

4-1-1859

Kenyon Collegian - April 1859

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digital.kenyon.edu/collegian>

Recommended Citation

"Kenyon Collegian - April 1859" (1859). *The Kenyon Collegian*. 46.
<https://digital.kenyon.edu/collegian/46>

This News Article is brought to you for free and open access by the College Archives at Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Kenyon Collegian by an authorized administrator of Digital Kenyon: Research, Scholarship, and Creative Exchange. For more information, please contact noltj@kenyon.edu.

The Kenyon Collegian.

VOL. IV.

APRIL, 1859.

No. III.

EDITORS:

C. B. GUTHRIE,
J. D. HANCOCK,

J. K. HAMILTON,
M. A. WOODWARD.

HUGH MILLER.*

The Literature of the present age is essentially different from that of any preceding age. Whether with some authors we may call it progression and development, or with others the degeneracy of the Human Race, the fact still remains the same.

The solid Literature of the world may be divided into two general classes: the Metaphysical and the Physical—the one having for its object the resolution of certain mysterious problems arising out of the laws of the Universe; while the object of the other is to discover, classify, and arrange the laws themselves. Should we refer to History, we will find that as far back as the memory of man extends, these two classes have existed side by side, and have almost univer-

* Life and Times of H. M. by Thomas Browne—My Schools and School Masters by Hugh Miller.

sally been discussed and investigated together. Thus we see that in Egypt, the priest not only discussed the Metaphysical doctrines, "freedom of will," "Predestination," "Cause and Effect," etc.; but also investigated the laws of the heavenly bodies, and examined the nature of chemical phenomena. Aristotle makes especial mention of these two classes in his philosophical works, and probably first applied to them the names by which they are now known. The same attention was paid to them in Rome, among the Arabians and Schoolmen, and in later times in England and Germany; where more ability has been applied to Metaphysics especially than in all time before.

But if we observe carefully we will discover that in Metaphysics the questions discussed still remain merged in mysterious doubt; that all of the innumerable books written on this class of subjects, have passed, or rapidly are passing, into oblivion, leaving the same dark mystery to perplex future generations.

On the other hand however, Physics, though at first entirely neglected, or only investigated to throw light on doctrines of Metaphysics, have always afforded the investigator a due return for his labor. Every discovery has served as a light to guide to still further discoveries, and to leave something tangible in the hands of the student of Nature. We have first the gradual discovery of the phenomena of the Heavens, and of the laws which govern them. Next comes chemistry with its millions of combinations in matter; then Physiology with its mysterious connections with life. Last comes Geology, combining in one all the other departments of science—with its never ending testimonies of past duration, its seas, its minerals, its myriads of organic remains, its gradual development from the lower to the higher forms of matter.

We now have the reason why "the Literature of the present age is essentially different from that of any preceding age;" since during the present age only have we learned how futile is the study of Metaphysics, and how rich that of Physics. Bacon's grand system, though known, admired, and in many cases followed, has never before extended prac-

tically through every department of Literature. Prejudice inherited from other times had so enshrouded the minds of even the greatest men, such as Locke, Taylor, Paley and Wesley, that when their favorite theories and science approached apparent collision, they resumed their old Metaphysical weapons. Thus, for instance, the great truths of Astronomy—the revolution of the Earth upon its axis, the attraction of gravitation, the immense size of the planets and their satellites, the numberless other solar systems—were compelled to fight their way to common belief, step by step, against all the cunning metaphysics which could be devised by those who thus thought to defend their Religion, whereas they were only defending the prejudices by which the true spirit of Religion was concealed. On the other hand, at the present time metaphysical problems are deserted as being impossible of solution; are relinquished to the compiler, to form parts of text-books on Mental Philosophy. Every where scientific truths are disseminated and believed; and even scientific statements, however contrary to common belief they may seem, are received with a respect proportionate to their importance. In this way then is the Literature of the present age different from that of any other.

So strongly even within the last few years were Science and Religion supposed to be opposed, that no other charge was needed, to condemn a man as an infidel than that of believing in some scientific truths; and the whole body of scientific men were anathematized from the pulpit. That in the short space of fifty years, so great a change should have been effected in popular feeling: that in that time both Christians and Infidels should have discovered that Religion, if it stand at all, must stand in conformity with science; and that instead of militating against Scriptural History, science tends to clear up its mystery,—all these results, we say, were owing in particular to two men, Dr. Chalmers and Hugh Miller. Of the latter it is our intention at present to treat.

McCaulay, in one of his famous essays, calls Bacon “the greatest and meanest man of modern times.” This epithet

if somewhat altered and applied to Hugh Miller reads thus: "Hugh Miller was the greatest and noblest man of the present age. That he was the greatest none who are acquainted with his character will deny; and if it be remembered that to make a noble man something in addition to generosity and self-devotion is required,—that there must be added to these qualities, individuality, energy, talent, perseverance, enthusiasm, and a noble object in view—the latter part of the proposition will also be admitted. And if we still add the disadvantages of his situation, in respect to mental culture, his gradual rise from a low to a high position, and the results of his labor, Hugh Miller's life becomes, in addition, one of interest to the general reader. His life naturally divides itself into four periods, 1st, his education or the period reaching from his birth to the end of his apprenticeship, 2nd, the period of his life as a mechanic, 3d, his life in connection with the Church of Scotland, 4th, his scientific life.

Hugh Miller was born in Scotland, on the East coast of Scotland, on the tenth day of Oct., 1802. He gives a long account of his ancestry; from which we learn that he could look back on one side to John Feddes, an old pirate, and on the other to James McKenzie, Curate of Nigg;—as his great grandfathers. Though the professions of these two ancestors were somewhat different, the zeal and honesty of both were remarkable. Of the remainder of his ancestry, he says but little. Donald Roy, his grandfather, was distinguished for his stern Puritanical Presbyterianism. It is related that during a division in the church, the minister, who was an adherent of Donald's party, was deposed, and another put in his place. As they were about to conduct the settlement of the new minister, Donald, then a gray-headed old man, protesting in the name of Religion against the ceremony, declared "that if they settled a man to the walls of that kirk, the blood of the parish of Nigg would be required at their hands." The Presbytery, appalled by the grave appearance, and solemn denunciation of the old man, stopped short in the midst of their work.

The story of Hugh Miller's parents is both romantic and sad. His father embarked as a sailor at an early age. In

this capacity he passed through many vicissitudes. At one time he was arrested for mutiny, on account of rescuing a friend from the cruelty of a brutal captain; at another the boat in which he was riding was turned upside down by a squall, and he compelled to remain three days riding on its bottom, with a myriad of sharks all around him. His strength and endurance were remarkable. As an instance, soon after he had been impressed in a man-of-war, his fleet fell in with that of the Dutch, and a contest ensued. During the combat he was stationed at a gun against two sailors, and out-wrought them both. Soon after this, finding the naval service unpleasant, he deserted and shipped on board of a merchant-ship. As usual with sailors, he changed frequently from one ship to another, thus obtaining the opportunity to visit nearly every portion of the globe. Yet so faithful and economical was he, that when he returned to his native town, though only thirty years old, he was enabled both to marry, and to purchase a fine large sloop. With the sloop he engaged in the coasting trade. After many vicissitudes—now riding the master-spirit of some wild storm,—now saving the life of some drowning wretch,—now growing rapidly wealthy,—now reduced to poverty, he was finally plunged into the deepest affliction by the death of his wife. Having been reduced to poverty in addition, he now for years clung more closely than ever to the sailor's life. He courted death, but met in its stead another course of prosperity.

In the meantime, the mother of his wife had commenced teaching. To her school came two little girls, not pretty, but gentle and modest. They grew up without being noticed at all particularly, by the reckless sea-captain. At length, attracted by their constant and kind attention to his mother-in-law, he began to observe them more carefully, and in the end married the younger, she being but eighteen, while he was forty-four years old. Of this marriage, Hugh Miller was the only result.

The father continued in his mariner life, with increasing success; but, having passed out of the harbor at Cromarty one stormy night, neither he nor his ship was ever again

seen. The death which he had courted in adversity, came to him in the midst of prosperity and happiness.

Young Hugh was but five years old when this event occurred ; yet, young as he was, day after day, would he climb the heights, which overhung Cromarty Bay, and search the distant horizon for his father's ship. He continued this, as he says himself, until upon a day many months after his father's absence, a spectral hand appeared before him,—a hand which he knew to be that of his father. On an occasion previous to this, he relates having seen the specter of his grandsire Feddes attired in all the grim finery of a pirate chief. These examples of superstition and spirit-seeing, may serve to show the cause of his suicide in after days.

We now enter the most important period in Hugh Miller's life—his school days and education. Like that of other youth, it was a series of promotion from his mother, up to the head-master of the village. With none of them did he ever acquire any distinction as a student. Though his two maternal uncles, Alexander and James, were willing to deny themselves of many conveniences in order to give him a collegiate education, from the beginning to the end of his school-life, he never had any success in his studies. His distaste for books was at first excessive ; but having found and read a life of Joseph, his taste immediately changed. Books became to him the repositories of interesting tales. One after another he read the lives of Wallace and Bruce, Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, Blue-beard, and a host of nursery tales. In school he commenced the study of Latin, but having studied upon "*penna*" hour after hour, he became weary, not believing that a study which required so many rings and changes of sound upon one word, could ever lead to good. From that time he was always found at the foot of what was called by the teacher the stupid class. Yet, though he did not pursue his studies at school diligently, his time was not lost. His active imagination and powerful memory were employed in acquiring and stowing up facts in Literature and Nature. Peculiar, quaint books, seemed to have the greatest charms for him. He delighted in poetry, especially in the descriptive, and sometimes es-

sayed to write it. In nature however, he took the greatest delight. Rocks and woods became his home when not restrained by other duties.

His bold and fearless disposition made him a leader of his school mates, though at times his superiority and individuality caused him to become unpopular among them. While they were playing, he would wander off in the woods, or climb among the rocks. On one of these occasions he discovered rocks as he supposed, containing silver; but the supposed precious metal proved to be nothing more than mica.

