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If a man were suddenly asked, what class of books are most numerous in our day, doubtless he would reply, works of fiction. We cannot recall in what period of the last half century, if this question had been asked, the same answer would not have been given. Novels are a necessary growth of the times; in proportion as men more laboriously apply themselves to business and the accumulating of money, they feel the need of amusements which shall be of an innocent nature, and within their reach. When trades increased, and commerce drew greater numbers to itself, this class of books also increased, until in our times, when fortunes are made more frequently behind the counter and in the workroom, than by sudden discoveries, or by the favor of rulers, it outnumbers every other class. It would be a happy union of circumstances if the same caution and moderation which men exercise in matters of business, were likewise exercised here. They would enjoy all the profit arising from such amusements, without having to lament the waste of time, weakness of mind, and misdirection of imagination, which their abuse entails. Sup-
posing this other question were asked, what class of books most nearly approaches works of fiction, in number of writers? History is numerously and well represented; theology is teased to death by the attentions of well-meaning, stupid people; essays are more fruitful than the seeds from which they spring; biographies are scattered around as profusely as the works of the daguerrean artist; rhymes are a spontaneous growth in every cultivated family; yet, the most correct answer would be, works of travel. These, like novels, are an offspring of the times, not quite so necessary perhaps, but, in every respect, as natural. We may understand this after a moment's reflection. Foreign ports are open in hospitality to each other; seas are navigable to the most inexperienced; machinery curtails the length of time in passing from one port to another; if the ocean presents inapproachable terrors to the timorous, they have only to turn inland to some railway station and book themselves for any latitude. This facility in traveling is made profitable by a wide-spread education; travelers are prepared to appreciate and form just opinions on what lies before them, which to the ignorant, be they good or bad, are all wonderful. The best educated mind is most likely to be deeply impressed by whatever it comes in contact with, because it understands its own emotions; it will be least likely, also, to lose these impressions; they remain, working themselves into social comparisons, political problems, individual histories; they take fresh life from every new scene; they correct themselves as they crowd upon each other; they have a two-fold life, one of passionate embrace and sudden joy; the other of quiet maturity and education. Having reached this latter state, they must find expression; in themselves, they are too precious to pass away with out a word of communication, too rich to perish, intestate. Hence, it comes to pass that we have such works as Stanley's travels in The Holy Land, and Dr. Kane's interesting account of the Arctic Expedition.

It is curious, on what opposite principles the reading public act towards these two classes of literature, both a natural result of the age. In selecting fiction, caution is never thought of; readers may, it is true, enquire for the productions of some well-established author, yet, so many exceptional ones are included under this distinction, that the probability of
their meeting the latter is very great. Nor are the public ashamed of their carelessness; they profess to read fiction for pleasure's sake, and relief from severe duties, objects to be secured in any book they may purchase. The degree of pleasure and relief will vary, according to the treatment of the subject and interest of the plot, yet through all such books there is the same kind of pleasure and relief.

If works of fiction and of travel are a natural result of the same age, why are not the latter read as universally as the former? Works of travel presuppose some degree of interest towards a foreign country; and we are forced to believe that most minds are too selfishly engrossed in their own pursuits to feel the slightest interest beyond; or if they do, the feeling is of too general a character to lead them into historical inquiry; they have no unity of object. Again, a variety of authors, which in the former case is more of a help than otherwise, in this case, causes considerable hesitation. It will not be safe to adopt the first author they may meet; he may have traveled with hatred in his heart; seeing each new feature of the country through a distorted medium; having his own standard of perfection, and as things approached or receded from this, approving or condemning. To read such a book, however bravely and honestly we fortified ourselves at the beginning, would be, to find ourselves drawing insensibly closer to the writer's mind, and, ere we could suspect a change in our feelings, to discover the interest with which we set out, changed into disappointment, and the romance with which we surrounded the stranger land, descending into a dull reality from which we are glad to escape. But we cannot make our escape with unsullied garments. Whereas we began with innocent belief in the nameless virtues of the country, we have been taught to doubt the existence of the commonest good qualities; at first we may have had no views at all, yet, this was better than our newly acquired wrong views; we felt ourselves to be very ignorant, yet our present ignorance is of a more shameful nature, being propped up by the false theories of one who saw everything in its wrong place; and our conscience tells us that the time spent over this book has been more sadly wasted than had it been occupied in reading a second-rate novel, because, in the first place, we have been
disappointed beyond what is natural, and secondly, we have failed to secure even passing pleasure. Another reason, doubtless, is, that works of travel demand more attention than works of fiction. And still, it is by no means severe attention, not such as is needed to understand a series of arguments; it is only the attention of one who having been assigned a place, is asked, not to shift his position, to keep his eyes directly before him, while the cavalcade advances. Yet, even this degree of attention is too much for some persons.

Like all natural truths which present themselves to the mind sooner or later, be they suggested by education or by accident, this truth enforces itself on the reading public, that in neglecting works of travel, they deprive themselves of a resource commanding extensive enjoyment and information—enjoyment the more sincere, because it insensibly imparts knowledge. What do the public lose by such neglect? Views of nations, opposite, in every particular, to their own, begun under different auspices, some which reach backwards till their history becomes traditionary; a few having grown under the nurture of prosperity; the many which were changed from a condition of barbarism into cultivation, not by gentle means, but by violent conquest, shaped into beauty and welded into strength, by the most unpropitious means; some, rough and rugged and inhospitable, wherein nature's very terrors and forbidding features excite curiosity to discover what lies beyond; others surrounded by perpetual spring, and bounded by historic seas and sunshine; many, wherein great political problems have been in process of solution during generations, trouble and change going hand in hand to solve the questions, and leaving their marks upon the nation's brows, to be read by all who turn attentive eyes in that direction; the social history of those nations which seek to find their happiness in home, contenting themselves with the virtues of their children, and the modest praise which such qualities win; the social history of others, whose homes are wherever pleasure beckons, by whom public gardens, shifting hotel-life, and nightly banqueting-saloons, are the only resting places to be desired. All this they lose, and who will say the loss is a slight one?
In works of travel we have the journey without sharing any of the expense or sickness—a happy escape if the journey be by sea!—we mix with people of a strange tongue, yet never are at loss for a word; we form part of excursions into jungles, across great plains, and up the sides of precipices, secure against danger; and are raised to the height of excitement, without experiencing any of the subsequent bad consequences. In short, we possess the entire country, for a dollar; are at liberty to examine passports and to laugh at the blunders of travelers of all ages; to pass keenest witticisms or undisguised praise upon rulers and people, without awakening anger, or disappointing ambition. If the proper study of mankind is man, they are sadly mistaken in the source from whence to gain acquaintance with the world, who hope to see it reflected in the highly-polished mirror of fiction.

