No one will doubt, from our heading, as to the character of subject to which they are about to be introduced. The term is of modern origin, but some elements of that to which it is applied are coeval with the foundation of society,—the faintest light of antiquity bears their image.

We, however, only propose to glance at some of the distinguishing features of this class of humanity as exhibited in our own country, at the present day.

It is often called the aristocracy; at least, the members of this charmed circle seem disposed to court that appellation. Yet, in most points, this name is inapplicable to any class in our country. There is a certain stability and dignity connected with the aristocracy of empires, which, by the contrast, throws the aspirants to that sphere, in a republic, in a ridiculous light. If the animal could disguise its voice and
hoofs, as completely as it does its covering, it might oftener escape detection.

The Upper-Tendom is elevated on a platform with a very poor foundation. There is very little appearance of unity in it; and, like the platforms of our political parties, the planks are continually shifting and giving away, elevating some to-day who were yesterday humble walkers on the ground, and leaving others, who were just rejoicing in prosperity, miserable scrabblers in the dirt,—holding forth prosperity for all, and giving security to none.

The "Upper-Tendom" has become the appellation of this class, and has its peculiar signification, which all who understand the character of our society fully appreciate.

Its birth was from those old families which, before our Revolution, were the aristocracies of the British Colonies, and from those who bore a conspicuous part in our struggle for Independence. But as neither the wealth nor dignity of these families were incorporated into state institutions, they were necessarily subject to the caprices of individual fortunes.

Thus left without state support, all that there was of a real aristocracy—which, in truth, had not gained a very strong hold in the Colonies—crumbled to pieces; or, rather, to save appearances, took the lead in forming out of such of the relicts of nobility as might not be disagreeable to republican eyes, what might be called the highest grade of society.

This was the birth of Upper-Tendom. This is the institution which has aped royalty until royalty is outdone. It has thus made itself ridiculous, and as for its spirit of true chivalry, that departed with the substance of power.

This institution extends throughout our land; every town and village has its grades of society, and is, indeed, a miniature metropolis. The dividing line is, however, more or less easily distinguished, according to surrounding circumstances.

However anomalous it may appear, the Upper-Tendom class wields a power which seems strong in proportion to
the instability of its foundation. The secret of this influence exists in the weakness of men for all that bears a semblance to power and splendor. Everywhere we see the same ceaseless strife to gain a place in these favored ranks. Now, if this class was worthy of such efforts, we should not complain. If a place in that circle was only the reward of true merit, instead of monied success, it would be worthy of encouragement. But that there is little in it worthy of the aspirations of a true man, we shall endeavor to show.

We, of course, speak with reference to advantages above the middling class of society. We are not connected with the leveller association, nor have we any sympathy with those who are. We believe that grades in society are necessary and proper. We believe such distinctions are in accordance with nature: that they will always exist in this life, and will most probably be found in the life to come. We, however, do believe that the highest grade of society ought to be founded upon principles to which the present Upper-Tendom order is a comparative stranger.

There is no mistake but that when we talk of religion, we confine our view too much to the lower classes, and imagine that as soon as the light of knowledge finds its way to all mankind, there will be but one step to the millennium. If we would oftener look in the opposite direction, we would find before us equally discouraging prospects for the true Christian. The evils which knowledge often clothes in enticing drapery are, in themselves, more intensely wicked than ignorance is capable of conceiving.

We are well aware that there is much to commend as well as to condemn, in the character of the Upper-Tendom, but the commendable part is so often paraded before our eyes that there is less need of bringing it out here than the opposite qualities, which are less public.

We will first notice the principal element in the foundation of the Upper-Tendom, which is undoubtedly wealth.

The display which custom has made one of the necessaries of this class, and which, indeed, seems to be one of its great objects, makes wealth a requisite to those who belong.
It may be said that there are members of this association who are not wealthy. We answer, how very few; and what are these taken in or retained for, unless it be for the sake of their established reputation? For this class is not so blind to its own interests as not to perceive the advantages of possessing elements of real and distinguished worth. There are too many of those who inherit such a position, and retain something of it, or like it, with very limited means; but these are usually helped, by friendly hands, to the very verge of the jumping-off-place, and then tumbled down; they catch at every projecting point, and stick as long as they can, giving a farcical exhibition of the last act in the drama of human pride. Many of our men of wealth are worthy to hold the highest place in any society in the world. But how very many are unworthy of particular respect. It is the presence of these last which shows what influences are strongest amongUpper-Tendoms.

Possibly, in many instances, it will be demanded that in addition to wealth there must be some degree of manners. But a long purse strikes the difference with a short or awkward bow, where the interested are concerned.

It will also help a man forward in the line, if he contributes a nice little sum to a church or other institution of public character. It is good for the general reputation to show a benevolent disposition. It is of very little consequence whether the person is an oppressor of those who are his servants or in any way subjects of his power; or whether he is kind to all, a reliever of poverty and distress within his means and influence. These must be private offices, hidden from the eyes of men. They are too troublesome to be allowed to intrude upon the attention of calm and collected Upper-Tendoms.

The fact that the poor and afflicted seldom seek kindness from those within this circle, proves that true benevolence is generally a stranger here. As the proud and rich dash gallantly by, the poor may imagine they hear reflections made with similar evidences of charitable feeling as is given in the first four verses of the "Pauper's Drive," by Mr.
Thomas Noel. If, perchance, they should sometimes perceive a sympathising eye turned upon them, they may even think that there are some who bear in their hearts a regard for unfortunate humanity; such as is expressed in the last of these terribly humorous verses,—

"There's a grim one-horse hearse, in a jolly round trot;
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings:—
'Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.'

"Oh, where are the mourners? alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man—
To the grave with his carcass, as fast as you can!
'Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.'

"What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip, how it cracks, and the wheels, how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurl'd—
The pauper, at length, makes a noise in the world!
'Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.'

"Poor pauper defunct! he has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretch'd in a coach;
He's taking a drive in his carriage, at last,
But it will not be long, if he goes on so fast.
'Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.'

"But a truce to this strain, for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad.
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend.
Bear softly his bones over the stones,
Tho' a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns.'"

We would not say that this is the general spirit of the Upper-Tendoms, yet we do say that such is its character to a certain extent, and that such is the disposition which wealth tends to cultivate,—that the favor awarded to wealth, however ill-gotten the gains, among this class, encourages men in using every means to attain the end.
If we now enter in among the members of this association and enquire how affairs are here conducted, we may the sooner discover the true character and tendency of Upper-Tendomism.

Upper-Tendom believes in church going, as a usual thing—as at least the lady portion. Upper-Tendom churches are quite numerous, and have often for their pastors Upper-Tendom preachers. Now it is very proper for all to attend church, and engage in divine service, but do we see the poor within these elegant seats, and among this brilliant throng? You see in the grandest Cathedrals of the Old World, the prince and the peasant kneeling side by side in the worship of God. Before God, all should feel that they have nothing in themselves about which they can feel the least exalted. But in the fine churches of our own land, the pauper is seldom seen to come; there is about them a chilly atmosphere to him, which seems to warn him that he will be an unwelcome worshipper. He must seek some other place, where men will condescend to allow that God may hear his humble prayers.

The minister, too, could not think of interrupting his enjoyment of society and ease by enquiring into the interest of immortal souls which, by acting so unmannerly as to be perishing in rags and dirt, might shock his delicate tastes. He, however, has a delicate regard for the tender consciences of his parishioners. He sometimes throws out distant allusions with regard to their sins and Christian duties, clothing them in language which he thinks will be admired, and which he trusts may do good without exciting any disagreeable fears. No doubt, the calculations, under these circumstances, are, that they will kind of unconsciously be saved, because they kind of unconsciously trusted in a slight degree of attendance to Christian requirements, to secure their safety. Whether the Lord's mercy is to overthrow his established law, remains for the future to disclose. We do not feel warranted in saying that while his mercy is infinite, his justice may be finite.

There is much about Upper-Tendom homes which, at the
distance of a degree, in society, seems very attractive. It is not to be denied that it is a desirable thing to have one’s wants supplied, to have it also in one’s power to flatter the taste. Here is something which always appeals to man with sufficient success, independent of argument, deductive or inductive. But men seldom confine themselves to these simple wants. Many of their friends like a little of the exhilarating fluid, and the head of the house must be social, which makes a sideboard very convenient. A little wine, too, at table, is very nice. If the children only take a little there can be no danger. Moderation, not abstinence, is the true temperance. The temperance outcry is beneath the dignity of Upper-Tendoms. But often the youngsters are found exceeding the proposed limit, and, perhaps, at social gatherings, are led on by the exciting occasion to imbibe too much. But then, family influence palliates the wrong, it is laughed at and forgotten. The young man is a little high-spirited, he has many attractive qualities, and will, when he sows his wild oats, settle down a steady, respectable man. He has property, and is a good match for any young lady. It is little known where he spends his time. His evenings are usually a blank to all but himself. Yet this concerns no one, a veil must be drawn over all uncertainties. What the eye can see is sufficient. Ah, fair one, be not too blind to the future. Did you know what pollution sat on those lips which speak so sweetly, you would wonder that they do not at once crumble to dust.

