Though the health of Hugh Miller was shattered severely, and though he had suffered his mind to become enshrouded in sad anticipations of approaching death, the mountain air of his native town, the sea-breeze, the society of his dearest friends, cessation from labor, and the natural buoyancy of youth, soon restored him to his former vigor both of mind and body. There were, too, all around him, the scenes of his former boyish exploits, which, with their cheerful associations, added greatly to the enlivening influences. To a mind so constituted as his, too, home must have possessed peculiar charms. It is the deep, gushing soul, whose sensitive and naturally retiring disposition restrains it from confidential intercourse and transient friendship with strangers, that can best appreciate the quiet and kindness of the home-life. At home, too, while he was surrounded by all the blessings of love, he was allowed
leisure to read and study his favorite authors; to look back to other days, and study the customs and manners of his ancestors; to go back still further and study the nature of Earth's inhabitants, even prior to the formation of our own race. Through the instructions of the few crude attempts which had been made at systematizing this department of science, Geology had now become comparatively familiar to him, both practically and theoretically. His situation as stone-cutter, and the knowledge of the various kinds of rocks required to carry on the business successfully, had developed him practically; and his steady perseverance in scientific study had developed him theoretically; add to these the cultivation of an imagination naturally powerful, and we already see in prospective those great theories, which were to revolutionize the ideas of the thinking part of the world.

His morbid sensitiveness at this time is refreshing, as showing his possession of the full share of faults common to human nature. A friend who had formerly shared with him in all his sports, but whom he had not seen since his early boyhood, had set up as a shop-keeper in his native town. This was one grade above the mechanic; and Hugh, forgetting that years had passed away since they were companions, that from a tolerably sized boy he had shot up into a man; that the incipient whiskers were now beginning to make their appearance on his face; and remembering only the difference in their business; resolved to try the strength of his friend's friendship. So he dresses himself completely in his mason's garb, and marches past his friend while engaged at his duties, all the time looking him full in the face. To his mortification and anger his friend did not notice him, and he, burying the supposed slight sacredly in his heart, avoided his old friend for more than three years, when he discovered that his garb and changed appearance generally had formed at that time an excellent disguise, as an intimate friend could scarcely have known him, much less one who had not seen him for years, and never in such an attire.

Soon, however, having recovered, it is necessary for him again to commence working at his trade, not now as an ap-
prentice but as a journeyman. His former industry when working at the bothy on the Conon now served him in good stead. He had been observed also by the master workman, when engaged in studying geometry and architecture, and now he was not obliged to work as formerly, but on account of his theoretical knowledge, made leader of an expedition. In going on this expedition, the termination of which was in one of the bleakest and wildest portions of the highlands, he came very near being drowned. He had attempted to cross a rapid river, at that time swollen by rain, and in many places deceptive. Not far from the place where he made the attempt was an eddy, and just above the eddy, rapids. If, by any chance, he should get into these, he would inevitably perish; and though not usually so, the river was now remarkably dangerous to those crossing above, from the depth and velocity of the current. Hugh commenced the fording with entire unconcern, and went on without dread until he had reached nearly the middle of the stream, when he was rendered dizzy by the whirling eddies and rushing water everywhere about him; he lost all sense of his situation, and everything struck him in a ridiculous light; the current was fast hurrying him towards the rapids; in a few instants now his destruction would have been certain; awaking to a sense of his danger, and the water becoming shallower, he, with immense effort, succeeded in saving his life. His life on this expedition was rough and adventurous, as such expeditions usually are, but its termination was even more unpleasant. He was welcomed to a house, the floor of which was one foot under water, and with two feet in the cellar, and containing nothing better than a harrow for a bed. The people about him were rough and uncultivated; and the bothy system having been but lately established, was rapidly carrying to an issue its work of degradation. The people all spoke in the Gaelic tongue, and supremely pitied his ignorance in not being able to understand that language.

Soon, however, he was superseded in his post of authority by the arrival of John Frazier, the actual overseer, and one of the most remarkable mechanics in the whole country.
With him Hugh increased his skill in his trade with wonderful rapidity, and at the end of the job returned home an accomplished tradesman. During this time, though he had turned his attention particularly to Religion, its various departments had received much attention from him as connected with his metaphysical investigations, and especially that of the special interpositions of Providence, in which he firmly believed. In proof of this belief he states several remarkable escapes which he had himself made. To a common observer they appear as nothing more than results of natural laws, but to a mind by nature prone to mystery, and educated in the superstitions of the times; they appeared to show a supreme regard in the Almighty; as an instance, at our time when endeavoring to obtain a raven's nest, which was situated in a cleft of rock at a depth far beneath him, and just as he was commencing the descent, a ray of light struck the rock above the nest, and displayed to view a spot so slippery that no mortal could hope to trust himself upon it, with out almost certain risk of losing his life. He paused, receded, and in his place not long after, another boy, in making the same attempt, was dashed to pieces upon the rocks below! At another time he had clambered down a precipice to examine a crab-apple tree, which, growing isolated among the rocks, had all the appearance of being indigeneous; and then climbing up among the branches, shook them in such a manner as must have exerted great leverage on the outjet from which the tree was growing. On his descent he noticed that quite a crevice had been made between the outjet and the main rock, and on his return a month after, the tree no longer stood in its old place, but lay in the bottom of the ravine, shivered and crushed.

During his visit home at this time, in addition to carrying on his geological and literary studies, which he never discontinued, he also assisted his old master and uncle to build a house. The old man had now become infirm, and was unable to do more than procure food for his family, so that this kindness, besides showing the natural goodness of Hugh's heart, has also the merit of being bestowed where most needed, and upon the person upon whom the kindness of the appren-
tice should fall, showing as it does the mutual dependence in which they are placed. Upon the completion of this work of gratitude, he resolved to go to Edinburgh, partly to dispose of a house which belonged to him there, and partly to complete his education in the stone-cutters' trade. In a short time he started, and soon arrived near Edinburgh, where the various sights struck upon his delighted eyes, filling his youthful mind with wonder and amazement, with the miracles which art had here effected, and which he now saw for the first time. New food was now given to his imagination, and his intellect had now new and infinitely better opportunities for cultivation. Here he became acquainted with the literary and philosophical. Here there was a greater opportunity to study the feelings and motives of the people taken as a mass, and not alone as divided between rich and poor. The learned and logical Dr. McOrto, the eloquent and enthusiastic Chalmers, the writers of the "Noctes Ambrosiana" were here in all their great fame to excite the eager ambition of the young mechanic. There were books to be obtained easily, and on all possible subjects. There was a new field here, too, to pursue geological investigations. In fact, he was here surrounded by all possible advantages for development in science, in literature, in his trade, and in philosophy.

He sold his house soon after coming to the city, and with the aid of his relatives and friends, obtained a situation to work at his trade, in a place called Niddey Woods. His situation here was at first rendered somewhat unpleasant by the sneers of his companions, who railed at him as being a Highlander, come to the Lowlands to take away money from them to the Highlands; but in a short time his independent and modest demeanor conquered the dislike of his companions, and rendered his situation endurable, if not actually pleasant.

During his sojourn in this situation, owing to failure of work and means, and as a consequence, owing to the reduction of wages, the workmen resolved upon a "mechanics' strike." Hugh, from his habits of philosophical study, had acquired a knowledge of the mutual dependence of the em-
ployer and employed, and was the only one who withheld from the strike. However just might have been the claims of the workmen, his dislike to scenes and affection for antiquity would have restrained him greatly from entering into any combination against his employers. Much more would he be restrained from so acting, when he knew that the reduction of wages was a necessary result of circumstances, over which the employer had no control. The strike was not confined to one class of mechanics alone, but extended throughout the whole country. In Edinburgh particularly, the meetings were crowded, frequent and tumultuous; and generally broke up, as meetings usually do, when there is no special object in view, and when the leaders are without education and ability, noted only for exciting, without turning to good purpose, the passions of the populace. The mechanics were to be found in the grog-shops, congregated in great numbers, and amusing themselves with the lowest sports; such as card-playing, badger-drawing, drinking, and fighting. To a man of Hugh Miller's conscientious moral feelings, such results as these would alone cause him to refrain from mechanics' strikes. Soon after this, having called upon his cousin William, a prosperous merchant, and having seen the room where the 'noctes' met, and having bid good-bye to all his friends, he started by sea for home, in company with a student for the ministry, and with his constitution again prostrated with the "stone-cutters'" disease, coughing and bleeding at the lungs.

After his return home, as before, his health began immediately to amend, though now in a much more perilous state than it had ever been before. During his convalescence he amused himself, in addition to his usual scientific and literary labors, by carving and in writing verses,—some of the latter, dedicated to his half-sister, are quite pretty, and probably the best he ever wrote. They are written in a somewhat despondent mood. We will quote a few of them.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
To where the white star'd gowans grow,
Wi' the puddock flower of o' gowden hue.
The snaw-drop white, and the bonny vilet blue.
Jeanie, come, thy days o' play
Wi' Autumn tide shall pass away.
Sune shall these scenes in darkness cast
Be ravaged wild by the wild winter blast.

He wha grasps thy little hand
Nae langer at thy side shall stand,
Nor o'er the flower-besprinkled brae
Lead thee the lown'est an' the bonniest way.

Dinna think the thought is sad;
Life vex'd me aft, but this mak's glad,
When cauld my heart and closed my eil,
Bonny shall the dreams o' my slumbers be.

