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The Kenyon Collegian.

VOL. III.

JUNE, 1858.

No. V.

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THE MEGARICS.

The system of Ethics evolved and taught by Socrates, standing, as it does, in direct contrast with that of most of his predecessors, both as regards its simplicity and purity, has been justly admired by men of every subsequent generation. The precepts of morality which Socrates endeavored to inculcate among his disciples approaches, in many respects, nearer those of the New Testament than any which before or since his day emanated from a human being whose only guide was the intellect within him. His personal merit, moreover, renders him deserving of a place among the first order of men. A careful study of his manner of living will convince us that the eulogium which Xenophon pronounces upon his master, is no more than just. "The man," says he, (*Memorabilia* I., 4,) "whose memoirs I have written, was so pious that he undertook nothing without asking counsel of the Gods; so just, that he never did the smallest injury to any one, but

rendered essential services to many; so temperate, that he never preferred pleasure to virtue; and so wise, that he was able, even in the most difficult cases, without advice, to judge what was expedient and right. He was eminently qualified to assist others by his counsel; to penetrate into men's characters; to apprehend them for their vices; and to excite them to the practice of virtue. Having found all these excellences in Socrates, I have ever esteemed him the most virtuous and the happiest of men."

The Ethical system of Socrates, however, like that of the other heathen philosophers, proved totally inefficient as an instrument of moral reformation. While its founder lived, it produced salutary effects, it is true, among the narrow circle of his immediate disciples, and many, to whom his example was ever present as an additional motive to virtue, forsook finally the path of vice which they had been accustomed to follow. But after his decease, that additional motive was withdrawn, and as a necessary consequence, the Socratic School soon fell into decay. The causes of its failure may, in general, be reckoned the same as those which led to the downfall of the other ancient systems. It was necessarily marked by many imperfections in everything which concerned the duties which men owe to each other, and to their common Creator. The motives which it offered for choosing the path of virtue in preference to that of vice, were comparatively weak. It was "established rather on subtle reasonings and learned disquisitions, than on an open and honest love of the truth, and was adapted rather to the cultivation of intellectual acuteness than to the reformation of moral conduct."

But although the Socratic School, after the death of its illustrious founder, was comparatively short-lived, yet from its ruins, as it were, several distinct systems subsequently arose. Of these, the *Academic*, and the *Cynic*—which, in its turn, gave rise to the *Peripatetic* and the *Stoic*—rank highest. "The inferior sects in the Ionic succession," as they are called, comprise the *Cyrenic*, the *Megaric*, and the *Eliac* or *Eretriac*. It is the design of this paper to give some account of these—the MEGARIC.

The Megaric Sect was so named from the place which gave birth to its founder—"Euclid of Megara." It is, sometimes

called the *Eristic* school, from the fact that its tenets were advocated chiefly by means of disputations. It also received the name of *Dialectic*, because the writings of its supporters were mainly in the form of a dialogue. Euclid of Megara, or *Euclides*, as his name is more generally written, was born, according to some authorities, in a Sicilian city. It was the commonly received opinion, however, that he was a native of Megara. There can be no doubt that he received his earliest impressions from the philosophy of Southern Italy. That his character was naturally disputatious may be inferred from the fact that he "had recourse to the courts of justice to gratify that desire for oral conflict which the logical schools could only sometimes meet." His disposition, however, notwithstanding the harsh texture of the philosophy with which he was so deeply imbued, was not altogether wanting in tenderness. Plutarch tells us that on one occasion when engaged in an angry dispute with his brother, and when the latter exclaimed, "Let me perish if I be not revenged on you!" Euclides replied, "Let *me* perish if I do not subdue your resentment by forbearance, and make you love me as much as ever!"

Euclides very early became an admirer of the philosophical writings of Parmenides. The reports which reached him concerning the surpassing wisdom of Socrates, inspired him to become acquainted with the doctrines of that philosopher; and he was not long in repairing to Athens, and placing himself at the feet of the great teacher of the Grecian mind. Soon after this, however, a dispute arose between the Athenians and Megareans, in consequence of which the former passed a decree "that any citizen of Megara, who should be found in Athens, should forfeit his life." Euclides determined to brave this danger in order to attend upon the instructions of his master. Accordingly he was accustomed to repair to Athens, by night, "disguised in a long female cloak and veil." It is easy to see that the instructions which he had received from Parmenides gave tone to the philosophical systems which Euclides established. His doctrines cannot be considered merely as a development of those of Socrates. We apprehend that Cicero has given us a correct view of the matter, in "reuniting the Eleatic tradition with the Socratic discipleship:"—"Non multum (dissentiunt) a Platone Mega-

rici, quorum fuit nobilis disciplina, cujus (ut scriptum video) princeps Xenophones, quem modo nominavi; deinde eum secuti, Parmenides et Zeno. Itaque ab *his* Eleatici philosophii nominabantur. Post Euclides *Socratis discipulus*, Megareus; a quo iidem Megarici dicti." (Acad. Quaest. II. 42.)

Euclides was, moreover, somewhat tinctured with the teachings of the Sophists; so that his system may be considered as resting upon a foundation to which three separate schools contributed,—namely, that of Parmenides, of Socrates, and of the Stoics. It would be tedious to attempt a full and satisfactory explanation of his peculiar dogmas. Dr. Enfield, in his *History of Philosophy*, gives the following condensed statement concerning the system as a whole!—

"In disputation, Euclid was averse to the analogical method of reasoning, and judged that legitimate argumentation consists in deducing fair conclusions from acknowledged premises. He held that there is one Supreme Good, which he called by the different names of Intelligence, Providence, God; and that evil considered as an opposite principle to the sovereign good, has no physical existence. The Supreme Good, according to Cicero, he defined to be that which is always the same. (*Id bonum solum esse, Megaricè:—dicebant, quod esset unum et simile, et idem semper.* Acad. Qu. II. 42.) In this doctrine, in which he followed the subtilty of Parmenides rather than the simplicity of Socrates, he seems to have considered good abstractedly as residing in the Deity, and to have maintained that all things which exist are good by their participation of the first Good, and consequently that there is in the nature of things, no real evil."

His rejection of analogical reasoning, Euclides justifies on the following grounds: "The objects are either alike or unlike; if unlike, the analogy is obviously illusive; if like, it were better to consider the objects themselves." Such reasoning is silly enough, certainly; but the successor of Euclides far outstripped him in the art of quibbling. This was Eubulides, the author of the *Seven Sophisms*, which became so universally celebrated. They are:—

I. THE LIAR. "If, when you speak the truth, you say you lie, you lie; but you say you lie when you speak the truth; therefore, in speaking the truth, you lie."

II. THE OCCULT. "Do you know your own father? Yes. Do you know this man who is veiled? No. Then you do not know your father, for it is your father who is veiled."

III. ELECTRA. "Electra, the daughter of Agamemnon, knew her brother, and did not know him; she knew Orestes to be her brother, but she did not know that person to be her brother who was conversing with her."

IV. SORITES. "Is one grain a heap? No. Two grains? No. Three grains? No. Go on adding one by one; and if one grain is not a heap, it will be impossible to say what number of grains make a heap."

V. THE HORNED. "What you have not lost, you have; you have not lost horns; therefore, you have horns."

VI. THE BALD. This was probably a kind of reversed Sorites. "Does the loss of one hair constitute baldness? No. Of two? No. When then does baldness begin? at the n^{th} or the (n plus 1)th place? If not at the n^{th} , why at the (n plus 1)th place? unless the absence of one hair constitutes baldness, which was denied."

VII. THE HIDDEN. This, as may readily be imagined, is somewhat similar to the foregoing, and is intended to prove that something may be hidden, and not hidden, at the same time.

The above sophisms are, we apprehend, not too mysterious or profound for our *Sophomores* to unveil; but it is a matter of history that CHRYSIPPUS wrote six books upon the first, and that PUILETAS died of a consumption which he contracted by the close and continued study he bestowed upon it. This is the epitaph upon his tomb:—

Ξῖνι, Φιλητας ἑμὲ λόγον ὁ Ψευδομένους με
'ὄλλεισι, καὶ νεκτῶν φροντῖδος ἰσπίτσιαι!

We have seen the sophism in question *modernized* into something like the following:—

"The Doctor says that all Irishmen are liars; the Doctor is an Irishman, therefore he tells a lie when he says that all Irishmen are liars; consequently all Irishmen are not liars; and the Doctor, being an Irishman, is not a liar, and, therefore he tells the truth when he says that all Irishmen are liars."

Leaving Eubulides we come next to *Diodorus* of Caria,

who, from the records which have come down to us, must have been an adept in the kind of disputation practised by his predecessors. We are told, however, that on one occasion "a dialectic question was proposed to him in the presence of Ptolemy Storer, (for such, at that time, was the amusement of princes,) by Stilpo, another of this ingenious fraternity. He acknowledged himself incapable of giving an immediate answer, and requested time for the solution. The King ridiculed his want of ingenuity, and gave him the surname of Chronus. Mortified at this defeat, he retired from the entertainment, wrote a book upon the question, and at last, foolishly enough—lied of vexation!" Diodorus was the inventor of the famous argument against motion: "If any body be moved, it is either moved in the place where it is, or in a place where it is not; but it is not moved in the place where it is, for where it is, it remains; nor is it moved in the place where it is not, for nothing can either act or suffer where it is not; therefore, there is no such a thing as motion. Diodorus, after making this wonderful discovery, was well rewarded for his ingenuity. Having had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder, the surgeon whom he sent for to replace it, kept him some time in torture, whilst he proved to him from his own method of reasoning, that the bone could not have *moved* out of its place."

The next name of eminence, in connection with the Megaric sect of Philosophers, is that of *Stilpo*, who flourished about the year 300 B. C. Quite a number of interesting anecdotes have come down to us, respecting his wonderful acuteness in the art of disputation, for which, however, we have no room at present. A few of Stilpo's disciples endeavored to perpetuate his dogmas, but their attempts seem to have met with very little success.

THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

The increasing power and political influence of Russia, during the last century, have excited the interest, and to some extent, the alarm, of all Europe. The late war has disclosed more plainly her immense resources, and the consummate policy which wields them.