That these are not mere suspicions of our young men in high life, is but too well known to all familiar with the world. Nor do we need any more positive evidence of the truth of this statement than the sad exhibition of the ruined happiness of thousands of young families, who belong to this sphere, every year, from the corrupted habits of those who have so unworthily taken upon themselves the support and protection of the weak and innocent. It is also presumed that the saying, “Ye are known by your fruits,” applies to Upper-Tendom, as well as any other class of humanity.
It may be asked, what kind of a higher class in society would you wish? We answer, a class in which, while the members were more closely attached to each other, because they assimilate to each other in cultivation and feeling, which makes them have, necessarily, for their equals, a stronger sympathy; yet a class which entertains and cultivates a feeling of benevolence as broad as the earth;—which can appreciate and sympathize with human creatures in every condition, extending its tender compassion to the lowest of its fellows, remembering that every man is the bearer of a precious soul, and though circumstances have placed them too far apart to sympathize with all the earnestness of close companionship, yet, with a spirit of true, warm-hearted benevolence. We have little faith in the heart destitute of such regard, and we suspect it of being constantly in market, with a standing price in dollars and cents.

It will, of course, be objected that persons who move in the higher circle can support the idea of meeting, on any kind of footing, those whose manners and minds are coarse. In the first place, any person thus situated, if actuated by the right kind of spirit, would not hesitate to procure means of communication, through those who stand between, and are, to some degree, associated with both classes.

But we deny that the right view is thus taken. There is a mistake involved in the very outset. First, By making the ground upon which the two meet, both general and absolute. Instead of its being general, it is particular, it is with reference to the sympathy of heart to heart, in which the inequality is very far from being between the grades in society, and not with reference to friendship. It is absolute, for it is not the yielding of the superior to the inferior. It is only the yielding of the spirit to the noblest impulses. It is, indeed, the schooling of those elements which form, when properly cultivated, the most really attractive part of any person's character.

Secondly, It is a mistake, for the reason before-mentioned, that the cultivation of the head and heart are not always, or even generally, carried on together, or correspondingly
great; that here the inequality is not to be tested by degrees of rank. Indeed, our experience has proved to us that the atmosphere of these upper regions is cold, and chills and contracts the soul. Here the excuse is worse than a mere fallacy.

It is the cultivation of the heart which alone can make the true gentleman or lady, in every sphere of life. Gentlemen and ladies, who are such under every circumstance, and in every position in which they may be thrown among their fellow men, will always evince the same feelings of true courtesy.

It will, no doubt, be a long time before this order of things will rule in any country, and it is difficult to imagine how it will ever be brought about. There is evidently but one way to accomplish the work, if it is ever done; and that is by an active Christianity. Ministers and laymen must all together take the field and put their shoulders to the wheel, and with one mighty effort lift public opinion out of the mire in which it is so deeply buried.

Christianity has now gained a foothold where it can stand in defiance of the unchristian world, and where, indeed, the world fears openly to attack it. But are its disciples active in carrying out the work which has been begun, and which the great Commander, in whose cause they have enlisted, has ordered most imperatively? Far from it. Now that their defences are comparatively strong, they seem to imagine there is a truce with the rest of the world. And ministers and all follow, without hesitation, where the worldly may lead. They, as near as possible, conform their own doctrines to those of their opponents, instead of meeting them with direct opposition, where a principle is asked to be abandoned, or a foot of ground to be given up.

For instance, men of the world see no harm in a social game of whist, in tending the dance, or the theater. The Christian looks with a favorable eye on all innocent pleasures, and these, to the casual observer, present no alarming features. They are acquiesced in, and the minister, for the sake of keeping on good terms with his people, or because
morally deficient, gives his confirmation as to the propriety of the proceedings, though, perhaps, discreet enough to avoid an active participation.

The great step in counteracting this spirit of Upper-Tendomism, and moulding it into a really high class, will take place when, as we before stated, the whole of the church, and especially the elegant christians, with their Upper-Tendom ministers, take a good strong hold of the work.

The minister will not be the true man until he has become acquainted with the poor and unfortunate within his reach, and shows his love for mankind by endeavoring to lead the erring and afflicted to truth and comfort.

How many ministers feel this, but from the settled rules of Upper-Tendomism, which they have not the courage to break over, neglect the inward monitor. The laymen, too, are often much to blame, from the many difficulties they—from a want of appreciating their duties—throw in the way of the minister. The laymen, if they have any idea of their duty to God, to say nothing of the regard they ought to have for their fellows, should feel that they are God’s servants, and accountable for what they do and for what they leave undone. They deal with many men whom the minister has no means of reaching, and should always be awake to the interests of every soul. There are, too, those around them and in their employ, for whom a kind word may do wonders. It may touch the spring to a slumbering mind that will awaken it to efforts it had not, in its sleep, dreamed of. It may even awaken a slumbering soul to a sense of its danger.

When this spirit of benevolence shall pervade the highest class of society,—when its heart shall beat in sympathy with the great heart of humanity,—when truth shall be its motto,—then American aristocracy will be worthy of a noble name, and will be marching in the glorious path which all should be proud to follow.
Ours is an age which, for literary and educational advantages, is superior to all which have preceded it. Schools and Literary Institutions are scattered all over the land, opening wide their doors to all who may desire to leave the paths of ignorance for those of knowledge. Books, upon almost every imaginable subject, come forth from the Press with tremendous rapidity, and, to use a homely expression, "as cheap as dirt." We are not disposed to quarrel with this state of things, but we cannot help seeing that there may be disadvantages connected with this glut, as it were, of intellectual aliment, which may turn our thoughts, with a kind of regretful sadness, to the times when knowledge was not of so easy access, and when, perhaps, only a few stood as intellectual lights to those who, from necessity, were obliged to remain in darkness.

The evils which we have in mind, and to which we are about to refer, do not necessarily result as effect from cause, from the superabundance of educational privileges, but are only attendant upon them. Just as disease and weakness of body are, not necessarily, but too apt to be concomitants of prosperity and luxuriousness of living: so can weakness of intellect and mental imbecility, more generally than what we are disposed to believe and grant, be found resulting from a satiety of literary advantages. Perhaps the grand source of these evils is to be found in the prevalent notion, that whatever is in print is fit to be read; that matter would never be published unless it were adapted to improve those who should give it a perusal. This mistake, too, is not unfrequently followed by another, equally absurd, viz.: that in proportion to the size of the book so must its value be; so that in nine cases out of ten the most voluminous work on any given subject is very generally, but erroneously, supposed to be the best on that subject. Such are frequently chosen in our educational establishments, as suitable works from which to make the first impressions on the youthful
mind. Whole volumes are taken up with matter which, with much more probability of producing the desired effect, could have been condensed into a few pages. How many times, in such books have we read page after page of argument to show the distinction between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, or some other terms of kindred importance; and after wading patiently through all, to the last paragraph, have been coolly told by the author that a decision of the question, either way, was of no importance; or, that it must be left to the good sense and judgment of the reader. Of such a nature are a great many of the modern wire-drawn scholastic works. Now it may be well enough to know when $w$ and $y$ are vowels, and when they are consonants, but we cannot help thinking that educational works, which enter with such milk-and-water minuteness into such small absurdities, are productive of more harm than good; and we unhesitatingly say, that time spent in such study is mis-employed; and that of two men, one of whom shall have been brought up on such intellectual food, and the other not, we have no doubt, *ceteris paribus* that the one whose mind has not been confused with such infinite minuteness of detail, will accomplish his work more rapidly, and in a better manner than the other.

Another very prominent evil arising from the immense supply of books and publications, is from the general permission which is given to the mind of feeding upon that which happens to be most conveniently laid hold upon, or which happens to be the cheapest. Neither is this selection altogether a matter of taste. The times in which we live, to a great extent, demand that we should use a considerable portion of our time in making ourselves acquainted with the events of the passing moment, and in this way we necessarily read a great deal which never was intended to be remembered, and still more which is not worth remembering. Newspaper matter, pamphlets, and publications of small calibre, furnish us with the greatest share of our mental food; and the works of the best and great authors are
The mind grows by what it feeds on; and too often are frittered away those powers which, if directed to standard ancient or modern literature, would have increased the intellectual vigor and improved the taste and judgment of their possessor. How many thousands there are, who, with Addison, Shakspeare, and Byron in their libraries, unread, prefer the war, political strife, and miserable doggerel of the daily newspaper. We admire the wisdom of one of our celebrated men, who, in answer to the question of his son as to what poetry he should read, advised him to read the best first, and to descend from that to the worst, and always to consider his time misspent while reading a second-rate author, so long as he had others of acknowledged superiority on his shelves unread. So long, then, as book writing and publishing are money-making employments, we ought not to suppose that everything which passes through the hands of the printer is therefore fit to be read. On the contrary, we should be fully alive to the great fact that it is possible to spend an immense amount of valuable time in reading works of only medium power, which take just as long to read as those of acknowledged excellence. While our lives are so short—at the longest, too short to read one quarter of the matter which steams from the press,—we ought to exercise great wisdom in our selection.

To this superabundance of common literature may be attributed, to a great extent, the fact that so few individuals stand forth superior to the common herd of mankind. Men of the present day, instead of learning little, and knowing that little well, aim at the reverse, viz.: knowing a little of everything. Had this been so in the time of Demosthenes, and had he been imbued with such a spirit, he would never have been known as the model orator. As it was, however, his whole attention was devoted to the attainment of the grand object of his ambition. He left philosophy to those who wished to become philosophers; turned his back upon all the "pomp and circumstance of war," and gave himself up to acquiring such a perfect knowledge of the noble art of
eloquence, as that, by its irresistible power, he might see Athenian people move en masse, as he should determine. In this he was successful. It was the work of a lifetime, but it was work enough for a lifetime. This concentration of the powers of the mind to one grand purpose, to the exclusion of all others, has been the cause of the success of most of those whose names have been handed down to us as immortal; and we cannot fail to observe their reflex influence on the people of their times. Who, as he looks at the meagre advantages, compared with our own, under which the Athenians lived, is not astonished at their refinement? An able writer has said, that "there is every reason to believe that, in general intelligence, the Athenian populace far surpassed the lower orders of any community that has ever existed." But how was this intelligence obtained? From an immense and multifarious publication of Grecian literature? No, on the contrary, it can be accounted for, partly, from the very scarcity of reading matter. Books were few in number, but they were of the best kind, and eminently calculated to elevate the mind, and to give polish to their manners. These gave tone to the Athenians, to a certain degree, but the principal part of their education was acquired independently of books. The magnificent works of art which they passed in their daily walks, the soul-stirring eloquence of their inimitable orators, and the frequent opportunities of attending scenic performances, which have never been surpassed, all combined, not, perhaps, to develop the reflective faculties, but to give that refinement of taste, versatility of genius, and acute perception of the beautiful, for which they were so remarkable. Whether from books, public teachers, or art, their education was derived from the best models, and the best only, mediocrity not being tolerated.