There is another sense in which they who fail to read works of travel are losers—as a means of intellectual intercourse and converse between friends and acquaintances. We are weary of the weather and the crops, politics are generally alike under every provocation, and, alas, too frequently they are beyond our comprehension. That small talk in which ladies are supposed to delight, occupies too many precious half-hours, and is utterly worthless—the greatest fool being most proficient in it—given an unlimited length of tongue and the most limited depth of brains to find the prince of small-talkers. But some one suggests that people must talk. Certainly they must, even if it be nothing but small talk, and the instant they become altogether silent, the very stones will cry out. People, however, can unite a little more converse with talk; they can examine things more minutely—the examination of characters, other than those of their neighbors; other manners and styles of dress. Why do not novel readers converse upon their favorite authors? Are there to be no other than public critics, or are these to form the reader's taste and judgment, at their own pleasure? It is time that readers, as well as critics, began to analyze, to weigh part with part, probability with probability, effect with cause; not to confine their pleasure to skimming over a few hundred pages, but to extend it into an examination of the book as a work of art; this is the professed critic's pleasure, and the chief object
which draws his mind towards this species of composition. Notwithstanding, the merits of the ablest novel are speedily discussed in conversation. Few among the company may be those who have read the book; then if these few do engage on the subject, the principal points are soon discovered, and without having patience or tact to prolong each, as its interest may demand, they rest contented with a few common-places, and the conversation subsides; while the rest of the company are left wondering how some people will go out of their way to appear original? Allowing that a sufficient number is present, there can be but little interchange of sentiment; it will be found that each takes much the same view of the characters, and understands to a nicety the general tone of the book. This illustrates the author’s success, although it does not add to the conversation, his object being to represent the personages so plainly, their virtues and whims, that there is no possibility of adopting any other than one and a similar conception of them. Two tragedians may take totally extreme views of the character of Macbeth, yet no two persons can mistake the nature and minds of Dickens’ characters. Herein lies the superiority of works of travel over works of fiction. We do not meet two persons, perhaps, who take a like view of the history, as a whole. Parts are constantly presenting themselves, wherein diversity of opinion is sure to arise; what we admire and would rejoice to see imitated in our own country, another considers as being a nuisance and encroachment upon personal liberty; he is moved to laughter at what we conceive to be only a dry joke; when we shed tears, he thinks it a simple incident of daily grief; what we regard as becoming in dress, he looks on as being a habit of deformity; and while he is captivated with the manners of the natives, we are wondering how people can be so disagreeable, and sometimes even rude.

Thus we enjoy all the pleasure of drawing out and comparing opposite opinions, and since the incidents are new to the company, the most trivial being surrounded with those charms which distance never fails to bestow, there need be no approach to weariness, or oppressive pauses; nor will the labor of supporting the conversation rest upon one person in particular, where each has something of his own to suggest.
The happiest social moments are those which find the members of a family gathered around one of themselves, after his return from a foreign land. The first surprise having passed; they are now familiar with the change in his features and tone of voice, and are satisfied he is still the same. Yet, he carries about with him an air of novelty, mystery, and endless variety; he is full of records of unusual events, histories of strange people; he describes landscapes differing very prominently from their own; dangers of the sea, and wandering through woods by starlight. While he dwells upon these incidents, the hearts of his hearers are in possession of the truest pleasure, unmeasured as the hours. This is not altogether owing to himself; they hear him speak of other subjects and are not thus moved; the secret lies in the narrative. Are we to wait for such an event as the return of an absent friend, before appropriating to our selves similar pleasure and profit? We may have no absent friend, or may have no prospect of his return; in either case, the pleasure and profit still may still be ours, by possessing a volume of travels.

ABORIGINAL AMERICA.

"Lo! the poor Indi-n, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind:
His soul proud science never taught to stray,
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-trent hill an humble heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste;
Where slaves once more their native land behold.
No friends torment, no Christians thirst for gold."

PART I.

The wondrous Land to man unknown of yore,
Whose rocky, vast and undulating shore
Looks o'er the deep, where two broad oceans roll,
And joins the Arctic to the Southern pole,
I sing;—what time, when through the boundless wild,
Room'd Nature's free, but dark, uncultur'd child;
What time long past, ere yet the desert waste
By one rude Temple to our God was graced;
Ere star-eyed Science from her courts in Heaven
Had yet her arts to this wild region given;
ABORIGINAL AMERICA.

Ere o'er this land, her glittering wings unfurled, Had poured her blessings on a new born world.

Father of Lakes, Superior! on thy shore, Let me but stand and hear thy billows roar, While in the past my Fancy wings her flight, When lay this land all shrouded under night, —A moral night, with darkness far more dread Than that of old, the plague, o'er Egypt spread.

Here, the deep forest spreads its green arcades, There, winds the river through the sunny glades, Here, rears the mountain with its craggy steep, There, rise the rocks above the roaring deep, Here, spring a thousand glorious scenes to view, Hill, valley, plain, and prospect ever new.

See'st thou the Indian, with his well-strung bow, Pursue the elk and shaggy buffalo? See'st thou the arrow pierce the antlered stag, As he stands gazing from the mountain crag? See'st thou the eagle, from his flight on high, Brought by the arrow to the ground, to die.

How freely then, does you brown savage glide, In bark o'er broad Missouri's tide, Now glancing from, now darting near the shore, How swift he plies the rude constructed oar, The nimble sturgeon tracing through the tide, Till the rough spear stands quivering in his side.

Far to the west, where spreads the grassy plain, Where flees the steed which ne'er hath felt a rein, Where darkling herds of bison wander free, O'er fields as boundless as the boundless sea— Behold, the Mammoth,* with unwieldy form, Comes striding fierce, like some dark rushing storm; He stalks a monarch o'er the trembling sod, While the poor Savage worships him as God.

'Mid thy blue waves, Parent of Lakes, I view The home of thy Great-Spirit, Manitou! An island fair, where fragrant gums distil, And all the air with fragrant odors fill; An island fair, amid whose pines and firs, The breath of Heaven is all the wind that stirs; An island fair, whose soft descending shores Are strewed with brilliant gems and shining ores;

* See Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, for some traditioinary account of the Mammoth.
An island fair, where every wave that rolled,
Brought to its strand a line of glittering gold;
An island fair, from whose delicious streams
Bright Spirits drink what mortals taste in dreams;
An island fair—the Elysium of the West,
The Red-man’s Spirit-home—the Land of Rest!
No mortal e’er upon its shore hath trod,
But straightway felt the vengeance of its God:
Thus deemed the Indian rude, and with a smile
He welcomed death to gain that Golden Isle.*

Fly with me now, o’er Erie’s azure breast,
The bird of Jove, with bold undaunted crest
And fearless eye, shall lead us to his nest,
In the tall cliff where proud Niagara’s flood
Pours from the sky, and shakes the neighboring wood.

Great Spirit of the Lakes!—thy snow-white throne
I view, encircled with its rainbow zone;
Thy footstool ’mid the waters dashing loud,
Thy head in sunshine, beve the storm and cloud:
For ages here, to thee the deep-toned swelling hymn
Has risen, at morn, at noon, at twilight dim,
Rolling untired its thundering praise on high,
Anthem on anthem, through the vaulted sky,
And here, perchance, upon this shelving rock,
Which oft hath felt the tempest’s scathing shock,
The Red-man stood, with folded arms, and proud
That he his head to God nor man had bowed;
But while he stood and saw the waters roll,
E’en Nature’s grandeur overpowered his soul;
And here, all silent, as the thunders broke,
He bowed; for God, amid the waters spoke.

