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THE

KENYON COLLEGIAN.

VOL. IV.

"Delectando Pariterque Monendo."

G AM B I E R, O.:
R. M. EDMONDS, PUBLISHER.
1856.
ulation; and, while we could have enjoyed the conversation of one who can grace the social circle by his witty philosophisings, in equal ratio as his profession by his scientific knowledge and research, we fancy we could have borne boarding-house trials with ease. We are not quite sure but we could have smiled complacently at the queer interjuctions of the Young Fellow called John, and appreciated the silent wrinkling of the Old Gentleman Opposite's thin lips as he caught the point.

It must be no difficult matter for even the most casual reader to recognize in the Deacon's Masterpiece the same rare vein of humor, which characterizes the former poetical productions of the author. The lamentation breathed forth in the story of the "Long-lost Breeches," would excite any man of mirthful temperament, but whose risibilities could withstand the charge as he begins?

"Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss-shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden it—oh, but stay
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?"

This might have been the very vehicle in which, we read in Longfellow's Kavanagh, the old parson rode out from the quiet hamlet, leaving to another's care the little flock whose spiritual wants he had for so many years endeavor'd to satisfy. Our sturdy old Puritan forefathers had an eye to strength in things material as well as spiritual. The minuteness of detail in the following lines is highly amusing, and the Deacon must have provided for every emergency if he was so special in the manufacture of the "Shay;"

"In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or cross-bar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough-brace—lurking still
Find it somewhere you must and will."

The far-famed Spectator needs no commendation from us in regard to its faultless language, and none too much can be said of what Addison and Steele composed. We have
often had our sympathies aroused by the tender scenes depicted in the Vicar of Wakefield—we have enjoyed many a hearty laugh over Diedrich Knickerbocker, and cigar in mouth, in long summer afternoons, we have woven the pleasant chronicles of New York's ancient days into a spell of seeming tangibility. Yet we feel like placing the Autocrat on equal footing, as a composer, with either of the above, and no where do we remember to have met an author who could, to such a degree, unite with the richest and most fascinating vein of humor the principles of true common-sense philosophy.

However, let us return to the Breakfast Table—and what is your opinion, my friendly reader, in regard to Societies of Mutual Admiration? The principle of "You tickle me and I'll tickle you," which is the true motive of the actions of some men toward their fellows, does not at this day and never has met much favor from the public. Those who evince a disposition strictly analagous to this are, we imagine, persons of small calibre, in whose hands "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." How far removed they are from the class deserving to be styled nature's noblemen. It is a matter of daily experience and observation that those who are gifted with genius, with broad and expanded views acquired by education and self-cultivation, are ever the most ready to perceive and acknowledge real merit. It is among such, and such only, that we may discover ample exemplification of the Autocrat's truisim, that "A man of genius, or any kind of superiority, is not debarred from admiring the same quality in another, nor the other from returning his admiration."

In these days when each and every sentimental young man or maiden feels himself or herself inspired by the muse, and the old maxim, Poeta nascitur non fit, seems to be ignored, no one can question the candor of his remark on the venerable jingles:

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youth,
morning,
truth,
warning.
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Every county paper has its corner "where sentiments are
fitted to these even as new top-leathers to an old pair of boot soles and bodies,” and we should think the “lamps of heaven,” as they gazed upon the perpetrators of such enormities, would verily “try to shut their saddening eyes.” [vide Album Verses.]

You would probably want an explanation of the six personalities taking part in the dialogue between John and Thomas. The proposition is so novel we quote it, but leave the demonstration for your own perusal.

\begin{align*}
\text{Three Johns} & : \\
1. & \text{The real John, known only to his Maker.} \\
2. & \text{John's ideal John; never the real one, and often very unlike him.} \\
3. & \text{Thomas' ideal John; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Three Thomases} & : \\
1. & \text{The real Thomas.} \\
2. & \text{Thomas' ideal Thomas.} \\
3. & \text{John's ideal Thomas.}
\end{align*}

The application in an extremely practical manner of the above formula, by The Young Fellow, called John, must elicit a smile. He helped himself to the three which remained from a basket of peaches, quietly saying in excuse there was just one apiece for him. This goes to illustrate a sensation which has been common to us all. How often you have seen actions of your fellows, to all outward appearance, inexplicable, and yet, as the result afterward has shown, giving manifestation to a spirit “known only to his Maker.” Could we gain the power to read this inner heart, of which we can at the best obtain but occasional glimpses, much injustice might and would be avoided. We would have sins of commission, so considered, changed to those of omission; which, notwithstanding Bishop Butler’s equal sentence, the human race are more willing to forgive.

Here we have some word-painting on the subject of conversation, and for the sake of its exhilarating flow, we give it entire: “Just so in talking with first-rate men; especially when they are good-natured and expansive, as they are apt to be at table. That blessed clairvoyance which sees into things without opening them—that glorious license which, having shut the door and driven the reporter from its key-hole, calls upon Truth, majestic virgin! to get off from her pedestal and drop her academic poses, and take a festive garland and the vacant place at the medius lectus—
that carnival shower of questions and replies and comments, large axioms bowled over the mahogany like bomb-shells from professional mortars, and explosive wit dropping its trains of many-colored fire, and the mischief-making rain of bon-bons pelting everybody that shows himself—the picture of a truly intellectual banquet is one which the old Divinities might well have attempted to reproduce in their——." Among such we see none of those dogmatic fellows, who are continually lumbering in their "ill-conditioned facts," to put a damper on some genial witticism or fine theory. They are all skillful chess-players respecting the sentiments and abilities of their companions; restrained by no narrow prejudices, and gifted with great comprehension, their communion together does indeed become "A feast of reason and a flow of soul."

"Laughter and tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of sensibility; one is wind-power and the other water-power; that is all." It is not difficult to discover a connection between the two. Surely any who have laughed until they cried will readily believe the statement. The two may seem incongruous and incompatible to such as consider the Christian's life merely a sphere of sorrow for the sins of the present, and who wear long faces emblematic of their preparation for the melancholy future. These bug-bears in the way of enjoyment of the good things of this world, who cry down dancing and whist, as calculated to lead to destruction immediate and inevitable. Who frown at the gayety and freedom of social intercourse, and who look upon chess-playing and other polished amusements with the most holy horror. Far be it from us to sneer at true consistent religion. We hold in high esteem the pure and hearty benevolence of those who seek to lighten "the ills which flesh is heir to;" but we sincerely deprecate the course of such as would attain the better land by good works and unnecessary regard to form. The days of Blue Lawism do not yet appear to have died out, and we have met some indications of that stern rigor which whipt the Connecticut children to church on Sunday, and piously repeated the application each day of the week.
We join in the query, "How curious it is that we always consider solemnity and the absence of all gay surprises and encounters of wit, as essential to the idea of the future life of those whom we thus deprive of half their faculties and then call blessed! There are not a few who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gayety from their hearts and all joyousness from their countenances." A truce to these cold unsympathising characters—these soulless icicles.

We recommend the pages from 105 to 110 to the perusal of all students—e. g.: "Every now and then we throw an old schoolmate over the stern, with a string of thought tied to him, and look—I am afraid with a kind of luxurious and sanctimonious compassion—to see the rate at which the string reels off, while he lies there bobbing up and down, poor fellow! and we are dashing along with the white foam and bright sparkle at our bows—the ruffled bosom of prosperity and progress, with a sprig of diamonds stuck in it!"

How novel and apt the comparison of "Commencement day" with the start for the "Derby." The annual return of this great occasion in college world, may well be said to be the starting of the intellectual colts in the race of life. Young men stand up to make their debut—some gifted with talent of the finest lore, and filled with great hopes of the untried future; others, who have by patience and self-denial acquired a vast amount of capital, and who, conscious of their own capacity, look out firmly, though not buoyantly, upon the crowded track. It were hard to predict which shall be the most successful, and not unfrequently those from whom the most is naturally expected, are the first to grow weary and lag behind—and the slow-goer at the first turn comes out ahead at the close. The moral may easily be drawn, and observation of human nature adds much to its strength. A verse in "The Chambered Nautilus" beautifully delineates the struggles we all should make:

"Build thee more, more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

What a quaint jumbling together of ideas would this seem to be—the analogy between the poem, the Meerschaum and the Violin. We have common-sense philosophy to confirm the Autocrat's reasoning. You and I have not pored over the standard works of English poets, time after time, and discovered no new beauty of conception, gleaned no new idea from their reperusal. You will not admit that your pleasure in reading "Gray's Elegy" is less intense now than when you first took it up. Has the lesson of your own experience taught you to consider the sentiments of Shakspeare's works a mere fallacy? Do the stirring numbers of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," bear a less sonorous tone to your mental tympanum? As years increase and age wears on, the ties of friendly affection which grapple us to those whose professions have been tested by all fortune's changes, assimilate to the strains of Tennyson's "In Memorium." The position of fallen woman might every day be presented to our contemplation by "The Bridge of Sighs." And as ever "Upon a midnight dreary," we may be bound in the weird spell of "The Raven," our pity for man's remorse makes us in nowise lose sight of the exquisite rhythm and analytic strength, so characteristic of the unfortunate Poe's efforts.

No student would disparage the value which the numbered tint of age and constant use gives to the Meerschaum. The possessor, with the utmost solicitude, watches the progress of the oil of the narcotic weed as it penetrates every pore of the precious pipe. Many of the happiest reveries of his young life are the effects of its soporiferous influence—the brightest castles which he builds have no firmer foundation than the curly wreaths of smoke floating slowly toward the ceiling of his sanctum. "And then the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! he who inhales its vapors takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath."

The rare estimate which age bestows upon the violin has passed to a proverb; nor does it need the wondrous touch
of a Paganini or an Ole Bull to convince us "of the harmonies which have kindled and faded on its strings."