The last evil which we shall mention, and which we believe partly to result from an over supply of common reading matter, is, that the reflective faculties of the mind are not allowed to have that free play for which they were evidently bestowed. The practical tendency of the age is, in
itself, decidedly antagonistic to deep thought and calm reflection. Particularly is this so in our own country, which is, as yet, in a state of formation. Cities have to be built, forests leveled, prairies cultivated, a foreign population to be educated; all which, directly or indirectly, have their influence in restraining the healthy development of those nobler powers of the intellect, which alone can present mankind with new truths, and without the exercise of which we should be, with regard to philosophy, art, and other instrumentalities of an onward civilization, in a stand-still condition. Too much reading matter has the same tendency. If the work which we read be of the first class, it cannot be digested without reflection. If it be a work which demands no reflection, we may safely conclude that the perusal of it will be, to us, of very questionable advantage. If all our literature consisted only of first class works, from its very scarcity, we should have no inducements to lay down a book till we had mastered it; but inasmuch as such myriads of publications press their claims upon us, in our anxiety to do justice to each, we read a great deal, read fast, badly, and without reflection.

In close connection with this subject of reflection, stands the art of being quiet. An art not so readily acquired as any one would suppose, and the advantages of which are only realized by those who practice it. Not only do we read too much, but we also talk too much; which would not be the case did we fully appreciate the benefits to be derived from an occasional state of perfect quietude. The utility of quiet to the student, or the man who aims at self-improvement, is unquestionable. Every one seems to agree that to such it is indispensable, that it is to the mind what fresh air is to the body. Notwithstanding this acknowledgment, however, the majority of us use the one just as we do the other—that is, as little as possible. How natural it is for us to give free utterance to our sentiments without the least restraint; to talk foolishly when we ought to set a watch over the door of our lips. "Write nothing when you have nothing to write about," is an injunction which is
by no means unnecessary. Say nothing when you have nothing to say, is another just as important. Even when we have something to say, it is not always well to say it. A person who is willing to listen to others, and to restrain the utterance of his own thoughts till he has matured them in his mind, will improve more rapidly than he who gives vent to half-thoughts. The reputation which a man acquires by his over-talking is worth little. Another of inferior calibre, in other respects, who is able to keep himself in perfect subjection, will have far more power and influence.

But good as the power of controlling the tongue may be, the profit to be gained is small in comparison with that which comes from an habitual retirement within ourselves; when, without hindrance, we are enabled to contemplate what we are, the great object of our existence, and our future destiny. In childhood, no such time for thought is needed; then our existence goes on unconsciously. But as soon as the mind begins to develope, and is able to comprehend the nature of life, then does an abstraction from the activities of the outer world assume its real value. The man, like the child, cannot be unconscious of his own existence and destiny; it is, therefore, good for him to cultivate a habit of quiet and repose, so that, possessing his soul in peace, he may be able to prepare himself for the busy scenes which await him outside.

To no class of men is quiet of more importance than to the student, whose future usefulness and success depends on the productions of the mind. His work can always be done best when alone. In such a state his mind works more freely, and if there be any invisible powers which operate on the mind, he is then in a proper condition to receive their impressions. Shakspeare's lofty flights of imagination did not come except in the hours of solitude; neither was Paradise Lost produced without long hours of confinement. Quiet, then, fosters a self-possession of soul which is unattainable in any other way,—gives coolness to the judgment, habituates its possessor to clear thoughts, sound words, and
deliberate action,—gives him self-knowledge, self-respect, and enables him to combat with the stern realities of life bravely and successfully.

RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D. D.

Continued from Page 224.

A fifth son, and his youngest child, was born to the Bishop during his absence in England. His first act, after his return, was to take the mother and infant boy to Hartford, Connecticut, and have him baptized with the name of Philander,—a name dear to him in Christ Church, of that city,—by the Right Rev. Bishop Brownell, of Connecticut. For this Prelate Bishop Chase ever entertained the deepest veneration. After a short but delightful visit with his old and ever-beloved friends of Hartford, he hastened to Kingston, to return to his Western, and then distant and well-nigh isolated and inaccessible Diocese. A weary journey of nearly 1,000 miles of inland travel, with his own carriage and horses,—the Alleghanies intervening,—lay between him and his Ohio home; but he knew the road, and had now the experience of the pioneer of the wilderness. He had learned to think lightly of such hardships.

After a month's travel, he and his family reached Worthington in safety. To put to shame and silence the less honorable and more malicious of his high church opponents in England, he had executed a deed of all his estate near Worthington, for the use of the proposed Theological Seminary, which could be released only by a gift of equal value of land, with a more eligible site, by the Convention of Ohio, or by one or more private benefactors; and in the deed the Honorable Henry Clay was constituted umpire to decide—when the gift would be made—as to the comparative value and eligi-
bility of each. We find the following letter from him to Mr. Clay, in reference to this matter, written on his return to Worthington:

October 14, 1824.

Very dear Sir:—

I have delayed, I fear, far beyond the proper period, forwarding to you the enclosed letter, from Lord Gambier. My apology is the very sincere wish I have indulged of a personal interview, on the subject of which I presumed the letter treated, namely, his Lordship’s very great regard for you, and the essential service of which your letter to his Lordship proved to me.

I wished, also, to see you, perhaps, at the United States Court, in Columbus, that I might assign the reasons, and obtain your pardon for using your name as the umpire in a certain deed of donation of my estate, where I now am, to the contemplated Theological Seminary for the education of young men for the Christian ministry. As it is, I can only send you a copy of that instrument, and, to it, beg your favorable attention.

The meeting of our Convention takes place in Chillicothe, on the 3rd of November next. I need not say how much pleasure the seeing of you there would afford to

Your faithful and sincere friend and servant,

P. Chase.

To await the Bishop’s arrival from England, the Convention of the Diocese had been postponed to assemble at his call. As soon as might be, after his return, he issued a call for the Convention to assemble, and it met in Chillicothe, in the succeeding November. A full Convention assembled to hear the glad tidings from England, and to congratulate the Bishop on his prosperous journey and great success. The Bishop’s official expression of gratitude to the brethren of the Church of England, for their kindness and beneficence, was cordially responded to by the Convention, the Bishop’s mission unanimously approved, a constitution for the proposed Seminary adopted, and a committee appointed to procure for it an act of incorporation.

The Bishop, in his address, adverts in the following happy manner to England, and his reception there:

With this simple and undisguised dependence on God was the mission to Old England undertaken, and most signally has our trust in Him been crowned with success. That great and generous people, from whom the most of us derive our origin, and who are spreading the Gospel throughout the
also Ohio."

The propositions of the Trustees have been investigated with care, the objections urged against you, and finally determined in your favor, and munificently contributed to your relief.

My powers are not equal to an enumeration of all the instances of kindness which were showered upon me; far less is it within the reach of my abilities to give a full estimate of that fellowship which, in the bonds of a common church, accompanied the rich gifts to our infant western Zion. Very pleasant, however, is the recollection thereof; their memory is embalmed in my heart; and it is a delight, more than a duty, thus officially to acknowledge them.

Never was benevolence more disinterested; never was Christian zeal more active. Delicacy, as well as generosity, was the characteristic of our benefactors. The task of solicitation being assumed by the most respectable characters, the rich feasts of intellectual intercourse and Christian courtesies were everywhere spread before me. I deny to myself the pleasure of pronouncing, and to you that of hearing, the names of our benefactors, in this address; because I cannot, without offending their delicacy, speak of them as my heart prompts and they deserve.

Small as even a full Convention of the Diocese of Ohio was at that time, few conventional bodies of any kind could have furnished so large a proportion of able men. The committee in relation to the Seminary consisted of Col. John Johnston, Charles Hammond, and W. K. Bond, Esqs. The Constitution of the Seminary is a lasting monument of the great ability of this committee, and bears the impress of the keen and vigorous pen of Charles Hammond. Than he, Ohio has never had an abler man, nor a warmer friend of the Protestant Episcopal Church; but he has long since been numbered with Ohio’s distinguished and honored dead. The other two members still survive, justly venerated for their wisdom and virtues, and to witness the happy growth of their beloved Church in Ohio, and the large success which has crowned the Theological Seminary and Kenyon College.

The Convention also ‘appointed a committee to receive propositions for fixing the seat of the Seminary,’ and elected the first Board of Trustees ‘for the Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio.’ The Bishop, in his far-reaching practical wisdom, also brought before this Convention the subject of a period-
ical publication, to promote the interests of the Seminary and the Church, and the proposition was cordially responded to by the Convention.