About this time his old friend of Dovcat Cave having returned home from Edinburgh, where he had been studying for the ministry, their friendly intercourse was again resumed; and their conversations again became long and serious, especially on matters of Religion. At this time, too, Dr. Stewart, one of the most thorough preachers of his age, had been but lately installed in the church at Cromarty. His first meeting with Hugh was somewhat characteristic. "He had been struck, as he afterwards told me, by my sustained attention at church; and on making inquiry regarding me among his friends, he was informed that I was a great reader, and it was believed a writer of verse. And coming unwittingly out upon him one day as he was passing, when quitting my work-place for the street, he addressed me, "Well, lad," he said, "it is your dinner hour; I hear I have a poet among my people?" "I doubt it much," I replied. "Well," he rejoined, "one may fall far short of being a poet, and yet gain by exercising one's tastes and talents in the poetic walk. The accomplishment of verse is at least not a vulgar one." He inquired concerning my reading, and found that in belles-letters, especially in English literature, it was about as extensive as his own. He next inquired respecting my acquaintance with the metaphysicians, "Had I read Reid?" "Yes." "Brown?" "Yes." "Hume?" "Yes." Ah! ha! Hume! "By the way, has he not something very ingenious about miracles? Do you remember his argument?" I stated the argument. "Ah! very ingenious—most ingenious, and how would you an-
swer that?” I said, “I thought I could give an abstract of the reply of Campbell,” and sketched in outline the reverend Doctor’s argument. “And do you deem that satisfactory?” said the minister. “No, not all,” I replied. “No! no! that’s not satisfactory.” “But perfectly satisfactory,” I rejoined; “that such is the general partiality for the better side, that the worse argument has been received as perfectly adequate for the last sixty years.” The minister’s face gleamed with the broad fun that entered so largely into his composition, and the conversation shifted into other channels.

Wishing again to get into business, and believing that he could engrave tombstones much better than many of those who pretended proficiency in the art, he concluded, upon the persuasion of a friend, to try his fortune in Inverness. In order to show the reasonableness of his claims to correctness and neatness in epitaphs, he wrote a piece of poetry for the Inverness Courier, and after endeavoring unsuccessfully to obtain the recommendation of the minister of the place, and after waiting a long time it was put in the newspaper, but procured him no customers in tombstones. While the recommendation of a friend was much more successful. His life at this time must have been somewhat unpleasant, almost without work, his poetry considered scarcely worth printing, and the rebuffs met in all quarters by his aspiring talents must have been very disappointing. Driven to desperation by his want of success, and still confident of the future, he resolved, as a last resort, to publish his fugitive poems in pamphlet form. In due time they were printed and circulated; but, presenting few excellencies as poems, and showing but little of the writer’s future graphic power in description, and none of his analytic power of thought, they received much harsh criticism and but little praise. Before they were printed he lamented the step he had taken, but the regret came too late; they were printed and he scourged with the critics’ lash. In the end, however, he was rather pleased with their reception. They brought him into notice, and the criticisms which they received taught him to look for fame in another department of literature.
Soon after this he commenced a series of letters to the Inverness Courier, on the legends, superstitions, traditions, and peculiarities of the Scotch lower orders,—a work for which his life among them, and his powerful appreciation of the wild and miraculous, rendered him peculiarly adapted. The success of these was so great that from every side the writer received the highest commendations; was honored throughout the country with the name of Cromarty Poet; and finally, through the influence obtained in this way, and by his reputation for honesty and general ability, he was offered the control of the branch of the bank of Scotland, lately established in Cromarty. To do this he was again obliged to go to Edinburgh, whence he was sent into a country village near at hand, to acquire experience in the business. As, on former occasions, the business was at first hard to acquire—so much so that the manager of that branch wrote to his superiors to inform them of the dullness of Hugh, and of the impossibility of his ever obtaining sufficient proficiency to carry on the business successfully. But in a few days he had so classified the details in his mind that he was able to acquire the necessary knowledge with a rapidity truly wonderful; and astonished his principal so much that another letter was immediate dispatched, entirely contradicting the contents of the former. He soon returned to Cromarty, where for a long time he carried on the banking successfully, though, as he soon found, the business did not accord with his taste. He longed again for the rough labor of his younger days. He began to feel the enervating influence always exerted by indoor exercise. His hands were becoming soft and delicate; his body was losing its vigor and muscle; above all, the fresh air and genial sun no longer exerted their enlivening effect upon the mind.

About this time Hugh Miller married a young lady, to whom he had been engaged nearly two years, and whom he had met in a somewhat romantic manner. While he was working at his trade he was suddenly surprised by the appearance of a young lady at his side, by whom his fancy was first attracted, and who afterwards by her literary culture and sound ability won his heart. They were con-
demned by the mother of the lady to remain separate until he had obtained sufficient competence to support his future wife respectably. This time had now come, and with the greatest joy Hugh saw his day of trial come to an end.

[To be Continued.]

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

AN ORATION.

Verily, the lives of men of genius are often subjects of sorrowful meditation, and even the comparatively brief chronicles of American history are not barren of illustration of the truism. It is to such an one—one whose weary feet left many a plain and painful trace upon the sands of misanthropy's great desert—one whose melancholy career, and still more melancholy end, should enlist the pity and excite the sympathy of every warm hearted countryman—that your attention is now asked.

EDGAR ALLAN Poe was born in Baltimore, in January, 1811. Left an orphan while yet in infancy, he never knew the care and solicitude of parental affection. Could the gentle chain of a mother's love have been bound closer and closer about him as years elapsed, his erring footsteps might have been turned from the paths of vice and folly to those of virtue and happiness. Could a father's kindly admonitions have forewarned him of the dangers and temptations he must meet, who can estimate the good he might have accomplished. The record is before us, and we turn from the pleasant consideration of what he might have been, to the unpleasant realization of what he was. I do not propose to enter into a detail of the various events in his life, but to delineate his character, and the circumstances of its formation.

As to his youth it is sufficient to say that he gave ample evidence of the grandeur of his powers, and at the same time manifested a spirit of recklessness which governed his whole
course. At the University of Virginia and at West Point he maintained the highest standing both as a scholar and a debater—from both he was ignominiously expelled. These misfortunes undoubtedly imparted tone to his future actions. Disappointment in almost all his literary efforts enhanced the unhappy influence they exerted over him, and sorrow for misdoing was seldom followed by resolution to do better.

As he chased the fleeting phantom of his hope, and yearly found its form less clearly defined, its distance from him increasing steadily, his heart grew fainter and fainter, and ambition gradually ceased to nerve him to the struggle. Reveling continually in a world of ideality, he was ill-fitted to take part in the occupations of practical life. The field of the imagination was evidently the place for the exercise of his powers, and while the control of magazines or papers hung upon him like a mighty incubus, the retirement of the sanctum was consonant to his taste. The chances and changes of fickle Fortune generated a despondency which tinged even the brightest gems of his poesy with a mournful hue, and caused him to nourish a spirit of acrimony towards those of his own profession who were more successful. Yet, could we lay bare the secrets of his inner nature—could we raise the curtain which separates the inner man from the outward manifestation, we might discover the germs of the noblest motive powers. And we might see as much in his character to attract the admiring gaze as in his poems and prose.

With powers of analysis almost painfully minute, he depicted scenes of horror at which the stoutest heart may well shudder. To a style graphic and smooth he also united an extraordinary amount of energy and coherence. His vivid fancy delineated the play of human passion in their full coloring, and made familiar the darkest truths and facts of human experience. Often his productions wear a stately gloom, or a strange beauty, which casts a spell over the reader that cannot be easily thrown off. Bearing the impress of his own peculiarities throughout, his works sufficiently show that he had only to look into his own heart and write—and
"What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!"

Ah! what must have been the experience of a man who from his own mental inquisition could weave the woof of such horrors as "The Pit and the Pendulum." How many sore monitions must have been the basis of such unceasing self-accusation as that of "William Wilson."

And, while the sweet sad cadence of "The Raven" floats upon the air, the moaning voice of a disquieted conscience, and the wailing of a broken heart, keep time to the exquisite rhythm. We hold the picture before our mental vision—we fancy the unhappy victim pondering over the quaint and curious volumes of ancient lore. In the silent hour of midnight the unrest of his spirit admits no solace from retrospection, no encouragement from hope. Ghostly shadows meet his gaze at every point; the horrible spectres of his own diseased imagination rise in gigantic stature before him; their ghastly features and mocking eyes send a thrill of terror through his frame. In plaintive tones he gives expression to his sensation—

"Deep into that darkness peering
Long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken and the stillness gave no token."

No token for a future of happiness, no relief from the memories of former days.

Could the unreserve and geniality of social intercourse have opened the fountains of natural affection—could a more extended knowledge of humanity have solicited the action of higher principles, the cloak of misanthropy which enshrouded him might have been cast off, and the broad sun of benevolence might have added new light to his being. His gems of poesy, in rare golden setting, now hold a weird-like charm; then a spirit of happiness would have imbued them. His muse is no mountain nymph rejoicing in grove and fountain, and singing for very gladness; she rather comes to us as a Sybil, for there is magic in her presence,
and a fascination in the strain she chants. And it will haunt the memory when many a gay carol shall be forgotten.

His intellectual greatness was surrounded by no halo of that innocence which ever enhances intrinsic beauty, and the splendor of his genius was never softened by the clear and mellow rays of virtue. The resignation and fortitude of moral purpose might have sustained his drooping energies, and even the sublime indifference of Stoicism have borne him up. A total lack of both rendered existence a burden. The quaint fantasies of his poesy and the gloomy tone of his romance all indicate the feeling of one lost to himself and to the world, and remorse is written in blazing characters—burned deep on all the emanations of his pen.

There is a certain class of men gifted with high imaginative power or other extraordinary mental endowment, who seem shut off by a mysterious line of demarcation from the ken of lesser mortals. Such an one was Edgar Poe. His was a high-strung sensuous organism, too subtle in its workings for the comprehension of the most acute searcher of human character. His brain, stirred by the powerful forces essential to such an organism, strained his physical organization to its utmost tension, and for a time it stood the shock. But the wheels of thought revolved too rapidly, the bodily frame yielded, to the impetuous pressure, and the whole system became deranged. The unfortunate victim, restrained by no moral principle, and led on by the appetites of youth, woed the soothing but deadly opium, or sought the oblivion and intoxication of the cup. And the tides of the ocean on which he had launched his bark bore it steadily on toward the shoals of intemperance, where the breakers of despair, with mournful dirges, cast the pieces of a dismantled wreck upon the dreary shore beyond.

