shadows grew upon the old oak floor, as, in the afternoon of the summer day, the sun sank slowly towards his setting, behind the western hills! And when, with grave smile and sage advice the master announced vacation at hand and you excused, with what a flashing eye and eager step you bore home your well-thumbed books, ready to fling your hat in the air, and hurrah most vigorously at the thought of no school!

These are recollections common to all, and if you ever walked in the higher sphere of college, you doubtless experienced emotions of a similar character. The warm session ended, examination over, and the excitement and bustle of commencement numbered with "things that were," a feeling of relief steals upon you—your nerves, for the past fortnight, strung to the highest tension, gradually relax, and you calmly place your text books in their accustomed positions on the shelves. Your worldly goods and chattels are soon consigned to the depths of the familiar trunk, and you sit down to smoke a farewell pipe with your chum; your heart beats high with the anticipation of coming pleasure—the monotonous routine of college life grows very uncongenial to your taste, while the future respite from study looms up in the mental horizon as the sumnum bonum of happiness. Thus it ever is with the student. Vacation is the elysium of his hopes—the long summer vacation, most elysian of all. It flits before the mind's eye when he reluctantly bids good-bye to the home group at the beginning of the new year, and when April showers greet his arrival on the "Classic Hill," he bethinks himself of many plans for the hot months' jollification. This is a view of the prospect as hope delineates it to the expectant mind, and in whatever proportion the realization approximates to the anticipation, so does the regret for days that cannot come again have a more deep and lasting effect. Memory casts a misty halo round the scenes she reproduces, and we gloat over her pictures as over some long lost treasure newly found, until
the tangible duties of the present rouse us from our dreamy contemplation of the past.

Something of this character are my cogitations as I sit alone in my sanctum this dark, dreary day. Without, I behold a most ample exemplification of Tom Hood’s November weather—

"No sun, no moon,
No morn, no noon,
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day,
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue.
No road, no street, no ‘tather side the way,"

Heavy black masses of clouds lie piled far above each other, while now and then the rain falls silently and drippingly down—the wind, with melancholy moan, sweeps through the half-naked branches of the trees, or creeping o’er the ground, rustles among the dead autumnal leaves—fit emblems of the passing glories of the Indian summer. Within, the “air-tight” diffuses a pleasant heat, and an appearance of negligent comfort—or comfortable negligence—pervades every nook and corner. My thoughts form, as it were, a medium between the inner and outer scenes, and are tinged with that inexpressible indescribable

"Feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not a kin to pain,
But resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles rain."

I am in the humor to wander through the vistas of the past; I recall most easily and willingly the incidents of the last long vacation—truly the last for me, who am on the final stage of the “curriculum,” and soon to go out from “our little world.”

I ween, fellow-student, you have known the irresistible charm in the mental and physical abandon of vacation life. Those were haleyon hours when you could lie somnolent in the morning with no fear of being roused by the clanging of the bell, (who ever heard of a college bell that had not a disagreeable clang?) summoning you to morning prayers,
or wakened from a dose in the early recitation to express your opinion on the Upper and Lower Siluvian systems of Hitchcock.

What mattered it to you, whether that malformation, the Pherodaetyl, ever felt an impression of his ugly shape on the yet unhardened composite of the Carboniferous Period—or the Mylodon Robustus, on a tripodical base of his caudal appendage and hind legs, rocked massive trees to and fro until they fell before the pressure, and browsed on their branches for days? If the force of habit did suffice to awake you at the accustomed moment, you, with the utmost indifference to Tertiary and all other strata, though, perhaps, with some estimation of the Doctor's geological knowledge and research, quietly turned over for another nap. Once risen, and breakfast over, the forenoon is before you not dissected, bisected, and quartered into small pieces by the stated division of recitation and study-hour, study-hour and recitation, but, to use at your own discretion. Perhaps you perused with infinite satisfaction the "Memoirs of Sydney Smith," admiring the inimitable fund of wit and humor, and the easy good nature which rendered him so eminently agreeable as a social companion. Or you might have been carried back to the ancient days of Egypt by the master-pen of Kingsley. You could almost fancy you beheld the matchless form of Hypatia standing before an admiring audience in the academy at Alexandria, while you listened spellbound to the music of her voice, as she with woman's grace, expounded mysterious doctrines of philosophy and metaphysics. And you could pardon the weakness of the inexperienced Philemon, thinking himself strong in Cyril's faith, but all too weak, as he afterwards proved, to withstand the winning smiles of this fair priestess.

With such and many another recreation, the summer moon stole quickly by. The afternoon was also fraught with numerous pleasures, which you managed to enjoy, notwithstanding old Sol's scorching heat, and the stifling dust of the busy street. Your fair cousin, who always greeted you with such a kindly welcome, do you remember
how fascinating she appeared in all the coolness and elegance of that white *neglige*, so piquantly trimmed with red, her glossy black hair brushed smoothly back from her pure white brow? But, pardon me! I am growing sentimental. She was a tempting object for *a cousin's privilege!*—you were too modest to avail yourself of it. Ah! well! *some are.* 'Twas with no slight satisfaction you read Tennyson to her ladyship, her dainty ladyship, reclining with a most bewitchingly nonchalant air upon the sofa, or busily crotchet-ing her fancy work, with which you seldom dared to meddle.

How gayly her laugh rang out at the quaint philosophizing of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; with what a funny smile she heard the interesting description of "my first walk with the school-mistress"—that initiatory step to a future walk, hand-in-hand through life. (Perhaps you felt like re-echoing his sentiment: "There are inscriptions on our hearts, which, like that on Dighton Rock, are never to be seen except at dead-low tide. There is a woman's footstep in the sand at the side of my deepest ocean-buried inscription!") You deemed some of her conduct rather strange; for instance, when she showed very marked favor to young Tugg, who is a gentleman of elegant leisure, and quite a lady-killer, in his own opinion—a puppy in yours—you wished him in a very uncongenial region of the universe. But, my dear fellow, you were *only* a cousin. However, though he did disturb your *tete-a-tete* for a few moments, you thought your occupation far preferable to that of rendering Euripides' *Alcestis* into English—*your cousin's lovely image* a much more attractive subject for contemplation than the childish dispute between Pheres and Admetus, about which of them ought to have died instead of the heroine of the above mentioned tragedy.

It were a long story, to tell of all your haps and mishaps; your tramps over the country, each spot of which is a memento of other days; your boat rides on the river, over whose placid bosom you have often rowed on some *water-melon depredation*, or whose current you have breasted with sturdy stroke in boyish efforts to outswim your comrades.
Nor would you omit to mention the long rides of those summer evenings—by the way, shall you of my

RIDE TO THE EBENEZER SETTLEMENT.

Ned and I had long desired to visit this celebrated locality. Many a strange report had come to our ears of the peculiarities of the good people, who there abided—how they led (as nearly as possible in our go-a-head land) the simple life of the German peasant in the Fatherland; how they tilled the ground and garnered the grain after the manner of their ancestors; and how the time-honored institution of marriage was entirely ignored among them, each man and woman preferring to live apart, and "pursue the even tenor of his or her way," alone.

It was at the waning of an August day that we finally decided to go; thereupon we procured a team of prancing bays, and having duly called for our lady companions, the hour of seven found us fairly en route. As for the personnel of our party, I'll designate them thus: Miss Ellie, cultivated and appreciative; Miss Mollie, as gay and agreeable as one could wish—withal a little sarcastic. Ned, a whole-souled fellow, able at any time to talk sensible sentiments, and with a power of making his company very acceptable to "the fayre" and myself.

