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Mankind are prone to institute, between present and past time, comparisons unfavorable to the former. Each generation speaks with fond regret of what was, and unjustly bewails the calamities and mishaps of its own era. No very subtle philosophy were needed to account for this fact. Someone, we know not who, has aptly compared this unnatural halo which surrounds the past, to the apparent beauties of a distant mountain-side. To the far-off spectator no irregularities are visible upon its surface; a nearer inspection, however, reveals defects in its seemingly even and harmonious outline, which dash to the ground his ideal beauties, and substitute rocky, uneven spurs for indistinct, but graceful curves. Or, we might detect an analogy between this prejudice and the seeming regularities of artificial mechanism, which the microscope, by bringing them, as it were, nearer the eye, proves to be but deceptions arising from the imperfections of unaided vision. But, although we may analyze
and account for this blind love of the past, and ingratitude to the present, yet we find it difficult to wholly divest ourselves of these feelings when death leaves a blank in our hearts, and we are tempted to believe that unusual and undeserved misfortunes are ours. It is but the common lot of man which has befallen De Quincey, but literature mourns his departure from her portals, as a gifted and favored son, and gazing through her tears, finds it difficult to discern the equipoise of Justice in her bereavement.

It is not proposed to enter upon a separate review of the life and literary career of De Quincey. It were a difficult task to disunite them. The development of the man and the progress of the author are, to us at least, inseparable. In no author, of any age, we venture to assert, is there so little discrepancy between the real man and his apparent characteristics, as revealed through the medium of the pen. He has stamped, not his ideas, but himself, upon every page. He has not, like Dr. Johnson, given to the world two reflections of himself, the one a social, the other an intellectual being; but a single clear, strongly marked impression, which gives assurance that it is, faithfully and unequivocally, a counterpart of the original. "My way of writing," says he, "is rather to think aloud, and follow my own humors than much to consider who is listening to me." Accordingly, it is in his writings that we are to look for the salient points of his character, and all, or nearly all, we know of his life, is gathered from his own sketches. No collateral evidence is required of their truth and faithfulness of detail. They bear upon their face proofs of genuineness, and seem not the labored efforts of a vain scholar, but the outpourings of a fresh young heart. We say young heart, for there is a vein of freshness and vivacity in many of his sketches, which forbids the thought that their author can be else than young, hopeful and buoyant.

Our author was born near Manchester, then, as now, the great manufacturing heart of England. Of his father he saw and says but little. His mother he represents as a haughty dame of the "old school," between whom and himself, as we gather from his writings, there was not much congeniality.
In early childhood became apparent those traits which ever after distinguished him, and we prefer to trace them now, when distinct and unalloyed with the artificial increments of opium. He has been almost an anomaly in literature, and seems to have been as much so in boyish characteristics; not that there was anything unnatural in his habit of thought, or *outrè* in his qualities of heart. In intellect and in his emotions and predilections he differed from his fellows, not so much in kind as in degree; not so much in direction as in intensity. He seems to have been in his boyhood a being of a different and higher order, seems to have lived and moved in an atmosphere of his own creation. And here we refer not alone to his astonishing precocity in intellectual development; his superiority was visible as well in depth of feeling, sensitiveness, and susceptibility to the higher passions. Very few instances are to be found of a heart so “delicately attuned” as his, to the touch of human sympathies, and these, not as the world understand them, but as they are known to the fortunate, or, if you will, the ill-fated few who can make their own, another’s griefs and trials. Circumstances conspired to foster this early emotional development, if we may so call it. Grief, such as few among mankind are called upon to bear, was the lot of his early years. With what exquisite pathos does he speak of the “afflictions of childhood.” The death of a sister awakened in him emotions not transitory, as is so often the case, but deep and lasting, and which convey to our minds a sense of sublimity in grief, of intensity in mental suffering such as seldom falls to the lot of man. The profundity of his emotions, as well as their duration—for vestiges of his early grief are visible throughout all his works—shadow forth a depth of feeling, of inner humanity, and at the same time an imagination, seldom equaled. Did space permit, we might copy from the record of his early trials, passages illustrating more fully, than can otherwise be done, these traits of character.

Another striking peculiarity, was a diffidence and distrust of self, as marked as it is unaccountable. These aided in producing a love of solitude and a predisposition to self-communion and melancholy. And it seems he never wholly
overcame this diffidence, for, as he tells us, he "trembled like a school girl," when first introduced to Wordsworth, and had long postponed a visit to the Poet through distrust of his own powers of sustaining a conversation with so great a colloquist. He held himself aloof from his fellows, not from any want of sociability, but because he found few of his own age who could appreciate the exalted tone of his imagination, or sympathize with his deep-seated grief. Not through hauteur or any artificial peculiarities was he disfranchised by his class-mates, but nature had formed him a man of too deep thought, too acute sensibilities, to mingle with pleasure in the trivialities of school-boy life. Again, he was superstitious, so much so, as to produce, in his reader, a distrust of the soundness of his reason, did we fail to take into account the circumstances which made him so. He began to experience the trials of life so early, and felt them so deeply, that it is not strange they excited his youthful imagination, and settled around him an atmosphere of ideal but gloomy creations, of which he was never able to divest himself. In after years, he brooded over his many bereavements, and when any incidents, similar to those of his youth, crossed his path, naturally fancied he could detect between them some fated, mysterious connection. In speaking of the death-bed of his sister, he says: "Many times since, upon summer days, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the same wind arising, and uttering the same hollow, memnonian, but saintly swell; it is in this world the one great audible symbol of eternity. And three times in my life have I happened to hear the same sound, in the same circumstances, namely, when standing between an open window and a dead body, on a summer's day." We quote this at length, as well for its innate beauty, as for an illustration of the strange importance he attached to fancied coincidences. All these characteristics tended to produce a dread of real life, and a disposition to shrink from its responsibilities. A glance at the titles of some of his sketches, reveals the shuddering sensations with which he regarded his inevitable plunge into the unknown world. "Introduction to the World of Strife," "The Warfare of a Public School," "I Enter the World;" all these tell us
plainly as volumes could do of a sensitive, self-distrustful heart. "I felt," says he, "resting upon me always too deep and gloomy a sense of obscure duties attached to life that I never should be able to fulfill; a burden which I could not carry, and which, yet, I did not know how to throw off." This dread of active life is to be attributed, as was before said, to early grief, then to solitude, and, what was more potent than either, to that insatiable thirst for knowledge, which had created a distrust for the society of the living, and substituted a burning love for study and meditation.

The scenes of his boyhood possesses, for us, a strange fascination; so like, and yet so unlike the memories of every one's childhood; so similar in incident, so different in effects; so fraught with food for reflection and with weighty influences upon the mind and heart of him who was, so young, a thoughtful and imaginative being. Pleasing as they are, we can no longer dwell upon them. We must ask the reader to pass over the record of his youth, and meet him again in early manhood, when transpired the most important event in his life—his introduction to "Opium; dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain." This is not a pleasing theme, and we should not mention it, did we not think that many wrong impressions are entertained as to the causes of De Quincey's first indulgence in the enchanting drug. A late writer* asserts, that his tendency to opium-eating had an organic, and, if we may so speak, a subjecting origin; and intimates that he was so constituted by nature that this indulgence was the inevitable result of his temperament and predilections. We must beg leave to differ, and will be pardoned for quoting from De Quincey's statements to substantiate our views of the case, viz.: That this habit was initiated by entirely external and accidental circumstances, over which he had no control. That it was not as a wilful and foolhardy experiment, dictated by a desire of novelty and inward craving for excitement, that he took the first step, is proved by a word or two from his confessions. "It was not," says he, "for the purpose of creating pleasure, but of mitigating pain

* North Amer. Rev., Jan., 1859.—Article IV.
in the severest degree, that I began to use opium as an article of daily diet.” This terrible pain was the result of the long continued gnawings of hunger, and a season of exposure and almost starvation in the mountains of Wales, and, afterwards, in the crowded streets of London. The candor he has exhibited in detailing incidents, most unpleasant to reveal to a curious world, entitles him to the fullest confidence. Again he tells us that he took opium, “because some early events” (which we have mentioned,) “in my life, had left a weakness which required, or seemed to require, that stimulant.” In addition to this, he states it as a reproach to the character of Coleridge, that he indulged in opiates, not as a relief from bodily pains, but as a stimulant to imaginative activity, and a contributor to luxurious sensations. That De Quincey suffered, and suffered intensely, before resorting to this means of relief, is well substantiated. He tells us that he was upon the very verge of death before he called in the aid of the potent drug. We have said this much to remove from his character a stain which has rested upon it, a charge that he wilfully, and through mere love of pleasure, gave himself up to intoxication. However much we may regret his enthrallment, degrading as it doubtless was, we can not find it in our hearts to condemn him, after living over again with him the scenes which led to it, and witnessing his noble and finally successful struggles to regain his freedom; struggles that reveal an inward manhood, and moral strength almost superhuman. The dark abyss of total, comfortless despair into which he was thrown by abstinence, rendered life itself a burden, but reason triumphed at last and he was free. In his confessions there is evinced so much of conscious integrity, and of faith, that the world will confide in his candor and ingenuousness, that it is impossible to doubt the reality of his statements, almost as much so to refuse the pardon he asks for his intemperance. Touch lightly on his besetting sin, indulgent reader. It should be spoken of “more in sorrow than in anger.”

Of the results of his indulgence, we can scarcely form a decided opinion. We can not attribute so large a portion of his literary merits, as many do, to the effects of opium, nor
indeed any of them save this, that it has rendered his imagination more vivid, his fancy more luxuriant and oriental in its cast. Opium created nothing new, it only deepened the ideality which was his prominent characteristic before. It opened to him no unknown fields, but enriched and peopled with more vivid images those in which he had revelled from boyhood. It did not change the direction nor the scope of his dreamy reveries, but gave to them the appearance of reality, by elevating and almost disembodying, as it were, his spirit, and causing him to live amongst not to regard from earth-bound limits, the creations of his own brain. The exalted imagination of the child, forbids the thought that the splendid creation of riper years were the offspring of an educated, stimulated and sickly brain. Opium may have nerved imagination’s wings for a longer, uniform, weariless flight. It may have sustained, we can not believe it ever created them.