**Part II.**

And now Ontario! on thy winding shore,
Where spreads the elm and white-armed sycamore,—
Beneath whose shade my childhood’s steps did rove,
Beside my native Lake, the Lake I love,—
While here, all free, my wayward Fancy strays,
What sounds appal! what savage sights amaze!

*Manitou, the Great Spirit, was supposed by the Indians to dwell on an Island in Lake Superior, to which place the souls of the good went after death. The shores of this Island were said to be of gold, and so protected by the Deity that none but the souls of the departed could touch them without being destroyed.

† Standing below the Cataract, and looking up the river above the Falls, the waters of the rapids, which extend some distance, seem to come tumbling out of the sky.
Behold those forms in yonder opening glade,  
The ardent youth, the dark-eyed Indian maid,  
And matron grave, yet all of fearless breast,  
And grey-haired men in savage costume dressed.  
And gathering near in varied groups, behold  
Chieftain and Warrior, in their carriages bold.  
From ev'ry point in trailing file they come  
To the wild beating of the Indian drum;  
While through the forest rings the echoing yell,  
And louder still the sounding tocsin-shell.  
Each warrior bears his club with carnage stained,  
Inwrought with bone for ev'ry victory gained:  
The bow and quiver at each back are strung,  
While a rude blade to every belt is hung;  
The tomahawk, a roughly chisell'd stone,  
Besmeared with blood, hangs loosely at each zone;  
E'en human scalps, all reeking in fresh gore,  
Are borne by some, and mark the conqueror.

Through a long vista of Autumnal woods,  
High on a cliff, above the surging flood,  
A grey-haired Prophet stands — with eager eye  
He scans the clouds that roll along the sky:  
Which way the fowl melts in the distant heaven,  
He seems to see dread hosts to battle driven.  
With mind elate and deeply heaving breast—  
He augurs well who augurs what is best—  
The Prophet hastens to seek th' assembled throng,  
Which hastens in turn to hear the Prophet's song:  
He sings, in unpremeditated lays,  
Of victory! and shouts his nation's praise.

While yet we gaze upon this wild'ring host,  
Our thoughts alike in dread and wonder lost,  
The parting day her golden pinion shakes,  
And melts in glory o'er the western Lakes.

The shades of evening now are falling fast,  
And darkness shrouds the swirling host at last,  
The night-winds fiercely howl, while on the blast  
Long pealing clamors vie with deaf'ning war,  
Like the loud billows on the ocean shore.

Now through the gloom which deepest night has made,  
A light there streams from yonder peopled glade;  
It is the gleaming of the Council-fire;  
In glowing wreaths its amber flames aspire;

* It was customary among the chiefs of the Pacific Islands to ornament their war-clubs with small pieces of the skulls of their enemies slain in battle. This custom is here alluded to.
The eddying smoke by fitful night-winds curled, 
Lash'd by the blaze, waves like a flag unfurled, 
Higher and higher the radiant cones uprear, 
Like spectres round the savage forms appear.

On lichenened trunk, or moss enamelled ground, 
Each warrior soon an humble seat hath found. 
'Tis ever thus in nature's rude estate, 
Men meet for warlike counsel or debate. 
Full oft 'tis said, ere Science shed her smile 
On Albion's shore or Erin's favored Isle, 
That men thus sought alone the fight and chase, 
The forest wild their only dwelling place; 
That thus around the Council-fire they sate, 
And mingled oft in passionate debate.

While all is hushed and silent as the grave, 
Save the wild surging of Ontario's wave, 
Or far Niagara's low deep thunder tone,* 
Which comes like some lost spirit's troubled moan,— 
Amid that group, a Chieftain proud behold! 
Mark his stern eye and visage fiercely bold; 
And list! he speaks! the while his noble form 
Sways as the oak before the fitful storm.

"Ye mighty sons! ye warriors of my tribe! 
Would I to you our this day's fight describe, 
I'd bring two famished panthers from the wood, 
Each thirsting fierce to drink the other's blood, 
And let them each in sturdy fight engage, 
Till one with loss of blood has lost his rage, 
And yielded up the strife, and sought the wood, 
Still by his foe in eager haste pursued:— 
Thus have we met the Mohawk in his might, 
Thus have we conquered in the deadly fight.

"Two moons ago, their proud revengeful Chief 
Ensnares my son, and to his prayer was deaf: 
He bound him fast, and on a flaming pyre 
Cast him all fetter'd, and bade him there expire. 
This crisped bone, that braced Aldowah's arm, 
I found, while yet his ashes there were warm; 
And there, by the Great Thunderer, I swore 
To drench it in the murderer's issuing gore.

"And so this morning, in the fray, when first 
Our echoing war whoop in the forest burst, 
I spied the Chief—upon the ground I flung 
My club of war—my bow in haste was strung,

* The roar of Niagara may be heard for more than forty miles around.
And as the serpent darts upon his pray,  
Thus sped my arrow on its trackless way,  
My vengeful eye flew with the poison'd dart,  
One quiver'd in his soul—the other in his heart:—  
Then seized my club, and by its whelming blow  
Was many a form upon the soil laid low,  
Till bending safely o'er the Chieftain's side,  
This bow drank vengeance in the bubbling tide:—  
And now my spirit shares her wonted ease,  
Aldowah's shadow too, can rest in peace.

"But with this feud has ended not our toil;  
Another foe has trespassed on our soil;—  
The fierce Algonquin,* ye know him strong and brave,  
Has come from far, across Ontario's wave,  
And ere the morrow dawns upon the plain,  
Ours be the shame if he the vict'ry gain."

Thus spoke the Onandago Chieftain proud,  
And yells of war responded from the crowd.

**Part III.**

Turn, with me, now in other climes to stray;  
The Mississippi leads our onward way  
Through forests deep, through reedy fertile vales,  
Where sweet magnolias scent the passing gales,  
Where mock'birds sing till eve from early morn,  
Where sawyer-locusta wind their crazy horn,  
Where red-birds flash like lines of light along,  
Or through the thicket thrill their whistling song.  
These scenes entranc'd De Soto's eager eye;  
'Mid sounds like these he laid him down to die.  
Downward we glide, where he passed up before,  
Till his broad River breaks the Ocean shore.

Still far beyond, in beauteous shades we rove,  
And breathe fresh odors from the orange grove,  
Where every breeze comes loaded with the balm  
From the rich shade of the aspiring palm.  
Still far beyond, where tall sierras rise,  
In endless chains, along the western skies,  
Where pärrest silver sparkles in the mine,  
Where golden sands in every river shine:—  
Onward—no farther!—let it ne'er be told—  
Spain cursed this land, and cursed herself for gold!†

* The Algonquins were a powerful tribe inhabiting the Northern Shore of Lake Ontario. They frequently molested the nations of the opposite shore; hence a confederacy was formed against them, by the Five, afterward the Six Nations, occupying the Northern interior of the present State of New York.