Just as we reached the outskirts of the city, the breeze blowing fresh from off the lake, gently rippled the tops of the waving grass, and "the moon, surmounting the woods, rode for a moment like a ship upon the waves, then bore away for the blue waters of God's Ægean." We felt the exhilarating influence of the scene. The horses, breathing, as it were, new life from the pure air, trotted rapidly on, and we seemed destined to arrive at the Ebenezer Settlement in short metre. But Ned, who claimed to know the road, soon found his memory at fault, and back we drove two miles, when we were set right and changed the route. No further mistake, two gates—which were, I suppose, intended to separate the quiet hamlet within, from the busy world without—passed through, and we began to enter the region of Dutchdom. Visions of quaint gabled houses, and stolid burghers smoking their evening pipes upon the old fashioned
stoop, flitted through my brain. I fancied the plump fraulein disposing great mugs of Lager and plates of Pretzel on the table for our benefit, and the head of the family contentedly puffing away at his meerschaum in the chimney corner.

As we rode slowly down the street, no human being was visible, and the echo of our horses' hoofs was the only sound that broke the stillness of the scene; not a light was to be seen, and the innocent Teutons had evidently retired for the night, so we could do nothing better than journey homeward. Suddenly we caught a glimpse of a man propped up against a gate.

Ned hailed him—"See here, old fellow, can you give us anything in the way of refreshment?"

Dutchman roused from his reverie, looked up, opened the gate, came towards the carriage, and, after eying us a moment very compositely, took three solemn whiffs from his inseparable pipe, and then ejaculated "Was?"

"Hold on, Ned," said I, "he's Dutch; I'll see if I can remember enough of the language to wake him up. Mynheer, könnter Sie?"—there I was stumped—I'll ask him how far it is home, at any rate." "Wie fur ist das Weg nach O.?"

This was undoubtedly the best of German, and I immediately concluded the man must be the lowest of Low Dutch, for he replied, "Ich verstehe nicht. Sie sprechen der Englisch und ich spreche Deutch."

After several attempts to make him understand, I bade him "Gut Nacht!" though I felt "go to thunder!" A little farther on, another Ebenezerian replied to our inquiries with nothing but a phlegmatic chuckle; and he kept his red night-capped head out of the window some time after we had passed, no doubt endeavoring to explain to himself what our visitation meant. A moment more, and a candle shot its dim rays through dimmer panes; a jump and a step placed me at the door, which I rattled most vigorously, and a Teuton, who could answer me in my familiar tongue, appeared. I replenished my stock of cigars, got full directions as to the road, and we soon placed ten miles between us and the Ebenezer Settlement, convinced that we had seen
enough of it and its *incorrigibly* stupid inhabitants. As we rode past the gas lamps of C., and very reluctantly de- posited the ladies at their door, we *inwardly* resolved never to go Dutchward with them again, at least, not until we had be- come more proficient than one term's instruction had made us in the *Muttersprache.*

*Moral*—Never visit the Ebenezer Settlement unless you can speak German.

So much for that digression—only a vacationism. The vacation experience of all students is far from being the same. To the one, pleasure-loving and care-free, it is a dream of happiness soon, too, dispelled; to another, it is but a season of different labor, a school of toil and exertion. The high hopes of the one are not to be discouraged, for nothing serves to drive off the sense of languor and ennui, so natural to a steady pursuit of study and books, so well as the relax- ation and liberty of vacation. But to admire and commend, you have only to see the plodding, patient spirit of the knowledge seeker. Now he is sweeping down swath after swath of the high meadow grass, and now he garners in the grain on the home farm. Here he occupies the dreary De- cember days in the little log school-house, with flaxen-haired boys and girls about him, whose "dull ideas he must teach to shoot." There the candle sheds a faint glimmer over his books, as he sits far into the night, deeply immersed in Greek roots, or in the abstractions of mathematical theo- rems and formulas. In all this may he have his reward, and be as one

"Who makes by force his merit known,  
And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
To mold a mighty State's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne."

There is a change from this; each must come back to the Alma Mater, and once again settle himself into the collegi- ate harness; and while he may be troubled with occasional longing for the days that can not come from the past, he may bring freshened energies to wrestle with the future. Then, fellow-student, enjoy and improve, to the best of your ability, both term-time and vacation. Remember that the
day is not far distant, when the observation of both can be brought into practical use; the former shall give you intellectual capital, the latter an approximate knowledge of human nature, and the customs of active business men, together with social qualities by no means non-essential. Memory will hallow and treasure up the incidents of each.

REVIEW OF THE LIVES AND WORKS OF THE MOST EMINENT GERMAN CLASSICAL AUTHORS.

II.

KLOPSTOCK.—(1724–1803).

"Deep souls are obliged to live in the past as well as in the future." GÖTHE.

He was born at Quedlinburgh, and seemed to have inherited, besides excellent faculties of mind, the vigorous defiance and valiant courage of his able father. Strengthened mentally and physically, by means of a good education and free intercourse with nature, he was soon allowed to approach without restraint, the sciences, the sanctuary of which was opened to him at the celebrated institution at Schulpforta. The wholesome vigor of the classic antiquity matured his growing mind, which in this strengthening element and in the retirement of his quiet life, became soon conscious of its poetical gift. Even here Klopstock conceived, after he had attempted sundry juvenile essays, the ideas of his "Messias," which was developed and defined by his becoming acquainted with Milton's "Paradise Lost." Even when quite a youth, religion was the homestead of his soul, the object of his highest enthusiasm. He was imbued with the purest admiration for the divine founder of Christianity, and for the mysterious depth of the redemption. To delineate the glory of the Redeemer seemed to him the task of his life. His youthful soul, filled with the most sublime ideal, and moved by the thought, that he might become the prophet who should restore the hitherto neglected literary honor of his country by the most sublime poem—he leaves the quiet
place of his preparatory studies, to enter an academic course. He chose theology, and repaired to Jena. Here he published the three first songs of his "Messias," but in prose. At Leipsic he met with congenial friends. After much deliberation he chose the hexameter for his poem.

The productions of genial men always bear the stamp of personality, the more so, the less a public life widens the circle of activity. Klopstock, naturally endowed with the feeling of human dignity, and the courage to maintain it everywhere, moreover raised more in intercourse with nature, than in that with men—more familiar with the lofty figures of the Bible and of antiquity, than with the interests of his age, did not even after he had entered the world, attach himself to its public relations, but to personalities and their limited spheres. Thus it happens that he combined, with the most serene sensibility for nature and the tenderest feelings, a kind of aristocratic self-sufficiency, and that he exchanged realities for abstract ideas. With him, love and friendship, the two most beautiful daughters of earthly reality, are united with the heavenly glory, their joys and sufferings, in the nimbus of divine infinitude. Thus he appears, indeed, as a "persona sancta." To him may be applied what Goethe says: "Deep souls are obliged to live in the past as well as in the future." His patriotism, too, "transcends" him, and is rather an ideal abstraction.

No wonder that melancholy pervaded almost all his productions. Elegy forms the fundamental tone of his poesy, tuned principally by love of friendship. But in all that he loves, he loves the highest religion. His love is noble and holy, and where he does not find his situation entirely to his desire, "his religion," as he says, "alone is the cause why he is not quite unhappy." Misfortune and reading contributed early to increase this fundamental tone. His first unhappy love to Fanny, especially the premature death of his wife, Meta, left indelible traits of melancholy in his soul. In this period of bitter disappointment and losses, the English poet, Young, surrounded him with the dark shadows of his "Night-Thoughts."

Klopstock had been conscious of the rising independence
of the German Literature. "There was," says Fr. Schlegel, "a sublime idea in Klopstock's mind, of a new and particular German poesy.

Christianness and Fatherland are the poles around which his poesy turns. Religion, however, is, under his hand, too much deprived of its human and historical relations.

His style is much praised, even by those who miss poetical geniality in the treatment of his subject-matter. It is true, he has restored the German language to its own nature, and brought it back to its own resources. He seized with bold hand the rich treasure of its idioms, to animate thereby his expression with peculiar turns, and to impart to it the fresh color of youthful nationality. He searches in the older sources power and strength. He enriched diction with manifold fine "novelties"—made it significant by surprising combinations of words. He was, finally, the founder of the German metrics—ruling in the latter with ingenious tact, and guided by the principles of ancient forms and rules. Thus he may be considered as the restorer of the German language since Luther. By his example the opened treasures of the older literature were zealously searched. New forms are springing up. Every talented writer endeavors to gain, out of the richness and the life springs of the national idiom, means and elements for his productions. Wieland, Lessing, Herder, and Goethe, push forward on the career opened by Klopstock.