"Every person's feelings have a front door and a side door by which they may be entered." The most accurate judge of human nature could not more justly comment on this proposition, and every one's years, no matter how few they be, bear ample evidence to its truth. There are certain sensations common to all, which are too noble to be submitted to the cold practical glance of the outer world—certain elements in our nature whose force and power are to be known only to those endeared to us by ties of blood or the most unreserved intimacy. These are the *arcana sacra* of our hearts, and admittance to them can be through the side door alone. Those who are not included in the loved circle of relatives and friends, never get farther than the reception room, near the front door, and here their stay must be limited."

To carry the topic to another range, the Autocrat tells us:—A very simple *intellectual* mechanism answers the necessities of friendship, and even the most intimate relations of life, and then comes an analogy between the brain and the watch. We are not to say that the more intellectuality a man has, the less his capacity for loving, but, as men are gifted with little or no knowledge of books, and consequently fewer tastes to gratify, so their natural affections are more intense.

To the Professor's paper on Old Age, the reader may turn for entertainment of no ordinary character. We remember the charming tone of Cicero de Senectute, and look back to it as one of the most attractive text books of our classic course. "Nature gets us out of youth into manhood, as sailors are hurried on board of vessels,—in a state of intoxication. We are hurried into maturity reeling with our passions and imaginations, and we have drifted far away from port before we awake out of our illusions. But to carry us out of maturity into old age, without our knowing where we are going, she drugs us with strong opiates, and so we stagger along with wide open eyes that see nothing until snow enough has fallen on our head to rouse our comatose brains out of their stupid trances." Thus it is—
"Though young no more, we still would dream
Of beauty's dear deluding wiles;
The leagues of life to graybeards seem
Shorter than boyhood's lingering miles."

He vigorously rates the young men of these times on their neglect of the physique, styles them black-coated, stiff-jointed, soft-muscled, paste-complexioned, and so on ad infinitum. It were unnecessary for us to reiterate the sentiments of all the periodicals and papers in the land,—to point our companions to the caricatures which adorn the funny page of Harper's; which illustrate the sarcasm of Yankee Notions, Nick-Nax, &c., and which alas are too near the reality. At the same moment, he describes his own amusements—his walks, his rides, his boatings, and we can readily infer his own belief in their tendency to preserve to the last, in a great measure at least, the vigor of maturity.

How clearly the view set forth on the causes of intemperance meets the case. It is a notable fact that very few, if any, go to drinking from the mere love of liquor. "Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. Tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will can not stop them; they can not stop themselves; sleep can not still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads."

When the tremendous weight of the powers of intellect and sensibility overbalances that of the will, we see the unfortunate victim of such derangement taking soothing drugs to allay the fever—for instance, stupefying themselves with opium. Or they are tempted to drown their cares in the intoxication of the wine-cup, which strings the nervous system to higher tension, and, ere long, breaks down the entire physical organism.

"We die out of houses, just as we die out of our bodies." How strong one's attachment to a place of long residence becomes. Nothing material links itself so tenaciously in
the affections of our lives as the home of childhood, and when the same old dwelling has been occupied by several generations it seems like snapping the very heart-strings to relinquish it. The poet-lover sentimentally informs us that home is where the heart is; true, indeed, but the fine frenzy of passion can not uproot the memory of the old home.—The delicate tendrils of family love are as firmly fastened to the rough corners of the walls, and as deeply set in the interstices of the stones, as the ivy that mantles the ragged surface of old Gothic churches. Every rock and corner is hallowed by peculiarly delightful recollections, recollections too, which form an indissoluble part of our life-history. It is, however, the oft-told story, always welcome to mortal ears, and causing the tender melody of "Home, sweet home" to strike a responsive chord in every bosom.

Cant phrases he specifies as the blank checks of intellectual bankruptcy, and yet, who has not known, as he himself observes, "a country clergyman, with a one-story intellect and a one-horse vocabulary, who has consumed his valuable time in giving an opinion of a brother minister's discourse, which a Sophomore would have characterized in the one word—slow."

But time and space would fail us to tell even an iota of the good things contained in the Autocrat. We fear our cogitations have proved rambling and disconnected, and well they may be so, since we opened the book at random. We can appreciate his success with the School-mistress from the delineation of their walks and talks, we can also fancy the regret at his departure from the Boarding-house. And we hope the sentimental Landlady's Daughter may find her affinity soon.

It is enough that the reader may gain a slight idea of the character of the book, enough to prompt the perusal in extenso; we can assure him that it has received the most unstinted praise from English and American critics. For ourselves, we consider him a Poet, a Philosopher, and an unsurpassed Humorist, and are glad that he "shook the same boughs again," bringing down ripe fruit which bears the same tinge of thought, though far superior to what he is
pleased to term "the crude products of his uncombed literary boyhood."

In conclusion, we dub the Autocrat a book for any and all hours; fitted to make us laugh when gay, or solace an occasional attack of the blues.

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TWO TRIBUTES TO BLACK EYES.

NO. I.

Let those who may praise "pensive gray,"
Or "melancholy blue;"
But give to me, those orbs that be
Of midnight's darkest hue.

The force that bends, the bow that sends,
Love's surest shafts are they;
Their magic art which charms the heart,
We may not ward away.

In ages gone their charms have won
The Poet's sweetest lays—
They still inspire his sounding lyre,
To notes of highest praise.

But Lover's tongue, nor Poet's song,
Has language to define
Their charms, which win and hold us in
Captivity divine.

We only know that in the glow
Of dark and sunlit eyes,
Some witching spell doth ever dwell,
Some strange enchantment lies.

NO. II.

There is a world of witchery,
Within those darksome eyes,
Where Love's delightful images,
In fairy shadows rise.

Where scintillating passion sparks,
Forever come and go,
Like flaming arrows shot at hearts,
From Cupid's mystic bow.
INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

January.

As meteor stars at midnight hour,
Illume the heavenly scroll,
So, too, thine eyes possess a power,
That thrills the inmost soul.

They seem like Cupid's magazine,
Of fiery little darts,
And every glance is a machine,
To shoot them into hearts.

And every heart that once endured,
The wild ecstatic pain,
Infatuated seeks a cure,
By being shot again.

INTERCEPTED LETTERS OF A HOME-SICK STUDENT.

Dii boni! quid hoc morbi est?

Terence,—Eunuchus.

No. I.

Alma Mater, January, 1859.

Dear ———,

It is useless to seek for words to express my misery. I hardly know whether I am altogether sane. When we parted I told you what an effort it cost me to tear myself from home and all its attendant pleasures. Now I am experiencing the sad reality, which is far more doleful than my worst anticipations. What a sickening change! Luxuriating in the sunshine of home influence, and pining away in the literary dungeon of old K——! Could any antithesis be more emphatic? Ever since my return hither I have been plunged into the lowermost profundity of wretchedness. All this I frankly confess, scorning to hide a single iota of the truth from you, whom I have always considered as my best friend. Yes, let the true state of the case be made known—in the strictest confidence, remember. For the first time in my life I am experiencing that disease, to which students are sometimes liable, yeclupt home-sickness. There was a time when I regarded this malady as a
mere panic, existing only in the fertile imagination of certain college drones.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

Now I am undeceived,—and O, so cruelly, unmercifully undeceived!

Knowing your scientific turn of mind, I suppose you would desire to know the symptoms of this curious malady. On this topic I shall be obliged to leave you in the dark. To write a medical disquisition, and describe the progress of the distemper, and its inroads on the system, is much more than I can attempt. Let it suffice that I first became aware of its existence on the afternoon of the very day of my arrival here, that is, the day before yesterday. Since then it has been gradually increasing, assuming every hour a more and more terrific shape. In both my sleeping and waking hours it haunts me. Sleeping hours, did I say? No; for it hovers around my pillow at night with "a spell that murders sleep." For the last two nights I have done nothing but toss restlessly from one side of the bed to the other. What would I not have given for a taste of the "balm of hurt minds?" My want of rest at night has been but poorly compensated by a short doze in the afternoon.

Methinks I hear you ask whether there is really no remedy. I know of none whatever, and have tried every imaginable expedient, but all in vain. At first I tried to frown it down by an extra dose of study. Never in my life did I open the Greek lexicon with more valiant determination than yesterday forenoon. Firmly believing in the freedom of volition, I was in hopes of drowning my nostalgic sensation by an intellectual dive into the water of Epic literature. But alas! it did not take long to convince me that volition and action are two entirely different things. "Where there's a will there's a way," says the lying proverb. I did not find such to be the case. I translated a few lines, and was unable to proceed any farther. My head swam so that I could not see the letters on the page before me, and it was the same to me whether I was attempting to read Greek or Japanese. I could not help thinking of home, and soon became lost on a reverie on this seductive subject.
Rousing myself by a gigantic effort of will, I again turned my attention to the Iliad; but was ere long again diverted from the perusal, by wondering whether Agamemnon was ever home-sick, or whether the blind old bard of Scios' rocky isle did not experience it at sundry times. Ulysses must have been affected with it, if any mortal ever was. And who can blame him? I should have been strongly tempted to indulge in the lotus fruit, if placed in similar circumstances.

Such reflections as these occupied my mind all the time I should have been digging out the Greek roots. At length, happening mechanically to turn my eyes toward the clock, I perceived that it only wanted fifteen minutes to recitation time. In the name of all the Gods in Olympus! what was to be done then? It would never do to cut recitation, and to go there and flunk would be still worse. There was still another horn to the dilemma, if indeed there can be a dilemma with three horns. I hesitated to adopt the measure, but there was no remedy. To hasten into the room of my friend next door and to borrow his pony, was the work of a few seconds. In this manner I succeeded in getting the lesson, and making a tolerable figure in the recitation room.