But while the Bishop's attention was necessarily very much taken up with the proposed Seminary and College, he was far from forgetting or neglecting the more immediate parochial interests of the Diocese, and the duty of visiting and confirming the churches. Since the last Convention, he had visited the church in the south-western, and in the north-eastern and eastern parts of the Diocese, ordained two deacons and two presbyters, and confirmed eighty-six. Too short a time had intervened between his return from England and the meeting of the Convention, to permit of his making a visitation in the mean while, but he had the high gratification of reporting "the organization of a large and interesting Parish, in the previous January, at Piqua, Miami County," and that several of the parishes had entered upon the good work of providing themselves with church edifices.

The opposition which he had encountered on his first arrival in England, and that a gracious Providence had enabled him to overcome, and which, through the intervention of mutual friends, had been withdrawn, was unaccountably revived after his departure for America! Among several letters communicating this painful and unexpected piece of news, there is one from Lord Kenyon, which will, doubtless, be a high gratification to our readers, as an evidence of his Lordship's deep and tender personal friendship for the Bishop, of deep and continued zeal for the Seminary, of his deep and habitual devotional feeling, and of the light in which a high-minded man looked at the renewal of the attack upon Bishop Chase. We, therefore, publish it with no ordinary pleasure:

Hot Lake, August 9, 1824.

My Very Dear Bishop:—

If I were to follow the disposition of my mind, no week would pass without my writing to you. Most cordially do we all trust you are proceeding well on your voyage of devotion, and that it may please God to bless all your undertakings, for I am persuaded all will be directed to
His glory, and to the edification and unity of Christ's Church. My good aunt is still with us, and has expressed her wish to good Mrs. Marriott to be on her list for the printing press. You have heard that the Bishop of Bangor has given his name, in reply to my application, very handsomely regretting that demands on him for his cathedral, his family, &c., would not allow him to feel justified in giving more than twenty-five pounds; and that our two Archbishops have given their names, though only for twenty-five pounds each.

* * * * The Warden and Fellows of New College, Oxford, have given twenty-six pounds, five shillings, in addition to what the Warden had given before. And I rejoice to find that my Alma Mater,—Oxford,—has more than doubled her pious offerings; as they amounted, when I last heard, to four hundred and thirty-six pounds, instead of one hundred and eighty-five pounds. The Welshman, (his Lordship's son) of Christ Church, five pounds should be added.

My good friend, Bishop Law, now of Bath and Wells, continues ardent in the good cause, and I trust will be the means of obtaining further aid and sanction toward it. I still anticipate Lord Liverpool's name will be added, as Lord Bexley has applied, and has promised to apply again to him.

From our dear friend W. I heard yesterday. I sent him word of the gratification I had experienced on the preceding Sunday in attending to the altar my four eldest precious children, and that I should rejoice to hear that he had attended his excellent wife and children thither. In reply, he said—"I cannot contemplate a more interesting sight than that of a father taking his dear offspring to the altar to receive the holy Sacrament, and I hope I shall be able, ere long, to tell you that I also have done my duty. This holy ordinance has not been administered at our church since you was here. Perhaps I am too scrupulous in doubting my fitness for receiving such comforts; but the good example of your Lordship ought not to be forgotten, and I assure you the subject has had my most serious consideration. Your kindness, on all occasions, entitles you to my warmest thanks."

There is just come forth a paper of sixteen pages, pretending to be a reply to the letter addressed to me, called Remarks. It is attributed to——and I think gives internal proof of being his. Our friend, G. W. Marriott, is as angry at it, I think, as I am, and more so he can't well be. It is dated the 30th of July; but I understand that, though he did not communicate his return till the 16th or 17th, he had been actually returned a fortnight before to England.

After the peace established between you, in the publication put forth with his concurrence, as expressly declared, in April last, to see in these Remarks personal attacks made against you, strikes my mind with horror. I love you and your cause, because I consider you and it to be founded in Christian charity and truth, and there is not one word in the Remarks which shakes my assurance. There is much of art, I think, in the composition.

* * * * There seem to be insinuations so glaring that the disclaimer of such intention is even worse than the positive charge would be. Still, I am persuaded that peace will continue to be your object. I have, all along, considered you to be persecuted for righteousness sake, and I doubt not that great will be your reward. On two points I rest, as containing the
merits of the case. Your clergy must be "sons of the soil," because none other will thrive there; and the American Bench of Bishops must have due assurance, which you have volunteered to give them, that the instruction given in your Seminary will be sound in principle, and satisfactory in extent as to learning. They, however, who require great things in the latter respect, are the more to blame in proportion to the impediments they interpose to prevent your having the power of making them such.

I have had the satisfaction, within the last week, of making my subscription one hundred pounds, from fifty pounds, and shall be ready and desirous, according to my power, and other pressing demands on me, to do as much more as I can for a cause in which my own heart, and those of my precious children, are deeply engaged. So is that of my excellent aunt, who returns to Peel Hall to-morrow, having kindly been here for a fortnight. She and all my precious children unite in respectful and affectionate remembrance, and believe me, my very dear Bishop, your own faithful, grateful and affectionate friend,

KENYON.

P. S.—I had, yesterday, a letter from good Bishop Jolly, who sincerely wishes you well. To-day has brought kind expressions from Bishop Skinner, and twenty pounds from Earl Harrowby.

There was no nobleman in England more highly esteemed than Lord Kenyon, and this letter gratefully evidences the high and holy motives with which he used his extensive and commanding influence to aid Bishop Chase, his deep personal devotion to the Bishop, and the light in which he viewed the persecuting bigotry and intolerance of High-Church-ism. Never did any American Bishop leave behind him so large a circle of devoted personal friends among the families of the English nobility and gentry, as Bishop Chase. Lord Kenyon's correspondence with him is a fair example of an intercourse which was kept up with him by a large number of the most exalted characters, male and female, among the noblest sons and daughters of the Church of England.
I LOVED THEE.

I loved thee for thyself alone,
The world reproved my choice; Yet well thou knowest I claim thee still, With no unsteady voice. They called thee fickle—ah, how blind Fond woman's love may be! I blamed thee not for broken vows, Rejoicing thou wert free.

My father told me thou wert poor, Improvident, and wild; He said that want and penury Would kill his gentle child. I answered not, but secretly I scorned the tale he told; And then came forth to offer thee The heiress and her gold.

My mother said—"I do not heed Thy lover's want of wealth; But will he fondly cherish thee In sickness and in health? He has the restless eye of one Who leads a roving life; He loves not as thou shouldst be loved Oh, do not be his wife!"

My father's anger moved me not, Nor yet my mother's tears; Thy fascinations weaned my heart From love, the growth of years; With few and fleeting tears, I left The haunts of early youth, And placing this weak hand in thine, I trusted to thy truth.

My chosen dwelling should have been Some undisturbed retreat, But led by thee, I trod the halls Where pleasure's votaries meet; And if with joy I heard them praise The beauty of thy bride, 'Twas but because I dearly prized My husband's glance of pride.
At length a dreary time came on,
I've often wept alone,
And when we met, thy voice had lost
Its former gentle tone;
I uttered no complaint,—
Thou knowest I never did repine,—
And if my pale cheek chided thee
It was no fault of mine.

I heard my boasted wealth was spent,
I smiled at such a loss,
My husband's love was more to me,
Far more than hoarded dross.
And was it that alone that caused
The frown upon thy brow?
"That wealth has been his bane," I cried,
"We shall be happy now!"

Vain hope! thou still dost shun
The home thy folly rendered poor;
I know not what will bring thee back,
My cheek has lost its lure.
I have no mother now, to soothe
My sorrows on her breast;
And he whose counsels I despised,
My father, is at rest.

I will not say I love thee not,
No, false one, come what will;
Return, and then be kind to me,
And I will love thee still.
A broken mirror still reflects,
In every shattered part;—
'Tis thus love seems but multiplied
In this poor broken heart.
The south of France has received many a glowing tribute. Poets have spoken with rapture of her vine-clad hills, her mountains laurel-crowned, her plains bright with their golden harvests. She has given to her country men who are famed, the world over, for their eloquence. Yet one thing more may be said of her; and when this is spoken, the rarest gem in her diadem is pointed out. She was the home of the Troubadours. She was the parent-nest, from which many a fledgling went forth to distant climes.

When, in the tenth century, new tongues, new dialects arose upon the ruins of the Latin, and the languages of the barbarian hordes who had overrun the south of Europe, one language appeared to prevail over all the rest. It was the Provencal; and owing to the rapidity of its formation, and its spread over so many provinces, it seemed to assume the place of the forsaken Latin. Thousands of poets, almost contemporaneous, composed in this language, and gave it a character of originality which owed nothing to the literature of the Greeks and Romans. Suddenly the voice of the Troubadour was silent, and the Provencal, after a brilliant existence of three centuries, was numbered among the dead languages. The literature of the Troubadours has given models to other nations; and yet, among the innumerable poems they composed, there is not a single work of genius destined to immortality. Their poetry was the offspring of the age, and not of individuals. It reveals to us the sentiments and the spirit of the modern nations, in their infancy.

Three nations settled themselves in Gaul nearly at the same time, the Visigoths, the Burgundians and the Frank. After these there was no further commingling of the Gauls with the Germans or Scandinavians. Unmolested, they were employed for four centuries in consolidating themselves into one empire and in forming one language. This language was divided into two principal dialects, the
Romance Provencal, spoken south of the Loire, and the Romance-Wallow, spoken in the north. The political divisions of the country were conformable to this distinction of dialects Southern France after having been the inheritance of several of the successors of Charlemagne was elevated into the rank of an independent kingdom by Bozon. Under the house of Burgundy, Provence still retained this position, even after Bozon II. exchanged the title of King for that of Count. The house of Burgundy became extinct in 1092, in the person of Gilibert, who left only two daughters, between whom his possessions were divided. One of these, Faydide, married Alphonso, Count of Toulouse, and the other Douce, became the wife of Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona. The accession of the latter to the throne of Provence gave a new direction to the national spirit, by the mixture of the Catalans with the Provencals. Their language closely resembled each other. The Catalans, therefore, were perfectly intelligible to the Provencals, and their union at the same court mutually refined them. The Catalans had already received some cultivation from their intercourse with the Moors. Raymond Berenger and his successors introduced into Provence the spirit both of liberty and of chivalry, and a taste for elegance and the arts, with all the sciences of the Arabians. The union of these noble sentiments gave birth to that poetic spirit which shone out at once, like an electric flash, over Provence and all the south of Europe.