One hundred and thirty years ago, the position of Russia in the political scale of Europe, was but little more important than that of some of the minor states of Germany. Her territory was a *terra incognita*, her population scarcely one-fourth its present number, and her influence scarcely noticed. The reign of Peter the Great, the illustrious founder of the present Imperial house, marks a new era in her history. Since that period, she has been rapidly advancing in political grandeur, in military power, and in every department of art, science, and social improvement. A liberal policy, and the commerce consequent upon it, have made us acquainted with her people, institutions and manners. Travellers, such as Taylor and Atkinson, have penetrated the recesses of Siberia and Tartary, and their narrations have familiarized us with a portion of the globe, which, but a few years ago, was but little better known than the interior of Africa. She has now expanded into an immense Empire, with sixty million subjects. She has proved herself, and is acknowledged to be, a first class power.

The Russian Empire now embraces an extent of territory nearly twice as great as that of any other existing power. It is greater than was that of Rome in the meridian of her glory. It extends over forty degrees of latitude, and more than two hundred of longitude. It is difficult to form an adequate conception of an area so vast. It is nearly twice as extensive as the Austrian Empire, Prussia and the smaller States of Germany, Sweden, England, Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy and Spain taken together. It comprises more than one-half of Europe, nearly one-third of Asia, and a portion of North America half as large as the United States and territories. It reaches from the latitude of Central Spain

to the extreme northern point of Asia, and from west to east, more than one-half round the globe,—enjoying every variety of soil, climate, and natural productions.

Nothing save an enlightened policy seems wanting to develop her immense resources. Should proper encouragement and facilities be given to agriculture, commerce, and the mechanic arts, and should the mass of her population become improved and elevated by intercourse with other nations, and a judicious system of national education, who can estimate the wealth and greatness which would arise from the development of her inexhaustible mines of iron and copper, the rich furs and boundless forest of her northern provinces, and the fertile, well-watered plains which border upon the Caspian, the Black Sea, and the Baltic? And to this enlightened policy she is advancing with a sure and rapid progress.

At the same time, however, the character of her government, her religion, and the policy of both, remain the same.

Russia has been aptly styled, “a despotism tempered by assassination.” The authority of the Czar is absolute, and its abuse has brought upon the Imperial line a constant succession of the most terrible tragedies. For the last three hundred years, with but two or three exceptions, every accession to the throne has been accomplished either by the murder or banishment of the reigning monarch, together with hundreds of sympathizing nobles. Almost every coronation has consigned hundreds to the executioner’s axe, or the still more dreadful punishment of the Knout or the Siberian Mines. Notwithstanding this, the Russians are, without doubt, the most loyal people in the world. They are completely devoted to the idea of absolute power, vested in a single man. They receive the Imperial ukase with as much unquestioning submissiveness and implicit obedience, as if it emanated from Divine authority. Resistance or complaint against the Autocrat is an idea which has no existence in the Russian mind.

United to this absolute subjection to the civil power, is the influence of the corrupt and powerful Greek Church. It is supported by the government, and the power of both is united to maintain the most absolute despotism that civilized man has submitted to.

Her peculiar mode of warfare, the vast extent of her territory, and the rigor of its climate, render a war of invasion utterly impracticable. As long ago as when Darius, King of Persia, undertook his famous expedition against the Scythians, (the ancestors of the modern Russians,) an enemy whom he could not induce to meet him in the open field, laid waste the country in his line of march, cut off his advance parties, and embarrassed his retreat with a harrassing and incessant warfare. Almost every one is familiar with the anecdote of the Scythian King, when summoned to surrender by the haughty and arrogant Persian. Darius, with his immense army, had entered the Scythian territory, and confident of an easy victory over the half-armed and undisciplined hordes of the Scythians, who fled continually before him, taunted the King with cowardice, and demanded that he should either meet him in open battle, or else acknowledge him at once as his master, by the usual ceremony of presenting earth and water. In reply to this demand, a herald come from the Scythian King, bringing a bird, a frog, a mouse, and a bundle of arrows, but refused to give any explanation. The enigma was interpreted to mean, however, that unless the Persians could fly through the air like a bird, dive beneath the water like a frog, or conceal themselves in the earth like a mouse, destruction by the arrows of the Scythians would be their inevitable fate. And the prediction proved almost literally true, for only a worn and famished remnant of that proud army escaped across the Danube.

Precisely the same policy utterly destroyed Napoleon's Grand Army, the most magnificent that Europe ever produced, and led by the ablest General the world ever knew. The Russians burnt their Capital over their enemies' heads, considering the sacrifice of but little importance, and the victorious advance of that magnificent army was changed into a disgraceful and disastrous retreat.

But when the armies of the Allies occupied Paris, they were able to dictate their own terms to the crushed and paralyzed Empire, which, but a few months before, had been the terror of all Europe. The vital point of the southern Powers of Europe lies in the Capital. To occupy this, is to conquer the whole nation. Russia, on the contrary, will

contend for every foot of territory, and will render every victory gained by an invading force more disastrous than a defeat. Besides this, every valuable point on her coast is effectually protected. Some of her fortresses are the strongest in the world. Lord Napier thought it utterly impossible to take Cronstadt; and every one is familiar with the enormous amount of labor and waste of life, aided by every appliance of modern military science, which it cost the flower of France and England's armies, to reduce Sebastopol.

The constant policy of Russia, ever since she began to exert an important influence in the political relations of Europe, has been the acquisition of territory. Her acquisitions during the last sixty-four years are thus enumerated by Sir John McNeill, in a late work entitled, "Progress of Russia in the East."

1. "Her acquisitions from Sweden are greater than what remains of that Kingdom.

2. "Her acquisitions from Poland are nearly equal to the Austrian Empire.

3. "Her acquisitions from Turkey in Europe are of greater extent than the Prussian dominions, exclusive of the Rhenish Provinces.

4. "Her acquisitions from Turkey in Asia are nearly equal to the smaller States of Germany.

5. "Her acquisitions from Persia are equal in extent to England.

6. "Her acquisitions in Tartary have an area not inferior to Turkey in Europe, Greece, Italy, and Spain.

7. "The acquisitions which she has made during the last sixty-four years, are equal in extent and importance to the whole Empire previous to that time.

8. "The Russian frontier has been advanced towards Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Vienna and Paris, about 700 miles; towards Constantinople, 600 miles; towards Stockholm, 630 miles; and towards Teheran, the Capital of Persia, 1000 miles."

Such is the fearful rate at which this monster of the North, with its despotic government, its corrupt religion, its iniquitous system of serfdom, and its barbarous modes of punishment, has been extending its immense domain. The slight sketch

which we have given, will suffice to shew the extent to which the existence of such a power endangers the liberty of the whole Eastern Hemisphere. Should the policy which she has invariably observed for the last three-quarters of a century, be persevered in, who can tell where her course of conquest will stop? Foreign combinations cannot cripple her, while every year increases her power. While perfectly secure against invasion, she possesses resources almost without limit, of which her government has absolute control. The utmost that a foreign armament can effect, is to check her aggressions for a time; and should her resources continue to be developed at the present rate, her power would soon become sufficient to overwhelm all Europe. It is of but little importance that Russia is for the present humbled; that her aggressions have been checked; that the Euxine fleet is destroyed, and Sebastopol in ruins. We have no guarantee that the treaty which binds her not to repair the demolished fortifications and rebuild the fleet, will be permanent. Stipulations of this kind have been made between the nations of Europe, times without number. New circumstances present themselves; new difficulties arise; ruptures ensue, and former treaties are annihilated. The political relations of the world change like the Kaleidoscope. Four hundred years ago, all that England claimed as her own was one-half of a little island, in area but little larger than the State of Pennsylvania, and containing a population probably less in number than that of the City of Pekin; the Kings of Castile and Portugal were struggling with the Moors for the possession of the Peninsula; France scarcely maintained her independence against England and the Dukes of Burgundy; the Russians were an unknown, nomadic tribe in the distant plains of Tartary, and the Western Hemisphere not yet dreamed of. Now, England boasts herself mistress of the Ocean, with her claim disputed by but a single rival, and that rival a revolted province of her own, not yet a century old; while the morning tattoo of the British drum never ceases, as it greets the sun, rising in succession upon every degree of the earth's surface. The Moors exist only in romance and in history, while Spain, whose dominion once embraced the fairest portions of both hemispheres, is now degenerate, impoverished, stripped of her magnificent empire, and reduced to a third-rate

kingdom. France, in 1812 a military despotism, and the leading power of the world;—in 1815 a crushed and conquered nation, submitting to a disgraceful peace, dictated by her enemies, the same year a limited monarchy, in 1848 a Republic, is now a despotic Empire, and a first class Power. A nomadic tribe of robbers, forming a nucleus at Moscow, have incorporated tribe after tribe, and province after province, until one-fourth of the Eastern hemisphere acknowledges their sway. England, France and Spain contended long and fiercely for the possession of the New World. Two of them have lost all, and upon the scene of conflict has arisen a new Power, equal in strength to either, and with a rising greatness to which the world's history presents no parallel.

Nations, like individuals, possess a great recuperative power. A single generation will restore prosperity and strength to a country exhausted and impoverished by war or famine. Less than half a century ago France was vanquished and prostrate, her Capital twice occupied by the Allied armies, her provinces drained of their able-bodied men, her commerce and manufactures annihilated, and the whole nation reduced to the lowest point of exhaustion. Forty years afterwards, she is the leading power of Europe, combining with her ancient foe and rival in a successful war against a common enemy, and establishing herself as a first class Power.