The “Confessions of an English Opium-Eater” first introduced to the word, De Quincey, the Author. Strange introduction, was it not? the open avowal of a slavery, physical and intellectual, which all Christendom condemned in no measured terms? Strange indeed, but, in the results of his intoxication, gorgeous as an Eastern dream, the weakness of the man were overlooked and this work paved the way to a celebrity which has endured for half a century. It is not undeserved. As a scholar, De Quincey had but few equals in any land. When a boy of fourteen, his master said of him that he could “address an Athenian audience with greater ease and fluency than his class-mates could an English one.” No department of literature or science was left untouched, and he was not content with a superficial knowledge of anything. Principles, the most remote, were ascertained; causes, the most latent, investigated; fallacies, the most subtle, detected by his master intellect. The whole range of Ancient and Modern Philosophy, from Plato and Aristotle, to Kant, was familiar to him. The Poetry of all nations and of every age, he read understandingly and critically. His familiarity with History, in its minutest details, is evidence
sufficient of his intense application and wonderfully retentive memory.

As a thinker he has few superiors. He was a clear and profound logician, and, as we have said, left no subject uninvestigated. He displayed no ambition to advance new theories merely because they were so, and opposed to the settled convictions of the many, but was, upon most subjects, conservative. Yet, he hesitated not to differ with established doctrines, or oppose received opinions, if he had good ground for doing so. This was evident in his pertinacious defence of the Lake school of Poetry, at a time when all the world condemned, without a hearing, the productions of Coleridge and Wordsworth. Yet, with all the wisdom he had gathered from the stores of the past, with all his clearness of reasoning and power of analysis, we can not regard him as a man of nicely balanced and unbiased judgment, and hence his estimates of individual character are partial and over-drawn. This is by no means unaccountable, if we consider for a moment his natural kindness of heart, the strength of his attachments in after life, and the intimacy which subsisted between himself and the literati of his day. He almost adored several of his literary friends, and he has, in estimating their characters, permitted his heart to exert too potent an influence upon the decisions of his reason; in his admiration of the man, he has overestimated the merits of the author. Every one admires Coleridge, but few will concur with De Quincey in pronouncing his "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtilest and most comprehensive that has yet existed amongst men." Few will hesitate to pronounce Milton his superior. The imagination of Coleridge was an edifice beautiful, harmonious in its outline, whose pinnacles, looking upwards for inspiration, sometimes, nay, often, pierced the smoky atmosphere that defines the limits of grovelling earth-bound thought; Milton's, a structure removed, from foundation to turret, far above earthy associations and conventional fetters. Our author's estimate of past generations of men, in whom he had no immediate interest, may have been, doubtless was, just, but of contemporaries, he was assuredly incapable of forming a right judgment.
In imaginative productions he stands almost without a rival among the writers of the Nineteenth Century. He mingled familiarly in the bright creations of the ideal world, and produced without apparent effort, images, colossal, almost supernatural, in their proportions. We could not avoid mentally comparing him with that "Spectre of the Brocken," whose phenomena he makes the groundwork of a series of subtile analogies of exquisite beauty. His imagination seems so far above, and its proportions so dwarf the conceptions of other men, that it seems the attribute of a superior being, and, like the Giant Spectre, has rendered invisible to them the connecting link between itself and mortality. In addition to this he possessed a singular power of analyzing his own sensations, and of clothing in language, glimpses of the unreal, which are revealed, perhaps, to many, but lost to the world through the want of this power. Who but De Quincey could give expression to those subtile, indefinable day-dreams which sometimes float through the brain, mysterious, unaccountable in their origin and connections; or who detail intelligibly, the creations of a fevered and intoxicated fancy, whose images vanish when the dreamer awakes to consciousness?

We come now to speak, briefly, of his style. Its easy flow and unusually classic elegance of construction, are remarkable, when we take into account his habits of life and the small space of time usually devoted to his productions. It is at the same time wonderfully transparent, clear and forcible. There are no collocations of unmeaning or ambiguous pomposities, but all is honest and genuine as were his heart and motives. His language abounds in finely chosen illustrations, so nicely adapted to the subject in hand, that they—the subject and the illustrations—seem not so much closely analogous or skilfully compared, as component parts of one harmonious whole. Sometimes, but not often, his ease of diction degenerates into carelessness. Many of the beauties, together with the faults of his style, bear the same origin, namely, the fact that his papers were written for publication separately, in periodical journals, and were necessarily prepared in a hurried manner. Hence arose many defects in collocation, but, at the same time, many elegancies of
diction and the total absence of that freezing stiffness which so greatly detracts from much that is valuable in literature.

Again, his style is peculiarly episodical, too much so, we think, for effect. He wanders so often, and so far from his subject, that it is almost forgotten in the interest awakened by some interlude, beautiful in itself, but having little, and that the most remote, connection with the matter in hand. For instance, in describing the personal appearance of Wordsworth, he speaks of his long, very long face. This suggests to him food for a chapter upon faces, and he accordingly inflicts upon us several pages upon national and local differences in physiognomy. Now, a dissertation upon facial peculiarities would certainly be interesting in itself, but, so that the reader learns what distinguishing features belonged to the poet, it surely matters but little to him whether Wordsworth's was a face peculiar to himself, or the counterpart of all North-of-England frontispieces. Secondary themes of this nature are often introduced and discussed to the manifest destruction of unity and interest.

There is visible at times a rich undercurrent of genuine humor, just enough to enliven and relieve without creating satiety. His description of the boyish tyranny of his brother, and, in after years, his chimerical and ridiculous philosophical theories, is inimitable. A sketch, entitled Walladmor, in which he gives an account of a German literary "hoax" by that name, perpetrated at the expense of Sir Walter Scott, deserves a place among the productions of British humorists. Yet we think his wit oftentimes misplaced and inappropriate. Subjects of the gravest importance were degraded by coarse comparisons, better suited to the green-room of a second-class theatre than the pages of an English classic. In an essay upon styles, he speaks of Socrates as reminding him of "the elderly hen, superannuated a little, performing 'the hen's march' and clucking vociferously." We do not deny him the right to show us the fallacies of Socrates, if he can, nor of ridiculing his opinions, if he chooses, but he surely owes it to the great mass of mankind who admire the sage of Greece, to do this in a respectful manner.

It is not many years since there existed in England a
coterie of literati unsurpassed in genius and talent in any age. And it was a peculiarity of this Society of Authors, that they were united by the closest ties of friendship and every day communion. There was Coleridge, the brilliant conventionalist, and Wordsworth, the dignified, thoughtful, poet-philosopher. Southey, too, was a member of this literary circle, and Lamb, the mention of whose name recalls so many scenes of quiet, unostentatious self-sacrifice. Hazlitt and Prof. Wilson were of the family, and last, but not least, De Quincey, a younger brother. They have dropped off one by one, leaving to him the task of performing the last sad offices, and of giving to the world a picture of their social life, its virtues and frailties. He now bequeathes to another generation the duty of commemorating his name. Like Isocrates, who was the connecting link between the age of Pericles and the age of Alexander, he has lived to witness and participate in the efforts of two generations of authors. His task is done, and he too has gone. His fame has not been acquired without labor. Only by a life of unceasing toil, and amid suffering the most intense, has he attained the rank he so deservedly holds among English thinkers and authors. Judge him not harshly,

"— His great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion do we bury
The incensing relics of it."

TENNYSON.

Well hast thou earned thy laurels Tennyson!
We read, and read to bless the man who brings
Us treasure from the pure Castalian springs;
Thy pages are a priceless benison
To mortals—manna in the wilderness—
Fountains of sweet waters, flowing wheresoe’er
We turn to bless thy brother man, to cheer
The soul, or lull to dim forgetfulness
Of earth, its sins, its sorrows, and its cares.
Thou rearest palaces of crystal—pouring in,
From marts where few before have been,
The fairest, best and daintiest of wares;
In modern song thou bearest well the palm; [Memoriam."
We love thy “Talking Oak,” thine “Idylls”—best we love thine “In
THE MINISTER'S WOOING.*

We are rather late in presenting a review of this work. But it deserves notice; at least on account of the reputation of the authoress. An obscure author may venture to write a poor book. It is nobody's business but his own and the publisher's. He has every thing to gain, therefore nothing to lose. If he misses the first round of the ladder, he can fall no further than the bottom, and that is where he was before.

But the writer of a good book can not write an inferior one with impunity. Mrs. Stowe's literary career has been an ante-climax. She has written three books, each less deserving than its predecessor. The mercury in the thermometer of public opinion has been steadily falling since the appearance of "Dred."

Perhaps Mrs. Stowe claims the privilege of nodding occasionally. Homer and Milton both did it. When her second novel appeared, we concluded that she was only a little drowsy. The appearance of the "Minister's Wooing" has convinced us that the lady has fallen fast asleep.

For the benefit of our readers who have not read the book, we give a list of the principal characters. Our limits will not allow us to make quotations:

*Dr. Hopkins*, hero—an orthodox New England divine of the last century; in love with Miss Mary.

*Miss Mary Scudder*, heroine—an angelic young lady of the last century; pale, pretty, ethereal: adored by the Doctor, and in love with her cousin.

*Widow Scudder*, her mother—a notable New England housewife of the last century, with an immense amount of faculty; slightly angelic as a girl, but sadly practical as a widow.

*James Marvyn*, her cousin—a young scape-grace of a sailor; also in love with Miss Mary.

In "Uncle Tom" and "Dred," sable heroes and heroines stood in the foreground. White men were painted with black souls and black men with white souls. For the present

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play the scenes are shifted, and the characters changed. There is a much more limited and judicious use of lamp black. The heroes and heroines are white-skinned, and white-souled Cato and Candace retire to the sideboard. The scene is no longer in the south, but in New England. We are taken back to the days when the men wore wigs and long silk stockings, and the ladies were ruffled and short waisted. We are introduced to the author of those dust-covered volumes on that upper shelf, who preached metaphysics under a sounding-board to the sons of the Puritans. These times are only the yesterday of our history, yet they begin to seem a great way off. We begin to feel that we have a history. We can almost imagine Jonathan Edwards to have been contemporaneous with Martin Luther, and Dr. Hopkins to have worn John Calvin’s gown. Our grandmothers, in their girlhood, might be taken for beauties of Queen Elizabeth’s time; and our grandfathers, in their boyhood, for King Charles’ cavaliers.

We discover, however, from the volume before us, that our grandfathers courted our grandmothers very much as we, their grandsons, court their prospective granddaughters. Human nature and human customs have in this respect undergone but little change. Miss Mary acted very much, we imagine, as young ladies of our own days would have conducted themselves under similar circumstances. We say this under protest, however, as we may take exception to the conduct of la belle Puritaine.

