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THE "ME."

The Germans have always been remarkable for their contemplative habits. They are fond of investing facts and principles in the shadowy garments of romance. Treading on more solid ground, they seek weighty abstract truths, and state them simply or in pleasing and apt illustrations.

Unlike the dwellers beneath the milder sky of southern Europe, the Germans, adhering to the meditative character of the Teutonic race, delight in looking into that inner temple, the mind; wherein they behold the swellings and calm flow of the Passions; the Intellect content with trifles, or striving after whatsoever is beautiful and true; and the Will presiding as a sovereign in the circle of the soul’s high powers. This ideality is strikingly manifest in their conceptions of Me. The most profound thinkers have applied their utmost energies to comprehend this Me, this ego absolute, or, in other words, the mind as distinct from “the brute powers of nature,” and from the body, which is but the machine in which it acts.

And returning from the ideal excursion,

“Of the foundations and the building up
Of the human spirit, they have dared to tell
What may be told.”

The soul as it was, is, and should be, has formed an attractive centre for inquiries which, in their circling ranges, have almost embraced the compass of human knowledge.

That the Me might be more fully understood, a divinely revealed light, brighter than the torch of Ceres, has been used to thread the many labyrinths of false systems of philosophy, or else light up the way through the clouded land of ignorance. To examine this Me, the Understanding patiently working in the deep and devious lodes of inquiring thought, has brought into use its vast stores of varied learning; the Imagination has taken the known, as it lies about us, and formed new combinations, has mounted upward, and warily hovered over the track of investigation; Reason has attended these with its scales of Comparison and Truth; and upon all the Will has exerted its coercive and energizing force. The four primary faculties, the Understanding, Reason, Imagination, and the Will, with the secondaries, Memory, Conscience, Passion, and Sense, have employed themselves in searching out and defining the Me. Patient philosophers have racked their brains with perplexing thoughts on this subject; and, turning the eye inward, have sought to peer through the obscurity that encompasses human consciousness. They have roved the sea of conjecture, plied out the plummet line of reason, but often with unsuccessful soundings.

This highest of all sciences, the science of the mind, has been more truthfully set forth from these abstract reasonings on the nature of the Me, which
is not what it once was; for its glory has been dimmed; its original powers weakened: it is a flesh-cased gem, which, by its flashings in the surrounding darkness, betokens its pristine brilliancy: it is a bright star, disturbed and wandering in erratic courses.

Whoever would claim the title of wise man, must understand himself. A clear comprehension of the Me must be gained, though the search lead through the regions of ideal speculation and the measured off grounds of logical analysis; for until this knowledge is obtained, man will be often at a loss in applying his powers; and cannot range himself in that higher community of intellect which disregards the boundaries of years and ages; but dwells in all time. If the half of life's small sum of days be spent before this knowledge is possessed, there is a gain, for then the ways of life become broader and higher, and from thence onward can be culled the choicest flowers of thought whose bloom fades not, neither are their leaves ever blighted. And truth, once full-formed and beautiful, but now smoothed about with the garments of error, will gradually reveal its glories, will reunite its links severed by evil. Grasp the ideal Me, and you will have reached the shaft that leads down to mines where treasures lie unveiled as yet to the gaze of mortals; will have obtained the sword to cut the Gordian knot of many difficulties; will have stepped upon the lower rounds of a ladder whose top is in the purest light; will have struck upon a path which winds up the mount of excellence; will have kindled a flame whose radiance mingles congenially with that which streams from heaven.

LOGAN'S REVENGE.

It was midnight—yet the Mingo chieftain tarried. The assembled warriors became impatient. The council-fire began to wane. Silence, gloomy, awful silence reigned over that daring band, met for the deep study of revenge. There, with sullen determination pictured in each countenance, mingled the stern Shawnee with the cruel Delaware; their past hostility towards each other was forgotten, in the all-absorbing thought, vengeance upon the white man!

But suddenly a footstep was heard, and quick a dusky form emerged from the deep-tangled forest; with rapid strides it hastened towards the council-fire; and, as it approached, the clear voice of the Indian sentinel was heard exclaiming, "Who comes?" and a deep voice replied, "Logan, the Mingo chief, once the friend of the white man, but now come to plot with my brothers schemes of revenge;" then proudly did they welcome the Indian warrior. Slowly and sadly he looked round upon them; at length, shaking off, as it were, the heavy burden that almost crushed his heart, he spoke:—

"Warriors, arm for fight! Logan must be avenged!" Up sprang that