† "The great object of the Spanish Expedition in the New World was
O Nature, here thy richest gifts are spread,
Ten thousand blessings on the land are shed;
The dimpling lake, the grove, the forest brown,
Tree, fruit, and herb, and every fragrant flower;
The green savannah, the gently murm'ring rill,
The sunny slope, the forest crowned hill,
All, all are here;—beneath Italian skies
No lovelier scenes salute the traveler's eyes.

A dusky race, a race innured to toil,
Found Cortes here, when o'er the teeming soil
He swept, greedily for conquest, more for golden spoil,
Swept like a plague with his fanatic crew,
And peaceful homes, and cities proud o'erthrew;
In holy name of Christ, the sword of Spain,
Filled all the land with mourning for the slain,
Scattered the flocks, laid waste the fertile field,
And made the free to tyrant fetters yield.

Oh, thou Pelenque! these thy mouldering piles,
O'er which the forest spreads her mazy aisles;
Where, 'mid the leaves that strew thy prostrate walls,
The slimy lizard and the reptile crawl,
Where wolves, at night, in hidden concert howl,
Where sleeps, by day, grey Wisdom's bird, the owl,
Where comes the fox to rear his cunning brood,
And vampires batten on their victims' blood:—
Is there no spirit nigh that once did dwell
In human mould, who now may rise and tell
What wonders here in long lost times appeared—
Whence came the people who thy walls upreared?
No wizzard here, by meaning name to call
The hieroglyphic on thy ruined wall?

And thou Cholula!* this thine ancient seat?
And these thy towers now crumbling at my feet?
E'en all thy greatness like a vision fled—
Thy kings but dust beneath the soil we tread?
Wert thou like ancient Edom curse'd of Heaven
Because thy sons to heathen rites were given?

... It is equally worthy of remark that the wealth thus suddenly acquired, by directing them from the slow but sure and more permanent sources of national prosperity, has in the end glided from their grasp, and left them the poorest among the nations of Christendom."—PRESCOTT's PERU, Vol. I., pp. 468, 9.

* Pelenque and Cholula were cities built by the native Mexicans, and were both laid in ruins by the Spaniards. Cholula, if we may rely upon the early Spanish records, was remarkable for its two hundred temple-towers. Its pyramid, on the top of which it is supposed human sacrifices were offered, and which has made a formidable appearance in geographies, is said by a recent traveler, Judge Wilson, to be nothing more than a shabby mound of earth, with a Roman Catholic shrine on its summit.
Lo! on yon height, by shadowy branches hid,
Much wrecked by time, the lofty pyramid:—
Let vague tradition bring before our eye—
How human victims here were brought to die!

Behold the youth of noble form and face,
Torn from a parents' kind and warm embrace,
Bound hand and foot upon yon crimson stone,
His blood must for a nation's sius atone!

There stands the Priest with his dark glaring eye
Fix'd on the victim's writhing agony;
He sheds no tear, but with a fiendish smile
He lifts the knife oft stained by deed so vile,
And muttering cries, "Thy struggles are in vain,
Soon shall this blade release thee from thy pain,
Thy spirit then from earthly scenes shall soar.
And dwell forever on a happier shore,
Where spreads the palm her everliving shade,
Where flows the stream along the verdant glade,
Where golden fruits in rich profusion grow,
Where vernal gales o'er flowery islands blow,
Where sweetest minstrels sing in every grove,
Where all is peace and harmony and love;
Shalt thou pursue the shadowy elk and deer,*
And life shall be as one eternal day;
But I must now Mexitili obey:"—
Swift speeds the weapon to the victim's heart—
A piercing shriek and a convulsive start,
A quiver of the limb, a gasp for breath,
And that young lip and eye are closed in death.

Oh, who would still recount these savage deeds,
At which the heart of every Christian bleeds!
Thanks be to Him, the Day-Spring from on high,
Who rules and reigns forever in the sky,
That light from darkness in this land hath sprung,
That hymns to God are in its temples sung,
That Truth's broad banner to the winds unfurled,
Is hailed by millions in a New-born World.

* "Their happy souls
Pursue in fields of bliss the shadowy deer,"

SOUTHEY'S MAOC, Vol. II., Bk. V.

The Indian made his future Paradise to consist in all the good things of the present life, unmixed with any of their attendant evils. He imagines his soul after death, would wander free in sunny fields, and enjoy those pursuits which are most agreeable while on earth.

+ Mexitili was a favorite of the Mexica; from him the nation derived its name.
"YOUNG AMERICA."

A general impression is abroad that, there never was so desperate a crew as the Youth of our times: and we doubt not that they are far worse than they ought to be. But general impressions are often only general mistakes. It was once a general impression that the world was the centre of the universe, which turned out to be a mistake. An old general impression has been, that the moon exerted an important influence on the weather, men, animals and plants. But Dr. Olbers, a distinguished astronomer of Bremen, after fifty years of careful observation in different countries, has shown that it is only a general mistake, and due simply to illusion and prejudice. Another general impression has been that the children of ministers and deacons were worse than all others. So much was once said about it that explorations were actually made to test its truth by a former Secretary of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Board. In two hundred and sixty-eight families of ministers and deacons canvassed, twelve hundred and ninety children over fifteen years of age were found; of these eight hundred and eighty-eight, or almost three-fourths were hopefully pious; seven hundred and ninety-four were members of churches, and sixty-one were ministers; while only seventeen were dissipate. The impression is manifestly false; such facts cannot be gathered from among irreligious families. Is not the impression that our youth are more depraved than formerly equally false and to be accounted for upon the same principle? to forget what the world has always been and magnify and distort present grievances simply because they are present; as any small object placed near the the eye obstructs the whole vision. There has always been such looking back to ages past as halycon days. There is a law in the human mind which leads men to depreciate the present and exalt the past. We are much like pampered children, always teasing to go abroad to get a slice of somebody's good things, while quite unmindful of and even grumbling about the good things at home.

Historical distances lend enchantment to the view, when we look back to our childhood home, and former ages, and not finding exactly such homes in the present, as our fond
memory recalls, we conclude, that family government has come to an end; that there are no more boys and girls; when it is probable there are as many and more pious mothers and well trained youth than ever before. If it is not so, then our Common School System, and Sabbath Schools, and home influence, about which we boast, is a miserable hoax, and the world on the wrong track; like the Arctic explorers on Capt-Parry's immense icefloat, running with their sledges in one direction, while the deep under-sea currents are driving them much faster in the opposite. Lost in the surface drift of society, we forget those deep, silent and unseen influences, which, as the lamented Kane says, are only known by the opposite motion of some immense berg, in whose wake we are sailing, and to which we are attached by some stout hawser.