At the same time with the Provencal poetry arose the spirit of chivalry. It was the soul of the new literature. Chivalry must not be confounded with the feudal system. The feudal system may be called the real life of the period, possessing its advantages and inconveniences, its virtues and vices. Chivalry, on the contrary, is the ideal world, such as it existed in the imaginations of the Romance writers. Its essential character is devotion to women and to honor. But the poetical notions which then prevailed, as to the virtues which constituted the perfection of knights and ladies, were not entirely the fictions of the brain. They existed
among the people, though perhaps without being carried into action; until, by the songs in which they were inculcated, they began to exercise a more practical influence over the people who had given them birth. Love, under the influence of the feudal system and chivalry, assumed a new character. It was not more tender and passionate than among the Greeks and Romans, but it was more respectful, and something of mystery was mingled with it. Some remains of the religious veneration, which the Germans evinced towards their prophetesses, continued to be felt for women. But to this veneration there was added an odor of feeling and turbulence of passion peculiar to the people of the South, and the expression of which was borrowed from the Arabians. The compositions of the Troubadours were entirely lyrical and not epic. They sang, but they did not recite, and chivalry among them, existed rather in gallantry and sentiment than in imagination. They must necessarily have been acquainted with the rules of chivalry before they could have formed their compositions upon that model. In the disputes for glory, in the games called Tensons, when the Troubadours combatted in verse before Princes or the Courts of Love, they were called upon to discuss questions of gallantry. We find them inquiring by what qualities a lover may render himself most worthy of his mistress; how a knight may excel all his rivals; and whether it be a greater grief to lose a lover by death or by infidelity. It is in these Tensons that bravery becomes disinterested, and that love is exhibited, pure, delicate and tender.

This delicacy of sentiment, as has just been intimated, had an intimate connection with the poetry of the Arabians. Among them woman was a divinity as well as a slave. The seraglio was at the same time a temple and a prison. The songs in which he celebrated his love, breathed the same spirit of adoration and of worship which we find in the songs of chivalry. A great number of poets were attached to the courts of the Moorish princes of Grenada, Seville, Toledo and Saragossa, many of whom were Christians. Whenever they felt any apprehension for their
liberty or property, they fled, carrying with them their talents and industry, to the Christians, who received them like unfortunate brethren. The Christian princes of Spain thus attached to their persons the Troubadours, who had received their first education in the schools of Andalusia, and who entertained their courts by the tales and works of fiction which they borrowed from the literature of the East. The union of the sovereignties of Catalonia and Provence introduced the Troubadours into the States of Raymond Bera- enger. Owing to the similarity of the languages, the Troubadours passed with ease from the Castilian to the Proven- cal, which was then reputed the most elegant of all the languages of the South.

Thus it was that the nations of modern Europe were taught the art of poetry; and the rules which governed them in the construction of their poetry enable us to recog- nize the source from which it was derived. The first rule, which may be called peculiar to modern poetry, was rhyme. Rhyme is entirely wanting in poetry of the classic age among the Greeks and Romans. The Latin poems of the Middle Ages were rhymed; but this was after rhyme had been introduced by the Troubadours into their compositions. Neither previous to this period had rhymed poetry existed among the Germans; but the most essential and antique form of versification among them was borrowed from the Scandinavians, and consisted in alliteration. Rhyme was, however, an essential part in all the poetry of the Arabians. From them it was introduced by the Troubadours into the Provençal language, whence it crept into the poetry of all the other nations of modern Europe. But it did not con- stitute all the requisites of verse. The number and accentua- tion of the syllables were substituted by the Provençals, the place of the quantity or emphasis, which formed the basis of the Latin and Greek verse. In the languages of antiquity, each syllable, in its pronunciation, had a fixed duration, which was determined by an exact standard. The syllables were divided into those which were long and those which were short; the time occupied in pronouncing the
former being exactly double that required in the pronunciation of the latter. In none of the Romance languages can the ear distinguish between long and short syllables. Accent in them supplies the place of quantity. The Provencal in particular was strongly accentuated. The Troubadours perceiving this, and being probably unacquainted with the harmony of Latin verse, produced something analogous to it in their own poetry by mixing accented with unaccented syllables. The only metres used by the Troubadours were the trochaic and iambic, of which the iambic was far the most common. The service is by no means slight which the Troubadours have rendered to the nations of Europe by establishing these rules of poetic composition. The structure of the verse, the mechanical part of poetry, is singularly connected, by some mysterious association, with our feelings and emotions. Poetry is something which seizes upon our whole being, by the senses as well as by the soul. Symmetry is one of the properties of the mind; and it derives the highest gratification from the regular structure of verse. If the Provencal poetry were perused only to discover its sentiments, without heeding the melody of its numbers, it would lose much of its beauty, and would often appear trite and common-place. It was not the ideas alone which gave delight, when the Troubadour adapted his beautiful language to the melodious tone of the harp. The rules of his art, more than the words in which he expressed himself, were in accordance with his feelings. The rapid accentuation of his iambic verse seemed to correspond with the pulsations of his heart; and the very measure of the language answered to the movements of his own soul.

Love and martial glory were the prevailing topics of Provencal poetry. Pastorals they attempted, but with little success. Theirs was the poetry of courts; and they had but little opportunity of feeling and admiring the beauties of rural nature. Their love poems the Troubadours denominated *canzos,* while their martial songs and satires received the name of *sirventes.*

Not only did the principal rulers and sovereigns gather
around them the retinue and maintain the splendor of royalty; but every lord and baron, the ruler of some petty town or castle, had his courts. To these inferior courts, as well as to the courts of the more powerful, did the Troubadours resort in pursuit of fortune, and introduced into the North an acquaintance with the learning of Spain. They received permission from these princes to take a part in the festivals, to which they gave animation by their recitals and their songs; and in return for the entertainment they thus afforded, presents of rich habits and of horses were bestowed upon them. It was to heroes they addressed themselves; and as they sang of love and of glory, their verses penetrating to the inmost hearts of their hearers, communicated to them the deep emotion which swelled within the poet's own bosom. Scarcely had the art of song been introduced into southern France, when poetry became the recreation of the most illustrious men; and when the first sovereigns of Europe had thus assumed their rank among the Troubadours, there was not a single baron or knight who did not think it his duty to superadd to his fame, as a brave and gallant man, the reputation of a gentle Troubadour. To these poetical pursuits nothing more was necessary than a perception of what is musical or harmonious. This fact enables us to comprehend how it was possible for princes and knights, who were often unable to read, to be yet ranked among the most ingenious Troubadours. The poetry of the Troubadours exhibits very slight traces of learning. No allusion to history or mythology, no comparisons borrowed from foreign manners, no references to the learning of the schools are mingled with their simple effusions of sentiment. Love was not represented by them as a winged child, armed with bow and arrow; but he was a knight, with eyes soft and tender, and figure slight and graceful. His robe was embroidered with flowers, and his head was adorned with a crown of roses. His palfrey was white as snow. His saddle-bow was of jasper, and his hoseings were of sapphire.

The tournées, which were the great ornament of all festivals, are worthy of note. When the baron invited to his
court the neighboring lords and the knights his vassals, three days were devoted to jousts and tourneys. The lady of the castle, surrounded by youthful beauties, distributed crowns to those who were declared, by the judges of the combat, to be the conquerers. She then, in her turn, opened her court; and as her baron collected his peers around him, when he dispensed justice, so did she form her Court of Love, consisting of young and beautiful women. A new career was opened to those who dared the combat, not of arms but of verse. It frequently happened that the knight who had gained the prize of valor became the candidate for poetic honors. One of the two, with his harp upon his arm, after a prelude, proposed the subject of the dispute. The other then advancing and singing to the same air, answered him in a stanza of the same measure. The court of love then entered upon a grave deliberation, and discussed not only the claims of the poets, but the merits of the question; and a judgment was given, frequently in verse. Many of the ladies who sat in the courts of love were able themselves to reply to the verses they inspired.

We come now to inquire into the causes of the decay of the Troubadour poetry. This the Troubadours themselves have attributed to the degradation into which the Jongleurs, with whom they were generally confounded, had fallen. The Jongleurs were persons of low birth, who, though they were not themselves poets, sang the compositions of the Troubadours, and united with their minstrelsy in the performance of tricks of buffoonery and legerdemain. Many of the Troubadours made a trade of their art. When gayety and wit are repaid with a salary, the receiver is necessarily placed on a level with the lowest buffoons. The most distinguished Troubadours, when they presented themselves at the court of a prince or the castle of a baron, were often introduced under this name of Jongleurs. Even when they experienced the reception due to their talents, and when the noblest ladies admitted them to familiar converse, or bestowed their affections upon them, they were yet made to feel that they were considered as of a subordinate rank. All the
Troubadours did not, however, make a trade of their art. A sufficient number of sovereigns and of powerful barons and knights were devoted to poetry, to preserve the nobility of its origin, even during the whole period of Provencal literature. Frederick, King of Sicily, who died in 1326, is the last of the Troubadours, as the Count of Poitou was the first.