We insist that Mrs. Stowe has treated her hero, Dr. Hopkins, with great injustice. The good old man has been in his grave this many a day, and there is no necessity, perhaps, that we should take up the cudgels now in his behalf. Our fair readers may disagree with us when they learn that the Doctor was by no means a young gentleman at the date of the narrative, and that his rival was a fair-faced lad with a flowing collar. We insist upon it, that the Doctor is badly treated by both Miss Mary and the novelist. The Doctor is endowed with all the goodness which could well be bestowed on human nature. His character is one which commands our admiration. Mrs. Stowe gives nothing to
Master James, to speak of, excepting good looks, "manly voice," "flash of his dark eyes," "deep shadowy dimples," "glossy black hair," all described in the approved way, and in which he resembles nearly all the good-looking heroes we ever read or heard of. He must have been a fine-looking fellow. The handsomest man we ever saw was sent to state's-prison for life. Though this good-looking cousin seems not to have said any foolish things—excepting a few foolish speeches which might be expected from most men under the circumstances—still he seems not to have done any very wise ones. Our criticism is, that there ought to have been more positive goodness about him, more nobleness of character, more which would command our respect; something which would make us satisfied with the result, and which would enable us to resign ourselves to the Doctor's misfortune. We do not find this.

With Mrs. Scudder we have no manner of patience. But in this we do not criticize the novelist. We are credibly informed that the race of widow Scudder's is not extinct—busy, meddling, shrewd, calculating, wire-working mothers, who put their daughters up at auction. We were induced to hope better things of Mrs. Scudder, from the first chapter or two of the book. She is the Mephistopholes of the play. Through her agency every body comes into trouble, and she is finally satisfied with the result which she had labored to avert, only when she learns that her nephew is possessed of a fortune. We think this character consistently drawn, however. We should be suspicious of a woman with such a marvelous amount of faculty as is ascribed to widow Scudder. It does well enough in its sphere, when it is exerted in the direction of household order and domestic decency; down stairs in the kitchen, or up stairs in the nursery; in the direction of bright andirons and clean faces. But these folks of faculty are apt to be very uncomfortable, especially if one is on the wrong side of them. They are apt to make a vast amount of trouble in a family, or a neighborhood, or a parish. Mrs. Scudder was evidently a noted gossip, and this is apt to be the case with these women of faculty. They consider that the whole neighborhood, or
parish, or town, as the case may be, is under their especial jurisdiction. Mrs. Scudder was fond of tea. These women of faculty are very apt to be. The fragrance of tea seems to excite their "faculty" for gossip.

We intended to pass some criticisms on Miss Mary's conduct. But her mistakes were her mother's fault. This character is not well drawn. It is too good to be natural. We hope that we will not be considered cynical. But we think it is Madonna-like in more than one respect; it is a work of the imagination; it is too immaculate. The heroine of a novel is generally a failure. She is either very good, or very bad, or very indifferent. Her principal business is to be admired, and courted, and married. She is very necessary to the action of the piece, but the same part would answer for every play. There is a quantity of set terms in which she is described, a number of stereotyped phrases which she uses, and there are various things which she always does. There is generally little or no development of distinctive character. One is driven to the conclusion that ladies are all alike. This is the great fault with Scott's heroines. The Saxon Princess in Ivanhoe, Amy Robsart, Lucy Ashton, are of this description. Di Vernon and Rebecca the Jewess are not such complete nonentities as the others. Thackeray's Ethel Newcome and Theodosia Lambert fall under the same criticism. Mrs. Stowe's Mary Scudder is very open to it. She describes the mother much better. Miss Prissy is admirable; but the heroine is a failure.

The episode of Aaron Burr and Madame de Frontignac adds nothing to the power of the book. Burr is introduced by virtue of being the grandson of Jonathan Edwards. He comes into the piece and goes out of it awkwardly, and is made to behave himself in a very unbecoming way. It is not Aaron Burr whom we see, but somebody she dressed up to resemble him. The paint and the tinsel are very manifest. Mrs. Stowe has succeeded much better with Colonel Burr than Mr. Parton in his biography, who personates a being of darkness by an angel of light, and has written a very ridiculous book.
Mrs. Stowe’s former novels were written to expound and defend her political faith: in the present work she develops her religious belief. She preaches the same doctrines in her novel that her brother does in the pulpit of Plymouth church, and much in the same way. Those who are attached to the doctrines which Mrs. Stowe attacks would consider the book heretical and profane. Could Dr. Hopkins be resurrected, and read this story of his wooing, and should he afterward chance upon the authoress, he would preach her a sermon such as that which made the slavetraders of Newport tremble. She would not soon sin in the same way again; not at least till the old Doctor was laid in his coffin, and past all chance of such another resurrection: we could not answer for her further good conduct.

But we do not intend to enter into any examination of the theology of this book. Such an investigation would not be proper in these pages. If Mrs. Stowe has not stepped outside the circle of orthodoxy, she has approached near to the circumference. The same may be said of her brother.

This book is an expression of what has been and what is now the prevailing feeling in New England—one of intense opposition to the teachings of the past. John Calvin, in Geneva, and Jonathan Edwards, in New England, are almost without disciples. The present has cut loose from the apron strings of the past. It has ceased to practice what it was compelled to learn. The Unitarianism of to-day is the natural result of the Calvinism of the last century.

There are many things in the "Minister’s Wooing," which we have omitted to criticize, and many things which we have omitted to praise. There are many fine passages in it, and some good poetry. It is deficient in dramatic power. It is a good story. It rises to no higher dignity than this.

In conclusion, our advice to our readers is this—if you have read the book, don’t read it again; if you have not, don’t read it at all.
DICKIE LEE.

No one will fail to appreciate the following lines. There is a beauty and simplicity, both in the thought and expression, which speak to the heart of every one who remembers the halcyon days of yore. What school girl has not had her Dickie Lee, with whom she wandered by the "little brook," romped, and played, and exchanged sweet smiles? What school lad has not had his "sugar lump," at the glance of whose merry eye, his heart went pit-a-pat, and his rosy cheeks became rosier? Reader, do you remember the old log school house, and the little path that wound round the hill, to the spring? Perhaps yours was not a log school house, and perhaps you had no spring. No matter, whatever were the associations of your early school days, you will recall them while you are reading,

DICKIE LEE.

Oh Dickie Lee, oh Dickie Lee!
Of the sunny days gone by,
The bonnie lad that was my lover;
The bonnie lad that loved no other—
No other lass but me.
Oh we were in love when our years were few,
And our hearts were fresh as the morning dew—
Six years was I, and seven was he.
But since those days, long years have past;
Long years of blossom and of blast;
But in them all there never grew,
A love more sweet, a love more true,
Than that of Dickie Lee.

I often think of Dickie Lee,
And the sunny day, gone by,
Of the old school house and the little brook,
With its mossy bank 'neath the shady nook,
Where we used to sit till the bell did ring,
With a home made line, of a bonnet string,
With a crooked pin that served for a hook,
And enjoyed it more than the spelling book;
And if we were late, and the teacher cross,
The words of rebuke I counted as dross;
For in them all I could only see,
The dear, dark eyes of Dickie Lee.
I wonder now if Dickie Lee,  
Looks back across the years,  
Smiling perhaps, at the thought of me,  
And the funny times we used to see,  
In the school house dim of yore;  
On the little bench that stood by the door,  
The little bench that would hold but four—  
Jenny, Louy, Dickie, and me—  
And the lambs of the flock were we.  
I wonder, too, if he ever thinks,  
Of the dreadful time when he stole the pinks,  
And the roses rare to give to me,  
And what befell poor Dickie Lee!

They tell me that my Dickie Lee,  
Is a man of rank and pride,  
That he has ships upon the sea,  
Titles, too, of a high degree,  
And a lady became his bride:  
Ah! well, so let it be,  
Fickle have I been as he.  
'Tis many a year since he was my love,  
Loving me well, and loving no other;  
'Tis many a year since a bare-footed lad,  
Romped close by my side, making merry and glad;  
'Tis many a year, 'tis many a year,  
That seals up the past and brings down a tear.

I could not see the man of care,  
That calls himself Richard Lee;  
That has wasted cheek and thin grey hair;  
For oh! it would steal from me,  
Something I love and cherish well,  
An image enshrined in a secret cell,  
And oh! it is dear to me!  
Though the face be freckled, and pale and lean,  
Yet memory keeps it bright and serene;  
Keeping the spot of its dwelling green,  
For the sake of Dickie Lee.
THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE CLASSICS.

"Teachers best
Of moral prudence."

It is often urged as an argument against the study of the classics, that their writers belonged to an age of heathenism; or, at least, to one that was not a Christian age; and that hence their teachings are likely to have an injurious effect upon the morals of the student. The frequency with which this has been brought forward, and the sincerity of motive which has characterized it, advocates, together with the partial truthfulness of the premises upon which it is founded, have caused many to think the argument unanswerable and universal in application.

That there are portions of Grecian history, to which the above objection is a valid one, cannot be denied; but Greece, previous to the Macedonian period, and Greece subsequent to that period, were as different as light and darkness. In the one we see the reign of pure morality; in the other, that of sensuality. While Greece was free, untrammeled by foreign powers, all within was peace and harmony; virtue prevailed; their simple though universal system of education was rigorously enforced, giving birth to such men as Socrates and Plato. It was the period of "pure thought." After her subjection by the Macedonians, and subsequently by the Persians, Greece declined. It was Greece—but "living Greece no more." The introduction of foreign customs and habits; the intercourse with foreign nations—although tending to enrich the Greeks, destroyed their former purity and simplicity of manners, and gradually rendered them a licentious and feeble nation. The writings of the older Grecians were seized upon, and their thoughts distorted and developed into the cynic, epicurian, and other false systems of philosophy.

But even this age was not without some good results. It was an age of practical knowledge. Critics and grammarians arranged and illustrated the works of the older Grecians; geography, mathematics, astronomy, natural history, and the
practical sciences, were carried to a high degree of perfection. There were also a few writers whose works deserve to be classed among those of the pre-Macedonian period. In the main, however, their writings were founded upon those of the latter period, and to this period it is that we must look for exhibitions of Greece and Grecian education untainted by foreign influence.

This was truly the "golden" period of Grecian literature, whence flowed streams of living thought, alike supplying the later Grecian, the Roman, and the Modern European Literature, a period, in which "the great, the striking, and the sublime attained a height, to which it never could ascend in any after age." It was a full and perfect illustration of that saying of the learned Longinus: "It is Liberty that is formed to nurse the sentiments of great geniuses; to inspire them with hope; to push forward the propensity of contest one with another, and the generous emulation of being the first in rank."

