COLLEGE ORATORY.

We are students. Most of our readers are students, or if not are interested in College topics and questions of importance to thinkers, writers and speakers. No subject can be of more immediate and vital importance than oratory—its history, its objects, divisions and the best means of attaining success. Libraries have been written upon it; much that is valuable as the experience and counsel of the eminent men of every age and clime; in fact the subject may be considered as exhausted. Yet we propose saying a few words upon College Oratory, and this for several reasons. First, the essays of scholars are too diffuse and too theoretical for easy reference or profitable study by the tyro in composition. The artist is usually, first a mechanic—working by rule—not from a knowledge of principles. It requires long discipline and habits of study and application to deduce rules from
general truths, and the mind of the mechanic must undergo this discipline before he is prepared to leave the actual and fashion his labors from an ideal. Hence it is that rules are oftentimes learned first—the rational afterwards. Students will learn but little that is practically useful from the philosophical dissertation or the learned dogma—require something which can be applied—not so mechanical as the formula, but more easily adapted than the first principle. Again, the treatises of our text-books deal too exclusively with the nature of the subject and with its more general divisions, leaving the inquirer almost without aid in the initial steps of his culture. Lastly, with all deference to the “powers that be,” it seems to us that mistakes are made by teachers of oratory in our colleges—mistakes which lead to serious misfortunes in the hereafter of their pupils.

We must premise that nothing startling—nothing original is proposed. This were hopeless after the tomes which exist upon the subject in all its branches; nor can we promise completeness. The magnitude of our theme precludes all hope of this. The object of all discussions is, or should be, the discovery of truth. Originality is a secondary consideration. If we succeed in arriving at truths not useful and practical—truths which were, it may be, long since known and recognised as such but are concealed beneath the endless verbiage of libraries of Rhetoric, and scattered through the effusions of nineteen centuries; and if these researches—for we arrogate to them no more pretending title—shall prove of service to any of our readers, we shall not be disposed to complain if they are voted not original by the critical.

Rhetoricians have divided oratory into Political, Sacred and Academic, and have laid down rules for discipline and self-culture—excellent in themselves, based upon principles undeniably valid, many of them practical. Is there any good reason why the formulæ to which eloquence must conform in the pulpit and at the bar should not constitute the groundwork of Academic training? The express and avowed object of collegiate exercises is to prepare the student for success in the world. And should his disciplinary efforts differ in kind from those he will be called upon to make hereafter; or should
they be conducted with a direct view to practical and efficient success? The latter we maintain to be the only true method of training oratorical powers, and we shall have occasion to show in what respect, and, it may be, why the usual systems fail of accomplishing the desired object. Holding these views then, we base our remarks upon the proposition that preparatory training should be essentially the same as practical effort. Let us not be condemned as holding "utilitarian" views of education. Classics are not ignored by us because they enable us to hold a plow no better, nor is the study of Mathematics considered useless because it contributes but little to the success of a rail splitter, but oratory is itself the practical application of all that is useful in these studies, and we do maintain that its cultication can not be based upon too practical a system. The aim of the orator is to produce effects upon others; the object of the student must be a similar one if he would succeed, and, since the human mind is everywhere and always essentially the same, and is influenced by similar appeals to its various faculties; hence the same means must be adopted, the same preparation is necessary, the same general plan and execution will contribute to the success of both. The Academic Speaker may not, nor is it proposed that he shall produce the same effect as the polished orator, but his aim is identical, his ideal the same, his success different in degree, but like in kind. These remarks seem mere platiitudes, but they are, in practice, strangely and unaccountably overlooked by teacher and pupil. Every one will admit their truth who stops to think, who asks himself the object of his disquisitions and quarterly displays of chapel eloquence. We do not think enough—perform our duties because college regulations prescribe them; and thus working blindly, do not work earnestly and efficiently; and, if the teacher does not exactly adopt exercises to our own best good, derive little or no benefit from his instructions.

A late writer, in speaking of Macaulay, says:

"A master's power he proved in three tests—he taught, he charmed, he moved." This is a comprehensive and concise, throughout, perhaps, a very logical summary of the elements
of oratorical perfection. Not logical, we say, because the object of the orator is to "move"—instruction and pleasure are not co-ordinate with—are only subsidiary and contributions to this end. It will answer however as a text. To begin with first principles, let us inquire what is requisite that we may be able to teach, charm, move. This being established, we may make use of the general principles which apply to all oratory, in establishing a groundwork upon which the Academic tyro may base his preparation and exercise. The qualifications, natural and acquired, which are essential to successful effort and which have been variously enumerated by rhetoricians, may be reduced to these five—First, thorough acquaintance with the subject; Second, knowledge of psychology; Third, earnestness; Fourth, clearness; Fifth, appropriateness of delivery. We shall speak briefly of these in detail, ignoring, as far as may be, scientific generalities and mysticisms, not because they are necessarily improper, but are not exactly appropriate here.

A retrospective glance at our geometrical experience brings a long train of cubes and rhomboids, triangles and parallelograms through our brain, and we remember the ineffectual attempts of a drooping freshman to render clear to his preceptor and classmates the mere truth that "the sum of either two of the plane angles which includes a triedral angle, is greater than the third." He stammers, looks bewildered, falters, and breaks down—and why? His delivery is excellent, style unexceptionable, and he looks in earnest; but he has not a clear, complete conception of his subject matter—has probably gone to sleep over his book, and a few scattering truths, axiomatic and deductive, have steamed up, on a warm summer afternoon, from the mathematical page before him, and dance about in an intangible shape among the cobwebs of his brain. He fancies that he is the happy possessor of an idea, whereas only the date for its formation exist in the labyrinths of his mind and these in so rapid a condition that when he seeks to grasp them they vanish into thin air, and he finds himself, Quixote like, lashing the winds, without the definitely apprehended object in view, and—he fails. He was
an orator, for the time being, or rather would have been had he succeeded, and the failure of many speakers is due to the same fault—an incomplete acquaintance with the subject. The importance of such knowledge to him who essays to speak has been whispered, authoritatively announced, then thundered into the ear of eighteen centuries, but ambition has mastered prudence from Cicero's to Webster's era, and this fact, with volumes of similar ones, has been laid aside as worn out—recognised every day as an old acquaintance so familiar—that it is acted upon by all? No—it shares the fate of all familiars—breeds contempt—a contempt which will not, however, detract from its stern truthfulness. So long as Young America will talk about a myth—a mere speaking acquaintance—a subject in which he fancies himself profoundly versed, because he once glanced at the title page, or whose bearings and analysis he has at most but gormandized; just so long will he be an indifferent orator. There is no "royal road" to eloquence, no modern invention which annihilates the time requisite to the attainment of excellence, and every moment gained by neglect of preparatory study is doubled and added to the period which precedes triumph. The habit of superficial research, like all other habits, is a "lengthening chain." Each neglect of duty shuts up another avenue of escape from its influence. The only true starting-point, then, for him who would be an orator, is to base every effort upon facts, clear to his mind as the sunlight, sequences fully and distinctly apprehended, relations carefully and laboriously traced. Any one may congratulate himself if he succeeds in transferring to his audience the feelings which exist, the convictions which dwell in his own breast. Many seem to anticipate more than this, to create in others emotions they do not experience; to instil principles they do not understand, to establish convictions not firmly domiciliated in their own hearts. Is it strange that they fail? "A stream can not rise higher than its source." If the fountain be impure, so will inevitably be its outgoings. If the source be clear, this will be a promising, if not a certain guarantee, of the clearness of its branches. The want of earnest study is visible every where, in the pul-
pit, the forum, the legislative hall, but especially among students is it apparent. This need not be so. Our weekly exercises may be made a "feast of reason," not a bosh of meaningless verbiage. A clear conception of some definite object, a real desire to unfold something novel, or to display something old in a novel light, and then an honest effort to secure an intimate knowledge of the theme, will insure a marked improvement—one which will combine increased profit to speakers, with real interest on the part of auditors. And here it may be said that to secure such a knowledge of the subject as to treat it with effect and profit, time is required, and the period allotted for the preparation of an oration is oftentimes too short to admit of thorough study. And this brings us, or would bring us, to the consideration of what we deem a radical error in our system of instruction—the assignation of a subject to the pupil by his teacher. But to this system we have other and various objections than that which properly falls under this head of our subject and we leave the question for future comment. We proceed to say that not only must knowledge be acquired, but it must be digested—our preparatory reading is done in too short a time before we are called upon to speak—too much after the manner of "stuffing" for examination. Such a course is ruinous to an orator. Provided the preparation be thorough, as long a time as possible should elapse before we resort to pen and paper. No man is or can be prepared to write, nor has he the right to attempt it immediately after gorging his mind with a long array of facts. They should be completely grasped by the mind, made our own, turned over and over, and laid away to arrange themselves systematically, and then, when wanted for use they will come forth fresh, stamped with the signet of the writer, and suitable to the occasion which calls them out. Description, as has often been remarked, is best executed from the conception of an absent object; not from the perception of a present one. This is true, as well of our expression of the effect produced by another's words as of the sensation resulting from a contemplation of nature. The sensations must be first awakened, then projected, if we
may so speak; coolly and deliberately analyzed, and identified as our own as far as this is possible, and then may we hope for effect. Arising from the study of a subject, we have, at the moment, no ideas upon it but the authors, and these not clearly defined. Ideas are not material and, before we can revolve them in our minds in such a manner as to evolve new conclusions and open the way for new suggestions, we must divest them of material associations, forget the page and chapter and book; think only of the contents. If we were writing a book upon rhetoric, we should not venture to expose ourselves to ridicule by indulging in platitudes which every school boy is supposed to know, to give directions to tyros, as though they had no ideas of their own, but culled them all from the pages of a text book. Nor do we accuse the college student of intentionally using the words of another, but our observation does teach us that when the student sets himself down to collect materials for an oration, it is usually little else than a collection of materials—chiefly because he deposits his acquisitions in his brain and takes them out again too soon—before he has effaced the marks of its origin and ownership, and stamps it as his legal property.

Knowledge of facts is much to the orator, but it is not everything, and, while many failures result from the want of it, there is almost equal danger of attributing to its possession too great an importance, relying upon the clearness of our own convictions as a guarantee that they will be equally clear to others. A store of facts and statistics is the indispensable groundwork as we have said, for successful effort, but it is only the groundwork. Men can ascertain facts and consult statistics in a skeleton table, but there is little eloquence—not much oratory in this method of instruction. Upon this point, permit us to cite the somewhat quaint, but felicitous remarks of Lord Ashburton: "An orator must have knowledge, as a builder must have materials; but as in choosing the builder of my house I do not select the man who has the most materials in his yard, but I proceed to select him by reference to his skill, ingenuity, and taste, so in testing an orator (or a teacher) I satisfy myself that he fulfills the comparatively easy condition of possessing sufficient mate-
rials of knowledge with which to work. I look, then, to those higher and nobler qualities which are characteristic of his peculiar calling.” There were hundreds at Athens who knew more than Demosthenes, many more that knew more at Rome than Cicero; but there was but one Demosthenes and one Cicero. What are these higher and nobler qualities of the orator?