Facts do not sustain the general impression. Young America! As though Young America had not been a standing institution of all past times, and might not be of all time to come! They who croak over Young America, seem to have forgotten Young Sodom, Young Patriarchism in old Jacob's sons; Young Priesthood in Eli's; the forty-two Young Bethelites who mocked Elisha; and Young Israel in Absalom and Rehoboam. If our youth are worse we are to be pitied indeed. Young America is but a perpetual institution as old as the world.

President Edwards was dismissed from Northampton, because he exposed the vile corruption of the youth in his congregation, and that soon after the great revival of 1740 and in the very heart of Puritanism, than which nothing is quite so provident for posterity. President Dwight speaks of the almost universal prevalence of infidelity in Yale College in his day. A young man, a church member in those days was almost a miracle. College dissipation and revolts were certainly not less common then than now. In the last half of the last century but three revivals are reported in Yale College. But there were four revivals in the first twenty years of the present century and in the next sixteen years, nine revivals, and from 1820 to 1848 there has been on an average a revival every two years. In 1795 there were only eleven pious graduates from Yale College. In 1780 but four or five. In 1783 only three. Yet in 1832 there were fifty pious students out of a
class of ninety. About one third of the graduates of Dartmouth College were pious in 1830, and such is about the present estimate with some slight fluctuation from time to time. There can be no doubt that there is a much larger percentage of pious youths now than ever before. The good behaviour of the youth of former age, so much lauded by some, was after all little else than David balancing and posturing himself in Saul's coat of mail. The youth of the present time are young Davids with slings and smooth stones from the brook, with more of nature and less of conventionalism.

If any do not receive all this, I shall console myself as the Irishman did, who, in a severe famine was charged with having milked the Bishop's cows to supply his necessities. After skillfully evading his investigations, neither telling the truth nor yet an untruth, the Bishop gave him up, When gone, he turned to his companions, saying, "and I had to invent the truth to convince his worship." If you distrust my position, I hope you will at least credit me with "inventing the truth" on this subject.

The conclusion of the whole matter is about as follows: A few facts and figures are worth whole volumes of croaking. While a portion of our youth are worse than ever before, another, and we would charitably believe the larger proportion are much better than in any former day. In these impetuous times everything runs to extremes. We ought not to let the extreme vices of a few blind our minds to the virtue and piety of the many. While we would not indulge in undue flattery we fear that great evils will grow out of the prevailing indiscriminate censure of our youth. Good people have mourned over the follies of a few in an exaggerated tone until they have given general currency to a false impression, and are throwing doubt and discouragement upon the College, Seminary, Common and Sabbath School, and home work.

Gentility is neither in birth, wealth, manner, nor fashion—but in mind. A high sense of honor, a determination never to take a mean advantage of another, an adherence to truth, delicacy and politeness towards those with whom we have dealings, are its essential characteristics.
THE HARMONY OF MIND.

There was once a war, it is said, between the Beasts and Birds, and there is scarcely any one who, in his boyish days, has not often laughed at the thought of the antics which must have been played on that eventful occasion, and puzzled his brain in conjecturing what could have been the cause of so unnatural a strife. Were the wingless animals ambitious to usurp a place for themselves among the boughs?—or did the silly birds desire to exchange their rapid flights and wide extended glances for the luxury of trudging their way over the rough ground?

Somewhat akin to this, and equally irrational, is the war of words sometimes waged between the lovers of Mathematical science, and the admirer of imaginative geniuses,—between him who, in his course of thought, can proceed only so far as he can feel each step firmly sustained by a reliable foundation of rigorous demonstration, and him who delights rather to mount on the wings of fancy to regions where all things are painted in hues more gay and captivating. The former is ready to proscribe every mind whose thoughts cannot be represented by $x$ and $y$, or linked together by $plus$ or $minus$,—the latter, to stigmatize as dull and inappreciative, whoever fails to be especially charmed with the many-colored figures revealed in the kaleidoscope of fancy, and who prefers rather the more practical view of things. This party pities a habit of thought so cold and inflexible, that despises a kind of genius so desultory and unprofitable. And they are apt to form a corresponding estimate of the comparative value to society of their respective departments of thought. The man of purely literary aspirations is far too penetrating to waste his time on abstractions such as Euclid or Bourdon present; very few, he is apt to remark, are ever able to turn them to any practical account in life, and he advises a student rather to read up on general literature, to cultivate the art of criticism, and other practical things of that kind. On the other hand, the enthusiastic mathematician fancies the world would not be much worse off if there were somewhat fewer of those critically inclined verse and story makers. He is persuaded that the study of mathematics is the primum and ultimum in the attainment of true
intellectual culture, and accordingly he hesitates not to counsel every man, as far as possible, to become a good mathematician and thus lay deep and broad the foundations of mental power, so that the superstructure afterwards to be reared may be strong and firm. Thus we see these two characters take their positions over against each other,—on the one hand, the man of diagrams and formulae, with overhanging brow and calm, self-poised bearing, on the other, he of beautiful fancies and speaking figures, with countenance now wrapt in thought, now suffused with intensest feeling. If they are not positively in hostile attitude, they maintain at least, a sort of "armed defensive" touching each other's merits and claims upon public regard, as though they could ever clash!

How unnatural and uncalled for is all this, when each has his own peculiar sphere where he is formed to excell,—a sphere quite distinct from that of the other and yet equally necessary to be occupied! They both have an important work in developing the mind itself—the one by exalting the reasoning faculty—the noblest principle of the human soul—the other, by drawing out and developing the imagination and sympathetic parts of our nature, making us capable of a joy in the beautiful such as superior intelligences feel.

Nature herself recognizes the two varieties of mind, of which we speak, as a part of her own system, by furnishing, in every department of her work, closely associated together, the proper stimulus for the growth and cultivation of them both. In the wide landscape how much is there in forest, hill and stream, appealing to the elementary mathematical ideas of size and form, of weight and distance, but how much also, in colors and shapes, sound and motion, to stir up and cultivate the imagination! In a still more extended view of things, the mind of man finds distances and altitudes and areas on a magnificent scale in vast mountain ranges, river courses, and extended shores, all inviting measurement, and a multitude of natural objects are constantly challenging investigations which can only be conducted by the help of advanced mathematical skill and learning. But in all these, how wide a field is at the same time opened up to the imagination, let the lays of every land and bard, from Hellas and Homer, down, bear testimony.
But when the mathematician turns his view away from our own little world, it is then his eye reaches the grandest theatre for his favorite pursuits, in celestial bodies of vast dimensions with forms and orbits of the most complicated mathematical figures, and offering problems the most difficult that we can possibly conceive. And indeed what moment can be more exciting to any intelligent mind than that when it begins to perceive the great outlines of a system, apparently fundamental to the universe—that true "mechaniqueceleste," which was worked out in all its minutest details, by the Master Mind, ere the first planet was tossed into space!