But it is high time to close this letter. Not having had any sleep last night, I cannot forbear taking a short siesta before the next recitation comes round, which will be in the course of an hour,—at 4, P. M. I know you will consider this letter rather querulous and blue, but you must make allowance for my disordered sensibilities. I could not write in a lively manner under present circumstances; so you must have compassion on me, and write me a letter of sympathy and consolation as soon as possible. I shall be all impatient until I hear from you. ** * * * * * * *

Remember me to all our mutual friends, particularly the female portion of them.
In my letter yesterday I unfolded to you my troubles in part, and only in part. You may think it strange to receive another letter from me at so short an interval. But I really cannot forbear writing. I need a confidant, and must have one. Allow me to add that you are the only one I can possibly trust in this matter. Do not be surprised if you should receive a letter from me every day or two. I will not trouble you to answer every one of them separately and as soon as received. That would be worse than the twelve labors of Hercules. All I ask is that you will write to me as often as your leisure and charity combined may dictate.

Yesterday I told you about my first expedient to cure this distemper of mine, and how it signally failed. Last night I resolved to try a second plan. On returning to my room after supper, I found it impossible to study. The weather out of doors was as cold as Greenland. I sat down by the stove and gazed into the fire, thinking of the folks at home. How I wished I was with them! Was it not possible to devise some excuse to go home on? Yes, perhaps,—no! impossible. At last I decided to spend the evening visiting my friends. Eureka! that was the very idea. Company would do me good. But what was the society of our motley throng of students compared with that of the folks at home? However, it would do to make the trial. I donned my old ragged study-gown, pulled off my boots, and slipped my feet into a pair of slippers,—and was then ready for visiting. We students always visit among.
ourselves in the same costume in which we study; we never stand on ceremony.

My first call was upon my friend at the far end of the corridor. After giving a tap at the door and hearing a faint "come in," half whispered inside, I lifted up the latch and entered. The room was dimly lighted by a coal oil lamp, with the wick partly turned down. The occupant was reclining at full length on the bed, his head resting on one hand, a short clay pipe in his mouth, and a cloud of smoke, which would have done honor to any locomotive engine, surrounding him upon all sides. He bade me a cordial good evening, and told me to take a chair, but did not stir an inch from his recumbent position; for, as I said before, we students never stand on ceremony in our relations to one another. He reached me his tobacco-box, which was lying on the table near the bed, and asked me to smoke with him. I am not much addicted to the use of the vile weed, but could not help smoking this time, just for the novelty of it, and for the sake of being sociable. I filled a pipe and lighted it, and in a few minutes was enveloped in a nebula of smoke, almost as dense as that which surrounded my friend. Then we commenced a conversation which lasted nearly two hours. It was not long before I discovered that I was not the only home-sick student in college. My friend confessed that he was so affected; and remarked, that everybody seemed blue this term. "Oh!" said he, "I did have such a fine time in vacation! a magnificent time!" I quietly listened until he had told me the whole state of his feelings on the subject. Then I could restrain myself no longer. At first I had firmly resolved not to tell a living soul of my feelings; for I was inclined to be ashamed of them. But here was such a tempting chance of obtaining sympathy, that I could not forbear another instant. I told him exactly how I felt about it. He appeared to be about as glad to find sympathy as I was. Never before did I realize the truth of the old adage, "Misery loves company." After having smoked two pipes of tobacco I arose to take my leave. But the fumes of the narcotic had so be wildered my brain that I found it almost impossible to stand
upright. Knowing that I should be laughed at if I made
this known, with a strenuous effort I struck a bee line for
the door, and made a precipitate exit, bidding my host good
night, and barely hearing his kind invitation to call again.

And now, perhaps, you will ask whether this visit was of
any avail in curing my home-sickness. I am forced to say,
not in the least. It had rather a contrary effect. Such con-
versation is sure only to add fuel to the flame. And then
that horrible tobacco! how heartily I wished I had never
taken it! It made my head dizzy to a most uncomfortable
degree, so that I felt sick both at head and heart. How-
ever, as there was still a large portion of the evening before
me, I resolved to make at least one more visit. Ascending
to the third story, I rapped at the door of a room occupied
by two students, who were, proverbially, jolly fellows. My
hope was, that their lively conversation would serve to drive
away my despondency. For a few seconds after I had
knocked there was no answer, but only a slight commotion
inside. Then the door was quietly unlocked from within,
and a summons to enter pronounced. I opened the door
and stepped in. Both the occupants of the room burst into
a roar of laughter, and exclaimed, "Is it you? We thought
it was the tutor." This, at once, gave me a clue to the
whole affair. I, however, said nothing about it, but took the
chair offered me, and engaged in conversation with them.
They both seemed a little livelier than usual, and it was not
very difficult to guess the cause. At last one of them arose
and went towards the bed. Then looking at me with a cun-
nning glance, he said, "Would you object?" "Not particu-
larly," was my reply. He then lifted up the skirts of
the bed, and displayed to view a suspicious-looking keg of
about four gallons capacity, and with a wooden spigot at one
end. "Since you are not the tutor and do not object to a
swig of lager, we will proceed to have a little fun," said he.
The glasses were soon filled to the brim and emptied. Then
they were filled again and emptied again. And so on
ad infinitum—almost. "Dutchmen are sensible in one re-
spect," remarked one of my hosts; "they like lager beer."
"That's so," replied the other; "my college life would be
a drudgery to me if I did not have a chance to go on a bender now and then. There is not a sentiment in the world that I can re-echo with more gusto than that contained in the second stanza of Lauriger Horatius.” “Particularly the amare filias terrae,” suggested his room-mate. “No,” replied he, “I prefer the potare by all means. Which of the two do you like best?” continued he, turning towards me. “I regard both as very good in their place,” was my reply, “but should, myself, prefer by far, the aestenitus nominis.” Just then heavy steps were heard on the stairs. “That is the tutor going his rounds,” said my entertainers; “creep under the bed,—quick.” I did so, and the others proceeded to hide the glasses and the keg. They had scarcely arranged everything when the tutor’s well-known knock was heard at the door, which was immediately afterwards opened. I heard somebody say “Good evening, gentlemen,” and then it was closed again. Heavy steps were again to be heard in the corridor and on the stairs. My friends then lifted up the bed-skirts and said, “You can come out now. Tute’s gone.” I crept out of my hiding place, feeling somewhat ashamed of having thus acted the sneak, and wishing that I had allowed myself to be seen, and taken the mark like a man. It is the last time I shall ever do anything of the kind. After taking a few more potations of the Teutonic beverage, I took my leave, promising to call again before the contents of the keg were exhausted. * * * * On the whole, I conclude that visiting is not the cure for home-sickness. * * * * *

No. III.

Alma Mater, January, 1859.

I have told you how vain it was for me to try to get rid of my home-sickness. Every expedient has failed. In vain have I tried to withdraw my thoughts from this subject, so tormenting to my peace of mind. In vain have I resolved to drown the idea of home in the Lethean waves. But not the subject is as enchanting as it is painful. Like the eyeball of the deadly serpent, it holds me chained within the circle of its fascination. I would not fly from it even if I
could. You will probably then ask why I make such a fuss about it, if it is not so unpleasant. You may misunderstand me. It is just the opposite of pleasant, and yet is in some degree fascinating. I pity the man who is too stony-hearted to get home-sick. He must be without "natural affection." I dwell upon every rememberance of the past vacation. The journey down home and all the incidents connected with it, come vividly before my mind. Then the arrival, the greetings, the innumerable questions and undescrivable pleasures,—followed by two weeks of almost unalloyed enjoyment,—these things can never be expressed by words of mine. Can you feel surprised that I should be home-sick? And can you wonder that my feelings should be partly agreeable and partly just the reverse,—agreeable on account of the many pleasant memories of the holidays, and disagreeable on account of the idea that those pleasant days are gone, and not to be repeated until three months have elapsed.

It may be that writing all this nonsense will have no effect towards softening my perturbed sensibilities. But I must have a confidant, even at the risk of adding fuel to the flame, by writing my complaints to him. Did not Robert Burton write his far-famed "Anatomy of Melancholy" for the sole purpose of self-consolation? And did not intense grief impel Cowper to the composition of the lively little poem of John Gilpin? I have been following their illustrious example, and hope that the spontaneous outpouring of my disordered feelings into your bosom, my friend, may heal the wounds that gail me.

There is one other affair which has been occupying my thoughts ever since my return, and which I have hitherto abstained from mentioning to you. Unable to restrain myself any longer, I must, at least, throw out a few hints. You recollect that evening, just two days before I left home, when you and I were together at ———'s house. Well, can I confide in you? If so, let me remark that I only wish—— knew what a favorable impression she made on me on that occasion! There, the cat is out of the bag. You can not imagine how much labor it cost me to write that sen-
tence. She was such a charming little creature that I could not help being very powerfully impressed. If she only knew it!—but stop,—I wonder whether she cares. It must be a matter of the most supreme indifference to her how I was impressed. Yet if sheeps'-eye glances mean anything, I had good reason to feel very much flattered. I saw her look at me once, twice,—three times. Was not that rather encouraging? As to the glances of a similar nature cast by me towards her,—arithmetic is set completely at defiance. I wonder who first invented sheeps'-eyes. A thousand blessings rest forever on his head, whoever did! Wasn't it Alcibiades? or was it,—never mind, let it go. Now, why should I trouble myself about the little witch? Ah! I believe in love at first sight as firmly as the wildest eroto-enthusiast.

How I do curse the Fates for not permitting me to form that acquaintance towards the beginning of the vacation, so that I would have had more time to follow up the advantage. But it is too late now. Just wait until next spring vacation, and if I don't make up for lost time then, my name is not ——. I shall be all-impatience until the last week in March comes around. Well has the immortal Augustan bard exclaimed,

"Improve amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?"

Would you believe your eyes? I have even entertained serious thoughts of turning poet. Here is my first attempt. I had the image of my enchantress before me when I wrote it.

**LINES FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.**

"Fair girl, what matters it although
We have but seldom met?
The moments that I've spent with thee
How can I e'er forget?