It has been found that the human species, under favorable circumstances, is capable of doubling itself once in twenty-five years. This has actually taken place in the United States, making the necessary deductions for increase by immigration. A portion of the Russian territory twice as extensive as the whole area of the United States and territories, is probably as well adapted to the increase of population as is that of North America. Taking the present population of Russia, therefore, at sixty millions, and placing it under circumstances as favorable to national prosperity as are those enjoyed by the United States, the above rate of increase in a single century would give nearly *one thousand millions*, almost equal to the present population of the whole globe. Nor does there seem to be any impossibility in the accomplishment of such an event. The territory of Russia is abundantly able to support a population as numerous as that abovementioned. Its entire

area is about nine million square miles. Deducting one-half of this as incapable of supporting a dense population, (which is probably a large estimate,) the remainder, with a population as dense as that of France, Austria, or Switzerland, will contain seven hundred millions; as dense as that of Germany, nine hundred millions; or even as sparse as that of Denmark, five hundred millions. We have seen a population actually increasing at the rate upon which this computation is based, in the case of the United States, and there seems to be no good reason why that of Russia should not do the same. Her soil is new and fertile, her climate adapted to agricultural labor, the country well supplied with navigable streams, its natural productions abundant and valuable, its facilities for commerce excellent, and the race hardy, intelligent and energetic. It is true, that the social condition of the laboring classes must be improved, and internal improvements constructed, before these resources can be developed to the greatest advantage; and this condition is also being rapidly supplied. The advance of Russia in this respect, and the consequent development of her wealth and power during the last half century, is unprecedented, with the sole exception of the United States; and there seems to be every reason to believe that another half century will see her the equal of England, France and America, in civilization and enlightenment.

Again, other nations have grown in this proportion, and why should not Russia also? The other European powers have not reached so colossal a magnitude, simply because the limited area of their territory forbids it. There seems to be no good reason why population should not increase as rapidly over a large area as in a small one. The example of China shews that such is not impossible, containing as it does, in a territory half as large as that of Russia, one-third the entire population of the globe.

We have seen that the unvarying policy of Russia is the acquisition of territory. In the short space of sixty years, she has more than doubled her already immense empire. She has made fearful encroachments upon her neighbors, at every point of her frontier, and yet Europe, and America, and the East have looked quietly on, as though it were no concern of theirs.

Her late aggressions upon Turkey have discovered a desire and intention to possess herself of Constantinople, and perhaps the whole north-eastern part of the Mediterranean coast. This accomplished, and the whole world lies within her power. Turkey is the key to the whole Eastern hemisphere. Let Russia gain possession of this, and the probable consequences are appalling. It would be a vantage-ground from which to roll her invading waves, westward over Europe, and eastward over Persia, Afghanistan and India. High time it was, indeed, for free constitutional England, and despotic France, for centuries her foe and rival, and Turkey, the deadly enemy of the Frank and the Infidel, to unite their warlike strength and skill, and moral force, in a common defence against a common enemy.

The evil day has been put off, but not beyond the probability of a speedy return. Russia has desisted from the late war, and made the concessions included in the treaty of peace, because she found she could gain nothing at present by aggression in that direction. But while her adversaries have exerted their utmost strength, and have poured out their blood and treasure without stint, she has suffered but little. She has lost little more than a few thousand serfs, which another draft will recruit, and a few forts and vessels, which a year or two will suffice to replace and rebuild, whenever it shall be to her advantage to violate the terms of the treaty. Although worsted in the contest, she is the victor. She has been the gainer by the confidence, skill, and moral power, gained by successful resistance, and has fully established her claim to the rank of a first class power. England undoubtedly stands lower in rank than before the war, while she has increased her debt, lost somewhat of her former prestige, and gained nothing more than placing a temporary and precarious cheek upon the encroachments of Russia. France has reëstablished herself as a power of the first class, and in this respect has profited by the war. Russia, however, has lost little, and at the same time, successfully tested her strength, and increased her military skill and experience.

She has desisted from the recent war because she finds her resources, although immense, are not available. She wants railroads, fortifications and ships of war. Look at what she

is doing at the present moment. Within two years past she has contracted for the construction of the most extensive system of Railroads ever projected.

The only road of importance which she has at present, is

That between St. Petersburg and Moscow, in
length, about 500 miles.

The additions proposed embrace :

- | | | |
|--|-------|---|
| 1. A line from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, | 1,200 | “ |
| 2. From Moscow to some important point on
the Black Sea, | 1,300 | “ |
| 3. A line eastward from Moscow to Novgorod,
the head of navigation on the river Vol-
ga, which empties into the Caspian, | 450 | “ |
| 4. Another westward from Moscow to the
port of Liban, on the Baltic, | 1,300 | “ |
| | <hr/> | |
| Making a total of | 4,750 | |

Here is a system of Railroads radiating from the centre of the Empire to every important point on the frontier. Russia is gigantic in geographical extent, and mighty in agricultural and warlike resources, and these are precisely what she needs to develop both to an almost indefinite extent. Every part of European Russia is placed in almost immediate contact with the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Caspian, and with the numerous avenues of trade and travel which traverse Southern Europe, by connection at Warsaw. Every part of the Empire is brought into ready communication with India, by way of Constantinople, with the Mediterranean, and the Western Ocean. At a few days notice, she could concentrate her whole standing army upon any point of the Black Sea or the Baltic, or upon the frontier of Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, Austria, Turkey, or Persia. In a few days more she could bring down her countless hordes of warlike barbarians from the plains of Siberia and Tartary, and concentrate a force sufficient to overwhelm all Europe.

Again, during the past year, she has been putting down a triple line of piles, quite across the Gulf of Finland, six miles beyond the fortress of Cronstadt, and twelve miles in length. Upon this she has had thirty thousand men employed, during two winters, and already it is nearly complete. Here she

boasts that her entire navy can lie in safety, in defiance of the world.

In the meantime, her aggressions upon neighboring nations have by no means ceased. No sooner does she sign the articles which forbid the further attack upon the Turkish provinces of the Danube, than her attention is turned to another quarter, equally available for the accomplishment of her great object. The possession of Persia, towards which she has lately been pursuing her usual policy, would give her even a better and easier access to India than would that of Turkey.

Her designs have been made still more evident by the recent occurrences in British India. It is generally understood that the seeds of rebellion were sown by Russian emissaries, and its progress aided by Russian gold.

What then, is the conclusion to which all this tends? Namely, that which has been already intimated, that the best and richest portions of the civilized world, or at least all Europe, are in imminent danger of absorption by this devouring Colossus of the North. Wild and chimerical as the idea may perhaps seem, there is everything to warrant it in the history of Russia for the last hundred years, and it may soon become a terrible reality. Already it has attracted the attention of many of the ablest statesmen of Europe, and the most energetic measures are urged to guard against so terrible a contingency.

A STORY OF SCOTLAND.

Away in Scotland, in Sutherland, at the foot of Ben Klibreck, lies Loch Naver. If you open your map, you will see it spread out along the northern side of that remarkable mountain nucleus, from whose sides streams flow north, south, east and west, mingling their several waters with the North Sea and the Atlantic, or find vent, after their course through jagged channels, in the quiet lakes of the province. Beauty lives in these regions at all times; and although nature wears her sterner aspect, the mind is attracted perhaps to a greater extent than it would be by scenery more placid and less marked by peculiarity. In summer the mountain sleeps in shadow upon the lake the whole day long; and at night the moon silvers or throws in deeper obscurity the dark pines on its summit, while in winter, Ben's lofty peaks, colored like a cathedral window by the sun's rays, shoot up in gorgeous tints against the clear sky.

There are many legends of strange deeds and exploits, which in times earlier or later, were enacted in the vicinity of Naver. The common people love to tell them, and point out on the shores of the lake, among the headlands of the mountain, the places sacred by tradition to their memory. The place where deeds of daring have been enacted is the place to hear them related; and as one sits in the kitchen of some Scotch cottage and listens to wild stories of the past, he seems,—is it the quaint accent and earnest eye of the speaker, or the old claymore and tartan kilt on the wall?—almost to see before him the scenes described.

Years ago I spent a day on the side of Klibreck and along the shores of the lake. After I had wandered all morning among the ravines and cliffs of the mountain, and passed the afternoon in a boat upon the surface of Naver, exploring its irregular inlets, I lodged over the night at a cottage near by. As we sat after supper around the great fire of fagots, the Scotchman, the man of the house, told a story of the place, which is subjoined below. It was really interesting, seated as you were in the very place where it occurred.

The McAyres, said the shock-haired Jamie, have always lived upon this spot. Whenever the old house has become insecure and crazy through decay, they have not removed to another place, but have pulled it down and built another upon its foundations. The one we live in now, stands upon the same stones that did the one the McAyres lived in two hundred years ago. The fire-place there, is of the same materials my fathers kept wassail before in the days of Wallace.

One dark night—it was about the year 1750—my grandfather and his bairns sat around the hearth, just as we do now. Mary, a bright-eyed lass she was, and married with good blood a year or so after, was spinning—over in yonder corner, they say, just beyond the window that looks out upon the lake. I said it was dark; presently, too, the wind blew terribly, and they began to hear the shrieking cry it makes among the narrow ravines upon Ben's top. It is a sound by no means pleasant to those unaccustomed to it, and I have had strangers who slept here and were unacquainted with the place, come to me in the night when the wind was high, and with white faces ask me what it was.

Every one, however, was used to it, and scarcely any attention to the sound of the wind, or the breaking of the water on the shingle beach of the lake. Storms were of frequent occurrence, and the dreariness outside served only to increase the cheerfulness within. The household affairs were talked of; Jamie's tartan was taken in hand, and an unlucky rent mended; stories were told, while the great fire threw a glow of mellow comfort over all.

At last the evening came to a close and all retired except Mary. Half a dozen little heads lay ranged in the wide bed in the loft, and as many had a place in Mary's heart while she sat alone spinning flax for their garments. The little wheel whirred a dreamy, monotonous kind of accompaniment to her thoughts, and she did not notice, until it became too dark to see, that the fire-light by which she had been working had flickered away. A few coals lay still in the ashes, and she hastily stepped across the floor to rouse them to a blaze. Throwing a small faggot upon the embers she drew her wheel nearer the fire.

As she barred the window she glanced out, and at the same

time the flame caught upon the bunches of moss upon the wood and lighted up the room. Was it fancy? There, glaring at her, as it seemed, out of the darkness, were two great eyes, and away beyond in the distance was a dim light tossing up and down like a Will-o'-the-Wisp.