And as these two turns of mind are both provided for in nature, so also have they gone hand in hand attending and promoting from the very first the progress of our race. It would be difficult perhaps to say who of the ancients have transmitted to aftertimes the better legacy. The Geometricalians in their perfect treatises on their favorite branch of science, or the old masters of Art in their splendid monuments of chaste and refined imagination. In any great work of public improvement at the present day the same thing also, is evident. Is a railroad to be constructed?—some long headed calculator is set to work at once, to make the estimates of probable cost and probable profit, whilst others of ardent temperament, with tongue and pen and high wrought pictures of unexampled advantage and unheard of prosperity, rouse the imagination of the great public until the pocket nerve is touched and the "material aid" necessary to the enterprise begins to flow in.

The ways and means being somewhat provided for, the mathematician is again required in a higher capacity to lay and level the line, span the streams and conquer every material obstacle, but ere the work is finally completed, how much are we indebted to a taste and ingenuity, springing rather from a lively and adaptive fancy, than from any mathematical ability, for the many comfortable and elegant arrangements in car and station by which, in traveling, we are enabled to spend so many otherwise weary hours in ease and comfort.

Thus can we easily perceive that however much may be said between the more zealous partisans of these two kinds of mental capacity, (and it is here to be acknowledged that the more youthful partisans usually talk the loudest,) there is yet
harmony between them. There is need in society of men excelling in both one and the other.

So likewise there is harmony between these faculties in the individual mind; the one sends us, measuring-line in hand, round about the foundation of things and teaches us by our own investigations that the Infinite Mind works its end, by the most precise method as well as the most stupendous, that He has indeed counted the small dust of the earth as well as weighed its mountains, while the other leads us to appreciate in a more lively manner that the same Being is good and beneficent as well as mighty in power and wonderful in working.

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**MORAL BEAUTY.**

She dwells in quiet scenes of home—
A glory in a shady place,
A strengthening light to hearts bowed down
And broken in life’s race.

Her life’s a moral, not in books,
More beautiful than words;
Her sweet obedience in her looks,
With earnest love accords.

Around her brow the hopeful ray
Of spring-time seems to rest,
Which, brightening into fuller day,
Sheds summer thro’ her breast.

Not borrowed from Earth’s altars cold—
This glory’s higher given—
That darker natures may behold
How angels shine in heaven.

A light reflect’d from loving hearts,
All centered in her own,
Which duty, nobly done, imparts,
And daily prayer brings down.

Let the gray dawn be fringed with gloom,
Let the great sun decline,
This light flames thro’ the darkest tomb,
To rise in heaven sublime!
THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.

(Continued from page 249.)

In after life the Bishop never referred to the Fall and Winter of 1821 but with the most painful emotions. Most harassing fears preyed upon his spirits that his acceptance of the Episcopate had been hasty and sinful and that his present destitution and the neglect or inability of his people to defray even his traveling expenses, were the punishment of his folly and grief. His keen sense of ministerial propriety to refrain from all menial and servile labor and his deep conviction of duty to give himself wholly to the Episcopate were most painfully outraged when necessity compelled him to take upon himself the duties of wood-chopper, teamster, milkman, cow and stable-boy, upon his farm and in his household. The axe and exposure so blistered his hands and gashed them with frost sores, that when he had a leisure hour to write it was with pain and difficulty that he could hold and guide his pen. The more he had read and written in his pulpit preparations the greater need he felt for study to fit him for the sacred office of a preacher of the everlasting gospel, and that he had now no time for study and not rather that he had to engage in menial labor was by far the more fruitful cause of his present unhappiness. He himself thus alludes to this painful period in his life: "The day was consumed in toils of the body; but the reflections of the night season were still more intolerable. Add to this the consequences necessarily following this mode of life, being seldom prepared duly to discharge his public duties of rightly dividing the word of God, often did his heart sink within him at the thought of being obliged to daub with untempered mortar, in trying to build the spiritual temple of God.

In reflecting on this circumstance, he cannot but apostrophise. Let those who have time to study bless God for so precious a privilege, and manifest their gratitude by improving it. Let them remember it is a "talent" of which the Royal giver will require the "usury." The empty-pated, pretended minister of Christ, who vainly thinks God will help him in the delivery to make amends for his own idleness in studying his sermon, has more to answer for in the day of judgment.
than he may now imagine. To talk of being inspired, or, which is the same thing, to say that "God puts words into his mouth" while he neglects the means appointed to be rightly instructed in God's word, so as to preach it to the conversion of the soul, as little less than profane."

At this time while the dark cloud of these doubts and painful circumstances oppressed him, and his hands were sore and swollen so that he could hardly hold a pen, a letter came from a former friend in Boston, affectionately enquiring about the condition of the church in Ohio and from what source he as Bishop desired his support. His first thought was to be silent. For the honor of the church he was reluctant to reveal even to a friend his destitution and sufferings, but on reading the letter over again he found it so full of interest in the Church in the wilderness, and affection for himself as her pioneer Bishop, that he complied with its request and furnished his friend with a full statement of his affairs, urging his swollen hands and the cause as an apology for his almost illegible writing. Subsequently this letter, like the emancipation of his slave Jack, met him in England and prepared the way for the founding of Kenyon College. But dark and heavy as were the perplexities and troubles that surrounded him, trusting in God he rose above them all, and performed this year, 1820-21, a large amount of Episcopal duty. He traveled on horse-back 1279 miles, confirmed 174, baptised 50 and preached 82 times. On his recommendation to the Convention of this year, a Diocesan Missionary Society was organized, and funds obtained in the East to the amount of nearly $3000, mainly through the acceptable and untiring agency of his son, Rev. Philander Chase, Jun.

But if the church people of Ohio and the members of the Bishop's parochial charges were too few and themselves too poor to afford the Bishop a competent support and the defrayment of all his traveling expenses, they cheered him wherever he went with the kindness, hospitality and active local cooperation. In his annual address to the Convention of the preceding year he thus speaks of his parochial cures: "The observation will apply to all when I say, that although by reason of the peculiar embarrassments of the times, they have been so depressed in their pecuniary concerns as to afford me
but a partial support, yet their kindness and good will toward me have been unvaried: and the same is now acknowledged with gratitude." Of the noble spirit with which he continued under all his difficulties to visit the scattered members and isolated flocks of his Diocese, we may catch a glimpse from one of his remarks in this same address: "It would be tiresome to you, and perhaps ostentations in myself, were I to go into the particulars of this tour; a tour of more than five hundred miles, before I again visited the place of my residence. It was undertaken with no prospects of earthly reward, but to do my duty, and perform the service of our Heavenly Master. The consciousness of this truth, supported me through all my fatigues; made trivial the frowns and scoffs of the proud; heightened the greatness of my friends; made my hours by day, glide swiftly on; and filled my night dreams with pleasant images."