But the art of the Troubadour contained within itself a more immediate principle of decay in the ignorance of its professors. A few of them only were acquainted with the Latin language; none of them were acquainted with the authors whom we denominate classical. They had no other models than the songs of the Arabians, which their earliest masters had studied. Thus the poetry of Provence had no resources which were not within itself; no classical allusions, no mythology, either native or borrowed, nor even a romantic imagination. It was a beautiful flower, springing up on a sterile soil; nor could any cultivation avail it, in the absence of its natural nourishment. Among the Provencals the imagination received a false direction from their mixture with the Arabians. Reason was entirely neglected, or perverted by the study of school-theology. Sentiment, abandoned to itself, was either weakened by monotony of expression, or perverted by the over-refined and affected language, which bore an affinity to that of the schools.

The war of the Albigenses gave the death-blow to the Provencal poetry. The cruelties of civil war, and a persecution of the most implacable description, spread desolation over the country which had been the home of the Troubadour. Devastation and carnage soon overwhelmed the people among whom the Gay Science had been cultivated and banished poetry from the land of its birth. The Troubadours, whose sole means of subsistence were found in the hospitality and liberality of the nobles, were now welcomed to desolated castles. Those who associated with the conquerors gradually imbibed their ferocious prejudices and their fanaticism. Like them, they delighted in blood.

Poetry had no longer any charms for them, and even the
language of love appeared to them out of nature. But few, however, of the Troubadours espoused the cause of the invaders. They were nearly all to be found enlisted under the banners of their princes, fighting against the armies of the league. During the thirteenth century, the songs of the Troubadours are full of allusions to this fatal war, the fury of which had stifled their genius. The language and poetry of Provence were extinguished in blood.

Klopstock is the Plato, Wieland the Aristipp of German poetry. Of him may be said, as of Socrates, that he called philosophy down from heaven to earth, and led it in man's dwelling. He taught the German muse to speak in human manner. He made an enlightened philosophy of life the principle of his poesy. The refined tone of society, as it was embodied in the English literature, since Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, in French literature, especially by Voltaire, had just then begun to spread over Germany.

Wieland was, in the beginning of his literary career, entirely guided by the principle of religious and moral ideality, which was the centre of Klopstock's poesy. Thus, the holy tones of Klopstock's harp are everywhere resounding in him. For his "Hymn to God," the soul "swelling with ecstasy," seeks vainly words for its emotions, and gazes "up to Him, silent and with tears in her eye." She "longs for mingling with the hosts of Seraphim," whose voices the poet "often hears in nightly hours" (of "Sympathies"). He calls the cotemporary poets of the anacreontic Horatian School
(formed under the protectorate of Gleim)—"worshippers of Bacchus and Venus, a band of Epicurean pagans." And if we perceive, how soon after he exchanges the Christian Heaven with the Heathen Olymp, the platonic ideal world with the society of earthly Graces; how soon after he recommends the "perusal of Plutarch," as a remedy against the legends of the Saints; how he calls his former sentiments "Seeelenfieber" (Soulfever), against which Don Quixote would be a "good specificum"; how soon he sympathizes with his former opponents:—we justly ask, how this radical change could take place. It is, however, not difficult to solve this problem. Experience teaches us, above all, that such contrasts in the disposition of mind in youth, and that in mature age are frequently found, and as natural, as the relation between sentiment and understanding, imagination and reflection, inexperienced and experience, minority and majority of age. Now, sensuousness and religious enthusiasm are often closely connected, and it depends only on circumstances, in what manner they combine, and how long they persist in their union. We can trace Wieland's change even up to his first writings. Indeed, the more he was forced by his intercourse with Bodmer, into a false ideality and religious pietism, the quicker he sprung back to his natural disposition, as soon as he was free, like a bent bough. A lively temper and outward circumstances favored this change. A new sphere surrounded him in the society of Count Stadion and La Roche. There he found easy social manners, and the new English-French philosophy. The "melting" pathos of his seraphic writings, the manner in which he thought about religion and his own confession (in his letters)—prove sufficiently, that, in fact, no material change of character took place in him, but that it showed itself only in his true light, when time and circumstances allowed it.

Goethe says of him, that "he had pleased in the contest between the two worlds (the ideal and the real), where his talent is seen best in jest and earnest and slight skirmishing." This is a very striking feature of "Oberon," his chief
work. Naturally more a production of talent than a genius, Wieland is more a clever author, than a real poet.

He represents, in his literary productions, a peculiar development. He himself shows (in the preface to the first volume of his works), that in the history of his works, so diverse in form and substance, was the history of his mind and heart.

Of a lively temper and flexible nature, he exhibited early a great inclination towards literary studies. When still a boy, he attempted to compose Latin and German verses. When hardly grown up, he had familiarized himself with the Latin authors, and was, in his eighth year, delighted at the heroes of Corn. Nepos. He became fond of the Socratic Xenophon. Voltaire interested him; the irony in Cervantes' Don Quixote charmed him. Pious enthusiasm and philosophic scepticism struggled with each other in the youthful soul. He went, in his seventeenth year, to the University of Tubingen, where he became in a "platonic" way, attached to Sophie Guttermann, afterwards Mrs. La Roche, a relation of his, whom he introduced in the literary world by her romance "Das Fräulein von Sternheim."

Almost at the same time begins his own career as an author, the first period of which extends to his engagement at Biberach (1750—1760). This period was in the beginning ideal-moral, in the midst seraphic-religious, finally it ran down to the twilight of platonic sentiments. The didactic poem; "Von der Natur der Dinge" (Of the Nature of Things) which he, inspired by love and religion, produced in youthful impetuousity, opened the long series of his writings. The fundamental tone is religious moralizing, and reminds us strongly of Haller and Kleist. It contains much criticizing. The same spirit pervades the "Moralische Briefe," written in rhyme. The other poetic productions of his youth (f. i. his "Moralische Erzählungen") remind us much of Hagedorn and Gellert.

Shortly after, we find him (1752) in Switzerland with Bodmer, and notice the Christian heavenly air that surrounded
him there. "Die Briefe von Verstorbenen" (1753) indicate it distinctly. "Der geprüfte Abraham" shows his friendship to Klopstock; the "Sympathien (1754) and "Die Psalmen, oder Empfindungen eines Christen" (1755) are the best expression of orthodox exaltation. We hear in the two last works his regret for those who do not belong to the "beloved sympathetic souls"; here he hears the "Seraphim often in nightly hours," "when they are weeping over the fall of innocence, and the deception of immortal souls;" here he defies the "Sophists," to name to him a "greater and happier man than the Christian." He sees "the altar of redemption and the victim bleeding for the world’s evils." But with this heavenly joy is associated worldly "love-melancholy," which he wraps in vain in platonic mysteries. The exalted disciple of Klopstock could not maintain himself long on this height of seraphic bliss; he felt dizziness creeping over him, and he hurried down in the plains of mortal humanity, to speak in earthly language. He knows now "by experience how dangerous the exalted enthusiasm of the Christian Saints" is. Wieland is breathing another air, and has intercourse with other men. While still at Zürich, he left Bodmer’s house; and when he moved to Bern, he attached himself unreluctantly to French and English philosophers. In this time of change falls his "Johanna Gray" (1760), by which he enters his second period.

About 1760, he returned from Switzerland to Biberach. Having now entirely given up the dolce far niente of his fancies, he entered the prose of a civil office, left the dawn of youth for the clear colorless midday-light of the fashionable society of the Count of Stadion. The reminiscences of pious Bodmer were put aside; Klopstock and his "Messia-de" were supplanted by Shakspeare, from whom he learned, instead of pallid moonshine-thoughts, the genuine voices of nature, and, instead of effected ecstacies, really human feelings. His "Nadine," and "Die komischen Erzählungen," (1762) bring us already a great copiousness of worldly matter. Henceforward we wander with the poet in the
ancient pagan world. 1764 he published "Don Silvio von Rosalva," a polemic against pious sentimentality.

1766—"Agathon"—the victory of human nature over the pretensions of abstract dogmas—an allegory of his own life. He worked at it for twenty years, sometimes modifying, sometimes supplementing it. He tried to demonstrate in it, "quid virtus et quid sapientia possit."

Other works of the same stamp follow Agathon, but they often change into obscene superficiality and heartless irony. So, among the rest, the absurd "Diogenes" (1770)—concluding the second period.

But two of all his works during this period deserve an "honorable mention:" "Musarien" (1768) and "Die Grazien" (1769). In the former are Plato and Epicurus struggling for the dominion over the souls; the latter gains the ascendency, as in Wieland himself.

Wieland translated Shakspeare, 1762—1766. He was (1769) engaged by the University of Erfurt, as professor of philosophy and belles-lettres, but soon called away by the Duchess Amalie of Weimar, 1772, as tutor of her two princes, one of whom was the Duke Karl August, so illustrious by his protection of the German muse. At Weimar, Wieland remained to his death.