"For I have seen that eye of thine
Its heavenly glances dart;
How can I then do ought but grieve,
To think we soon must part?"
"But when thou lookest on this page,  
Remember, then sweet maid,  
Within this breast thy image lives  
In full relief portrayed."

This effusion is the first step I have taken in my contemplated ascent to the summit of Parnassus. Leaving you to admire the lines in peace, I will, for the present, bid you adieu.

RECITATION ROOMS.

You have perhaps, kind reader, stood in some time-beaten cathedral in England, or upon the Continent, and remember, as arch and shaft mounted upward, and the stained glass threw brilliant colors over the marble floor, the feelings of reverence and awe which crept over you. The solemn remembrance of its connection with ages past, and the sculptured memorials of those entombed within it, burdened the spirit with unusual sadness.

It is with feelings akin to these, that I always enter a Recitation Room. There is an influence in the old benches, a voice in the tattered paper upon the wall, and an echo in the dusty corners, that carries my imagination, whether or no, through silent and untrodden halls of thought, and in these wanderings, strange apartments, with heavy oaken doors and carved wainscoting of the ancient time, are thrown open, with all their quaint associations and love; and in their alcoves, as it were, odd black-letter volumes, stained and dusty, invite to commune with their antique pages.

It is a pleasant thing thus to see in common-place and unromantic objects, a gilding of association or thought, which gives them beauty and even splendor. It is thus that the barrenness of an English stone-hedge, in all its grim desolation, becomes almost sacred; and as you stand at Concord—the river murmurs as any other, and its banks are no greener—why are your eyes tearful? It is the baptismal mark of the Revolution, in the blood of forefathers, that, with an inward vision, you see red upon the ground.
Sometimes, too, it is a terrible gift, and we turn from the mind-picture, like some ancient Gaelic retainer, cursed with second sight, from the rosy babe, which grown to a man, he sees gashed and pallid on the battle field.

But after all this introduction, let us open the recitation room door, and walk in. Free to all, you need not knock, nor await permission to enter. Indeed, they tell you, that strange as it may seem in this free land, a certain number of young men, once or oftener a day, are, willing or unwilling, compelled to pass an hour within it.

It is sometimes hinted too, that strange scenes are enacted within its walls. Cabalistic characters and diagrams have been found traced upon easels, devoted, doubtless, to black art. Pagan charms and enchantments, and invocations in an unknown and stygian tongue, it is said, are sometimes muttered within it by bands of acolytes, under the supervision of an arch prelector. Schoolmen's riddles from the dark ages, it is said, are by some unholy resurrection, dragged from their graves, and are paraded with hollow eyes and grinning features, in all the ghastliness of their fleshless limbs, before the terrified and awe-stricken spectators; and Arba Aron's formulae—heavy chains to harness and clamp in thought—are, some assert, forged and welded there.

Indeed, it has been horribly whispered, that there is one room, subterraneous, shuttered and bolted, hemmed in by walls of masonry five feet thick, and shut out from the sweet light of day, where stands a grim altar, over whose stained and incrusted surface, a wizard, skilled in all fetichism and necromancy, mutters syllables and strange combinations of letters and figures, upon whose utterance, the familiar spirits whom they represent, hold incarnate festival amid fire and smoke and bubbling of caldrons. Some have even affirmed, that in one of the dark corners, in a kind of lair or kennel, this sorcerer keeps in chains a terrible animal, whose food consists of metal plates, and whose thirst is quenched by great draughts of the most corroding acids. This monster, it is asserted, is provided with certain long and wire-like antennæ or tentaculae, which, like some fabled marine ani-
mals, it casts about for prey; and the unhappy man, woman, or child, with whom they come in contact, is seized with the most horrible convulsions, followed by a numbing and paralyzing sensation, akin to that of death. It is, also, stoutly asserted, although almost incredible for belief, that it affords this magician the highest satisfaction and delight, to entice within the coils of these antennae, the unwary stranger who wanders into his haunts, and that he watches with the utmost glee, the contortions and agony of his victim, and only liberates him when sufficiently satisfied with the infernal spectacle.

On the walls, too, after the manner of a hellish tapestry, upon pins and hooks, writhe imitations of serpents and creeping things; and away in the gloom, is said to be a grotto or cave, into whose precincts no one but the necromancer has ever penetrated, and upon whose slimy sides hang suspended, or rest on shelves, fearful engines and instruments of horror. It is also said, that at times, clouds of sulphurous smoke, claps of thunder, groans and peals of diabolic laughter do issue forth, until, were honest pilgrim on earth and in the vicinity, he would bethink himself again in the valley of the shadow of death. Such traditions are there of some Recitation Rooms.

One fact connected with Recitation Rooms, and worthy of remark, is the unique registry of names that adorns their walls, benches and wainscoting. Names long and short, smooth and harsh; names celebrated and inglorious, ordinary and unusual. Here all nations are represented. The guttural German, the lisping French, and the earnest Saxon, in friendly juxtaposition, stand in syllabic rank and file. Smiths meet you at every turn; the prolific progeny it is said of one Tubal-Cain, an honest artificer in iron and brass, who once lived in some Western province of Asia, and whose descendants, it is supposed, came over with the Normans. The Jones family, too, one of the greatest influence, whose ancestors have filled the highest places in Church and State, whose power in political affairs is manifested at every suffrage, and whose magnitude is visible in any respectable city’s directory, is fully represented. Scattered
among them, also, are to be found, other names well known to fame; and Washingtons, Hamiltons and Jacksons shine out among the lesser cognomens.

It is said that there are those who, by long practice or by some sympathetic or psychological peculiarity of nature, are enabled to judge accurately of the character, traits of mind, tastes and sentiments of a person, by an inspection of his writing. And it is even, I believe, claimed by some, that they can with some considerable degree of certainty, describe the special feelings which controlled the mind of the writer at the time; the hopes or fears that agitated him, or the passion that fevered his veins.

What a field for the exercise of his ability would such an one find upon the walls and benches of the Recitation Room. Chirography, varied as the forms of foliage, and exhibited in multifarious styles and manners, written with pencil and pen, and bitten into the soft wood of the benches with jack-knife and slate-pencil. There are great aldermanic letters, plethoric with a sense of the importance of the name they compose. Unwielding characters, bloated and irregular, whose architecture is at variance with all laws of symmetry and proportion, sprawl themselves in all directions. Dumpy fellows there are too, with round, bullet-shaped faces and jolly short legs. Then there are the lean letters, shrunken and emaciated, with meagre and attenuated proportions, whose forlorn appearance brings irresistibly to mind, the seven ill-favored kine of Pharaonic notoriety. And, also, must not be forgotten the little microscopic fellows that nestle as it were in the shadow of the larger ones, and from their diminutiveness, are almost overlooked—the very Lilliputians of the strange assembly.

But, lo! as we gaze upon the inscriptions, the empty benches are again peopled; the moty air of the apartment is heavy with the hum of voices; and echoes that have slept in the dusky walls for long years, awake and whisper as of old. In our presence, throng—shadowy yet almost real—the faces and forms that the half-defaced names represent.

Alas, how changed that wrinkled brow and dimmed eye from the mildness and brightness of youth! Sorrow and
age have left their marks. How altered that hand, brown and shrivelled, from that through whose pulses the young blood went leaping and bounding years ago, when in a boyish impulse it carved your letters on the wainscoting.

There are some names too, that have not their representatives in the shadowy assemblage. Why is it that they do not visit with the others—friends, acquaintances and classmates of old—these familiar haunts? Alas, the earth weighs heavily upon their dust. The eyes that smiled and the hands that greeted, no longer fulfill those glad offices. Death touched them, and dying they smiled sadly, to leave the fair green earth all bright with promises of future honor, fame and social happiness; exultingly, as some glorious vision of the New City and one of shining ones therein, came before them, or as strains of unearthly harmony and the sound of sweeping wings greeted their ears.

But the living, from whence do they come, as face after face in the panorama of imagination appears before us? Some afar from the home of their childhood, from strange and unknown lands. Others from the familiar spots where they were born. Some from the crowded city, some from the quiet plain, and others from the cloisters and seats of learning. In what varied costumes too. The robes of legal and ecclesiastical place, the uniform of military rank, the civilian’s unstudied attire, and honorable as them all, the garb of earnest labor, pass and re-pass as in some magical phantasmagoria.

Another prominent thing connected with Recitation Room inscriptions, are the class records often to be found upon the walls and window frames. In capital letters, Class of 18——, stares you in the face, and below it, ranged from A to Izzard, stand the names of the worthies who composed it. These records form, as it were, a sort of system of collegiate geology, imitating more or less closely in the changes of the intellectual history of the microcosm, those in the physical history of the great world. Each record may be called a period of formation, and the traditions handed down from college generation to generation, of the exploits of classes or individuals, the vestiges and fossils of an age, once a living present, but now forever passed away.
It is said to afford the Sophomoric portion of our community the utmost delight, to inveigle some newly-fledged Freshman into a corner of the Recitation Room, and there, with one of these class-lists as a text, to display his knowledge of college history and recount in strains of admiration the wonderful deeds and exploits of the heroes of antiquity. This name, he will tell you, is that of the athlete, who years ago performed the memorable feat of kicking the foot-ball over the college,—and a second Homer, he sighs at the degeneracy of his own day. This name is that of the "hardest man" ever in college. The terror of faculty, tutors and professors. The marauder of hen-roosts, and the sworn friend to whisky bottles and King Diamond’s version. This one was the finest speaker, this the most polished writer of his class, while that excelled in mathematics and the natural sciences. This one sits in the halls of Congress; this one wears the robe of ecclesiastical power; and this one, a missionary in foreign lands, has learned "to labor and to wait."

Many acquaintances the old Recitation Room has had—scarcely to be calculated. Hundreds have enjoyed its hospitality, and who shall number those whom its teachings, indirectly and through the hands of others, have moulded and influenced. The scenes which have taken place within its walls would fill a volume. A strange book it would be. A sad book, and yet some pages, yes many, would glow, and speak out as it were, with high and noble examples.