The religion of the early Greeks was truly a beautiful one. They believed—as Milton beautifully expresses it—that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen;"—

that the mountains and the valleys; the hills and the dales; the seas and the lakes; the great streams and the running brooks; the trees of the forest and the little shrubs of the plain; in fine, that every individual in the vast catalogue of nature had its guardian spirit. They had a god of war, of peace, of commerce, of hunting, of everything above or below the earth; whether animate or inanimate, spiritual or material, mortal or immortal. These divinities were presided over by Zeus upon Earth, by Pluto in Hades, and Posideon upon the Sea. They were supposed to have sprung from a former race of men who inhabited the earth, from whom Grecians also derived their origin. In the communications received at Delphi, and the other oracles, the Greeks saw the acknowledgment of this relation between the gods and man; and the desire on the part of the former to assist man in his search after happiness. Hence, we see them always consulting the oracles before engaging in any important undertaking.
They also believed, to a certain extent, in a future state of rewards and punishments; that accordingly as man obeyed or disobeyed the precepts of the gods, everlasting happiness or misery would be his reward in the life to come.

That their religion—of which only the prominent points are here given—was polytheistical, and in that respect a violation of the commandment, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me," cannot, of course, be denied. But while this is true, may we not still urge that the influence of such a system upon the Grecian character was good? "The ancient worship of the gods," says a learned Grecian scholar of Germany, "understood as it was, exercised an influence like that of poetry, on the heart, animating and elevating it by a rich poetical spirit and by outward beauty. Irradiated with gladness and joy, its leading and peculiar attributes, its efficiency was the greater, that it had grown up on the native soil, or, if transplanted thither from foreign lands, was thoroughly pervaded by the Hellenic life. It was Hellenic in all its parts, while the surrounding hale of antiquity alone distinguished that mythic world from the vulgar present, not without advantage to its peculiar influence on the minds of men. These gods, whose images adorned the temples and altars, had roamed in primeval times, upon this soil and among their forefathers; among them had they shared the joys of human beings; their blood had mingled with the blood of the noblest families; and in later ages, they took delight in the descendants, who had sprung from this intercourse. Their temples rose upon the spots which their miracles had consecrated; and their festivals hallowed and perpetuated the memory of the days when they lived and moved among the favored people. All Greece was like an earthly Olympus, and at every step the shapes of the immortals, in human beauty, and of various ages, met the sight or rose before the imagination of the traveler. Primeval sanctuaries, solemn groves, hallowed fountains, dusky grottoes, and sunlit mountain tops, every where invited him to communion with them, and filled him with the thought, that men had reverently built their mansions within the sacred precincts of the gods, in order to enjoy their sheltering care and beneficent presence.
"Thus, by the gladsome intercourse with these children of religion and fantasy, the soul was uninterruptedly filled with poetic emotion, and the idea of the divine in it cherished. To discourage egotism by the thought of an infinitely superior, awe-commanding power, by pious dread of the invisible witness, who leaves no crime unobserved; to master rude, uncultured nature, and to raise a heart, attuned to festal joys, by animating cheerfulness, over the narrow barriers of the vulgar present, even this imperfect religion was perfectly adapted."

Turning from their religion, let us see what was the influence exerted upon the Greeks by their education. This education may all be comprehended under the terms Gymnastics and Music—not, however, taken in the modern sense of the word. With them, the former embraced all that was necessary to give the body full and perfect development, healthful action and graceful movements; "to procure for the mind the most befitting repose, by the consciousness of dominion over the body in its healthy state, and by the harmony between the obedient and the ruling part; and to set forth the inward harmony of the free spirit, by the outward appearance." The latter included the study of music proper—though in a much higher sense than it is now used—the study of poetry, philosophy, and in fine, all that seemed necessary to the full development of the mental faculties. Their teachers, we are told, were appointed and watched over by the magistrates; and correct sentiments and morals were necessary to their appointment, no less than a thorough knowledge of their different professions.

The Gymnasia of early Greece were peculiarly happy in the influence they exerted. In some quiet and secluded spot—"consecrated and protected by the gods"—the youth were accustomed to meet, and under the watchful care of their teachers, engage in these pleasant and healthy sports, to which the youth of all ages have ever been attached. There it was that, "robed beautifully in the peculiar sanctity of youth," they learned to cherish and guard, as inviolate and pure, sacred modesty, that "root of all morality." There it was that were formed those high and holy friendships, lasting
unto death, of which we have such a charming example in the story of Damon and Pythias.

Music, whilst occupying a higher and nobler part of their being, exerted a corresponding influence. Between music proper, as understood by the ancients, and as understood by the moderns, there is a wide difference. With us, in its common use, it is but a means of recreation after the toils of the day are over; or a delightful occupation for the time being, and which may, perhaps, serve as a social amusement. With them—how different! "The words were earnest, pious and instructive; the rhythms were magnificent and solemn; the melody simple and appropriate, so that it encompassed the body of the words only with the mist of a delicate veil, and enlivened the strong outlines of the poem by a few softly tinted colors."

We can imagine no modern music that would produce an effect similar to this upon the minds of the hearers, unless it be that of those grand organs in some of the cathedrals of Europe, as they peal forth the solemn notes of a "Te Deum Laudamus," or "Gloria in Excelsis." Such music as this the author of "Il Penseroso" must have had in view, when he said:

"Let the pealing organ blow
To the full voic'd choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may the sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes."

In poetry the ancients saw "a gift of the gods, and a token of their love to the human race;" conveying to them, through the instrumentality of the poets, the divine precepts and counsels. With it every Grecian, from his growth up, was made familiar.

While upon the subject of poetry, it may not be amiss to allude, briefly, to the drama, as it occupied no small part in their education. And here we come upon that which has proved so great a stumbling block to many good persons of the modern age. They were regular and constant attendants upon the theatre, but not such theatres as we have within our
ken. The drama among the ancients was a means of disseminating pure sentiments and a high toned morality. It is the opinion of those, to whom this has been a subject of study for years, that did the modern drama possess these characteristics, as fully as did the ancient, its opponents would, to a great degree, be rendered powerless; and we might look forward to the time when it would be with us, what it was in ancient Greece, a national and healthful amusement, an instrument of untold good.

And so we might also speak of philosophy, in which they were taught that in all the actions of life they should be guided by the precepts of the gods; that after death the gods sat in judgment upon their life, and accordingly as they had obeyed or disobeyed these precepts, eternal happiness or misery would be their lot.

This was the system of education—the principal features of which we have but imperfectly sketched—to which every Grecian youth was subjected. It was not optional with them whether or not they would be thus trained, it was rendered obligatory by the law, and strict observance required. Under such training as this were raised up Socrates, Plato, and the other bright names, which have rendered so lustrous the fame of ancient Greece. And can it be urged that the writings of men thus educated, and who never forgot or disregarded the teachings of their youthful days, will have a bad influence upon the morals of the student?

Believing—as has been before stated they did—that an account would be required of them at their death for the manner in which this life on earth had passed, how other than as the consciousness of a life well spent, can we interpret the calm and peaceful manner in which Socrates met his death. We may almost imagine that we now hear him, as in his prison, surrounded by his friends, he discoursed upon the immortality of the soul. "Had I not hope," he is reported to have said, "there where I shall go to enjoy, in the first place, the same good Providence; and in the second, to meet with the spirits of the departed whose society is far preferable to any friendship here, it were indeed a folly to meet death so lightly, thus willingly to sink into his arms. But
I have the most comforting hopes that neither of these will fail me. But the latter, I do not presume to affirm with absolute certainty, but that the Providence of God will still be over me, this, friends, I declare as confidently as ever I asserted anything in my life. Therefore, it troubleth me not that I am to depart, for I know that death is not the end. There follows another life, and truly, as ancient saying affirmeth, one which shall be much happier for the virtuous than the vicious."

Who, that has carefully read and meditated over his discourses upon the vices and virtues, as recorded by Zenophon, but that can recommend his writings to the student, as abounding in the truths and precepts of morality.

So, also, of Plato, and others, we may say with Jeremy Taylor, "I consider that the wisest persons, and those who know how to value and entertain the more noble faculties of their soul and their precious hours, take pleasure in reading the productions of those old wise spirits who preserved natural reason and religion in the midst of heathen darkness; such as Homer, Euripides, Orpheus, Pindar, and Anacreon Æschylus, and all the Greek poets; Zenophon, and all those other excellent persons of both faculties, Plato and his disciples."

In reading the works of the ancient Greeks, we should not look upon them from a modern stand point, but should take them as they were. Not yielding a blind obedience to all their theories and doctrines, but considering that their morality was all their own. Christ had not made his appearance upon earth, nor had the divine command, "Go ye into all the world and preach my doctrines," yet issued forth. Their morality was the first faint glimmering of that light, which gradually increasing, broke forth with such splendor in the coming of Christ, and which still continues, and ever shall continue, to increase, until the remotest part of the earth shall be illuminated by its rays. All around them hung the thick darkness of paganism; but amid the changes and stormy periods, through which their republics passed previous to the Macedonian period, the principles of morality continued to increase.
We should, therefore, look upon their condition and then our own, enriched as we are with all the privileges and blessings of Christianity. By such comparison may we be "invited to love and consider the rare documents of Christianity, which certainly is the great treasure-house of those excellent, moral, and perfective discourses, which, with much pains and pleasure, we find scattered in all the Greek poets, historians, and philosophers."

"ONE IDEA."

We often hear used, as an opprobrious epithet, the term "one idea." It is thus used to indicate that he to whom it is applied has a hobby of some sort, and that the great business of his life is the riding of it to death. In other words, that some crotchet has taken possession of his brain, and there sits enthroned, to the exclusion or subjection of all other ideas.

In the present article I wish to show that this use of the term "one idea" is an abuse of it. This is true, because—firstly, it does not express the fault of the man to whom it is thus applied; and secondly, because it is the perversion of an epithet of honor, to express contempt.

If the person to whom this epithet is applied is at fault, it is not because one leading idea controls him in all his actions. It is because his leading idea is so deficient in moral worth as to be undeserving a good man's devotion, or so trifling or visionary as to be unworthy of a great man's regard. Or it is because his own mind is a soil too shallow to allow his one great idea to spring up and grow into great purposes and actions.