Klopstock has more, than any other poet, cast his personality in one work. The "Messias" contains his world and his heaven. It is the song "wherein he sang his God;" the song "which made him foretaste the excellencies of the angels, where heaven and earth disappeared before his eyes," and where, "if the charm of worldly pleasures was about to seduce him, the harps and harmonies of the angels led him back to himself." From early youth did the idea "of this poem fill his soul. Goethe says of him: 'The Savior was to be the hero, whom he intended to accompany through earthly sufferings, to the highest heavenly triumphs. Everything godly and human, that slumbered in the young soul, was claimed here. He, educated
in the Bible, and nourished by its substance, lives now
with patriarchs and prophets as with actual living be-
ings; but all these had, since centuries, only been called

to draw a luminous circle around the one, whose humilia-
ation they look upon with astonishment, and of whose glo-

rification they were to partake. For, at last, after gloomy
and fearful hours, the eternal Judge will uncloud [brighten]
his face, to recognize His son; and this will lead back to
him the fallen men. The living heavens shout in a thou-
sand angel voices around the throne,' etc. The great work
of redemption, the deepest and most important mystery, was
to him the task alone worthy of the poet's highest glory,
the 'fruit of his love to Messias.' Thus this poem was, as
it were, the proper meeting place of his deepest feelings and
thoughts—and he has devoted to it the prime of his life
(1748–1773). No wonder that all the rest of his poems are
not much more than variations on the contents of the

'Messiade.'

The "Messiade" contains in its twenty songs, two parts,
poetically very unlike, and bears necessarily the traces of
the long and slow work of twenty-five years. It contains po-
etic beauties, without being poetically beautiful in its totality.
Where the poet's heart speaks, his language is, indeed, the
purest poesy, whether it sing joy or suffering, love or
noble indignation. But these single tones reverberate from
the whole of the poem as from the empty halls of a lofty and
spacious building. The whole work lacks epic substance.
He seems to have felt it himself, when (song VIII) Adam
exclaims: 'Oh, your voices, ye heavens! Lend me your
voices, that I exclaim it through all creation,' and (song
X) 'I am to sing Him with solemn dignity—and I am
dust!' It was too much in his manner to think and de-
scribe heaven without earth. Geographical and national,
historical and political relations were plentifully at hand;
likewise the religious parties among the Jews, their rela-
tions to the Romans, those of Paganism to Judaism—all
this might have afforded him an excellent material for epic
execution. We miss old Homer. The lyric and sentimental
is predominant; the poet's own personality comes forth too
frequently. The persons of this “Messiaide” appear in uniform
generality, without the stamp of reality. Christ and his dis-
ciples, the patriarchs and holy women, friends and foes,
angels and devils—all show their presence more in speeches
than in actions. How was it, after all, possible to animate
with the breath of humanity a God-man? a host of ser-
aphim, as similar to each other as their wings? satanic titans,
who are distinguished only by their fury?

As Klopstock with Homer, so the “Messiaide” has been
compared with the Iliad. But we must first keep before our
mind, that the Iliad represents the polytheistic, mythological
views of ancient Paganism, the Messiaide the monotheistic
Christian views of modern mankind. Besides this, the ex-
cution is as heterogeneous as possible. While, in Homer,
the tangible beauty meets our eye in its purest per-
fection with ease and grace, we meet in Klopstock
with a struggle for moral beauty. While, in Homer,
mind wanders embodied among us, it is, in Klopstock, ex-
alted beyond any physical outline. He can not even be com-
pared with Dante in his “Divina Commedia,” or Milton in
his “Paradise Lost.” But we may say, that Klopstock com-
pletes Milton; the latter singing the full of mankind, the for-
mer its redemption. As Klopstock approaches Milton in
protestant faith, so he associates himself with the Italian
poet by moving in an ecclesiastical sphere. Dante spreads
before us the net of faith in scholastic wisdom and severity;
while Klopstock preaches the Gospel of grace. Both are
equal in Christian enthusiasm, but in execution Dante wins
the prize. The German hexameter is not an invention of
Klopstock, but it owes to him a high degree of perfection.

Let us now consider Klopstock’s lyric productions. The
lyric poetry is his homestead; his genius was most active in
the ode, so much the more, that even the Messiaide is rather
a collection of fine lyrical productions. In his lyric poems
he allows to the “homo sum” a due portion. Friendship
and love, sociality and enjoyment of nature, wine and ladies,
find admittance, and are permitted to utter their language,
though in a very modest and dignified manner. But here,
too, the eternal pushes aside the temporal, the infinite ab-
sorbs the finite. Timidly sounds the lyre of antiquity; louder, indeed, the harp of the bards; but it is, above all, David's Psalter which inspires his muse.

Klopstock's *sacred songs* are his best productions, inasmuch as their deep religious sentiment is everywhere combined with life's reality. The weakest point of his productions is the *dramatic* part. The proper field of the drama is *reality*; its purpose is, "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." (cf. Shakespeare, Hamlet III, 2). Now, Klopstock has not done full justice to any of these requirements. Action and persons are moving in tedious monotony, without tragic, in fact without any human interest. We must, notwithstanding all these defects, acknowledge that Klopstock has essentially promoted the German literature.

Klopstock's *prose* writings contain mainly a theory of language and poetry. See his "Gelehrtenrepublic" (1774). His fragments on "Language and Poetry" (1779) are better. In his old age, he gave in the "Grammatische Gespräche" (1794) interesting hints on the German language, its genius, purity, and use. He is opposed to Adelung. All these writings prove that he had familiarized himself most intimately with the ancient classics. Their genius and elegance are reflected in his prose.

We leave now this man, who stands a lofty shadow in the much stirred world of the German literature, and to whom we must award our highest esteem; concluding this essay with Schiller's words: "His muse is chaste, holy like his religion, and we must acknowledge with admiration, that he, though sometimes erring on these heights, never fell down from them."

W. G.

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**LOVED ONES AT HOME.**

"Oh there's not in this world a pleasure so sweet!"

As to sit round the hearth where dear ones we meet,

Gaze into the depths of eyes sparkling bright

With affections as pure as Heaven's own light.
My mother sits near with a smile on her face,
A smile bright and beaming, where pure affections I trace,
Speaking of peace and contentment, a haven of rest,
From a world’s disappointments, a world’s bitter jests.

Not more bright is the sun, with its pure golden rays,
Not more precious the gem, as it’s beauty displays,
Than the glances of true love I see centered here,
Than the warm beating hearts of loved ones so dear.

Who cares for the world with it’s battles, fierce strife,
It’s trials and storms dark’ning the brightness of life?
When here are hearts true, and bright smiling eyes,
The dearest, most precious gifts Heaven supplies?

"Redstick."

"THERE IS A MODEST MANSION UPON THE BANKS OF THE POTOMAC."