He enters the third period of his literary career. Of what cast this was, and where he sought for the material, we can best ascertain by referring to his own remarks in his preface to the "Oberon," where he points out his new path. Philosophy of life and ethics, politics and morals, wonders and nature, modern manners and chivalry, orient and occident—everything is at hand. He is sometimes raving with Ariost, sometimes loosing himself with Boccaccio in obscene sceneries, sometimes sophisticating in Voltaire's manner; then imitating Hagedorn, or Gellert, or Gleim. Even Jean Jaques Rousseau, who, with his Gospel of Nature, and his theory of human rights, was at that time an authority for Young Germany, was drawn by Wieland into the sphere of his literary productivity. This became evident in "Deutscher Merkur," published by him since 1773.
He published in 1768 "Idris," 1771, "Der neue Amadis." Better is his "Gaudelius, oder Liebe um Liebe," 1776; likewise "Das Wintermärchen." His best and truly classic work is, however, "Oberon," 1780. It seems, indeed, as if Wieland had determined upon creating himself by this work a "monumentum ære perennius." He took the material for this romantic epic from the old French romance: "Huon de Bordeaux." The idea of the work is, that persevering faith and firm confidence alone are capable to reconcile destiny with liberty. We may, in many respects, regard the whole as a glorification of Providence. The fate of the superhuman beings, Oberon and Titania, is made depending on the moral trial of two human beings, Huon and Rezia, who in their turn, obtain by the power of the former, salvation and happiness. Thus the two worlds are ingeniously represented. "Oberon" is, in its kind, the best production of the German literature.

"Der goldene Spiegel" (1772) and "Die Abderiten" (1774); the latter contains many sterling observations.

Towards the end of the third period, Wieland begins to write on religious and philologic subjects. Since about 1785, he was engaged in translating Horace and Lucian. In 1789, he published "Götter-Gespräche" on abuses of Christian superstition and priesthood, on the standpoint of sceptic deism.

With this work he begins his fourth and last period, concluded by his "Aristipp" (1800). "Aristipp" contains in a manner the resume of his entire life, and stamps upon it the seal of his personality. The splendid days of the great Pericles, with all their wonders of grace and beauty, of geniality and greatness, and all its foolishness—are brought before our eyes. We are led from the bowers of Lais to the dungeon of Socrates, from the artist's studio in the aula of the Academy, from Athens to Kyrene, from Syracuse, in Sicily, to Sardis in Asia Minor, to see there the manners of republican wealth and freedom, the caprices and extravagancies of tyrants, to hear the views and doctrines of men and women of that age on philosophy, forms of government.
1858.]

and law. In the midst of all these stands Aristipp, in whom the easy manners of his native city, Kyrene, appears associated with Athenian grace and Socratic irony.

In reviewing the totality of the literary industry of this remarkable man, extending over half a century, we admire his diligence and the extent of his learning. After so many efforts and labors, he may truly have "expected death quietly and longingly as a friend."

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Gambier, November 10th, 1858.

Messrs. Editors:—Since the informal invitation given me, to write an article for your excellent Magazine, considerable time has elapsed. That this delay should have occurred is owing to several very excellent reasons. You are aware, that to one who writes so seldom, and reads so little, as myself, it is extremely difficult, either to arrange those ideas which I have obtained from observation, or, after the manner of many fecund writers, to compile the thoughts of others.

In addition to this, I can say with sincerity, that my skill with the tongue is much greater than my skill with the pen, and even the former in your imperfect induction, has been much more highly estimated than was proper. I fear, that you have estimated me, as others are sometimes estimated—not by the amount of ability, or knowledge which I possess, but my rather superior personal appearance, my plausible language, and by the great suavity which I always use in my associations with the world. However this may be, and however much you may have over-estimated me, I will still cling to the plan of getting along in life as smoothly as possible—jarring very little against the foibles of my neighbors. "Who would bear the spurns which patient merit of the un-
worth takes, "when by a little extra policy he can ride above them all?

However, after due deliberation, I come to the conclusion, that if you, gentlemen, thought it not unworthy your dignity to invite so inconsiderable an individual to write for your pages, it was my duty to make the attempt. The next object, after this, was to obtain a subject, which would sustain my reputation, without requiring a great deal, either of thought or erudition. After revolving for days in my mind such subjects, as the "Influence of Opinion," "Literary Culture," "The Importance of the Classics," "The March of Mind," etc., etc., I concluded to leave these abstruse topics to others of more profound intellect, and to turn my attention to those subjects more in accordance with my tastes and abilities.—As a result, let me present to your critical judgment

THE OLD CLOCK.

The monks of the middle ages, were remarkable in two respects, the one for diving deep into the most abstruse doctrines of Logic and Metaphysics; the other, for their great industry in solving problems in Mechanics. The former of these is illustrated by their arduous discussions, as to the number of angels which could sit on the head of a pin. The invention of the clock is an example of the latter. It is true, that the claimants to this useful invention are many, —some of whom are without the ranks of the priests. For instance, it is related that Charlemagne received a clock from Haroun al Raschid, and that, as a consequence, the invention was of Arabian origin. Again, an Alexandrian artist is claimed properly to deserve the honor, since he is known to have combined spring wheels with the Clepsydia of the Ancients. The true inventor was probably, Pacificus, Archdeacon of Verona. Though his name is now almost forgotten, the work of his hands has come down to us, as the most popular and convenient article of household furniture, which we possess.

At present, the word "clock" can hardly be spoken, without calling up reminiscences of Yankee peddlars—men gifted with all the insinuating arts, and nasal tones, which are peculiar to that remarkable race. No house, but that, has
seen his lank proportions, and ponderous extremities, beneath its roof; no mantel, but has echoed and re-echoed under the musical tones of his minstrel wares.

Nor can we wonder at the popularity of the little complicated machine. When it strikes the hours, its sweet tones pass in charming variety over all the eight notes. Its regular tick tack, tick tack, is more cheering than the sound of human voices. Have you, dear reader, as you sat alone in your old arm chair, musing upon past events and future prospects, noticed how naturally the tick of the clock chimed in with your feelings? Have you noticed, how animating the sound when you are sorrowful, and how restraining, when you are disposed to be boisterous? As you sit silently musing, perchance the cursory glance you cast at the sober face of the clock, takes your thoughts back to that other old clock which you used to see upon the home mantel. In an instant, a thousand associations pass through your brain. The little family circle you see over again in all its former homelike simplicity. That dear, quiet, hopeful face to which you once used to look for comfort in affliction, and sympathy in difficulty, again sits by the fireside corner. You remember, perchance, the little carpet-covered stool, on which she used to rest her feet. The grieved expression of her countenance, as she observes the development of some dangerous trait in your character, still haunts you in your dreams. By her side sits your father. His locks are gray, and his brow furrowed from anxiety. From time to time he desists from his earnest thought, and casts an affectionate glance upon you and your brothers and sisters, who in the lightness of your hearts are making the house sing with your joyous shouts. The purring cat, the stately old dog Turk licking your hands, and kissing your cheeks, re-appear in their old places amid the fireside group. Perhaps, your father is not there, and you are giving Bill or Dave a bloody nose, or pulling Sallie’s hair. Perhaps, you are yourself, undergoing a similar fate, but you will return it all, with interest when “Father comes home.”

In this way, hours, days, and years fly swiftly by in the memory, the clock all the time keeping up its regular tick, tack. Here and there you pause and consider some more than usually important event. You remember your brother’s sickness, your father’s failure, or your sister’s wedding. How beautiful she appeared in the white flowing mantle, and how you hated the man who was now going to take
her from you forever. And probably you think seriously—aye, far more seriously than you ever will again, of the only honest prayers which you ever made. Your mother was prostrated upon a bed of sickness; around her were gathered your father and brothers, to hear her dying words. She places her hand upon your head, and commends you to the God whom she has so long and so faithfully served. That night, between your tears you pray that the life of your mother may be spared. Your plea is fearfully earnest, but in the morning you find that her spirit has flown to a world better suited to contain so holy a being.

Do you remember the old clock which used to stand in the school-room where the rudiments were inculcated into you? Do you remember, how intently you watched the slow movement of the hands, as they gradually came around toward the much wished for twelve. There you sat; fifty little bullet-headed, round-abouted mischievous imps, and then on the stage of authority, sat your shock-headed teacher. As you watched his movements, you thought possibly of Juan Fernandes, and believed the teacher had the more enviable situation of the two. A situation, in which he could say, "I am monarch of all I survey," without risking the loss of companions. This leads you to think of the broad ferule, and how peculiar it felt, when in leaning forward to pick up some momento from your sweetheart on the opposite side of the room, whack it came across your back, stirring up your young blood to rebellion. Around the old school-house cling many of the pleasantest associations of your life. It was there you received your first manly lessons; there learned, that to resist an insult was necessary and right. The blacked eye you then received, greatly strengthened you for the receipt of harder blows hereafter. You began to know, that he who wishes to obtain influence must learn how to resist oppression, and that he who oppresses must modify his desire of power to the pleasure of his companions. How did you labor then to obtain the prize for excellence! Every faculty of the mind was strained to its utmost. Horses, upon the race course, struggle and foam, and rage to reach the goal; some bolting from the track; some outdoing themselves in the start; some wanting native strength for the contest; and at last, one, perhaps the slowest of them all, gains the race. Just so, you and your companions strove to obtain the prize! and, whether you were successful or
otherwise, the contest only fitted you for a stronger effort in future days.

Perhaps, you made your first attempts in mechanism on that old clock; it was made of wood, and was so strong that you couldn’t break it. Sometimes, however, it would follow the example of the old clock in the “play.” The pendulum would become tired of its incessant labor, and being somewhat pouty, would stop its “tick, tack,” much to the surprise and consternation of the other parts. Generally, not much was the matter, so that, after you had tickled it with a feather, oiled its joints, the pendulum regained its humor, and all went well again. Yet, you felt wonderfully proud of your success. Not only you, but your whole family thought the action a mark of great mechanical genius. You followed it up by putting teeth in rakes, mending window shutters, endeavoring to repair the pump and breaking it. Every successful effort was followed by admiration and praise; every unsuccessful effort was passed by with the remark, “the job was difficult,” “none could have done it better.”