If the possessor of such a mind as this must be stigmatized, let him be called by his proper appellation—a man of wrong ideas, or of small ideas, or a man of a shallow mind, or of narrow views. Let him not be dubbed with a title which belongs pre-eminently to the noblest of our race.
In all ages of the world, those men who have given direction to the current of human affairs, who have been leaders of mankind; and left behind them the deepest impress of their lives, have been pre-eminently men of one idea. Their lives have each been governed by some single master thought, some great purpose for which they have labored, or some great truth for which they have battled.

To substantiate this assertion, we need but appeal to history. The illustrations it furnishes are without number. They shine like a long line of light illuminating the shadows of the past. Far in the distance we behold the Athenian youth, with hair half clipped and beard half shaven, patiently toiling with his pebbles and mirror to overcome a stammering tongue and an awkward gesture. Again, after long years of effort, we see him before his assembled countrymen. He holds them entranced with his eloquence, and sways their excited passions at pleasure, as does the storm spirit the waves of the sea.

Nearer, we see a dusty and way-worn traveler trudging on foot from city to city, amid the jeers of a world. Still he urges his one request, "Money and men to man a ship." Again, we see him returning in triumph from a long voyage of discovery. Now the jeers are turned to peans of praise, as he lays at his sovereign's feet, a world.

Nearer yet, we see a cowled and hooded monk, with a body weak through frequent fasting, and a face wan with watching and mortification for sin. Wearily he climbs the sacred staircase of Pilate, at Rome, to obtain forgiveness from His Holiness the Pope. Suddenly a voice within startles him like an electric shock—"The just shall live by faith." The fetters of his soul are burst. His darkness has passed away. God has said, let "there be light and there is light." Henceforth this sentence is to be the watchword of his life; the trumpet note that is to awaken Christendom from its sleep of ages, and cause the pillars of the Vatican itself to tremble like the walls of Jericho. Luther was your thorough man of one idea; and to that one idea we owe, under God, the great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century.

It is impossible to estimate the power of a man whose
whole soul is engaged, and whose whole energy is constantly put forth for the accomplishment of a single definite object. Scarce any obstacle is too great for him to surmount; or any achievement too great for him to realize. Like a river, he moves onward to his goal, and every obstruction only develops his power to overcome.

One illustration of this will suffice.

Just about two hundred years ago, there might have been seen, almost daily chasing game through the marshy forests of Holland, a young nobleman. His slender form and delicate countenance seemed to indicate a constitution unequal to such rough and arduous sport. But his lofty brow, his piercing eye, his reserved and thoughtful air, betokened a spirit fitted for higher pursuits than the hunting of stags and wild boars. "He was chief of a great but depressed and disheartened family; the heir to vast and indefinite pretensions, which excited the dread and aversion of his countrymen." But notwithstanding he was hated and watched as an enemy by those who should have been his best friends; notwithstanding his family was in exile, and an oath had been taken by all the nobles and magistrates, that he should never succeed to the hereditary honors of his forefathers, yet there was much around him to stir his patriotism. Whenever he went abroad, he saw, scattered on every side, battle-fields where his illustrious ancestors had led their brave countrymen to fierce conflicts. Those fields, some of them even yet rank with unnatural richness, constantly reminded him of the eighty years' struggle which delivered his country from foreign oppression and popish persecution. He remembered how the whole power of Spain was kept at bay for a century; how she was at length driven, like a crippled tiger, growling into her lair. And how Holland emerged from the conflict a strong and flourishing country, the first maritime nation of Europe, and the bulwark of liberty and Protestantism.

Such were the historical associations which surrounded William IX. of Orange, in the days of his youth. Their influence was to engraft upon his very nature the one great idea which was to furnish him motive power through life, namely, the preservation of the civil and religious liberty of
Europe. He loved his country because she was the vanguard in the battle between Protestantism and Papacy, between freedom and despotism.

The condition of his country, and his relations to her when he himself appeared on the stage of action, tended only to strengthen his ruling principle. By hereditary right he was her defender. He moreover believed himself to be raised up by Heaven to preserve her and the great principles she represented. The conviction that his destiny would not be fulfilled till these principles were triumphant in Europe, often nerved his arm with strength and his heart with courage, when all other hands were feeble and all other hearts faint.

Never was there a time in Europe when a man of William's qualities was more needed. It was a dark hour for freedom. Its sun seemed to be setting in the morning. France, like some enormous reptile rising from the banks of the Seine, had been gradually extending its coils around all Europe, and now seemed about to swallow all at one huge distention. Europe seemed paralyzed with fear, and none dared move a hand. Portugal, Spain, Italy and Germany, trembling and powerless, like charmed birds, gazed at the destroyer. England, held in vassalage by gold, could not lift her head. Holland, little Holland, scarred already by many a conflict, alone dared to raise her arm in defense. In her extremity, she forgot her antipathies against the house of Orange, and placed at the helm its young chief, and the worthy son of her former deliverer. The event showed how wisely her trust was committed to him.

In Louis XIV., William saw the impersonation of civil and religious despotism. To Louis, therefore, he was an implacable foe. The overshadowing power of the "Grand Monarque," only intensified the Prince's aversion, and confirmed his purpose never to yield but in death. William's first campaign showed his character more perfectly perhaps than any other of his life. Louis, and Charles II. of England, had in secret treaty deliberately divided the Netherlands between themselves, and had already begun the work of dismembering them. Louis, with over a hundred thousand men, was in the heart of Holland. Nothing was left unconquered except
a strip of country about forty miles in length. That was laid under water to prevent the enemy marching into the capital. William’s only hope of human help, was in a little army of raw recruits, not one-fifth the number of the enemy, while he himself was an inexperienced and sickly youth of twenty-two. Such were the circumstances surrounding him when he spurned the offer of a kingdom from the spoils of his country. When the servile and hollow-hearted sycophants of Louis and Charles, with feigned concern, represented the impending danger, his eye flashed as he answered, “I know my country is in danger, but there is a sure way of never seeing it lost, and that is, to die in the last ditch.” This was William’s inaugural speech. By it Louis discovered there was yet a man in Europe. The Prince’s life justified his beginning. Singly he proved more than a match for Louis, with all his power. He infused new courage into the fainting hearts of the European States, and united them against the common danger. He repeatedly created, and for years kept together, alliances such as the world had never before seen. Popes and Protestants were joined against Papists; despotisms and republics against despots; hereditary foes against ancient allies. The Stadtholder of a petty province, he mounted the throne and wielded the triple sceptre of the British Empire. He enlisted all these heterogeneous elements in a long but successful combat with his enemy, and compelled the once haughty, but now baffled and crippled French Monarch, to recognize “the Dutch boy” as the ablest statesman in Europe.

SONG.
FROM THE GERMAN OF FRIEDRICK VON SCHLEGEL.

Little maidens, little lays;
Ah! we love them, sing them always

Maiden’s lightsome laughter charms us;
Charms like morning’s laughing flowers;
Through the labyrinth of love,
Swiftly speed the glowing hours.
Therefore sing we, lightly, gaily,
Little Maidens, little lays,
Yes! we love them, sing them always.

Gentle words and sweet caresses,
Softly glide from memory's treasures;
Soft heart-music, gently, sweetly,
Thrills our souls with heavenly measures;
Ah! who cares then what befalls us;
For we sing these little lays,
Ah! we sing and love them always.

STUDENT-SMOKING.

"Happiest he of happy men,
Who when again the night returns,
When again the taper burns,
Can afford his pipe to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed."

Well, Messrs. Editors, as I sit in my room this cold February evening, with a cheerful fire in my stove, and myself clad in comfortable gown and slippers, the thought struck me that I would write an article for the Collegian—something brilliant, that would create a sensation in our college world—cause frequent inquiries as to the author, and withal increase the list of subscribers to our "Mag."

But what shall be my topic? was the query. I thought of all the "isms" and all the "logies" that have occupied the attention of the literary world, of all the great authors whose lives and writings students love most to dwell upon, of all the new books that have made their appearance; none of these seemed to be the subject for my purpose. Again, I ransacked my brain, and this time with more success. At last I had a subject, one which I felt sure would be attractive to all. So I commenced, penned a few lines, alas for my fond anticipations, I found myself in about the same position as that school-boy "of ancient fame," who in his first composition, having for subject "The Seasons,"
had said, "some like summer and some like winter;" and there he stuck. Suddenly, however, a bright thought penetrating his bewildered brain, he closed with that memorable passage of Patrick Henry: "But as for me, give me liberty," etc. My bright thought was to throw the paper into the fire and commence again; the former of which I immediately did, the latter not so soon.

And then, as I gazed at the fire, sparkling and snapping so brightly, I thought of college life, and college students, and of the pleasant life we lead, assembled together there from distant States; of the many warm friendships we form; of the friends from whom we are compelled yearly to part, some of whom perhaps we shall often meet again, others never. I thought of those who had graduated in years before, of those who had occupied this my room, and of the last occupant in particular. What an inveterate smoker he was. How I remember seeing him as on a pleasant day he would walk to and fro beneath some shady tree, alternately puffing that curious old pipe of his, and taking a peek at the book he held in his hand. How he used to carry "Aunt Bettie," as he familiarly called his pipe, with him wherever he went. Whether it was for his favorite walk down to the "old mill," whether it was for his meals, or even to call upon the ladies, "Aunt Bettie" was his inseparable companion.

This, my room, was in those days a great resort for smokers. Here they would assemble, in number from one to ten, and, disposing themselves in various parts of the room, smoke away, heedless of study-hour bells and the remonstrances of tutors. I remember how I used to summon courage to visit him, and when finding himself, brother seniors, and other comrades thus engaged, would gaze upon them with admiration, thinking that they were the happiest fellows in college. And, in truth, they were happy; and should any of them chance to see this article? the days there spent will return to them in memory, I doubt not, with a pleasure almost equal to the original. Nor were they selfish in their happiness. They felt fully the responsibility resting upon their senior-shoulders of training up the freshman
in "the way they should go." So they would occasionally offer me a pipe, and endeavor to give me an insight into the mysteries and miseries too, as it generally proved, of smoking.

But this was not the only room which boasted its smoking club. Others there were in which fully as respectable and happy fellows as these were accustomed to assemble for a similar purpose.