Second only in importance to a knowledge of the subject matter is a thorough acquaintance with the material upon which it is to be employed. It is necessary for the Orator to know not only with what, but also against what he is to act—the magnitude and strength of the errors he is to oppose; the prejudices he is to uproot; the passions he wishes to arouse; in a word he must make use of the principles of psychology. Upon the importance of such knowledge a modern orator has aptly remarked, “Success in oratory doubtless depends in a measure upon other things, but he who best understands the laws and operations of the human mind, how to touch the sensibilities, how to awaken the passions, how to excite the fears and the hopes, how to arouse the resentment of his hearers, how to soothe the troubled spirits, and allay the excitement of feeling, and disarm prejudice, and call into play the sober reason and cooler judgment of men, will be best able to accomplish his purpose.”

We need add nothing upon this point. It is just here that the distinction is really and virtually, though perhaps tacitly, made in the mind of teacher and pupil between Political, and Sacred, and Academic Oratory. The former is a means for the accomplishment of results in the minds of others; the latter seems to be often regarded solely and exclusively as an exercise for the mind of the speaker. Such is of course the primary object of discipline, but it should not, we contend, be the only object, nor will success ever crown our efforts unless the aim of our oratory is something more than the benefit which we conceive will result to ourselves—some instruction to be conveyed, pleasure conferred, emotion awakened in the auditor. The ignorant mechanic, like the unreasoning brute, may become perfect in mechanical operations.
from practice and habit, looking for no farther result than present remuneration; but the man who employs immaterial weapons and intangible machinery, must see before him, clearly and sharply defined, the ultimate end of his labors, which is not self-culture, but objective effects. College exercises should bear the same relation to Political Oratory that the drama does to real life. In tragedy the thicker the veil which covers the deception, the greater the success of the play; the nearer the representation approaches to the thing represented, the louder is the applause, the more eminent the artist. The mimic Othello seeks to transfer to our breasts the "self-harming jealousy" of "one that loved not wisely but too well;" King Lear, in the majestic intensity of his woe, to fire us with his own dread remembrances of base ingratitude. The aim of either is to sweep away all thoughts of time and place and surroundings, and transport us to the past and the unreal. So, we apprehend, should the Academic speaker make it his aim to render us oblivious to the fact that his exercise is a prescribed duty, in which he figures as a puppet, under the superintendence of a master of ceremonies,—to so fashion his effort as to transport us to the actual forum, and address himself to our minds and hearts as though he had an object in view—an object higher and more worthy of his powers than the monotonous recital of a certain number of sentences grammatically correct, harmoniously constructed, and approved by the Professor of Rhetoric. And how, do you ask, is all this to be effected? How are we to so anticipate the powers of the practised orator as to move an audience as well as please a critic? We answer, that nothing will contribute more to this end than a careful study and constant application of the principles of psychology. This connection between oratory and the laws of mental action is a very intimate one—as much so as that between painting and the easel—sculpture and the shapeless marble—music from the lifeless keys from which harmony is to be elicited. This would seem to require no demonstration, and yet how often is it overlooked! Men are trained to become public speakers—thoroughly drilled in the uses of arguments,
graceful language and appropriate gestures—initiated into all the mysteries of the art—and oftentimes left in almost total ignorance of that upon which it is ever to be exercised. The consequence is that they speak artistically, correctly, gracefully, but produce no farther effect than the momentary gratification of taste, or if perchance they leave a more lasting impression, it is the unexpected and unpremeditated offspring of a random display of rhetoric. Taste is well worthy of cultivation, but its gratification is not the great, or the noblest office of oratory. Very few real orations hereafter will be delivered as literary performances. The main object will be to move, and in the endeavor to instruct and please, we must not forget that these are not usually the ends but the means. Our minds and hearts tell us that something else than instruction and amusement is necessary to move. And what is this one thing needful but a knowledge of these very minds and hearts and an adaptation of our efforts to their wants and governing principles?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT ARE YOU READING?

A student in college cannot help finding himself buried in musty and antiquated books. They are the necessary inmates of a student's room, as much as his pipes and tobacco. The libraries, daily pouring forth their precious contents stored there for the public welfare, prove also that books are sine qua nons. But not only in college do our eyes meet with volumes piled on volumes; in every city, every village, nay, in every house they are considered essential conveniences. Walk into the rich man's drawing room arrayed in costly furniture, resplendent with rich tapestry and sumptuous decoration, and then step into the poor man's hut, with only one room for all persons and purposes, and you will find that books form the common characteristic of both. So prevailing is this custom of having books, that even the most ignorant and the most earnest money-getting men are known
to spare neither time nor pains to gather a library. To be sure, they may not read them, nor perhaps care a straw for them, yet they are well aware that they will be considered ages behind-hand if they have not them. We recollect well of an anecdote told us of a *novus homo*, who accumulated immense wealth by dint of his energy and industry. He built for himself a palace worthy to be the habitation of a millionaire, and in it he set apart a library. There was every thing beautiful to charm the eye: the architect and the artist had fashioned every thing to please the fastidious. There was the library, finished in the most approved style, but no books. Being an uneducated man, he knew not what selections to make to accord with the general magnificence of the mansion. His conclusion was this. He made a contract with a certain publishing firm to fill his shelves at so much *per yard*. No more is the furnishing of an upper-tendom house complete without a library, than is the toilet of a reverend gentleman without a white cravat.

We are a literary and reading race. The desire for knowledge is so strong, that one would almost be inclined to think that were a choice given to a man as to which he could best dispense with, books or air, he would say air. We can hardly imagine how our first parents Adam and Eve did while in Paradise, nor could we give any explanation had we not been told that they held communication with heavenly beings. From angels they gathered knowledge of the creation, and obtained insight into nature with her thousand beauties. It is yet a mystery to us, how our great-great-grand parents did in their days when to possess a book was as uncommon as now not to have one.

We delight in antiquities. The Egyptian monuments inspire us with wonder, not only at them but at their builders. The spectator's mind becomes inquisitive, and seeks to unlock the hidden meanings disguised in figures and pictures. The catacombs of Rome are subjects for study. In our midst, we have remains of mounds, forts, footprints of ancient civilization. These are topics of interest, but how are we to be benefitted with the researches of scientific men and antiquarians? Reading is the medium. With our limited faculties,
we can not ourselves explore into every work of the past, nor is every one scientific enough to undermine the sensible, and bring to light the laws of cause and effect. By reading, we come in contact with persons long since cold in their graves, become identified with their habits, manners and forms of thought, so that it needs no great imagination to fancy the spirits of the dead floating about us. By its aid we are present among the scenes that are actually beyond our field of observation, we commune with men of a different race and clime. Again, reading enables us to compare human nature. Experience is a perfect teacher in all cases, but it is a hard one. Our personal experience gives us vast insight into the workings of human nature, but our life here is short, and were we to follow it as our guide, it would be long before we should even raise the curtain behind which different human natures are arrayed. A chapter of accidents to a man, will teach him twice as much as reading the account of a similar one that happened to somebody else, but the man may die before he can fully realize the result of his hard-earned experience. Send a man, for instance, to tend a steam engine. If he is of sufficient intelligence, an explosion will teach him the expansive power of steam, another that the flues ought to be covered with water. These will give him some knowledge more impressive and lasting than he can glean from books. But he will certainly get a great many unpleasant knocks in the acquisition, even if he is fortunate enough to escape being dispatched to Pluto. Or, send a man to a laboratory who has no knowledge of chemical properties. The taste of arsenic acquaints him with its destructive property, but of what advantage to him is this experience so dearly bought. Reading indirectly supplies what experience gives directly. The acquisition of knowledge, then, is the first element of reading.

But, it is not the only one. We often read with no other end than to gratify our pleasure. We do not intend to give a dissertation on the kind of books that ought to be read. Our advice on this point is unwarranted. We simply wish to speak about reading, as the index of characters and taste.
It is often quoted, that a man is known by the company he keeps; he may be said also to be known by the books he reads, for in one sense they are his companions. A man fond of reading is never lonesome, because he finds pleasure in his books. As in one case we generally associate with those between whom and us there are sympathy and congeniality of thought and feeling, some community of pursuits and desires; so in the other, we read such books as are congenial with our temperament. In fact, a man's character can more easily be determined by his reading than by his friends, and for this reason, in the former case he is free to choose. Books are inanimate things, and he can read or avoid them without any extra moral courage. But in the other case, the associating party is a moving and acting agent, capable of influencing and moulding character. The former is like a man standing at the water's edge at the time of rising tide; he can, if he chooses, recede from the power of Neptune. The latter is as if he were a rock immovable in the middle of the stream, subject to the billows and surges of every rising tide. In his companions, we see a man's character as it were reflected from a common mirror. The general outline of the image is the exact counterpart of the original, but the more delicate hues, and the mild, soft tinge, are not distinguished because the zinc behind it effects the light falling on the glass. In his reading, it is seen as if it were reproduced in the hands of a skilful photographer, unaltered, unmisrepresented. Do you see a man a lover of history? He intently reads it, and studies it. This one savors of sound sense and judgment. He represents the matter of fact, the practical class. He desires to study human nature, and he knows to what source to resort. The motives of men and the principles that guide to action, underlie the study of human nature—not in its relation to itself, or with a few, but in its extensive association with a community of natures—with nations. History embodying these, is, therefore, a broad field for this study—a field whose surface is presented to us in bold relief as it is, and not as a field artificially beautified by flowers and regularly planted shrubs, alluring the eye but conveying
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a *false* impression of its true character. The love of history indicates decision of character, firmness and substantiality. Such a one is not likely to be influenced by the sentimentalism or coquetry of school misses, or to have his head turned by the foppery of the age. He reminds us of a reverend clergyman, who "popped the question" in a puritanical style. In answer to the lady who blushingly and hesitatingly desired time for prayerful consideration on this momentous question of union for life, he said, "Let us pray." He favors not the idea of down-on-the-knee-proposal sentimentality, much less any flattering effusions preparatory to the step. He views life in a practical light. He rises above the frivolities of the world, and views the stern realities of life. To study history critically, to trace the causes of a nation's rise, to philosophically analyze the different steps of her progress, and finally by post mortem examination give the reasons of her decay, seem to be characteristic of a mind that is able to grasp what is more comprehensive than itself. To be able to rise above the level of ordinary readers, and from a lofty platform built by his own genius to look down upon the conflict of nations, the coronation of kings, the dethronement of tyrants, is indicative of a mind above the common multitude.

Strictly speaking, works of travel are historical; but between the readers of travels and those of what we popularly call history there is this difference. The latter are of quieter temperament than the former. The former are characterized by a desire of sight-seeing, which the latter have not. The readers of history deal more with cause and effect, those of travels with manners, customs, and habits of life.