It has sometimes happened, that a man in the prime of life, has visited, urged by some inward impulse, the early home of his childhood, and after he has wandered over the haunts so well known to him, has called to memory the brothers, the sisters, and the playmates of those happy days, and has almost looked for the print of little feet upon the garden walk. After he has passed through the old parlor and the bed chamber which he occupied, and sat again in his accustomed seat by the fire side—that overcome with the recollections of that boyhood—the strong man has bowed his face in his hands and wept.

And thus will it be when, after long wandering, we shall have journeyed again to the well remembered scenes of college life, and shall live over again in imagination with
class-mates and friends—some living, some dead; all scattered—the days then long gone by. And, O, old Recitation Room, as we look in upon you, time-stained and dusty, it will not be with feelings of contempt, but of love and reverence; and as memories of the past crowd upon us, and long forgotten names and faces throng in upon the mind, we will fain draw our hat close over our forehead and hide the tears that our firmness cannot repress.

The roads during the winter of 1824, and spring of 1825, were well-nigh impassible, and the Bishop, in consequence, was unable this conventional year, to visit any of the diocese excepting to officiate in the parishes of which he still held the parochial charge. But this incidental and compulsory relief from Episcopal visitations left him more time to attend to his long neglected family affairs, and to devote to the contemplated College and Theological Seminary, and the latter became, in an intenser degree, the absorbing subject of his heart and efforts. He determined to make a beginning at his own residence near Worthington, and for this purpose collected a few pupils as a nucleus, and engaged a teacher. Mrs. Betsy Reed, of Putnam, Zanesville, Ohio, made, about this time, a donation of 1000 acres of land of first class quality upon Alum creek, and about 12 miles from Columbus, to the proposed diocesan seminary and college, or to the fund for the support of the Episcopate, as the Bishop and convention might, in their wisdom, decide. The land embraced an elevated and beautiful plateau, admirably situated for the site of the contemplated institutions, and the Bishop seriously entertained the intention of recommending its adoption by the Diocese as the site where the Seminary and College should be permanently located. To this end he caused a clearing to be made, and a commodious log building erected, and communicated his views by letter to one or more leading
members of the Diocese. But by this step he was at an early day advised that great differences of opinion in reference to the whole subject of the contemplated institutions existed between him and some of the most able and influential laymen. The Bishop, from the first, embraced in his project a large college, with its grammar school as well as a Theological Seminary, the former as an indispensable preparatory department to the latter, and all the English friends and benefactors were actuated by the same view. But some of the Laymen of Ohio, who had from the first warmly and ably supported him in all his projects to provide for the education in Ohio of young men for the ministry, (and among these Charles Hammond,) were decidedly opposed to the college conception, and in favor only of a Theological Seminary. The Bishop, from the first, was in favor of placing the proposed institutions in the woods, in the centre of a large domain, to be owned, (at least for the present), by the institutions, and at a distance from a city or town; very many of the Laymen were very decidedly opposed to such a location, and in favor of placing the institutions in the immediate vicinity of a city or town. Mr. Hammond, the chairman of the committee appointed to secure an act of incorporation, drew up the act himself, and had the institution incorporated exclusively as a Theological Seminary. The Bishop, for the sake of peace, and to insure the act of incorporation, made no special objection to this, intending to apply to a subsequent Legislature for an amendment to incorporate a college in connection with the Seminary. At the next convention, held at Zanesville, in June, 1825, the Bishop, in his annual address, stated in extenso, and with his usual ability, his reasons in favor of locating the institutions permanently in the centre of a large domain of wild lands to be the property of the Seminary, and called the attention of the convention to the Alum Creek site, the noble and generous gift of Mrs. Reed. A committee reported in favor of this locality for the proposed institutions, but their report was not adopted. The convention handsomely expressed their grateful acknowledgments to Mrs. Reed for her beneficent liberality, but made an express provision for postponing for the present the per.
manent location of the Seminary. This generous donation is not the only ground upon which this excellent lady is entitled to the grateful remembrance of the Diocese of Ohio. With a refined and generous hospitality, not unworthy the elect lady, commemorated by the Apostle John, her elegant and comfortable home was always open to rest and refresh the weary and jaded pioneer missionaries of the church, and her liberal hand open to contribute to their necessities. Intelligent, educated, accomplished, an ardent and conscientious admirer of our venerable and apostolic Church, and evangelically devout, a day's rest at her comfortable home was a most grateful change to our earlier missionaries from the fatigues and self-denial that they had often to endure. To them, the mention of her name was always as fragrant odors poured forth. She lived to see our Theological Seminary and Kenyon College in happy prosperity, and the church of her early education and heart, from a little one become a thousand. It is but a year or two since she was called to her better home and crown above! She had known and admired Bishop Chase, as Rector of Christ Church, Hartford, before her removal from Connecticut, and continued until death his warm and devoted friend.

The only thing done by this Convention to further the Bishop's views in reference to the proposed diocesan school, was to advise the Board of Trustees to authorize and empower the Bishop to make a commencement of the school at his own residence near Worthington. This, however, the Bishop had already done upon his own credit and responsibility. The refusal of the convention to approve of the Alum Creek site was a sore disappointment to the Bishop, but even upon that refusal be subsequently learned to congratulate himself and the Diocese. The one afterwards selected and permanently adopted is so greatly better and in all respects superior. But this opposition greatly disturbed, between the Bishop and some of the leading laymen, the happy confidence which had previously existed between them, and unfortunately led to a mutual withdrawal of respect and affection, which was never afterwards healed. The Bishop attributed the opposition to low and selfish motives,
and to a bitter and groundless jealousy of the position and rightful influence of the Episcopate, and they, his persistence in his own opinions to sheer self-will and pride and a bigoted intolerance of the opposition of others. Those who opposed the college and grammar-school features were evidently in error, and we cannot but feel grateful to the Bishop for resisting that opposition to the bitter end of making former and honored friends his enemies, but the opposition to locating the proposed institutions on wild lands and at a distance from any city or town was, in most instances, pure, candid, and honest, and based upon weighty and well founded objections, and justly entitled to respect. It must, however, be confessed that personal and selfish motives were, (at least seemingly,) mixed up, in some instances, with the advocacy of these objections. Some men urged them because they wished and entertained hopes that the institutions would be located in the immediate vicinity of their own city or town, and on the appearance of this selfishness the Bishop's high and keen sense of honor was in every instance disgusted, and his patience overcome, and in consequence he may have done injustice to others of the same opinion. Our English benefactors were in favor of the purchase of a large body of wild land, and of placing the institutions in the centre of their own domain. Henry Clay, (as we learned from the Bishop,) was a warm advocate of the same policy, and the Bishop's own judgment, after months of prayerful and careful reflection, was deliberately opposed to any other location. But whatever opinions we would have held, at that time, the whole matter now is to us one of curiosity rather than of importance. The site of our Diocesan institutions is now confessedly the finest in the State, and the students can have, and shall have, all the advantages of the refined and elegant society of the town, combined with the solid and most desirable advantages of comparative retirement and solitude. None now would refuse to say of Gambier and the noble institutions with which she is adorned, what David said of his beloved Jerusalem, "beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," is this mount of our Zion, and let it never be forgotten that to Bishop Chase's firmness
and labors, we are, under God, indebted for this noble ecclesiastical institution! He may have been mistaken as to the wisdom of commencing the institution remote from the conveniences and advantages of a city or town, and doubtless his peculiar infirmities of temper had, (it must be regretted,) too much their own way in his intercourse with, and treatment of, the candid, the honest, and more respectable of those who were opposed to his policy, (for to err is human,) but after all, it was a question of mere time. How remote and secluded the site selected at first might be, the town would, in time, certainly follow, and the main reason, after all, which governed the Bishop in his decision as to the locality, and that ultimately carried the convention with him, was, that the diocesan institutions might themselves reap all the pecuniary advantage which their interest and prosperity might create. And although this question is with us, as we have already stated, one now of novelty rather than of importance, still, in justice to the Bishop, our readers should be made acquainted with the views which he held on this subject. He thus states them in his address to the Convention at Zanesville:

"To determine the great question where our Seminary is to be established, I always considered as a right belonging to the convention; for by that body I understand an assembly of men, acting in the fear of God, for the Diocese in general; free from prejudice, partial views and local interests—in short, an assemblage of the wisdom of the whole Diocese—of the Bishop—of the Clergy—and of the Laity.

"As an integral part, therefore, of this body, I have thought it my duty to give this subject all the investigation and deliberation in my power; the result of which the same sense of duty now compels me to lay before you.

"Before we enter on the consideration of any particular place, the proposals for the Seminary divide themselves into two classes, viz.: those for town, and those for country places. Having come to this question with an unbiased mind, I have, it is believed, investigated without prejudice, both these classes of proposals, and am fully of opinion that the latter has the preference, and for the following reasons:

"1. In the country we can have the choice of a sight most eligible for health, which is not always the case of our towns, as experience abundantly proves.
"2. Wherever in the country our Seminary is placed, the lands for many miles around will greatly increase in value; and if they should be in a state of nature, that increase, in the opinion of good judges, would be more than doubled. Should, therefore, the Seminary, by gift or otherwise, (previously to the determination to fix absolutely on any place,) be certain of being the possessor of some thousands of acres of the surrounding country, how surely and how innocently, yea, how justly might it share in the gains of which itself would thus be the parent. Count these gains, and on the most moderate scale contrast them with the highest offer which any town will make, and the preference of fixing the seminary in the country will be apparent. I have done so, and am satisfied: do so yourselves, and I trust you will be of my opinion. Suppose four thousand acres were given us, and by purchase we became owners of four thousand acres more. If the seminary were established on them, the former of these would now be worth $20,000.00, and the latter, after deducting the price of their purchase, would amount to $15,000.00; and a few years would see these lands doubled even in this valuation. If this computation be doubted, let it be distinctly known that there are persons who (if these lands with the Seminary established thereon, were conveyed to them for the right of leasing and selling the same under whatever reasonable restrictions to secure the morality of the inhabitants, the Trustees may require,) would be obligated to pay the interest of that sum, viz.: $1800, annually, for ever. This, it should seem, stamps validity on our plans, and puts their practicability beyond a doubt.