Returning from these merry times, my thoughts naturally recurred to the fact that students are great smokers. Scarce a room in college but boasts its box of tobacco, its pipes of clay, meerschaum, etc. Walk up the college "thoroughfare" after dinner or tea, and count the smokers: two-thirds of all we meet sport a "Havana," or a "Regalia," while a good proportion of those not smoking are only hastening to their rooms to "take a pipe." Without exaggeration it may be said that not one in fifty reach the end of their Sophomore Year without having smoked his half a dozen cigars and as many pipes, to say nothing of those who have experienced the "smoking-out" process.

But here some one may ask, What does all this amount to? Well it amounts to nothing more than that, students do smoke. I say students; if Madame Rumor may be relied upon, the same may be said of others upon this "Hill." Professor A., it is said, comfortably seated in that back study of his, occasionally indulges in a quiet smoke. Professor B., also says the same authority, keeps a box of "choice ones" in his library, and late at night, when fatigued with study, revives his drooping energies with a cigar, taking good care, however, to have the window-blinds all closed. It has also been whispered, though under a solemn pledge of secrecy, that a certain other person, occupying a high position in our college world, is not always proof against the temptation. As for that staid and sober body, the "theo-logos," they all with but one or two exceptions, are devotees of the pipe. So enthusiastic, indeed, are they in their workshop that a society ycleped the "St. Ambrose," has been established among them, of the many praiseworthy objects of which one is the conversion of
these few non-smokers to the service of this "Brother of Bacchus." Even the Editors of the Collegian, who are looked upon as guardians of Gambier morality, are not free from the habit. Two of them are habitual smokers, and the other two, though of sober countenance and steady gait, have at times been found guilty.

All this, however, is not given as fact, while for some portions "the papers" might be shown, for others, the information is based merely upon the "say" of Madame Rumor. But the statement, that students smoke, remains unimpaired. The next question that arises is, why they smoke? and this we (to drop our ego-isms and assume the more dignified "we,"") consider rather a hard nut to crack. "Students smoke," once said our Professor, when we were studying Logic; "construct a syllogism having this for the conclusion." If we remember aright the syllogism was somewhat in this wise: "All great authors smoke; students are embryo great authors, hence students smoke." To lay aside bad logic, we think the principle will still hold good. The student life is the embryo period of great authorship. Here it is that under the genial influence of "a pipe" he acquires those habits of clear and undisturbed thought which in future years are to give him a high position among the writers of his day. Its influence upon the mind is like that of heat upon gold, separating the dross and impurities from the pure metal and bringing forth the gold refined and unblemished. We need no better proof of this than to read the clear philosophical works of Sir Isaac Newton, the elegant essays of Addison, Steele, or Goldsmith, the poetry of Spenser, Milton, Campbell, Moore, or, in our day, Tennyson, the novels of Sir Walter Scott, or of Dickens, Thackeray, Bulwer. These writers were all smokers. So were also the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, to the genial influence of whose pipe we imagine the charming "Defense of Poesie" may be attributed; the immortal dramatist, Shakespeare, Pope, Dean Swift, the author of "Elia," and others whose works are to be found in all libraries.

But we can find illustrations sufficient in our own college
world. Let one who has an oration or an essay on hand sit down and smoke awhile, at the same time keeping in mind his subject, all cares and perplexities will vanish in the smoke, his mind will feel lightened and his subject presented to him in the clearest form possible, when he commences writing, his thoughts will come quick and fast, and his sentences be smooth and graceful. On the other hand, let a smoke-hater be seated for the same purpose; first perhaps he has a headache, of which he rid himself by a frequent application of cologne or hartshorn. Then some little trouble he has had with a student or the Faculty, or approaching examination, or any one of the little vexations of college life, intrudes itself, and creates in thought "confusion dire;" the consequence is a crude and imperfect production of which he is ashamed.

To dwell no longer upon this portion of the subject, some smoke because, as they say, smoking is the companion of virtue. This at first may seem paradoxical, but a close examination will show the contrary. Who ever heard of a student, or any one else, committing a murder or burglary, breaking a college law, or doing anything rash under the influence of a real "Havana." The student is incapable of any thing base or mean who submits to the guardian influence of a smoke. Should he even think of such an action it will appear to him in the cloud of smoke arising from his pipe and frighten him with its spectral appearance. He will shrink with horror from the idea of staining his hands with such an act.

The true and thoughtful lover of a smoke, whether he be a student or not, will look upon it in a still higher sense. There can be nothing which expresses this sentiment more beautifully than the following: *

"The earthen pipe, so lily white,
Shows that thou art a mortal wight;
Even such—and gone with a small touch:
Thus think and drink tobacco.

*We are indebted for this extract to an interesting article entitled "A Pipe of Tobacco," in the January number of Harper's Magazine. The author of the verses is George Wither, quite celebrated as a writer in the time of James I, of England.
And when the smoke ascends on high,
Think on the worldly vanity
Of worldly stuff—‘tis gone with a puff:
Thus think and drink tobacco.

And when the pipe is foul within,
Think how the soul’s defiled with sin—
To purge with fire it doth require:
Thus think and drink tobacco.

Lastly, the ashes left behind
May daily shew, to move the mind,
That to ashes and dust return we must:
Thus think and drink tobacco."

Smoking is promotive of sociality. The student-smoker does not often take his pipe and go off into some corner by himself, but two or three get together, and between the whiffs discourse of “the late rebellion,” “the Harper’s Ferry insurrection,” or any one of the other important topics of the day. Thus they pass the time in a cheerful and sociable manner, and while enjoying their “smoke” cultivate sociality, at the same time becoming “ready men,” as the Baconian maxim expresses it.

For these and other reasons it is that the student smokes. There is too a great deal in the associations which cluster around a pipe of tobacco. As we sit down after dinner, or in the evening, to enjoy our smoke it adds much to our pleasure to think that for more than two hundred years the great writers, whose works we prize so highly, have enjoyed themselves in a similar manner. And if when wearied with the cares and perplexities of student life we betake ourselves to a pipe, its soothing powers are greatly increased when we know that it has always been a never-failing solace to these same favorite authors. While we sit and smoke, moreover, we may almost imagine ourselves holding converse with our English cousins at Oxford, Cambridge, etc. There assembled together, perhaps, at the very same hour, are the future statesmen, divines, historians, and poets of Britain, enjoying their smoke, at the same time discussing those topics which at some future day under their influence will win for them laurel wreaths. So also at the German Universities; the student looks upon it as one of
the greatest delights of that "dear, never-comprehended" burschen-life. Smoking away in their clubs, some of which are not so bad as they are represented, if we may believe William Howitt's "Student Life in Germany," they talk of Germany and liberty, of poetry and art, and of the various topics in which Germans take so much delight.

The sour and crabbed portion of either sex may rate as much as they choose against this vice, as they are pleased to term it; they may talk of the Bibles and prayer-books, the money thus spent would send to the Feejee Islanders, or woollen shirts and hose to the Hottentots, or the assistance it would give to any one of the pretended philosophic associations of the day. Old ladies may talk of the smokers "making chimneys of their faces," and all this, but to no purpose. As long as smoking is less unhealthy than the favorite "green tea" of these lady-scolders, less expensive than the paints and perfumes, the thousand little unnameable articles of their "outfits," as long as it is less unhealthy and less expensive than many habits we could point out common to both sexes, so long will their preaching be of no avail.

That many smoke to excess, injuring in a high degree their nervous constitution, we do not deny; but do not, kind and well-meaning friends, look upon the habit, ex abusu. Consider it when tempered with that due moderation which all things should have and you will form a different opinion from that you now possess. It will then appear to you in its true light as "a reviver of tired nature," a health-assisting agent, a promoter of virtue and sociality, and last, though certainly not least, a pleasant and harmless recreation for the student.

Smoking is a time-honored habit among all students, and it is probably through sympathy with our foreign cousins that in this alone, as we once heard a punning friend remark, American students acknowledge and pay homage to a king. And surely they could not have chosen a better one than smo-king, numbering among its subjects jo-king, more rational than pol-king or po-king, and certainly less tyrannical and destructive than drin-king. If we may,
therefore, so term it a king, it is one whose sovereignty is wider-extended and whose subjects are more loyal than those of any monarch who ever lived. And we can not better close this desultory talk than by an invitation to all student-smokers to light their pipes, and "joining hands around," unite in singing that beautiful "smoking song," a stanza of which even now comes floating in at our window, from a group of happy smokers on the college campus.

Then smoke away;
Till the golden ray
Light up the dawn of morrow;
For a cheerful cigar,
Like a shield will bar
The blows of care and sorrow.

TO V——.

I. I tread once more familiar streets;
   And well-known forms, and faces fair
   Or marked with time and grief and care,
Half sad, half joyful memory meets.

II. I do not love this heartless place;
The hurrying throng goes coldly by;
Men glance and nod so carelessly,
With absent air and anxious face.

III. And those whom once I thought were true,
And some I even counted dear,
Nod with a half-forgetful air,
As though to one they scarcely knew.

IV. And yet not all, for one I know,
Whose heart is still as kind and true,
As when my life and hopes were new—
Though now my locks are touched with snow.

V. A girlish form—when first we met—
With airy step and careless grace;
A blooming, ringlet-shaded face,
And laughing, roguish eyes of jet.

VI. And many a winter's snow has fled;
Yet in that maiden form and face,
My memory still can faintly trace
This queen-like form, this stately head.

VII. And still I hold thy memory dear;
Although my heart has older grown,
And though Cornelia's jeweled crown,
Attest the flight of many a year.
Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

THE CONCERT AND THIRD KENYON REBELLION.

Any excitement in Gambier, is as much of an anomaly as a dance at a funeral, or as the oft mentioned, but never experienced, "sleighing on the 4th of July." But, strange as it may seem, the "Hill" has been fairly shaken to its very base with that dread thing—excitement—not religious excitement, nor "John Brown" excitement, nor any species of natural excitement; but something far more terrible in name, and peculiar in development than either—a "College Muss." But we are rather digressing. The "Concert" comes first on our historical memorandum.

Gambier people enjoy the unenviable reputation of not appreciating music; but this is probably owing to the peculiarly classical character of the great proportion of the songs, upon which the most refined corner of their souls is feasted; e. g. "Prexy's Big Dog lay on the Barn Floor," "Our Old Cow," "Little Joe Phemy," &c.

On Monday evening, January 30th, a concert was held in the Nu Pi Kappa Hall. The entertainment was given by Miss Lerned, of the Granville Female Seminary, for the benefit of that society. Miss Lerned was assisted by four of her pupils—Miss Knapp, Miss Haskell, and the Messrs. Shultz. At an early hour the capacious hall was well filled. Most of the Professors' families were present, as well as a large proportion of citizens from the farther end of the town.

Most of the inhabitants of Bexley Hall, favored the ladies with their winning smiles, and at one time it was feared that the performance would take a Theological rather than a Musical turn. But this dangerous element soon became harmless, upon the arrival of the Mount Vernon people, who for some time occupied universal attention. But all fears as to the nature of the entertainment were entirely allayed, by the brilliant entrance of the "troupe," among whom we were glad to notice Mr. L. C. Haughawout, of Milnor Hall, who kindly consented to act as pianist for the occasion.

It is unnecessary to eulogise the general character of the performance or criticise a few amusing features; sufficient to say, that the frequent applause which greeted the singers, seemed to indicate a full appreciation of their merits. It is but justice to
mention that both the young ladies and young gentlemen are merely pupils of Miss Lerned's, and, moreover, have been under instruction but three months, and never before appeared in public.

Miss Lerned was unfortunately just recovering from a severe cold, but notwithstanding this embarrassment, fully sustained her high reputation. Miss Knapp has a musical, but not remarkably powerful voice; but her pleasing manner, as well as sweet expression, won universal admiration; and so marked was the effect produced upon the more susceptible portion of the audience, that at one time we distinctly heard, from the corner occupied by the Blakeites, a peculiar noise, proceeding from some urchin, which seemed to be produced by the intrusion of the tongue between the lips; it conveyed the impression of immense satisfaction, and strongly reminded us of ripe peaches or a water-melon patch. This demonstration was, of course, highly improper, and we trust that the youngster received a healthful correction.

The Messrs. Shultz are certainly gifted with remarkably fine voices, which, although at present but partially cultivated, will in time render them popular singers. We were particularly impressed with Mr. J. M. Schultz's vocal power, as exhibited in his last piece—"One Struggle More."

Did space permit we should be glad to speak more particularly of other features in the entertainment well worthy of notice; but we must close, with expressing our sincere thanks to these ladies and gentlemen for their kindness in offering us such a treat, and to the Nu Pi Kappa Society for furnishing us the opportunity of listening to it.

THE THIRD KENYON REBELLION.

From some remarkable cause—either a Western climate, or our elevated position, or some kindred influence—there seems to be a strong revolutionary element in this Institution. Whether it arises from an external pressure, or from internal explosive material in the students, we can not say. Certain it is, however, that since the weary plodding of our Freshman Year, no less than thrice have the gates of our temple of Janus Quirinus been opened.

In looking over the old files of the "Collegian," we lighted upon an article which looked remarkably formidable, and which proved to be an account of the first of these interesting events in our College History. Thus it commenced:
"LEAVES FROM THE UNWRITTEN HISTORY OF OUR ALMA MATER."

"No. 1."

"THE KENYON REBELLION."

"PROLOGUE."

And thus it began:—"The golden sunlight falling upon the hill and dale." And glancing farther on, our eye caught the following detached sentences:—"Slowly and with apparent ease, a traveler was ascending a lofty eminence"—"seemed almost to pierce the sky"—"pursued with undeviating course towards the top" (supposed to be heaven)—"light of hope"—"paleness diffused itself"—"dark and whirling mass"—"frightful rapidity"—"battle"—"inky blackness"—"the traveler paused, with lips compressed"—"fury and ungovernable rage"—"mad violence" journey."

—"sun shone fiercely"—"kneeling posture"—"pursued his

With such a "dark," "whirling," "inky," "ungovernable" Prologue, you may imagine that we were prepared for an equally terrific afterpart; but see—

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow!"

* * * * * *

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"--- Ἐπὶ μικρῶν ἄκρων ἀκόμοια.

* * * * * *

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

"What deeds of darkness

Doth not darkness cover?"

* * * * *

CHAPTER THE FOURTH:

"Heard ye those loud contending waves,

That shook Ceropia's pillar'd state."

Quite an historical anti-climax, judging especially from the heading of the First Chapter; however, the remaining quotations—both Greek and English—are quite creditable to the general characteristic of terror which marks the whole article, and is generally the predominant feature in all social and political upheavals.

* Supposed to be the one employed by J. P. R. James.
But we are again digressing. The Third Kenyon Rebellion was no puny affair, but a genuine old-school transaction, which compares very favorably with its predecessors.

As an expression of opinion in this place would not, in any probability, materially alter the views of any one, in reference to the propriety or inexpediency of the affair, we refrain from any comments as to the merits of the case, and merely state the facts as best we are able.

Owing to the concert which was given on Monday evening, and which consumed the usual time devoted to the preparation of the morning recitation; and as the members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes, who are connected with the Literary Hall, for whose benefit the concert was given, would be necessarily occupied the following morning, in looking after the furniture, piano, &c., which were used the evening previous, the two Classes before mentioned, voted not to attend the 8 o'clock recitation. The resolution was adhered to by all except one from the Sophomore and two from the Freshman Class. The Faculty deeming this a violation of College Law, took immediate action upon the subject; and at Evening Prayer the President announced, that as a penalty for the offense, the signatures of the members of the two classes must be affixed to the following Pledge:

We, the undersigned, members of the Sophomore and Freshman classes, hereby express our regret at the class combination entered into yesterday, not to attend recitation this morning, and we hereby pledge our honor as students to make up the omitted recitation, and recite it at 3 o'clock, on Wednesday next; and, also, that during our future connection with this institution, we will refuse to encourage or enter into any combination, class or otherwise, the object of which shall be to evade, disobey, or resist any law or regulation of the college authorities.

Kenyon College, January 31, 1860.

The classes held a meeting during the evening, when the following communications were drawn up, signed by the members, and sent to the Faculty:

THE SOPHOMORE'S REPLY.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY.

January 31st, 1860.

GENTLEMEN:—At a meeting of the Sophomore Class this evening, it was resolved that we, the undersigned, members of said class, thinking the action we took on Tuesday morning was hasty,
are willing to make up the recitation and recite it to-morrow afternoon, but we are not willing to sign the pledge as presented to us by the President.

Here is also the Freshman’s Communication:

January 31st, 1860.

We, the undersigned, members of the Freshman Class, hereby express our regret that the action taken Monday evening was hasty and inexpedient, and our readiness to make up the omitted recitation, and our willingness to receive and acknowledge as due the demerit marks merited by such action.

At the appointed hour of three, on Wednesday afternoon, the classes assembled in their respective recitation rooms, to make up the omitted recitation; at which time the obnoxious “pledge” was presented for signature. In the Sophomore, but two or three, and in the Freshman, about ten, (we are not positive as to the exact number) signed the document. Those who declined complying with this requirement, were informed that they could consider themselves “dismissed;” and during the afternoon and evening they were individually informed by different members of the Faculty that their immediate departure from the “Hill” would be expected.

By Friday afternoon, little progress seem to be making in leave-taking; and during the evening most of our dismissed brothers signed the document, and were reinstated in their former position. We may here remark, that several written interpretations of the pledge, which were furnished by different members of the Faculty, removed the objectionable features which had hitherto prevented the students signing it.

Four from the Sophomore and two from the Freshman Class still declined complying with the requisition, and have consequently returned to their homes. Thus, in short, have we endeavored, impartially, to present the main features of the late disturbance. And, we trust, that when the students are again moved to take similar action, they will remember the wonderfully somber hue which overspread the countenances of the boarding-house keepers, and the other officials, whose usefulness is developed as “hewers of wood and drawers of water,” and that it is customary for those about departing for distant regions, to pay their subscriptions to the standard periodical literature of the day—which of course means the “Collegian,”
Editors' Table.

Thanks to the recurrence of Saturday afternoon, we may venture to take up, for a few moments, the pen editorial. But alas! our thoughts, where are they? Scarcely recalled from their “exploring expedition” in search of the moon’s orbit, nodes, apogee and perigee; wearied and disheartened by their vain endeavors to comprehend the phenomena of lunar and solar eclipses, what folly to think of suddenly and peremptorily bringing them down to terrestrial, ordinary, local, table-talk subjects! Why, our head—not Webesterian in proportion—is literally crammed so full of Butler, Olmsted, Constitutional Law, etc.—all in terrible confusion, as our Professors can well testify—that we utterly despair of drawing from it anything which does not partake of the nature of theology, astronomy or politics. This very perplexity does, however, by the law of suggestion, bring one idea within the horizon, and we will proceed at once to take its right ascension and declination, before it is eclipsed. Making no allowance for parallax, as this will depend upon the stand-point from which the subject is viewed, to carry out the analogy, let the views of the Faculty respecting Senior studies, be the first point of Aries—the extent to which their views agree with those of Seniors, the right ascension; and the extent to which they disagree, the declination; and we shall be able, by a brief calculation, to discover the whereabouts of our idea.

First, the views of the Faculty respecting Senior studies. They evidently seem to think that Seniors, yes, even Seniors, ought to study! We know that this disclosure will astonish some, but it is a fact, and one which our indignation will not suffer us to keep concealed any longer. Whether this state of things exists in other Colleges, or whether it is one of Kenyon’s peculiarities, we are not prepared to say. The fact that former Classes have not demurred against this unheard-of absurdity, would seem to indicate that it is a new development in our College history—the result of some late combination on the part of the Faculty; but, possibly, those Classes made the same discovery that we have, but left the unsuspecting and hopeful under-classes to indulge the same delusion which proved their solace during years of toil. Not only do the Faculty expect us to study, which, of course, we are perfectly disposed to do, in moderation; but, would you believe it, they expect us to study just as hard as when we were Freshmen and Sophomores. It was even hinted to us the other day that we ought to do a great deal more in a Term now than when we were in the lower Classes. Now this is the first of Aries; let us look at the right ascension. It is, perhaps, right—though sadly at variance with our ideas of the otium, &c., usually attributed to the sub-Bachelor Class—that Seniors should study some; that they should be encouraged, by occasional recitations, to keep up the habits of study which they are supposed to have formed during the first three years of the course; the Professor who is best skilled in the art, may occasionally lecture the Class on the folly of wasting time, and the importance
of setting a good example before those whose habits of study are just being
formed; but—and here comes the declination—how preposterous to suppose
it congenial to our feelings, or at all consistent with our position, to devote
the same time and attention to our text books now, that we did during the
former part of our course! Seriously now, ought we to have so much to do
with text books in our Senior year, and up to the close of that year, as to
have no time left us for general reading? We are now surrounded by libra-
ries of choice books. Some of us, after leaving here, will be many years in
accumulating libraries of our own, and it appears to us that a large portion
of our time might be very profitably spent in gleaning, while we may, from
the literature so profusely surrounding us. But in order to this, our recita-
tions must be less frequent, or, at least, our lessons shorter. We think we
are not given to complaint, and we know that custom, rather than the sense
of the Faculty, in this particular College, fixes the length and frequency of
lessons; but we meekly propound this query: Would it not be better for us
to read more, while we have access to books, even at the expense of a small
portion of the regular course? And this suggests the

Reading Room—Now in quite a flourishing condition, but still capable
of improvement. The Treasury is a vacuum, and the Treasurer in constant
apprehension of being dunned by creditors. The amount of indebtedness
is small, however, and we have no fears but that the dimes will begin to
roll in so soon as students are apprised of the need. We have the following
acknowledgments to make in behalf of the Room:—

The "Tri-Weekly Ohio Statesman," furnished gratis by the Publishers
and Proprietors, Manypenny & Miller, Columbus, O., upon the solicitation
of A. N. Whiting. The Statesman is too well known to need comment.
Our Democratic friends will be pleased to see it upon our files.

"The Press and Tribune," Chicago, Ill., furnished at the instance of A.
M. Kinzie, by the Editors and Publishers, John L. Scripps, William Bross,
Charles H. Ray, Joseph Medill and Alfred Cowles. We regard this paper as
a very valuable accession to our files, and heartily thank the Proprietors for
their contribution.

Received to-day, Feb. 18th, another large package of fresh papers, with
compliments of L. Harper, Mt. Vernon, O. How grateful we feel, friend
Banner, you may imagine, but we can never describe.

We are indebted to our worthy President for two Dailies and several
Weeklies, regularly furnished. Littell's Living Age, Blackwood's Magazine,
and one or two other periodicals, are occasionally laid upon our table
by Professor Wharton.

We lack Southern papers; who will furnish them?

Mud, in the Village of Gambier, may be defined to be a semi-fluid mix-
ture of clay, black-mould and fine gravel, of viscid consistency and vicious
constancy—for it usually remains all winter—with a depth, varying with the
locality, of from four to ten inches. This is merely the species of this par-
ticular locality. The genera, or mud in the abstract, is known, perhaps,
over the whole of the temperate and torrid zones. The Hindoo piously
wades through that which skirts the waters of the Ganges, to perform his
ablutions in the sacred stream, or plasters it over his naked person, a protec-
tion alike from the blistering rays of the sun and certain minute insects which much disturb the devotions of devout Brahmins. The Egyptians owe to its deposit upon their sandy plains by the overflowing of the Nile, the fruitfulness of an otherwise arid soil. China, too, must confess her acknowledgments to its presence and aid, and the recent victory at the Pei-Ho must be attributed, not to the bravery of the Celestials, but to the banks of mud which lay between the assailants and the fortress, and swamped the gallant efforts of the British tars. Neither is our own country behind in a due possession of this ubiquitous compound. We remember of reading somewhere of a “shocking bad road” in Vermont, in which a man

“Went down—down—down, one stormy night,
And disappeared from human sight,
All save his hat—
Which raised in sober minds a sense
Of some mysterious Providence
In sparing that!”

In Indiana we have heard of certain Swamp-Land Counties, where the soil was of so unstable a nature that an untoward stumble or a heavy tread would set them a-shaking all over; and it was remarked, also, of these same Counties, that the advent of a stranger was immediately heralded over their whole extent by this oscillation—the regular inhabitants having accustomed themselves to walk so lightly as to cause no tremor.

But to return to our Gambier mud. Some eminent writer—was it Lord Macaulay?—has said, that the degree of civilization to which a people has attained can be easily and accurately judged and defined, by a reference to the character of their roads, high-ways, and street-walks; that as the people became more enlightened, refined and cultivated, so would the roads become of a more exalted excellence: or, if the people were in, and remained in, a state of ignorance and debasement, so would their roads be found mud-ways and quagmires.

Oh! most worthy Burghers, Professors, and Citizens of Gambier, did it ever occur to you how low a place in the catalogue of barbarism and very degradation must be assigned you, by the employment of such a rule? Do you not shudder, does not the very hair of your venerated heads stand upright with horror, at the thought of the close proximity to the base, and the defiled, and the ignorant of all ages and climes, which must be allotted you?

We do not wish, O! Patres, to wound your sensibilities or to raise your ire. We therefore refrain from the more minute description of that deluge of mud which makes “the Hill,” during the rainy season, a very “Slough of Despond.” We will not make mention of that misnomer, called the “Park Walk,” which should be more appropriately named the Park-Gutter, along whose sunken and canal-like course, in time of rain or thaw, the collected drainage and water from all the surrounding surface sweeps proudly and majestically on. We will not suggest, how, at the expense of a few loads of gravel and a little common-sense engineering, this might be entirely remedied. We will not say for how many past years you have permitted yourselves and your families to plow through this accumulated filth, or, for how many past Sabbaths we have seen your wives, your daughters and your children, your “old men and maidens,” stride and wade their dismal way
through mire and mud to the House of God. We will not mention how many mud-ponds and young quagmires, almost eclipsing those of Rotten-
Row in London, and Baxter-Street in New York, we have counted along the
fences and before the houses, *yea even in the very gate-ways and door-paths*
of our most influential and respectable citizens; through which the visitor
must needs paddle ere he can make his entrance.

O! most worthy Burghers, Professors, and Citizens of Gambier, are you
not conscience smitten? Can you repose quietly in your beds at night, can
you rise refreshed at morn, can you with calmness pursue the duties of the
day, while such things are? Can you forget that it is but common courtesy,
common civility, common decency, to keep in order the side-way in front of
your respective places of abode? Can you longer, when a half-hours' labor
would remedy the matter, allow to disgrace you the bogs and mud-pools in
your own gate-ways and door-paths? By the mire-bedraggled skirts and lost
rubbers of your wives and daughters, by the soiled trowsers and clay-covered
shoes of your children, by your own venerable, scholastic and ancestral
boots, guiltless of polish and tawny with the filth of weeks, we conjure, we
beg, we implore you, take heed unto our words and do the works of contri-

Mend your *ways*, O ye erring, and take heed unto your steps, that the
children of men may tread in the paths wherewithin they *ought* to tread, and
the wayfarer may not go astray therein.

We would say a word with regard to the manner in which our "Professor
of dust and ashes" fulfills—or rather, neglects his duties. We must give the
early New England Christians credit for at least an ordinary degree of piety;
and we believe that their places of worship were destitute of what they
would have regarded as a dangerous item of worldliness, viz: Stoves. We
are aware that in later times these heretical articles were introduced, and we
also believe that the zeal and devotion of the church did not decrease. They
are one of the way-marks in the road that leads to enlarged views; and it
has been finally acknowledged that comfort is not *necessarily* hostile to re-
ligion, and that God *may* be worshiped acceptably in other places than a
barn. To go a step farther, we are confident that a warm room is less likely
to interfere with a spirit of devotion than a cold one, and that a comfortable
seat is more conducive to a right frame of mind than one which reminds you
of torture, or at least, tends to center all your thoughts upon calculations as
to the probable length of time that you will be compelled to undergo this
religious torment.

These remarks also apply to our own College Prayer Room, and the
shameful manner in which the person appointed to attend to its heating,
almost wholly neglects his duty. The fires are lighted so short a time pre-
vious to the hour for Prayers, that no real benefit is derived from them; and
the whole College sits shivering, and the only prayer which the majority are
guilty of offering, is a silent supplication, that the regular portion of Scrip-
ture and the prayers that are being publicly offered, may be brief as possible.

Lazy Dick crawls from his nest a short time before prayer time, starts his
fires, and hurries away to escape the condign punishment of the exasperated
students. Among the regular items in our bill each term, is one we believe
of "Janitor's fees;" and since we pay this official a salary to make us com-
fortable, why should he render us miserable in performing a duty which of all others should be done with the greatest cheerfulness, and which should be considered the greatest pleasure? "Pray?" remarked a pious friend of ours, "I never find the room cold, that I do not feel more like doing the other thing."

Why will not the proper authorities pay a little regard to their own comfort, as well as ours, and either discharge the lazy fellow or compel him to attend to his business?

No one who has visited the "Hill" in Summer, has gone away unimpressed with the peculiar loneliness which nature here displays. What more beautiful prospect than our Kokosing Valley, as the morning sun sheds upon it his sweetest smiles, and variegates its overhanging canopy of cloud! Students who are in the habit of promenading the walk between the first and second bells in the morning, have richly enjoyed this scene. The great pity is that the walk is not graded straight through to Bexley Hall. This would afford a promenade of three quarters of a mile, and who does not see how very much it would add to the beauty of the place? It has been thought that this improvement could be made at the inconsiderable cost of three hundred dollars. If this be so, why has it not been done long ago? Surely the money can be raised. We doubt not there are men enough on the "Hill" who would gladly contribute to such an object if it were once set on foot.

The Students would walk much more than they do, if an attractive three-quarters of a mile promenade extended through the Park and Village. Come, now, friends of Kenyon, you who are ambitious to do something for your Alma Mater, here is a worthy object. At it at once; and by the next Fall Term, a well-graded walk, with trees planted on each side, as in the Park, may be completed from the "triangle" to the door of Bexley Hall.

A newly initiated Freshman complains of the condition in which he finds some of the rooms at College. One, in particular, he thinks must be very cold, as the R(ight)after (can) be seen.

Upon a recent visit to the "Tomb of the Capulets," we discovered the following articles: A subscription for an Organ for Rosse Chapel—A Subscription for a Mural Tablet for Bishop Chase—A quantity of Notes for the immediate Endowment of the Episcopate of Ohio. The proprietors can receive them, by calling at this office.

Exchanges.—Our list of Exchanges this month is unusually small. We are in receipt of but two College Monthlies—The Kentucky Military Institute Magazine, and The Centre College Magazine. "Ole Kaintuck never tires." We know not to what cause to attribute this dearth of Exchanges, and sincerely hope that the Editorial Brotherhood is not suffering from pecuniary embarrassments, nor from rebellions. Perhaps we are a little "touchy" on these points. Harper's Weekly, North-Western Home & School Monthly, Western Churchman, Ohio Cultivator, Mount Vernon Banner, reach us regularly, and are now on the table before us. We acknowledge the receipt also of a "Report of a Majority of a Select Committee on Petitions for Regulating Freights on Railroads in this State," published in New York, which undoubtedly is of much interest to Railroad men.