Nothing is so typical of the enlightenment and refinement of a nation, as the condition of her females, and the position which they occupy. As the wheel of civilization steadily rolls onward, each revolution elevates woman’s sphere of action, and renders her value more fully appreciated. The further a nation recedes from barbarism the more is woman esteemed, and her importance enhanced. Ancient History furnishes numerous examples illustrative of this fact. Contrast her condition at the foundation of Rome, with it when the Roman Empire had attained the height of her prosperity and glory, and you will find woman raised from degradation to honor and distinction. When the Imperial City “sat on her seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world,” no prouder title could be applied to her sons than a Roman citizen; but second to this only was that of a Roman matron. From time immemorial, in every age, woman has endeavored to place herself in the position which she ought to occupy. The Nineteenth Century is fraught with many such attempts, but in most cases they have been sadly perverted. In our midst has been fostered, and has sprung
up, a class of females, Xantippes in character, who call themselves strong-minded women, and whose professed object is to place themselves upon an equality with man. They complain of injustice, that their rights have been invaded, and assert that they are in every way entitled to a voice in the affairs of the nation. In order to accomplish their desired end, "Women's Rights," conventions have been convened, where the votaries of equality have assembled, decked out in all the extravagancies of Bloomerism, to dilate upon their wrongs and the obduracy of the "sterner sex;" not meeting with the success anticipated in obtaining redress for their grievances, and their finer sensibilities having become blunted by the association of weak-minded men, their absurd ambition has at last resulted in their becoming the defenders and advocates of Spiritualism and Free Love. But the genius of American females has not been absorbed in these "modern delusions;" purer motives guide their efforts, and more noble objects occupy their attention.

The steamer gliding down the Potomac, as she passes the tomb of the sainted Washington, tolls her bell out of respect to the depository of his sacred ashes. As a witness of this tribute to the "illustrious dead," the attention of one of South Carolina's fair daughters was attracted to the dilapidated appearance of the old homestead, and the air of neglect which pervaded the premises, the idea suggested itself to her, that her talents and influence could be employed to no more philanthropical purpose, than to purchase and devote to national purposes the estate and tomb of Washington.

Accomplished in all that is calculated to make woman attractive; possessing a brilliant intellect and lofty aspirations, but young, inexperienced, and an invalid, she resolved that henceforward, this should be her cherished object, to which she would devote her life and energies. The bare announcement of the contemplated project touched a responsive chord in the hearts of a few such spirits as her own, and that undertaking was commenced whose success will ere long be received with acclamations of delight throughout the Union. A proposition to purchase the
MANSION ON THE POTOMAC. [November,

estate was tendered Mr. John A. Washington, its present owner and occupant, to which he returned a favorable reply. The price demanded for the house formerly occupied by Washington, his tomb, and two hundred acres of land adjoining, was $200,000. This offer was at once accepted, and a contract drawn up and signed, transferring the property to the Ladies upon the receipt of the stipulated sum. Nothing daunted at the price, nor the almost insuperable obstacles to be overcome in procuring the requisite amount, a petition was sent to Congress requesting assistance, which was refused. An appeal was then made to the Ladies of the South, which was likewise ineffectual.

The obviousness that but little could be accomplished, unless by the harmonious action of all the States, and the necessity of making it, as far as possible, a national enterprise, then presented itself to the minds of these devoted women. Determined to break down all barriers to success, and to arouse the enthusiasm of the people upon this subject, an association was organized, styled, "The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union," to which a charter was granted by the Virginia Legislature, securing to it forever the possession of the Washington domain. The State also guaranteed, that in case of the dissolution of the Association, it would ever regard with veneration, and protect with care, the grave of him around whom were clustered the brightest memories of its early history, and would permit no desecrating hand to be placed upon his mansion. A Regent was elected to oversee the general interests of the Association, and a Vice Regent appointed in every State where assistance could be depended upon. The managers were empowered to choose all the subordinate officers necessary to carry out the designs of the Association.

Mr. Washington, as an incentive to hasten the payment, has offered to remit the interest, if the whole sum be collected by the 22d of February, 1859. Almost every expedient has been resorted to in order to secure the entire amount by this date. The Regent has made a touching appeal to her countrymen and women, calling upon them for their co-operation and support, which has been generously
responded to, especially by our Ladies, whose sympathies are fully awakened. Subscription papers have been circulated, and clubs formed, for the purpose of soliciting contributions. The payment of a small sum, renders the donor a life member of the Association; allowing him to share all its privileges, to participate in all its transactions, and granting him free access to the estate. As an inducement to contribute to this benevolent purpose, a picture of Washington, executed by Stuart, America's greatest portrait painter, is offered at a reduced rate; the proceeds of which are appropriated to the Association. A monthly paper is issued at Philadelphia, whose object is, by the sentiments expressed in its pages, to stimulate to active exertions the dormant energies of the people, and which, after cancelling its own obligations, bestows the residue of its receipts upon the Association. In no undertaking of this nature has there ever been such a general interest manifested. From the pine forests of Maine to the golden sands of California, has the glorious cry been echoed. All classes and communities, the highest and the lowest, have joined heart and hand, merging all sectional differences, in their esteem for the memory of one, who was pre-eminent in molding the character of this nation. The various charitable societies have urged this labor of love upon their members, exhorting them to countenance it by their assistance; and the Masonic Fraternity, of which Washington was a beloved member, has liberally contributed. Enrolled among the prosecutors of this glorious work are the names of some of America's most gifted children. Actively engaged in its furtherance are many whose literary productions and oratorical abilities have procured them enviable reputations. Edward Everett is at present engaged in delivering lectures throughout the country, and, not content with the invaluable services which he has rendered the cause, intends publishing a series of articles in one of our leading journals, relative to the Association, the receipts of which are to be applied to the fund. Neither has the drama withheld its aid. Mrs. Richie, whose talents as an actress can scarcely be overrated, and whose reputation as such stands deservedly high, is about voluntarily to relinquish
a life of ease and affluence, and grace once more with her presence the American stage, in order to show her appreciation of the efforts of her sisters, and to make them the recipients of a generous present.

France has been charged with ingratitude in allowing "all that is mortal" of the great Napoleon to sleep uncared for on the rock-bound St. Helena; but no funeral pile could be more chaste and elegant than the monument which now covers his remains. For over half a century, an ungrateful posterity has suffered the old homestead of Washington to remain neglected and almost forgotten. A few ephemeral attempts have been made, it is true, to erect to him a suitable mausoleum. Ere the bell announcing to a grief-stricken people, that Washington was no more, had ceased its mournful vibrations, Congress voted $60,000 to perpetuate his memory in an appropriate monument; but its present condition, assuredly, is not very favorable to its completion. Every succeeding year which passes over our heads, leaving this great work undone, only increases our disgrace. What more noble object could commend itself to our consideration, than to preserve inviolate from vulgar touch the home and grave of him, whom "God made childless, in order that he might be the Father of his country." He was a faithful parent, but have we proved dutiful children? He tenderly guided the infant State through the dangers and hardships which beset her path, and as she ripened into a Republic, gave her fatherly advice, whose wisdom she fully appreciated in after years. He watched her interests with a sleepless eye, and was always ready to seize upon every circumstance which gave promise of her future welfare and usefulness; and as his spirit was wafted to a better world, he commended her to the protection of that Being, before whom he must so soon appear, as the most cherished object of his affections. With the blessing of such a man resting on her head, prosperity could not but attend her. His instructions may not have fallen unheeded upon her ear, but she has failed to show the respect due to his memory.

At this, pure woman's nature has revolted, and she has gratuitously undertaken to wipe out this deep stain upon her
country's honor. For helpless woman to commence so difficult an enterprise, at a time when the huge governmental fabric, like an internal volcano, was heaving and throbbing under the financial embarrassment by which it was oppressed; when bankruptcy and famine stared the country in the face; when the minds of all were engaged in attempting to overcome the difficulties which surrounded them; when, in short, all the elements seemed combined to involve the country in ruin; seemed preposterous. But it cannot be unsuccessful, for an enterprise, prompted by such holy and lofty motives, cannot fail. To purchase two hundred acres of ordinary land at the exorbitant rate of $200,000, would, indeed, be folly; but no price is too great to be paid for it, when every inch is hallowed by the footsteps of the immortal Washington. His home should be the Mecca of America, to which his countrymen should make their yearly pilgrimage. Around his tomb should his children gather, and guard it as religiously as the vestals of old, the sacred fires. Let it be woman's mission to purchase, adorn, and beautify his mansion, ere ruthless Time lays his cold hand upon it.

"The tomb of Washington, a lofty soul
Inspired that lay; but to the upper pole
Is winged its heavenward flight, and rests in peace,
Before the Throne of God, where troubles cease."