Mary was a brave girl, and she neither screamed nor fainted, nor did she show any signs of fear that she had noticed the glowering face. A mountain home had given her a stout heart, and as unconcernedly as possible she passed from before the window to her father's bed-side and told him what had happened.

The stern Highlander took little time for thought. Hastily rising, he threw his plaid around him, and caught down the heavy claymore that hung by his bed. Then he walked into the other room and charged Mary to wake no one else in the house, and to keep entire silence until he should call for her; after this he noiselessly sallied out into the storm. The wind was very high and whistled along as though it would sweep everything before it, while it was so dark that nothing could be distinguished at the shortest distance. There lay the light in the offing,—moving, now up and now down,—which the experienced eye of the old Scot told him was the lantern of some boat at anchor, rising and falling with the swell of the water. He moved cautiously along, with weapon uplifted, ready to strike at any moment. Presently he came directly in front of the window where Mary had seen the face, but there was no one there. He stopped to listen,—there was no sound except that of the storm, and of the water dashing upon the beach. It must have been, he thought, only a fancy of Mary's. The loneliness, and the wind filling the air with strange noises, were sufficient to fever the thoughts of a girl engaged in reverie. Again he moved forward, determined to prove, if possible, the reality or deception of the appearance. He advanced slowly and carefully, when, just as he had raised his foot to take a step, he felt his leg tightly grasped, and before he could strike, stumbled headlong to the ground, over some obstacle at his feet.

Then came a terrible struggle. Mary heard the muttered exclamation of her father as he fell, and stood at the window, her face pressed against the pane, striving to look out into the

darkness. She heard the heavy breathing of the two men as they struggled away out of her sight. She strained her eyes more and more, until her disordered fancy pictured the most frightful of scenes being enacted, although out of sight, just before her in the blackness. Her heart was filled with terror lest her father should perish in the desperate contest, and she could scarcely refrain from shrieking out, in the depth of her anxiety.

As she listened the noise outside became fainter and fainter, but as it decreased, her fears and and fancies became more painful. Soon the strong voice of the Highlander shouted out through the storm: "Quick, Mary, bring a lantern." She was soon by his side, while the cottage was filled with the exclamations of the family, awakened by the hoarse cry. There lay her father upon the wet ground, with a man under him firmly clasped in his arms. The face of the stranger, black and stained by the clay, seemed that of a dead man, and one arm lay bent back and crushed beneath him.

The Scotchman raised himself up and carried the senseless man into the cottage. There he laid him before the hearth. He was of middle size, with heavy black hair, beard and eyebrows, and dressed in sailor fashion. Not a sound came from his lips, except now and then a muttered groan; but as he seemed to revive a little, he glared around him like a caged beast. They asked him many questions but he made no answer.

The Highlander was something of a surgeon, and after a temporary couch had been made upon the floor, pulled off the sleeve from the wounded arm. It was terribly broken; the splintered bone appeared through the flesh, and the clotted blood made the wound more ghastly. He had stubbornly fought after his arm was injured, and the original fracture was greatly increased in size. The nearest physician lived twenty miles away, in the next village; he must, if possible, set the injured limb himself. Procuring bandages and water he bound up the fracture to the best of his ability, and throwing more wood upon the fire, anxiously awaited the morning.

Presently it came, peering over the rugged country to the east, and barring the cottage wall with golden bands. As it became light, the man seemed to grow feverish and delirious;

would mutter to himself, and swing his uninjured arm in wild gesticulations. Fearing the consequences of the fever, the Highlander sent his oldest boy after the physician.

He came late in the afternoon, and by his prescriptions the patient seemed rapidly to rally. He answered all questions put to him with regard to his arm and his fever, but steadily refused to reply to those frequently asked him, as to how he had come near the cottage in so singular a manner and at such a time of night.

A number of days passed and he steadily gained strength, while the broken limb seemed to unite kindly, and gave prospect of a speedy recovery. At last, on the fifth day, touched by the kindness shown him, and the attention with which his wounds were cared for, he gave account of how he had happened upon that night to be near the cottage.

He was one of a company of smugglers, who had their storehouse for smuggled goods in a large cave, several miles down the shore, where the water washed the rocky base of the mountain. The ports of Sutherland, little frequented by His Majesty's vessels, and indeed seldom visited by those of any kind, offered every facility for contraband trade. The cave was the general depository of goods, which, in the night-time, they were accustomed to bring over the country in wagons. Afterwards they were conveyed to the spot in a kind of small lighter which also plied up and down in the night, although the scarcity of inhabitants in the country often emboldened to sally out in day-time. Their vessel had that evening been laden with contraband goods, brought over from the port of Eriboll, some twenty miles distant, and had started from the further end of the lake to the cave. When the storm came up, and before they could put to shore, the darkness covered every landmark, and the wind and waves were so violent as to endanger the safety of the craft. They put in to shore as carefully as possible, tossed this way and that by the wind until all reckoning of their position was lost.

When they reached the shore they saw, off in the distance, a light which attracted their attention. It was the fire-light through the cottage window. One volunteered to try and find this position, and started off towards it; he it was that Mary saw through the panes. He had seen her as she passed, but

thought she had not observed him. Just as he was preparing to return, he fancied he heard the cottage door shut, and a splash upon the wet ground. Hastily stooping, he listened intently, but heard nothing, and was just getting ready again to go back, when he felt the Highlander's knee in his face. Then came the grapple and the long struggle in which he had received his injury—his arm, in the contest, having somehow been twisted around and behind his back. Soon after he had given this account he entirely recovered, and taking warning by his accident gave up his unlawful pursuits.

When the old Scotchman had finished the story it was eleven o'clock. The fire had burned down into ashes, and the rush-light on the table threw out a sickly blue light that seemed to waken out of the corners the ghosts of shadows—not the orthodox, boldly-defined ones a bright lamp gives birth to. As I rose to retire, and passed the window, I involuntarily looked out, if perchance there might be some hideous face grinning at me out of the darkness; and after I had gone to bed, was fain to hide my head under the fresh linen sheets of my story-telling landlord.

WITCHCRAFT.

There is often a genuine pleasure to be found in lingering around the monuments of a past age to read its lessons of wisdom and instruction. As the old man just tottering upon the brink of the tomb, loves to relate the stories of his boyhood days, or as the soldier delights to recall the scenes and incidents of many a hard-fought battle-field, just as surely does the mind seek retirement from present things in the pleasing though absurd notions of preceding generations. The visions of Fairy-land at times enchant us still; there is something charming in the thought of the "Wee People o' the ivy"

"Finely attired in a robe of white,"

enjoying their nightly revels. Even when contemplating the darksome churchyard with its ghosts of the departed "making night hideous with their howlings," a smile may light up the countenance, and mingle itself with the darker shade. But we turn from these more pleasant pictures to one far different in its character—a painting whose frightful delineations, Time in his career of destruction has not hitherto been able to destroy. You behold Witchcraft presented to view, in all its deformity, surrounded by its victims and all its terrible consequences. It commenced its course of desolation in the earliest ages of the world, and though now in its death-struggle, over many a mind and soul it still wields unlimited and undisputed control. Touching the reality of Witchcraft, or in other words, the power of the witch, so called, to hold converse with some supernatural evil being, many opinions have been entertained. The brightest intellects have contended for its validity, and even at this day, among the learned, much more among the ignorant, there beats many a pious, Christian heart, that would as soon make a denial of the existence of the Creator himself, as to admit for one moment a doubt upon this subject. The express command of Jehovah to Moses, "Thou shalt not suffer a *witch* to live," furnishes for them evidence enough to substantiate their belief, and to scatter to the wind the very thought of skepticism. Saul's consultation

with the Witch of Endor, who, at the request of the King, brought up by her incantations, the spirit of the dead Samuel, which reproved him for his wickedness, and foretold his speedy death, is to them an incontrovertible attestation of its existence and its power. So thought Sir Matthew Hale, renowned as being one of the wisest and best men of his age. So thought Wesley, the brightness of whose holy character and life yet throws its heavenly radiance around us, undimmed by the lapse of years. And so, too, thought Milton, whose creative genius soared above our sphere, and portrayed in such beauty and splendor:

“Messiah crowned, God’s reconciled decree,
Rebelling angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, hell, earth, chaos, all.”

But another view is, that Witchcraft did exist during the old Dispensation, but no longer; that for reasons which to us are inscrutable, the Creator did permit humanity to exercise the power of communing with an unseen being, but that this power ceased forever when *He* appeared at whose coming darkness was light, and at whose word of command demons fled, astonished and afraid. That the evil spirits which the Saviour is frequently represented as having cast out, were really emissaries of Satan, it seems impossible for any intelligent and prayerful reader of the Scripture to deny. Since, therefore, they then ceased to exert their baneful influence over men, so, since the Christian Era dawned, all similar evils ceased to afflict mankind.

A third proposition maintains that Witchcraft is something purely belonging to the imagination; that these passages in the Scripture which seem to imply its existence are not the true meaning of the original, and that the words “witches” and “witchcraft” convey to the mind an idea totally different to what the inspired authors intended. This argument well substantiated is sufficient to overthrow the hypotheses which have been mentioned. The little light thrown upon the subject, tends to show that the Witchcraft of Bible days was analogous in many respects to some of the rites and ceremonies of the Greek and Roman mythology. The power of the Witch resembles that exercised by the Pythoness in the

oracular temple of Apollo, at Delphi, and perhaps the nearest approaches to it in more recent times, have been the spiritual manifestations which so lately astonished the world. The desire of man to look into futurity was the propelling motive all the last mentioned systems; it was the governing principle to which they all acknowledged adherence. The criminality of witchcraft then, consisted in its having a tendency to alienate the affections of the chosen though rebellious Israel from God, their proper object, and hence death was attached as the penalty to the offence.