On the 7th of October, 1849, Edgar A. Poe passed, in a fit of delirium tremens, "to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns;" he lies in a burying-ground at Baltimore, without a stone to mark the place of his last rest. Thus perished one of the brightest stars in our literary firmament, and thus do we honor his name. It is a beautiful provision of our nature that lapse of time deepens
our regard for all the good qualities of those who have gone forever from among us, while it renders us more forgetful and forgiving of the evil. The justice of this is evident to all, and how every true heart deprecates the course of those who are continually harping on the frailties of their fellows. They live in a world of self-gratulation, and like the Pharisees of old, see no fault in themselves. They are such as

"In that muffled monotone,
   Feel a glory in so rolling
   On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
   They are Ghouls."

The chief of all the virtues is charity, and though I would not overlook the vices and excesses of Poe, I would ask the forbearing spirit of the philanthropist. And standing as it were over his grave, while we are almost dazzled by the brilliance and effulgence of his meteoric genius, and admire his delicate lore of thought, may we not also drop tears of pity upon the last resting place of one who found "life truly a fitful fever?" May the clods of the valley press lightly upon him!

SAPPHO.

She stood on Lucadia's lofty steep
And bent her dark eye on the wave,
Dreaming how calm would be her sleep,
How silent in that ocean grave.
She leaned upon her lyre,—its chords
For many days had not been awoken,
As if it knew that sounds, like words,
Were anguish when the heart is broken.
Oh! even that the things we love
Should sadden, in our hours of tears,
Catching, as dreams from shores above,
The light and shade our future wears.
And Sappho's heart was bursting now
With tears too fraught with pride to flow,
And every blue vein upon her brow
Like rainbow tints on skies of snow
Grew clear and visible; her love
Was such as hearts of poetry
Alone can feel. The meek eyed dove
Is not so gentle,—and the sky that
Looks on Classic Italy
Doth emblem less—pure thoughts above
Than this—while love is truth; but stain,
But stain its purity by one light spot;
Break but one link of passion's chain;
Let one kind accent be forgot,
One cold look for one fond one given,
The spirit breaks which beudeth not,
Withereth, but upbraideth not,
And calmly takes its flight to Heaven.
Life wasted rapidly—she knew
That soon its light would pass away,
She took her Lyre; and closer drew
Her mantle round her, and as day
Grew fainter in the west, and sent
A flood of light like pure vermillion
Athwart the glowing firmament,
As if to curtain the pavilion
Which caught her parting breath; she felt
A wish to sing farewell! and kneit—
Ah! how the memory lingers
On what it once had loved;—her fingers
Ran o'er her lyre, as if love's wings
Were hovering round it still; they woke
None but its passion's breathing strings,
They knew not that the heart was broke
Which once had loved them, knew not yet
That those were tones they must forget,
That every consecrated vow
Which made them once so sweet was riven,
That death's damp wings had fan'd
Her now, and their next tones must meet
In heaven. I said she had not wept;
But tears must have their flow, and the pride
Of a wronged heart may quell for years
The gushing of the cooling tide.
Let but one softer feeling fall,
Like moonlight on a dark cloud given,
The thought a brighter hue, and all
The portals of the heart are living.
With the thick gush of tears she wept,
The pulse beat slower; she took her lyre,
And with one rush of sound like thunder,
She rent its breathing cords asunder,
And Sappho sleeps beneath the silent sea.
LOST TIME.

How few of us appreciate the value of time. That time is of inestimable worth was taught us at the very beginning of life. We remember that our first teacher besieged us with a whole regiment of sayings, such as "time once past never returns," that "moments were golden sands," &c., which have been in substance reiterated by our latest professor. We regret most bitterly, as we ever shall, that those words did not sink deep into our hearts. Yet we still entertain the wicked thought which entered our minds when we first heard those words of wisdom, whether those slim preceptors would not be satisfied to coin a few of those departed moments into a genuine circulating medium. No class, at all events, ever complained so much about their pay. We should not blame them if it could be shown that they were a little considerate about their worldly prospects, for we confess our willingness to exchange many precious hours of future time in the accumulation of that "filthy lucre." Now some of these men of very elevated minds may spurn such an assertion, but many of those ethereal creatures will do more for the world, and bring their earthly tour to a much more respectable close, if they will give reasonable attention to their worldly affairs.

But it is not our object to show the relative value of time as "capital." Political economy determines that head for us. If we were self-sacrificing enough (no danger of our being suspected of it) to starve out our lives at the noble but tormenting business of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," we might appeal to that quarter for protection; but we prefer, if we must haunt the world a mere shadowy semblance of life, to bear part of the burden of existence ourselves.

Time, however, is very precious. We all waste time; that is, loose it entirely, so that its reckoning is lost in our existence; time which, if properly employed, would have borne us at some day a rich harvest. Few of us in college imagine how much of it passes by misapplied or unimproved,
LOST TIME.

and it may astonish some who have not reflected upon the subject, to estimate the advantages which are thus gliding away forever from the reach of thousands. It is not a very pious, but a very forcible, saying that "if hell is paved with good intentions, it is roofed with lost opportunities." Here in college the same old wheel is ever grinding out the same results. Promising boys frequently graduate stupid young men, while some of the most barbarous specimens, becoming keenly alive to their deficiencies, apply their energies to the work of improvement, and step at last from the stage, true men, worthy of respect, and fitted to contend for the wreath of honor. The reason why so many of the first class fail, is because a young man here, as elsewhere, is very much inclined to rest upon his attainments, when he imagines himself in a pretty safe position. Those who come to college pretty well prepared are apt to begin their course by taking the easy chair, thinking it about time to take a rest, and that comfort is an important question in a four years' course. They soon find that they have little ground for pretensions, and as they fail to comprehend the true reason why the disciplined mind of one who started with less natural ability, is more than a match for their own, they will probably follow through life the idea—which, when once possessed, one is inclined to be satisfied with—that he can only claim mediocrity. Many, however, retire from the field of labor disappointed, because they expected to hold in college a place such as they occupied in some school at which they prepared. Every one coming to college with such notions will lose his feathers in a short time; but a true man should still do his best. The effect of success on the obtuse, who for dear life began very industriously, and kept on by a kind of instinct until he passed in study his brighter companions, is likely to make him most disagreeably conceited for a time; but he will, after leaving college, get rubbed down to his true level, which will, however, be a position that will reward him for his labor, though small may have been his prospect. We would not wish to be understood to say that all men may derive equal advantage from study. We believe that some minds will ever
maintain a conscientious reserve from enlightenment. Although we know some very slender, but industrious men, who hold the position that all men are blessed in an equal degree with brains, and that education is all that makes the difference. Men of this disposition of belief must be very precariously situated themselves with regard to the higher endowments. As to the authority of one of our acquaintances on this point, he usually makes himself a demonstration of his position. He has been a faithful student; he knew \( \frac{1}{4} \) at the beginning of his course; he has multiplied that amount by zero ever since. As mind is said to be a sort of data from which we are infinitely to progress, and it be our destiny to all arrive at the same goal, we would ask the curious to estimate about the time they expect to welcome him in their company.

From this wide digression it may be wise to return to the college field, before we forget our subject and its object. The student, if anything of a man, has some aspirations for the future, and in that case must calculate to lay much of the foundation of final accomplishments and success in the improvement of his mind during the four years of college life. Every day of this no small space, in each one of our lives, contains no less than twenty four hours, strange as it would appear to many persons, if they could once realize the fact.

At the most, eight hours is enough for sleep. No man can consistently sleep more. Now there is left sixteen hours of precious time. Allow four hours of this for meals and recreation—time enough for almost any student, if he employs it prudently. Here, then, is twelve hours, from which, if we deduct three for recitation, leaves nine hours for improvement. Few students spend more than six hours of this time at close study. Many may spend more time over their lessons. Yet it is usually considered as a good sign to make a short journey through a lesson, and where the individual abandons the old fashioned way of traveling on foot, nearly the whole day is at his command. Six hours ought, however, to be spent upon his regular studies by every student, and that time diligently employed. More labor ought not to be given to his regular studies, unless for a reasonable
time, to make up some deficiency. The mind is not to be made a mere dray-horse to carry a burden, the character of which is of less importance than the amount. The mind becomes sluggish under such a treatment, rather than acquire strength and energy, which is most necessary to it in its future efforts, although it may be employed for the three remaining hours of the day to great advantage. The amount of valuable information with which it may be stored in a single term by diligent reading of two or three hours a day would astonish most lazy people. Supposing the histories of England are taken up: in a single term a great part of Hume's history could be finished, and enough time could also be found to read all that was worth reading in the floating literature of the day. If we reckon but one hour's work—say twenty pages of ordinary history an hour, which is a small calculation—in one year 7,300 pages might not only be read over, but pretty thoroughly digested. With these advantages it is wonderful how few graduate with a good knowledge of the main branches of historical knowledge. We will venture to say, not one in ten feels satisfied with his advancement in this branch of literature. This time is at the command of every student, and the question arises, what becomes of it? Let us look into the lives of a few of our friends, and see what they are doing with three hours a day of leisure time. Here is a chap, the first fellow we meet. He is doing well in his class, and seems to be a very good student. Although he is quite sociable, and often cheers us with a few minutes of conversation and the light of his happy face, he says that he has laid out a course of reading, but some way cannot bring his time to bear upon it with advantage. His difficulty is a key to the conduct of many others; he thinks, as each part of the day brings about its relief of a short spell from duty, that the small portion of time just present is not worth much, and it might as well be used for visiting some friend. A few minutes are thus lost at several distinct parts of the day in calling upon as many distinct parties. This is a very common way for individuals to blind themselves to the great sum which all these odd ends of time amount to. One under these circumstances is also
very apt to lengthen minutes of intention into hours of fact. It ought to be remembered by these persons that they waste in these excursions the time of their neighbors.

It is a very common, but not profitable practice among students, to club together in getting out lessons. It is a sort of idle society, or at least soon becomes of that caste, for one of the chief objects of this association is to divide the labor, a sort of enticing process of limiting study. More time is usually spent by every member of the party than it would be necessary for them to devote if studying separately, to say nothing about the injury of the mind by indulging in a careless and easy way of passing over text books.

