

*The Students' Scrap Book,*

## HOME.

Home! sweetest word round which fond memory clings,  
 Heaven crowned, the brightest jewel of all earthly things,  
 Blest word we love thee! of our lives a part  
 Dew drops of memory, on a world sacred heart.

Essence of all things good, and pure, and strong,  
 Shelter for age, protection for the young,  
 Better by far than frescoed palace dome,  
 Was that loved spot; the little world of home.

Poets have sung thy praise in lofty strain,  
 Purest and best, thou ledest in the train—  
 Of lofty fancy, far removed from strife  
 Thou art the mainspring of domestic life.

The house and garden old familiar scenes,  
 Of love and pleasure; and the youthful dreams,  
 Of any castle, strong and tall and grand  
 Ourselves the heroes, honored in the land.

Mingled together, were our smiles and tears;  
 The joy and sorrows of our childhood years,  
 O h star crowned resting place! from weary care—  
 We sought thy shelter, all we loved was there.

All fond relations, that our lives have known,  
 Are linked together, in the one word, home!  
 Twin-wreathed around our heart-strings; dear as life—  
 Father and mother, brother, sister, wife.

No time can home efface, We often roam—  
 And find a resting place, "but only one a home,"  
 Clustering around our mothers "old arm chair"  
 Faith, love and duty, ever centered there.

There's music in thy memory—mothers prayer  
 So full of tender pleadings, lingers there,  
 Nursing of virtue! when this life is past,  
 May we find home again in heaven at last.

IVY.

## DEQUINCEY.

The supposition that there is a philosophy of style, despite the acute logic of Spencer, still rests upon insufficient grounds. That he, on the contrary, has failed is proved by a reduction ad absurdum, since according to this philosophy the highest literary excellence is attained in the bombast and rant of Ossian. Doubtless an existence so ethereal as poetry cannot be fettered by the iron dogmatism of science, since whenever it has been made amenable to any canon of criticism, its composition has degenerated to a mere mechanic art. To the growth of imaginative literature the restraints of modern society are most baneful. The poetic spirit of the English race has been sustained not by intellects nurtured at the great universities but by men in obscure life whose bosoms glowed with a poetic warmth that chill penury could not repress. Thus Chatterton, a lawyer's slave, even now lives deep in the general heart of men. Thus the genius of Burns

"Rose like a star that touching earth,  
 For so it seems,  
 Did glorify its humble birth  
 With matchless beams."

and the poets immediately subsequent to Pope failed on account of having before them certain artificial models which they, in the words of Horace "Studied ever night and day."

A distinction however, must be drawn between those to whom the university did its truth furnish culture, as Gray and Wilson, and those whose attendance was merely nominal, as Byron who passed his time in convivial pleasures, Wordsworth absorbed in meditation and Shelley expelled for his hostility to formulas or DeQuincey whose imperial intellect towered above the trivial duties of the ordinary student. Upon the latter, however, who so eagerly imbibed the life of antiquity, Greek culture exercised an influence so complete that he seems to have discarded his English intellect and to have received in its stead an Attic mind. It may be objected here that DeQuincey received without the aid of the university that culture which it is wont to afford, but this thought plausible at first sight is groundless, since there is an essential difference between forced discipline and the culture which genius receives in the pursuit of its own inclinations.

The group of literary men of which DeQuincey was a member had felt the "awakening of an unlooked for dawn." But the morning heralded a storm cloud whose floods descending swept away the tried and honored institutions of the past making way for the fleeting though imposing structures of the fancy. But what can noble aspirations avail the irresolute, or what reality can dissipated power give to gorgeous dreams. Even his projected "Emendation of the Human Intellect," exists only in name while his fancy's brightest gleam seems like some meteoric will, the wisp in a Lapland midnight of gloom. In his strange exterior we can read his wayward life. Observe the man as he moves through the rural lanes of Edinburgh. The grotesque figure, the motley apparel, the inquisitive suspicious eye, the fragile, unsubstantial form impress you not favorably. Regard him not however as a mere voluptuary, or as one having a transient fame. He who could harangue an Athenian mob has slept shelterless on the hills of Wales and in the streets of London this unsubstantial shadowy form has suffered for many weeks the intense pains of cold and hunger—far beyond mortal pen. There is a certain fascination in all that pertains to wayward genius. A wellproportioned nature commands respect, but aberrations rivet the attention. Within that form reposes nature susceptible of the highest enjoyment and the most heartrending pangs; for every nerve that can thrill with pleasure can also agonize with pain and the empyrean of of possible blessedness is not more high than the abysses of possible woe are deep. Within that grotesque exterior dwells an intellect powerful, versatile, comprehending within its grasp the rich stores of erudition gathered from every field of thought, combining the dialectic skill of Aristotle with an infinite imagination and a Miltonic grandeur with a fervid glowing eloquence, resembling in the words of Macaulay the tent which the fairy, Paribanou gave to prince Ahmed—"Fold it and it seems a toy for the hand of a lady; spread it and the armies of powerful Sultans might repose beneath its shade."

His learning is indeed prodigious. With an "Aconda digestion" he devours books, imbibes the learning of the German schools, imbibes—opium, eight thousand drops each day, and in style which the *North American Review* deems contemptible, to which Spencerian dogma will not apply, records visions tumultuous as the dreams of Richter, gorgeous as the creations of Milton, approach-