Very different is the character of Witchcraft as it exhibited itself in more modern times. It was truly the fruit of the imagination fettered and bound by the shackles of ignorance. A garden composed of the richest soil, even in the highest state of cultivation, always produces some weeds among the flowers. Much more is this the case when it is left uncared for, and the skillful hand of the workman attends not to the tender plants as they begin to bud and blossom. It is melancholy to reflect that for many centuries the human mind was just such a garden, in which the flower and the rose burst the soil only to be choked by the noisome weeds of ignorance and superstition. Like the fabled Upas tree, which taints with its poison the whole atmosphere around it, and blights and kills everything in its neighborhood, so Witchcraft, when it sprang up in the mind, stamped with the mark of death all the nobler qualities of the soul, and stood alone in the valley of desolation. The different forms in which it exhibited itself have been virtually the same in all countries. Its agents were generally chosen from the outcasts of society, and are thus described by an eminent author:

“A decrepid old woman, tempted by a man in black, has signed with her blood on parchment, a contract to become his, body and soul; has received from him a piece of money—the black King’s shilling to the new recruit—has put one hand to the sole of her foot, and the other to the crown of her head; and has duly received a familiar in the shape of a cat or kitten, a mole, a miller-fly, or any other little animal which is the corporate form of a demon, subject to the will of the said woman, lodged by her, and provided with a meal from her blood, drawn by taps established for its use on different parts

of her body." An old woman having these characteristics was undoubtedly, in spite of all the lights of all the centuries, a *Witch*. A more ancient writer describes them as follows:

"An old, weather-beaten crone, having her chin and knees meeting for age, walking like a bear leaning on a staff, untoothed, having her lips trembling with palsy, going mumbling in the streets; one that hath forgotten her paternoster, and yet a shrewd tongue to call a drab a drab, and who hath learned an old wife's rhyme, ending 'pax, max, tax for a spell.'"

Such were the beings whom Satan chose to execute his purposes, and such the wretched creatures in whom a more than human power was said to reside. And how was this power exercised? Did an old horse happen to be lame, the misfortune was at once laid to the charge of any old beldam who chanced to reside in the neighborhood. Did sickness come upon any one, or adversity common to all, overtake him, the same poor woman had to bear the blame and suffer the consequences. It is only from the records of the accusations and trials of these so called Witches that we can gain any clear knowledge of the extent and malignity of the delusion upon which we are now treating. In the statute books of nearly every European nation, and our own is not free from the charge, were laws with whose sanction the arm of death, in its most terrific form, was raised against these poor abandoned outcasts, and the annals of history are indelibly and disgracefully stained with their innocent blood. What law, what justice, what shadow of fairness was there when, in order to test and ascertain the existence of the witch's power, the suspected being was cast into a stream of water, to be adjudged not guilty if she sank beneath the flood to rise no more into life, and to undergo conviction and speedy execution should she swim upon the surface. Truly we may here learn a sad lesson of the extreme depths of degradation to which human nature is capable of sinking. Mere suspicion was condemnation. Trial was a solemn mockery. So overclouded was the reason that it could not even detect falsehoods the most glaring. Witnesses were found who, though bound by the most solemn oaths, would nevertheless give utterance to things at once absurd, inconsistent and impossible. Says a quaint and

energetic old writer, "that which God would not do, and the Devil could not do, none but a liar would assert and none but a fool believe." To illustrate more fully the subject we insert from the history of the well-known Salem Witchcraft, a deposition used in the trial of Eunice Cole, at Hampton, Mass.:—

"The Deposition of Mary Perkins, y^e wife of Abraham Perkins, Sen.,

"Who saith thatt many years since, one Sabbath day when Mr. Dalton was preaching, this Deponantt Saw a Small creature aboutt the bigness of a mouse, fall outt of the bosom of Eunice Cole, and fell into her lap, itt being of a lead colour, and as sone as itt was in her lap itt run away; and Goodwife Peabody being startled att itt took up her stoole and went away to another place in a fright, and Eunice Cole perceiving itt seemed to draw her mouth together and to flew att itt, and this Deponant further testifieth that at another time, being appointed with other women, by Captain Wiggins to Search Eunice Cole, she found a strange place in her legue, being a conjunction of blew vaines which were Sweld with blood and all met together, where was a strange ventt of all these vaines as this Deponantt did judge.

"Sworn on y^e 2d mo. 1693, Before mee

"SAM'L DALTON, Coms'r."

We do not wish to harrow the gentle feelings of the reader by an elaborately drawn picture of the sufferings of the many thousands who were sacrificed to satisfy the demands of the popular phrenzy. Better far had they be buried in forgetfulness, for they are a foul blot upon the escutcheon of humanity. Be it ours rather to notice the emancipation of the mind from its captivity, and the complete triumph of truth over error. First came the twilight, when the people began to doubt the propriety of their course, and petitions for the pardon of the accused were sent to the magistrates; next came the dawn when the whole matter was abandoned, and reparation made to those who had been so grievously injured; and last was the glorious sunrise of intelligence, when Reason resumed her sway and displayed the delusion in all its hideous deformity. Into some hearts her light has not yet penetrated,

just as in nature the rays of the sun never illumine many hidden and obscure recesses where darkness holds an uninterrupted sway, and no morning breaks in upon the night. The weighty and powerful axe of the backwoodsman is required to throw down the overhanging shade, and let in that genial influence which shall cause the barren and unfruitful soil to blossom like the rose. So in like manner may we hope that the pioneer of Gospel truth in heathen lands may be able to break down the walls of superstition and idolatry, and that in many a heart now dark and gloomy the rays of a pure intelligence may scatter the mists of darkness, and the blessings of a true religion diffuse peace and happiness to earth's remotest bounds. Before the advance of science and the spread of Gospel truth, Witchcraft has fast disappeared, and its grand tragedy can never again be reënacted.

“The cautious good-man nails no more
 A horse-shoe on his outer door,
 Lest some unseemly hag should fit
 To his own mouth her bridle-bit ;
 The good-wife's churn no more refuses
 Its wonted culinary uses,
 Until with heated needle burned,
 The witch has to her place returned !
 Our witches are no longer old
 And wrinkled beldams Satan sold,
 But young, and gay, and laughing creatures,
 With the heart's sunshine on their features—
 Their sorcery,—the light which dances
 Where the raised lid unveils its glances ;
 Or that low-breathed and gentle tone,
 The music of Love's twilight hours,
 Soft, dreamlike, as a fairy's moan
 Above her nightly closing flowers.”

The drama of Witchcraft has long been stripped of its attractions in christian lands. But in other climes and amid other circumstances it is now being performed ; nor will it be driven from the stage until the religion of the Bible shall be planted in the hearts of a now ignorant people, and “Peace on Earth, good will towards men,” be proclaimed throughout a universal world. Let the scholar, then, speed on the car of knowledge, let the philanthropist be unremitting in his labor

of love, and let both, clad in the panoply of the Christian, aim for the accomplishment of one common object—the good of humanity, the amelioration of mankind.

THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.

[Continued from page 182.]

It was, however, still a dark hour to the Bishop, but the cloudy and stormy prospect began at length to break away. While suffering under the affliction of the death of his son, cheering rays began to penetrate his long lonely lodgings, and before many weeks, one of England's brightest and balmiest suns beamed upon his pathway. Clergy and distinguished laymen found their way to his lodgings; Bishops invited interviews with him at their city residences; men, eminent in station and good works, vied with each other in extending to him their hospitality and support; a board of trustees of the highest respectability, was formed to further his object; they published an appeal to the church in its behalf, and nearly thirty thousand dollars flowed in to assist the aspersed and long neglected Bishop of Ohio to found a College and Theological Seminary in his diocese. Again and again he was led to rejoice over his motto, "*Jehovah Jireh*," the Lord will provide. His patient waiting and indomitable faith won the heart of one of the leading high churchmen of London, the Rev. Dr. Gaskin, and made him his fast and zealous friend. But the general and determined opposition of the high church party, and the fraternal, catholic, and generous coöperation of the low church clergy and laity, led him into more constant association with the latter, and to imbibe, more and more, their general views and policy. His diary and letters of this date clearly indicate

a thorough change in his views. He thus expresses himself of the church influence of the Bible Society:

“How the excellency of our divine service, which was always the same, (I mean since the Reformation,) comes now to be more generally and progressively acknowledged, is a subject of pleasing inquiry. On this theme my thoughts have been much employed, especially since in England. Hitherto I have been able to assign no other cause for this favorable change, so satisfactory to my own mind, as the union of churchmen and Dissenters in the laudable design of circulating the Bible throughout the world. This union has brought together pious characters of both and all parties. By the cultivation of friendly sentiments, when promoting a design acknowledged by all to be of the first importance, men naturally forget all other causes of asperity, and begin to love one another. While in this happy work, and the train of thought to which it gives birth, the Dissenters would ask themselves, in their retired moments, what reason they had to oppose the Prayer-Book, which bears such a resemblance to the Holy Bible as not only to convey the general doctrines of the Word of God distinctly and fairly to the mind, but to infuse the very spirit of it in the heart, and draw out all its evangelical precepts into the life and conversation of those who do not abuse, but use, this liturgy with pious constancy. Perhaps there are many thousands in England, whose ancestors or themselves have been driven from the church by harsh treatment, or by witnessing the irreligious lives of some of her members, who are now drawn to her bosom by the piety and kindness of those of her members who mingle with them in the Bible Societies. Aside from the almost miraculous benefit derived to the whole world by the institution of the Bible cause, it should, in my opinion, claim the peculiar attention of churchmen for the reasons above stated.”

This extract fully reveals what the Bishop's churchism was when he thus wrote, and that not only was his heart won over to low churchism, but that he was convinced as a sound churchman that for the simple promotion of church interests, the low church spirit and policy is the best, the wisest and the most efficient.

The intelligent churchman alone can understand the full meaning of the Bishop's notice of the anniversary of the Church Missionary Society:—"The anniversary of this growing and most useful Society took place on the 4th of May. The writer was present, but, for want of ability to speak off-hand in so great an assembly, took no part in the addresses. Lord Gambier presided, and the Rev. Josiah Pratt was Secretary." Writing at a later period, he says:—"They have both gone to their reward, in the presence of their heavenly Master. Does the soul of the former, or the faithful heart of the later, regret that they were made the honored instruments of so much good in spreading the Gospel of Salvation through the word? Surely they will be numbered with those whom Jesus will delight to honor in the presence of his Father and the holy angels."