WORKS OF ART.

If ever you should come to Modena,
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate.
It's noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain you—but before you go,
Enter the house—forget it not, I pray you,
And look awhile upon a picture there,
Done by ——— whom I care not,
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

Rogers.

It is said that we Americans never perceive the merits of good literary productions, till we hear the praise of them
sounding across the waters from the Old World; that no excellence is sufficient to raise an American author from obscurity, unless perchance kind fortune drops his book on the table of some trans-atlantic critic.

If this is true of literary works, it seems to be no less true of fine artistic productions. No work of art is good enough to secure for its author a niche in the Temple of Fame, except he produce it in Europe. Accordingly no sooner does an American youth begin to feel himself inspired with "The Art Divine" than he packs his valise, and hastens to embark for Europe, as the place, and the only place where he can hope to procure a ticket for immortality. Once there, he can send his productions back with the confidence of certainty that they will be fully appreciated by admiring thousands.

It thus often happens that while we are crowding the galleries of paintings from Germany and Italy, we leave to hang

"Unnoticed on the dusty walls
Of silent and neglected halls."

other pictures of perhaps equal merit, merely because they are home productions.

How numerous are the instances of such undeserved neglect, will probably never be known till a great reform in the matter complained of, shall reveal them. The following example will serve for illustration; while its publication may possibly rescue from obscurity a series of paintings which may one day be placed beside those of Raphael.

It is a fact known to but few probably, that there is connected with Kenyon College a large museum: a repository rich with the contributions of many generations of her sons; and containing long catalogues of marvelous, antique, and rare things found in no other museum in the world. But of all the objects of interest to be seen there, one of the most remarkable is a collection of paintings.

Certainly the lines quoted at the head of this article are as appropriately applied to these pictures as to that of The Maid of Modena.
"He who observes them, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill."

But little is known respecting whose they are, or when they were done. An old and sadly defaced Italian portrait hanging near them has suggested that these may be the work of him whose it is, though his name is lost. The marked difference of style between these pictures and those of all known Italian artists render this quite improbable.

This difference respects the subjects no less than the execution. In comprehensiveness and sublimity of design they certainly rank before even Angelo's master-pieces. Indeed, did not the complete success of the execution prove otherwise, it might have been supposed that the design was too vast to be put upon canvas, by any possible means. The design of the series is nothing less than an exhibition of the progress of our world from its very first beginnings. This is done by representing landscapes of several different epochs, and on these are shown the Fauna and Flora belonging to each period respectively.

By this happy conception the artist has presented at once all the important changes that have occurred on the face of Mother Earth, since the day she was pronounced, without form, and void.

It would be folly to attempt to convey by words an idea of the vivid living expression pervading this whole series of paintings. Like "The Deluge," or "The Entombment," they must be seen, and their influence on the soul felt, before it can be understood.

Even that far back time, when Earth was chaos, and darkness rested on the face of the deep, is represented in all its sublime and solitary gloom. The heaving and boiling of the molten globe, the vast craters spouting seas of red lava into the surrounding darkness, all are vividly sketched in their awful grandeur.

The second picture represents the Earth firmly crusted over, and sufficiently cooled to become the habitation of animals. Those of this period are all of the very lowest orders, and the world they inhabit is so bleak and cheerless, that no pleasant emotions are excited on beholding it. Du.
ring the periods following this, the landscape gradually becomes more agreeable and is enlightened by higher development, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Gradually those monstrous reptiles appear whose forms, after being long extinct, have been restored to the world by the united labors of eminent geologists and zoologists. When we look at these paintings we can fully realize how much we owe to such men as Hitchcock and Agassiz.

As is well known many of the monsters here represented have never been found preserved entire. Oftentimes

"A tooth, a piece of a scale,
A track or a hair of the tail,
is the only datum from which these sagacious scholars have reconstructed the whole animal, and told us all about his habits and modes of subsistence.

All these particulars have been remembered by the artist, and described as truthfully perhaps as they have ever been by the zoologist with his pen. He does not, however, always agree with modern fossilists respecting the habits of these monsters of antiquity. For example he has represented a Megatherium in the act of entombing in his capacious muzzle, a something very much like a Carabus Clathratus, or in familiar terms a huge beetle. Most fossil zoologists class this animal among vegetable eaters, and tell us he probably subsisted by rooting up trees and then eating the tops. There seems to be more agreement with the notions of late writers on fossil zoology, in the attitude of a Pterodactyl which seems about making a wicked attack on the tail of an Iguanodon.

The enormous Lizard is evidently all unconscious of danger and like Milton’s Satan

"Prone on the flood, extending long and large,
Lies floating many a rood.

The vicious expression in the eye of the winged fiend is an exquisite touch.

A very singular group in one of these paintings is that of a huge Terrapin and a Plesiosaurus, apparently just met for a jollification over a very large punch bowl. That the artist
should have imagined that such practices as this were common among those lords of the ancient world is very surprising. It is probable he favored the gradual development theory, and believed that in painting these great slimy-looking fellows, he was only painting the portraits of our forefathers. If this was his theory it was but natural that he should place the scene just mentioned at a time.

“When yet the man was all mere animal.”

This hypothesis explains one or two other groups found further on in the series. The most interesting of these is that of Adam and his Spouse with their two first-born sons, Cain and Abel. In accordance with the theory mentioned above, these all retain, strongly marked, the simianal features, through which their supposed progenitors passed, from the reptile to the man: yet there is no mistaking the personages designed to be represented. The long flowing beard, and “patriarchal air” of Adam; the matronly sedateness of Eve, as she sits with a large apple in her hand; the malign expression of Cain, with his club in his hand, all are so perfect that a child might identify them.

It is to be regretted that the painter’s partiality for the gradual development theory should have led him into some important anachronisms. For example the group last mentioned, is placed more than a whole geological period before the time when the monkey had become man enough to wear clothing, while we have sufficient evidence that that essential to comfort was introduced before either Cain or Abel was born.

In the next picture and the last of the series, a human pair are represented in all their present beauty and perfection, but still minus the important article of dress. In this particular, the taste of the latest masters of the art of sculpture is anticipated.

In the last picture all nature smiles in her present loveliness. As we behold once more the familiar form of flocks and herds grazing the sunny plains, and the little birds among the trees, we feel thankful that we live in this happiest period of Earth’s existence.
HOPE'S ANASTASIUS.

It has been frequently remarked, and with great truth, that the present popularity of a book is no test of its real merits. It is no unusual sight to see a work hailed with rapture as soon as it drops from the press, and enjoy a reputation for the day. Like the stene which, when cast into the water, produces a momentary disturbance, it agitates the public mind for a season, and then is totally forgotten. The infalible test of the merits of any work is not contemporaneous, but posthumous fame. All writers should bear this in mind; and he only will stand a chance of success, who turns a comparatively deaf ear to the plaudits of the present generation, and shows a regard for the opinions of those who will judge of him ages hence. When the unfortunate Jor-dano Bruno saw his philosophy neglected, and himself exposed to the sneers of his ignorant contemporaries, he exclaimed in a strain of noble indignation, expressed in homely but forcible language:

"Non curamus stultorum quid opinio
De nobis ferat, aut quies dignetur sedibus;
Alis ascendimus sursum melioribus."

He appealed to posterity, and has thereby obtained justice. His misfortunes, while on earth, are compensated by the admiration of this present age, and the invectives of the heirarchy are now powerless, compared with the panegyric of Cole-ridge. Such also has been the case with numerous others. It is needless to mention Milton and Shakspeare. A certain sacred maxim would be equally true with a slight alteration, —"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own age."