Conversation is one of the principal motives in these gatherings for study, and we would ask some of our friends as to their idea of its profits. If any thing is barren and insipid, it is the general tone of conversation kept up under these circumstances. The characters of fellow-students are here arrayed for trial. Absent companions suffer the most, because being better known they present more points of contact. We also fear that instead of obeying the generous rules of our courts of justice, to consider the prisoner as innocent until proved guilty, many take an opposite course. Here is given a type of the world's ways outside. You meet the noble, manly boy; at the next step the keen, wire-working politician. The bitter, malicious foe, and the enemy, clothed in the garb of friendship. Now what can be more deplorable than to see young men giving up all their truest hopes for the future for such an empty, and in many cases degrading, object of gratification.

Men are not now-a-days created full grown, and few of us have ground to believe we will ever prove ourselves men worthy of regard unless we make a faithful use of the means of improvement which has been placed in our hands. When we go forth from these halls we will be thrown in contact with men of not only great natural ability, but who have also labored for years in the careful cultivation of their powers, have strengthened them by contact, and know well their
force. But one alternative is left us—to endeavor to do likewise, or to fold our arms in unmanly cowardice.

We do not believe it good for the young mind to labor too severely; it will be in danger of losing its elasticity. But we do not demand more time for improvement than any student will conscientiously admit he ought to give.

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GIVE ME THY FAITHFUL HAND.

From the German of Novalis.

Give me thy faithful hand
Oh, brother beloved and true!
Oh! till thy latest breath
Thine eyes so calm and blue
Turn never away from me.

There's a temple where we kneel,
A spot for whose quiet we long,—
A home for whose joys we sigh,
Where unknown are pain and wrong;—
A heaven for me and for thee!

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L’ ENAGENAMENTO.

I have had many friends, but few
Have been so true as thou didst seem;—
And almost all I ever loved
Are changed like Fancy's fleeting dream.

I've learned to count all friendship light,—
A fairy phantom bright and gay,—
Unreal and evanescent as
The changing hues of closing day.

But yet,—I hoped to find in thee
A friend whom naught could e'er estrange,—
I fondly hoped I ne'er should see
Thine eyes and words so coldly change.

And still,—and still, I cannot think
That thou hast now no thought for me—
I cannot think thee cold and changed,—
My foolish heart still clings to thee.
Editors of the Kenyon Collegian:

Gentlemen:—In your April number, under the head, "Right Rev. Philander Chase, D. D.," is an article, continuing a memoir of that worthy Divine, in which allusion is made to some circumstances attending the first selection of the site of Kenyon College. Although the matter is of small importance, yet whatever is deemed worthy to be narrated in history, is likewise worthy to be accurately stated; and as some errors have been inadvertently admitted by the writer into the article referred to; and myself being one of the party named, which accompanied Bishop Chase on the occasion referred to; I will take the liberty to give you briefly, a true statement of the circumstances attending the excursion.

It was on a bright summer morning (July 22, 1825,) that a party of gentlemen started from Mount Vernon, with Bishop Chase, for the purpose of exploring the country eastward of, and adjacent to, this city—then a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants— with a view to the selection of a suitable site for the Theological Seminary and Kenyon College. The party, beside Bishop Chase, consisted of Daniel S. Norton, Esq., and the undersigned, of Mount Vernon, John Trimble and James Rawden of Perry Township and Parish, in Coshocton County, and George Melick of Jackson Township, Knox County. We were all on horseback. I was the youngest of the party, and had no previous acquaintance with the Bishop, except having met him a few weeks previously at "Cully's" in Newark, and having attended the preceding evening on occasion of his preaching at the Old Presbyterian Church in this place—the first time, I believe, the Episcopal service had ever been performed here.

It was known that Mr. William Hogg, of Brownsville, Pennsylvania, owned a tract of 8000 acres of land—two military sections of 4000 acres each—lying a few miles east of here, which, from the varied character of its surface, and beauty of its streams and valleys, it was suggested might
offer a suitable location for the proposed Seminary and College. And the attractive rolling character and beautiful scenery of other tracts of land lying in that part of our county, also encouraged us to believe that we should be able to present to the Bishop a site more desirable and pleasing, than any that had been before proposed.

We went out on what is here called the Coshocton Road, and struck the land of Mr. Hogg, on the west boundary of what has since been called the "North Section," at the distance of about four miles. We proceeded through the section, noticing many pleasant features. The first place that attracted marked attention, as probably suited for the object of our exploration, was the high elevation a little to the south of the road, and immediately west of what is now the farm and residence of Henry Errett, Esq. We examined this point with a good deal of interest and satisfaction. A small stream ("Schenck's Creek") was winding its way through a lovely valley which lay immediately east of the hill, widening as it extended southward, and presenting some beautiful views, but rather limited in extent and distance. The Bishop, as indeed all the party, was pleased with this spot, but reserving our judgments to further observations and discoveries, we proceeded into the valley, and through the entire "Section." Thence through lands of the "Rathbone" and "Campbell" Sections, down the valley of the "Schenck's Creek," to the junction of that stream with "Owl Creek,"—to which Bishop Chase, in his subsequent maps of the College lands, gave the more euphonious name of "The Vernon River,"—and thence turning again westward, and proceeding up that river, and generally near its margin, we again entered the lands of William Hogg, at the eastern boundary of the "South Section."

On this "Section" there were several cabins, and a number of small farms opened. The road lay across the beautiful valley, (that now spreads out like a great garden, immediately east of Gambier,) and again striking the river, followed its margin in a pretty straight line, until interrupted by the abrupt descent of what is now the "College
Hill,” whence winding round the base, it followed the
course of the stream, pretty near the present road line, into
and across the large “bottoms” and beautiful valley, that
lies on the west side of “the Hill.”

I had once, on a previous occasion, crossed over this hill,
a promontory, and was the only one of the party who pro-
ferred any knowledge of the character of the plain that lay
on the top of its elevation; and it was with reference to
this spot that I had desired the party to return by this route.
Arriving, therefore, at the base of “the hill,” on its south
side, I called the attention of the Bishop and the others
of the party, to the elevation on our right, and its beauti-
ful surroundings. The curve of the base, the acclivity of
the hill, and the graceful bend of the river, with the wide
opening of the valley East and West, were attractions too
striking to need explanation. But it was suggested by Mr.
Norton that there was not room enough on the crown of
the hill, for the accommodation of the necessary buildings
and grounds of the contemplated Institution. To this I re-
plied that I had once crossed the hill, and that there was
a level plain on the top, of wider extent than was sup-
osed. Bishop Chase answered by saying, “Come, Mr. C., I
will go with you up to the top of this hill, and we will see how it looks.” The other gentlemen of the party not
having much apparent faith in the fruits of our difficult
ascent, dismounted from their horses, and disposed them-
selves for rest in the shade at the road side. And the
Bishop and myself proceeded alone to mount the hill.
The side was thickly set with an under growth of oak
bushes, frequently interlaced with rambling grape vines. We
struggled through these tangles, on our horses, until
about half way up the hill, when the Bishop becoming
discouraged with that mode of proceeding, proposed that
we should take it afoot. We dismounted and hitched our
horses, and then proceeded as well as we could until we
emerged on the top of the hill, on the very spot where the
old College building now stands.

The heavy timber that had once covered the crown of
the hill, had, principally, many years before, been pros-
trated by a storm, or otherwise destroyed, so that, excepting a more stunted growth of brush than that we had just come through, the plain on the top was comparatively open and free from obstruction to the view. Passing a little northward, the whole panorama of the beautiful valleys that lay at our feet, the undulating line and varying surface of the distant hills, eastward, southward, and westward, with the windings of the river, all were brought into view, and presented a scene and landscape of unsurpassed loveliness and beauty. It certainly so appeared to me then, and so it seemed to strike our good Bishop. Standing upon the trunk of an old fallen oak, and permitting his eye to pass round the horizon, and take in the whole prospect, he expressed his delight and satisfaction in the brief but significant exclamation: "Well, this will do!" He then pointed out the varied beauties of the spot, its extensive views, and the advantages that would be obtained by opening some parts of the contiguous forest—improving the prospect in certain directions.

We then returned to the foot of the hill, and found our companions amusing and resting themselves, where we had left them. The Bishop expressed himself to them in strong terms of satisfaction and delight, in respect to the spot he had just examined.

We all returned to Mount Vernon together. The Bishop came with me to my house to tea; and from the circumstances of my wife being a near relative of Mr. Hogg—the owner of the land where the site had been selected—the conversation turned very much upon the hope of making that the permanent location, and the probability of obtaining the land at a price within the means of the young Institution and its then limited endowment. When he left my house, Bishop Chase expressed to me his intention to visit Mr. Hogg at an early day, with a view of securing a contract for the purchase of the land. And he took with him a letter from me to that gentleman, (with whom I was on the most kind and friendly relations,) strongly recommending the objects of the Bishop's proposed visit.

When I next saw Bishop Chase, which I think was sometime during the following winter, he had made a provisional
contract for the purchase of the whole 8000 acres at three dollars per acre; a price considered very low, as the land could readily have been sold at a higher rate. Mr. Hogg subsequently, on the solicitation of Bishop Chase, and in view of the noble objects of the purchase, munificently rebated six thousand dollars from the original contract price.

At the annual convention of 1826, steps were adopted by which the purchase from Mr. Hogg was confirmed, and the permanent site of Kenyon College and its other institutions, was established in their present location, and upon the identical spot to which I conducted the Bishop on the occasion above referred to, and from which his mind had never waivered from the time he first stood upon the ground.