"3. By placing our Seminary on lands of which itself is the owner for some distance round, we might possess, and, if we chose, we might exercise a power as effectual as salutary—a power, by right of soil, to prevent the evils which, otherwise, often the best of collegiate laws can not cure.

Such is the nature of our civil government, that it must be employed rather in punishing than in preventing vice. Thus, of necessity, the woe falls more on the seducer than on the tempted. The tempted is punished, while the tempter often, too often, escapes unhurt. In schools and colleges placed in cities, and receiving students from abroad, these evils are most alarmingly apparent. Young men are often disgraced by punishment, and sometimes ruined by expulsion; whilst, when compared with their seducers, they are innocent—and those who enticed them from the paths of rectitude chiefly ought to suffer.

There is a time in youth when the body, not the mind, has attained maturity—a time when, amid the storms of
passion, reason's feeble voice is scarcely heard—a time when inexperience blinds the eye, and pleasure, like an opiate, hulls the conscience fatally to sleep—a time when the paths of sin, though they end in death, are, by the arts of Satan, strewed with flowers—a time when all restraint, though imposed by Mercy's self, seems hard and galling;—there is in youth a time like this, and this is that which is commonly spent at college, when, from the want of means to prevent temptation, they are most exposed to the seductions of wicked and designing persons. This is so true and so frequent, that through a life of half a century, and far the greater part of this spent in being taught or in teaching others, there has been no one subject on which my mind has dwelt with deeper and more melancholy regret than this, viz.:—that there were not in our seminaries of learning some way invented, or some power reserved, by which the temptation might be suppressed, and thus the crime prevented, or at least the tempter, for example's sake, more severely punished; some way, I say, by which our youth, when removed from the guardian eye of their parents, might contend with vice on more equal terms—might be taught, at least, the use of weapons of self-defense, before they are brought, as in our city colleges, to contend unarmed with the worst enemies of their happiness—those who find it their interest or malicious pleasure to seduce them from their studies into vice and dissipation. And here, may God be praised both for the suggestion and the way to accomplish it, this much desired means of preventing evils which no collegiate laws can cure, (till that cure come too late), is now before you. Put your seminary on your own domain; be owners of the soil on which you dwell, and let the tenure of every lease and deed depend on the expressed condition, that nothing detrimental to the morals and studies of the youth be allowed on the premises. This condition, while it secures good men for the first settlers, will insure them such for ever; and in so doing, will close up the greatest, widest and most fatal avenues to vice. This expedient is so beneficial that it finds a friend in every parent's bosom; and it is so practicable, that the wonder is not at its intricate nature, but that, in a country like ours, it has not been before adopted. It is an expedient which embraces so effectually the vital interests of our Seminary, as singly and of itself to extinguish all objections. We, therefore, might spare ourselves the pains to state them; for were they ever so numerous, and with ever so much plausibility urged against us, this one feature of our plan would, like Aaron's rod, devour and destroy them."

3
FROM THE MODERN GREEK.

The following is rather a free translation of a modern Greek song, composed by an unknown author. It was very popular at the time of the revolution, when the Turkish yoke was thrown off. A version of the entire song is given below, with the exception of the chorus, which no one who has seen it will deny to be untranslatable:

O, come, ye noble Greeks, arise!
Regain Parnassus, the divine;
Its wealth do ye no longer prize,
The blessings of the rosy Nine?

O, Greece, once mighty, now so base,
Thy sons look for a brighter day!
Thy glory and thy former grace,
Long since renowned in many a lay.

My country! fallen, yet so dear,
Thou that didst rule the ancient world,
I weep when, in such baseness drear,
I see thee thus ignobly hurled.

But courage! cast away all fear!
Thou yet shall be the home of the brave;
The tyrants shall no more rule here,
And ignorance shall find its grave.

Those schools, abodes of wisdom’s might,
We will again once more renew;
Let glory’s sun uprear its light
And wake the ancient spirit anew.

Brave youths, your country bids you rise,
And arm yourselves all through the land;
Awake to life—such sloth despise,
And dash the sword from the tyrant’s hand.

Your countrymen and strangers, all
Are gazing on you with delight;
Your fathers’ shades on you do call
To rise and strike a blow for right.

Maids, who in Grecian blood rejoice,
O kindle in your souls the flame;
Take up the lyre and with one voice
Sing Greece’s renovated fame.
How did young Greece, in palmier days,
Ascend on high the hill of fame?
Have ye not read in ancient lays
Of glory putting suns to shame?

Awake on ocean and on land,
Call down the spirit from above;
Boeotia, Athens, Spartan band,
Join hands now in fraternal love.

Revive your ancient laws and arms,
Exchange your sighs for battle's shout;
Let freedom, wealth and beauty's charm
Encompass you once more about.

The Academy and Prytaneum
Once more shall rear their heads to heaven,
And to the Temple and Museum
The palm of letters shall be given.

Melpomene has blessed our sword,
And all the Nine have given their seal;
Thalia now has pledged her word
Her sacred treasures to reveal.

Where's Homer, friend of Grace and Muse,
The chosen bard of brave and strong?
Our Pindar will no more refuse
To pour forth all the might of song.

Harp of Timotheus, awake!
Thou who man's passions once didst sway,
Whose songs could blocks of marble break,
Revive, revive thy ancient lay.

And thou, our Socrates, divine,
Awake, arise—the time is now;
Again shall wisdom's palm be thine,
Again shall laurels deck thy brow.

Hippocrates, in mind a god,
Exerts his skill on plague and pest,
He dashes from death's hand his rod
And turns disease into a jest.

The wealth and worth of every land,
From Ophir, India and Peru,
On us are poured with liberal hand,
As to old Greece just tribute due.

O Solon! thou of bliss the fount,
Who every evil once didst ease,
Now stretch thy arm o'er vale and mount,
And light again thy darkened Greece.
REVIEW OF THE LIVES AND WORKS OF THE MOST EMINENT GERMAN CLASSICAL AUTHORS.

IV.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED HERDER.

"Wer die Sache des Menschengeschlechts als seine betrachtet,
Nimmt an der Gotter Geschäf, nimmt am Verhangniss Theil."

—Herder.

Son of a schoolmaster, born 1744, at Morungen, in eastern Prussia, died as President of the Consistorium, and the first clergyman of the country, at Weimar, 1803. The circumstances of his youth, plain as they were, tended to give a peculiar direction to his susceptible heart. In the midst of great privation, isolation and the oppression of a despotic school authority, which for a long while allowed to the highly-gifted youth no other spiritual food besides the Bible and hymn-book, he grew up under paternal severity and natural softness, and thus was formed the contrast exhibiting itself in his nature—a powerful impulse to study united with rich talent. Thus it was possible that he, on the foundation of so limited an education, advanced so rapidly and successfully, that he was in his twenty-first year called to a chair in the University of Riga. A certain precocity is evident in his first work, "Fragmente zur deutschen Litteratur," 1767. Though his connection with the traveling prince of Holstein—Eutin—did not last long and was broken up at Strassburg, it had afforded to the young man more than one opportunity to become acquainted with the world at large. At Strassburg he came in contact with several youthful talents of his country, especially with Goethe. When he, soon after, was engaged as court preacher and superintendent at Bückeburg, the aristocratical and refined society of that place, and the pursuit of his practical duties, modified somewhat his literary enthusiasm; nevertheless, the reputation of his influence as an author increased so rapidly that alma Gottingen offered him a chair in the circle of its academic celebrities. He declined, however, and accepted the post of
court-preacher and superintendent-general at Weimar, where he engaged himself in noble and successful labors.

In his younger years, especially under the pressure of a severe eye, disease, and the torments of a painful operation, which he, according to Goethe, bore with admirable firmness, the “negative” side of his nature gained an important sway, and increased sometimes to sullen gloom. We notice it in some of his earlier poems; of “Des Einsamen Klage,” and “Mein Schicksal;” but among these sad discords the sweetest melodies of friendship and love are not seldom heard. So he sings his love to a lady at Darmstadt in most touching accents. His position at Weimar, too, was difficult from the beginning in more than one respect; but, for all his wavering disposition of mind at that time, designated by Wieland as an “electric cloud,” he did not lose sight of the star of his life.

He had in Hamann his first protector. The latter introduced him into office and society, informed and enlightened him by letters, and pointed out to him the aim for which he was destined. He could less adapt himself to Lessing’s manner; though, as Gerovinus* justly remarks, their tasks were about the same. Herder is subjective, Lessing objective. Friedr. Schlegel calls Herder, strikingly, the “Mythologian” of the German Literature; while Lessing’s chief endeavor was to define clearly the boundary between poetry and science. Herder himself says of Lessing: “Every judgment of this sagacious philosopher has form and is form.” While Herder devotes himself sometimes entirely to Homer, sometimes to Ossian, while he does to-day homage to the classic Greeks, and would, to-morrow, rather listen to the sounds of the middle-age bells—Lessing seizes with safe tact upon the genius of antiquity, and plants it in the heart of the national literature. Herder moves in Klopstockian dawn; Lessing with firm attitude, pure sound, neat form. Though Herder’s poesies are not all forgotten,

*Gerovinus, whose lectures on “German Literature,” at the University of Heidelberg, form the groundwork of these essays, is the greatest writer on this subject; his book is decidedly considered a classical standard work.
we confess that, even in poetry, Lessing has more chance of immortality than he.