Again, see the *habitual* readers of novels, and mark, it is the *habitual* readers we are dealing with. What we shall say, does not apply to *occasional* readers of fiction. It has been urged, and perhaps plausibly, that the study of human nature is connected with novel reading. It is true, but the habitual reader studies it with embellishments and exaggerations. We need not prove that a novel reader is not different from a child who is willing to take medicine, if previously assured of a piece of candy after the dose. He is
sure of some grand scene of love-making, maiden-wooing, or he would not read it. We apprehend that we are not too extreme in our opinion when we say, that an habitual novel reader betokens slight weakness in himself, and a neglect of higher and more important duties. If it is a man, there is complaint of his neglect of business; he is generally of a sour and egotistic temper—the husband of a neglected wife, and the father of unloved children. If it is a woman, you may be sure to find her husband's coat-pockets full of holes, shirts without buttons, stockings undarned, and her children without maternal care. With such a woman for a bosom companion, a man may well bid farewell to warm slippers when he returns from business, and ever resign himself a stranger to smiles. If it is a school miss or a youth, you can overhear conversations of a character which will frighten uncles and aunts. We are confident in saying, that all the runaway matches of young people are prompted by some sentimental love affair they read in novels. They build air castles in fairy lands, dream of ideal notions of love which are beyond actual possibility.

But there is another class of fiction readers, and these the more dangerous. We mean the readers of the Eugene Sue's class of novels, wherein murder, suicide, treachery, love, and kindred topics are painted in unnatural colors, and blended together in the most inconceivable style. Or, perhaps, stories of the New York Ledger kind, wherein sacred things are made vulgar, and the serious associated with sneer and ridicule. The readers of such literature are of a rude, uncultivated character, and of unrefined taste, little given to sober thoughts. They are marked by excitable temperament, unduly ripe passions and unchaste imagination—a languishing and love-sick set, whose conversation is unfit for a delicate ear. They look at every thing in the light of sensualism and low desires, and according to their idea, man is not created for a nobler purpose than to indulge momentary gratification.

What kind of reading represents those who are characterized by sympathy and tender affection? We answer, Poetry. All the softer feelings characterize the lover of this depart-
ment of literature. He stands before us as one who can rejoice with us in our joy, and weep with us in our mourning. Did you ever hear of a murderer or a cold-hearted misanthropist, to whom poetry formed a pleasing study? Poetry is a delineator of a lofty human nature, of virtues with their many attractions, and vices with their attendant misery. Is such reading suited to dull affections and rude taste; to minds that can not respond to its sentiments? He who loves something ennobling with which to satisfy his intellectual appetite, and whose heart is a docile pupil in what pertains to the refinement of its emotions, desires and affections, can only relish such a study. Milton says, he is the best poet who is himself "the best poem—the composition of the best and noblest of feelings." It may justly be added, he alone can appreciate poetry who contains in himself "the composition of the best and noblest of feelings."

Sensibility to Nature is the characteristic of all poets. And why? you ask. It is not that the ordinary dry routine of human life affords meagre materials for the poet's loom, but because nature and nature's God are alone worthy of the pen that aspires to something purifying and ennobling. Such being the tendency of the poet's imagination, need we ask what their readers must be? The question is answered by the fact, that women form the majority of the readers of poetry. This is exactly similar to the truth, that there are more religious women than men. The constitutional temperament of the softer sex has a closer and readier affinity with the pure and holy, than the rough nature of man. It is the poetical mind that discovers soonest what to love, and with what to sympathize. The failings of humanity, the imperfections of mortal man, life with its conflicts and woes, are the burden of a poet's song. These form the living objects of a poetic conception, while to the prose writers they are mere dry skeletons void of substance, beauty, and spiritual vivacity. From those who are conversant with the inner being of men, we can justly expect consolation in the hour of distress, sympathy when prostrated on the bed of sickness, for they can enter into the innermost chambers of our feelings and sentiments, and commune with our soberest and most serious thoughts.
But aside from this, we generally associate with the readers of poetry the spirit of gentleness, meekness and love. There are exceptions, we must admit. It is not the influence of poetry that makes them gentle and meek, but these are inherent qualities finding in poetry the external counterpart, the corresponding outward reality.

It is a true saying of Bacon, that reading makes the full man. But in what sense does reading make a full man? It certainly cannot be construed into cramming into one's head an indigestible mass of light and worthless literature, for then mental taste would be deranged and unable afterwards to relish better and more healthy reading. Neither do we take the philosopher's meaning to be a gorging of good reading without regard to moderation and discretion, for then the inevitable consequence is mental dyspepsia. Simply to eat and not to chew is attendant with disorders in the digestive organs, so to read and not to think what is read, is punished with mental irregularity.

Never read books to kill time. Reading to pass away leisure moments will soon generate a habit of carelessness and superficiality, and unfit the mind for occasions when the closest attention is required. Nor does a wish to gratify pleasure form a sufficient excuse for scanning the pages without giving the contents due reflection. Books are not to be merely read, but studied. They claim the same attention and application as any mathematical demonstration or logical investigation. They contain a treasure beneath the overlying stratum of mere superficial knowledge which they convey, and to obtain that treasure we must dig deep into the substrata. Miners do not obtain the purest gold on the surface of the rocks. They must toil laboriously with the sweat of their brow, and cut deep into the bowels of the earth, but their industry will be more than repaid by the precious metal deposited beneath. So of books. To simply read them, is like a Californian miner vainly seeking for gold on the surface of the earth. Moreover, in this search for personal advantage and improvement, he is not left to himself without any preliminary instruction. As the geologist can tell where gold ought to be found, and as the miner can derive the ben-
efit of his investigation, so with the student. There are books, the favorites of all ages, which are acknowledged by all critics to be characterized by internal fitness and merit worthy of the appreciation of all readers. Keep, then, a few standard authors, and let these be read carefully. These will furnish the readers subjects for bringing their own mental activity into exercise, and their minds no longer caged in by the four walls of other person's stereotyped ideas, thoughts will be allowed to wander over untrodden fields of their own originality and genius.

MEMORY.

How sweet the hour of twilight, the season
When our daily round of duties done, we,
Like the sun, would seek repose amid
The shades of evening, and the sky of memory
Becomes illumined with the light of by-gone years.
'Tis then that we retire into the sanctuary
Of the heart, and look upon the broken idols,
Once gazed on with devotion, and from
The library of thought, take down the well read
Book of Life, whose treasured leaves contain
The flowers we culled in happy childhood,
When life seemed one bright garden, and we unconscious
That e'en the beauteous rose must have its thorn,
And the most perfect yield no perfume,
Or if it did might only poison with its breath.
Oh memory! what boundless spell is thine?
How canst thou as in a moment take us
From the present to the past? Yes 'tis thine
To raise the vail that hideth from our view
The scenes o'er which we fondly linger,
And of which the frame work now alone remains,
The actors having long since departed,
And bid their last adieu to earth.
But are the memories of life all sad?
Ah no! the sun of Happiness has gilded
Many a pathway, and the roseate tint of joy
Thrown its bright halo round us even here.

INA.
AN ERROR IN OUR COLLEGIATE SYSTEM.

It can hardly have escaped the notice of even the casual observer, that the average age at which students enter our colleges is constantly, and not slowly decreasing. We apprehend that it was no common thing ten years ago, for a young man to graduate under twenty-one; now there are numerous instances, at nearly every college commencement in our country, of young men graduating at twenty, nineteen and even eighteen. During the few years that we have been connected with Kenyon, we have noticed this difference with regard to her. Each class that we have seen enter has had a greater proportion of mere boys than the one preceding. Four years ago Freshmen under sixteen, and Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors under corresponding ages, formed the exceptions; now we doubt whether they do not comprise over one-third of the college. These instances become more numerous as you descend from the Senior to the Freshman class. In the latter they embrace about one-half of the whole number. Indeed if small size, boyish actions and roundabout jackets, are any indications of extreme youthfulness, we should say that nearly one-fourth of this class were barely in their teens.

In our catalogue of 1858-'59, under "Requirements for Admission," was the following:

"No Candidate is admitted into the Freshman Class under fifteen years of age; a proportionate increase of age is necessary for admission into the higher Classes."

This wise provision, wise as far as it went, was not published in our last catalogue, and from this fact, as well as from the number of little Freshmen lately admitted, we conclude that it is no longer in force either theoretically or practically. Most other colleges have some provision in regard to this matter, but these provisions do not generally require even as advanced an age for admission as was formerly required here. Union indeed requires the candidate to be sixteen, but allows him to enter any class for which he may be prepared. At Brown University and Trinity College the necessary age is fifteen, the same that it was here, but at
Yale, Amherst, Hamilton, and many other eastern colleges, as well as at many of our sister colleges in Ohio, it is only fourteen. Harvard, Williams and other Institutions seem to have no regulation of this character; at least there is none mentioned in their catalogues.

It will thus be seen that all our colleges admit students when very young. This error in our American collegiate system—for it certainly is an error—is attributable in a great degree to the practical tendencies of our age and country. Dollars and cents form the objects of the greater portion of the American people at the present day. Nearly every one is in great haste to be rich, or perhaps seeking for office and political power. Education is to be acquired only so far as it subserves some immediately practical purpose. The shortest time possible must be devoted to its acquisition. A boy must be hurried off to school when but four or five years old, and prepared for entering college when but thirteen or fourteen. He will then graduate long before he is of age, and will make a start in his business or profession early in life. This is considered very desirable by practical men. A young man, they say, should not be too long a dependant. At as early an age as possible he should be thrown upon his own resources. But is this the most practical view to be taken of the subject? Does it tend to the healthy physical development of a boy at the tender age of four or five, to confine him in the schoolroom for six hours of the day? Does it not even retard the growth of his mind as well as his body? Does he not conceive a dislike for study, and make slower progress than the child that receives the first rudiments of education at home? And then do our young graduates realize the most benefit from their college course? Do they, as a general thing, succeed as well in life as those who graduate at an older age?

Another cause of this evil in our collegiate system is to be found, we think, in the superabundance of American colleges and the consequent competition among them for students. This competition leads many institutions to admit not only those who are too young, but also those who are not well enough prepared. Had we fewer colleges in the country,
they could and would be more independent. They would insist more rigidly upon their requirements. At present too many of our colleges are over-anxious to secure students and are not severe in their examinations, or particular as to age. Such, we must confess, has been the case with Kenyon. It is due to her, however, to say, that she has for the last few years been constantly growing more rigid in her requirements and examinations; but in the one particular of which we have been more especially speaking, she seems rather to have retrograded. We doubt not that all the little fellows in the present Freshman class were examined with more than usual severity, and that they all passed good examinations, but we take exception to the admission of such young students under any consideration whatever. And it seems to us that Kenyon has now gained such a position and acquired such influence and reputation, that she could well afford to be stringent in this respect, and we believe that she would greatly advance her reputation thereby.