There were many peculiarities about that old clock, which are enduringly associated in your memory. Its honest and old fashioned German face, its full Roman figures, the clear sharp ring, as it proclaimed the hour of day; the tur- reted castle, and the portrait of some famous statesman on the door;—all these were attractions which render the old clock still dear to you. The clock was none of your little “pocket time-keepers,” but a great tall dignified chronometer. It stood in the corner of the room, and its slow and measured tick proclaimed its dignity. Sixty years had come and gone, since it had commenced its service, until now, it had become indelibly connected with the family associations. You cared not, though it had been the subject of skillful bartering on the part of your maternal ancestor, and of earnest eloquence on that of the vendor. It was an excellent example of the old poet’s sentiment,

’Tis strange what very strong advising,  
By word of mouth and advertising,  
By marking on walls and placarding on vans,  
With fifty other different plans,  
The very high pressure in fact of pressing,  
It needs to persuade one to purchase a blessing.

In the room where that old clock stands, you were first honored with a party—a real party! The reason, why the party was not given in the parlor, was fear that you might in your romps injure some of your mother’s costly furniture.
There were gathered in your large sitting-room, all your school-boy friends; and there were all the girls, whom you had treated with rosy-cheeked apples, whose faces you had washed with snow, whose play-houses you had thrown down in order to build them up again, or, whose pretty cherry lips you had even kissed. There were Chit and Zeb and Ben and Bob and Dave, and Anna and Mag, and Em and Lizzie, and last, the peerless object of all your thoughts, and the recipient of all your favors.—She, whom, in the cold moon-light nights of winter, you delighted to wrap cosily in the shaggy buffalo-robe, and take on a merry sleigh-ride,—she, to whom you entrusted all your secrets,—there she goes; that one with the wavy brown hair, dark flashing eyes, and blushing cheeks, all proclaiming her beautiful, and, at the same time, as true and pure, as she is beautiful. She and you sat that night in the shade of the old clock, and thought and talked of the future. But, in all your anticipations, you could think of no greater happiness than you at that moment enjoyed. A part of the evening you played at "blind man's buff," and "puss want's a corner," and always so managed, that she should never become either "blind man," or "poor puss." If any of your friends even dared to look at her admiringly, your combative powers were aroused to resent the insult to your pre-eminence in that quarter. That night, you guarded her home. Who can imagine the thrill of pleasure which passed through you, as you pressed her soft little hand to your heart? We will not tell what you wished. How can we mention, too, the long letters, in a cramped, childish hand, which passed between you, when, for the first time you left your home, and commenced life in a boarding school. How tell, that you kept a friend at home, who told you all about Her. Did you heart throb with jealousy, when you heard that Chet or Fred was becoming her attendant to and from Church? However, at your return home, you were again installed in your old place. Your absence had only made you the more attractive. You had become a novelty in your old circle, and that novelty had caused you to look more handsome and intelligent than ever before. The assurance, which your intercourse with the world had given you, was taken among your friends for embryo-genius. Above all, you again basked in the sunshine of her beauty and confidence.

Since those happy times, years have passed away. Where are all those dear friends now? Some are lying in a village church-yard. Some are scattered abroad, throughout the
whole land, your brothers among them. They have been swallowed up in the vortex of business. And, even that old flame, the Hebe of your former days, is now nursing her second child—not your's.—Her sylphlike form, is now one of somewhat doubtful proportion. The old clock at home can tell no more of your history. Other clocks might reveal many of the secrets of your after life, but, what historian could collect the different manuscripts.

They might tell of your ambition—how you labored for reputation—how, while in college, you idled away the hours proper for study, and dug and crammed at the dead of night with curtains so tightly closed as scarcely to permit the exit of a single ray of light. They might tell of the skilful intrigue you used to obtain society preferment, or of the various schemes which you planned to deceive the Faculty as to your proficiency in study, or, how you strove for College honors. They might tell of secret love, of engagements, of letters written to cousins, though, if they were cousins at all, they must have been widely removed. Alas, for the weakness of human nature! the sylph-like form of any syren draws us away from duty, absorbs all our passions, and makes weak as women, those who claimed to possess Samson's strength.

But, more than this, they might tell of want of success and misfortune. If the history could be collected a long line of air-like castles would appear cast level with the ground. Anticipations, which were never realized,—deaths in the forms of a never fond brother, of father or sister,—loss of fortune, degradation, fall of children into vice, slander, unsuccessful ambition, hatred of enemies, jealousy of friends;—ah! how many heart-thrilling tales could these old clocks tell? How often might those stains upon the wall be accounted for? Thank Heaven, that the old clock, under whose tick the greater part of our lives are passed, can tell only of pleasant associations. Innocence alone is the subject of its tale. The little clocks which stand in grog-shops, and other dens of vice might tell the rest. May they ever remain silent! Let human weakness and depravity remain concealed.

I remain, your friend,  
Haff.
Editors’ Table.

Dear Reader,—With the present number ends the Third Volume of the Collegian. To discover the benefits which have arisen from the publication of our little periodical, we need but to refer to the first number, which appeared in January of fifty-six. It then consisted of but thirty-two pages. Though conducted with much ability, the contents do not show the care and research which the experience of three years has given to those which now fill its pages. The following is the table of contents:

Mollis Tempora Fandi,
Songs for the Lyre,
Toadiana,
Thomas Chatterton,
The March of Mind,
Sponsor Death,
Andre and Halo,
Energy of Character,
Memorabilia Kenyonensis,
Editors’ Table.

Compare this table with that of the numbers which have appeared during the present year, and you find that it displays several characteristics of improvement. The pieces are more numerous, and show plainly the fact that the editors are not put to so narrow straits to obtain matter. The number of pages is swollen to forty-eight. The general appearance of the Magazine, both internally and externally, has been improved infinitely. Fewer mistakes are made by the printers. In all these respects, the Collegian itself has improved. Let us look, now, at the benefit of which it has been the cause to the student.

Here, formerly, as in other Colleges, the students took much more pains to cultivate the style than the matter of their productions. Pieces were written either to be read or spoken by the writer. The consequence was that sentences which would best fill the voice, whether with or without sense, were entirely in vogue. Since that time a gradual change has been going on in our College literature. To write in an elegant style, is now considered very different from inflated, verbose, high-sounding phrases. The publication, too, here, of a periodical so excellent as we claim ours to be, has brought our College forth into the notice of the people. It has shown that the students here are endowed equally with the students of other Colleges, in the go-ahead spirit of the age.

At present, the prospects of the Magazine are brighter than ever before. The classes are all large, and contain more available talent than most of the classes which have gone before. So that, as far as reading matter is concerned, all may feel assured that it cannot possibly decline in excellence. Notwithstanding this, however, we are in danger from another source. The subscription list is full of the names of those whose enthusiasm seems to have oozed out in the act of becoming subscribers. Let them remember,—especially those who hold this College as their Alma Mater,—that out of respect and love for the Institution, if not for the sake of common honesty, they should immediately settle up their bill with the Collegian. The editors are obliged to pay for each number as it is issued,—they request a corresponding promptness on the part of the subscribers.
As to the future, though we have no doubt of final success, we would ask those whose subscriptions run out with the present number, to immediately re-subscribe. Hereafter, those difficulties against which the editors have been compelled to labor, will, to a great extent, no longer exist. We shall endeavor to get out each number as nearly as possible at the beginning of the month, and in all other ways strive to please our readers. At the best, we claim only to publish a College Magazine, and not one similar to those which are published in the large cities, entirely for the benefit of the reading public.

To Contributors.—We are frequently asked—"What kind of pieces do you want? Ought they to be on grave or humorous subjects?" Again, "Ought they to be long or short?" In answer to the first question, we say, it makes no difference to us what are the subjects; provided, only, the pieces be good. Nor do we intend to criticise the opinions expressed in the different pieces, so long as they are within the bounds of decency. In regard to the latter question as to the length of the pieces, we say, we want them both long and short. In other words we want them just long enough to comprehend the subject in hand. A short piece on an important subject is seldom more than the mere expression of a stereotyped set of generalities; and a long piece on an unimportant subject, is usually nothing more than an exhibition of the writer's verbosity. We must acknowledge, however, that we prefer long pieces, from the fact that contributors are more accustomed to deal with generalities than particularities. We would recommend, too, to some of our contributors a close analysis of their subject matter. This will, in many cases, do away with both of the above-mentioned faults.

We would invite members of the younger classes to favor us with more pieces than they do at present. In deciding upon pieces for publication, the editors are in no way partial to members of the higher classes, though it happens that they are generally better able to write from the practice they have received.

Discontent.—We notice, with regret, the feeling of discontent which appears to prevail throughout the College. Students are always sticklers for precedents; so much so, that all innovations, whether beneficial or otherwise, are religiously opposed. Those of the present term, coming on us so suddenly, have stirred, to an unusual degree, this feeling of reverence to old things. We doubt not, however, that were they to look at the matter calmly, they might come to different conclusions. The Faculty is composed of men whom, personally, we all like; and they are men, too, who have an unselfish regard to the interests of the College. It is true that the interests of the students and those of the College sometimes conflict. If the Faculty have erred at all during the present term, it has been in this way. Let the students only state their opinions boldly to them, in the manner in which our much loved President has requested, and they need have no fear but that they will receive calm consideration. Did we not think it beyond our province, we might state some of the reasons of complaint ourselves; as it is, we will now leave the matter to the Faculty and students; at the same time earnestly commending to the latter, deliberation and kind feeling in their transactions with the former.

Thanksgiving Day.—As usual, Thanksgiving Day passed off pleasantly. Notwithstanding the students complained of the necessity of going to church, and after they were there complained of the length of the sermon, the discourse of our excellent Rector was received with the approval which was due.