Now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, every year of which has but added new evidence of the sagacity, sound judgment, and good taste of Bishop Chase in the location which he made; and the wisdom of the convention and its committee that confirmed that decision; it is pleasant to recur to these reminiscences of the infancy of the Institution, when, indeed, it had neither a local habitation or a name; and to contrast its condition in the days of its obscurity and feebleness, with its present proud position. Old Kenyon, as the boys love to call her, has indeed won her way upward, gloriously and successfully. The clouds that have sometimes hung upon her horizon, have passed away; and she stands this day a peeress among the noblest institutions of learning in our country—an honor to the Diocese—and a monument of the wisdom, and to the fame, of the noble Founder.

Henry B. Curtis.

Mount Vernon, O., April 18, 1859.

THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D. D.

(Continued from page 111.)

The decision, by the Convention, to purchase the Kokosing estate, and permanently establish thereon the Diocesan Institutions, was in a high degree gratifying to the Bishop,
but excited a bitter prejudice against him throughout the whole south-western portion of the State. The original friends there, of an independent theological school for Ohio, were all in favor of locating it at Cincinnati, or some other flourishing town in that section of the State; and they resisted to the last its location elsewhere, and particularly in the midst of a comparative wilderness. From that quarter, the only one of any ability at that time in the Diocese, nothing, therefore, could be expected towards the erection of the buildings. The Bishop, previous to this convention, had faithfully and most laboriously traveled and toiled in the centre counties to obtain aid; but the settlements were so new, and the means of the warmest friends there, of the enterprise, so limited that the amount which he received, although generous in many instances, in proportion to the ability of the donors, was insufficient to even make a beginning. But, discouraging and bitterly annoying as were the circumstances that surrounded him at that time, he never for a moment lost his faith of ultimate success, and that even his old and once honored friends, who had become so sadly alienated from him because of his adherence to all his original views on the subject of the proposed institutions and their location, would yet live to change their minds. And this, in time, has proved, at least to a considerable extent, the case.

For a long time there has been but one opinion in the Diocese that the College and Grammar School features in the Diocesan Institutions are essential to the Theological Seminary and Church, and the prejudice against the location of the institutions has long since become well nigh extinct. But how means could be raised, in these circumstances, to erect the buildings, was now the absorbing subject with the Bishop. Upon this he concentrated all his thought and attention. After the best and most prayerful consideration which he could bestow, he determined to proceed at once to the proposed site, and make a beginning with such means as he had—lay out Gambier, select the site for the first College building, and make the necessary preparations for the laying, at no distant day if possible, of the corner stone,
and have the whole estate surveyed. At the meeting of the Board of Trustees, the Bishop was "authorized to make all necessary improvements of the Seminary lands, and to obtain a loan of money for this purpose;" but it was soon ascertained that no loan, upon even the best securities, could, for the purpose, be effected. He had, therefore, to proceed as best he might. As soon after the adjournment of the Convention as he possibly could, he left Worthington for the College lands, taking with him his son Dudley, then a little boy, to render him such service as he could, and a Mr. Douglas, the superintendent of his farm at Worthington. A more faithful or capable man in his department, than Mr. Douglas, the Bishop could not well have found. The early Professors at Gambier remember him and his highly reputable family with great respect. He was a most worthy man, and a devout and intelligent Churchman. The Bishop brought in his wagon a few boards, and with these and two crotched sticks driven into the ground, and a transverse pole resting in the crotchets, and some clap-boards rived on the spot from a fallen oak, to close up the ends or gables, a shantee, or rather a wigwam, was soon erected to shelter them from the dews of night. "The beds to sleep on were thrown on bundles of straw, kept up from the damp ground by a kind of temporary platform, resting on stakes driven deeply into the earth. This was the first habitation on Gambier hill, and it stood very nearly on the site where now rises the noble edifice of Kenyon College."

After laying out the streets of Gambier, with the assistance of Judge Holmes, a surveyor from Newark, and clearing away some brush and fallen trees, the Bishop commenced sinking a well, hoping to reach an abundant supply of water in front of where the first College building was to stand.—The rock, he soon found, was too hard to be sunk through by the ordinary process, and he was fortunate in securing in the neighborhood, and at Mt. Vernon, an auger and boring apparatus. With this he continued to pierce the hill, determined if water should not be found to place Kenyon on some other site. He was disappointed at not finding water, but was so pleased with the site, notwithstanding, that he deter-
mined that there the building should stand; and posterity have, we think, universally approved of that decision. In his first letter from Gambier to Mrs. Chase, he thus writes:

"If you ask how I get on without money, I answer, the Lord helpeth me. What do you think of his mercy in sending good Mr. Davis, with half a cheese from his mother, and twenty-five dollars from his father, presented to me out of pure regard to the great and good work which God enables me thus to carry on. Mr. Norton, too, has sent me three hands for a short time. James Melick came one day, and old Mr. E. Elliot another. We have built us a tent cabin, and if we had any one to cook for us, we should live.

* * * *

The streets and roads on this, the south section, have been laid out as far as can be till we find water. If this cannot be obtained here, we shall move to some other quarter."

One of the first things the Bishop did, after getting up his tent cabin, was to visit the tenants on the estate, and others, to invite the children to Sunday School, and all to Divine Service on the hill. Under the shade of the larger trees, temporary seats were arranged, and quite a Sunday School collected and was taught by the Bishop; and at the hour appointed for Divine Service, he officiated for, and preached to, a small but attentive congregation. In reference to these times and services, he afterwards remarked: "Amidst the many hardships and difficulties unavoidably connected with this singular position on Gambier hill, there was one circumstance that cheered and consoled him. This was the very great privilege of beholding the smiling faces of a few Sunday School children every Lord's day. They made their appearance through the thick bushes, from the little cabins within the circuit of three or four miles; and although at first they knew little or nothing of the letters' names, and still less of the name of the Lord, yet finding themselves received and entertained with kindness, they came the second time, and yet again, accompanied by some others of their fellows, till, in point of numbers, the Sunday School kept under the well-pruned bushes of Gambier hill was quite respectable. It was summer, and here they sat on their temporary seats,
and all the morning, till time for prayers and sermon, and during the intermission at noon, were taught their letters, and then to read the word of God, and their hymns to sing his praise."

"So transitory were these pleasing duties of the writer's life," he records in his reminiscences, "so soon did they pass away and give place to more important duties, that he does not know what permanent effect these instructions might have produced. But if even one of these little children, the happy subject of a Savior's love, were brought to the knowledge of the truth, and saved by these humble means, he has reason to rejoice."

The hard manual labor which he daily performed at this time on the "Hill," and his exposure at night, gradually undermined his robust health, and he was seized with severe illness on his return from a brief visit to his home at Worthington. He lay very ill for a few days at Mt. Vernon, but was soon, by God's goodness, able again to visit Gambier and for a short while superintend the works. He was greatly straitened for means, and he determined to proceed at once to the east, visit his relatives in Vermont and New Hampshire, and spend the few weeks that would intervene until the session of the approaching General Convention, which was to sit that year, 1826, in Philadelphia, in seeing whether anything could be done in obtaining assistance from the cast towards the erection of Kenyon College. On his way he visited the Oneida Indians in New York, to enlist some one of them to go to Kenyon to study for the ministry, and was kindly received, and encouraged to expect one of them at Worthington in the Fall. His heart ever yearned for the amelioration and spiritual good of the red man. After a pleasant visit among his kindred, and to Boston, Hartford, Albany, and New York, he proceeded to Philadelphia. Here he was taken with a most painful swelling of his extremities, the effects of his disease and hardships in Ohio, and was found in this condition by Rev. Mr. Allen, rector of St. Paul's, who, although a stranger to the Bishop, took him to his own "hired house," and treated him with the kindness and devotion of a son and brother. The Bishop
ever remembered with the warmest gratitude Mr. Allen's hospitality and brotherly attentions on that occasion. The General Convention assembled, but the Bishop found among its members scarcely any sympathy with his great project of providing a ministry for the West. Almost every one whom he approached upon the subject chilled and repulsed him. A little, but as it proved, an unfortunate incident, that occurred at the opening service of the Convention, was laid hold upon to represent that he had but little regard for the outward proprieties of the Church, and was, indeed, unworthy of the confidence of churchmen. He had ordered a coach to take him in time for the opening services, but it was so late in coming that he set out on foot, and as he had not yet quite recovered from his painful lameness, it was with difficulty that he succeeded in reaching the church where the services were being held, and he was not in time to robe, and be present at any part of the services. He therefore hurriedly put on a black gown and bands, and went into the chancel among the other Bishops, full robed in their episcopal dresses. All who attached great importance to the externals of the church were greatly offended! and regarded the occurrence as a confirmation of all that had been urged by Bishop Hobart against Bishop Chase. But their spirit was so unfair, and conduct and prejudice so unreasonable and unchristian, that he took no pains to explain the incident, but he learned to his sorrow that Bishop Hobart's influence in the Convention was overshadowing and as bitterly set against him and his noble enterprise for the West as it had been in England. He had in his possession a volume of manuscript from England, that if published in this country, at the time, could not fail to damage seriously the Bishop of New York, and some of the personal enemies of that prelate actually offered Bishop Chase to raise on the spot a thousand dollars for Kenyon for the use of these papers; but distressed as he was for money, nothing could induce him from the path of peace. He had determined from the beginning that nothing should proceed from him to mar the harmony of the church, and that he should never be tempted to engage in a party strife. He
positively declined to have anything to do with any attack upon Bishop Hobart for his course in England or elsewhere. He keenly suffered, however, under the neglect to which he was exposed in that General Convention. A great change has, however, since taken place in the church complexion of that body. If a Bishop should now happen to appear among his fellow Bishops with a clerical black gown, or even in his ordinary dress, although they were all in full robes, it would be considered a harmless affair, and if he happened to be pursuing a lawful enterprise to promote the church and religion anywhere, although his policy might be at variance with that of High churchism, there would be as many now in any General Convention to sympathise with and uphold him as even the talented and excellent Bishop Hobart, if he were still living. What is known as low churchism has since then largely increased in all the Dioceses in the Union.