That this fault in our collegiate system is pregnant with evil consequences, no one, who has had any experience in college life, and who will give the subject a little consideration, can deny. Mere boys who are admitted into college are not likely to be benefitted thereby, either in an intellectual or in a moral point of view. The effect is apt to be directly the contrary. They are injured rather than benefitted. They are injured intellectually, because they are not old enough either to appreciate the importance of properly improving the advantages within their reach, or to form correct habits of study. They may be possessed of more than ordinary natural ability; no doubt they usually are; the very fact that they pass examinations for entrance at as early an age as they do, would seem to be proof of this. Indeed, our younger students are generally brighter and quicker than our older ones. This, however, is not to be attributed to their age. No one will maintain that they would not be better able and more likely to improve if they were several years older. Their minds would be more mature. They would take a deeper and more lively interest in their studies. They would have more ambition to excel. They would devote
greater attention to general reading, and to literary duties. In fine, they would be less like boys, and more like men. It should be borne in mind that the methods of study at the college and at the boarding school or high school are essentially different. That at the latter is calculated for boys; that at the former for young men. At the latter the pupil is constantly under the eye of the teacher, and hence can hardly avoid studying; at the former, he studies in his private room, with no one to oversee him, and hence it depends almost entirely upon himself whether or not he makes good use of his opportunities; he may, indeed, apply himself faithfully, and learn his lessons well, or he may, on the other hand, waste his time in idle sport, and blunder through recitation by the aid of "ponies," keys, and the assistance of his more industrious classmate. In the one case study is in a manner compulsory, in the other it is optional. It does not follow, therefore, that the boy who is proficient at the high school or boarding school will continue so at college. When he leaves the former and enters the latter, he should be of such an age as to have some maturity of mind, some strength of will, some power of concentration, and some idea of the importance of education. At the age of fourteen or fifteen he is not likely to possess any of these in a very great degree. Just freed, perhaps, from the restraints of boarding school, he makes an ill use of his newly acquired freedom. Not having been trained to study at his own option, and being yet too young to do this well, he is apt to devote more time to amusement than to his text books, and to attempt only to get through recitation in a passable manner, without any regard to the acquisition of knowledge or the cultivation of the mind. He thus fails to accomplish the great object of a college course—the formation of correct habits of study. Such at least has been the case with the great majority of instances that have fallen under our own observation. There have been exceptions it is true, but exceptions only prove the general rule.

But a student, in consequence of being too young, is liable to injury in a moral as well as an intellectual point of view. College life is not calculated for the formation, although it
may be for the development, of a good moral character. It forms a critical period in a young man's life. Removed from the restraining influences of the home circle, and from the immediate supervision of his parents, left to regulate his own conduct and shape his own destiny, he finds himself beset with dangers. A young man must meet with temptations anywhere away from home, and especially at college. There are certain bad habits more prevalent among students than any other class of persons. Smoking is one of these. While not, strictly speaking, immoral, it is certainly immoral in its tendencies, and calculated to lead to worse practices; at all events it is not a habit which any parent wishes a son to acquire. Drinking is another habit which students are very liable to contract, as every one must know. Card playing may also be enumerated, card playing, not as an amusement merely, but as a means of gambling. Both of these latter vices exist in every college, and will, we fear, always thus exist, notwithstanding the efforts of college authorities to suppress them. But there is one evil habit to which students are more prone than any of those above mentioned, and that is laziness. This, if not strictly immoral, is, like smoking, immoral in its tendencies. If not a positive, it is a negative sin, and one that has a blighting effect upon character.

Now, the temptations to form these habits constitute no reasons why a young man should not go through college. He must meet them sometime in his life, and he might as well meet them there as elsewhere. But they do constitute reasons why he should, before entering college, not only have his mind well imbued with good principles, but also be of such an age as to be able to conform to these principles. Good home training is the first essential, but a sufficiently matured age is almost equally requisite. The former, for a continuance of its effects, must depend upon the latter. The younger a boy is, the more susceptible is he of good or evil influences. If he leave the parental roof and be exposed to the temptations of college life when but fourteen or fifteen, however thoroughly good principles may have been inculcated into his mind, and however free from all evil practices he may previously have been, the chances are in favor of his being
AN ERROR IN OUR COLLEGIATE SYSTEM. [Dec.,

led astray. Smoking is generally the first bad habit contracted. Every one knows that this is oftener contracted by mere boys than by young men. The former have the idea that it is one of the essentials of manliness, and resort to it in consequence of a desire to appear like men. Of the students at Kenyon who smoke, a majority are quite young. It is really comical, as well as deplorable, to see many of the little fellows here, some not yet out of their roundabouts, strutting around with cigars in their mouths, and putting on as careless, and yet as important an air, as any New York dandy. Well, as we said before, smoking is the first bad habit contracted by the young student. Others are but too apt to follow in its train—swearing, drinking, gambling. This is no fancy sketch; it is the every-day experience of college life.

Take an opposite case. A youth leaves home and enters the academic walls at a maturer age, with a good character for uprightness and general morality. He comes in contact, as he inevitably must, with strong temptations. Perhaps he falls in with associates who are of a jovial turn, and whose joviality extends to habits of dissipation, and perhaps he forms intimate friendships with some of these associates. Does he yield to the allurements which surround him? By no means. He has sufficient strength of character to resist them. His principles are strengthened instead of weakened. Temptation confirms, instead of changing his habits. Instead of being influenced by his companions for the worse, he rather influences them for the better. Such is not an uncommon case. We have known of many of the kind, and can point to them now in our midst.

The question may be asked: What, then, is the proper age for entering college? The answer must depend in a great measure upon the natural characteristics of the student, and upon the rapidity with which his mind matures. It must be remembered, however, that the best minds do not always mature the earliest, that the boy who is the smartest does not always develop his character the soonest. But, to fix some limit, we should say that no one should be admitted into the Freshman class under sixteen, or into a higher class under a
corresponding age. An age in advance of this even would, in most cases, be desirable, but this, it seems to us, would furnish a very good limit. It would allow the student to graduate just before he was twenty-one—early enough to start in any business or profession. We believe that this reform in our collegiate system is loudly demanded, and, as it has already begun to attract the notice of some of our educational men, we hope to see it put in motion soon, and consummated at no distant day.

AN UNWRITTEN EPISODE.

Situated as Gambier is, almost isolated from the rest of the world, it is seldom that anything rare or peculiar crosses our path. There is little to satisfy the ever thirsting desire in the human mind for novelty. Seldom or never do any great lecturers turn aside from their way to visit us in our seclusion; and save on Commencement, when some influential speakers, secured from abroad by the literary societies, delight us with their oratory, our little world rolls on in its sequestered way the same as if they did not exist. The “Twenty-Second of February,” Class Day and Commencement, deriving their chief importance from the rarity of similar exciting days, stand out in bold relief as bright oases in the unvaried monotony of ordinary routine. Dear reader, mistake us not for croakers; we wish not to find fault with the “powers that be,” but merely to state a fact. It is the rarity of novelty among us that renders us so peculiarly susceptible to any thing new, and so liable to imposition. The passage of a dancing master or traveling peddler through Gambier is considered an “item,” and forthwith chronicled by the editors of our “Mag.,” who are at their wit’s end for something with which to feed a half starved “local.”

But it is not our design to read a homily, but merely to describe a peculiar phase of human nature, which came under our immediate cognizance last term, the circumstances of
which are familiar to most Kenyonites, at least to all who were on the hill at the time.

One evening last term, while we were all assembled in chapel, it was announced after service that Mr. Croning, an able elocutionist, would deliver a lecture there that evening, and wished to take a class. Hurrying through our supper, we were promptly in the lecture room at the appointed time. We had a dim idea that something grand and imposing was about to transpire. Visions of Cicero, Demosthenes, and other great orators, flitted across our minds. In fact, we had come, expecting to be astonished, and indeed were, as the sequel will show, but not in the manner we had anticipated. A large number of students were already in attendance, impatiently awaiting the commencement of the performance, as was evinced by such exclamations as, “when will the curtain rise,” “how soon will the bear dance,” “when does the monkey show begin,” and such other signs of restlessness as an impatient audience will ever betray. Having nothing particular to engage their attention, and being on the whole jovially inclined, the students displayed their philanthropic dispositions by endeavoring to annoy one another. Books, suddenly becoming very sociable, were seen paying flying visits to their brethren of bookdom, in different parts of the room. Umbrellas, always considered precarious property, changed owners with such rapidity as to puzzle the shrewdest lawyer to determine how the right of transfer could be made so hastily. Caps and hats showed such decidedly coquettish dispositions, and deserted their proprietors with so little ceremony, that we seriously debated in our minds whether it would not be perfectly proper for Congress to establish a fugitive cap law. “Meum” and “tuum,” usually considered sedate and law-abiding citizens, seemed to forget all sense of propriety, and to go in strong for amalgamation and joint stock association. The wildest theories of spiritualism would be totally inadequate to account for the numerous benches upset, and their occupants unceremoniously reduced to first principles, à là Turk. The law of gravitation seemed to have become tired of this sublunary sphere, and to have gone on a trip to the moon. Chaos was
evidently "not tied up in any thing, but was laying around loose." No one was in his proper seat, and every body was in every body else's pocket. The imagination can in no better way conceive of the circumstances of time and place than by fancying that Pandemonium had left the warm climate and classic shades of its accustomed locality, and was amusing itself during the summer months by holding private theatricals in Gambier!

While the students were thus quietly and peacefully occupied, it was suddenly announced that the hero of the evening, in the form of the lecturer, had arrived. A silence immediately ensued, and all eyes were directed to the one object of interest. There he stood upon the rostrum in full view of the whole audience. He was indeed a curious looking personage, and one that would have done honor to any number of Punch. Well is he worthy a description, as his outward appearance furnishes a volume of commentary on his subsequent proceedings. He was a man of ordinary height, thick set, and with broad shoulders. Short, dark hair adorned the "spot where the capillary substance ought to vegetate," under which appeared a face that looked as if it had been reddened by something more potent than "Southern suns." His mouth, which, from its size, would have frightened a host of hotel keepers, formed such a marked feature in his countenance, that, when opened, little else was visible. But the picture of his physiognomy would be incomplete were we to leave unmentioned his nose, which loomed up, large, lurid and "peculiar," like some light-house, placed there by some kind hand to guard the unfortunate provisions against the yawning cavity below. The peculiar color of the nose convinced us that he was a "medium," and accustomed "to keep his spirits up by pouring spirits down." Add to all this a sort of wheezy noise which attended every attempt at speaking, and you will have the tout ensemble of his appearance, as grotesque as it was devoid of every thing calculated to command respect.

The first sentence which he uttered satisfied us that he was a "gem from the Emerald Isle." He began his remarks by expressing his benign compassion for all American youth
generally, on account of the midnight darkness under which they were laboring. According to his notion Uncle Sam was a good sort of a fellow, but the father of unruly children. That long independence paper we were so fond of reading, was passable. America, viewed in every light, would make a splendid pasture-field in which to fatten sheep! It was not, however, a matter of surprise to him that the people of the United States were so benighted; it was easily accounted for by the fact that we possessed no “genuine nobility of rale blood.” After tearing our political institutions to pieces and “handling them without gloves,” the gentleman went on to state that our ignorance was illustrated in nothing so much as in the utter absence of anything like oratory among us. It was true that we claimed some fine speakers, but even these, among whom were Clay, Webster, and even the Little Giant, owed all their success to him; to which a voice from among the crowd coolly replied, “That’s a whopper.” To tell the honest truth, no orator that had ever existed had rightly understood oratory. Cicero and Demosthenes were not what they were “cracked up to be.” Dr. Bronson was an igno-ramus, and the Ashland hero little better. By some process of logic which we were unable to comprehend, the gentleman seemed to think that the explanation of his subject necessarily involved a dispute with all denominations of the church militant; so squaring away, he declared a free fight against Methodism. After having finished that denomination, his attention was next in turn devoted to Congregationalism and Presbyterianism, until, under his humane and skillful treat-ment, they were all decently buried. Having relieved his mind, and feeling that he had discharged a duty to mankind, he came to the real object of his lecture. He stated that, hearing of the extreme ignorance of the “natives” this side the water, a sense of duty had impelled him to come over to enlighten us. In fact, if we would raise a large sum of money and solemnly promise not to regard him as an ordinary teacher, he might consent “to teach our young ideas how to shoot.” Never before were we so strikingly impressed with Fanny Fern’s remark, “that whenever she saw a man whose bump of self conceit was strong enough to lift his feet from
the ground, she knew that man was a Briton.” The system of elocution which he taught was, he said, superior to any hitherto known, as it was founded upon the “abominable muscle system.” The effect of such a harangue upon a crowd of American students, can better be imagined than described. Derisive laughs occasionally greeted his remarks, which he doubtless interpreted as exclamations of astonishment, and as encomiums of his talent.