The cliffs around Cromarty contained many caves to which he often went by night, to observe the effect produced by the gleam of the moon, and the dashing of the water against the dark rocks. Sometimes he and his companions made these caves camping places, in which they slept and ate. On one of these occasions, he and a companion as wild and bold as himself, barely escaped destruction. Having entered one of the caves at neap tide previously, they supposed it could be done again; and without taking into consideration the peculiar high tides of the season, they made the attempt. With much difficulty and danger they reached the cave, but once there, were unable to return. After a night spent in a cold, damp, sepulcher-like place, with the waves heavily beating the dark, jagged, and precipitous rocks all around them, they were found by their friends in the morning, half dead with fright, at the gloomy prospect ahead.

He possessed, while at school, what would be called by teachers, an idle and unruly character. He was always leader, when his playmates wished to do any mischief more than usually hazardous. He relates various adventures in stealing fruit, and disturbing the comfort of the fishermen who were obliged to pass the school-house with their herring. Yet, withal, he was tender-hearted, and would never engage in the cock-fights and other wanton sports common at that time among his schoolmates. This dislike however to injure others, caused him to be the more serious when he did come into conflicts with his fellows. He tells us that a fight once came off between himself

and a young Irishman, who, when he expected to be worsted, was accustomed to draw a knife. On the present occasion, the Irishman, though larger and older than Hugh, was about to be sadly beaten; from which to save himself, as usual, he drew a knife, thinking thus to frighten his opponent. Much to his surprise as well as consternation, Hugh too whipped out a knife and stabbed him in the thigh.

The account which Miller gives of the termination of his school life is a laughable and not uncommon one. His teacher asked him to spell the word "awful." Hugh, according to the custom in which he had been taught, spelled it a-w-f-u-l, not pronouncing the syllables as he spelled. The teacher corrected him and spelled it aw-ful. Hugh did not understand this; the idea of sticking in an aw, in addition to the proper letters seemed to him preposterous. He spelled it again a-w-f-u-l, was again corrected, and again spelled it as before. The teacher was enraged, and "recompensed my supposed contumacy with a sharp cut athwart the ears with his tawse; and again demanding the spelling of the word. I yet again spelled it as at first. But on receiving a second cut, I refused to spell it any more; and determined on overcoming my obstinacy, he laid hold of me and attempted throwing me down. As wrestling had, however, been one of my Marcus' Cove exercises, and as few lads of my inches wrestled better than I, the master, though a tall and tolerably robust fellow, found the feat considerably more difficult than he could have supposed. We swayed from side to side of the school-room, now backwards, now forwards, and for a full minute it seemed rather a moot point on which side the victory was to incline. At length, however, I was tripped over a form; and as the master had to deal with me, not as a master usually deals with a pupil, but as one combatant with another, whom he has to beat into submission, I was mauled in a way that filled me with bruises, for a full month thereafter." Thus terminated his school education; but only in order to commence a much more thorough and practical education of another kind.

His uncles, though both of them but poor mechanics, still

wished to give him a classical education, and urged many strong reasons in favor of his commencing his school life over again, with a more serious determination to obtain success. He had not, they said, shown himself deficient in talent,—far otherwise; his literary attainments surpassed those of all his fellows, and even of his teachers. His walks, however, with his uncle Alexander, who was an amateur in Mineralogy, had seduced his mind from classical to scientific study. But something he must do. After much deliberation, and with a view to the advantages it gave him to pursue his favorite study, he chose the trade of a stone mason, much to the disappointment of all his friends. Immediately he was placed under one of his uncles as an apprentice.

We now find him working, first in the quarries of his native town. He does not give satisfaction for some time; but suddenly discovering the “central principle” upon which striking depended, he soon surpasses and agreeably disappoints his master. We next find him at work along the Moray Frith. Here he makes his first discoveries in Geology. The Leassic deposits here abounded; and while wandering among them he accidentally found a vast bed of organic remains. How we must wonder at the surprise of the young man, as he gazed, amazed, at the millions of shells, scales of fish, and bones there enclosed in their framework of solid rock. There was the Ammonite with its beautiful radiated shell, the belemnite with its spear-like form, and the broken pieces of every variety of scales peculiar to the fish of that period in the world’s formation. As he, himself, says, “I felt as if I were introduced to a new world.” This formed the pleasantest portion of his life as an apprentice. The scenery all round was beautiful, and his mind wrapped up in a new and interesting study, scarce observed the lapse of time. During this time, too, and especially during the three leisure months in winter, he continued industriously to improve his mind. All the best works in English literature were successively read and studied. Shakspeare, Addison, Milton, Pope, Burns, and writers of that character, became not only familiar to him in name, but in matter. In geology, too, he became quite a proficient. His method of

remembering was eminently philosophical. In fact it was impossible for him to commit in any other than a philosophical method. He first obtained a clear idea of what he calls the "central point" of a subject, and then grouped about it all the contingent matter. He not only read and studied, but endeavored diligently to improve his style in composition, forming it on the best of the old English authors.

Thus absorbed in literature, it became comparatively easy for him to resist the temptations peculiar to his trade. From drinking, in particular, he resolved to abstain, having on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of some edifice, experienced in his studies the bad effects of the drinking bouts at such times given to the hands. He soon became the confident of his master, who often placed him in the most responsible situations. His fellow workmen respected him as a somewhat superior being. To this height had he attained, when his master failed in obtaining business. Though by law he had now the right to leave his master, and though the other apprentices did desert him, he, believing his honor involved in the promise which he had given in the beginning, still clung to his unfortunate relative.

His master, unwilling to engage as a common laborer, remained idle some time, endeavoring to procure job-work. In the meantime, Hugh spent the months thus fortunately given to him among the rocks, prosecuting his geological and scientific studies. But his master soon became tired of doing nothing, and unwillingly commenced work as a journeyman. Their place of employment was about twenty miles from Cromarty, by the side of the beautiful Conon River. The life into which they were here initiated was a new one to Hugh. It was on what is called the bothy system. The workmen, a considerable number, were obliged to sleep and spend the time in which they were not engaged at work, in some old outhouse supplied by the employer. Here they lived, and ate, and amused themselves in common. There was room for, and encouragement given to, all kinds of vice. Club law ruled supreme; and should any one chose to act differently from the rest, he was obliged to undergo club punishment.

Between a body of men acting and living in this way, and Hugh Miller, there could be little sympathy. He confined himself more closely to his own tastes and studies. Night after night, with no light but the faint glimmer of a dirty oil lamp of his own construction, he would spend in making scientific calculations, in writing, or in reading favorite authors. Yet this life was not entirely unsuited to his taste. There was the wild independence of the men, their perfect equality, and the display of human character untrammelled by conventionalities. There was ample opportunity too, to satisfy his love for the supernatural, in the weird tales which abound, among the lower classes, the world over. Indeed, he seemed in all situations to find ample substance to satisfy this craving for the supernatural and strange. Upon his arrival at the bothy an event of this kind occurred. Not being expected, there was no bed provided for him or his master. The latter shared a bed with another; Hugh preferred sleeping on the straw in the hayloft. Not being accustomed to such a bed he slept uneasily; and, about midnight, arose to look out at the scenery, as displayed in the gloomy starlight. In the distance was a solitary church and churchyard. To his surprise, amid the gravestones in the latter, he saw flitting about, here and there, a light; and the chapel being famous in history, and the time and scene adapted to produce such an effect, he began to have strange feelings. In his own words: "I did feel my blood run cold—for I had not yet passed the credulous time of life—and had some thoughts of stealing down to my master's bedside, to be within reach of the human voice; when I saw the light quitting the church-yard, and coming downward across the moor in a straight line, though tossed about in the dead calm in many a wave and flourish; and further I could ascertain, that what I had deemed a persistent screaming was in reality a continuous singing carried on at the top of a powerful though somewhat cracked voice. In a moment after, one of the servant girls of the mansion house came rushing out half-dressed to the door of an outer building, in which the workmen and a farm-servant lay, and summoned them immediately to rise. Mad Bell had again broke out and would

set them on fire a second time. The men arose, and as they appeared at the door I joined them; but on striking out a few yards into the moor, we found the maniac already in the custody of two men, who had seized and were dragging her toward the cottage, a miserable hovel about half a mile away. She never once spoke to us, but continued singing, though in a lower and more subdued tone of voice than before, a Gaelic song. We reached her and making use of her own light entered. A chain of considerable length attached by a stoppel to one of the Highland couples of the erection, showed that her neighbors had been compelled on former occasions to abridge her liberty, and one of the men, in now making use of it, so wound it around her person as to bind her down, instead of giving her the scope of the apartment, to the damp uneven floor. A very damp and uneven floor it was. There were crevices in the roof above, which gave free access to the elements; and the turf walls, perilously bulged by the leakage in several places, were green with mould. One of the masons and I simultaneously interfered. The song ceased for a moment; the maniac turned round, presented full to the light the strongly marked, energetic features of a woman of about fifty-five; and surveying us with a keen scrutinizing glance, altogether unlike that of the idiot, she emphatically repeated the sacred text, 'Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy!'" Such was the beginning of his acquaintance with Mad Bell, with whom, in her saner periods, he afterwards spent many pleasant and profitable hours in theological and metaphysical discussions.

There were many opportunities here, also, to gratify his love for the ridiculous. One trick upon his master is too good to pass without notice. They lived, while in the barrack, upon a peculiar kind of oatmeal cake made by themselves. Hugh was obliged to bake for his master and himself. At first his baking was very poor, and his master complained of the living, gradually, however, he acquired skill, and finally became a proficient in this department of the culinary art. But as the cake increased in quality their

appetites increased in sharpness, and the meal-bag decreased in contents. Now, the master began to complain of the quantity consumed, and in the end limited the amount to the unusually small quantity of two cakes per week. Hugh cheerfully agreed; but in his own words, "One evening early in the week, when the old man had gone out, I mixed up the better part of a peck of meal in a pot, and placing two of the larger chests together in the same plane, kneaded it out into an enormous cake, at least equal in area to an ordinary-sized Newcastle grindstone. I then cut it up into about twenty pieces, and forming a vast semicircle of stones round the fire, raised the pieces to the heat in a continuous row, some five or six feet in length. I had ample, and ready assistance vouchsafed me in the 'firing,'—half the barrack were engaged in the work—when my master entered, and after scanning our employment in utter astonishment—now glancing at the ring of meal which still remained on the united chests, to testify to the huge proportions of the departed bannock,—and now at the cones, squares, rhombs, and trapeziums, of cake that hardened to the heat before the fire, he abruptly asked, 'What's this, laddie? Are ye baking for a wadding?' 'Just baking one of the two cakes,' I replied: 'I don't think we will need the other one before Saturday night.' A roar of laughter from every corner of the room precluded reply; and in the laughter, after an embarrassed pause, the poor man had the good sense to join. And during the rest of the season I baked as much, and as often as I pleased."

His master's repugnance to working as a journeyman still continuing, they soon obtained a job, at laying up stone wall. Here their sufferings were intense. In addition to insufferable companions, miserable lodgings, and lights consisting of the embers of rotten wood, within a foot of which he was obliged to "spread out" the book to read. Hugh was obliged to dig the rough stones out of the muddy ditch, as well as lay the wall. His fingers made tender by the slime and water, were bleeding continually. His health, already enfeebled by the hard and incessant labor he had performed, now gave out. He became despondent, and ex-

pected soon to die. His body had become so enfeebled that he could scarce hope to live. One day while working in this condition, he found a soft piece of micaceous slate. Taking it up he threw it from the high wall into the air, saying as he did so, that, as that stone would break in pieces, so would his body break up prematurely, by disease; but the stone was caught by the wind, carried out of its course, and at last lighted unbroken on a soft spot of ground. This, he says, had a great effect in arousing his mind from the stupor and melancholy into which it had fallen. Soon after, both the job and the apprenticeship ended; and he again obtained an opportunity not only to recover his health, but to pursue his scientific studies. This closes the first period of his life.

OH WINTER WOODS!

Oh winter woods! oh winter woods!
Oh sombre trunks and branches bare!
Stretch forth your spectral arms on high,
And mourn and wail in wild despair!

Oh clinging leaves so brown and dry!
Oh withered joys of brighter days!
Mourn faintly to the dreary wind;—
Shrink sadly from the Sun's slant rays!

Oh chilling wind and cold gray clouds!
Weep as ye wing your gloomy flight!
Oh hill-tops fringed with shivering trees,
Sigh for the coming Summer's light!

Oh rushing river cold and dark!
Roll onward through the gloomy wood;
Where white and ghost-like branches meet
Wide-arching o'er thy swollen flood!

Oh valley desolate and sad!
Oh dreary park and wintry world!
Frown back on hill and tree and sky,—
On church and college stern and cold!

There's not a joyful thing on earth ;—
My hopes are like the withered leaves ;
The world is all a weary waste ;
My lonely heart is sad and grieves !

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH vs. THE UNITED STATES COURTS.

There is a question which has in several instances arisen in our Courts, with regard to the right, justness and policy of compelling a Roman Catholic Priest to divulge statements made to him under the seal of the confessional, when such statements are material to the issue in a pending criminal trial.

In every case, the courts have decided this question in the affirmative. It is, however, considered a subject still open for debate. Not a few are in doubt, and hesitate on which side to give an unqualified assent ; but still the majority stand arrayed against each other. The prejudice existing in this country against the Roman Catholic Church, has raised many advocates to the strict application of the rule which offers the prison as the only alternative for the inflexible witness. Others take the same ground because they believe the sought for privilege would be an invasion of the rights of our established institutions as a government. The fact that the confessional is the strong pillar of the Roman Catholic Church, ensures to the negative of this question the support of nearly every member of that denomination. There are others again who favor this claim of exception, from the notion that the government must otherwise infringe upon the doctrine of non-interference with the religious views and worship of her people.

The question thus becomes one of no little interest as well as intricacy, both for those whose rights as individuals and citizens are concerned, and for the lawyers and judges who feel that upon them rests much of the responsibility of upholding justice in its greatest purity.

As the decisions are all in the same direction, it may be well to examine some of the proofs which may be offered in favor of this affirmative side. In the first place, the question may be a momentous one to the prisoner, who is brought before the courts as a criminal. Here the question presents itself in its most glaring light before the public, although to the reflecting mind it assumes as great importance when considered in other respects. We will suppose the prisoner is being tried for his life, and that a Catholic priest is possessed of information which is in the knowledge of no other person, and which would either convict or clear him. Under the first condition, it is a right belonging to the whole community that the criminality of the prisoner be made known, so that that community may protect itself from one hostile to its interests. Unless this right can be maintained, there is no prospect of order, peace or prosperity in society. In view of this fact, society has established courts of justice. Everything relating to these courts has been adopted for the furtherance of justice, and recommended by the experience of ages. One great pillar upon which the efficiency of this institution rests, is the power given them of compelling every man to become a witness, when his testimony is needed. The single exception to this rule, which is that the acting lawyers on the case need not divulge any matter communicated to them by the prisoner, or otherwise obtained, has been without doubt recognized as a principle necessary for the securing of justice, a principle founded upon the same authority as many others of great importance to the courts—principles upon which the system itself rests. It will hardly be asserted that the legal advocates have asked this privilege as any peculiar right belonging to them as a body, as distinguished from the rest of society; for it would not then have been confined to just the few employed in the case. We cannot, however, understand the force of the objection, considered in any view. For if it gives one an advantage, it is to the detriment of another of the same profession. Its effect, whatever it may be, must be greater upon the community than the profession. Without this exception, a degree of trouble and difficulty

would arise in the courts which it may well be doubted whether it would be possible to manage. Let us suppose the advocate for either party called upon to give in on evidence whatever he had learned that had a bearing on the case. It would perhaps be necessary for this balancing of accounts to take place at each stage in the trial, where new information would be of importance. We might follow this objection much deeper in its effects, but its obvious weakness, from the above view, and the endless net in which the courts would necessarily become entangled, forbids our wasting more time upon it. We might, however, remark that the courts and their regulations are a part of the regular government, and that this department, like every other, is established for the benefit of the whole people; that our government has seen fit to confer power and privileges upon some of her citizens for her own support and direction, and that in all this scheme the voice of the people has been heard, and all are deeply interested. It is not to be supposed that every man, or body of men, consider the government as the exact expression of their minds, for no system could be formed which would not press heavily on some. Now this demand by the Roman Catholics can be no favor but to one small part of community—that is, to themselves. It is thus not a question in the government, but under it, and on this account no ground can be taken by a court to grant this favor, unless by the expression of the will of a majority, against the interests of which majority this demand strongly militates, as we shall further show.

The highest authority, as we see, upon which this claim is founded, is the imagined obligation of our government to mould itself to the peculiarities of this denomination. On the ground that this is one of the matters of Roman Catholic conscience, and the principles of our government must be especially powerful to yield on such a tender point.

With no better claim of privilege, it can hardly be expected that society will allow justice to be endangered, and in many cases without doubt, defeated, unless it is plain that a little evil is to be overbalanced by a great deal of good, not more temporary in its character than said evil,

and at the same time authority be found for this change, which we affirm cannot be found under this government, even granting for the moment the position of this case to answer the one just stated.

Under our several conditions we are to suppose the criminal has been wrongly accused. This comes a step nearer the point, and must come close to the heart of every true man, whether Roman Catholic, Protestant or Sceptic. A supposable case will very well illustrate this point in the question. Any one at all acquainted with cases of criminal trial, will readily admit the propriety of our assuming contingencies for a case with far less ground of presumption than any we shall ask permission to introduce.

Let us suppose the evidence to be against the prisoner—evidence so corroborative of the charge, that the court may reasonably believe him to be guilty of the crime alleged. A Catholic Priest is now called upon to testify. He is aware that the person is innocent, and is at the same time acquainted with the real offender, or his accomplices. The witness refuses to give in evidence because his knowledge of the facts was obtained at the confessional. Now, what is to be done? Shall this man be sentenced to death, or to what is no better, the penitentiary for life, just for the want of one person's testimony—just because a Church has made it obligatory upon the Priest to keep secret whatever is told to him under the seal of the confessional? Can our government so far recognize any Church as to allow justice to be overthrown, even for the preservation of that Church? It is plain that our government cannot submit to leave justice to such chances. This great bulwark of our liberties, our Court, needs our jealous care.

One of two things must follow, if this exception was adopted. The courts must either decide that a demand for the testimony of a Catholic Priest cannot have the slightest influence upon the fate of the prisoner, or else that under such circumstances the courts must be prostrated in the dust, entirely unable to move. Now, this would be a noble alternative to which the advocates of this doctrine would subject our courts.

We have, as it will be seen, spoken of the Catholic Priest as a witness, in general. This was done purposely, because it can be easily shown that if the Priest may excuse himself from giving in on evidence matter heard at the confessional, he cannot be allowed to appear as a witness under other circumstances. He can be otherwise acquainted with the facts on a case, as well as having learned them at the confessional. He may be deeply interested in them. Now, what must be the character of this man's oath? Is he to testify as to what he thought he knew by observation, and not be troubled with pertinent questions, while he is remembering what he is sure he knows of the case from what was told him at the confessional, and drawing at the same time a nice line of distinction? Perhaps, however, the jury will be told to discard important facts, which the sharp lawyer has drawn from the perplexed witness. It may be that when this privilege is granted, a rule will be adopted by which the risk of property and lives may depend upon a Priest's word instead of his oath, while by the same regulations, lawyers will be arrested for contempt of court, should they endeavor to draw truth from the said witness by asking him questions of a different nature, or speaking sharply or quickly to him. Now, it is absurd to suppose that a court of sensible men are to be pestered with such a foolish way of doing business. As to the propriety of endangering life and property in this manner, a strong ground must be shown to reconcile the people to it.

Thus much for the question as it presents itself to us in its more immediate view. What has been said chiefly relates to the direct consequences to which this principle leads. Its most important effects lie deeper. It is to the people rather than to the individual that we would now refer. It might still be asked if we cannot bring forward some stronger argument why such a deadly blow, in its tendencies, at least, should be aimed against the Roman Catholic Church, or why a Priest should be compelled to lie in prison because his Church has laid him under obligations to keep secret whatever matter has been confessed to him in accordance with the regulations of that Church. In answer

to these objections, we would first examine the favorite ground of *non-interference*. It is the boast of our people, that every man "can worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience," or, as we must suppose it is implied, one need not worship any God, but might entertain subjectively—or according to those with whom we are discussing, objectively—as well, whatever views he pleased. It seems strange to us that people industrious enough to reflect upon the foundation and character of our government, should be so much mistaken with regard to it, as to apply any inferences which may be drawn from its position, to the case before us.

Our government substantially recognizes one religion, that is in its establishment and mode of operation certain great laws of justice, &c., which are set forth in the Holy Scriptures, and which the reason of the wisest of mankind has recommended, were made the strong principles in its foundation. None can imagine that our government implied a willingness to yield these principles at the moment a new sect might arise, professing sentiments repugnant to the position of the government. What was evidently intended by our Constitution is this: that any body of men may branch out into any system of belief that they desire, provided they did not infringe upon the great principles recognized by the States. Here they must evidently come to a stand. There is really the same relation existing between the state and the various parties, as between the state and any particular denomination in this respect. It is evident from this consideration that no denomination is recognized by our government, but that as many as exist or may arise, shall be allowed to believe and practice what they wish within certain variously implied limits. It may be made more plain to lay aside the idea of a Church, and consider the position of the individual who acknowledges no creed. He has just the same privileges under the government as though he belonged to a dozen denominations. He can unite with a party of men who may be sceptics. And they can perform any act, or exercise any privilege equally with any sect in the country. We thus see how inapplicable the non-intervention doctrine is to this case.

We will readily infer from the above where this question most affects our institutions. If our government begins by moulding itself to the doctrinal views of any sect, where is it going to stop? We may soon have a satellite to the Roman Catholic or some other denomination, which confers the dignity of confessor on each member for any of his brethren, with perhaps several other peculiar functions, which are infringed upon by our institutions, and therefore a call is made for a new change of this most accommodating machine.

But, apart from the state, society, whether composed of other denominations or of those who belong to none, which class includes the larger part, has a claim upon every one of its members for their strongest support in carrying on the affairs of that society, and in securing its best interests, for it is impliedly in consideration of this assistance, that any one is received in a society. A certain degree of freedom must be yielded up in lieu of the greater benefit thus secured. Society must stand upon these broad grounds or otherwise must fall. Now, a Catholic Priest is to the community as a member; he cannot divest himself of that character, for circumstances may arise where, by his presence, his assistance becomes necessary for the benefit and security of that society. Nor has he any business in such a place, as far as a major part of the community is concerned, unless he can afford such assistance. He must be a drawback in such a case, for neutrality is impossible. But then again, this Priest does not wish to be left at the mercy of any chance winds. His Church would desire his protection, although for the want of his aid, others might suffer or die. He is to have the privilege of employing the greatest energies of the court for the defense of his interests, but a court may be brought to a complete stand for the want of his evidence. Society can never live with such a pest. Society, as well as our established institutions, demands of the Roman Catholic Church submission to the rule of the courts, or if they cannot yield to that, that she must leave the country. It is the only way for a Church or party, in any state of things, where the interests of the majority will not allow them to accommodate.

In this question, it is necessary that its bearing, in its broadest view, should be kept before the mind. For otherwise, what are in fact strong principles, may be mistaken for weak prejudices, because they are referred to narrow premises.

One thing which gives our government a great advantage over most other States, is the elevation of our institutions above doctrinal influences. Had it been otherwise, no nation would have ever been so distracted with religious discussion and religious parties. Indeed, the country would at once go to destruction. The ground which we now occupy, gives us the privileges which we could not otherwise have, of professing and maintaining the great principles of Christianity, and at the same time acknowledging and remaining independent of a great variety of sects. So impossible is it for our institutions to yield this claim of exception to the Roman Catholic Church.

GOETHE.

I.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTIC.

"Dem Menschen das Herrliche eines wahren und edeln Daseins zum Gefühl zu bringen."
—(Dichtung und Wahrheit, III., Goethe.)

The history of the German classic literature is individualized in Goethe and in the history of his works.

In him were united richness of innate gift, flexible docility, and the most active zeal for learning and experience.

On *nature* and *truth* rises, as on firm columns, the massive structure of his character. To investigate nature and to have its life was his early endeavor. Nature had, indeed, granted him an open eye; nothing escaped him, and whatever he learnt was *his own*.

With this sympathy to nature was intimately connected his uncommon *love of truth*. Wisdom exists, according to him, only in truth. The first feeling he rejoiced in when he saw Italy, to have devoted his life to the *true*. Wilhelm

von Humboldt says, therefore, that Goethe, in all objects of meditation and sentiment, respected *only* truth, and Schiller thinks (cf. "Sentimentale and naive Dichtung") that nature worked in Goethe purer and more "faithfully than in any other man." "The first and the last," says Goethe himself in his 'Maximen,' "that is required of genius, is love of truth." He did not separate even the true from the beautiful. He considers it to be the noblest quality of the greatest talents to "be true to themselves and others." (Cf. pref. to the "Propylæen.") And as to *faithfulness* he says, that it imparts to human life a heavenly certainty; and writes from Rome that he felt himself too old for everything, except *truth*.

With this peculiarity was closely united his sincere, hearty *love to mankind*. He has given expression to it on almost every page of his works. "To be unselfish in all things," says he in his life, "especially in *love and friendship*, was my highest pleasure, my maxim, my practice." He lived, therefore, as well *for* others as he was fond of living *with* others. This unselfishness of love attached him, above all, to Spinoza, with whom he found the same expressed as the highest maxims, whose principle it was to do good for its own sake. No wonder that Goethe was so much admired and loved by his contemporaries. Jung (Stilling) praises him as an *excellent* man; so do Merck and Wieland. The latter says: "Goethe is a man, great, noble, and only *misunderstood*, because so very few are capable to *form an idea of such a man*." So Lavater, Knebel and Herder.

As to Goethe's *religious* views, he says himself—"I believe in God. This is a noble word; but to recognize God, where and however He manifests himself, this is genuine happiness on earth." He claimed, as a *Protestant*, the liberty to develop his views without regard to a special religious system. He found in nature the first gospel for the wants of the believing mind—he saw God in nature and nature in God. His religion was, then, founded on *nature*, but *also on love to mankind*. The Eternal love was the great centre of his faith, and the sympathy with weak mankind the sole happiness on earth, the "*true theology*." Everybody, he

thinks, has, after all, his own religion. (cf. his "Harzreise.") Thus he meets in this point, as in many other, with Lessing, by preferring the religion of *Christ* to the *Christian* religion. He sees in the Old Testament the Book of nations.

As to his views on *morals*, compare his poem—"das *Göttliche*." The basis of *morality* consists, with him, in *self-knowledge*. "We act only rightly," says he, "if we know ourselves well."

But the fundamental trait in Goethe's nature was his *activity*. The wants of his nature compelled him to multifarious activity; in fact, both activity and existence were identical to him; and he derived from this idea of activity a strong argument for immortality. Death called him away amidst his wonted activity.

With regard to his philosophical views, he considers (like Spinoza) mind and matter as the necessary (eternal) "ingredients of the universe," and leans to the pantheistic Schelling.

II.

GÖTTE'S LIFE AND WORKS.

Johan Wolfgang Goethe was born in 1749, at Frankfurt on the Main, and closed his life in 1832, at Weimar. The hour of his birth was, in a manner, also that of the modern classic German literature. Born with him, at the same time, it grew up with him in brotherly union; he saw the plays of its infancy, felt the impetus of its youth, and enjoyed the full richness of its manhood.

As to Goethe's childhood and earliest youth, we cannot do better than to refer to his autobiography, as far as he wrote it in his "*Dichtung und Wahrheit*."

He entered the University of Leipsic (1765), studied classics under Ernesti and Morus, and natural sciences as taught by the physician and botanist, Ludwig, on the principles of the greatest men in this department, Linne, Haller, Buffon.

The German literature offered, at that epoch, a scene of confusion and conflicting opinions. *Gottsched's* authority—although on the whole already on the decrease—was still

prevalent at Leipsic, where this school-monarch was reigning with his French literary sceptre ; aside of him had risen *Gellert*, whose style was rather more tasteful ; so *Ramler*, *Kleist*. *Klopstock's* songs sounded like purer accords into the confusion ; *Wieland* attracted by his liberal mind the more refined portion of the nation—so *Lessing*.

The piece, “*Die Laune des Verliebten*,” written at Leipsic, opens the series of Goethe’s extant dramatic writings. We perceive in its style the traces of French forms—the result of a thorough study of Moliere. Soon after appeared “*die Mitschuldigen*,” in which he has partly given up the French forms and leans to Lessing’s “*Minna von Barnhelm*.” But both of these productions—being the only ones extant of his first attempts in the dramatic line, (he destroyed the rest), are without any particular merit.

Goethe wrote likewise, at Leipsic, his first lyric poems. We may, among those that he did not destroy by his *auto-da-fe*, mention “*Die Hoellenfahrt Christi*” (1765), “*Gluck der Entferraunig*,” “*Die Schone Nacht*,” “*an Luna*.” Their distinguishing trait is *truth* of sentiment.

The publication of Lessing’s “*Laocoon*” (1767), deeply impressed Goethe’s mind, and he hastened to Dresden, where his enthusiasm for art was highly increased by the rich and celebrated gallery.

After having left Leipsic he returned home and stayed there a short time (1768–9). 1769 he went to the University of Strassburg, where he remained till 1771.

[CONTINUED.]

THAT BITTER WORD.

Ah! mention not that bitter word,
 Wake not its mem’ry in my heart ;
 When from your lips that sound is heard,
 It sends an arrow to my heart.
 Long weary years have flown away,
 Old joys and sorrows round me come ;
 Call not the misery of that day
 Back, trooping from sad memory’s home.

They told me that thy love to me
Was fickle, as the dew-drop star
Which spangles on the aspen tree,
But changing winds transport it far.
They said 'twas false and faithless too,
The sport of ev'ry passion's gale,
And while my heart distracted grew,
They plied deception's poisonous tale.

And when the bitter wounds were green,
They sped the dart with keener aim,
And when the fire boiled up within,
They heaped fresh fuel on the flame.
And thy bright smile's unconscious gleam
That well might wile this rage away,
And thy sweet words to me did seem
The words of scorn—that fatal day.

The swelling wrath broke forth at last,
That word, ne'er thought of but with tears,
'Twas sad, 'twas poignant, but 'tis past,
Whelmed in the flight of vanished years.
Oh! wake not now its slumbering pain,
Nor bid the heart's sad streamlets flow,
Nor e'er repeat that word again,
Fraught with incomparable woe.

'Twas by the murm'ring ocean's shore,
That evening as we strayed along;
Again I hear the thund'ring roar,
Which burst the grottoed rocks among.
While my rash lips essayed to chide,
In dark suspicion's angry strain,
Love fled, his gentle face to hide
Far from this bosom's shattered fane.

Again I hear the bittern's cry,
Harsh, as it rang the caverns there,
Again I see great Nature's eye
Grow dim and fade in distant air.
Again I see the foaming sea
Lash wild to greet my jealous fears,
And oh! surpassing all, I see
Thy matchless eye bedimmed with tears.

When memory has backward been,
Along the weary road of life,
There clouds enough o'erhang the scene,
And darken all its ceaseless strife.

When fancy round the fountain clings,
Where sprang the joys of long ago,
Fainting it droops its silver wings,
To find its waters bittered so.

But call not from Time's gaping grave
The sorrows that lie sleeping there,
The woes that Fortune's billows drave
Across our path of toil and care.
Forgotten be that bitter word,
Like echoes of those distant spheres,
Which once in magic moment heard,
No more disturb our fleeting years.

And let our life glide joyful on,
In love's unmingled ecstasy ;
Devotion's sweet concern atone
For all that's past of jealousy.
Long summer days we'll blithely sing,
And winter nights shall hear the strain,
Old Time with gold shall tip his wing,
But mention not that word again.

PREFACE TO AN UNPUBLISHED NOVEL.

Beloved and indulgent reader! as the work which I am about to send to the press is of a character totally different from anything now extant in the republic of letters, it will, perhaps, be necessary to offer a few words of explanation.

The most celebrated writer Germany ever produced, a man whose counterpart the world, even should it exist to unending ages, will never see, used to make it a matter of conscience never to write prefaces, introductions or prolegomena of any sort to a single one of his publications, however daring an innovation such publication might be. This arose from a sort of contempt which he always entertained for the public and its criticisms. Conscious of his own superiority, he disdained to cringe to the opinions of an ill-judging multitude, and appealed to time to test the merit of his writings. Such a course would do very well for every author to adopt, provided all were such as he. But while there have been, are, and will be millions of authors, there

never will have been more than one GÆTHE. Hence I, for one, do not consider it beneath my dignity to write a preface, and, perhaps, a somewhat lengthy one.

We live in age of action. Remarkable events follow each other in rapid succession, scarcely allowing us a breathing spell in the interim. More takes place now in one year than formerly in ten. Meteor after meteor flashes athwart the political firmament, dazzling the eyes and almost bewildering the minds of all civilized nations. Nor is this confined to politics. The literary world is also in a fever of action. The press swarms with publications on all subjects, and of all degrees of merit, by far the greater majority of which are works of fiction.

Now, ever since the author of these pages first applied himself to the study of contemporary literature, the fact has forced itself on his mind, every day with greater vehemence, that we need a startling reform in this department of our literature. Nine-tenths of the so-called romances published are of a very inferior sort, their contents partaking not so much of the romantic as of the mere common-place. And even of the remaining tenth, how few are there which are likely to stand the test of time!

The reasons for this state of affairs are two-fold. In the first place, there is too much quackery in this department. Those authors who are conscious of having very little ability, always apply themselves to romance-writing, because they imagine it to be the easiest field. Here, they are woefully mistaken. It is, in reality, the most difficult; it holds the same place in literary esthetics that painting holds in the physical branches of the same. Hence they nearly all fall far short of the mark. A very few years generally suffices to sink their productions into oblivion; and it is only here and there that we see a Fielding, a Smollett or a Scott remaining unscathed amid the whirlpool of condemned trash—*rari nautes in gurgite vasto*.

But it is the second reason on which I propose to dwell more at length. It has been the peculiar misfortune of all novelists to suppose that no fictitious tale can be written unless *love* is made the corner-stone. This has always been

a clog to the whole department; and it is truly astonishing that no one has yet been daring enough to do away with this time-honored delusion. I am well aware of the risk I run in taking this ground. "Why," some one will exclaim, "would you exclude the tender passion from a romance? The mariner might as well throw his compass overboard and leave his bark to the mercy of wind and wave." But no; I would not entirely exclude *love* from any romance. What I object to is, making it the foundation stone of the whole story. There is no need of this. The human heart is swayed by more than one passion, or impulse. To suppose that it is capable of no other passion but the amatory, is a libel on mankind.

Nor yet is the eroto-sentimental the great centre around which all the other emotions revolve, like so many satellites. I am perfectly satisfied that it is, chiefly, the undue preponderance given to this element that gives to nearly all romances a certain tedious uniformity. The same general skeleton, or analysis, would answer for them all. A poor young man becomes enamored of a rich young lady, or else vice versa. The young lady's father seriously objects, and desires his daughter to marry a wealthy young Broadway squirt. She indignantly refuses. Poor young man and wealthy young Broadway squirt succeed in getting up a duel, in which either plenty of powder is burned or a couple of swords hacked up like Falstaff's, but, fortunately, no one hurt! Poor young man and rich young lady then hold a secret interview at the romantic hour of midnight and concoct an elopement, which takes place in due time. An exciting scene follows, in which the enraged father plays an active part. Young lady faints; and, finally, everything turns out right. Can anything be less likely to excite the interest of the reader than this self-same plot woven into ten thousand different novels?

The time has at length arrived when we must either acknowledge that fiction has been a complete failure, or else prepare for a sweeping reform in this branch of belles lettres. The mist which has blinded the eyes of criticism for ages must be dispelled.

Reader! this book is offered to the public as the first romance ever published in which the amatory passion is made a secondary concern. Let it not be supposed, however, that the author desires to hold it up as a model for this species of composition. Such a thought never once entered his brain. But it sometimes happens that the most important and beneficial reforms are, indirectly, brought about by men of mediocrity. That such will be the case now, is what I most sincerely hope. My reward will be sufficient if this volume serve merely to call the attention of more able writers than myself to the fact that novels may be composed without the aid of a thousand-stringed harp. However much this may savor of egotism, let me entreat the reader to restrain his smiles until he has perused this book faithfully, and considered well all the arguments expressed above.

THE GIPSY'S STORY.

Lady, throw back thy raven hair,
Lay thy white brow to the moonlight bare,
I will look on the stars and look on thee,
And read the page of thy destiny.

Little thanks shall I have for my tale,
Even in youth thy cheek will be pale,
By thy side is a red rose tree,
One bud droops withered—*so thou shalt be.*

Around thy neck is a ruby chain,
One of the rubies is broken in twain,
Throw on the ground each shattered part,
Broken and lost they will be like thy heart.

Mark yon star—it shone at thy birth ;
Look again—it has fallen to earth,
Its beauty has passed like a thought away,
So soon, or yet sooner, will thou decay.

O'er yon fountain's silver fall,
Is a midnight rainbow's coronal,
Its hues of light will melt in tears,
Well may they image thy future years.

I may not read in thy hazel eyes,
For the long dark lash that o'er them lies,
So in my art I can but see
One shadow of might in thy destiny.

I can but give thee dark revealings
Of passionate hopes and wasted feelings,
Of love that passed like a lava wave,
Of a broken heart and an early grave.

RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D. D.

[Continued from page 33, vol. 4.]

That a grammar school and college should be permanent features in the contemplated Diocesan institution was not a second and after thought of the Bishop's plan is most evident from this address.

"It is understood," he continues, "that our Seminary is to go into operation in the house and on the place of my present residence near Worthington, Franklin county, immediately after the rising of the present convention. If the buildings there should prove insufficient to accommodate the students, others of a temporary nature might be erected, or houses hired in the neighborhood. Here the Seminary, in *all its branches*, from the grammar school through all the course of collegiate instruction to those of theology, as required by our canons, might proceed."

In reply to the proposition urged by Mr. Charles Hammond and others, that the proposed institution should be a city Seminary, and exclusively theological, the Bishop goes on to say:—"If I were to judge in this matter from my present feelings, and if it were proper to express them here, I should be compelled to declare my great dislike to the confining of our views within the contracted sphere marked out by some for a city seminary; and that both my judgment and my feelings accord with the expressed opinion of benefactors in England, I myself am witness, and here to testify." Thus it appears that from the very beginning the

Bishop contemplated no other institution for the Diocese than one in which a Grammar School, College and Theological Seminary should be united, and that this plan had met the decided approbation of the English benefactors.

We have already noticed that the Bishop's *project* to have the site on Alum creek, which was donated by Mrs. Reed, of Putnan, to the Diocese, permanently adopted as the site of the proposed institutions, was defeated at this convention. Instead of the resolutions brought forward by his friend, the Hon. John C. Wright, for this purpose, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"WHEREAS, though very munificent offers have been made to the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Ohio, yet, hopes having arisen, from information obtained from the members of the convention, that still more eligible donations may yet be made; and whereas this convention considers it of vital importance to the future prosperity of the church in Ohio, that the Seminary shall be permanently established in the best possible situation.

"*Resolved*, That the consideration of the first resolution (the resolution making the Plum creek site the permanent site for the proposed institutions) reported by the Committee, be indefinitely postponed; and that, for the period of ten months hereafter, the Bishop of the Diocese be respectfully requested to receive propositions, in writing, for the establishment of said Seminary, to lay the same before the convention at their next meeting.

"*And be it further resolved*, That the Bishop be respectfully requested to cause notices to be inserted in at least six of the most public newspapers within the State of Ohio, inviting proposals for the establishment of said Seminary."

From the convention the Bishop hastened to his home to complete his arrangements to devote the summer and autumn months to an extensive visitation of the Diocese. The school had already grown beyond the capacity of his buildings and the difficulty, already great, of providing additional accommodations with means so limited as his, would be increased manifold by his absence. It was, too, in the existing condition of the country, even difficult for him; when at home, to get comfortable supplies for his increasing family, and how much more difficult would it be for his family in

his absence ! All that could be done he did during a week or two's residence at home to provide for these contingencies, but a kind and merciful Providence had given him in Mrs. Chase a help-mate admirably qualified to assist him when at home and shift and manage with great tact and wisdom in his absence. Mrs. Chase entered with her whole soul into her husband's noble and magnificent plans. If any failed to appreciate the grandeur of his enterprise for the church and for Christ, and his self-denial and the purity of his motives, he always found from her a glowing encouragement and an ardent and affectionate sympathy, and a wisdom as remarkable as her sympathy was grateful and encouraging ! She was remarkably fitted for her position. She was a lady perfectly at home in all the arts and minutiae of housewifery, as happy in darning stockings for the boys as entertaining her visitors in the parlor, in overseeing her kitchen as in arranging her drawing-room, in making a bargain with a farmer in his rough boots and hunting blouse as in completing a purchase from an intelligent and accomplished merchant, and as perfectly at home in doing business with the world about her and in keeping the multifarious accounts of her increasing household as in presiding at her dinner table and dispensing courtesy in her drawing-room. Much of Bishop Chase's success was, under God, owing to his wife, and his failures generally to a rejection of her counsels. He could always leave home with the happy assurance that his family matters would be managed as well and as ably in his absence as if he were at home.

The Bishop spent more than half of this year in laborious visitations in the Diocese, and this with scarcely any income from the Diocese to pay his incidental traveling expenses. His labors were not confined to officiating to organized congregations or in preaching to those who assembled to hear him, but were devoted as well to the laborious work of searching out the scattered church families in the woods and dispensing at their firesides the bread of life. If he heard of a sick member of his flock he made his way to his humble home, though it were a hundred miles distant, and cheered and gladdened him with the offices of our

holy religion. It was in the early part of this summer's visitation that he first heard of the site now occupied by the Theological Seminary and Kenyon College. His attention had been called to it by Mr. Daniel S. Norton, of Mt. Vernon, and on the 21st of July of this year, 1825, he visited Mt. Vernon with the view of exploring, on the next day, the site to which his attention had been called. On the 22d, in company with several gentlemen of Mt. Vernon, he rode down the banks of the beautiful and picturesque *Kokosing*, then known to the primitive settlers on its banks as the *Owl Creek*. When the cavalcade reached the southwestern side of the beautiful promontory upon which the old building of Kenyon College now stands, the gentlemen dismounted, and having secured their horses, all, save the Bishop and his guide, threw themselves upon the virgin turf to rest in the shade of the giant trees that then stood there. Up a path that led from the valley through the glade immediately north of where the President's house now stands, the Bishop and Mr. Henry C. Curtis, who acted as his guide, ascended to the summit, and the Bishop was so taken with the view which presented itself there, that he immediately exclaimed, this is the site for our college. The whole of the park was then densely wooded excepting a small space in front of where the old college building stands. There was there a small spot free from trees or brush and covered with a rich blue grass swarth that had been cleared at an early day by some adventurous white man or at an earlier day by the red man, on which to build his council fires, to worship the Great Spirit and perform his war and festive dances. For the latter sacred purpose the lovely spot, as the Bishop always thought, had been most likely cleared in the far ages of the past, and kept free from brush by the frequent visits of the hardy pioneers of the white man. But, however this may be, the Bishop, from the first moment of his visit, was so charmed with the view that he determined, if possible, to secure the noble demesne of eight thousand acres that lay around him, the property of Mr. Hogg, of Pa., for the purposes of the Theological Seminary and College. From Mt. Vernon he

returned to his home, and, on the 6th of August, was again in his saddle to prosecute his visitation in the Northern and Northeastern parts of the Diocese. While at Sandusky city (then called Portland), he found that a visit to the scattered remnants of the Oneida and Mohawk Indians, who still retained the use of the Liturgy of the Protestant Episcopal church, taught them by Missionaries of the church of England, when these Indians were under the government of England, was feasible, at the expense of some hardship and self-denial, and as the Bishop was not a man ever to shrink from duty, he at once determined to include these sons of the forest in his visitation.

"Some time ago," he writes, in his address to the Convention of 1826, "I had heard of the scattered remnants of the Oneida and Mohawk tribes, who still retained the use of our Liturgy, and it was my most anxious wish to see and converse with them. This wish it pleased God most graciously to gratify. I paid them a visit, setting off from Mr. Woodward's after divine service and a sermon. We lodged at Mr. Cowles', the last house in the white settlements. The morning of the 18th of August, 1825, gave some hopes of a fair and pleasant day, but it proved otherwise. The sky was soon overcast, and a dark gloom hung over the forests, already dark and gloomy by the thickness of the deep green foliage. Our way was nearly west, towards the Sandusky river, and lay through a pathless desert, with hardly a trace to guide our steps; but confident in the goodness of our cause and the protection and blessing of the common Father of men and nations, we set forward. The beauty of an open oakland scenery for a time cheered us; but it soon changed to a thick, dark under-leaved forest, in which, having missed our path, we traveled in the rain, it was judged five and twenty miles, before we reached the huts of the Indians we were seeking. To us, wet, hungry and waysore, these little shelters from the storm appeared like the abodes of comfort. Some aged men and women of the Mohawks, fit emblems of their tribe, once vigorous, now in decay, met us at their lowly cabin doors. My worthy friend and guide, the Rev. Mr. Coe, who had seen and known these interesting people before, now told them my name and errand. I

passed around their little settlement, and the evening and the morning were spent in trying to do them good. I found them not like heathens. They had known Jesus, their Creator and Saviour, from their youth, and the liturgy and formularies of the church of England, with part of the book of Genesis, and the gospel of St. Mark, translated into their own language A. D. 1787, had been the blessed means by which this faith had been taught and handed down from their forefathers. What a comment this, on the great utility of accompanying the translation of the Scriptures with the formularies of primitive devotion. And what an overpowering refutation is this of the ungodly objections made to Christianizing of the heathen by diffusing the light of the Holy Bible among them! From this instance of God's blessing on the means, let Christians take courage. Their bread being cast by faith on the waters of God's providence, shall return blessed after many days; and though now through much persecution, from the hosts of infidelity, they go on their way weeping, yet, if they persevere, the whole world will, like a ripe field of corn, come to the Christian faith with joy and bring their sheaves of holy fruits with them.

"Aug. 10. Divine service was performed with these Indians on the morning of this day; though it rained incessantly, they came in goodly numbers and seemed with one heart and voice to join in the responses, as the prayers were read by myself and repeated by an elderly person in their language. By their apparent simplicity and godly sincerity, I was reminded of the accounts given us of the Apostolic worship.

"I could not part from these most engaging people without giving them some hopes of being benefitted by the school, which had been committed to our care through the bounty of their former benefactors. I promised to take several of their young men and boys and board and educate them, looking to God for means and ability to support me in so great expense."

The Bishop again visited these people in the following November, in his own carriage, and was happy in obtaining

six Indian lads to accompany him back to Washington to enter the Diocesan school. The roads were wretched and the weather extremely cold for the season, but the Bishop cheerfully endured the fatigue and hardship to do good to these too long neglected and injured children of the wilderness. On his return he had the happiness of finding a letter from the Secretary of War, making a provision (from a small fund at his disposal for the purpose), for the maintenance and education of the Sioux. This effort to educate the Indian boys with the whites was not, to any great extent, successful, but the Bishop had, however, the grateful consciousness of doing what was in his power for their benefit.

This whole summer the Bishop spent in his saddle visiting, with great zeal and success, all the Episcopal communities and scattered families in the Northern and Eastern portions of the Diocese, and in October, directed his course to the neighborhood of the lands upon the *Kokosing*, which, from his first glimpse of them, had struck him so favorably as a site for Kenyon College. But before he should finally determine to bring them before the Diocese for this purpose, he judged it but proper that he should make a personal exploration of them in company with good judges of wild lands. In company, therefore, with Mr. Trimble, of Perry, Coshocton county, and others of the same neighborhood, he devoted two days, the 5th and 6th of October, 1825, to this object, and, on this re-examination, found them to exceed his former estimation. From the lands on the *Kokosing* he returned to his home to find all well and everything prospering under the wise, efficient, and untiring energy of Mrs. Chase. During this winter he obtained from the Legislature an amendment to the act incorporating the Theological Seminary of the Diocese, by which a College feature was engrafted upon the institution and the power of conferring degrees in the Arts and Sciences made a part of the functions of the President and Professors. The more he revolved in his mind this college feature the greater it grew in importance in his estimation, and he determined to proceed to

Washington to see what could be done to interest Congress in his plans, and to obtain, if possible, a grant of lands from the National Legislature in aid of the College. Two other objects he had in view in his contemplated visit to the East—to procure, if possible, an accession of clergy to enter upon the church harvest now fast ripening in the State and to visit Mr. Hogg, of Brownsville, Pa., the owner of the estate upon the Kokosing. He failed in his application to Congress and in his efforts to increase his clerical corps, but was entirely successful in his interview with Mr. Hogg. The original price at which this gentleman held the eight thousand acres was \$24,000.

“From this, considering the magnitude and usefulness of the object to which the lands were to be applied, Mr. Hogg most munificently agreed to deduct \$6,000, putting the lands at \$2 25 per acre, though they were,” in the language of the Bishop, “of the finest quality, and rising of seven hundred acres were under cultivation.” In the previous summer the Bishop had made a visit from Steubenville in company with Bezaleel Wells, Esq., to Mr. Hogg, and, through the agency of Mr. Wells, had obtained a proposition to dispose of the lands above mentioned to the Diocese at a reduced rate, but the above reduction was greater than had been anticipated. With the advice of such members of the standing committee as he found it convenient to consult, he spread, by circular, before the Diocese the subject of the Kokosing estate, that all, at the next convention, might be prepared to act understandingly in reference to this most important matter. At the Convention of 1826 the whole subject was referred to a Committee of five, viz.: Belazeel Wells, John Matthews, William Little, Zaccheus Briggs, and Stephen Sibley. The report of this committee was adopted by the convention. The last resolution of the report was, “that the Theological Seminary of the Diocese of Ohio and Kenyon College, be, and the same hereby is, forever established on such part of section one, in township six, in range twelve of the United States Military land, as may be selected by the Trustees of said Seminary and College.” This committee possessed the confidence of the Diocese.

They were gentlemen of undoubted piety, pre-eminent among their contemporaries for practical wisdom, a high sense of honor and purity of motive, and for their length of residence in, and extensive and accurate acquaintance with, the State. One feature of their report derives an important interest from the controversy that has since agitated the Diocese upon the subject of the sale of the college lands. The committee assigning their reasons why the convention should authorize the purchase of the Kokosing estate and establish the college there adds: "The committee further ascertain that the contract with Mr. Hogg is made on very favorable terms, particularly as to price; leaving it possible to save the lands wanted for the site, *from the proceeds of the sale of the remainder.*"

A TRIP UPON AN "UNLUCKY DAY."

Friday has, for ages, been regarded by many as an unlucky day, and although this can be classed only as a superstition, still the very existence of such a belief, occasionally excites our curiosity to watch the result of any undertaking commenced upon this unfortunate day. The following incident, still fresh in the mind of the writer, and likely never to be forgotten, may serve as an illustration.

Upon a Friday afternoon, late in July, 1856, in company with a few friends, I found myself in a train of cars upon the "Old Colony Road," which was rapidly hurrying us from the "Tea-Pot" of New England toward the South.

The day was delightful, with bright sun and bracing atmosphere; one of those gladsome days that help us feel good humored, and show us the world as not so gloomy, and man as not so selfish as some would have it. At least, this was the effect upon us, for so lovely was nature, or so interesting our company, that before we had an opportunity to look at the evening paper, which we had procured in Boston, the gray headlands of one of New England's finest bays rose suddenly

to view, plainly indicating that we were nearing Fall River. In a few moments, we were made aware of our arrival, by hearing the customary "Passengers for New York, this way—boat leaves in thirty minutes!" Finding the state-rooms were all secured, the Clerk politely informed us, that we could either take berths in the gentlemen's cabin below, or find accommodation upon the sofas in the upper saloon. Not relishing either of these proposals, we resolved to pass the night on deck. In looking round, we found arm-chairs and a cozy corner, where we settled ourselves for the evening. The last rays of the setting sun—not those rays that the school boy so often describes—but common, every-day rays, were falling upon a scene which certainly was *not* common or every-day. There was none of that hazy appearance of the Indian summer, nor the dry, smoky atmosphere which succeeds a sultry day. And although the sun had almost disappeared, still a faint light lingered on the hill-tops, and over the rich farm-lands across the bay. Here and there might be descried the faint outlines of some farm-house, and faintly borne on the evening breeze was occasionally heard the sharp voice of the faithful house-dog, welcoming home his master.

In a few moments the signal was given—then the bell—the pat, pat, pat of the paddles, and before we knew it, the Empire State, with colors flying, was heading down the beautiful Narragansett. The faint outlines of the western shore were soon left behind. About nine o'clock, we touched at Newport, to exchange mails and receive a few passengers, who were already satiated with the gayeties of this watering-place of America, and ready so early in the season to return home.

Long Island Sound, as is well known, before reaching the southern headland of Rhode Island, merges into the Atlantic Ocean, so that on entering or leaving Narragansett Bay, the pilot is obliged for many miles to stand out to sea. Being anxious to view a moon-rise from the ocean, through the kindness of the second mate, Mr. B——, I obtained admission to the pilot-house, a place sacred to the Captain, Mates and wheels-men. From this position, the sight was really grand. It is useless to attempt to describe the effect pro-

duced upon the mind of one beholding this for the first time. The great fiery ball comes rising so slowly from its ocean bed, and the little stars forming groups around, seemed prepared to welcome their great king. In an hour or two, it was so far above the horizon, that it ceased longer to be of interest. I accordingly prepared to descend to my friends below. We were at this moment just off Point Judith, a locality which travelers liable to sea-sickness are not apt to forget. I had, for some time past, noticed that our larboard smoke-stack was red hot, and upon calling attention to it, was told that this was not unfrequent, when the furnaces were well charged. Of course, I must believe what an officer tells me, but on giving another look that way, I resolved to carry out my intention of going below. Scarcely, however, had I made the resolve, before there came a low thundering, followed by an awful report—then a piercing cry of distress, and all, for a moment, was hushed. But it was like the stillness that precedes a tempest. Soon the scalding steam was everywhere, torturing its victims, and spreading terror and death in every direction. In the midst of the confusion, and above the cries of the wounded, could be heard the voice of the Captain, issuing his orders with a calmness and self-possession well becoming his position. "Mr. Brown, let go that forward anchor." "Aye, aye, sir," was the ready response, and in a few moments our steamer was at rest. Ah! what a sight! Mothers in their frenzy, looking for children, and the children in their helplessness, imploring protection; husband separated from wife; sister and brother from brother. One father in his agony, cried, "O, God! defend my wife and little ones!" Alas! too late, for even then, his wife was in heaven, and his babes in Jesus' arms. Among the wounded, was a young man, who but the day previous, had graduated from a New England University, now on his way home to receive the congratulations of his friends. But that home he never reached alive; for scarcely had he time to leave a message for his widowed mother, and breathe a silent prayer, before death relieved his sufferings.

Before morning, we were enabled, with our remaining boiler, to work back to Falls River, where the good people of

the town, with great kindness, received the wounded, and strove in every manner to allay their sufferings.

Thus ended our trip on an "unlucky day;" and whether Friday was instrumental in causing this sad calamity, is left to the reader to decide.]

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY.

Since the last number of the *Collegian* appeared, Kenyon has had her annual celebration of the Twenty-second of February. Doubtless, nothing would be more interesting to our readers than a description of the doings on that "eventful day." The following is a portion of a letter which appeared in a daily paper shortly after the celebration described. As it is a correct picture, and thinking we have a claim upon it, (being from the pen of a Kenyonite,) we have made it do what properly belongs to our goose quill; and hence place it in the "Memorabilia," suggesting that hereafter Kenyon students allow their productions to appear *first* in the "Kenyon Collegian." The writer, after describing the causes giving rise to the custom, its prevalence, &c., says:—

"It had rained for a day or two preceding the 22d, and all were apprehensive lest a disagreeable day would lessen the enjoyment of the celebration. It cleared off, however, the day before, and the morning's sun rose in an unclouded sky. Early in the morning, the students were knowing to the fact that the 22d was at hand, by the firing of the small piece of cannon called the "baby," which (as is usual with that class,) testified its appreciation and approbation of the proceedings by the utmost exertion of its vocal organs. The day now fairly begins. The greater number are at work on their "designs" for the illumination; while those who have "nothing else to do," busy themselves in provoking cries from the "baby." The day is thus spent until afternoon, when the work of putting up commences. Windows are taken out; transparencies conveyed under cover from one room to another; tacks and hammers are in requisition; lamps and candles are arranged to give the best possible light; and when the students repair to evening prayers, the blankets, sheets, quilts, etc., hanging at the windows to conceal the devices be-

neath, make the college resemble some old baronial castle on a general cleaning-out day.

"About seven o'clock, it has grown quite dark; ropes are pendant from the various coverings so that they may be pulled down at a moment's notice; the college green is filled with "village folk" and the people from the surrounding country, who have come in to see the sight, anxiously await the dropping of the curtains. Soon the bell taps, and a simultaneous jerk at all the ropes, reveals the *Illumination*.

"The wings of the building were brilliantly lighted with candles, while the body was filled with transparencies. To give a description of all the devices would be impossible. The library windows of the Philomathesian Society had appropriate designs; in one of them a pair of scales representing a pen in the one side outweighing a sword in the other, and as a back-ground, rays of light diverging from a common centre; in the other window were the portraits of Washington and Lafayette, surrounded by the American flag, eagle, and shield, with the words "*Pro Patria et Gloria*," underneath. In one of the Nu Pi Kappa windows, was a pillar with rays of light falling upon it from the Greek letters "*Phi Sigma*," and underneath the words "*Sapientia est Auctoritas*;" in the other was an open book bearing a pen, and above it *Nu Pi Kappa* written. The different Secret Societies had each of them beautiful designs, which would occupy too much time in describing. The Phi Delta, a literary Society of the Grammar School, had as a device the American shield bearing their medal, and beneath it the words "*Viri unum gloria claret*." The other Grammar School Society (Athenæan) had a portrait of Washington, an eagle holding in its beak their medal, underneath the motto, and the whole surrounded by a laurel wreath. The Freshman Class had a transparency consisting of a laurel wreath encircling a shield, on which was written, "Class of '62—Kenyon;" above the shield was a crown, and behind it a sword and spear crossed, the ends protruding beneath the wreath, and a ribbon thrown across them bearing the words "*Finis coronat opus*." Prominent among the miscellaneous devices, was that of the Kenyon Chess Club, representing a game of chess played between two parties, one of whom is check-mated, and above it the significant word *Yorktown*. Among the comic and terror-striking designs, was that of the Snap-Dragon Club, a large double-headed green dragon vomiting forth fire and smoke; also a correct representation of his Satanic Majesty; and in a remote corner, with a dim light, was a "skull and cross bones," with "*Vale*" written above. All three of these were prominent subjects of conversation among the country people, and many were the conjectures and 'foul suspicions' broached by the unsophisticated.

"All this—the transparencies filling the body of the building, and the wings brilliantly illuminated—formed a magnificent sight. After about an hour's exhibition, the lights were extinguished, and the literary exercises at the Chapel commenced. These consisted in music and addresses. The President of the

College delivered the Introductory Address, and was followed by a member chosen from each Society.

"The first oration was delivered by Mr. Guthrie, a representative of the Philomathesian Society, his subject being "The Statesmen of the American Revolution." His description of the prominent personages was highly interesting, the analysis of character clear and distinct, and the delight of the audience was evidenced at the close by decided manifestations of approval. After the music which followed, Mr. Mitchell, from the Nu Pi Kappa Society, addressed the audience on the "Early Battles of the American Revolution," dwelling more particularly on those of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill. The speaker riveted the attention of the audience, and received a hearty token of its appreciation at the close of his performance.

"These exercises finished the celebration of the 22d at Kenyon. Citizens, students—all, return home satisfied, and the college, which had been turned from its usual course, resumes its proper channel, and all glides on as monotonously as before."

Editors' Table.