Among the resident clergy and laity of Philadelphia the Bishop found a warm sympathy and generous co-operation. Even in that day Philadelphia was blessed with many decidedly evangelical laymen of the highest respectability and influence, and a little band of devoted and talented evangelical clergy. By these the Bishop was cheered and encouraged. Mr. Paul Beek, especially, rendered the Bishop most efficient service. They made a noble commencement for him of a subscription to build Kenyon College. From Philadelphia he went to New York, and from Rev. Dr. Milnor and Rev. Dr. Feltus met with the most cordial co-operation. The latter was the brave hearted clergyman who escorted the Bishop to the ship on his first visit to England. A liberal subscription was commenced in St. George's, New York, to endow a professorship in the Theological Seminary of Ohio, to which Mr. Tappan, a Presbyterian, but a Christian, whose benevolence was not circumscribed by mere sectarian limits, gave the generous sum of one thousand dollars. The Bishop extended his visit East as far as Bangor, Maine, and was everywhere received and treated with the greatest respect and kindness. The church ladies, particularly, everywhere became deeply interested in his great plans for the church in the West, and formed "Kenyon Circles of Industry,"
from which streamlets of gold flowed for many a day to build Kenyon College and cheer the pioneer Bishop in his great work at Gambier. Such a flood of feeling in favor of Kenyon was created at so many points of importance by his visit, and particularly in New York and Philadelphia, and such a handsome contribution and subscription made towards the building, and the foundation of the Milnor Professorship, that he was encouraged to hope that sufficient means would certainly reach him from the East to complete the centre part of the College, and provide houses for the professors; he therefore determined to return at once to Ohio, and make all the necessary arrangements to lay the corner stone as early as possible in the coming summer of 1827. He recrossed the mountains in high spirits, reached home in safety, and found his family well, and the school in a most healthful and prosperous condition.

An occurrence took place at the East a short time before his return, which, with its attendant circumstances, in justice to the Bishop, ought not to be omitted in this sketch. While there, a man introduced to him as a gentleman and christian, who had lately been a preacher among the Primitive Wesleyans, George Montgomery West, presented himself to the Bishop with letters of the highest character from some of the Bishop's most ardent and influential English friends, and recommendations from them that he should be immediately ordained by him, and sent back as his agent, to the Church of England, subsequently proved a severe thorn to the Bishop. West's letters and testimonials were most unexceptional, and the Bishop was prepared, with the consent of the Standing Committee of the Diocese of Ohio, to ordain him at once, if there were no canon or law of the church to prevent it. He advised West to proceed at once to Ohio, and he (the Bishop) laid the subject before Bishops Griswold and Brownell, and both gave him a written opinion that there was nothing then existing in the law of the church to prevent the Bishop from immediately admitting West to Holy orders. The ordination of this person by Bishop Chase, and his appointment by him as his delegate to England and Ireland to deepen the interest there in Ken-
yon College, and obtain additional subscriptions, proved subsequently, as we have just stated, a cause of great sorrow and trouble to the Bishop, and we have been thus particular in informing our readers of the caution which Bishop Chase exercised in laying West's testimonials before two of the most eminent members of the Episcopal bench, and obtaining their written opinions in favor of his immediate ordination of West, because he has since been frequently and most unjustly charged with acting with precipitate and unbecoming haste in this matter.

The 9th of the approaching June of 1857, was the day fixed upon by Bishop Chase for the laying of the corner stone, and the Rev. Mr. (now Doctor) Morse, of Steubenville, was to preach a sermon on this interesting and (at this day we may without exaggeration speak of it) august occasion. At the foot of the Hill, and in the bend where the Kokosing again retreats from the base of the Hill, stood a grove of noble maples, and beneath their shade temporary arrangements were made for the seating of the audience to hear the discourse from Dr. Morse. By uncommon exertion the Bishop succeeded in getting all things in readiness for the day. Mrs. Chase and the teachers and students from Worthington went up, and a large crowd assembled from the settlements miles distant, and quite a large number from Mt. Vernon, to witness the ceremony. The day was most auspicious, and the services, by those who were present, have always been described as among the most solemn and deeply interesting that they had ever witnessed. After divine service and sermon by Dr. Morse, the Bishop, attended by the preacher, the teachers and students of the College and “Grammar School,” and the large crowd of visitors, proceeded to the corner stone, and with a heart full of gratitude to God that he had been thus far prospered, and of hope for the future, performed in a most dignified and masterly manner the auspicious ceremony. After the laying of the stone a most eloquent address was delivered by Mr. West.

The readers of our Collegian will, we know, be gratified with a brief notice of Dr. Morse's sermon and the Bishop's
services on an occasion so full of hope as that was for sound learning, evangelical religion, and for the Protestant Episcopal Church on this continent.

A FRAGMENT.

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes." Moore.

In yonder grove a wanderer lies,
And garlands wreath his lowly bed,
Where wood-crowned hills in beauty rise,
And pilgrims sleep—the hallow'd dead.

And there he found his sylvan home,
And laid him down in deep repose,
In life's fair moon, ere noon had come—
Or grief the fount of pleasure froze.

There naught shall break his slumbers now,
No voices loud, no songs of mirth;
Nor music's anthems swelling low,
Nor gladsome morn shall call him forth.

He calmly rests for ever there;
And round the urn that keeps its trust,
The gnarled old trees full many a year,
Like sentinels, shall guard his dust.

His voice is mute—his lyre is still,
The lyre so oft he woke in song;
Yet their sweet tones in mountain rill,
On evening gales, shall linger long.

He laid his harp in gladness down,
'Mid flowers that deck the river's shore;
And now he strikes a golden one,
In songs of praise for ever more.

O! weep no more his early death—
That angels early called him home;—
The dews are lost in morning's breath,
And pleasure dies when age has come.
GOETHE.—No. 2.

(Continued.)

He renounced, at Strassburg, completely, French taste, and adopted gradually Lessing's new aesthetic principles, and Herder's views in his "Fragments," and "Kritische Walder." The latter, especially, made him acquainted with the nature of popular poetry, pointed to Hamann and the English literature (Goldsmith and Shakspeare.)

To the events which in this epoch and in Alsace's rich historical traditions and magnificent landscapes, influenced Goethe's mind and poesy, belongs his relation to Friederike, the amiable daughter of parson Brion at Sesenheim, a village near Strassburg. His beautiful poems, "der Abschied," and "die Erwahlte," and above all, "Willkomm und Ab- schied," are productions of this period.

Goethe continued at Strassburg his studies in natural sciences and medicine. He attended with great interest to Lobstein's lectures on anatomy, and devoted himself at the same time to chemistry.

This period was one at once of destruction and production, the latter being, however, in the ascendancy. Opposed as the rising talents of the young were to the French literature, convinced, by Herder, of the scantiness of their own literature, animated by national jealousy to meet the arrogance of the French denial of any taste in the Germans—they desired to effect a reform in their literature out of the elements of the German national character. They endeavored first to make nature the basis of their efforts, and admitted henceforth nothing besides immediate truth and sincerity of sentiment, (which was wanting in French poetry.) Friendship, love, and fraternity, were the actuating principles of this league. Rousseau and Shakspeare alone influenced them from abroad. Now the first stadium of this period of transition (down to 1775) furnished Goethe very important material for instruction and production.

Having again returned home (1771) he became acquainted with Merck, a remarkable man, of decided talents and
extensive knowledge. Herder and Schlosser had introduced Goethe to him, who, like a faithful Mentor, led him in Darmstadt into the society of excellent persons, that were highly refined in literary and social respect. The beautiful "Sendschreiben eines Landgeistlichen an Seinen Amtsbruder" was written in those genial days.

Merck and several of his friends established about that time a literary periodical, "die Frankfurter Anzeigen," and Goethe was induced by the former to contribute.

We find, soon after, our poet and Merck on a trip along the shores of the majestic Rhine. He met at Coblentz with the family of the celebrated Sophie La Roche, and other distinguished persons. He returned to Frankfort, where he became soon acquainted with Lavater, Klopstock, Klinger, and Basedow. Another trip to the Rhine increased his stock of new ideas of things and men; its chief result being the acquaintance with Fr. Jacobi, with whom he soon became intimate.

In this period were written some scenes of "Faust," fragments of "Prometheus," and "der adige Tude;" some satyrices, humoristic essays against Basedow, Bahrdt, and Weiland; the operas, "Erwin and Elmire," "Claudine von Vella Bella," "Stella," and "Clavigo;" and, above all, "Gotz," and "Werther."

"Gotz von Berlichingen" (1773) indicates the daybreak of Goethe's poesy. It contains all the fermenting elements of the young literary generation. The teachings of Rousseau, the political reforms of Frederic the Great, the approaching thunderbolts of revolutionary rise, the defiance manifested near and far by literary talents against school and rule, the enthusiasm excited by Shakspere—all this has found direct or indirect expression in this work.

Goethe had conceived the idea of "Gotz" at Strassburg. The autobiography of that old knight had been read diligently by our poet. The interesting historical traditions of the Alsace formed another basis to this work. Guided by Shakspere the young poet went to work and finished it in a few weeks. But he revised its primitive form materially
before it was ready for publication. As to its execution, the interest is principally concentrated in the hero.

"Werther" followed "Gotz" immediately, (1774.) (Cf. "Dicht. and Wahrh.," III.) It was written in a few weeks. (Cf. "Schiller, uber naive and Sent. D.")

Werther's love is a forbidden one, Lothe being the betrothed bride of another. We cannot, however, help sympathising with him, and his delights and longings; the thought that the object of his love is possessed by another drives him with gloomy demoniac power from step to step down the abyss. Lothe is masterly delineated.

The next work published in the same year (1774) is "Clavigo." Goethe has narrated in the third part of his "life" the interesting history of the origin of this production. Its execution cost the poet hardly eight days. It is based on an anecdote in the memoirs of Beaumarchais, and only changed by giving the story a tragic end. The dialogue is animated, its diction fresh and striking, the characters partly (except Karlos) delineated in a classical manner.

Nearly related to the last two works is "Stella," which tragedy was first composed as a drama. It is inferior to Clavigo in dramatic art. Moral weakness is its object.