In order more completely to convince the audience of the versatility of his genius, he proposed to give them some specimens of declamation, and then came the richest part of the whole programme. Straightening up stiffly, he began with a speech of Burke. It would be almost impossible to imagine a more ridiculous figure. Now his voice descended so low as to be inaudible, then again was almost deafening. At every part which he considered particularly fine, his little fat body would quiver like a bowl of jelly; his short hairs seemed to vie with each other as to which could stand most stiffly; his mouth seemed to expand every moment, while his nose grew redder every instant. He panted, snorted, and rushed about the stage, and seemed delighted with the idea that he was “doing the tragic” in the most approved manner. He scratched his head, pulled his hair, jerked his coat, until we were alarmed lest he should have a doctor and tailor bill to pay. We have been to a menagerie and heard a lion roar, we have heard of Hamlet being played without the Prince, but never did we see anything to equal this. When he rolled his eyes up to the ceiling as if apostrophizing some lone cobweb neglected by the housemaid’s broom, we were reminded of nothing so much as a sick calf far gone in the agonies of mortal dissolution. His ludicrous appearance did not affect others less than us. Continued bursts of merriment rang through the room, and cries of “go in Pat, now you’ve got him,” were heard quite plainly. At a portion which he considered particularly sublime, a book, sent by some kind hand, undertook an aerial trip to his head. All at once, he seemed to comprehend that all the applause was not complimentary. Then leaving the sublime flights of Burke, he descended to the vulgarity of his native element by a transition as sudden
as it was complete. "Be jabers, I wish I had my shillalah and I'd make ye sing, ye spalpeen." All order was at an end. All the books in the room followed suit with the first, and were we to judge by the quantity of these voluntary contributions, we would pronounce Mr. C. a man of literary taste. Young America was now fully aroused to the idea that he was being imposed upon, and that Mr. C. was the impostor. Some left, singing, "Ain't I glad I'm out of the wilderness." Some remained behind to see more sport, while one tall fellow, perched on a bench, was busy mimicking, and occasionally exclaiming, "here's the place to get your money back." Mr. C. soon saw that he was in the wrong place to palm off his impositions, and with the air of one professedly sold, he drew his hat over his face and left under the care of our friends Z. F. W. and J. A. D. So much for the evening. If any of our readers would like to take lessons from this able instructor, we would say he is still in America, and for a large sum might be induced to give lessons, provided they solemnly promised not to consider him an ordinary teacher.

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**LINES FOR AN ALBUM QUILT.**

Could every patch, which here displays
The pattern of some maiden's dress,
Tell all it knows of women's ways,
'Twould be a wondrous quilt, I guess.

Yet as it is, who ere has tried
To read her character aright,
May here detect some marks of pride,
In red or green—in black or white.
OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The veil of secrecy no longer forbids public discussion of the interests and well being of our societies, and occupying as they do a prominent place in the world of Kenyon, a word or two in regard to them will not be uninteresting to us all. Chapel exercises will do something for the student in literary improvement, but they are not the efficient or most important auxiliaries in discipline and self-culture. At no institution in America, we confidently assert, is so much interest, felt in, so much importance attached to these valuable adjuncts of college life as at Kenyon, and this interest is manifested, not alone in warmth of feeling, electioneering excitement and petty rivalry, in non-essentials. It appears in the faithful attendance at our meetings of a majority of the members, and an earnest and constant endeavor to render the duties interesting to others, and to profit by the wholesome regulations established for the attainment of individual excellence. Ours are literary societies, not only in name but in truth, as a visit to our halls will abundantly testify. Attaching to them the importance that we do—regarding them as the lyceums in which we are to reduce to something like order, systematize and digest the gleanings of knowledge from our daily recitations and nightly studies, the battle-grounds upon which mind is to combat with mind, learn its own strength and its fellow's weakness, is it not of the utmost moment that our regulations be of such a nature as to insure the greatest possible advantages, the most efficient discipline and the most healthful exercise? In the attainment of this object, improvements will present themselves, recommended by our own reason and the experience of others. The fault of all democratic assemblies doubtless is to legislate too much, as has been often remarked. Literary as well as political bodies are prone to make innovations merely because weary of what is old, without any well ascertained or tangible advantages to be attained. On the other hand, the existence of an old and time-honored custom, hallowed by the remembrance of ancestral laurels won under its workings, and recommended by the acquiescence of successive generations since, is, with some, an insurmountable barrier to reform, be it ever so wholesome—change, be it ever so necessary. Ancient abuses are so strenuously upheld by men who style themselves conservatives, but whom we denominate "old fogies," that any measure which proposes to transpose a letter or remove a
comma in the musty parchment of the past, is decried as revolutionary and dangerous. To all such we would commend a careful perusal of Jeremy Bentham on Fallacies. Permit us to cite a word or two very much to the point: "To say that all new things are bad, is to say that all old things were bad in their commencement. . . . . Whatever is now establishment, was once innovation. The first inventor of pews and parish clerks was no doubt considered as a Jacobin in his day. Judges, juries, criers of the court, are all the inventions of ardent spirits, who filled the world with alarm, and were considered as the great precursors of ruin and dissolution. 'The fool sayeth in his heart and crieth with his mouth, I will have nothing new.'"

Little more than a year ago an amendment was proposed to the Constitution of our societies, one which had for its object the repeal of all clauses prescribing secrecy during the performance of literary duties. This was not a hasty movement—the caprice of the moment, dictated by love of change and youthful restlessness. It was long and carefully considered in all its bearings, viewed with relation not only to its effects upon ourselves as associations and as individuals, but upon others, and was proposed after the establishment of a deliberate, and, as it seemed, a well founded conviction of its advisability. The measure met with strenuous opposition from many—and upon what grounds? Was it argued that its passage would detract from our literary advantages, or that our interest in the societies would decrease, or that we should bestow less labor upon and devote less time to our exercises? These points were then mentioned and suggested, we admit, but the bulk of the opposition was based upon this old and a thousand times exposed fallacy of "No Innovation." Our ancestors were exceedingly wise, and they undeniably derived great benefit from the literary societies as they then existed. All of which is very true, but if, as was then conclusively proved, we think, and as we propose to prove now, the innovation was a wholesome one, our ancestors were benefitted, not by means of, but in spite of secrecy. The same fallacy is used by the advocates of ultra utilitarianism in education. They cite to us long lists of men who have attained distinction without a classical education. All undeniably true, but they would have become, we maintain, more eminent, and our "conservative" friends much more sensible and reasonable, with the aid of such a course. We need add no more upon this point, since no one will now soberly maintain that age should
be any barrier to desirable and confessedly beneficial innovation. The real question is, was this measure a beneficial one? We propose here but to recapitulate the arguments used by us upon a former occasion, and to demonstrate their validity by an appeal to our subsequent experience so far as it has a claim to confidence. We enter upon this because some dissatisfaction is beginning to be expressed in regard to the new order of things, and the proposition has been mooted that we return to the "wisdom of our ancestors." As a firm advocate of the measure, we have watched with an anxious and somewhat paternal eye its practical workings, and are, ourselves, fully convinced that the change has proved a healthful one, producing fruits such as were anticipated from its influence. Yet it were well to say at the outset that were we to admit that as yet it has produced no beneficial results, and that the tone and character of the societies were not so commendable as under the former system—admitting all this, we say, our friends would have no valid grounds for arguing a return to secresy. The old system was in operation thirty years or more. The present one has been in existence but a few months. To urge its inefficacy from so brief a trial, is to argue from manifestly insufficient premises; and, since it is now an established institution, we demand of them a trial long enough to fully prove its impracticability, before resorting to "innovation."

The abolition of secresy was originally urged upon the ground that literary exercises are universally, or with but few exceptions, entirely public in the other institutions of our country. This was an argument, not from the "wisdom of our ancestors," but from the experience of our contemporaries, and as such is not chargeable with the fallacy of "no innovation." That the business meetings of such associations should be private, and are usually so, we admit; but public opinion does condemn the observation of secresy during literary exercises, and the fact that they are so generally public at the present day in institutions of a precisely similar character, and that the system we have adopted has worked so well among a class of students whose age, habits, and peculiarities so exactly correspond to our own, is assuredly a strong presumption in its favor. We wish not to be understood as advocating a conformity to college usages merely for the sake of imitation, or when any real sacrifice must be made to produce it; but when any change can be made which will assimilate us to our college brethren, without any alteration of essentials, we g'v e
it our approval, because it tends to promote community of interest and feeling among the alumni and graduates of our country. Still more do we favor a change which will conduce to this result, and be at the same time a source of lasting and solid benefit to those affected by it. And this brings us to the direct consideration of the vital points in the case—those bearing immediately upon our interests as associates and society members. In our statement of them we must be brief.

Electioneering for members at the beginning of each collegiate year, is a fruitful source of ill-feeling and excessive partisan rivalry. It is, we acknowledge, hopeless to attempt its entire abolition. It exists everywhere—probably ever will. Even the "Division Laws" could not effect its destruction. Taking it, then, as it is, and taking it for granted that it must exist, manifestly the system which will render it the most honorable, and create the least bitterness of feeling, is the most desirable. This no one will be disposed to deny, who has had reason, as have we, to deprecate all differences among students. Entire openness and publicity will allay, in a great measure, the bitter spirit often manifested. And why? When secrecy closes the doors of our halls, the vital question—literary ability—upon which all candidates are to make, or should make their selection, it is impossible for them to determine, because no opportunities for forming an opinion of their own are afforded them. In consequence they are obliged to rely upon the partial statements of either party, and he who can most plausibly represent his own cause, and most ingeniously misrepresent that of his rivals, is most successful. When, on the contrary, candidates have free admission to the society halls, they can, and will, and do form an opinion from a careful comparison of literary performances. They may even then be imposed upon, but it is nevertheless a fact, that this comparison is the ground-work of choice, and misrepresentations are superseded, because useless and uncalled for. We have not as yet experienced all we anticipate in this respect, but all who have watched attentively the electioneering of the past year, can testify that it has been more open, honorable and above-board, and there has resulted less unpleasant feeling, than of old. Time will sanction and systematize and extend this method, and we confidently look forward to the time when all other grounds of choice than comparative merit, literary, moral and social, will be entirely ignored as inconsistent with the dignity of our societies.
Again, this system has a direct and undoubted beneficial effect upon the exercises of the societies. The fact that others are present, and the knowledge that they will be, stimulates to effort, and gives an impetus to the preparation of duties which was not felt before, because our transactions were never known abroad. When a comparison of literary excellence is to be made, and upon the result depends the choice of others, can members do otherwise than make the most strenuous exertions? The experience of the past year has, we think, abundantly shown that a great deal more time is devoted to the preparation, and care exercised in the performance of duties than ever before. Each member is actuated by pride in his society, and by self-respect—by a desire to recommend her claims to the preference of others, and to appear well himself in the presence of personal friends. He then declares, writes, debates, not because a duty has been assigned to him and a penalty attached to its non-performance, but because the interests of the society, as well as his own reputation depend upon his success. Is not this a real and solid advantage? Does it not tend to the attainment of the great objects for which we are associated together? Can it be disputed that the facts are as we have stated them?