The amount of labor as Missionary and in Episcopal visitation which he performed from his consecration up to the Convention of 1821 is truly amazing, and the evidence that the Lord was with him crowning his deep self-denial and laborious industry with success, is apparent in the increasing numbers of leading and large hearted men, who through his agency began to rally to his support in laying the foundation of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ohio. And how less clear soever his views on Justification, the agency of the Holy Spirit and the nature of the Holy Sacraments may have been during period than they were at a later period, there is abundant proof in his Pastoral and Conventional addresses, that he eschewed the mere form of a Church, though it were apostolic, and faithfully and fervently labored to have the power of godliness, as well as the apostolic form among both clergy and laity. Whithersoever he journeyed or wheresoever he tarried, he was a living exemplification of the apostle's rule of labor, ἱσχιος, ἀσκίος in season, out of season, embracing with one, with few or with many, every opportunity which offered of laboring for Christ and his Church. He still maintained an official connection with the school at Worthington and indulged hopes that it might yet become a Diocesan College and Theological Seminary, but his son who had the principal charge of it, resigned his office to apply for Missionary aid to the Eastern Dioceses,
and after his return accepted the charge of the parish in Zanesville. This arrangement deprived the Bishop of almost all hope from the school under its existing organization.

AMERICAN RECKLESSNESS.

In the consideration of this subject, we are actuated by sentiments, such as the ordinary application of the term could by no means engender. Though possessing all the spirit of Young America, and not a whit behind our fellows in defending our nation against the slanderers who assail its fair fame,—yet we cannot blind our eyes to the fact that there is some dangerous element in the American character which is the prime mover and cause of the disastrous embarrassment now sweeping over the country like a devastating pestilence. We are conscientious and sincere in our belief that recklessness is that element: that it and it alone is responsible for the folly which has marked the action of our leading men of business during the past five years. This then, indulgent reader, is the light in which we desire to present the subject.

And first, we apprehend that the prevailing impression as to the true meaning of the word is radically wrong. The popular signification—perhaps rather a mis-interpretation than a corruption of the real, has confused the reckless, go-ahead movement of our nation under the head of energy and perseverance. This has been the case for so long a time, that they have become synonymous in their general acceptation, and no distinction is made between them. Having thus defined our opinion as to the true meaning, in contradiction to the common idea of the term, we proceed to the discussion of the question, which we state thus:—"Is recklessness the predominating element of the American character?"

Now we ask our readers to lay aside for a moment the strong sympathy they entertain for their countrymen and with an impartial unprejudiced eye, to observe them as they daily appear in every station of life. Let their national and individual traits of character be thoroughly analyzed and examined. And if the conclusion, to which such an examination leads, does
not fully justify this view of the case we much mistake in our conception of true logic. Assuming that every outward manifestation bears evidence to an inward spirit of reckless, careless, go-ahead-ativeness, which assumption we might substantiate by illustrations from facts, did time and space permit, we shall endeavor to give clear proof of the evil influence which that spirit exerts, or has exerted.

It has operated in two distinct ways, viz: on the nation and on the individual. By it our character and reputation as a government have been most seriously injured. Action guided by this sentiment has been the main promotive of national contentions; party malice and political slanders have brought on political squabbles; the two main divisions of the country have risen up almost in arms against each other, and even this glorious Union has been endangered.

Could such dissensions, fraught with such fearful consequences, have possibly arisen, if a proper spirit of prudence had guided the leading political men of the day? No! never. But they in common with men of other professions, became imbued with a restless, reckless desire for personal advancement.

Seeking this ultimate end, with a selfish disregard for the wishes of their constituents, and a willful forgetfulness of the country’s interests, our Representatives in the National Congress have sold their votes—actually bartered them away for filthy lucre. Sacrificing their honor and self-respect to assist scheming knaves in plundering the National Treasury has been the first step in the downward road. Having once submitted to the tempter’s power, the road to ruin became the easiest to travel, and men of talent were converted into mere tools for the furtherance of Utopian projects. Without a particle of shame they have openly confessed their degradation,—without a blush they have avowed their determination to continue in their evil ways,—and met the remonstrances of friends who still clung to them, with smiles of derision.

This corruption in our system of government has served as a butt for all the sarcasm of the European Reviews and Newspaper Press, and has with some degree of propriety been offered as an argument against the Democratic principle of self-government.
Next in order, derogatory to our national standing has been the financial management, or rather mismanagement, which has brought discredit on the whole plan of commercial and internal business transactions in America. To what other cause can be attributed the debt of Five Hundred Millions of Dollars which England and France at present hold against us? To what else can be charged the general depreciation of Railroad Bonds and Mortgages which but a few months ago possessed an inflated value, almost fabulous?

Who save the reckless gamblers of Wall Street, and the equally reckless Presidents and Directors of the West, are responsible to the Stockholders for the vast sum of Eleven Hundred Millions invested in the Railroads which cover the United States like a vast net work? And which Railroads had they been from the first carefully and honestly managed might have proved the source of immense revenue to their owners, and a monument far more glorious than marble, to the genius of the Yankee Nation. This mania for speculation is not confined to any particular class, but all avocations and professions are affected by the same reckless spirit. The merchants of the West have unwittingly encouraged the unprincipled denizens of the Eastern metropolis by concentrating all their surplus means at that point. Of the means, thus affording every facility for their gratification of wild and unsafe plans, they have not been slow to avail themselves. The consequences have affected the West, and have been fearful in the extreme. May the experience of the past two months prevent them from permitting such things to happen hereafter.

This insatiable thirst for wealth and the reckless disregard of the manner of obtaining it, does not accord with the old-fogy ideas—which by the way now seem the most sensible of all—which the sober staid old Englishman entertains. And the volatile, excitable Frenchman looks on in perfect wonder and amazement. While the stolid, metaphysical German, maintains a state of perfect indifference, being actually unable to understand it.

We may now examine the character of our Authors, our Judiciary, and our Lawyers, who are individually the most prominent exponents of the people—the indices as it were. The Literature of our country will not, as a whole, bear a
comparison with that of England. The universal mania for haste pervades the Literati as a class, and the general love of their productions fully proves that in their opinion, quickness and beauty of composition are of far more importance than depth and force. The majority of them exhibit almost total ignorance of the principle involved in argumentative and analytical composition. Of course there are some honorable exceptions—some authors of whom we may justly feel proud, and who would be deemed planets of superior magnitude in the intellectual firmament of any clime.

We look back with no small amount of satisfaction, at the long array of names bearing honorable evidence of the legal ability of American Lawyers, and the forensic talent of American Judges. Yet in an impartial comparison, we are forced to admit the superior order and system observed in the Courts of England. Though opposed to the introduction of the long flowing robe and powdered wig of the English Judge as an established form in our own Courts, we do think that a little of his dignity and sobriety would well become the tobacco-chewing individual who often occupies the Bench. And it would be wise for the lawyer to strive for fame more as a clear logical reasoner than an eloquent pleader for the sympathy of the people.

With sorrow and regret we come to examine the American as a social being—as an individual. You have heard the evil results of society under its present organization, depicted in more thrilling and powerful language than we can command, but we trust you will pardon us if we trespass on your patience long enough to give a brief expression of our own thoughts.