It is very much to be regretted that Goethe did not execute the great themes "der ewige Jude," and "Prometheus," so much more, because "Faust" rose on this foundation as a gothic structure. "Prometheus" remained a dramatic fragment. The popular legend of the Wandering Jew was repeatedly taken up, but never finished. (Cf. Paralissos. Nachgel. W. XVI.)

"Erwin and Elmire," and "Claudine von Villa Bella" belong in their primitive form to this period (1775.) Goethe took them along to Italy, where they were entirely re-written. He himself did not think much of these pieces; but the inserted songs possess an imperishable value. It may be remarked that the beginning of "Egmont," too, fell in this stadium. Many lyric productions were then written besides; so "Neue Liebe, neues Leben;" and "an ein goldenes Herz," "an Belinde," "frische Nahrung neues Blut," "Mahomet's Gesang," an ode-like fragment from a projected
drama, "Mahomet;" "an Schwager Kronos," and many others. "Der Wanderer" (1771) is one of the best.

Goethe's second stadium from his arrival at Weimar (1775) to his journey to Italy (1786.)

His most important works have been conceived and partly executed in this decade; but since they have been altered and finished only in the subsequent periods, we omit speaking of them now, and if we put aside his occasional poems, little remains to be said of his second stadium. "Hans Sachs" (1776) represents this ancient minstrel's poetic mission. Then "die Seefahrt," in which the victory of human courage over the elements of nature is depicted with masterly hand and a sublime effect. A beautiful testimony of philosophic religious enthusiasm, deep love to mankind and grand views on nature is laid down in the ode "die Harzreise im Winter." He sings imagination in "Meine Gottin," and moral nobility of man in the ode "das Gottliche," and many other lyric productions written in this stadium. His operatic attempts (as "Lila") are pleasing dramas, rather, interwoven with a few heartfelt songs. "Die Fischerin" greets us from its very beginning ("Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?") in a most agreeable manner. The opera "Scherz, List und Rachi" closes this decade (1785.) These operatic poesies are a failure.

Merely mentioning "die Geheminisse," we turn only to "die Breife aus der Schweiz." They are the result of a journey to Switzerland, undertaken in common with his friend, the Duke of Weimar, in 1779.

On the 5th of September, 1786, he started from Karlsbad for Italy all alone. Nothing remains there unknown or indifferent to him. The country and the people alike, the sky, the sun, the day, evening and night, the life, the songs and plays of gay people, the beauties of nature and the rich treasures of art—everything is brought to bear upon his heart and mind, while it electrifies his imagination. The nearer he approached Rome, the more he longed to see the "Urbs." And when he entered holy, eternal Rome, all the dreams of his youth assume a new life. Rome's picture had not in vain looked down on him from his first childhood in his father's house, and in his own rooms. That year was
the most important of his life. He went afterwards to Naples. While art delighted him at Rome, the natural beauty of Naples carried him away. A new school opened to him, the school of nature. As he studied at Rome the monuments of art, he studies now in Naples the wonderful works of nature. The sea with its splendor, and it shores teeming with sails, the glowing darkness of Vesuvius, the fertility of the country, the fragrant islands, the magnificent views—all, all moved along before his eye in quickening images. It was refreshing and delightful to him to see the frank, uncaring people running to and fro in this paradise. But with all that, he does not lose art out of sight. He visits the rich museums and galleries, lives with artists, and is instructed by a Tischbein. He went then to Sicily; the city of Palermo and its vicinity is a magnificent sight to him; the harmonies of the sky, sea, and earth, are indescribable. The blooming world of plants, the mildness, warmth, and fragrance of the air, the gentle breeze, the full rise of the moon—all this beauty penetrates deep into his soul. The entire island together with the sea recalls to his mind Homer's Odyssey. He sees now the isle of the Phacacians, and conceives the plan to his "Nausikaa," in which he intended to dramatize the entire Odyssey, which plan was, however, not executed. He returned finally to Rome, where he intended to pass the winter of 1788, because he thought he had not seen Rome thoroughly enough.

He left Rome in April, 1788, and returned to Weimar in June. Even in old age he remarked to Eckermann, that he, passing over the "ponte molle," has left his happiness behind, for he had since that time not had a truly happy day.

With this journey begins a new and important epoch—poetic life; the religion of moral beauty, resting on the pillars of nature and art, superseded the biblico-oriental religion. He turned away from the representatives of inspirational belief. Homer gained ascendancy over Ossian; Propertius and Ovid over Young.

This new stadium reaches, in its first part, to the beginning of congenial friendship and mutual activity between Goethe and Schiller (1787—1795.)

(To be continued.)
OBSERVATIONS ON MUSQUITOES.

Full Nature swarms with life one wondrous mass
Of Animals or Atoms organized!
——— The hoary fens,
The putrid streams, emit their living clouds.
——— Where the Pool
Stands mantled o'er with green invisible,
Amid the floating verdure millions stray.

—THOMSON.

One of the greatest annoyances suffered by the pioneer settlers of our Western States, is the biting of mosquitoes. These insects do not receive that attention by writers on natural history that is properly their due. They are deemed so insignificant a race that a passing sentence is sufficient for a description of them. That this insect is so lightly passed by, in the works of book-makers, I can account for only by supposing that they have never had experience of a battle with them.

I fancy that if one of the gentlemen of the quill were to spend a season in some of our new Western settlements before beginning to write, his book would certainly be on insects, and at least one-third of it would be devoted to the subject of mosquitoes.

As this article is not intended to be a chapter on natural history, a proper and full description of them will not be expected; I mean such an accurate and scientific description as an entomologist ought to give. A brief account of their habits, taken from the books, may not be improper as a preface to a narration of some observations on them, which, as the editors of the pictorials say, were taken on the spot. These observations were none the less interesting because they were often taken when eyes, ears, face, hands, and every other accessible part of my person was assailed by a clamorous swarm of little blood-suckers, seeking how they might devour me.

The mosquito has been classed with that tribe of insects termed in the technical language of entomology culicidæ, or in common parlance, gnats.

I have sometimes thought, when attacked by them, that considering their ferocity and the size they often attain, they ought to be classed with those tribes of "winged fiends" which infested the marshes in the ancient times, that geologists tell us of. In common with most other species of the gnat tribe, the mosquito is hatched from an egg deposited
on the surface of standing water. But a few days are necessary for the development of small caterpillars from these eggs. These remain in their aquatic habitation two or three weeks while passing through the various stages of development. All the stagnant pools and marshes are full of them during the warm season, hanging from the surface of the water, head downward. Their respiratory orifice is, contrary to all analogy, in the tail. Their heads are furnished with a number of bristles, to which they may give a vibratory motion. By this means they produce currents in the water, which bring food within their reach.

After passing into the pupal state they are expert swimmers, being provided with fin-like ears, attached to their tails. This member has now ceased to be an organ of respiration, and they breathe through openings in the thorax.

The first step in the process of final change is the development of wings. Soon afterwards the shell inclosing the pupa is burst, and the little tenant first looks out at the sunlight. The shell is not yet abandoned, however, but is retained for a day or two, till the insect is able to fly. It is used as a boat, and the wings are exercised by being spread as sails. Thus furnished with the essentials to navigation, they float gaily while the weather is calm. But if a storm catches them in this state, their little craft are very sure to be overset in the gale, and "wrecked with the loss of all their crews,"

"Every summer gust of wind and rain
Piles the wrecks of navies on the bays"

of the miniature seas on which these insects sail, as there are always great numbers of them just at that stage of development when they can neither swim nor fly. The most favorable time for them is in still warm weather, with occasional showers to supply the pools, and keep the air damp and steamy.

At such times the forests around the marshes and streams are sometimes almost darkened with the swarms in the air. "From morn till dewy eve" is heard one continuous deep humming monotone, not in any particular direction, but all through the atmosphere, around, above, wherever one can go.

Thomson shows great want of experience in life among mosquitos when he refers to this noise thus:

"Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum
To him who muses through the woods at noon,
Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclined
With half shut eyes beneath the floating shade
Of willows grey, close crowding o'er the brook."
The man who can recline with half-shut eyes enjoying the humming of musquitoes in one of our Western forests would certainly deserve a place among epidermata. This noise becomes rather alarming when one reflects that it proceeds from unnumbered myriads of hungry little Vampyres, longing to gorge upon his blood. Persons going on foot through the forests are often obliged to go on a run to avoid being eaten up by them; or rather to escape the fate of having his skin perforated like a riddle with their poisonous little bills. The use of a fan or bush as a defensive weapon is indispensable; but this is not always sufficient without the rapid retreat accompanying it.

It is not till evening, however, that the musquitoes venture out in full force from the shades of the groves, which have afforded them protection from the heat of the sun during the day. After sundown the air is full of them out in the clearings. There is no sanctuary in the settler's cabin which they do not invade. The woodman, after toiling at his clearing all day, comes in weary in the evening not to be refreshed by the undisturbed enjoyment of "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," but to engage in a night-long battle with a foe, diminutive indeed, but whose name is legion for they are many; and he can no more lay hands on them than if each one was a diminutive elf. Various expedients are resorted to in order to keep them out of doors. Those who have close houses use screens of gauze in the open doors and windows. But many of the settlers live in cabins so open that the gauze screens are useless, as the enemy can swarm in through a thousand "breaches in the walls." Where this is the case "a smudge" is the best means of defense. It is understood that the enemy cannot stand a close fire, and are even frightened with smoke.

A smudge is produced by filling a tin or iron vessel with rubbish and firing it. It is then placed near the doorway, so as to keep up a dense smoke, both within and without. At each cabin door may be seen in the evening a wreath of smoke rising like incense from a censer, and enveloping the house as if to guard it from evil spirits.

Among the many interesting experiences had by a traveler in the West, not the least interesting are his combats with musquitoes.

By a traveler is not here meant one of those sleek, white handed, starched up gentry, who make hasty pleasure tours over steamboat lines and main stage routes, never stopping except at large hotels in the chief towns. I mean any one who has had pluck enough to spend a few months among the clearings, traversing roads newly cut from the forest, and
yet full of stumps and abounding with corduroy bridges and Harriet Beecher Stowe Railroads.