But further, the mere fact that others are to be present than those with whom he associates year after year and week after week, even though they are not candidates for future membership—that he is to have an audience with whom he is not personally acquainted, whose faces and whose peculiarities are somewhat strange to him, is of incalculable advantage to the speaker and writer. He gradually overcomes his embarrassment, which is one-half the difficulty to be encountered by young speakers. He naturally makes more of an effort than when surrounded by his intimate friends and every-day companions. With them he very soon learns to feel at home; knows them to be good natured and forgiving, because sometimes claiming indulgence for themselves, and feels confident that he will not be harshly judged if he make a feeble effort. When a strange face meets his eye, however, over the way, he knows that a judgement of his ability is to be formed from this one effort, and if he has any self-respect will exert himself to the utmost. Especially will this be the case if "fair woman's smile" or frown is to be the decision of his fate as a writer or speaker. "The silent rhetoric of persuading eyes" will do more to nerve him to unwearied effort, than all the argu-
ments of scholars or the admonitions of preceptors. This is based upon the supposition that all have self-respect and pride enough to wish to appear well. All are not, it may be urged, of this class. This fact is lamentably true, but such men will make no improvement anywhere nor under any circumstances, and we do not feel called upon to consult the interests of those who, under neither system, consult their own best good. It is of the utmost importance that speakers should accustom themselves to address mixed and changing audiences. In the world we are not to expend all our arguments and lavish all our rhetoric upon a cosey little circle of our personal friends, who will smile complacently at our happy illustrations, and view with indulgence our every blunder; but stern, unyielding, critical strangers are to listen to our efforts, and if we wish to gain sufficient manliness and self-confidence to address them with effect, a beginning must be made now, that we may begin life, not like a hot-house plant, but armed and equipped with the world's weapons. Imagine to yourself for a moment a young man tutored in the shades of a secret literary association, accustomed to speak only to those whose every feature and peculiarity is known to him, whose every nod and smile are familiar as his own; imagine such an one rising before a mixed and strange assembly, anticipating the same indulgence. It is done, you say, very often and with success. It is done, we admit, but success is exceptional, and is attained, not through the aid, but in spite of these undoubtedly injurious regulations.

Time will not admit of a more extended consideration of this subject, nor is it needed. The chief advantages we claim for publicity in literary performances are: 1st, decrease of bitter feeling, and the establishment of a more honorable system of electioneering; 2d, stimulation to more earnest and persevering intellectual effort; 3d, opportunity of becoming accustomed to large and strange audiences. These advantages are real, solid and palpable. There are others, and should occasion demand, we may enlarge upon them at some future period.

A few words in regard to the objections offered by malcontents. Objections can be and ever are made to all new systems. A certain class of men devote their time and talents to the invention of objections to established institutions, and their advocates do not consider it incumbent upon them to squander ink and paper in replying to every puerile attack. Yet, for fear some of the
uninitiated may magnify into undue importance the fault find-ings of our opponents, we indulge them in a word or two. It is urged that instead of stimulating to exertion, the presence of others discourages some from ever attempting a duty. This, we contend, is due not to the system, but to the unwarrantable tim-idity of individuals. That it will embarrass a young student at first, we admit; but one of the chiefest advantages claimed for it, is the opportunity afforded of gradually overcoming this embarrassment, and avoiding the mortification—nay, oftentimes the complete ruin to our hopes—of failing before a strange audience hereafter. We admit, too, that it would be more agreeable to many of us, especially during our first efforts, to address only our friends and classmates; but we are now discussing, not the pleasures, but the interests of a literary society and its members, and, moreover, contend that to those who are conscious of having made an earnest and faithful effort it is even more pleasant to address a large than a small audience—an assembly of people interested in our exercises because they are novel, than one composed of those who are wearied with a somewhat monotonous routine of duty, and who give them but a partial and sleepy hearing. The in-convenience and discomfort of large assemblies in our halls is sometimes urged—selfishly, because it exhibits indifference to the gratification of others and the reputation of the society—unrea-sonably, since, according to the provisions of the amendment, we can regulate the number of guests to suit the capacity of our rooms. The greater number of objectors ask for change, they scarcely know why—chiefly because they have a little too much pride to slight their duties when others are present, but are so in-dolent and regardless of their own and the societies' interests as to throw the veil of secrsry over our proceedings that they may, without so much danger to their reputation, indulge in an occa-sional direlection. Others, always prompt in performance, but conscious that they do themselves little credit, seek to hide their failures behind the screen, because they have not sufficient ener-gy to exert themselves to the extent of their powers. A few perhaps, are naturally timid, and regard a public exhibition, how-ever creditable, as a terrible ordeal. To these last, above all others, is the new system beneficial. Let those who condemn the measure ask themselves if they have any objections more valid or reasonable than these, and the result with all candid thinkers will be a thorough appreciation of their folly, and a hearty ap-
proval of the system which now exists. Let each member but ask himself the object of his society exercises, and calmly consider the best means of attaining this object—let him waive his prejudices and look his own future good boldly in the face, and all this timidity, for it is nothing more, will be laid aside as foolish and unmanly; the system which encourages it, forever abolished as inconsistent with the liberality and enlightenment of modern institutions.

Editors' Table.

December has come, dear readers, and we have left the play ground, resigned the after-supper chit-chat on the college steps, donned our great coats and shawls and gone into a winter pack. To the Kenyon athletes, who wear out their boots at football, condense their brains by standing in an inverted position on the college campus, and display their bodily activity in various indescribable muscular contortions upon ropes pendant from the stunted oaks in full view of our windows; to these, the advent of blustering winds and driving snow storms may not be a subject of congratulation, for it involves a change of daily habits not conducive to the health or spirits of such individuals. We take for granted their feelings, though we cannot appreciate them, and sincerely commiserate their fallen estate, without being able to sympathize in their disappointment. Out of door sports are undeniably necessary to all, and we heartily enjoy gazng—through a pane of glass—at the mad frolics of jubilant Freshmen and volatile Sophs as they gambol in innocent glee on the grass-covered plateau between the pumps, but we must confess—without arrogating to ourselves anything else than constitutional indisposition for manual labor—that our enjoyment is much like that with which we view the feats of a Blondin, no lingering desire of participation or imitation intruding itself into our sanctum, or interrupting the even tenor of our meditations. This may seem to account for the fact we intended to announce some time ago, and which our readers are dying to hear, no doubt, viz: that December is to us a very pleasant season. It is pleasant because the threshold of a life of long, blessed long winter evenings, when we hasten to our supper, hurry through the ceremony of devouring it, and quicken our steps as we wend our way to that little spot we call home, divest ourselves of all superfluous habiliments, gorge our diminutive stove with dry wood—if by any chance the "Prof. of Dust and Ashes" has furnished us with any of that very desirable article—elevate our pedal extremities and subside into a most comfortable and professional posture of mind and body.
—oblivious alike to the wail of winds and the groans of infatuated and despairing Freshmen. Is not this the acme of bliss—infinitely preferable to that precarious comfort which is derived from out of door sunshine and warmth, whose intensity we can not regulate by any contrivance of modern ingenuity. We never feel at home—by which we mean that consciousness of possessing within one's own attenuated corpus all that is necessary to bodily comfort and mental aliment, that sensation which we may imagine belongs to an independent mud-turtle, sunning himself upon a log!—never feel thus, we say, until the last red leaf has fallen from the maple and it stands dismantled and desolate, discouraging all attempts to coax a poetic thought or elicit a melodious sound from its frozen branches, until the campus has crept shiveringly under its winter blanket and the old stone pillars at the gate are metamorphosed into giant snow kings standing in sentinel grandeur to guard the entrance. Then it is that night is the time, not of sunset but of sunrise, not of darkness and gloom and ghostly shadows, but of light and good cheer and bright and fantastic images, and real, genuine, old fashioned home enjoyments—the beau-ideal of Editorial luxury and slippered ease. A book becomes a speaking thing; its covers vanish, its pages evanescence, its thoughts are freed from the incubus of drowsy midsummer sunshine and the hungry mind drinks them in with a nectarine relish that never lingers about the July dish of literature, be it never so well served and delicately flavored. Our own ideas too—when we are the happy possessors of any of those "many-hunted sweat and bled for" articles of cerebral furniture—no longer wing their flight to unknown regions, vaporized by steaming atmospheres and vainly sought by muddled, seething and broiling brains, but obligingly and complacently dissolve themselves in liquid ink—as snowflakes do in muddy water—and, as we toast our extremities before the sanctum fire—drop from the pen with the most delicious "otium" if not always characterized by a strict regard for the dignity of Editorial effusions. Visions often times obtrude their half shaped forms into our waking thoughts—visions of those old time evenings so sweetly sung by many a poet—when we were wont to gather about the blazing hearth-stone, to pensively devour the winter fruit, regale ourselves with the juice thereof, and while away the precious hours with nuts and conversation, boyish speculations and oft-told nursery wonders. We treasure, with a miser's care, these precious seasons, for they are our only representatives of ante-college days and symbolize the old bachelor bliss we fondly anticipate in the future. We lengthen out, as best we may, these winter hours, for they will not last forever, will not ever be so free from cares and heart-aches and fitted thus for quiet self-communion.

"—Most Glorious Night;
Thou wert not made for slumber,"

and we feel indignant when we hear so many, and unjust reproaches heaped upon the hoary head of old December, who brings and blesses and spins out the silent hours after sundown—take a kind of filial pride in defending him who bestows in his hallowed old age a patriarchal benediction upon all who treat him reverently, a benediction which lightens and purifies and softens our thoughts and feelings and induces what we may imagine to be that

"Dorian mood
Of lutes and soft recorders."

Did you never experience it, sleepy reader? If not be sure your digestive organs are out of repair, your conscience is troubled or your heart ensnared.
Examine your memorandum book and see if you are not indebted to the Publishing committee, owe your washerwoman a remittance, or some fair captor a visit. December is a fastidious benefactor, and his long, long nights are nights of quiet and peace to those alone who pay the printer and have thus a “conscience void of offence.” Well, December will soon be gone, spent in study, examinations, Christmas gatherings and new year’s greetings, and before we salute you again vacation will have been whiled away, in sleigh-rides and church trimmings, dances under the mistle-toe and cossey tete-a-tetes under buffalo robes; so we—the Collegian—take this opportunity of wishing you happy holidays and a safe return—while we resign ourselves to apathy and the embraces of a capacious arm-chair.