Herder has, however, worked and lived for literary independence; and it is not his least merit that he, besides pointing to Shakspeare, vindicated the rights of the ancient German literature, and praised the minstrels with the same attachment with which he recommended Luther. Before we, however, explain Herder's further relation to the German literature, it will be necessary to premise a few remarks on his philosophical and religious stand-point. He was not a philosopher in Lessing's manner; although no one excels him in reverence for reason, in the vindication of the rights of the free mind, by which he defends himself against the dictation of theologian orthodoxy,—(cf. Adrastea, IV, VI.)

Herder's religious views are closely connected with his philosophical. Here, too, he hated the exclusive dominion of the "School" and the one-sided pedantry of the dogmatic system, he himself wavering between rationalism and supernaturalism. His aim was to make "God's revelation the simple history and wisdom of our race;" and herein we find him on about the same platform with Lessing—(cf. cod.) "Disputes on religion," says he, "should be avoided like pestilence." He condemns those who "defend religion only by words." We hear, indeed, voices from Nathan in his "Adrastea" II. He sees Christianity in the active love to mankind, not in dead letters. No religion without reason, no dogma without conviction, no school-theology without free progress. He stood, like Hamann, on the ground of the Holy Scriptures. "What nation," (says he, in "Uber den Geist der hebräischen Poesy,") "has in so early times had so powerful and so pure voices as Israel in her prophets?" Hamann speaks in a similar strain of enthusiasm for Hebrew poetry and wisdom—(cf. his "Golgatha and Scheblimini.")

But, although Herder with his religious views upheld the teachings of the Bible, he did not believe implicitly in its inspired authority. He rather placed himself, especi-
ally in the later period of life, decidedly on the stand-point of Ernesti, Semler and the rationalists.

Let us turn to his literary productions. The same prophetic tone that sounds in his earlier works, is heard throughout all the rest; the same poetic coloring of history and philosophy that shines in his "Die alteste Urkunde," appears also in his "Ideen zur Geschichte der Philosophie." He worked in almost all departments of science; he enriched theology with a series of important writings, while he attended simultaneously to philosophy. He produced and translated with equal assiduity. His poetic talent is weakest in the dramatic line.

As to his scientific works, he entered the arena, 1767, with his "Fragmente zur deutschen Litteratur." Multifariously prepared, as he was, by incessant studies in almost all departments of foreign and domestic, ancient and modern literature, as intimate with Homer and Sophocles, as with Ossian and Shakspeare; startled by Kant, animated by Hamann, he sent forth these critical essays, brilliant rays and hitting arrows, in the midst of the fomentation and throes of the literature at this period. These "Fragmente" placed the young "litteratus" on once on the high position which he has since maintained. We find him at once in relation with Lessing. The prophetic language, rhetoric, prolixity, volatility in investigating and characterizing of men and matters, which was peculiar to him, is evident in the above-mentioned work—(cf. pref. to 2d ed.) His judgment on Lessing's "Litteraturbriefe," in fragm. 2d coll., is highly interesting. Although this first essay of Herder still bears the traces of precocity, it was an event in his history.

The next works are the "Critische Walder," and "Blätter für die deutsche Art und Kunst." The latter was published by Herder, in common with Goethe and T. Moser, in 1773. He praises enthusiastically Ossian and his songs, and Shakspeare is, for the first time, introduced with the honor due to his genius. The "Stimmen der Volker," appeared 1778. "Die alteste Urkunde des Menschengeschlechts," stands in the midst between the school-orthodoxy and rationalism,
and satisfied neither party. Among the following theological works of Herder, the most remarkable are: "Briefe über das Studium der Theologie," "Geist der hebräischen Poesie," "Christliche Schriften," "Briefe zur Beförderung der Humanität."

As Klopstock's personality and poetical genius is, in a manner, concentrated in his "Messias," that of Goethe in "Faust," that of Lessing in "Nathan," so is Herder's in his "Ideen zu einer Philosophie der Geschichte der Menschheit." (1784.) This celebrated work is unfinished, but centralizes in a grand totality the essential points and results of his whole literary life. His task is "To read the destiny of mankind out of the book of Creation."—(cf. pref.) We mention, finally, Herder's "Cid," (1801.) by which he directed attention to the Spanish romantic literature.

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THE FIRST INHABITANTS OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

"Beneath us lie the countless dead."

Four centuries ago the continent of America was an unknown land. Our forefathers never so much as dreamed of its existence. Their world was one vast island, not convex as we have it, but flat, and girt around by boundless seas, stretching away on every side, into the mists of the unknown. When Columbus announced the existence of a new great world, far distant toward the sunset, the nations were startled. Immediately the spirit of adventure was aroused. Fleet after fleet was sent out to visit and explore the newly-discovered country. For a century the New World furnished a boundless field for wild adventure, and inexhaustible material for the most extravagant romance. No story respecting it was too unlikely to be believed; no wonder too marvelous to be found there. There were mountains of pure silver and gold. There the rivers flowed over sands of gold and pebbles of diamonds. There were wild orchards ever bending with luscious fruits, and groves ever blushing with flowers of richest hue, while every breeze that shook the
trees was loaded with odors of spices. There was the fountain of immortality, in which if a person might bathe he would retain the bloom and vigor of youth forever.

Less extravagant, perhaps, but more contradictory, were the current reports concerning the inhabitants. Some said they were all as tall and straight as grenadiers; others, that they were dwarfs. Some said their features were well-formed and handsome; others, that they were very repulsive by nature, and made hideous by painting. Some praised their frankness and kindness of disposition, saying that they were as gentle and harmless as children; others said they were treacherous and malignant, and eaters of human flesh. While these marvelous stories were constantly afloat, and generally believed, nothing definite was known about the New World. These strange reports only served to invest the country with a sort of strange mystery.

We, to whom these hills and valleys now look so familiar, and by whom they are loved as our native home, may feel like smiling at the mysterious wonder with which our ancestors regarded this country. But a careful exploration of it produces a state of feeling quite different from mirthfulness. Things unnoticed at first are presented to our attention. In one place is found a high hilltop formed into the shape of an immense serpent, or of some quadruped. About it are lying scattered heaps of burnt stones like those of a ruined altar. In another place is discovered a system of singular embankments. Some of these are parallel, and inclose broad and neatly macadamized roads. Some are circular and inclose large fields of leveled ground. Some are straight, inclosing squares. All have openings, at intervals, like the walls of a city. Like the walls of ancient cities they seem to have had their moats and towers, the remains of which are yet to be seen. Like ancient cities the spaces inclosed abound with wells and reservoirs, and like them are always beside some stream. In the neighborhood of these embankments are usually found a number of remarkable mounds. Some arranged in regular "rows," others scattered promiscuously around, but all bearing the marks of human
agency. They are all similar in form, and look like great truncated sugar-loaves standing on the plain. On digging into the mounds relics of no ordinary interest are brought to light. Deep within them are found skeletons of a race differing in feature from the red Indian race. Some of the skeletons have been almost consumed by fire. Around and under them are great quantities of burnt bricks and ashes. Others have not been burned at all. Deposited with these are various articles, such as mirrors of isinglass, earthen pots, and copper utensils of unknown use. Many of these utensils display as nice workmanship as the wares of modern civilized nations.

As we look upon the strange relics a sort of awe creeps over us. We find ourselves among unknown graves. We can almost hear the ghosts of the long-past dead gliding about, as if to watch their dust so long hidden in these ancient sepulchres. Mounds and embankments like those described, are found in great numbers throughout the Mississippi Valley. They are scattered along the creeks and rivers, and over the plains and hilltops, from the lakes to Mexico. Many of them are of immense magnitude. Some have evidently been fortifications of great strength. Some seem to have been "high places" of sacrifice. Some are common sepulchres and contain vast heaps of human bones. Many are the ruins of great cities, and yet show the places of the gates and towers on the walls, and the foundations of the buildings within.

As we reflect upon the number and magnitude of these ancient monuments, we feel that even to us our native land is a land of mystery:

"Among the narrow palaces,
In the cities of the dead,
We look around and feel the awe,
Of one who walks alone
Among the wrecks of former days,
In mournful ruin strown."

The conviction is forced upon us that the red savages our fathers first found here were not their only predecessors.
This country was once the seat of a great empire. These hills and valleys were long ago densely populated. Other towns and cities once decked the banks of these rivers. Another people once tilled fruitful fields where but lately have been cleared away dense forests. The number and extent of these remains prove a numerous people throughout the whole Mississippi valley. Their uniformity show that it was all one people. Their magnitude indicate a people quite advanced in the mechanic arts and in agriculture. Only such a people could have built them, and only such a people would have needed them. But who were they who then peopled this country? When and how long did they inhabit here?

"Whence did they come, and whither did they go?"

Did they emigrate from here en masse, leaving deserted the graves of their fathers? If so, where are their children to be found now? Did they become extinct on the soil? If so,

"What fearful famine, pestilence, or sword,
What swift calamity, or slow decay,"

thus swept the land so clear that none were left to tell the story.

To all these inquiries no "voice of the departed" gives answer. No ancient chronicle casts a ray of light upon their history. It has sunk into darkness unwritten. Scarce even a tradition points to their existence. Their name has passed from earth unrecorded. We know they once lived here only because their tombs are with us.

"A noble race! but they are gone,
With their old forests, wide and deep;
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon—
Upon their fields our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
Then let us spare at least their graves!"

[Note.—It is worthy of notice that many of the embankments above-mentioned, as having been works of defense, have parallel banks attached to them, inclosing graded roads leading to some neighboring stream. These
parallels always terminate at the base of the third river terrace, thus showing that the fourth terrace has been formed since the construction of the works. At Circleville is a system of works consisting of banks, ditches, etc., in the form of a perfect circle; and, joined to its circumference on the east, an exact square. The sides of the square seem almost coincident with the cardinal directions. So exact is everything about the work, that some have been led to believe that when built they were arranged with reference to the pole star. The probability of this supposition is strengthened by the fact that similar embankments, in many other places, have about the same angle with the meridian as those of Circleville. If this supposition is correct, a measurement of angle, and a simple astronomical calculation, will give, approximately, the age of these works and that of the fourth terrace of our rivers.]
Editors' Table.