But at that time, in England such men were everywhere spoken against, their churchism repudiated, and, indeed, their whole system of doctrine and church polity violently opposed and condemned by those who sympathised with Bishop Hobart, and who called themselves *par excellence* high churchmen. Bishop Chase had learned that there was a more excellent way—that what was opprobriously called "New Light" was the true light, and that it was another gospel to make the church, and not the truth as it is in Jesus, the source of saving faith and religion. The change which his views underwent in England, and the spiritual advantage which he personally derived from his intercourse with such men as Rev. Josiah Pratt, and other leading low churchmen, proved a greater blessing to Ohio and the United States, than even the means which he secured for the founding of Kenyon College and our Theological Seminary.

After the anniversaries of the great religious and benevolent societies in May, the Bishop traveled extensively in England and Wales, visited the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and by invitation, paid his personal respects to a large number of distinguished laymen and clergy in various parts of the Kingdom, by whom he was entertained in the most hospitable and flattering manner. Great respect was paid him at both the Universities—even at Oxford, where Bishop Hobart had the largest and most influential body of friends. His most influential and untiring friends were the good Mr. Wiggins

Lords Gambier, Bexley and Kenyon, Mr. Mariot, Lady Ross and Rev. Josiah Pratt, and some of these honored names he determined to make household words among the Churchmen of Ohio by identifying them with our Diocesan Institutions.

The summer was now advancing, the time drawing near when he had determined to turn his face homeward, and farewell letters couched in the most tender and affectionate terms met him at all his known halting places. Mr. Wigg and Lord Kenyon accompanied him to Liverpool, and his lordship brought over his son and three daughters to unite in paying farewell adieus to the Bishop. "The 16th of July was the day fixed for sailing to America but contrary winds prevented. The ship *Orbit*, Capt. Finkham, in which the Bishop came, was to take him home.

On the 17th he was still detained. Sir Charles Palmer, Dr. Trevor, Dean of Chester, and others, came to the ship as she was setting her sails, and ceased not their tokens of English kindness to the Bishop till he was out of sight. The pilot-boat brought his last farewells to his numerous friends." With a heavy heart he landed in England—with a buoyant and a happy one he was sent back to his distant Diocese. He landed in New York on the 29th of August, 1824, and immediately rejoined his family at Kingston, whom he found all well and happy.

TRADITION—MYTHOLOGICAL AND SPIRITUAL.

The mythological traditions of the ancients resemble the account given by the negro of the manner in which man was created. The Lord first moulded him from fine clay, and then leaned him against the fence to dry. When they are subjected to a strict analysis, the same result follows as did from the question of the skeptical negro who listened to the above-mentioned theological exposition: "Where did dat fence come from?" Of course the question was a poser; and were those who have so blind an admiration for ancient mythology to investigate more closely, they would find that the system, instead of tending to enlighten and liberate the human mind, only led it more deeply into the labyrinths of mysticism, inconsistency and ignorance; and that, while externally it presented a beautiful appearance, internally it was wanting in all the essentials which are necessary to establish a confident hope and a firm belief in its efficacy as a road to a happy eternity. Though in a short essay we cannot expect to enter deeply into a subject upon which large volumes have been written, without coming to any definite conclusion, yet there are mistakes in circulation among some, which should be corrected, and among others an ignorance which should be enlightened.

It has been a misfortune, perhaps, that all who have written upon Roman and Grecian history, have been men who looked upon the religions of those countries as the cause of their advancement in Literature, Arts and Sciences. On the contrary, the advance of the mind in the liberal arts was the cause of the establishment of their religion. That the Greeks and Romans were eminently progressive; that in morals and intellect, they claim some resemblance to the present civilized nations of the earth, was not owing to their religion. In neither of these countries had there arisen any established system of religion until nearly the period of their decline, and then their religions formed the principal cause of their downfall.

Taking Greece as the most illustrious example, we find

that the religion was progressive. Their system, commencing with a few simple myths, which arose from the wants of the human mind, gradually developed along with the mind, until the time of Pericles, when it began to attain exclusive control over that mind. It is now believed, and the proof is convincing, that Hesiod lived and composed at a period subsequent to Homer. In the short time between their eras a great number of deities were added, and an immense number of changes made in the forms of worship. In the time of Homer, neither Bacchus nor Ceres had yet become known; in the time of Hesiod they were barely noticed; but afterwards their rites extended further, and were more zealously observed than those of any other God. This view is fully sustained, when we observe the number of demi-gods or, as they are now called, heroes, who one after another were added to those who were already worshipped. There is a natural and easy descent from Jupiter and Mars to Hercules, who, though a son of Jupiter, was condemned through the machinations of Juno to pass a life of toil and self-denial, without reward other than that of glory after his death; and to Theseus who, though more successful than Hercules, was yet obliged to undergo a more poignant punishment in the ingratitude of his subjects.

Hero worship has not entirely ceased in these days; how much more of it should there have been then, when circumstances gave to a superior character opportunities to obtain infinitely greater influence, and to confer infinitely greater benefits; and when the mind, but just emerging from the dark mists of ignorance, but having passed beyond a firm belief in the divinity of what had appeared to them in their own flesh and blood, of what had come into and gone out of the world in a way common to all men, was yet disposed to look upon all superiority as conferred by divine beneficence. The tables which have come down to us confirm this theory. Every land, every city, every village, had its hero and founder; and to each was given the superiority of divine origin—a superiority which was afterwards granted to his descendants.

Perhaps we can in no way better obtain a good knowledge of the religious progression among the Greeks, than by their manner of worship. At first a few savage and degraded beings would assemble together in the woods, around some

unmeaning image, and perform their devotions in the most primitive manner. Gradually the image was changed into a crude resemblance to man; then as the image became of more value in a religious point of view, a temple was erected to contain it, and to give more solemnity to the rites and ceremonies which had developed along with the image. The temple of Olympia, the first on record, was erected long after the death of Homer, or even of Hesiod. The temple of Delphi was built not long subsequent. These formed the commencement of a system of temples which were scattered over all Greece, and which in grandeur and beauty have never been equalled.

Thus we see a continual religious advancement, not as yet in any way fettering the human mind, but only a result of its freedom and progression. As this progression continued, the Gods were gradually divested of their human passions, and made to resemble more nearly in dignity what is really divine. Their amours are thrown aside as being too gross for, and inconsistent with good order in Mount Olympus. Jupiter no longer condescended to honor the world with patrimonial visits. Heroes were no longer bestowed upon men as a result of the Gods' paternal affection.

As the mind gradually became established in certain trains of thought, and as science and art developed, the religion, too, would become systematized—would be reduced to certain prescribed limits, in which, and up to which, its votaries would be obliged to act. We find this gradual systematization actually to have taken place, and to have ceased at the time of Pericles, when all the branches of intellectual culture which had yet been attempted, were fast advancing to their highest state of perfection. At this era sculpture, under the hands of Phidias and Praxilites, embodied itself in a Minerva and Venus, which have never been surpassed. Painting, under the taste of a Zeuxis and an Apelles, at the least reached a height of perfection which, in beauty, rivals that obtained by the works of a Raphael or a Correggio in modern times. Philosophy, under Socrates and Plato, the Bible excepted, presented the finest theories of the universe, of eternity, of a future life, which have ever been given to the world. And who can number the orators, mathematicians and poets, both

tragic and comic, who carried, each his particular profession, to so high a degree of perfection that all the productions of all the men of genius since then have fallen far below them?

Upon observing closely, however, we find that the development of all these professions either tended to the promotion of, or at most did not disagree with the established form of religion. The poets limited their lays to songs of praise to the Gods and demi-Gods. The sculptors confined their abilities to, and made their highest flights of genius in making images fit to personate the Deities. And orators wielded their entire influence by appealing to the superstition of the people.

We have now traced up the progression to its highest point; have found that religion was no established system in itself, but formed one of the modes in which the Greek mind was developing itself. In the era of Pericles it had become an established system. The reverence of the people, and the ingenuity of the poets, who always looked to the past for the subjects of their lays, now not only protected it from innovation, but compelled all material thought to be consonant with the religious despotism. Did Anaxagoras or Socrates strike out in an original path, they were banished or executed. Did Plato or Xenophon philosophize, they were compelled either to conceal their theories, or to journey in a foreign land until the excitement against them had become allayed. The natural result following from the supremacy of a religion which allowed certain tracks only to be trodden by its votaries, was that, after all these had been explored, and the flowers growing by the way had been plucked, explorers could no longer find material on which to labor, and were, therefore, obliged to confine themselves to pandering to the tastes of the people in order to exercise their abilities. An author could not expect to obtain popularity after a Euripides or a Sophocles; an orator after an Æschines or a Demosthenes. He must turn his genius into another sphere; must abandon noble schemes of amelioration; and under the control of Gods who encouraged lust and crime, seek in profligacy the superiority he could not obtain in a noble profession. He must gratify the passions of the people to obtain influence, and thus we see the true reason why the money once used in promoting the

public advantage was afterwards degraded to the employment of giving "Ὁ, πρῶτος" an opportunity to witness the low vices of the Gods in the special interpositions in human affairs.

When there was no longer room for advancement, ruin came on apace. Noble professions were degraded into unimportant occupations, in which the substance was lost in external finish. Statesmanship became sophistry, and the adored theatre itself became the political arena, in which unprincipled demagogues could give vent to their envy without fear of punishment. Thus, step after step, the mind became more closely enchained by religious superstition, until the first century before Christ, when not one example of true greatness could be found throughout all Greece, and when the inhabitants no longer possessed sufficient energy to throw off the yoke which had for years degraded that classic land.