Whoever has done this will need no description of the shanties with ornate shingles hung out in front of them, gracing the roadside every now and then. These “taverns” are a great convenience to travelers; yet they have their inconveniences, like all other earthly blessings. Among these is that of the inevitable mosquitoes. In these places they generally have full sweep. Not unfrequently all the sleeping accommodations are in one large and well ventilated chamber. In such cases, if the smudging has been neglected, there is usually an interesting night expected by the lodgers.

One night spent under such circumstances is still fresh in memory. Some little previous experience had given me an idea of what might be expected. Nevertheless, at a late hour, I mustered courage and retired, ostensibly to rest. In the same large room several beds were occupied. For perhaps half an hour all was still enough, but I suspect there was little sleeping going on. Each one was intently listening for the first approach of the enemy. Presently the well known hum around my head warned me of the presence of a solitary mosquito. It was evidently an old brave, out reconnoitering. I soon despatched him with a slap on my face, where he had lit. This was followed by a suppressed laugh from those in the other beds; they evidently knew what was abroad.

Soon another humming was heard, not as before, from a single mosquito, but from two or three. Gradually their force was augmented, till they seemed to be humming around in millions, all eager for blood. I soon found my case was no worse than that of my fellow-lodgers. The frequent spanking noise, the despairing tosses and impatient exclamations, and the occasional deep imprecations sufficiently indicated what a battle each was fighting for himself.

The only thing I remember definitely of my own thoughts was a firm resolution that if I should be alive in the morning I would start immediately for the East.
Editors' Table.

The Editors of the Collegian feel it to be a matter of no ordinary importance to produce editorial adapted to the kind of matter with which their Magazine is filled. And this difficulty becomes more apparent when we consider that, though the present system of periodicals in American colleges has been in existence for nearly half a century, yet it has never been settled, even in the most general way, of what an editorial should consist. Should it be similar to those of magazines whose circulation is widely extended—embracing the political events, the scientific discoveries, the religious revolutions, the court gossip, and in general, the progress of the whole world. In that case our editorial columns would become but a mere repetition,—a rehash of what our readers in particular have already read and discussed. On the other hand, should it refer merely to local affairs, relating events which have transpired in the vicinity of the editors, and discussing learnedly upon regularly returning college rebellions, &c., &c.? The same objection—of age—lies against this as against the other plan. It has therefore been left exclusively to the taste of the editors of the various magazines as to the particular manner in which they shall please their readers. But, when it is remembered that tastes are as various as the individuals in whom they exist, and that we have no means of deciding as to the tastes of others, except through our consciousness of our own states of mind, it must be evident to all that no production, however excellent in itself, could possibly meet entire approbation. In this view, it is our taste, before discussing the gossip of our little village, to say a few words on taste, and particularly on the tastes of students.

We are aware, that in touching upon this subject, we are involving ourselves in an almost inextricable labyrinth; yet we hope to keep so far distant from disputed points, as to escape safely, unless we privately, like the Cæcrops, receive some broken bones from those who imagine themselves of sufficient consequence to merit rebuke.

To an accurate observer, the most important peculiarity of the taste of mankind, is its inconsistency, or, in more plain words, the entire want of taste which characterises many men. Let us particularize on this point and notice a few instances.

It is a well-known fact, that the students of Gambier are continually complaining of the want of ladies' society, to which they are all subject; of the semi-barbarism into which they fall as a necessary consequence. These complaints are confined to no class upon age. All are alike afflicted, in their own estimation. Now we think this displays an evident want of taste, when our beautiful hill is surrounded on all sides by multitudes of intelligent and beautiful ladies. [We get this second hand, of course] who, with the rosy cheeks of a country life, have not forgotten to cultivate their minds in the more essential departments of knowledge, as well as to inure their hands to the working board and culinary exercise. If there are any sceptical enough to doubt this statement, let them, during the coming season, on the warm, pleasant Spring Sabbath days, stretch their lazy limbs and visit the country churches; and, let them, during the next winter, attend the various singing schools kept up in the settlements surrounding us. After pursuing such a course they could no longer complain of want of female society. Those, on the contrary, who have been accustomed to the formality of city life would be refreshed, and delighted with the freshness, frankness, and innocence which belongs to genuine country society.
We think it out of taste, for the students, in the absence of their mother and sisters, to play the part of savages in their communications with their fellows. We think the very fact, that they are aware, and acknowledge themselves to be aware of the semi-barbarous state into which they are gradually falling, should render them more particular to preserve the good habits, and the politeness which they may already possess. It is no excuse, because one is absent from home influences, that he should act ‘the pig at table,’ would ridicule the opinions and prejudices of those who think differently, should take pleasure in the destruction of property not his own; should dishonor his home training by staring at, and ridiculing ladies whom he meets. In this last particular, the students somewhat resemble the boy whose father, from some love disappointment, had taken his son into the forests and mountains, and there kept him to a mature age without ever seeing a woman. One day, in one of their walks, they by some accident met one of the detested sex. The boy immediately gave chase, and returning unsuccessful, asked in amazement, if the animal he had just seen was a goose—a queer goose that! There can be no necessity, when at the table, of gulping down a whole meal in five minutes, for fear that somebody else will get more than his share of the dessert; no need of throwing the food over the floor to give trouble to the waiters; no need of adding to their father’s expenses; no need of commencing now a life of rowdism, which will end in disgrace and crime hereafter. A little politeness would produce a myriad of good effects; there would be no need of the stringent laws which now gall the necks of the good, to preserve the bad from mischief; the people would place confidence in the student; and the students themselves, would feel conscious of a dignity which gives joy to the possessor, and exalts him immeasurably in the opinions of all who know him.

We think it to be out of taste in all cases for people to meddle in the business of others. Students, from their situation, are extremely liable to this meddling, from others. But this makes the fault no more excusable in them. What makes the above peculiarly applicable, is the burst of ridicule which has met the late formation of a sewing society on the “Hill.” Now we don’t approve of such associations; but there may be numerous circumstances with which we were not acquainted; it may be the source of a more complete union among the ladies, may tend to the propagation of evangelical knowledge, may benefit the poor; may in fact produce a thousand good effects, of which we know nothing, and which are none of our business. The following is an anonymous note received by the editors—

We are sorry to disappoint our readers; but the note has, for the present, unaccountably disappeared; though undoubtedly, still in our possession; hidden in some crack or cranny. Should any one of the fair beings who compose the sewing circle wish to see it, they can have the opportunity by calling on any one of the editors. The substance of the note, however, was of a character so abusive, that could the members identify the writer, they should serve him, as the girls in the Revolution served the tory—strip him of his upper clothing, and tar and feather him, diversifying the operation, by an application of ridicule such as can only be given by the “fair sex.”

We have still one last example to give, of this want of taste, namely, that of criticism. We do not now complain in reference to the share given our dear old Collegian. The very fact that it is placed before the public, is reason sufficient why it should obtain a due amount of criticism. But we do find fault with those who unreasonably complain, because it does not in every respect suit their individual tastes; who, possessing no culture or ability in themselves, expect an inordinate amount of it in the matter of the Collegian; who, without presenting any good suggestion, as to the manner in which a magazine should be carried on, or contributing any matter to its pages, insult the editors by their silence and ridicule. Invariably such are found to be the meanest of mortals. We have one of them in our mind’s eye at present. One of the editors was, not many months ago, approached by a consequential member of a lower class, and asked why the Collegian didn’t have something good in it, and told that—the matter was not fit to read. As a matter of course, the editor defended himself as well as a moderate amount of modesty would allow him, not by praising up the matter objected to, but by trying to
arouse the fellow's sense of shame. Upon referring to the books of the Collegian, it was found that the objector's name was not written therein, and that he consequently was mean enough to depend upon the subscription of others, to obtain what little he did know of the magazine. It was also found that his taste was of that character, which only such literature as that contained in the Yankee Notions, and sheets far more vulgar than this can satisfy. Upon the whole we feel glad that such as he are the ones who have not sufficient generosity to enter into undertakings for the public good; who are entirely wrapped up in the one idea of self-advancement and self-gratification.

Art.—During the last term a magnificent painting was presented to the Nu Pi Kappa Society by Mr. Reinhart. The subject of the painting is the beautiful description of Jesus giving sight to the blind Bartimaeus, as described in the tenth chapter of St. Mark. All who are connected with Kenyon College must hail with gratitude so great an addition to its attractions. The painting is fifteen feet in length and ten in breadth. We trust that this is the beginning of an entire new era in the art of our College. Other colleges throughout the land are adding greatly to their collections, leaving Kenyon almost alone in her devotion to the useful, unconnected with the beautiful. Yale College and Michigan University have each lately received from Europe a large number of works by the greatest authors in the several departments. But, we think we see light in the distance for our College too. All the members of the Faculty are ardent lovers of art, and are even now, by the encouragement which they have given to the adornment of the new "Society Halls," giving us an idea of what they wish to do at present, and of what they certainly will do hereafter when placed in better circumstances.

We insert an

**ANSWER TO CHARADE IN LAST NUMBER.**

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'Twas evening when an old grey hen
Filled full of corn and wisdom,
Called up her brood—some nine or ten—
And in these words advised them—
"The golden sun hath sought the West,
And night abroad her curtain flings;
Therefore I think you'll find it best
To seek protection 'neath my wings."

But see, the words are scarcely said,
When in the azure vault high
Behold a hawk! far over head
Watching the chicks with envious eye;
See now, with arrow swiftness how he darts
Down on these animated eggs!—
'Tis over now—upward he starts
Carrying one embryo pot-pie off its legs!

Alas, poor bird! unhappy fowl!
Thus nipped upon life's sunny verge—
The sad night-hawk and hooting owl
Alone shall sing thy funeral dirge!
We will not bid the tear-drop start,
Yet for thy fate we still may sigh;
For though no pity rends our heart
We're very fond of chicken-pie.