It was our desire to greet our readers with a wish for a happy New Year, hoping that we might be able by that time to lay before them the present No. of our "Magazine," but we very much fear the new year will seem quite a familiar acquaintance before this is received. It is not our fault, however, for we have made every exertion to recover the ground lost by us through unavoidable difficulties at the beginning of our course in these duties. The reason that we have not been more successful has been owing to the want of punctuality on the part of our publishers. Nothing could be more discouraging to us; but now, we are happy to inform our readers, that arrangements have been made by which we can have our matter printed very soon after sending it to press, so that we may expect to get our February number out by about the beginning of the month. We have heard much complaining, and we can assure our readers that we are fully aware of, and fully appreciate, the dissatisfaction which all must feel who look for weeks in constant expectation of receiving a paper or magazine. We, however, ask them to show us some charity, remembering that what is simply unpleasant to them is simply torturing to us.

With this number commences the Fourth Volume of the Magazine. It was our earnest desire to add to the number of its pages, but we were this time more lucky if not wiser than the "Sage of Monticello," for we remembered in time to avoid committing ourselves, that the number of our paying subscribers would not warrant us in carrying out what all must acknowledge would be for the advantage of the Magazine; indeed what it actually needs. As a defence for our want of personal liberality, should any be found so unenlightened as to insinuate such a thing, we shall rely upon the well-known fact that all editors are miserably poor. If any need further proof we shall ask them to take a seat in our "Editorial Chair," and they will soon appreciate the lamentable force of said fixed facts, by finding themselves permanent fixtures to certain tacks and nails which still hold the relics of a cushion. We have appealed to your reason, dear reader, and if you are not already convinced and roused to do your duty, we must seek a kind response from your heart. You perceive that we depart from the rules laid down by Whately, with regard to the impropriety of expressing our purpose at the beginning of our appeal, but we do not wish to frighten; we shall be satisfied if we can only waken up some of our subscribers to the propriety of paying their dues.

You will remember, dear reader, the friendly confab which was indulged in with you in our first number, on the subject of smoking. Now, in those
fair days, we looked forward with much hope, trusting that if troubles and
difficulties beset our path, we could always have one great source of comfort
—our friendly pipe. Many vexations and sad thoughts were enshrouded in
those bright wreaths and forgotten; but, alas! it must be cash down and no
mercy for the poor editors. Not a cent is at last left us by which we can buy
even the "prairie grass tobacco," which is retailed here for the benefit of
poor students. We are even worse off than were the afflicted children of
Israel; for had they not been perverse they might have thrummed away on
their harps; while, without tobacco, we are completely bankrupt for comfort,
not even being able to rent "willows" to hang our Meerschaums upon.
Now, reader, will you not come to our help. Let us have your active sympa-
thy, and not only from those artistically turned heads, representing the
god of Tobacco, will rise the bright wreaths, that tell us so many fair tales,
to wear away the heavy hours; but, perhaps, they may even reflect a light
upon our pages.

We do not propose to make any changes in the appearance of our maga-
zine, having concluded, on comparing it with our exchanges, that we can not
alter it to the slightest advantage. It has been and will continue to be our
endeavor to make the "Mag" a fair representation of the literary merit of
Kenyon. Its object is intended to be the benefit of the college, by offering a
fair field for any who may have ambition enough to submit their efforts to
public view, and we heartily wish that we could make every student in Ken-
you feel that he is responsible for its welfare, in proportion as he bears a
relation to the college and its duties. When this feeling is properly diffused,
editors will be relieved of much heavy labor, and once more they will be
able to go among their fellows without a feeling that most people view them
as avaricious animals that feed on two dollar notes. We, therefore, ask
all our fellow students to contribute, giving their names or anonymously, as-
suring them that their pieces shall have as fair a test as our own. If your
piece is not received try again. A dozen failures will not discourage a brave
man; a man with only a mite of spunk, and that perhaps a nervous, sickly
thing, is beyond hope. His final contest with the world will extinguish him.

Vacation.—At the close of the term a great part of the students, as usual,
started for their homes. Now they have all returned, and from the many
animated descriptions given us of the holiday fun, we feel assured that most
if not all can testify to a fair enjoyment of their furlough. Those who re-
mained, uniting their forces with the Theological students, took upon them-
selves the work of trimming the church—of course great assistance was
expected and received from the ladies on the hill. As to the plan on which
the work proceeded, we hear too many contradictory reports to trust our-
selves as historians of its progress. We have, however, had the opportunity
of seeing and judging of the artistic efforts of the laborers, and we must ac-
knowledge that their work evinces no small degree of taste; indeed, we have
never seen this church so beautifully decorated.

Christmas and New Year's passed as pleasantly as usual. On New Year's
there was an unusual number of martyrs to the fashion of calling—perhaps
we should not use the term martyr, but a gentleman who drank seventy-five
cups of coffee, remarked that he felt rather stupid the next day, and we con-
cluded that he must have been a sacrifice to courtesy. The following day the Grundy family talked over the whole proceedings of the eventful one past, while coming out of church. The inquiries flew thick and fast, and simultaneously an equal number and variety of exclamations. One poor boy’s aunt had had a swelled head for fifteen years. Another boy looked whisky out of one eye and vicious out of the other—no doubt he would be dismissed. A chapter of disasters had happened to Mrs. Grundy; the cat had got in the custard, etc. We could not but wonder amidst this clashing of voices why the divine command was not for the preponderance of women at the tower of Babel, instead of a confusion of tongues. As the idea that all was done for the best was very properly associated at that time with other thoughts in our mind, we most naturally concluded that this was another instance where Providence had favored man. But to change our view and speak soberly, we think that the students ought to be thankful for the many kind attentions they receive from resident families; that is, of course, all who visit on the hill; and the slighting remarks often made among the students, in either efforts to appear witty or out of pure malice, about those from whom they most graciously receive the greatest marks of kindness shows not only a heartlessness with regard to the feelings of others and even their friends; but also a most narrow and contemptible spirit. We hope and believe such characters are scarce, but our personal knowledge warrants us in stating that there are some. There is no doubt blame on both sides; for the students are discussed individually and collectively, in the most thorough manner; but we must acknowledge that we can seldom complain of unjust remarks from those who pretend to be our friends.

Our Rector.—To say our rector is now a sort of indefinite speech, should any one not acquainted with our forms come here, they might imagine it a certain something of a very transitory nature, taking up its abode at haphazard, now in this individual and now in that one. We trust that the welfare of this parish will not be left long to the mercy of chance winds. It seems that we are not able to retain a minister for a respectably long time, this station only furnishing a stepping-stone to higher positions and larger fields of labor. If useful in that way we should feel thankful; but it appears hard for us to be so quickly separated from one with whom we have just become acquainted, and towards whom we have become so much attached, as in the case of our last rector. Mr. Cracraft’s very superior ability, his fearlessness and enthusiasm in the performance of his duties, his kind manner and earnest sympathy, which no one could experience without being impressed with its sincerity, gained for him a place in our hearts which we fear will not soon be compensated for by another. We know, however, that he only left us because he felt the call of one whom he should not disobey. We can assure him that our best wishes are with him.

Exchanges.—The following exchanges have been received: The Yale Literary Magazine, The Nassau Literary Magazine, The Kentucky Military, The Ohio Cultivator, and the Harvard Literary Magazine.
LETTERS.—For some time it has been running in our thoughts, that although the Americans are extremely generous in educating their children, they were not quite particular enough in regard to the kind. It will please our readers to examine some of the productions following, as literary curiosities. We hope our readers will favor us with still more curiosities of a similar kind. It will make the table much more interesting. We hope, however, that those who send those curiosities to us will not lessen the amusement rising therefrom by the length of their own explanatory remarks. Here is one from a loving parent to his son’s teacher:—

"mr P—— pleas Excuse J S Goff for being lait as he was kneaded at home and Oblige

C. B. G."

The next one will speak for itself:—

"MESSRS. EDITORS:—

'What susceptible creatures students are, to be sure,' was the remark that escaped the lips of a young lady, a short time since. As a 'Son of Kenyon,' it would ill become us to endorse a statement so little calculated to flatter a student’s vanity, but 'truth is mighty and will prevale,' and the 'soft impeachment' cannot be denied. A young friend of ours becoming smitten with a certain fair one, who possesses a poetical turn of mind, although not remarkable for her literary attainments, resolved upon paying her his addresses. For a while his suit prospered; but, alas! 'the course of true love never did run smooth,' and his inamorato conceived toward him a violent hatred. Still, he persisted in his attentions until he received the following slight hint in the form of a letter, which we transmit you in all its original beauty of thought and diction:—

Mr. ——— I will tell you now
I have but 1 more thing to say
A few lines for a long farewell
That I must send to you this day

Sweeter than pickled or pepper
If sweeter far can be
Are these few lines of poetry
That I will send to thee

Do you ever say your prayers
Or consider your latter end
I think you had better be a good boy
And your bad ways you may amend

I think that I have played you a yanky trick
I tell you the truth ———
As long as you have walked the hill
I declare you have never get your will

Of all the boys I ever knew
There is none I hate so bad as you
I want you to never speak to me again
Or ever speak my name again

Finally ——— fare you well
I hope that I shall never see you again
But when I get to Loudenville
You shall hear from me again

It is said that the disconsolate lover, who 'loved not wisely but too well,' is sometimes seen wandering along the banks of the Kokosing, singing, in a plaintive tone, ‘A frog he did a wooing go.’ The lady, who after all was vexed but not angry, has repented of her rashness, but is unwilling to send an apology, as she has discontinued epistolary correspondence.

Very truly, yours,

"CHAGRINED."