Editors soon learn the art of complaining about their small number of subscribers, and they try to prove that on account of the great value of their publications they should be in the “hands of every man, woman and child” in the country. They hold out “splendid inducements to clubs,” give glowing prospectuses, and array a long list of “notices from the press,” hoping in this way to attract the attention of the public and secure additions to their subscription lists. We have no objection to others taking this course, and making all they can honestly thereby; but for our part we feel quite too modest to adopt such a plan. We shrink from making any great promises or high sounding pretensions, lest we should fail to reach the mark, and thus reap shame instead of fame. There are, however, one or two points to which we wish to call attention, especially the attention of our fellow students. There seems to be an impression prevailing among them, both in the College and Grammar School, that the Collegian is exclusively the property of the Senior Class, and that of these the four editors have the entire charge and control of the magazine, and that on them devolves the duty of sustaining it, not only in a literary, but also in a pecuniary point of view. Now, that the control of the Collegian is in the hands of the Senior Class, and is by them delegated to a board of four editors, is true. This, we doubt not, every one will say is just and proper. But this does not prove that it is right for the whole burden of its support, both in money and matter, to rest upon the shoulders of the editors, or even of the Senior Class. It is the earnest desire of those having charge of it that it should be the exponent of the wishes and feelings of the entire institution. It is, we think, but right and proper that all the students should feel an interest in the welfare of our College Magazine; that they should contribute something from their literary stores to enrich its pages and entertain its readers, and thus give to the public a fair example of the literary prosperity of Kenyon. While quite a number of our fellow-students have not forgotten to “lend a helping hand” in this respect, for which they have our warmest thanks, there are others whom we could name, who, if they would only make the effort, could produce something highly entertaining and instructive. All contributions that are considered worthy of publication, will surely receive attention, whether they come from College, Grammar School, or Theological students. From the last named class we should like to hear more frequently than we do.

There is, however, another point to which we wish to call attention, and that is the great number of students who are non-subscribers. Out of the
thirty students in Milnor Hall, there are but six who take the Collegian. That such should be the case in the Grammar School, is not a matter of surprise, but when we look at the classes in College and find it almost as bad, we are really astonished. We feel tempted sometimes to lay down the "quill and scissors," to resign the tripod, and leave the Collegian to its fate, when we see so many of our fellow-students taking so little interest in our efforts to sustain a college magazine. Did we not feel it to be the duty of every student, who can possibly afford it, to aid in the support of the Collegian, we should not be so urgent. College magazines have become a fixed fact throughout the country. Every College of any note has its periodical. And will sons of Kenyon suffer their magazine to fall for want of their pecuniary support? No. We have a higher opinion of Kenyonites than this. We believe them to be men who, when they begin a thing will carry it through; and we therefore call upon all those Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors, who are not already subscribers, to become so at once, and thus show their zeal for Kenyon's prosperity. It is not from any selfish motive, or from any desire of pecuniary reward, that we make this request; but it is because we feel the need of such assistance to enable us to meet the necessary expenses of the magazine.

The Gymnasium, we are happy to say, is now in operation. It has been located, temporarily, in the basement of Ascension Hall. The apparatus has been put up under the architectural supervision of our enterprising friends, Messrs. Kinzie & Postlethwaite, to whom much credit is due for the judicious manner in which they have laid out the limited amount of funds placed at their disposal. The apparatus consists of parallel bars, a horizontal and an inclined ladder, a vaulting bar, breast poles, a variety of dumbbells, boxing gloves, etc.

The Gymnasium is now the daily resort of Kenyon athletes and Kenyon non-athletes, for the benefit of which latter class it was more especially intended. We can see its healthy effects already. Our students are beginning to wear a more cheerful expression upon their faces, a ruddier glow upon their cheeks, a brighter lustre in their eyes. We have ourselves experienced the benefits of gymnastic exercise. We can feel our chest expanding, and the muscles of our arms developing. When we commenced we could barely make one of the simplest style of jumps upon the parallel bars; now we can perform a number of feats after the manner of the most accomplished gymnasts (?). In speaking thus we must not be understood as taking any credit to ourselves. By no means; we give "honor to whom honor is due"—to the Gymnasium.

Our great fear is that this exercise will not be continued for any length of time. It has the charm of novelty about it now; this will soon wear off. The only complete remedy for this, is, it seems to us, the introduction into the collegiate course, of gymnastics as one of the departments of study, and the employment of a professor or instructor to take charge of this department. We hope that Kenyon will, at no distant day, be enabled to make this improvement, so much needed for her own reputation and for the well-being of her sons. Until that day, however, let each student make it obligatory upon himself to take daily and regular exercise, considering it an imperative duty
to himself. And let him endeavor to prevail upon his over-studious friend to pursue the same course. We would not have it inferred that exercise interferes, or is likely to interfere, with study. Its effect is directly contrary. All experience sustains this assertion.

The Faculty of Kenyon is now composed of men whose attainments in their respective departments, and whose faithful devotion to the interests of the institution cannot be questioned. They are most of them, too, men in the prime of life, who seem to combine the experience and acquirements of matured manhood with the vigor and energy of youth. But there is in our Faculty one deficiency, which we believe has always existed—one vacancy, which has never been filled, but which, it seems to us, should have been filled long ago. We refer to the want of a Professor of Elocution.

No one, who has of late been connected with the institution, or who has been in the habit of attending our Commencement exercises and our performances upon the "Twenty-second of February" and Class Day, can have failed to notice the great scarcity of good speakers among us. And yet upon the Twenty-second and Class Day we generally put forth our representative men. Of good writers we have a very fair proportion, but it seems as though our best writers were generally our poorest speakers, as though good delivery and a good style of composition were almost inconsistent with each other. We are now but quoting the substance of remarks often made, not only in regard to the students of Kenyon but in regard to the students of other colleges. These facts however will not appear strange to any one who knows how meagre are the advantages afforded here for the cultivation of oratory. These advantages are no doubt equal to those of the majority of American colleges, still they are by no means adequate to the accomplishment of what should be one of the principal objects of a college course, namely, to fit young men for public speaking. We have literary societies, it is true, in the exercises of which the members manifest great zeal and interest; but these only meet for a few hours every week, and there are now so many members in each that one does not come on duty more than about three times during the session, unless he be so desirous for improvement as to volunteer occasionally. We also have "rhetoricals" every Thursday morning, which consist of two or three original orations from members of the Junior and Senior classes, and criticisms upon the same by those of the professors who may happen to be present. These orations are delivered in the basement of the chapel—a room whose low ceiling is none too well adapted to the development of voice—and before an audience whose whisperings and listless looks evince anything but interest. The great difficulty, both with our society duties and our college rhetoricals, is their lack of systematic training. To supply this serious deficiency a regular course of instruction in the art of elocution is requisite.

This matter must commend itself to the minds of all practical men, interested in the welfare of Kenyon, as one of the highest importance and worthy of earnest effort. It is emphatically a practical matter. Nearly half, if not full that proportion, of the graduates of this college enter the ministry or the legal profession, in both of which vocations good speaking forms one of the principal elements of success. And certainly there is no more an appropriate place for the acquirement of this art than in college. If
a student does not acquire it here, he is not likely to at all. And when he has entered upon the practice of a profession and has to speak in the pulpit, or at the bar, it too often happens that through ignorance of the principles of elocution and lack of previous cultivation of the voice, he soon wears it out. How many clergymen there are whose voices are so weak, whose tone is so monotonous, whose modulations are so incorrect and whose delivery is so void of life and animation as to render their words mere unmoving sounds without interest and without effect! How many lawyers and politicians, who to strengthen the voice for the time being, use stimulents which in the end most effectually ruin it, taking away all its clearness and melody and making it harsh, husky, and disagreeable!

But there is another view to be taken on the subject. The cause of Physical Education, which is too much neglected here as well as elsewhere, would be greatly promoted by the introduction of elocution into our collegiate course. The advantages of this study for developing the lungs as well as the voice, are too well known to need recapitulation. It may be said, however, that we have given to us all the necessary means for exercise, and that it is our own fault if we do not improve them. We have ample time allotted us for recreation; a fine, extensive campus, on which we can play base ball, wicket, cricket and similar games; and also some little gymnastic apparatus, which though very little is still sufficient if sufficiently used. Very true, but in the first place we cannot make use of these advantages during all seasons of the year; and in the second place, there are a large number of students here who will not make use of them at all; some perhaps from laziness, others—a more numerous class too than may be supposed—from inexperience and awkwardness in athletic sports and consequent diffidence to engage in them, and others again from a too close application to study. Some means of exercise should be furnished us which would not depend on the seasons of the weather, and in this exercise all should, in some way, be required to participate. These ends would, we believe, be accomplished by introducing the study of elocution.

We fear that we have overtaxed the patience of our readers by these lengthy and prosaic remarks, but we feel that the subject is an important one. Friends and Patrons of Kenyon! Will you not take this matter in hand? Our Alma Mater is now on the high road to prosperity. She possesses more solid advantages, and holds out fairer inducements to young men entering college than ever before. But she still has some pressing wants; and we know of none more pressing than the one of which we have been speaking. Supply this long felt desideratum, and you will bestow a lasting benefit upon this institution, and upon her present and after generations of students.

What is the matter with the college vocalists who, in days not long gone by, entertained us with "Lauriger," the mournful fate of the "Pea Nut Stand," and the native eloquence of "Van Amburg?" Has the Gymnasium usurped the place of everything else, and even driven the Muses into retirement? Squads and companies promenade the path every day, not exactly mute, but certainly very unmusical—seemingly forgetful of the swelling notes that have so long filled the Park with life and noise. Nothing is so pleasing to us—always excepting the dinner bell and the parting benediction in the chapel at the close of a term—as music, be it good, bad or
indifferent—music instrumental, vocal, mechanical; yes, we even confess to a sneaking sort of fondness for the ragged and debilitated "furriner" who comes around with a hand organ and monkey and grinds music out of a box much after the fashion of coaxing water out of the college pumps—the result in either case being an exceedingly small quantity of a very poor article. It is music just as doggerel rhyme is poetry—as the animal we read of in Esop was a lion when clothed in leonine robes; but we like it. This may be a weakness; but if we may be allowed to borrow from the Apothegmatic Widow, "We are all poor creatures," and should not fear to acknowledge a human frailty. Much as we delight in the tones of the college band, we like much better the music of college throats. The swelling life, the rough uncultured melody of a song in the mouths of a dozen or more students—strong-lunged and light-hearted, is a treat far better than all the niceties of more educated musicians. Nothing contributes more to digestion after stowing away a boarding house immensity of victuals; nothing drives away so effectually all the cobwebs of morning Mathematics and after-dinner Greek delvings; nothing makes college so much a home, and so little a place of irksome confinement as a lively song. Have you

"——Never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordained?
Was it not to refresh the mind of man?
After his studies or his usual pain?"