The mythology of Greece has been here taken because it forms the most illustrious example of that system. When we turn to other nations we see this theory demonstrated much more clearly. The religion which commenced with the simplicity and ignorance, always ended in the superstition and degradation of its votaries. Tacitus speaks of the simple and innocent rites of the Germans in his day; the historian of Charlemagne relates only their barbarity and ferocity. In India, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva were not formerly accustomed to sup on human flesh. Later times and further developments have led them to the discovery of that delicate viand. One of the primitive Hindoo oracular writers thus speaks of the Deity: "Being immaterial, he is above all conception; being invisible he can have no form; from what we behold in his works, we may conclude that he is eternal, omnipotent, knowing all things and present everywhere. God is one creator of all that is. God is like a perfect sphere, without beginning or end." Taking these examples as a criterion, it is evident that however pure and simple heathen faith may have been in the beginning, when once firmly established its effects were of the worst possible description.

Turning from this part of our subject, let us look at tradition as viewed in another light,—that is, as an index to the social character and civilization of the people among whom it existed. This is the entrance to the secret riches of time;

this the door of the casket in which lie all its beautiful gems and precious metals,—treasures open to the enjoyment of all who are willing to enter and gaze. Through it can be seen the motive power of all that is grand and beautiful in the fine arts, in poetry, in history. Through it can be seen the first budding of an infant human mind; its gradual advancement from barbarism; and at last its full development into manly and energetic perfection. Through it we can see why the arts, the oratory, the soldiery, the philosophy and the enterprise of those times have surpassed in excellence and beauty, those of other times and other nations. We turn naturally to Greece and Rome, but it does not admit us to the secrets of those nations alone. France in its lays of the Troubadours; Italy in its tales of brigands; England in its gray headed and long bearded bards; Germany and Switzerland in their dwarfs and giants, all furnish us mirrors in which the state of the human mind is reflected. While we look to Greece and Rome as the mothers of art and science, throughout all Europe can we discover the pure and simple poetical tales which afterwards developed into the glorious age of "chivalry." Even up to sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, traditions formed the principal subjects on which poets delighted to dwell. Who can read Spencer's "Fairie Queene" without being affected not only by the beauty of the poem, but by the simplicity of those for whom it was written. The age in which it was composed is impressed on every page; aye, almost every paragraph conveys some new and interesting view of the times and people.

"He was an elfin born of noble state,
And muckle worship in his native land.
Well could he tourney and in lists debate,
And Knighthood took of good Sir Huon's hand,
When with King Oberon he came to fairy-land."

describes not only a wizard, but a knight of Elizabeth's age.

But if England presents beautiful examples in spirit tradition, with how much more interest can we turn to Germany and Switzerland, where every lake teemed with dwarfs, where every house had its Kobold, and every mountain its presiding spirit. All the German traditions indicate the strange religious fancies, which have now developed into the

boldest speculations, and most unique theories. Schiller and Goethe acquired the greatest portion of their fame in embodying the legends of the preceding century; and now we can trace up in a continual line all the finest works of Germany as endued with these beautiful mysteries. In this, therefore, we think we see the index to the true reason why the primitives of all ages have been most successful in works of imagination. With the ingress of practical and inductive science, imagination makes its egress. The art may be left, but the substance which inspired it no longer exists.

We conclude this article by stating the advantages which a thorough knowledge of this branch of literature presents to the student. We could even go further and state our belief, that to one who aspires to literary superiority this knowledge is an indispensable necessity. From no other source are there so many and striking illustrations to be drawn, not to mention the origin of Minerva and other illustrations of that class, with which every student is familiar, and on which he makes his highest flights of oratory. Who can recount the hidden beauties of the "Siege of Troy," of the "Argonautic expedition," of the "Kaledonian boar hunt?" Who without strong excitement can read the wierd tales of Fingal? Whose heart does not warm at the adventures of "Aladdin and his wonderful lamp?" Does the orator wish to excite the feelings of his audience? How can he do so better than by relating some pretty tale which, by its singularity, excites the imagination, while its simplicity allays the turbulent passions! Every person who wishes to wield an influence over the people, must have an extensive knowledge of human nature; and in using illustrations from this branch of literature, he uses what has come directly from the human mind in all its simplicity. On the whole, tradition reminds us of a glass palace, rivalling the rainbow in brilliancy, as each particular ray of light presents an ever-changing combination of color; fragile to the touch, but yet presenting a gorgeous view of all that is contained within. The palace magnifies immensely the beauty and size of its contents, but is itself an edifice in no way adapted to withstand the destroying elements.

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

I.

Night has spread her sable curtain
 O'er a still and pulseless world ;
 From Kenyon forth, with gaze uncertain,
 (With no banners broad unfurled,)
 But old coats wrapping tight around 'em,
 And old hats put on aslouch,
 Step three youths.

The tutors vexed 'em
 By a ceaseless eringing crouch-
 Ing at their doors ; and anxious peering
 Thro' their key-holes, so much fearing
 Lest the boys, (the rules revering
 Not the slightest) might be cheering
 Their cold hearts by drinks of whiskey,
 Or of ale to make them frisky ;
 And with paste-beards dry, their risky
 Games be playing ne'er so briskly.

Reader, pardon this digression :
 You're not like to give concession
 To the tiresome laws of College,
 In your weary search for knowledge.

II.

Their patience was spent,
 So out they all went,
 With a wish to give vent
 To their mirthful intent.

Moved by this love of fun,
 Up Gambier Hill they run ;
 Treading sly,
 Their legs their bodies bore,
 In short metre, to the door,
 Of a sty-

Porcine animals there lay
 In innocent array—
 Woe betide
 The villains who, mayhap,
 Shall wake them from their nap,
 Side by side.

The grunting of a shoat,
Sent up a sounding note
 On the breeze.
Him, satisfied to kill,
With strong and hearty will
 They would seize.

They essay to nab him,
But ere they fast can grab him—
 With the speed
Of western prairie deer,
The pig the fence doth clear
 In his need.

In Tam O'Shanter race,
The students keep their pace ;
 And the time
Piggy's pedals make on sod—
Some Two-and-Forty odd—
 Is sublime.

Youthful piggy ! nevermore
Will you bask on muddy shore,
 In the sun ;
Now, in a chase for life,
To 'scape the bloody knife
 You must run.

Your owner, in the morn.
When he goes to feed the corn
 To the swine,
For thee will gaze about,
And seeing not thy snout—
 To the Nine,

In tone and word irate,
His grief at thy sad fate
 He'll express.
Or, if he never swore,
From the poetry of Moore
 Seek redress.

"Oh ! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never raised a calf, or cow, or
Hen that laid an egg a day,
But what 'twas marked and stole away.
I never had a sucking pig,
To glad me with his sunny eye,
But when he grew up fat and big
And fit to boil, or roast, or fry,
I could not find him in the sty."

But everything must have an end,
 Small porkers too must yield ;
 The boys upon their prey descend
 And bear him him from the field.

His day is come ; and while his squeals
 Come forth in hideous strains ;
 A pen-blade dull, six times reveals
 The vital of his veins.

III.

Across Owl Creek, the carcass sleek,
 In skiff they now do carry.
 From t'other side their partners chide,
 And bid them not to tarry.

Their longing eye, the game doth spy,
 And thro' the woods doth skurry ;
 Unto a fire—not built by Dyer—
 Oysters and “sich” they hurry.

No Prof. to shun, the sport begun,
 Finds piggy high suspended
 Upon a stick,—a perfect brick
 The coals beneath him tended.

Coffee, well ground and boiled, goes round
 The jolly, reckless band ;
 The bivalves stewed, with promptitude
 Upon their tongues they land.

Old cider strong, comes next along.
 (O, brandy ! sugar ! spoon !)
 Pipes and tobac', they now attack,
 And smoke conceals the moon.

Night wanes apace, with laughing face,
 The inner man at ease,
 The hour of four, finds them once more,
 'Keath Owl Creek's branching trees.

Embarked in boat, they cheerly float,
 Across the waters free ;
 With song and shout, they take the route,
 And move most merrily.

Ere Kenyon's spire, bid them retire
 To rooms all dark and murky,
 Three cheers ring square, upon the air,
 For BOB WRIGHT's bunkum turkey.

JOHN WAUGH'S SHANGHAI, GETS *drei* TIMES *drei*,
 'T was not to be forgotten ;
 With conscience pure, they then immature
 Their frames mid balmy cotton.

Editors' Table.

Our classmates and ourselves are just now rejoicing in the consciousness that our "final examinations" are successfully passed, and are now enjoying to the utmost, the "otium cum dignitate" of "Senior Vacation." These four or five weeks of leisure time between Examinations and Commencement are truly "halcyon days." They occur in that most delightful season of the year, the opening weeks of summer ; the four years of study and discipline, always monotonous and sometimes irksome, are passed forever, and a new and untried world, full of promises and bright anticipations, lies just beyond. Life, like an unknown ocean, lies before us, and upon its bright and placid waters we are about to embark, but Columbus-like, we know not where nor when the voyage will terminate. Danger and uncertainty give additional charms to the future. Pleasures, magnified by the obscurity which surrounds them, lie before us ; distance diminishes and levels the obstacles which lie in our path, the hopefulness of youth looks only upon the brighter scenes of the view spread before us, stretching onward until lost in the horizon of the future, and all is fair, and bright, and peaceful. But together with this sweet enjoyment of the present, and bright anticipations for the future, comes often a shade of sorrow, when we remember that our College life—as we now begin to realize, the happiest portion of our lives, past or yet to come—is gone forever ; when, in well remembered tones,

"——— those voices of the past,
 The sweetest ever heard,"

come gently and sadly to our hearts, shadows obscure the bright and joyous prospect, and we turn fondly back to the dear old Hill, whose every spot we know and love so well :—we visit again the dingy class-room and the old Chapel, with their well-known benches, and the familiar Society Hall, where we have so often waxed eloquent, and felt as though the weight of a nation's interests depended upon the decision of the momentous question, or recall the well-remembered faces which have successively occupied the official chairs, and the eventful term when *we*, perhaps, sat there, and felt ourselves invested with a dignity unsurpassed even by that of the presiding chair in the House or the Senate Chamber at Washington. Or perhaps we turn over the leaves of

the well worn text books of times long past, and live over again the scenes which the pencilled sketches and memoranda recall; or we linger at evening on the hill-side, or by the Kokosing's bank, where we have spent so many delightful hours, and think of friends who are now far away, and whom, perhaps, we shall never see again, and of one or two, it may be, who have gone before us to a better country;—and then our thoughts go back again, and cling more closely than ever to those class-mates, with whom, for four happy years we have daily sat side by side in the Chapel, in the class-room, and perhaps at the same table—with whom we have formed intimacies closer and more enduring than we ever shall in the future—with some of whom, indeed, we may have had feuds and rivalries, and perhaps even bitter enmities,—but we forget all now in the thought, that we shall soon be widely separated, to meet again—never perhaps in this world.