The unlimited devotion of day and night to business, a not unusual custom among the reckless devotees at the shrine of Mammon,—this sacrifice of all things else to the accumulation of sordid gold, leaves the hurried and anxious merchant no time for the cultivation of the finer feelings of his nature. The relation which the father and the family bear toward each other is not such an one as in days of yore. The family circle is broken, and the charm of mutual love and sympathy which is more powerful than links of iron—and without which home is not home—bind not the gold-worshipper to his giddy wife, reckless dissipated sons, and fashionable daughters. They live a life of reckless ease on the money which he obtains by reckless toil and labor. No wonder that the daughters of millionaires marry coachmen—that their sons die drunkards—and they end their own lives in miserable agony and solitude.
STUDENT SONGS.

"Gaudeamus" and "Lauriger" have for many years been standard songs in the German Universities, and are sung to some extent in those of other parts of Europe. Within the last few years they have been adopted as the common property of Students in most of our own Colleges. We publish them at the request of many of our fellow students.

GAUDTEAMUS IGITUR.

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes ducum sumus;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem,
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fure?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos,
Ubi jam fure.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venit mors velociter;
Rapit nos atrociter;
Nemini parcetur.

Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum qualibet,
Vivant membri quaelibet;
Semper sint in flore.

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae;
Vivant et mulieres,
Vivant et mulieres,
Bonae, laboriosae.

Vivat et respublica,
Et qui illam regit;
Vivat nostra civitas,
Maecenatum caritas,
Quae nos hic protegit.
Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum!
E longinquo convenerunt,
Proтинusque successerunt,
In commune forum.

Alma mater floreat,
Quae nos educavit;
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones,
Sparsos, congregavit.

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis anti-burschius,
Atque irrisores.

LAVRIGER H0RATIUS.
Lauriger Horatius,
Quam dixisti verum!
Fugit Euro citius
Tempus edax rerum.
Ubi sunt, O pecula,
Dulcia malle,
Rixae, pax, et osula,
Rubentis puellae.

Quid juvat aeternitas,
Nominis, amare,
Nisi terrae filias,
Licet, et potare?
Ubi sunt, O pecula,
Dulcia malle,
Rixae, pax, et osula,
Rubentis puellae.

Crescit uva molliter,
Et puella crescit,
Sed poeta turpiter,
Sitiens canescit.
Ubi sunt, O pecula,
Dulcia malle,
Rixae, pax, et osula,
Rubentis puellae.
Editors' Table.

DEAR READER, we ask your sympathy. We are victimized—tormented beyond the power of endurance. We are—to descant somewhat to particulars—afflicted with Punsters! Whether there is anything in our personal appearance to invite their special attacks, we know not; but certain it is that the whole crew of witty persons who play upon words, assail us on every possible occasion. We cannot get rid of or escape them. They hang upon us—like the old man of the Sea upon the shoulders of Sinbad the sailor—and will not be shaken off. We cannot make our appearance upon the street without being saluted with some horrid conundrum, or other, to us incomprehensible smart saying. If we attend a recitation or lecture, ten to one our next neighbor, before five minutes have passed, has manufactured a "ghastly joke" upon some word which the Professor has unfortunately made use of. Even if we stay within doors, we feel scarcely the slightest degree of safety. The Sanctum itself affords us no protection. Just this moment, as we sat in meditative mood,—puzzling our brain, if the truth must be told, in endeavoring to think of some topic upon which to prepare a readable article for the "Table" of our December number,—a rap at the door made us start. We hesitated before answering the summons, for we had a certain indefinable suspicion of what was coming. But it is not in our nature, you know, to be rude, and we bade the visitor enter. "Ha! we are mistaken for once," thought we, with no small satisfaction. "It is our friend C——, and he, at least, never puns." Alas! our self-gratulation was doomed not to last. Declining the proffered chair, C—— slowly adjusted his glasses—for though a young man, he, for some inexplicable reason, wears spectacles—and then deliberately asked whether we could tell him why one of the Editors of the Collegian was like a basement room of Kenyon College. We instinctively moved towards the open window, as we signified our entire inability to give the required answer. "Because," said he, "he is a Nu Pi Kappa Hall!" We swooned immediately after, but we are not without an indistinct recollection of having first accompanied our friend's flight down stairs, with a boot-jack and one or two other convenient articles of furniture.

Seriously, punsters are a public nuisance, and should be frowned down. It is De Quincy, if we mistake not, who recommends that the numerous tellers of good stories be "clubbed to death or drowned in horse ponds, without compunction," and we would suggest that witty persons generally be ranked in the same category, and be visited with a like punishment. That they be punished in some manner, we think the exigencies of the times, as well as a regard for their own personal welfare, demand. Punning engenders a habit of recklessness, and reckless people are shocking. They will joke even upon the most solemn occasions. We have heard of persons when upon their death-beds, attempting to give utterance to some horrid witticism, and we believe there are more instances than one upon record wherein some wretched mortal, about to expiate his crimes upon the gallows, has caused a sickly smile to rest upon the countenances of those who were assembled to see him suffer, by a like attempt to say something smart. We ourselves were, not
long since, compelled to witness an exhibition of this propensity under circumstances almost equally aggravating. At a meeting of the residents of Bexley Hall, at which, besides Theological Students, there were present a Reverend gentleman, and at least one or two of the College authorities,—a resolution was introduced, which was intended to provide for the sweeping of the halls, &c., during the session. A gentleman—no, we wont call him such—a person, rose and suggested that Mr. Dunn or Mr. Brown be employed to attend to the business in question; "in which case," he continued, "we shall be sure to have it done brown!" And although the perpetrator of the pun was instantly removed, the harmony of the meeting was effectually broken.

We repeat, then, that punsters ought to be frowned down; and we appeal to the "better feelings" of our readers for assistance. To all who are willing to engage in the good work of reforming, or where reformation is impossible, of finally eradicating the race of punsters, we commend the following recipe, which we have just discovered among the "Maxims" of the immortal Morgan O'Donnell, and the efficacy of which we intend to test at the very first opportunity:—

"The art of discomfiting a punster is this: pretend to be deaf; and after he has committed his pun, and just before he expects people to laugh at it, beg his pardon, and request him to repeat it again. After you have made him do this three times, say, O! that is a pun, I believe. I never knew a punster to venture a third exhibition under similar treatment. It requires a little nicety, so as to make him repeat it in the proper time. If well done, the company laugh at the punster, and he is ruined for ever."

We insert the following Enigma, which has been handed us, for the especial benefit of our Freshman and Sophomore friends. Who possesses the "requisite qualifications" for unraveling the puzzle? We pause for a reply.

ENIGMA.

One is a smiling, affectionate Mother,
A dusky but dutiful Daughter the other,
One dwells on earth, the other in heaven;
Both are best seen at morning or even;
Whatever the season, whate'er be the weather,
Though wide apart, they are always together;
Stepping o'er land or gliding o'er water,
High grows the Mother but short grows the Daughter;
Stepping o'er land or gliding o'er water,
Low grows the Mother but long grows the Daughter.

Our Exchange list is rather fuller than usual this month. We have received the Oct. and Nov. numbers of the "North Carolina University Magazine," the Oct. numbers of "The Denisonian," "Yale Literary," "Ichnolite," "Nassau Literary," and the Nov. numbers of the "Kentucky Military Institute" and Carroll Magazines.