THE *eleventh hour* is near at hand, and were our printers in their former close proximity we should expect to see *the devil* poking his inky phiz within our door, and screaming "more copy!" That imp of darkness, according to all tradition, is continually asking for more, like poor little Oliver at the meagre pauper's board. Ah, well, young Nick, we would say, you must restrain yourself, you are entirely too impetuous. We, the editorial we, ensconced in the old arm chair—perhaps more appropriately astride the Tripod—with the antiquated pine table before us, negligently clad in study gown and slippers, lay no claim to such facility of composition as you would ask, so we can not respond immediately to your demands; be patient—"Patience is a virtue."

Imp, *loquitur*—"You're an awful slow coach, anyhow!"

Enraged at his audacity we are tempted to visit his offence with condign punishment. Somewhat controlling ourself, however, we very kindly request him to withdraw. In tones by no means pleasant, he tells us to go to —, a nondescript region over which his prototype is said to hold sway. Averse to such proceeding, and doubly enraged that he should add insult to injury, we snatch our old stogy boot from the floor and throw it at him. This has the desired effect and *the devil* departeth.

Having thus, in imagination, summarily disposed of him, we cogitate on subject matter for the Table—what shall it be? We would wish to offer

something which might be a combination of salad for the solitary and salad for the social. Mental aliment has to be seasoned in as many different ways to satisfy the intellectual palate, as animal and vegetable food for the physical. We do not possess sufficient knowledge of the literary *cuisine*, to serve up dishes accommodated to every variety of taste. The *epicurean*—for such there are among the book devourers—would, we fear, find our thoughts far below his standard. After the lively witticisms of Knickerbocker, superior as they were from the pen of Willis Gaylord Clarke, or the charming pleasantries of Curtis, in Harper's Easy Chair, we would be laid aside without a notice. Well, we have frequently determined to be funny—musing on the adage, "Where there's a will there's a way"—we have seated ourself, resolved to concoct something spicy, real genuine wit,

"Sparkling and bright as the crystal light."

This we endeavored right in the face of the fact that we were always unable to get off a pointed repartee—never known to say anything calculated to excite mirth, save from its intrinsic foolishness. As a matter of course we have never succeeded. Hammer at our brain, long as we might, the same sober response came forth. Wit must be born, not made, even as poets; therefore we have subsided into our wonted condition, slow and steady plodding in the literary path. However we can appreciate anything laughable, and are sure the following incident will excite sympathetic cackination :

John—to whom, for brevity's sake, we will add the surname *Smith*—has had the honor of carrying the washing of Kenyonians to his *batter-half* for many years. He has numbered us among his customers since our first appearance as Sub. Fresh ; and, consequently, we have become quite well acquainted. On a certain Monday morning John made his appearance at the usual hour, and after familiarly replenishing his pipe at our tobacco box seated himself for a smoke. "Forninst the door," as the son of Erin would say, we have suspended on the wall "The Trapper's Last Shot," which fine engraving had often attracted John's admiring gaze, and towards which he now cast a longing eye.

His first query was: "Will you give me that when you leave here next June?"

We replied: "Couldn't afford to give that away, John; 'twas a present from a friend; but what do you want it for?"

"Well," said John, "it's such a *bully* picture, and I'd like to have it to hang up on the wall of my house. Who'd you say it was?"

We may here remark that he had asked the last question several times before. Sometimes we told him General Jackson, Harrison, or any other military celebrity we happened to think of.

Now we answered, "John, that's old Zack Taylor; fine looking man isn't he?"

"He is *that*! and he always reminds me of Napoleon. Wasn't old Napoleon the darndest feller for chasing the *Injuns*? I tell you he used to make 'em git. I heard that he charged on a whole army of 'em once, and took a dozen prisoners."

Our "chum and pitcher" and ourself had been controlling our risibles during this conversation, but the grand climax, the idea of *Napoleon chasing*

the Injuns was too much for us, for we burst out in the loudest laughter, in which John innocently joined, supposing we were tickled at the manner in which old Nappy used the denizens of the forest. Truly

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

To change the topic, we wish to offer a word or two on the "Williams' College Code." Our brother Editors in other institutions have spoken generally the sentiment we should express. This Code consists in a resolution passed by the Williams' students some time last year, that "henceforth they will entertain no ill-will against the man who gives to the Faculty compulsory testimony against a fellow-student violating College laws." We are quite certain that it will receive the unqualified disapprobation of each and every student who has the true spirit of a man. It appeals to all the baser qualities of human nature, and gives an opportunity for the exercise of any petty malice or envy which one collegian may cherish towards another. It would necessarily destroy all confidence among us and cause each to distrust his neighbor.

The basis and primal principle of common law is that every man shall be deemed innocent until proved guilty, but the Faculties of our colleges just reverse the proposition, and consider every man guilty until he can establish his innocence—meanwhile giving him no chance to effect the latter. We are not opposed to stringent regulations so long as they place a man on his honor and standing as a gentleman. But we condemn, most heartily, any rule which savors of the mean and contemptible, and which subjects students, almost arrived at and often passed beyond their majority, to a discipline fit only for boarding school boys. In conclusion, we should approve of taking any man, who favored such a resolution and acted thereupon, *tarring and feathering* him and *riding him on a rail* as far as possible out of Gambier, with the promise of *repeating the dose* should he ever show his face hereabout again.

It is with unfeigned gratification we learn that the ladies of Gambier have established a Sewing Circle, the avails of whose manufactures are to be devoted to the laudable object of *cushioning* the student's benches in Rosse Chapel. We are sure the information will be welcome to Kenyonians, both absent and present, but more particularly to the members of the lower classes. For ourselves, we regret that the step was not taken some four years ago when some benefit might have accrued to us. This is an unmistakable indication of the advance of refinement and civilization, and the development of a glorious motive of charity. *Benevolence* is written upon such projects in characters of living light, "so that he who runs may read."

That, with some splendid lectures on Shakspeare, by Prof. Zachos, of Cincinnati, the opening of Capt. Brown's new oyster saloon, which we beg his pardon for not noticing before, and the arrival of a barber on the Classic Hill, we begin to think that "Progress is the watchword of the age." This *knight tonsorial* is an 'onest 'earty heager Henglishman, and withal a perfect master of his art—warranted to give satisfaction in the use of *shears* and

razor. And, during the performance of his operations, entertains his customers with most profitable and interesting conversation on any subject mentionable. Verily an admirable Chrichton in his way.

SINCE the 22nd we jog on in the monotony routine of college duty. Study, sleep, drink and eat. By the way, we have long thought a delineation of the varied experience, advantages and disadvantages of *College boarding houses* an admirable topic for a collegian article. Let some student-friend avail himself of the hint. Like Doesticks we can generally tell when our landlady changes her cook. With the approach of Examination we muse pleasantly on a jaunt homeward, for a two week's respite from study, etc. May vacation be enjoyed by all Kenyon students!

THE following epistle speaks for itself:—

GAMBEER, March 10th, 1859.

Dere mister edditur

I send the follerin infusion for the eddyfykashun of yure correspondints and them as redes yure pamflit. yu hev shode yurselt tu bee a eddykatid man, and wun hoo shud be patrunezid by all thinkin men. yu hev here the ekspeerienz uf a feller hoo I knowd, as was kut out of his intendid by a citty feller and thus lost a chance at her dad's farm, and allmost went kraze over it. I hev mollified it in virste fur yourinterist. here it is—

A BALLAD.

The onli gal I ever luvd was old skware Jinken's darter,
Her i's was brite as litenin bugs, her lips like sugar worter.
Her hare was like the marygul's that blossomed in the garden
Her mother maid the best of cheese, her father was church warden.
Frem fairy heel to luvly crown was jest 6 feet three inches
Her hoops ware so tremendus large she ocupied 3 benchis.
She stept 4 feet at every jump, she did and nothin shorter
But tho i luvd her very much, i never dared to cort her,
At last when she wus 20 five, allmost past hope of marry
A feller druv up to her dore, all in a splendid carry.
He carrid off mi luvly Ann, and left me in the lurch sir,
And they in jest one weke frum this, was marrid in the church sir.
And thus the man as cum in time, and had the spunk to take her
Inherited her fathers farm, and left me not an aker

The morel of this tail is when you luv a rich man's dorter,
Dont be afrade tu speke yur mind, but pitch rite in and cort her
And then yull cut all uthers out, and when yu cum to take her
Yull cum in fur the old mans farm, and not leave them an aker.

There you hev it, i wud like tu se it out, but dont let him no yu printed it,
fur he wud lik me like blaziz.

Yures til deth
Porc.

If we are not mistaken, the same unfortunate young man whose experience—melancholy indeed—is here set forth, was around here last Commencement, consoling himself in the charming society of a blooming, blushing, buxom lass from the country region hereabout. We trust he has entirely recovered.

A LADY has favored us with a poetical contribution in the way of a charade.

The mother hen was wandering out,
Her chicken train behind her,
When thus she gave her precepts forth,
And bade them all to mind her :—
“The crickets all are chirping now,
The gnats too are a-humming,
O, run beneath my sheltering wings!
For see *my first* is coming,”

But hidden from her watchful eye,
My second nearer wheeling,
He watched his opportunity
(For he is famed for stealing,)
One little one he slyly seized
And through the air he bore her;
Ah! to that watchful mother's care
What power can e'er restore her?

The funeral dirge *my whole* may sing,
For now the stars are shining,
And tired with pleasure or with toil
Man is in sleep reclining;
But ere we lay our cares to rest,
And give our thoughts to dreaming;
We'll shed a tear o'er the chicken's bier
The while *my whole* is screaming.

Answers requested in prose and verse.

At a meeting of the Class of '59, the following gentlemen were elected to the respective duties of Class Day :

PRESIDENT,-----M. A. Woodward, Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania.
ORATOR,-----Wm. Bower, Rochester, New York.
POET,-----T. H. Rearden, Cleveland, Ohio.
HISTORIAN,-----J. N. Lee, Lansing, Michigan.

THE following exchange have been received since our last issue. Amherst Ichnolite, February and March; Dennisonian, for December; Kentucky Military, for January; Nassau Literary and Harvard, for March. Where are our old friends the Yale Lit. and the Williams' Quarterly?