If, then, you would frighten away that hideous monster, Dyspepsia, whis-
tle "Gaudeamus" in his ears. If you would be rid of blues, exercise them with "Cheer, Boys, Cheer!" If you would banish the cares of stu-
dent life, and soften the vexations and disappointments of recitation room exercises, give to your lungs healthful employment, and to your ears ever-
varying gratification; promote unity and warmth of feeling—sing together. We may be enthusiasts upon this subject, but we believe the experience of all will testify to the exhilarating, softening and care-dispelling influence of college songs. We have enough of them, and they have been collated, carefully revised, and published with judicious selections from other college effusions, by two enterprising members of the class of '60. If these are not suitable, if something new is wanted, let our poets address themselves to the task of improving and adding to the number of our ballads. We have poets among us—numbers of them—and if they will condescend to render their talents practically and beneficially visible, we shall be under unbounded obligations as admirers and sincere enjoyers of this species of music. The pages of the Collegian will ever be open to them, and we shall cordially welcome anything which will contribute to our stock of lyrics. The Pres-
dential election rendered us temporarily, perhaps, too polemical; the Gym-
nasium too athletic; the blustering winds and penetrating sleet of Novem-
ber too hoarse to sing. But the election is past, the Gymnasium has become an old story, and the weather is reasonable; so let us have a little more music.

Students at College are altogether too apt to lose their manners. Re-
moved, as they are in a great measure, from the pale of social life, and the restraining influences of female society, it is not surprising that they should forget many of the mere forms of etiquette and cease to practise them in
their intercourse with each other. But there certainly is no excuse for their becoming positively rude and boorish. They can and ought to observe the rules of common politeness.

We wish to call attention not so much to our manners in our intercourse with each other, as to the conduct of some among us toward strangers, and toward country people living about Gambier. Incivilities are not so often shown to the former as to the latter class. Yet frequently when greeted with the cry of "heads out," and obeying the injunction with the expectation of seeing some sport, we are surprised and mortified to find persons of decent and respectable appearance made the objects of ridicule—persons who come to see the College buildings and the Society halls, Libraries, &c., ladies sometimes among the number.

People from the country, who on some holiday come here for a like purpose, or whose business brings them to the College, are often treated in a manner even worse. Poor washerwomen are sometimes annoyed by rude questions and exclamations. Woodmen are frequently tormented and angered by students who endeavor to stop or frighten their horses by crying "Whoa," very vociferously. Countrymen who come here with loads of apples, peaches or melons to sell, almost invariably have a good deal of their fruit taken gratis, and their horses unhitched from their wagons.

Another practice of like character is that of crying "Whoa," to all persons whom the students see riding through the streets as they go from morning and evening chapel exercises to their meals. Horses are often very much frightened in this way, and persons driving or riding them very much annoyed, not to say insulted.

We suppose that in most instances these violations of decency result more from a spirit of thoughtlessness than from anything else. We are confident, too, that but few among us are guilty of them. But we have to complain of the whole body of students that they do not more openly and severely denounce such conduct. The blame which belongs to a few is visited upon us all as a class, and it is therefore our interest as well as our duty to frown down those actions to which this blame attaches.

Let us endeavor, fellow-students, to cultivate more true politeness, both in our bearing toward strangers and toward the poorest and most insignificant of our inferiors in social rank, and also in our daily intercourse with each other. Let us strive to become gentlemen as well as scholars—to fit ourselves for society as well as for the intellectual duties of life.

Poets are notoriously careless. A college rhymster, lost, perhaps, in meditation, his eyes intent upon the stars, his thoughts flowing in hexameters, accidentally dropped one of his effusions upon the college path. We pounced upon it with all the avidity of a hungry bookmaker, and herewith present it to our readers, hoping they may be more successful than we in deciphering its meaning, for it is to be presumed it has one. Though not remarkable for poetic thought or accuracy of versification, we deem it a very encouraging indication of latent genius, which needs only careful nourishment and judicious exercise to rise to the higher regions of imaginative composition. Somewhat at a loss, it would seem, for a title, the poet has rather ambiguously christened his effort,
A FRAGMENT.

The evening assembly has melted away,
Until but a lady and student remain;
The former has gone up stairs to array
Herself in a cloak to keep off the rain.

The fair hostess smiles as she says to the beau—
"I'm so glad you are here, for it soon will begin
"To pour, and a lady is left, as you know;
"So now is your time her good graces to win."

"Alas!" he replies, in a diffident flurry—
"I assure you 'twould give me the greatest of pleasure;
But just now as it happens I'm in a great hurry,
"For my numerous duties have robbed me of leisure."

"But, my dear sir," says she, "you surely don't mean
"To let a young lady go home in this flood!
"Just think for a moment how base it will seem,
"To leave her alone to wade thro' the mud."

"'Tis too bad," says the Aristocrat, edging away—
"But really at present I can't spare the time;
"So I'll leave you my sweetest excuses to say,
"And the honor of beaming her home to decline."

The result was the young lady went home alone,
And the millionaire splashed thro' the mud thick and thin;
For this dastardly act he can never atone,
Tho' he sink in the miry street up to his chin.

MORAL.

If the city exquisite rolling in wealth,
Will act more like the man and less like the boor;
He will find it much safer and enjoy better health,
Among those who his shallow brains tell him are poor.

We are glad to see that the Bexley Hall Debating Society, so long defunct, has been revived through the influence of those who were interested in its former operations. A meeting of the theological students was convened some weeks ago, to consult as to the expediency of its re-organization. A constitution was framed, and at the following meeting it was adopted by the association. The following officers were elected:

President—Rev. J. J. M'Ilhenny, D. D.
Vice President—J. F. Ohl, A. B.
Secretary—J. Mills Kendrick, A. M.

The Society meets every Wednesday evening, simultaneously with the meetings of the College Literary societies.

The exercises consist of an extemopore address, and a discussion conducted by two members. The questions for debate are generally of a theological character, and, no doubt, the ability and interest with which they are discussed tend to make this department of literary cultivation instructive and entertaining. The question, after it has been discussed by the regular disputants, is thrown open to the assembly for miscellaneous remarks.
Our friend T***** is an excellent hand at telling a good story. His anecdotes never fail to draw around him a large circle of listeners and to keep them in the best of humor. As an instance of the high appreciation in which he is held as a good story teller we will relate an incident of recent occurrence.

A jovial company had gathered together on the stone steps leading into the East Division, and had, as a knot of students will almost invariably do, commenced cracking jokes and spinning yarns. Our friend T***** afore-said was among the company and was standing up just in front of the steps, with his face toward the Park gate and his back to his companions. In this position he proceeded to relate some anecdote which it seems was not possessed of the merit of brevity. Just as he was concluding with the "nubby" part of the story he turned round to join in the laughter of his listeners, when lo! he was all alone! He heard some most convulsive merriment overhead, however, and on looking up he saw peering from the windows the faces of his whilom auditors.

T***** retreated with all possible expedition to his room.

One of our Theological Doctors has a very fine apple orchard, which this Fall yielded quite an abundance of this substantial fruit. About the time that the apples were ready to be gathered, the Dr. asked a Mr. W. how much he would charge to gather them.

"I will gather them for half the crop," replied Mr. W.

"Half the crop!" exclaimed the Dr. "Oh that is entirely too much. You must be a little reasonable in your terms."

"Well, I will do it for ten cents a bushel. How will that do?"

"All right, sir; you may gather them at that price," was the answer.

The apples were accordingly gathered, whereupon Mr. W. called upon the Rev. Dr. for his pay, and told him that as he wanted some apples he would like to take his pay in them.

"Very well," said the Dr.

"But what is your price?" asked Mr. W.

"Well, the market price, whatever it is. Do you know what it is?"

"Twenty cents, I believe."

"Take them, then, at that price."

Mr. W. did so, and of course took just half the apples for gathering them.

Our friend Conover, familiarly termed "Con.," was coming down stairs one day, when some one remarked, "That fellow is condescending." (Con descending)

Exchanges make their appearance semi-occasionally, dropping in like a delinquent debtor—behind time, but exceedingly welcome when they do come. In this point we claim to be "not unlike other men." The Colle-gian is not, and we hope will not be delayed until its pages become of historic rather than of immediate interest—possessing more charms for the antiqua-ry than the under-graduate.

The Oberlin Students' Monthly for September, has finally made its appearance, too late for notice in our October issue. Among its good things we notice "A Short Chapter on Long Sermons," which we would humbly recommend to the perusal of those who are sceptical as to the wit that dwells in brevity; "On Earth Peace, Good Will towards Men," (Poetry.)
The Nassau Literary for October, exhibits its usual amount of unusual freshness and vigor, and energy of style. This we attribute, in part, to the election of an editor for each month, whose interest it is to issue the very best index of his editorial capabilities, and since he has but one trial, exerts himself to the utmost. We seldom read a more forcible, practical and instructive article than that upon "Our Daily Newspaper Press." Among others we notice a brief dissertation upon "Colley Cibber;" Scraps; "The Prince of Wales." The "Literary" wears the neatest, most chaste and elegant dress of any of our exchanges.

The Fly Leaf for October has fluttered to us from the far South, filled with "such" dainty little morsels of feminine poetry and romance and Moral Philosophy and not one word of Fashion: "Devoted to the improvement of the Senior Class: the promotion of Southern authorship and the elevation of Woman," we read upon the title page, and see abundant evidence of an endeavor to effect these noble objects in such articles as "The Women of the Bible;" Reflections; Pleasant Words. The Fly Leaf is ever welcome.

The "Harvard" for October is interesting—more so than usual, we think. "Monday Evening," is spicy; "About Our Lamps," brilliant and practical; "Woman in College," a rich little piece suggested by a former article. Dr. Huntington is defended from the attack made upon him in September. But though we deemed the Dr. unjustly assailed before, we think he has gained little by this defence, written as it is with more feeling than judgment: more irritation than argument. His conduct needs no vindication. If it did, it were a hopeless task after this well-mean't but injurious article.

The Centre College Magazine for October, is wonderfully improved in appearance—enlarged, embellished, and entirely changed in every respect. A very good engraving is presented of the Parthenon. Among its contributions we read with interest "Tribute of Ancient Greece to the Cross," "Fragments from the Table of an Intellectual Epicure," "Conservatism and Music." Our congratulations upon the encouraging evidence of prosperity visible in this No.

The N. C. University Magazine for November, is graced with a portrait of Hon. Wm. Gaston, and its pages are full of interest, especially to Southern students, since a large portion of each No. is devoted to State History and Biography. Among its more properly literary articles we notice Friendship, A Tale of the Mexican War, (Poetry;) Adventures of a Man in Search of a Wife; Oliver Goldsmith.

The Oberlin for November comes too in a new dress—much neater than before, and more prompt in its appearance, also. It opens with a well written article upon the Northman. Our Mother's Grave, and Out on the Ocean, are well worth a perusal. The Oberlin seems to understand the effect of a well filled Editor's Table.

We have also received the Ohio Educational Monthly for November. Harper's Weekly, Western Churchman and Mt. Vernon Banner, regularly. Our thanks are due to our old friend, Benj. Harnwell, Esq., for occasional Memphis papers.

Errata.—Owing to some oversight, a few errors occurred in the statistics of the "Class of Sixty." The inaccuracies were, of course, unforeseen. Our readers will please note the corrections.

Page 75, last line, omit Cuba 1, Canada 1.
Page 76, for 2 No. of honor men, and 2 No. of honors, of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Society, read 1 and 3 respectively.