But it is the object of the present article to hazard a few remarks on a book of the opposite sort, one which enjoyed at first a wide reputation, and afterwards fell into comparative oblivion. Hope's "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek," has been before the public for about thirty-five years. For some time it was very popular, and received flattering notices from the highest authorities. Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to his Talisman, places its author on a par with Le Sage and Fielding. But no one will endorse that verdict now. By this time the name of Hope is almost forgotten by the reading public. The only late mention we have seen of the book, is a passing complimentary notice by the Chevalier Bunsen, in a dissertation appended to the English translation of Gustav Freytag's "Soll und Haben." This, indeed, is entitled to some consideration, coming, as it does, from an intelligent German, who thoroughly appreciates our literature.
One reason for the great popularity which "Anastasius" at first enjoyed, may be the fact that it was issued just at the time when Greece was exciting an uncommon interest throughout the whole civilized world. She had raised the standard of rebellion against her infidel oppressors, and by her gallant struggle, gave rise to a transitory hope that her sons would revive the halcyon days of old. This book, purporting to be the autobiography of a Greek, who lived in the latter part of the last century, could not fail to create a sensation at such a time.

Now, the general impression received by the reader of this work, is very painful. It is an impression which cannot be dignified by the appellation of a melancholy one; it is, more properly, absolutely disgusting. We venture to say, that the book would have enjoyed a much more durable reputation, had the author either drawn his hero in brighter colors, or else compressed the story into narrower limits. As it is, the detestable, profligate young Greek, whether he be Anastasius or Selim, Outis or Ulysses, comes in for too large a share of the public attention. He could have made a full confession of all his crimes, without filling a couple of volumes of over three hundred pages each. It is this which makes the book uncomfortably tedious. Such unnecessary diffuseness does not argue much remorse, and even induces us to believe that the apparently heart-felt contrition, expressed on almost every page, is a mere sham.

The book is, nevertheless, intersected throughout with a rich vein of humor. Sir Walter calls it "the humor of Fielding." But it is most emphatically a heartless humor, entirely at variance with refined feeling or tender sentiment. Anastasius, whatever may be his intellectual merits, evidently possessed a heart of iron, and a soul of infinitesimally small dimensions. His life is a fair example of a rake's progress; first a seducer, next a confirmed profligate, afterwards a pirate, highwayman, or swindler, just as chance dictated; and always a villain of the blackest dye—brought by sorrow and remorse to the grave, while yet in the very prime of manhood.

Anastasius was a native of the isle of Chios,—alas! how different from that Chios of old, which could contend for the honor of having given birth to him whose song has held the world entranced! "The blind old bard of Scios' rocky isle" would have blushed until his cheeks were as crimson as the wine of his native vineyards, had he foreseen to what a man Chios was destined to give birth, in these degenerate days—degenerate at least, for Greece. As the very commencement of the narrative, a dark picture it
presented before us. The wrongs of Helena are sufficient to draw a tear from every eye. It is this which settles Anastasius in his course of life, renders him an outcast upon the face of the earth, and brings him to a premature grave. He forsakes his home, and after experiencing a variety of adventures as a pirate, a soldier, and in various other capacities, finds himself in Constantinople. His proceedings here form the most interesting portion of the book. At first he occupies a lucrative position in the office of one of the agents of the Sultan. On his dismissal from thence, he becomes the assistant of a Jewish quack physician, and continues in this business until both he and his master are arrested for malpractice, and thrown into prison. The picture which is drawn of the inside of the jail is in the highest degree sickening. On his discharge from prison, he manages to earn a livelihood by acting as the cicerone of European travelers who visit Stamboul. In consequence of becoming entangled in a scrape, on account of a love affair, he forsakes the religion of his fathers and adopts Islamism, for self-preservation, at the same time doffing the name of Anastasius for that of Selim. Soon afterwards, leaving Constantinople, he sails for Egypt and attains a high position under the government there, and marries the Calif's daughter. But, on account of political troubles, he soon leaves the country and makes a pilgrimage to Mecca. After various other peregrinations, he again turns up in Constantinople. But it is not necessary to follow him any further so minutely. Let it suffice that he finally closes his life in a strange land, the victim of remorse and profligacy.

The author of the book displays an astonishing acquaintance with oriental, particularly Turkish manners and customs. Mr. Hope evidently must have dwelt for some time in the East. He must have been familiar with the Grecian homestead and the superb Turkish capital. He must have paced with the Moslem pilgrim the streets of Mecca, and galloped with the Bedouin over the sands of Arabia. Such an intimate knowledge of the customs and character of the people he describes, is a great desideratum in a novelist who touches upon foreign ground. Without such knowledge, an Eastern tale must appear insipid and unnatural.

The gallantries of Anastasius with the fair Esme, shows that in spite of the seclusion of the Turkish harem, intrigue can find its way thither. This rather surprises the European reader; for the impression generally prevails that it is as impossible for an outsider to scale the walls of the seraglio as for a unbeliever to pass over the bridge of Shirath.

There is one inquiry connected with their subject which
we have not space to touch upon at length. Is Anastasius a faithful representation of a modern Greek? For the credit of the nation it is to be hoped not. The question is the more difficult for judgment, inasmuch as the character is by no means well drawn. We see but the mere outline and that, too, of the most revolting sort, with here and there a bright spot, in strange contrast with the surrounding filth. Anastasius is of a proud, haughty spirit, and mixes a commendable frankness, even with his Romaic perfidy. He possessed all the rascality and cunning of a modern, without the manliness and true courage of an ancient Greek. Notwithstanding all the resemblance which may be traced between the two in language, physiognomy, and general turn of mind, it must be owned that the discrepancies are still more striking. It matters little at what epoch we fix the ruin of the old Grecian spirit, whether with the fall of the Athenian republic, or at the time when the Italian arms triumphed on her soil, or when the last of the Palæologi folded round him the imperial mantle and fell beneath the sword of the Moslems, indicating by his heroic death the pristine splendor of the people and the majesty of the Roman name. At all events, the stubborn fact stares us in the face, that the Greeks are not now what they once were. We are forced to conclude that Anastasius is a fair specimen of a Greek, and to join in with Lord Byron in voting "for Greeks a blush, for Greece a tear."

MODERN SPIRITUALISM—ARE ITS CLAIMS TRUE OR FALSE?

Every age has its supernatural phenomena—its real or pretended intercourse with the spirits of the departed. Every age preceding this has been tinged, more or less, with what we call superstition—a fear of invisible and unearthly beings, and a belief in their active and intimate connection with all the events of life. The practical and intellectual spirit of the present age has laughed at and ridiculed these things. We have boasted of our enlightenment, our freedom from childish superstition. In our pride we are apt to look down upon the nations of the past groping their way in darkness and ignorance. Though we acknowledge our inferiority to the Greeks and Romans in everything which pertains to imagination and fancy, yet we claim a decided superiority over them
in everything which pertains to the domain of reason. And yet it has been reserved for the nineteenth century to give birth to a monster superstition, which sprang forth suddenly like Minerva, fully armed, from the brain of Jupiter. It has been reserved for it to produce a series—a system of so called supernatural phenomena, not to be equalled in variety and demoniacal character, nor in the high claims of their defenders, by anything since the days of Grecian and Roman heathenism. In the present essay it is not intended to bring forward any hypothesis accounting for these phenomena, but merely to show that Spiritualism is not what its defenders claim that it is.

The position and claims of modern Spiritualism are as follows: 1st. "They disown alike submission to the authority and antagonism to the spirit of the Bible, assailing not the Churches, but their corruptions. 2nd. They claim a divine mission to inaugurate the millenium." 3rd. They claim that the prophecy at the close of the Gospel of St. Mark has been fulfilled in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. 4th. They grant that many responses and communications are false, and ascribe them to evil spirits, but claim that through reliable spirits that which is spoken of in the nineteenth chapter of Revelations, is now in process of fulfillment; the heavens are opening, and the armies of heaven riding forth in white raiments to the rescue.

Such are the claims of the Spiritualists. The question arises, do they rest upon a basis of truth or not? It is the aim of the present article to show that they do not.

In their first position they are inconsistent. They disown submission to the authority of the Bible, and yet appeal to it as ultimate authority in support of their claims. This needs no proof; every one who has looked into the works of the Spiritualists knows that they abound in scriptural quotations. And this shows either that, in reality, they do not hold the position they profess to hold, or that their cause is so weak, that in their extremity they are obliged to defend it by means of that very book whose authority they reject. They are very willing that its inspiration should be taken for granted, when they misquote and misapply it to further their own ends; but let the opponents of Spiritualism bring it to bear against their system, and that minute it looses its authority.

They claim a divine mission to inaugurate the millenium. They must maintain their claims by something more convincing than their mere declaration. They must maintain them by "signs and wonders," such as could only be pro-
duced by the direct intervention of Deity. They must show us their credentials with the seal of God stamped visibly upon them. The divinity of the Bible is attested by the fulfillment of prophecies, by miracles, and by the internal character of its teachings and revelations; and upon no other basis can their claims of the divinity of their mission rest. They say that the Bible and the Church which Christ established must now be superseded by Spiritualism; the priests who have ministered at her altars for centuries must be supplanted by a motley crowd of mediums. Let them show proof as clear as those which Christianity can produce in attestation of its divine origin, and the world will believe them. They acknowledge the justice of this challenge, and such evidences they profess to have. These evidences are the fulfillment of prophecy and the working of miracles. It needs nothing more than a cursory examination to assure us that these evidences are utterly wanting, that the foundation of their spiritual edifice is as substantial as the air of heaven.

They are false prophets. The failure of a single prophecy destroys at once the validity of this species of evidence. Let the following instances, selected from many, of the failure of their prophecies, suffice: It was prophesied that Dr. Kane and his party, who were then absent upon their Arctic voyage, would never return. The expedition returned in safety. It was prophesied that the steamer Ericson would be burned to the water's edge before the 26th of April, 1856. The vessel returned in safety to New York, from Liverpool, the 1st of May. The spirit of Napoleon prophesied that "ere three months had passed, an assassination of a crowned head would astonish and bewilder the magnates of Europe." This prediction was delivered November 29th, 1854. Three months passed away, and no "crowned head" was removed, either by natural death or assassination, and the "magnates of Europe" were happily spared a vast amount of astonishment and bewilderment. The Czar of Russia died a year after that time, and this the Spiritualists had the effrontery to claim as a fulfillment of their prophecy. The spirit of the Savior, or as he was entitled by the Spiritualists, "God's High and Holy Spirit, Jesus Christ, formerly of Nazareth," it was pretended made a communication at Poughkeepsie in 1852. So blasphemous is the title they have thus given to the Savior, that it cannot but shock the feelings of those who are in the least degree imbued with the spirit of genuine Christianity. This, at least, "bears the taint of earth" upon it, and is the effusion of some finite—very finite brain, whose every thought whirls and eddies round the vortex of Unitarianism. Or, perhaps, the contrary of this may be prefer-
able to some: that Unitarianism exists in heaven, and that Spiritualism and Unitarianism are twin sisters, whose mission is the redemption of man. The following is a quotation from the communication of this spirit: "Were it necessary I would confirm the truth of this revelation by miracles, such as raising the dead or healing the sick. But the time has not yet come for these. When the time comes it shall be done, and through the medium first." Spiritualism may now be ranked among the things of the past, and neither that medium nor any other has performed the promised miracles. The "time has not yet come," and never will.

The fulfillment of Spiritualistic prophecies forms the exception, and not the rule. Their argument from prophecy, therefore, has failed, and whether these prophecies are the productions of devils or men, one thing is certain, they are not the oracles of God.

They have been even more unfortunate in their attempts to perform miracles. These have not only been wanting in dignity, but are simply ridiculous, and calculated only to call forth contempt. Behold a company, professedly intelligent, seated around a room, witnessing the extravagant performance of a table, pirouetting and whirling, or moving slowly and solemnly, performing a lively jig, a Highland fling, or a stately minuet. This is a miracle. Perhaps so; but the miracle consists not in the conduct of the table, but in the credulity of the company. Musical performances upon a guitar, in a room from which the lights had been removed, was something very marvellous too, until it was found that something more tangible than spiritual fingers touched the chords. The "Boston Idol," which its authors confidently assured the world would be a stupendous miracle, was a stupendous hoax; and the affair must have created much mortification to the lady and gentlemen concerned in it; at least such would have been the case with any one who retained the slightest feeling of self-respect. Can Spiritualists point to the sick they have cured; to the blind, the lame, the palsy stricken they have healed; to the devils they have cast out; to the dead they have raised to life; to the waters hushed at the words, "peace, be still?" To none of these things can they point us. Their mission is unattested either by prophecy or miracle, or by any other evidence of divine power, and cannot therefore be of divine origin.

But again, Spiritualism is a revival of ancient Heathenism—of the rites and superstitions of ancient Greece and Rome. We have, or profess to have, communications from the world of spirits: so did they. Modern Spiritualism claims a divine origin: such were also the claims of Heath-
enuism. If the evidence in favor of each be compared, Heathenism will be found to have greatly the advantage. The oracles uttered many prophecies which were literally fulfilled. The auguries derived from the flights of birds and other sources were often followed by the events which they pretended inevitably to precede. In our days we have rapping mediums, tipping mediums, writing mediums, speaking mediums, impressional mediums, and seeing mediums. These and more than these did the Greeks and Romans have. The old manifestations were more powerful, more calculated to inspire awe than those of the present day. If they had been as absurd as the performances of Spiritualism, they could not have retained their hold for so long a time upon the people, unenlightened and superstitious as that people were. But the oracles and manifestations of the ancients were inseparably connected with their religion. The fall of the one involved the fall of the other. They have passed away, and no one of the present day is foolish enough to assert that they were of divine origin. But Heathenism has the same and even better proof of a divine origin than Spiritualism. They, therefore, who uphold the divinity of the latter, must uphold the divinity of the former, with all its exposed knavery, debauchery, and licentiousness.

"They claim a divine mission to inaugurate the millennium." It would be contrary to all experience to suppose that God would select as the instruments by which this should be accomplished, persons of depraved moral character, men who scoff at everything holy, who would rob Him of the glory and worship which is his due. But such are many of the leading Apostles of Spiritualism. Persons who have been at different periods disciples of Fourierism, Abby Kellyism, Woman's Rights, and Free Love, and who, as soon as they have ridden one hobby-horse to death, mount another, are not the material out of which great reformers are made. Spiritualism and its advocates cannot, then, have the divine sanction. Give to such men absolute sway, and society would be plunged into the wildest anarchy. If such be the Spiritualistic idea of a millennium, we grant the will is not wanting, even though the power is, of "inaugurating" it.

They claim that in them the prophecy at the end of St. Mark's Gospel is fulfilled. The passage reads as follows:—

"And he said unto them, Go ye into the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned. And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink
any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.” The prophecy clearly relates to those who believe in the Gospel. But the Spiritualists “disown submission to the authority of the Bible;” therefore the prophecy cannot possibly refer to them. Moreover, the works it was predicted would be performed by believers, have not been performed by the Spiritualists. They claim, also, that that which is mentioned in the 19th chapter of Revelation, is being in these days fulfilled, by means of the revelations of Spiritualism. The following is the passage: “And I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. * * * * And the armies which were in heaven followed him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.” The heavens may be opening; but they are a very different kind of heavens from those which St. John describes, and to which he here refers. The heaven of the Spiritualist possesses the combined advantages of the Celestial Spheres of the Egyptians, and the Paradise of the Mohammedans. The heavens which St. John describes are not being opened by the Spiritualists; and the passage cannot, therefore, refer to them.

Spiritualism has not stood the test of time. If it were of divine origin, like God, it would be eternal, or would exist at least until its mission was accomplished. The mission of Spiritualism was to “inaugurate the millenium.” But Spiritualism has passed away, and its mission is not accomplished; consequently it is not of divine origin, and the failure of all other evidence would lead us to the same conclusion.
Editors' Table.

The "Table" seems to be a necessary part of the furniture of every magazine of the present day, however humble or exalted may be its pretensions to literary excellence.

Behind it the Editorial "We" is supposed to be ensconced in solitary grandeur, regarding with self-complacent air humanity in general, and wisely philosophising upon the many strange phases it exhibits to our view. When acting in this capacity, that ubiquitous and mysterious personage is expected to be at all times wise as well as witty, gay and jovial as well as sad or sentimental, and to place before eager and expectant readers a budget of observations upon topics of general interest, items of news, sharp sayings, sensible advice, spicy anecdotes, and an occasional dash of sentiment, all jumbled up in strange confusion.

Could you look in upon our warm and cheerful sanctum, dear reader, this cold and dreary November evening, you would, we think, easily believe us when we tell you that the old rickety table you observe standing in the centre of the room, sadly battered and bruised by the rough experience of its college life, and almost ready to yield beneath the weight of years, would scarcely be able to bear such a literary burden as that we have just mentioned. And should you perchance peep into the "Drawer" which, in some magazines of the present day, as an accompaniment to the Table, is the fruitful source of many witty sayings, you would find it we think filled with many things other than Collegian items.

What with its motley array of every description of paper, letters answered and unanswered, fragments of essays, analysis, and last but not least a goodly number of German (shades of Goethe forbid our saying Dutch!) exercises, there is but very little that could interest the intelligent audience for whose tastes we cater. While then we wish to be understood as being far from assuming any air of superior wit or wisdom, or aspiring on the one hand to a competition with the delicate and genial humour displayed in the pages of a Knickerbocker; or, on the other, with the elaborate essays upon life and manners which characterizes the Table of Harper, still we cannot but express a hope that our Table may not be utterly devoid of interest to th
students of bye-gone days, whose hearts have not yet lost their old affection for our Alma Mater, as well as to those now here who may wish to preserve for future years some memento and record of these the Halyon Days of their existence.

On Saturday, the 13th instant, the top stone of the tower that crowns Ascension Hall was finally laid; thus completing, as far as the exterior portion is concerned, this link in the chain of college buildings, which we expect in future years, to behold extending along Gambier Hill. To dilate upon the architectural beauty and finish of this structure would perhaps take more space than our limits will permit. It is sufficient to say that it presents a truly noble appearance, and reflects great credit upon the skill of its excellent architect, Mr. Tinsley; and if its external appearance is typical of the good it is to accomplish hereafter, the liberal donors who have so generously contributed to its erection will feel well repaid. Its peaks and turrets pointing Heavenward, its exquisite proportion as well as massiveness and solidity of appearance, are but exponents of the qualities of mind to be developed in future generations of students within its walls. While speaking of this we must not forget to mention that the new halls of our two literary societies are to be located in the second and third stories of the new building. The rooms will be very capacious and admirably suited for the noble purpose to which they are to be devoted. They will of course be finished and furnished in the most elegant and artistic manner possible, as no amount of money is to be spared in their adornment. When once completed they will undoubtedly be a source of much pride to all students, and will afford a great contrast to the low damp and gloomy halls in which Kenyonians have for so many years received the principal amount of their literary training.

Although earnest and practical believers in the progressive tendencies of Young America, and much opposed to that cynical, fault-finding spirit which is for ever harping upon the degeneracy of the age, and prone to look back with sighs of useless regret to the days of the past, we cannot but think that in one respect at least, the present generation of students have been for the last year or two somewhat degenerating. We remember when we first came here, poor, bewildered, verdant sub-freshmen, how the appearance of some score of students upon the College campus, engaged in those time-honored and exciting games of wicket, football, &c., inspired us with the idea that college life consisted of something beside mere poring over books; and the promise in the future of many an hour’s toughening, strengthening, glorious sport in these good old games, made us much more reconciled with the idea of spending four years in these academic walls, to which we confess we had looked forward with no small degree of repugnance. Now, however, such scenes very seldom meet our view even upon the most pleasant days we have, and where we used to see active and vigorous men with glowing healthy features and strong, well-knit frames, we are now too apt to meet with sickly looking students, whose pale and sunken features, and slim, weak bodies, tell us that they need more frequent and vigorous exercise in the pure bracing air of Heaven to strengthen their muscles and
send the blood once more tingling to their cheeks. That this condition of things is in too great a measure brought about by the neglect into which these ancient customs have fallen, no one can doubt. Can we not have a change, fellow students, when the warm sun and melting rains of spring and summer shall again have removed the snowy covering which old winter seems at present to be placing upon Mother Earth. Remember the old adage "Sana mens in sano Corpore."

While upon this subject we are reminded that during these long winter nights we are necessarily precluded, in a great measure from out-door sports, and consequently are obliged to engage in sedentary amusements, when our overtasked brains and wearied bodies demand rest, and the springs of our mind need invigorating. The selection then of the proper means for this purpose of recreation becomes an important matter. The recent brilliant success of our countryman, Paul Morphy, in his contests with the great Chess players of Europe, has given a wonderful impulse to the interest manifested in that truly noble game throughout our whole country, and we think that this source of amusement might be cultivated with great profit among us, when longing, as we often do, for something to shake off the lassitude and weariness which we feel creeping over our spirits. Many eminent men have been accustomed to resort to this game, as a source of intellectual improvement, and it is pronounced by competent authority to be one of the best modes of disciplining and enlarging the capacities of the mind we have. To play a game of chess, successfully and well, requires a vigorous exercise of our powers of memory, perception, judgment, and caution, and every time we play a game with care, these qualities are necessarily brought into action and improved. How much better then would it be to employ a mode of passing away leisure time which unites in so eminent a degree the useful and agreeable, than to resort to other sources trifling in their nature and pernicious perhaps in their tendency. Care, however, must of course be taken that its fascinations do not prevent us from attending to the more serious business for which we come here. A good student will always attend to business before pleasure.

We believe that the improvements which have been made during the last year in the College Park have not been before noticed in our columns. It may perhaps not be known to those who have not been among us of late, that at the suggestion of our honored President during last session, nearly every student in the institution purchased and caused to be set out as his own individual property some variety of an ornamental tree. Thus in future years perhaps we can return to the loved groves of our Alma Mater, and as we gather the younger generation around us, we can recline under our own vine and fig tree and recount to them the tales of bye-gone days, and live over again the scenes of our college life.

When these, at present, comparatively tender saplings which are now scattered around in so many different parts of the campus, shall have become large, and strong, and vigorous, they will add greatly to the already by no means poor appearance of our park. We were the more forcibly reminded of this a few days since, as coming down the path, we noticed that almost the only spot of verdure which the frosty hand of Winter, who has been so
busily engaged around here of late, had left for the eye to rest upon was some evergreens. We observed, at the same time, that some ruthless destroyer, (in the shape of some of the cows perhaps, which are always so prominent a feature in the scenery around college,) had leveled two or three to the earth, Whereupon we were proceeding to moralize upon the uncertainty of life, the sad fact that many of the young and vigorous who are looking forward with growing hopes to a bright and joyous future are doomed thus to suffer an early and untimely death, and sundry reflections of such a nature, when the startling vision of a lesson yet to be learned, brought us back to the regions of sober reality.

We cannot but congratulate ourselves, and we are sure it will be a no less source of gratification to our readers, upon the greatly improved typographical and general appearance of our magazine since it has passed into the hands of its new publishers. In regard to the matter it does not, of course, become us to speak. The flattering remarks, however, of some, in whose judgment we place great confidence, lead us to hope that our first appearance in the editorial capacity has not been entirely unacceptable, and give us encouragement to proceed in the future, and our poor efforts will not be entirely without their reward, shall obtain the assistance and kind wishes of those for whom alone we are laboring.

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that the interesting memoir of Bishop Chase, which has been unavoidably omitted in the last two numbers, will be again commenced in our next.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following Exchanges, viz: The Kentucky Military Institute Magazine and Denisonian for October, and the North Carolina Magazine and Ichnolite for November.