But enough of this rhapsody. Let us turn to the bright side of the picture, and follow the advice of that sensible old Poet-Philosopher, Horace:

“Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.”

And the greater number of our class-mates are acting upon this advice in good earnest. The length of the “Senior Vacation,” established by long precedent, has in former years been six weeks, but has been encroached upon by degrees within the last two or three years, until it is now reduced to four weeks, and the shortness of the time makes the Class only the more anxious to enjoy it to the fullest possible extent.

Our College Faculty and Board of Trustees seem to consider it a clear waste of precious time, to allow the Class from four to six weeks intermission between their final examinations and Commencement. Two weeks, or even one, they think, are quite sufficient time to write a graduating oration, or, as some think, the speeches might as well be prepared in term time, and could be, as easily as are those for Society or Junior Exhibitions. These worthy and honored functionaries, however, seem to commit the error of forgetting that they were once students themselves, at which time it must have been utterly impossible for them not to have been convinced of the necessity of several weeks freedom from College duty at this time.

In the first place, there is the Oration, which, coming only once in a lifetime, one wishes, and usually expects, to make a most extraordinary production,—one which will take the world by surprise—at least that portion of it, somewhat limited in number, it is true, which will be present on that occasion. Besides, he expects a number of his friends, who have heard of his brilliant career at College, and expect something remarkable from him, and he does not wish, of course, to fall below their expectations. And it is necessary, in order to succeed in the accomplishment of his desires, that his mind should be perfectly free from other distracting subjects of thought and solicitude; in short, that he should be able to give his whole mind to the subject of the oration.

Then, again, think of the various matters which engross time and attention during the closing weeks of a College course. Besides the desire, and perhaps it might be said, the necessity, for a short period of relaxation and recreation after the severe studies of the past four years, and as a preparation for the ordeal of Commencement, there is a great amount and variety of Class business to be attended to. Class Day, and the necessary preparation;

preparations for Commencement, Albums, Photographs, &c., to say nothing of the demands of society upon the Senior just at this time,—the dinners, and pic-nics, and parties with which it delights to compliment and honor him.

As to the desirableness of the Senior Vacation, we ourselves, (and we feel sure our class-mates will heartily agree with us,) can speak most feelingly. The late heavy rains and hot weather have arrayed Nature in her most beautiful attire, and the weather is such that it is a pleasure simply to exist. Our Commencement speeches, (not one line of which is yet written) it is true, stare us rather unpleasantly in the face; but then how delightful this entire freedom from College duties and College rules, how pleasant to be able to do precisely what we choose; to get up to breakfast at eight, if we wish, lounge about for an hour or so, free from the impending pressure of recitations, read, write, or chat with our class-mates as it suits our humor; and in the evening to walk, or to visit the ladies.

Work or study, of course, is out of the question. We did hear of one member of the Class, however, whose name stands very near the head of the class roll, who so far forgot himself, or perhaps from the force of his well known industrious habits, actually read two pages of Greek and learned the Hebrew Alphabet, on one of the first days of the Vacation. We are not informed as to whether his subsequent course has been in accordance with this unparalleled beginning, but are inclined to believe that it has not. Two others had written their speeches during the preceding term, and, happy fellows! have nothing in the world to do or to trouble them.

Various plans are on foot, of course, for the proper and pleasant employment of the time. Among the rest is a grand "Cave party," consisting of the entire Class. The plan proposed, is for the Class to go to the Caves with suitable apparatus for camping out, and to spend a week there. We expect to have a very romantic time, of course, rambling about the rocks and through the forest, listening to the roar of the cascade, gathering inspiration therefrom, by the aid of which to write our speeches,—and at night, sitting around our camp-fire, listening to the whip-poor-wills, and talking over old College times. Then, perhaps, some parties from the "Hill" will come, partly to visit us, and we will entertain them in camp fashion.

The project has not fully matured, as yet, however, and we cannot tell whether or not it is likely to be carried into effect. We rather hope it may, for aside from the pleasure we hope to derive from the excursion itself, it would furnish an excellent subject for another editorial.

WE are frequently amused, and sometimes, we are free to confess, not a little *annoyed*, at the pseudo witticisms, in the shape of puns, &c., which so abound in the neighborhood of the College. It seems as if certain of our brethren—for whom, we beg to say, we have always entertained, and do still entertain the very highest possible regard—have voluntarily forsaken the ordinary and intelligible method of communicating their ideas, and are ambitious only to render themselves outlandish and ridiculous. We are truly grieved that such should be the case; and now that the near approach of Commencement warns us we must soon disrobe us of the "little brief authority," (editorially speaking,) in which we have, for the last year, been

dressed, we have determined upon discharging, at once, what we have long conceived to be a solemn duty, in giving our friends a little sober advice upon the point at issue. And as example is always a more impressive mode of instruction than mere precept, we shall first give two or three of "Joan, the Baron's" witticisms, as a warning to others:—

Hearing that a certain Miss Leverett had become *Mrs. Springer*, John remarked that he had always thought that *Leveretts* were naturally *Springers*.

This is John's best joke:—A certain room in the Middle Division is inhabited by Messrs. *Lewis* and *Trimble*. The Baron says that in the room referred to, "things are so loose that they tremble." (Reader, is the pun perceptible?) The Baron, not long since, perpetrated another most extraordinary pun, which we do not feel quite at liberty to make public. All the students, however, will know to what we refer, when we tell them that it relates, in connection with himself, to *South Carolina* and *Georgia*.

Seriously speaking, the habit of punning is—we will not say a *contemptible*—but certainly not a very desirable one. It may be easily acquired by any person possessed of ordinary intelligence, and the least possible amount of shrewdness. It can, at least, only enable its possessor to pass for a "funny man" among his associates; and it is to be remembered that a "funny man" is very rarely anything else. The very individuals who laugh most heartily at his jokes, and by so doing encourage most his weakness, will hardly give him credit for any great amount of common sense or discretion in ordinary affairs.

We would not be understood as condemning *in toto* all exhibitions of *wit*, properly so called. We are speaking of *punning*, and of such imitations of wit, as about ten in each Sophomore Class fancy themselves completely masters of,—but between which and the genuine article, there is a difference as great as that between day and night. Rent wit is sometimes, though rarely, a characteristic of a great mind; but it is of spontaneous origin, and susceptible of no hot-house cultivation. Even in a truly great man, the quality in question, unless used very sparingly, is always considered a weakness; while he who attempts to substitute it instead of more sterling talent is at once set down as weak and contemptible. The man who entertains the idea that he has a peculiar faculty for saying smart things, should, by all means, strictly resolve never to say anything which he himself deems particularly brilliant. This rule we would especially commend to the attention of all such as fancy themselves "accomplished punsters." Our word for it, genuine wit and humor are no mere manufactured commodity; and if it is true of the poet, it is eminently so of the humorist, that *nascitur, non fit*.

But it is no mere personal preference which impels us to give utterance to our convictions on this point. A fancied possession of wit and humor, is of serious disadvantage in more ways than one. Especially is this true with respect to students. Even within the range of our own by no means extensive experience, we could point to more than one individual who have been greatly injured by that to which we refer. We have in our mind one person who, in his Freshman year, by dint of great exertion, managed on several occasions, to say something in the class-room which excited a general laugh. During the same period, an intentionally ridiculous speech or two, delivered upon the floor of his Literary Society, had a like effect upon his fellow members. Afterwards, as a natural consequence—though one which our friend had by

no means anticipated—whenever his turn came to recite, everybody was on the *qui vive* for something to laugh at; and his appearance upon the rostrum of his Society was the signal for a general roar. The poor fellow, we need scarcely say, was exceedingly mortified to find himself a general laughing-stock among his associates; but he had the good sense to use none but the most ordinary language, and to be considered *dull* for a year or two, until the former impression had in a measure passed away. It was a lesson which he has never forgotten; nor is he likely to forget the mortification he had to endure when fully awake to the reality of his position.

Todd's "Student's Manual" contains some fine things on the subject of which we have been speaking, among others, the following:—"One danger of trying to be a wit, is, that you injure your own mind. No one can be a wit, without assiduously cultivating peculiar and odd associations of ideas. The thoughts must run in channels unknown to common minds. A strange light must invest everything at which you look; and the mind soon becomes habituated to strange associations. The result will be that the mind ceases to be a well-balanced instrument of acquiring or communicating information. And the man who sets out to be a wit, will probably succeed so far as to be second-rate and useless for everything else."

Our readers will thank us for presenting them these exquisite lines, from the pen of our gifted countryman, the Poet-Sculptor, and a son of our own State. The *North British Review* considers them entitled to rank with "GRAY'S Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

"THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

- " Within the sober realm of leafless Trees
The russet year inhaled the dreaming air :
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.
- " The gray beams, looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dim waters, widening in their vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills.
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.
- " All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further, and the streams sang low ;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.
- " The embattled forests, erewhile, armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in time's remotest blue.
- " On slumberous wings the vulture tried his flight,
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint ;
And like a star, slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

- "The sentinel Cock upon the hill-side crew—
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.
- "Where, erst, the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind, like a censer swung;
- "Where sang the noisy masons of the eaves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Forboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year:
- "Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy East,
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.
- "Alone from out the stubble, piped the quail,
And croaked the crow, thro' all the dreamy gloom;
Above the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.
- "There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.
- "Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;
- "Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and, with her joyless mien,
Sat, like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.
- "She had known Sorrow, he had walked with her,
Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.
- "While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice, War bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the swords to rust upon the wall.
- "Regave the swords! but not the hand that drew,
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
For him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.
- "Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips, a sad and tremulous tune.
- "At last the thread was snapped; her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hand serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene."