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The Kenyon Collegian.

VOL. V.

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No. I.

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HUGH MILLER'S LIFE.

(Continued.)

We have seen how faithfully Hugh Miller labored as an apprentice; we have seen him undergoing all the hardships of a laborer's life in the most irksome of trades; we have seen him now associating with the booth workman, now again as their superintendent; we have seen him concluding his life as an apprentice, his cheek growing pale, and a dread cough fastening gradually upon him, while the blood poured from his fingers as he worked. We have next seen him a free man, working no longer for others, but for himself—he has become strong and vigorous in body: in mind he has become, by constant diligence, heavily stocked in knowledge and taste; he has perfected his trade; he has also begun to show indications of his future eminence as an author. Above all, he has acquired during this time such a reputation for honesty and industry, that, mechanic as he is, he has been taken from his hammer and block, and placed at the head of a bank—a mechanic at the head of a bank! His reputation for honesty and industry have done even more than this—

they have thrown him into the best society of his native town, have obtained for him familiar intercourse with some of the most highly cultivated men of his native land; have finally procured for him a wife of respectable rank and superior talents. He has now become successful in a worldly view; has attained to, if a small, at least a regular and certain salary; his prospects have become bright in exchange for their former gloomy state. To follow him through this period—to mark his gradual rise, until he has obtained an equal eminence with the greatest men of his age and country, is now our more pleasant duty.

Though he had fulfilled, before his marriage, the very reasonable wish of his mother-in-law, to acquire sufficient means to support a wife before he could obtain possession of her daughter, yet his salary was by no means large enough to give him opportunity to be idle. In addition to the money which his wife obtained through teaching, his whole income amounted to but little more than one hundred pounds per year. Yet, small as this was, it seemed to supply the few wants of his small family. The situation as overseer of a bank was, however, much more advantageous in another respect. The hours during which the bank kept open were few, so that during a good portion of the day he was left at leisure to pursue his geological studies. About this time he discovered the vast unexplored field of organic remains in the "Old Red Sandstone;" there was the *Pterichthys*, with its pearly coat of mail, its long symmetrical head and double pair of wings to fit it for flying in the air after its prey; there was the *Cocosteres*, with its head covered by a bony shield, to resist the action of the obstacles, living and dead, to which it was opposed; there were a myriad of other species, all more or less curious, and all showing the peculiar state of the world during the period in which they lived. He was indeed now surrounded by nearly all the advantages which a man of his peculiar taste could wish; there was a pleasant companion at home, an easy and paying business for occupation, and useful and agreeable research for diversion.

About this time, his happiness was for a period over-

clouded. His first child, which had passed through an existence of about ten months, and which bade fair for the future, died, leaving the parents heart-broken. Hugh did not, however, allow this affliction to disturb him long, but soon again entered into the busy turmoil of life. About this time he performed a good service for his friend and pastor, Mr. Stewart. There had been for some time in the church a schism, and the church was divided into two parties, the liberals, and those who clung to the old church rigorously. The birth of the Queen this year came on the same day as the meeting of the Session; and though both Hugh and his pastor were in favor of changing the session to some other day, this was so contrary to the leading members' idea of propriety that they were shocked at the proposition, and resolved to attend to the business of the Kirk, and to neglect celebrating the Queen's birth-day. On the day appointed, then, the leaders and members of the Kirk, a large and dignified body, were found sitting in their places, while their opponents, the liberals, a miserably small body, depending for dignity upon an insignificant attorney and a rich tradesman or two, were marching the streets to the sound of drum and cymbal, and were entering into all manner of debauchery in honor of the Queen. The next day the newspapers were filled with flaming paragraphs relating to the grand celebration of the liberals, and the disrespect of their opponents, and soundly abusing Mr. Stewart. So strongly were the people and the newspapers prejudiced by these against the supposed small disaffected faction, that the one would not hear, nor the other publish, pieces justifying their action in attending Kirk. At last, seeing the length to which the matter had gone, and the embarrassing position in which his pastor was placed, Hugh collected all the names of those at the celebration, and published them, along with comments of his own on their paucity. This immediately turned a laugh upon the opposition, and relieved his minister from all embarrassment. He was not so fortunate however himself; the whole rage of the liberals was now brought against him; from every side in the newspapers could he find passages disparaging his character and ability; but rising with the occasion, he belabored those who were

opposed to him with so much energy and power, that he was offered the editorship of a very respectable newspaper. This he refused, as tending to make him nothing more than a party hack, a post by no means pleasant to one who had accustomed himself to act in complete independence of the opinions of others, and whose principles were such as coincided entirely with those of none of the parties then existing. But though he could not accept of this offer, to another, from a different source, he gave a different reply. At this time a wealthy, benevolent, and somewhat distinguished man, named Wm. Forsyth, died, and his brother and family wishing to keep his actions in a more permanent form than tradition, made liberal proposals to Hugh to write his life. He accepted, and found the task a pleasant one, the life of his hero having been connected with some of the leading events of the country thereabouts, and especially with those wild supernatural tales in which Hugh Miller so strongly delighted. When the work was finished, though merely local, and intended for the family alone, so interesting had he made it through its various connections, that it obtained quite a large circulation throughout the whole land, and received the highest encomiums in the various periodicals in which it was criticised. His imagination, when thus allowed room to roam in events almost mythical, brought the somewhat dull tales of country gossip into strange distinctness in his descriptions. This faculty in him, though it never delighted in fiction alone, touched with a painter's finish what was already sketched in rough outline; it was art applied to nature, in order to produce a lovely and picturesque variety in what only possessed the properties of beauty before a master hand was applied.

But so far no stage had ever been given him on which to display the varied and untiring powers of his mind. This stage was soon to be offered, in the high position of defender of his church. That church had come down from his fathers; had passed through all the turmoils of the wars for the attainment of civil and religious liberty; had been the tie which bound the people in those struggles; had embraced within its broad bosom all Scotland's greatest characters; had been the object of their most glorious deeds; and now to many of

the Scotch people it existed as the palladium of all their liberties. But during the last few centuries evils had crept into the church. On the one hand, it no longer possessed that all-controlling power over the minds of the people, which had formerly been its prerogative; many had seceded, and gone to other faiths. On the other hand, there had crept numerous evils into the government of the church. The parishes were given to the ministers through the patronage of the heads of civil government; new and dangerous ideas of religious moderation had crept in imperceptibly, until the rough and masculine power of the old puritans were changed into the effeminate softness of the modern metaphysician. This latter evil had been introduced by the historian Robertson, whose celebrity as an author had obtained for him the highest position in the church, and whose broad views of mankind, induced by his habits of extensive historical research among all nations, could not be bound in the narrow limits of the Scotch Theocracy. His followers, under the prestige of his great name, still retained the power in the church, but they had so extended and exceeded his views, that many of them were guilty of holding beliefs very similar to those held by Hobbs and Hume. Thus had matters continued until the time of which we are now writing, the heretical views spreading with fearful rapidity, either breaking down the Calvinistic dogma, foreordination, or extending it till it embraced the most arrant fatalism, giving freedom to every variety and shade of religious belief. In the midst of their metaphysical discussions the Bible was forgotten and left to mould on the shelves where it was placed by the fathers of the present generation. In Scotland at that time the church was endowed by the State, and out of this arose another schism in the ranks. Many were in favor of doing away with this legacy, and of making the church directly dependent upon the people. There were then three parties:—1st. One in favor of retention of the endowment, and of the appointment of the pastors through government patronage. 2d. One in favor of the entire abolishment of the endowment, and of making the church in all respects immediately dependent upon the people. 3d. One party in favor of abolishing the patronage

system, and of establishing a government for the church directly dependent for its action upon the people; but at the same time warmly advocating the retention of the endowment.

To this latter party, of which Chalmers, McCrie and Andrews were the leaders, and which, though the weakest in strength, embraced the entire evangelical talent of the country, Hugh Miller united himself. Up to this time, though these three ministers were the most talented preachers in the land, and though with an indomitable energy they had carried their case before the people and before the church, though they had preached with an eloquence never before equalled in the pulpit, against the abominations which disgraced their church, were yet unable to contend successfully against their great opponents the Robertsonians, or the liberals, as they were called. This latter party, combined with an immense influence at court, so great an amount of business talent, that it also obtained the support of the other party, manifestly contrary to the interests of that party, which ought rather to have united with Chalmers and the other evangelical men.

We, living at the present day, and in the United States, can obtain no just idea of the virulency with which these religious feuds were carried on. The newspapers were teeming with discussions, and the courts were filled with cases directly or indirectly involving it. One of these, the Auchturarder, had gone before the highest courts of the realm, and had been decided, after much discussion, and a nearly equal division among the judges, by Lord Brougham, in favor of the liberals. Hugh Miller, dissenting from the decision, and being much excited on the question, after the loss of a night's rest in thought, resolved to write an article in opposition to the decision. The result was a letter addressed to Lord Brougham, which he gave to one of his friends to publish. The effect was tremendous. Throughout the whole country it was admired as an extraordinary exertion of forensic power. It was read and publicly praised by the greatest minds in the kingdom. When it came to the view of one of the leaders of the evangelical party, Dr. Candlish, he exclaimed, "Here

is an editor for our Witness," a paper which they had intended to publish, but for which they could find no competent conductor. Hugh, however, was so excited in the cause that without waiting to learn the effect of his first article he wrote another immediately—a description of the baneful effects which a case of intrusion had caused upon one parish. This case was the appointing, by patronage, to a large parish, a young minister entirely unfitted to hold the post, contrary to the wishes of a large majority of the members. As a consequence, the parish commenced languishing, and at the time of his visit had dwindled down to a few souls, while the church and church-yard were lying almost in ruins from neglect. Of the letter to Brougham we quote the first paragraph, as displaying a graphic power unequalled, except by Junius :—

"With many thousands of my countrymen, I have waited in deep anxiety for your lordship's opinion on the Auchturarder case. Aware that what may seem clear as a matter of right, may be yet exceedingly doubtful as a question of law—aware too that your lordship had to decide in this matter, not as a legislator, but as a judge, I was afraid that though you yourself might be our friend, you might yet have to pronounce the law our enemy. And yet, the bare majority by which the case had been carried against us in the court of session, the consideration too that the judges who had decided in our favor rank among the ablest lawyers and most accomplished men that our country has ever produced, had inclined me to hope that the statute book, as interpreted by your lordship, might not be found very decidedly against us. But of you yourself, my lord, I could entertain no doubt. You had exerted all your energies in sweeping away the old Sarums and East Retfords of the constitution. Could I once harbor the suspicion that you had become tolerant of the old Sarums and East Retfords of the church? You had declared, whether wisely or otherwise, that men possessed of no property qualification, and as humble and as little taught as the individual who now addresses you, should be admitted on the strength of their moral and intellectual qualities alone, to exercise a voice in the legislation of their country. Could I

suppose for a moment that you deemed that portion of those very men which falls to the share of Scotland, unfitted to exercise a voice in the election of a parish minister!—or rather, for I understate the case, that you hold them unworthy of being emancipated from the thralldom of a degrading law—the remnant of a barbarous code, which conveys them over by thousands, and miles square, to the charge of patronage courting clergymen, practically unacquainted with the religion they profess to teach. Surely the people of Scotland are not so changed but that they know at least as much of the doctrines of the New Testament as of the principles of civil government, and of the requisites of a gospel minister as of the qualifications of a member of Parliament.”

A COMPLAINT.

Many are the complaints which have been uttered against the destruction and defacement practised upon the old Grecian and Roman manuscripts. And with good reason too : for in this manner, valuable works of antiquity have undoubtedly been, in part, or entirely destroyed.

It is our desire to enter before the readers of the Collegian a complaint against a practice of perhaps not as great importance, yet deserving equal censure. We allude to the practice followed by some—we were about to say weak-minded—persons, of expressing by a variety of annotations their approval of, or disagreement with, passages in any book they may be reading. Some of the more moderate class make a simple pencil mark opposite a passage; others must needs underscore every line; and others even cover the margins with their opinions at length, and that oftentimes in ink!

Many of you, kind readers, have, we doubt not, visited the Dusseldorf Gallery of Paintings; and seen perhaps the famous collections of the Old World. What would have been your feelings had you seen some master-piece of a Titian or a Raffaele, defaced with marks of the above description? We think that if thus addressed you would answer immediately “such as could not have been expressed by words.”

Such also are our feelings upon going into a Public Library, and seeing the fair pages of a Milton or a Shakspeare, defaced by the clumsy hands of every ignoramus.

If our indignation is thus excited in a Public Library, how much greater must it be to see a similar defacement in the books of a private collection.

The practice of borrowing books—especially in our day of cheapness—is of itself condemnable; but to treat in such a manner the volumes of one kind enough to lend them, is, in our opinion, *entirely unpardonable*. Did time permit, we might show, by numerous instances within our knowledge, that such treatment is not a rare occurrence.

For a single example, we are so fortunate as to possess a beautiful edition of Goldsmith, which we highly prized. A friend desiring to read "The Traveller," we lent him the book. Upon his returning the volume, for curiosity, we examined it. What was our dismay upon such examination to find that the beautiful poem, so justly described as without one bad line, almost covered with marks and notes. While we could not but admire the nice judgment exhibited in our friend's notes, we yet vowed to lend him, at least, no more books.

In this complaint, we know that not *our* feelings alone are expressed, but also those of all lovers of books; and especially those who are so fortunate as to possess a private collection, and generous enough to lend their books.

To those who cannot peruse a book without expressing in writing their opinions as they proceed—and such is the only true way of reading—we say, either buy what books you desire; or follow Webster's advice: "never to read without having pen and paper at your side."

A LEGEND OF THE SARANAC.

The scenes which were enacted upon Lake Champlain during America's last struggle with England, have rendered it an object of great interest to the traveler. The river Saranac, which flows into it, although less celebrated, yet its vicinity furnishes many relics of the mighty struggle which

once ensued upon its banks. At its confluence with Lake Champlain is situated the town of Plattsburgh, which, built at an early period in the history of New York, and at that time almost beyond the pale of civilization, still retains many characteristics peculiar to the early French settlements. Skirting the southern portion of the town, rolls the "Bloody Saranac," so called from the fact of its waters having been dyed with the blood of the invader, mingled with that of our countrymen, during the sanguinary battle of Lake Champlain.

Near the Lake its current is sluggish, and its banks low and sandy, but tracing its course into the interior, its character undergoes a complete change ; rocky, precipitous banks, overhung with lofty pines, render it very picturesque, and instead of flowing placidly onward, its current increases in rapidity until it becomes an impetuous and turbulent stream. At some distance from Plattsburgh, it passes through a chasm, whose width is about thirty, and depth over one hundred feet, from the brink of which can be seen the dark rolling waters beneath. Running parallel with the river, and but a slight distance from it, is a fissure in the rock, which, with the addition of a few steps, forms a natural staircase, which can be descended with the greatest ease. At the foot of these stairs an immense table rock juts out into the stream, a few feet from its surface, which affords a fine view of the banks for several hundred yards, in both directions. The natural scenery is truly grand. The immense masses of rock on either side, seemingly touching the very skies ; the incessant pattering of water upon the rocks, as it trickles down from the numberless springs above ; the black water rushing with resistless force at your feet ; and the blue vault of heaven scarcely discernable, combine to render it a scene, which once beheld can never be forgotten. Formerly, immediately above the table rock, a small tree had been hurled, during some terrific storm, so that it formed a frail bridge, scarce strong enough to support a human creature. This was called the "high bridge," and although every trace of it has long since disappeared, yet from the following legend, this portion of the stream still bears its name.

Many years ago, during the first settlement of Plattsburgh, when the country was in its pristine state, infested with savage beasts and hostile Indians, a company of French traders took up their residence in this frontier post. Among this company was a young man, whom a love of adventure had induced to leave his native France, and seek the wilds of America. Of noble parentage, possessed of an uncommonly good education, and gifted with high intellectual powers, it would seem strange that he should forsake all the comforts and luxuries of home, for the hardships of an uncivilized, and almost unknown region; but not satisfied with the accounts of the adventures which befell hunters and trappers, he determined to seek a personal confirmation of these reports. Accordingly, having reached Montreal, he joined a band of hunters, who had organized themselves for their mutual protection in their excursions. One tribe of Indians only, of the many that roamed through the adjacent forests, did the Frenchmen succeed in attaching to their interest. Among them was a young girl, whose delicate beauty gained the admiration of even the dusky warriors; she frequently came to the settlement, bringing presents from her father, the Chief of the tribe. And here it was, that our young Frenchman first beheld her.

'Twas a bright morning in that mellow season of the year, Indian Summer, when having completed her mission, the Indian maiden was about to return to her people, that our hero started out with the intention of accompanying her home. Having nearly reached their destination, wearied by their long walk, they were quietly sauntering along; a slight noise, made by the snapping of a twig, arrested their attention. Slightly startled by the report, but thinking it occasioned by some prowling beast, they only quickened their pace. Soon, however, a terrific Indian yell greeted their ears, and looking in front they perceived several savages, whose dress at once betokened them as belonging to a hostile tribe. Escape of course occupied all their attention, and as the Indians had interposed themselves between their intended victims and the village of the friendly tribe, all hope in that direction was cut off.

The Frenchman, during one of his long rambles, had visited the "High Bridge," and thinking that by reaching it in advance of their pursuers, they could elude them by secreting themselves in some of the avenues in the vicinity, he bent all his energies to attain this object. Slowly but surely their savage foe gained upon them, approaching them with that big steady stride, so peculiar to the American Indian. At length the object of their frantic exertions, the "High Bridge," was reached, but the short distance intervening between their pursuers and themselves, precluded the possibility of concealment. The Indians, brandishing their gleaming tomahawks, and gloating over their anticipated victims, were almost upon them; to surrender themselves to their merciless foes, would be a captivity, than which death were preferable. There remained but one alternative, the other side of the stream must be reached, and this, by means of the frail bridge. Firmly clasping the girl, the gallant Frenchman cautiously stepped upon the thin sapling. Unprepared for such a desperate attempt, the savages stood upon the brink, breathlessly watching their perilous situation, and so amazed were they, that they did not attempt to intercept their progress. The middle was passed in safety, the other extremity was almost reached, and the heart of the gallant Frenchman was gaining courage, when suddenly their frail support gave way, and precipitated them headlong into the dark waters, far beneath. Terrific was the shriek which escaped the lips of the Indian girl, as they sank forever into their watery grave.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

The period of the Reformation is full of incidents of a deep and absorbing interest. At this day it stands like the canvas of some old painter, crowded with quaint costumes, with figures whose forms, dimmed and discolored, yet mellowed by age, possess through their rude grace and unstudied earnestness a wonderful attraction.

Among the many names which give a brightness to the history of this epoch, is that of Sir Thomas More; a man whose home-virtues, integrity and learning, demand our admiration; whose errors afford us a warning; and whose unwavering adherence, even unto death, to purity of conscience, has presented to posterity a memorable and illustrious example.

Sir Thomas More was born in 1480, at the city of London. An only son of Sir John More, who occupied as Judge upon the King's Bench a position of honor and importance, he received, as might be expected, an education suited to his rank, and after the usual preliminary training, passed several years at the University of Oxford.

After some time spent in the study of the law, at the age of 21 he entered Parliament. His course here, however, was a short one. Having taken, at an early date, an active part in opposition to certain measures of Henry VII., he fell under the royal displeasure, and it became necessary for him to abandon public life. His political prospects were thus to all appearances blighted. The bright dreams of honor and renown which may perhaps have visited the young nobleman, have proved unsubstantial, and we see him, with something of the quaint enthusiasm of the day, with more, perhaps, of quiet religious earnestness, meditating the life of a monk in the gloomy cloisters of some English abbey. He takes his lodgings in a retired quarter of London and near an old Carthusian monastery. Let us visit him in his narrow chamber. Around him lie his classic authors, in whom, notwithstanding his youth, he is already learned; and interspersed with them, we may suppose for recreation from his severer studies, the ponderous volumes of the French authors of the fifteenth century. His harp, too, we may see; and did we visit him in his hours of leisure, should doubtless hear the solemn rhythm of "Deis traë," or the plaintive movement of the "Stabat Mater," chanted by the young accolyte.

But, if we imagine this seemingly pleasant life to be one of ease and scholastic elegance, we are greatly mistaken. The coarse hard shirt, and knotted cord around his waist, although concealed by the richer garb of his rank, the rough log upon

which at night he pillows his head, and the fastings and vigils to which he subjects himself, inform us of many a fierce struggle between flesh and spirit. This, however, is finally ended. His observing eye sees not in the licentiousness and ignorance of the squalid friars about him, the objects for which he aims, and in the words of his friend, the learned Erasmus, "preferring to be a pure layman rather than an impure monk," in 1505, the year in which Luther enters the Augustine monastery at Erfurt, Sir Thomas, bound as yet by no vow, abandons his plans for a priestly life. He applies himself again to the pursuits of the law, and soon becomes eminent in his profession.

We pass by his great success as a jurist, and the political and diplomatic honors bestowed upon him by Henry VIII., to notice his attitude with relation to the great religious agitations which now began to disturb all Europe. The mutterings of the storm which were about to break over Christendom, were heard from Germany. Borne to England across the waters of the North Sea, came disturbed and partizan accounts of the Reformers. The facilities for transmitting news were few, and the enemies of the new movement found little difficulty in conveying to England, unquestioned, false and unjust reports of its nature. Luther's enemies branded him with the most infamous titles. All upon the continent was in a state of confusion and uproar.

While these things are so, Sir Thomas is troubled and anxious. He has been for many years keenly alive to the corruptions and abuses in the Church; he has continually used his influence and wielded his pen in opposition to the loose principles taught by monk and friar. He has boldly expressed his views with regard to those whom he considers as "making the word of God of none effect," through their traditions; and if the new reformer, Luther, proceed with prudence, he will doubtless have an able and faithful ally in Sir Thomas More.

Soon, however, strange news comes across the water. Luther, from his cloister, has proclaimed deadly war against the Church of Rome, its polity, its doctrine, and its pontificate. He has contemptuously burned the Papal bull. He has stig-

matized the Catholic communion with the name of anti-Christ. He has trampled upon the authority of the vicegerent of God.

As might be expected, More's reverence for the church of his fathers is too great, to permit him with indifference to see so bitter a war waged against her. He has been baptized in her faith; he has studied in earlier days, the eloquent writings of her Holy Fathers. He has daily, since his mother taught him in childhood, directed his devotions in accordance with her ritual; has labored life-long in behalf of her welfare. Soon, too, his determination is strengthened by the fearful news from Germany. The riot and devastation of the Peasant war have laid waste the fruitful valley of the Rhine. Blood has mingled with the crimson juice of the vineyards; and high-born lords and ladies have been slaughtered under the walls of their own castles. The Anabaptists have hoisted the red flag of pillage and desolation; while the two great apostles of the movement, Luther and Zwingli, hold conflicting views, and are engaged in violent and bloody controversy.

These occurrences are claimed by the enemies of Luther as the legitimate fruits of the new religion; and when at last, to crown all, Rome, the mother of the Apostolic Church, is sacked, women and children slaughtered in her streets, the churches desecrated, and the Pope and his Cardinals insulted and outraged by an army bearing the ensign of the Reformation, is it strange that Sir Thomas More, at a distance from the scene and imperfectly informed, should have earnestly labored to protect his Church and his country from, as he supposed, a repetition of such scenes.

We pass the period of his Lord Chancellorship. A purer administration was never known in England. Errors, and fearful ones, he did undoubtedly commit, but rather we have reason to think, of the head than the heart; and we doubt not, that the prayers which arose from the stakes at Smithfield, "May the Lord forgive Sir Thomas More," and "May the Lord open the eyes of Sir Thomas More," were granted by Him with whom the prayers of his saints are all-prevailing.

Did time permit, it would be a pleasant task to visit More

in his elegant home at Chelsea; to mark the beauty of his private life, and those scenes of domestic happiness, which the political toils of the day but heightened and refined; but we must needs pass to the closing scene of his eventful life. Henry the VIII., when it suits the royal pleasure, turns from his violent defence of the Pope to deadly hostility towards him. The story is known to the world. He proclaims himself the Supreme Head of the Church, and espouses the coveted Anne Boleyn. More, true to his principles, can look with no more favorable eye upon the misdeeds of his royal master than upon those of Luther. His views are no secret. Enemies, envious of his former power, bear exaggerated reports to the royal ear. The King becomes jealous of his integrity and influence. At last the decisive moment comes. Laws are enacted which confirm to the King his title of Supreme Head of the Church, while it ordains, that all who refuse to acknowledge the succession, validity of his marriage, and indirectly, his ecclesiastical supremacy, are guilty of treason. More, after mature reflection, cannot conscientiously take the oath, and is remanded to the Tower of London. What needs it to tell of the interviews which he had while in prison with friends and relations; of their entreaties that he would yield his views and take the required oath; and finally of the touching visit of his favorite daughter Margaret. They are known to all.

It is the morning of the 5th of July, 1535. The mists from the Thames have scarcely been dissipated by the sun, and barred by his rays, hang heavily upon the roofs and belfrys of the city. A crowd has collected near the Tower, and with eager curiosity surround the paraphernalia of death. As it draws near 9 o'clock, Sir Thomas, pale from confinement in prison, is led toward the place of execution. With the help of an assistant, he ascends the scaffold. After a few words with the people, he repeats the Miserere upon his knees, and having covered his own eyes with a cloth, and arranged his long white beard, lays his head upon the block.

An hour later, the sun has risen high in the heavens, and the busy hum of life from that mighty city breaks heavily upon the ear. A ghastly head thrust through with a pike,

the white beard and hair clotted with blood, is hung out on London bridge.

Thus died, in the 55th year of his age, Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor of England.

RELATIONS OF LABOR TO CHRISTIANITY.

The Bible confirms in language that cannot be mistaken, what anatomy and nature teach, that man was intended for an active being. His physical structure proves this. Of the countless organs in the human system, each one performs a separate function. The organization within, which is screened from view, and over which Providence has given him little or no control, serves the ends of the outward organs. The digestive powers and the network of veins and arteries, working involuntarily, are useless except to promote the active being. The mechanism of the outward man certainly proves that his limbs were intended for action. The physical form combines the greatest strength with consistent lightness, of any contrivance known to man. This is the great end for which the human artificer is continually struggling, but where is the piece of workmanship that can compare with his own bodily structure, in its neatness of finish, in its strength consistent with bulk and weight, and in its adaptation to the end designed. Every muscle moves almost without an effort. Every limb is at his control. The whole is a self-moving machine, wisely and wonderfully made, and adapted to the wants of his existence.

The variety of purposes for which the human arm can be used, adds to the belief that man was intended for an industrious being. Although there is such a diversity of character and capacity among men, yet there is no one perhaps, but that is fitted to perform well some branch of industry. The hand is as well adapted for holding the plough or wielding the axe, as it is for applying the brush to the canvas, or changing the rough marble into the exquisite statue.

Analogy also teaches the same great truth. The child

loves play, and is miserable without it. The different stages of development, from infancy to mature years, naturally find their different spheres of action. Childish play and youthful amusement, gradually merge into the sober actions of adult years. God has given us a nature that adapts our feelings to our age and condition, and the physical organs to perform their requisite and separate duties.

The industry of every species of the brute creation, leads us to think that man, from his physical resemblances, was intended for activity. If instinct was given the lower animals to guide them in their occupations, with how much more likelihood may we suppose that reason was given man for higher and nobler ends.

Nature also acts as a monitor to man, to spur him on to industry. If it offers to science and speculation great rewards, it opens to the working man unlimited fields of labor. The fertile soil, the noble forests, the long rivers, the broad lakes, the mighty ocean, and the immense mineral deposits which the upheaved strata have exposed to view, bear witness to God's edicts of labor.

We can scarcely turn to a page of the Bible without meeting convincing proof that God is a friend to the working man, and that His Holy Book was specially dedicated to him for his perusal and comfort. There can be found in the Scriptures no passage that speaks disparagingly of the man of labor, or of his vocation. God does not despise the industrial classes; on the contrary, we are led to think that in his dealings with men, he gave a decided preference to them, by employing them to carry out his designs. There are numerous passages in the Bible in which we are assured they are the objects of divine favor, and instruments whereby a dying world is to be evangelized. God made his revelation not through angels, or a superior order of beings, but by means of a nation of workers, an energetic and active people.

The history of the working man begins with the fall of Adam. The Bible gives no account of the occupation of our first parents in Paradise. Whether labor of any kind was inconsistent with perfect happiness, is unknown, but certain it is that it had its origin in the curse pronounced upon Adam.

From this we may infer that it is a necessary part of our fallen state, which God has made an instrument to carry out his infinite and wise ends. Although labor has this connection with God's displeasure, yet it does not follow that it in itself is displeasing to him. The truths of the Bible prove the contrary.

After Adam and Eve were driven from the garden of Eden, God's blessing was bestowed upon them by furnishing them with clothes of skins, which we are led to think served as patterns thereafter. Man did not in the beginning lead a roving, predatory life, but had a fixed occupation. Agriculture is first spoken of. Constant reference is made in the Old Testament to the husbandman. The Psalms and Proverbs are filled with allusions to the tiller of the soil, and the rich harvests that await his patient toil.

Although God thus manifested his favor toward agricultural pursuits, yet the arts received direct aid from the same Almighty hand. After the curse was pronounced upon Cain, which forced him to abandon his former vocation, he resorted to mechanical pursuits. The earth no longer yielded him her increase, so he left his fields, and built the city of Enoch. This is the first instance on record of man's engaging in the mechanical arts. The erection of the tower of Babel next attracts our notice. Although the blessing of God did not attend this immense piece of work, yet it was a monument of the skill and industry of the working man at that time. In no instance, however, in the Bible, does God so directly assist man in the mechanics, as in his instructions to Noah in regard to the building of the Ark. It is the more remarkable from the fact, that the proportions then given to that huge vessel, have since served as a model to all modern ship-builders. The next instance of divine interposition in favor of the artisan, is shown in the building of the Tabernacle in the wilderness. Not only did God interpose in their behalf, by giving the Israelites the dimensions of the new structure, and the minutest instructions with regard to its erection, but also imparted to them, by his Holy Spirit, the ability of experienced workmen. From this time to the advent of Christianity, there is constant allusion made to the works and doings of

men of toil. Who built that master-piece of workmanship, the Temple of Solomon! Who piled its prodigious walls; who shaped its inner parts; who worked its richly carved ceilings; its molten images; and its gilded furniture! Certainly not those who were the objects of divine displeasure. At the dawn of Christianity, the Hebrews were still an active and practical people. Many priests, elders of the Church, had secular callings in connection with their ministry—Jesus was a carpenter and a son of a carpenter; Paul was a tent-maker; and several of Christ's apostles were fishermen.

Looking at the matter in a worldly way, it is not to be wondered at that God selected his chosen servants from a practical people. We can no more expect that a recluse minister will succeed in his calling than that a school teacher would discipline the minds of his scholars well who understands only the theoretical part of his profession. Because many pious and faithful clergymen fail to persuade men of the necessity of embracing the truths of the gospel, this does not prove that the latter are incapable of conviction, or that an active life is unfitted for the Christian. Had the Bible been intended for abstract reasoners and philosophers only, it would have been couched in language intelligible to these alone; but in his infinite wisdom God communicated it in such a way as to make its essential truths easily grasped, even by the youthful mind.

The progress of three centuries has proved the folly and wickedness of Latin liturgies, expurgated editions of the Bible, and the exclusion of it from the masses. "The seed is the word." "The entrance of Thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." How contrary are these truths to the tenets of Romanism! Take from the Papal priesthood their venerated superstitions, and what is left to their worshipping millions! The unsullied Bible is their greatest enemy. What, then, can be more antagonistic to Romish priestcraft than the dissemination of scriptural truths!

Although there is so much in the Bible to encourage the man of toil, yet in this wicked world there are many things to prejudice him against it, and deter him from obeying its

precepts. There exists among the masses, to a great extent, the feeling that the life of the Christian is unfriendly to their interests. Men in all grades of society are influenced by the condition of things around them. This is particularly true with the lower orders. Driven by necessity to incessant toil for a subsistence, they naturally consider it unreasonable and unjust that they should be inferior in position to those who enjoy life with far less exertion than themselves. The unregenerate heart looks with jealousy and envy upon superiority, wherever exhibited. The unsatisfied man is ever eager to appear better before the eyes of men, but should he fail, he of course ascribes it to causes over which he has no control. This feeling is heightened in intensity when wealth and education are united with religion. The connection which respectability holds with the Christian church, and the garb which prosperity and wealth throw around it, have, in many cases, led the lower classes to suppose that there is an insuperable barrier between them and the professed religion of Jesus Christ. Men debased by poverty and ignorance lend a willing ear to those who represent the church and the intelligence of the community as the guilty cause of all their suffering. Professed followers of the Cross, clothed in the vestures of treachery and hypocrisy, are ever ready, for selfish ends, to make dupes of the ignorant and mislead the innocent, and thereby stamp the stigma of infamy upon the Christian name. The Pope in the Vatican, with his host of minions, aided by a powerful patronage, can, by excluding the Bible from the masses, easily create an enthusiasm for a superstitious form of worship, and readily kindle a deep-seated hatred for the name of Protestantism.

These must be considered abuses, however, rather than necessary evils connected with the Christian religion. This alarming prostitution of Holy Writ to secular and base ends, does not undermine our faith in the religion of Christ. It does not do away with the results of an honest and faithful perusal of God's Word. It shows, however, a superficial knowledge of God's laws, if not an entire ignorance of them, as revealed in His Holy Book. It leads to the conclusion that

the only remedy for the evil is to sow broadcast the teachings of the Bible.

The working man must learn the relations he sustains to religion, and the benefits it daily confers upon him. He must learn and realize the thousand different ways in which every one of us is dependent upon his toil. He must learn how through a series of ages, the sciences and the arts were fostered until they reached their zenith of excellence, and then suffered to degenerate, from an ignorance of that sacred truth which enjoins, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." Finally, bursting from the darkness of the Middle Ages, which had so long held the arts buried in forgetfulness, he must learn how the labor of man, under the genial influence of Christianity, revolutionized the world.

MY MOTHER'S TOMB.

Where the willow's silver leaves
Gently flutter to the breeze ;
And the brooklets slowly glide
To the ocean's restless tide ;
Where the sweetest wild flowers bloom,
Is my mother's lonely tomb.

There I often sit alone,
Leaning on the cold white stone ;
And my tears begin to flow,
And my bosom swells with woe ;
For a sacred, solemn gloom,
Hangs around my mother's tomb.

There I upward raise my face
To the wide blue vault of space ;
And I think my mother fair
Is a glorious angel there.
Then a sunbeam lights the gloom
Round my mother's lonely tomb.

Oh ! 'tis hard, when through the sky,
Winter winds blow loud and high ;
And the snow flakes all around,
Fall upon the frozen ground ;
Then to know they coldly rest,
On my mother's gentle breast.

But I know that far away,
In the realms of endless day,
She is singing, bright and fair—
Not a sorrow nor a care ;
And I seem to hear her voice,
Bid my weary heart rejoice.

But the hour will come full soon,
When me they'll place within my tomb ;
By my mother's gentle side,
Where the rippling brooklets glide.
Bright birds will sing, bright flowers will bloom,
O'er mine and mother's lonely tomb.

GÖTTE.—No. 3.

Continued.

The first work of this new stadium is "*Iphigenie*," (1787.) Götte had finished this production in *prose* as early as 1779, (cf. "Ital. Reise," I.) He changed it while staying at the Lake of Garda, in Italy, and finished it at Rome. Its basis is the well-known Greek legend as treated by *Euripides*. *Love* appears in this work as the predominant motive ; all its warm rays concentrated in Iphigenie, and radiating, warming and cheering on all that surrounds her, a sun of peace on a gloomy sky. Love touches and softens the king of the Lythians, Thoas ; love recalls mourning Iphigenie to her fatherland and the Greeks. No sacrifice, no goddess heals Orestes' madness ; but Iphigenie's gentle word, the prayer of a sister, the faithful language of a friend, restore him to happiness of life, to reason's light and to freedom. And how beautiful is the image of the noble virgin between the manly figures ! a mirror of truth and kindness, of noble mind and childlike confidence ; her eyes turned upwards to the gods ; she knows not hatred or deceit ; carried off from the fair native home to unknown foreign shores, from the midst of Hellenic civilization into a dreary world of barbarians, she appears filled with the sweet remembrances of childhood, with a deep longing for her home and her people ; oppressed by a feeling of loneliness, but sustained by the greatness of her mind. The final reconciliation is *her* work ; the Seythian turns to truth, because it

speaks to his mind through *her* mouth. This drama is most distinguished by richness of thought, beautiful traits of the heart, a deep and full pathos, a pure sound, and a lofty, noble simplicity of language. It is a symbol of the poet's reconciliation with *himself*, (as Gervinus says,) of antiquity and modern times, of necessity and moral freedom.

Next in time and importance is "*Egmont*." It was commenced at Frankfort, as early as 1775, developed at Weimar, and finished at Rome. Published 1788, immediately after "*Iphigenie*." The hero of this tragedy is a chevalier in the full meaning of the word; a hero of battles, a devoted vassal, given to love and liberty. The portrait of his sweetheart, Klärchen, is, (as Schiller says,) inimitably beautiful. She loves in him not only the man, but also all the glory and brilliance that surrounds him, owing to his rank and position. A powerful revolution had broken out, fermentation reigned everywhere; uneasiness, fear, defiance, distrust, excitement, (political as well as religious,) filled the disturbed minds; the first men of the Court stood in open rebellion, while the citizens were ready to follow their example, or to split in fatal party strife. Then came iron Alba, the hangman of sullen, revengeful Philip; death and horror were invading the plague-stricken land; the prisons were filled to overflowing with people of every rank and condition, the public places with scaffolds. Among such tempests, dangers and oppressions, we see Egmont enjoying his life with the self confidence of an innocent man, the light-heartedness of a youth. He believes in the words and favors of princes, while deception, intrigue and persecution are hovering around him. He hears not the warning words of friends, since he, with Flemish openness, relies on the justice of his cause, which he ventures to defend even against the terrible Alba, who had long ago determined on Egmont's ruin.

"*Tasso*" appeared 1790; it had likewise been commenced ten years before. This work, too, like the two preceding ones, had been taken along to Italy. Its language is truly classical, its thoughts and maxims are excellent.

Were we to continue enumerating the works of Göthe in the dramatic line, we would have now to turn our attention to "*Faust*," as it appeared 1790, in its first fragmentary shape; but as this work experienced continual supplements and enlargements, and was finished, in its second part, as late as 1831, as it, consequently, embraces the entire literary career of the poet, we shall conclude with this work the treatise on Göthe, and now glance at the *secondary* dramatic works belonging to this period.

The "*Gross-Cophia*," published 1792, one of Göthe's weakest productions, showing his antipathy to the French Revolution.

The "*Buerger-General*" appeared 1793; likewise "*Die Aufgeregten*," but are poor pieces. The "*Unterhaltungen Deutscher Ausgewanderten*," were written in the same year and published in Schiller's *Horen*, 1795; they are written in Boccaccio's style.

With 1794 began for Göthe a new epoch, in consequence of his more intimate acquaintance with Schiller. Since both differed widely in poetry and philosophy, they were for a long while living in the very same city, (Weimar,) without cultivating any intercourse whatever. Göthe's "*Metamorphose der Pflanzen*," to which piece he devoted so much care, brought them into a contact, which was to become so important for them, as well as for the German literature in general. They soon after met at Jena, where a conversation on *art* advanced considerably this mutual understanding. The "*Horen*," which Schiller intended at that time to publish, with the co-operation of the most distinguished literati, soon formed the first positive basis of connection, which grew to be a completely *common activity*, equally important to both poets and to which the German literature owes its most beautiful and greatest works, and its classical perfection. This deep and noble friendship lasted till death called away the younger friend, (1805.) Their correspondence began with Schiller's application to Göthe on the 13th of June, 1794, to invite him to co-operate with him, Fichte, Wolmann, and W. V. Humboldt, for the "*Horen*,"—and it ended on the 24th of April, 1805—being not only

remarkable in a literary point of view, but also as a monument of the union of the greatest German poets.

The eminent writers of the nation, were thus called together into a kind of literary association in this temple of taste, the "Horen," published by Schiller since 1785.

We meet in this period first with one of the most excellent creations of his genius "*Die Romischen Elegien*," first published in the "Horen," 1795. They had been written down shortly after his return from Italy, partly in 1788, partly in 1790. Beside these elegies is shining in inimitable beauty the idyle "*Alexis and Dora*," 1796.

Another result of the Italian journey are his "*Venetianische Epigramme*," to the "*Neue Pausias*," (1797.)

Omitting other productions of similar kind, we will turn to his *lyrics* of this period. The excellent poet appears in this branch ever fresh and youthful. They speak to us forever of the sweetest and loveliest secrets of the heart. Can the soul speak with deeper sentiment than in the poem "*Nache des Geliebten*"? Can the cheerful reviving of the spring be more graphically and musically expressed than in the song, "*Fruehzeitger Fruehling*?" Can the sadness of longing, sound more simple and true than in "*Schaefer's Klagelied*," or in the wonderfully touching plaintive song of Mignon, "*Ueber Thal und Fluss getragen*"? Goethe is, indeed, to be considered Germany's greatest poet, since no other has, like him, expressed so melodiously and clearly the innermost thoughts and feelings of the German nation. His songs are so simple, so confiding, and still so deep, so intelligible, so without pretension, and still unfolding to every one the hidden springs of his own heart's warm flood; they speak alike to the masses and to the refined; they speak humanly and cordially. The *ballads*, in particular, describe the mysterious emotions of the human breast in the most charming coloring, and in the most popular manner. Now most of these poems fall in this epoch of mutual relation between him and Schiller, the latter composing, likewise, his most beautiful ballads in this very time. We mention only Goethe's "*Erkonia*," "*Gott und Bajadere*," "*Junggesell and Muehelbach*," "*Der Senger*." Their beauty needs no comment.

It is in the "*Xenien*," that the common activity of Goethe and Schiller has manifested itself most perfectly. These epigrammatic distiches, rather innocent in their beginnings, gradually caused, by their accuteness and sharp dealings, the greatest revolution in literature. Published 1796-97.

After the "*Xenien*" was against mediocrity and bad taste, both friends prepared for earnest and important works. Schiller writes now his best tragedies. Goethe furnishes "*Wilhelm Meister*" and "*Hermann and Dorothea*." He undertakes also to write an "*Achilleis*" at different intervals, without, however, accomplishing it. He intended, also, to write a great "*Poem on Nature*," drew up a scheme for a romance, ("*Die Wanderschaft nach Pyrmont*,") and made a plan for the epic composition of "*Wilhelm Tell*," which he, however, gave up. The translation of *Benvenuto Cellini*, begun since 1796, was, 1803, after different combinations, brought to an end. "*Faust*" was continued, the "*Natuerliche Tochter*" composed, Voltaire's "*Mahomed*" and "*Tancred*," were translated. Besides these and other poetic works, he was deeply engaged in his "*Farbenlehre*," and stayed, for this purpose, a few weeks at Gottingen, (1801). The "*Propylæen*" appeared, the essay on "*Dillentrantismus in den Kuensten*" was written; likewise, that on "*Polygnot's Gemælde in der Lesche zu Delphi*." The excellent literary monument "*Winckelman und sein Jahrhundert*," (1805,) closed, in a most splendid manner, this remarkable period. Besides, he was director of the stage at Weimar, (aided by Schiller). Weimar could certainly with *such* leaders, not fail to obtain "*Athenian*" authority and reputation, and to become the nursery of the most excellent artists.

Amidst the aspirations and productions, arise, like two noble trees that were allowed to grow up and to expand in the sunshine of those beautiful life-summer days, "*Wilhelm Meister*" and "*Hermann and Dorothea*." For the latter work, although begun as early as 1779, had, in its last parts, matured to its perfection only in those genial years of intimate fellowship with Schiller.

VACATION JOTTINGS.

Gambier assumes an entirely new appearance in vacation. There seems to be a general relaxation, a repudiation of books and of dignity. All class distinctions and scholastic vanities are laid aside, and we become *hoi polloi*. Stately D. D's may be seen loafing at the street-corners, and eating peanuts beneath the shade of White & Co's locusts. Seniors are visible in linen wrappers. Juniors invisible under huge "cabrerros." Soph's and prospective Freshies court the embraces of the "drowsy god." The ladies—"God bless 'em"—devote their time to preparation for, and attendance upon Pic-Nics and Cave Parties. We "had the pleasure" of being present at one of the former which was rendered interesting, by a refreshing shower, i. e., it rained about six hours—sans intermission. The party presented a mournful spectacle upon their return. We had preceded them, and from our window we saw a long train of weary, dripping mermaids, (do mermaids ever become weary?) "linked sweetness long drawn out." They were attended by a species of nondescript, wrapped in huge overcoats, and resembling nothing so much as bruin after a plunge-bath. They were more fortunate than we, for we had neither overcoat nor umbrella, the latter article having "gone to that bourne" &c.,—i. e., been lent to a Senior.

A week subsequent to this event we went to the Caves. A large party was in attendance, in broken down wagons, rheumatic carriages, and dilapidated vehicles of every description, drawn by asthmatic horses. We did notice one party, however, very comfortably provided for in the Mt. Vernon Band Wagon. We may here remark that their execruciatingly inharmonious singing precluded the supposition that they were the Mt. Vernon, or any band. Especially upon the return trip, did they "make night hideous." But we are getting ahead of our story.

We had never been to the Caves, never visited the great Ultima Thule of vacation life. We, of course, anticipated much pleasure from such a visit. Need it be said we were disappointed? It had been our day-dream since we were *collegiate*

infants. It was mournfully dispelled. And yet, we may say without stating a paradox, that we enjoyed ourselves. We saw the Cascade, which had dwindled to the dimensions of the stream which was wont to pour from our venerable grandmother's china tea-pot; drank from the "pearly fountains," which bubble up near by; went through the Caves, which proved to be very diminutive *fissures* in the rock, and nearly lost our boots in the exit therefrom. Finally, after a walk of several miles over stones and through briars, we ascended to the "Eagle's Nest," in imminent danger, all the time, of breaking our precious neck. Within the "nest" we saw—nary eagle, my dear reader,—but many venerable inscriptions, relics, it may be, of antiquity, though one young lady's name looked decidedly modern. We are no antiquary, no admirer of him who,

—"Sits

All day in contemplation of a statue

With ne'er a nose—"

and did not, we fear, fully appreciate the Eagle's Nest. We neglected to state that before the last mentioned expedition, came dinner, which was of course, excellent, but the "integrity of History demands the statement," that though the quality was unexceptionable, the quantity was small, and, moreover that the cream—oh horrors!—was sour. But all Cave parties have an end, so had this one.

After partaking of the Ice Cream, we started for Kenyon, whereupon we indulged in some moral reflections on the vanity of human life, and of Cave parties in particular. Our dream had been dispelled. We had tried, as Doesticks has it, to feel sublime, couldn't do it, both our pedal extremities were wet—endeavored to "do" the sentimental—gave up in despair, concluding that love and wet feet, sentiment and indigestible fruit cake, poetry and aching limbs, were incompatible. The Caves had become a common-place reality, divested of mystery, poetry, beauty. We left them "a wiser and a better man." Our homeward journey was varied by no incidents worthy of record, save a break down, which was soon remedied, and a pugilistic encounter between two gents from the rural districts—cause unknown to the deponent. But enough of the Caves.

It is whispered that a party of young gentlemen went on a foraging expedition some weeks before the close of vacation. Said party is said to have consisted of one representative from each of the College classes, one from Milnor Hall, and a "Citizen." They succeeded in bagging a bushel of apples, and by their united efforts, conveyed them a portion of the way home, when they were astounded by the appearance of a huge dog, closely followed by a man bearing a double-barrelled thief-persuader, whereupon they concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor," and took to their heels, leaving the fruit in the hands of the enemy. He pursued, shouting "stop thief" vociferously, but fear gave them wings and they came home, a distance of three miles, in fifteen minutes. It only remains to be said they have determined to "go and sin no more."

What further transpired during this eventful vacation, we leave to some future pen, "nibbed with eloquence divine." There is subject matter enough to fill a volume. We might tell you of the arrival of verdant Freshmen, and of their initiation into the mysteries of Alma Mater! Of electioneering said Freshies; of fishing excursions innumerable, where we had "nary bite;" of moonlight evenings when we—gazed out of the window—; but we will not do it. You ought to be thankful for what we have said. What, besides, we did, shall be told to the Marines.

GREENHORN.

¶ The following lines are so in accordance with the subject of the preceding article, and with the studies of the last term of the Junior year, pleasant memories of which, including excursions, geologizing, naturalizing, and *appetizing—that night supper!*—still linger to us, that we may be excused for inserting them here, although not original. The intrinsic beauty of the poem is of a high order.

[Eds.]

THE NAUTILUS AND THE AMMONITE.

BY RICHARDSON.

The Nautilus and the Ammonite,
Were launched in storm and strife;
Each sent to float, in its tiny boat,
On the wide, wild sea of life.

And each could swim on the ocean's brim ;
And anon, its sails could furl ;
And sing to sleep, in the great sea deep,
In a palace, all of pearl.

And their's was a bliss, more fair than this,
That we feel in our colder time ;
For they were rife, in a tropic life,
In a brighter, happier clime.

They swam 'mid isles, whose summer smiles,
No wintry winds annoy ;
Whose groves were palm, whose air was balm ;
Where life was only joy.

They roamed all day, through creek and bay ;
And travers'd the ocean deep ;
And at night they sank in a coral bank,
In its fairy bowers to sleep.

And the monsters vast, of ages, past,
They beheld in their ocean caves ;
And they saw them ride, in their power and pride,
And sink in their billowy graves.

Thus hand in hand, from strand to strand,
They sailed in mirth and glee ;
Those fairy shells, with their crystal cells ;
Trim creatures of the sea.

But they came at last, to a sea long past ;
And as they reached its shore,
The Almighty's breath spake out in death,
And the Ammonite lived no more.

And the Nautilus now on its shelly prow,
As o'er the deep it strays,
Still seems to seek, in bay and creek,
Its companion of other days.

And thus do we, in life's stormy sea ;
As we roam from shore to shore ;
While tempest tossed, seek the loved, the lost,
But find them on earth no more.

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

SECOND "PRESENTATION DAY" AT KENYON.

To omit a notice of this important day in our College Calendar, would certainly be inexcusable; indeed the interest manifested at "Commencement" seems to have lessened since the introduction of this popular holiday. The meaning of the term "Presentation Day" is probably well known to most of our leaders, as being the occasion upon which the Senior Class celebrate the termination of "student life"—the grand winding up of all things pertaining to a four years' course—perhaps the most eventful in one's life—and being formally "presented" to the President and Faculty as candidates for academic degrees.

The institution of this day is of recent date with us, the Class of '58 being its inaugurators.

It will be remembered that the last month of Spring closed with one of those prolonged and soaking rains that would tend to invalidate the old prophetic rhyme, that

"April showers
Bring May flowers."

May, this year, seemed to have exchanged places with its drizzly sister, and, in compassion, to have bestowed upon her its own fragrance and sunshine. Grave were the students' faces, and graver still and more elongated the Seniors' sad countenances, when, on the morning of May 31st, they rose to find it raining—a regular old fashioned rain, that couldn't possibly be called a shower. As the day advanced, little improvement was manifested: but about 4 o'clock, the storm having abated, the Class marched in couples from the College prayer-room to the North side of Rosse Chapel, where, after forming in a circle, the President of the Class hastily performed the ceremony of "planting the ivy"—a future remembrancer of the happy days spent together, and a land-mark for College generations yet to come. This was done in a neat and appropriate manner, but strongly

reminded one of the account given of the Israelites departing from Egypt. We draw from the sacred narrative that the chosen people were in somewhat of a hurry. The Seniors must have been similarly moved, as large drops of rain began to remind us that the intermission of sunshine was up. This of course prevented the sundry speeches, evolutions and incantations, which the audience were expecting; and after joining in the following song, the Class adjourned until the exercises of the evening.

LAURIGER.

Hodie collegimur
Pectora ferventes,
Hodie nunc canimur
Curas et pellentes.

Procul sint haec studia,
Quae nos arrogarent,
Cara sitque patria
Atque nos qu'amarent.

Nobis academia,
Inclyta conatis,
Haec facit conpordia
Gaudiis illatis.

Procul, etc.

Nobis clare nitide
Dea spes effulgit,
Nostra vita placide,
Et tranquilla fluit.

Procul, etc.

We are here called upon, as faithful chroniclers, to record a transaction of a somewhat peculiar character, which, although perhaps not the most agreeable to those for whose especial comfort and edification it was intended, was certainly the most striking performance of the day. We refer to the grand masquerade and fancy dress—not ball, but exhibition, comedy—almost tragedy; indeed, you might style it anything, indicating a demonstration of Freshman wit and tyranny at the expense of Senior irritability. The graduating Class, for one or two reasons, having rendered themselves somewhat unpopular with this necessary evil and element of a College family, “dirty Freshmen,” the said lower class felt called upon to manifest their affectionate regard for their superiors by following their worthy example, in rearing some plant to perpetuate their memory. As the Class of

'59 was leaving the ground, the Freshmen, to the number of forty-three, appeared, in costume most striking. Here were the jacketed "Freshies" of a few hours since, now clad in the beavers and dress coats of manhood; indeed they were almost suited to Sophomoric maturity. The hats of the company seemed to have been remodeled for the occasion, being rather higher, we should say, than the law allows. In addition to the articles of dress already mentioned, there were numerous appendages to the most prominent parts of the body. Some of the gentlemen had certainly been *painting*—a most unfortunate practice, and one which we hoped was confined to the ladies. But the most curious circumstance, was the fact that black was the universal color. A neat card, about 12 inches square, bearing the inscription "62½ cents," and placed on the hat or back, completed the costume.

"62½ cents," is a reference to a local transaction, well understood by those acquainted with the history of the Class of '59. And as an explanation would require some space, and might not be looked upon as a remarkable kindness by those particularly interested, we forbear. It is sufficient to say, that the mention of 62½ cents to any member of the Class is not calculated to call forth any remarkable display of amiability, and was once the occasion of a threat to immerse the whole college in our creek. The person making the threat could not have reflected how uncomfortable this must have proved to those suffering his correction. To return to the subject. Up marched the Freshmen, and forming in solemn order round the lately planted "ivy," their leader, a lofty Hoosier of 6 feet 3, proceeded in awful silence to place their thrifty shoot, with roots *upward*, just beside the Seniors'. But instead of ivy, they had selected what, in vulgar phraseology, is called a "*stink weed*,"—whether intended as derogatory of the offending Class, or as symbolical of one of their own attributes as Freshmen, we cannot say. To make the imitation of the previous performance complete, some singing was of course necessary. The first song was the beautiful "Lauriger," the same sung by the other Class. But such barbarous mutilation of Latin and harmony, such screeching and howling, would certainly have alarmed Robinson Crusoe's cannibal friends. Dear readers, did you ever hear Freshmen *warble*? If you never did, you have a rich treat in reserve.

To return once more. A general disposition for mirth being manifested by the assembly, the High Priest of the Class

descanted on the impropriety of "levity" on such an important occasion; after which the Class joined in the following

SONG,

IN TWENTY VERSES.

AIR—"Yankee Doodle."

1ST VERSE.

Our old cow, she crossed the road:
Indeed she crossed the road, sir.
The reason why she crossed the road,
Was, because she crossed the road, sir.

2D VERSE.

[Bears a striking resemblance to the first.]

[Here 17 verses are omitted, owing to the threatening aspect of the weather.]

20TH VERSE.

Our old cow, she crossed the road:
Indeed she crossed the road, sir.
The reason why she crossed the road,
Was, because she crossed the road, sir.

The above seems, in some respects, rather complicated; although, after close inspection, we conclude that the poet is depicting the trials of a domestic animal, owned by some one whose name is suppressed, to leave one side of the highway, and after the struggles which are narrated in the seventeen verses omitted, to reach the opposite side; which happy termination of her struggles seems to be indirectly mentioned in the 20th verse. At this point of the proceedings, being unexpectedly called away, we are not able to give an account of what followed.

Fortunately for strangers from Mt. Vernon and more distant places, who had arrived to attend the evening exercises, the weather, so long doubtful, cleared off beautifully. The audience assembled at half after seven in Rosse Chapel. It was certainly encouraging to those particularly interested, to see such a goodly number from abroad, manifesting their interest in the prosperity of our growing Institution, and especially on this occasion, so novel in the West.

The Chapel, which seats from 800 to 900, was crowded, and the gallery was occupied by the Kenyon Band, which furnished excellent music at various times during the evening. When the audience was fairly seated, the Class entered in procession by the

middle aisle, and took their places on one side the stage, while the Faculty of the College, together with a number of distinguished guests, occupied the other. After the opening prayer by Rev. Mr. Blake, Mr. J. N. Lee, Tutor in Greek, arose, and in a short, but beautiful and impressive speech, presented the Class of '59 to the President and Faculty as candidates for the degree of A. B.

President Andrews now addressed them. His language and thoughts bore the usual sound, substantial and earnest character. His advice to those whom he now addressed, perhaps for the last time, was admirable and affecting. And no one could doubt that he spoke from his heart, when he gave them counsel that none but a true friend and warm hearted Christian could give.

Among other things, he referred to the size of the Class, numbering twenty-six, the largest ever graduated from this Institution, and exhorted them to the utmost diligence, and in proportion to their numbers, so to expand their minds and widen their spheres of usefulness. Nor did he fail to point them to something beyond this life, and urge upon them the necessity of preparation for eternity.

After a short intermission, Mr. Marcus A. Woodward, President of the Class, announced a

POEM—By T. H. REARDEN, of Cleveland, O.

Subject—"The fountain of perpetual youth."

Should we speak as our feelings prompt, of the real beauty and richness of this Poem, we might be accused of following the usual course of those who write for the sake of making a good story; so we refrain from further notice of it. The next announcement was an

ORATION—By WM. BOWER, of Rochester, N. Y.

Subject—"Intellectual Culture, and its neglect."

The peculiar circumstances connected with the appointment of "Orator" and "Poet," are such as to rouse one's greatest energies. And certainly the Oration, as well as Poem, deserve more than a passing notice. "Intellectual Culture, and its neglect," as especially connected with the American citizen, was faithfully treated, and Mr. Bower had the satisfaction of commanding the close attention of an interested audience for about half an hour.

In concluding the public exercises, the Class sung the following

PARTING ODE.

Cheer, boys, cheer ! Our college life is over ;
Our Alma Mater's yoke is rent to-day ;
We leave her halls, but feel how well we love her,
Those cherished halls, where ling'ring fancies play.
Backward to scenes where thoughtless days once found us,
Poor mem'ry flies, with love supported wing,
Breathes on the ties, that through the past hath bound us,
Inspiring rapture in the song we sing.

CHORUS—

Cheer, boys, cheer ! There's bright and sunny weather,
To lure us on, and Hope to lead the way ;
Cheer, boys, cheer ! Join hand and heart together ;
Cheer, boys, cheer ! For the long-expected day.

Cheer, boys, cheer ! The world is wide before us,
Our country claims the willing heart and hand ;
The way is clear, and heaven smiling o'er us,
Ours be the will to labor for the land.
Long have we toiled, while Alma Mater cheering,
Led us along beneath her guiding star ;
Now the reward is through the distance peering,
Hope hies to grasp it in her blazing car.

CHORUS—

Cheer, boys, cheer ! Let not one word of sorrow,
Bedim the joy that animates to-night.
We part, 'tis true, but part in love to-morrow ;
Let hearts be true, and all will then be bright.
What though a tear from mem'ry's fountain starting,
Tells of distress far vanished long ago ;
'Tis but a tribute to the bliss of parting,
It gilds the cup whence life's best pleasures flow.

CHORUS—

Cheer, boys, cheer ! For the days we've spent together,
Without a care, in Kenyon's silent shade ;
Old Kenyon dear, bring myrtle boughs and wreath her,
Let music ring, adown the sloping glade.
For now she spreads her mantle here around us,
To soothe our journey o'er life's ocean wide ;
Draw close the ties that through the past hath bound us,
And launch our bark upon the flashing tide.

CHORUS—

Cheer, boys, cheer ! For what our fate may find us,
Far on our journey—welcome let it be ;
Cheer boys, cheer ! For all we leave behind us,
Robed in the garb of deathless sympathy.

Good will to all, within our bosom treasure,
 Blessing our way no matter where we roam,
 Light'ning each load, and bright'ning each pleasure,
 When far, far away, from our lovely Kenyon home.

CHORUS—

After the closing benediction, the Assembly dispersed, and the Class repaired to Mrs. Leverett's, where a supper awaited them, which was entirely of a private nature.

THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '59,

By J. Denton Hancock, of Wyoming, Pa., enlivened this, their last festive gathering. As to the merits of the history, we are unable to speak; but judging from the gentleman's reputation as a writer, it must have been excellent. Among the songs of the evening, are the following—

ALL TOGETHER.

All together, all together,
 Hearts free and strong,
 Bound by ties no power shall sever,
 Brothers, swell the social song.
 College days are almost ended,
 Joyous and bright,
 Now in perfect concord blended,
 Hail Hope's future of delight.
 CHORUS—Then, though we never
 Meet again, in pleasure here,
 Long as life, ever
 Let us cherish friendship dear.

Though our farewell tears are starting,
 And thoughts are sad,
 At the mournful hour of parting,
 For the present let's be glad.
 All our past is full of pleasure,
 Hopes bright and fair;
 Friendship's joys, in fullest measure,
 Banish every grief and care.

CHORUS—

Now we'll swell the joyful chorus,
 Met here at last,
 Heaven is smiling kindly o'er us,
 Why lament the moments past?
 Memory's cherished scenes recounting,
 All, all is bright,
 In life's contest, fears surmounting,
 We shall conquer in the fight.

CHORUS—

LEVE COR.

Vanescit gloria Eois,
In vitæ solis lumine,
Cadunt urosæ rubescentes
In hac matura tempore,
Exardet fervor actionis,
Et opprimunt pericula,
Suspiria surgunt ex corde;
Pro gloria præterita.

After supper the ladies of the Hill received a serenade from the Class, assisted by the band, until the morning hours were *not* very *small*. Thus ended the second "Presentation" Day at Kenyon—pleasant while passing, but the source of far greater happiness—perhaps regret, when in after years, they remember the joyous days of "Auld Lang Syne."

COMMENCEMENT WEEK OF 1859.

In our position as chroniclers of the important events of our College history, it becomes a pleasant duty to note the occurrences of the Commencement Week of 1859.

The usual yearly examinations passed off, as a general thing, with credit to both teacher and scholar. Recently fledged Freshmen, wearing awkwardly the weary honors of their new position, yet showing by bright eye and firm step, inward reliance upon talent and industry, did much abound. The other Classes, too, each a year nearer the wished for summit of their ambition, *id est*, Commencement Day, wore pleasant faces, and blandly expatiated to those just entering the Class which they had left, upon its sorrows and its joys.

As it drew nearer the end of the term, and the usual influx of visitors commenced, the staid village, like some notable New England dame of fifty years ago at the approach of election day, gradually awoke to the magnitude of the approaching occasion. Windows were scoured, spare beds and bed chambers overhauled, fences whitewashed, and supplies extraordinary of provisions provided; nor, as faithful historians, can we omit mention of the aspiring edifice, whose architecture we are inclined to think cannot be found among the five orders—which, at the intersection of Chase Avenue and the Town Road, crowns the summit of our

classic Hill, and shelters the profundities of the village Well alike from dust and the ardent rays of a noonday sun.

The regular exercises of the week began with the Baccalaureate Sermon before the Graduating Class, which was delivered at Rosse Chapel, Sabbath evening, June 26th, 1859, by the Rev. JOHN COTTON SMITH, of Boston, Mass. Mr. Smith, although a young man, gives evidence of unusually high literary attainments, and his discourse was listened to with a marked attention which did honor alike to speaker and hearer.

Monday, the 27th, and a part of Tuesday, were occupied in examinations for entrance. Upon Tuesday evening, June 28th, the Sermon before the Associate Alumni of Bexley Hall, was delivered at Rosse Chapel, by the Rev. H. N. BISHOP, of Chicago, Illinois. The text of his discourse was I. Cor. xiii.: 12. His address at the close of the Sermon, to his fellow-laborers in the cause of Christ, exhorting them to renewed effort and exertion, was very impressive.

The yearly Alumni meetings of the Philomathesian and Nu Pi Kappa Societies, were held in their respective Halls upon Wednesday morning, June 29. The meetings were enthusiastic, and judging from the frequent plaudits and peals of laughter which issued from the old halls, were edifying in a high degree to all concerned.

In the afternoon of the same day, the Associate Alumni of Kenyon College held their annual meeting at Rosse Chapel. The regular orator and poet appointed to officiate upon this occasion, both being absent, the meeting was informally addressed by Prof. JOHN C. ZACHOS, Rev. PETER S. RUTH, LUKE DOUGLASS, Esq., and others. The occasion was one of much interest, many meeting together who had not met with each other since years ago they had sat side by side in the class-room, and mingled in the common duties of College life.

Upon the evening of Wednesday, the annual Addresses, with the presentation of Society Diplomas, were delivered before the Philomathesian and Nu Pi Kappa Societies, at Rosse Chapel. The Rev. F. T. BROWN, of Cleveland, Ohio, addressed the Nu Pi Kappa Society upon "The Times, and the Men for the Times." His discourse was marked by passages of great beauty, and was listened to with deep attention by an audience second to none in intelligence and critical judgment. Judge WOODWARD of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, who had been engaged to address

the Philomathesian Society, having been unavoidably detained at home by official duties, the Oration was delivered by President ANDREWS, of the College. Dr. ANDREWS' subject was "The Duty of the Learned Profession, in view of the continually increasing intelligence of the non-professional masses." This address was delivered with the usual energy and *bon homme* of our worthy President, and was an effort eminently worthy of the occasion. The diplomas of the Philomathesian Society, were presented to its members in the Graduating Class, by Gov. S. P. CHASE. His remarks in performing this office, were appropriate and impressive. Those who have heard Mr. CHASE at such times, well know the earnestness and sincerity with which his words are uttered.

After these exercises, the Alumni Supper came off at Mrs. LEVERETT'S. Not having arrived as yet to the dignity of an Alumnus, we were of course not present, yet feel no hesitation in affirming, that wit and good cheer did much abound. Nothing can perhaps be pleasanter, than thus annually to return to the shades of Alma Mater, and there, with the friends, class-mates and acquaintances of College days, to renew old scenes, revive old reminiscences, and live again, young in heart, the by-gone hours.

Thursday morning ushered in *Commencement Day*. Between 8 and 9 o'clock, A. M., the usual procession was formed in front of the College, and preceded by the band took up its line of march to Rosse Chapel. The following is the Order of Exercises, as there performed:—

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

(*"Sine properantia, sine autem mora."*)

MUSIC. - - PRAYER. - - MUSIC.

LATIN SALUTATORY,-----J. K. HAMILTON, Milan, O.
My Bark is launched, where's the Shore?---E. STARR, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
The Practical and the Ideal,-----J. G. MITCHELL, Piqua, O.
Intolerance,-----*J. V. HILTON, Andes, N. Y.

MUSIC.

Principles and Expediency,-----E. H. MAYO, Troy, Ohio.
American Influence,-----C. O. LITTLE, Delaware, O.
The Hero differs in every Age,-----J. A. J. KENDIG, Ashland, O.
The Force of Truth,-----*W. C. GRAY, Clarksville, Tenn.

MUSIC.

Utilitarianism,.....	R. N. SMITH, Monroe Mills, O.
Cierra Espana,.....	*H. A. LEWIS, New York City.
THE MODEL MAN,.....	J. H. LEE, Lansing, Michigan.
Indestructibility of Knowledge,.....	J. D. HANCOCK, Wyoming V., Pa.

MUSIC.

The Graves of St. Helena,.....	*C. C. PARKER, Cambridge, Minn.
Philosophy of Aristotle and Bacon,.....	G. S. ALLAN, Cleveland, O.
Modern Doubt,.....	M. HODKINSON, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Christian Heroism,.....	*W. BOWER, London, England.

MUSIC.

[Intermission of one and a half hours.]

GREEK ORATION,.....	R. C. SMITH, Cincinnati, O.
Light, more Light,.....	W. S. MARSHALL, Charleston, Ill.
Thrones of the Cæsars,.....	*G. W. STROUD, Philadelphia, Pa.
Extremism, its Effects,.....	C. B. GUTHRIE, Putnam, O.

MUSIC.

Philosophy of Silence.....	M. A. WOODWARD, Wyoming, Pa.
Greek and English Drama,.....	T. H. REARDEN, Cleveland, O.
Character,.....	*W. R. MCCARTY, Cork, Ireland.
Times of Humboldt,.....	C. E. McILVAINE, Clifton, O.

MUSIC.

Advantage of Classical Study,.....	W. H. DYER, Manchester, Vt.
Future of the West,.....	*B. F. STRADER, Cincinnati, O.
VALEDICTORY ORATION—Humility of Great-	
ness,.....	C. H. YOUNG, New Haven, Conn.

MUSIC.

DEGREES CONFERRED.

MUSIC. - - - BENEDICTION. - - - MUSIC.

It is not necessary for us to speak at length of these performances. Suffice it to say, that they were alike creditable to the gentlemen themselves, and the Institution which has trained and sent them forth. We look in future years to see great deeds from the hands of "1859."

The Degree of A. B., in course, was conferred upon the following gentlemen:—J. K. Hamilton, E. Starr, J. G. Mitchell, J. V. Hilton, E. H. Mayo, C. O. Little, J. A. J. Kendig, W. O. Gray,

* Excused at his request.

R. N. Smith, Henry A. Lewis, J. H. Lee, J. D. Hancock, Calvin C. Parker, G. S. Allan, M. Hodgkinson, Wm. Bower, Stephen B. Sturges, R. C. Smith, W. S. Marshall, G. W. Stroud, C. B. Guthrie, Marcus A. Woodward, T. H. Rearden, W. R. McCarty, Charles E. McIlvaine, W. H. Dyer, B. F. Strader, Charles H. Young.

The Degree of A. M., in course, was conferred upon Hon. Guy M. Bryan, J. T. Sterling, Hon. Charles R. Rhodes, John Howard, Esq., G. T. Chapman, J. W. F. Foster, Rev. R. L. Ganter, D. D. Benedict, O. S. Penney, W. R. Madeira, Esq., F. D. Tunnard, Dr. C. H. James, T. M. James.

The Honorary Degree of A. M., was conferred upon Rev. B. T. Noakes, Rev. Wm. B. Rally.

The Degree of D. D., was conferred upon Rev. Lot Jones, N. Y., Rev. E. W. Peet, Iowa.

The music for the occasion was performed by the Kenyon String Band, composed entirely of students of the Institution, and did them much credit: in fact, owing perhaps to a partiality for *home talent*, we much preferred it to the brazen breath of a score of trombones and sax-horns, inappropriate it has always seemed to us to the confined area of a College Chapel. The audience was very large, and was gathered from all parts of the State; there were many too from other States, who, attracted by old ties, the growing reputation of the College, or the graduation of friends or relatives, were present.

Friday morning looked down gray and cool upon the spires and towers of Kenyon deserted and still, and as load after load of students and visitors wound up the steep ascent of the Bishop's *Vertebral Column*, they bore away with them pleasant recollections of the "Commencement Week of 1859."

Editors' Table.

DEAR READER:—From our earliest boyhood, (i.e. Freshman days), the Editorial Chair has been the object of our intense curiosity. We have desired to inspect its shape, size and fashioning; to examine at various times, and under different circumstances, its texture and color; but our modesty precluded the possibility of the idea entering our head of ever occupying it, our ambition could have been abundantly satisfied to be in its dignified presence. We conceived it cushioned in the most comfortable and luxurious style, into whose velvety embrace one could slip with ease, and lounge at pleasure. But in this case, most decidedly, to use the oft repeated quotation, "distance lends enchantment, &c.," and now, that we are fairly in it, we can only reiterate the remark of our predecessors of the "quill and scissors," that it is not the easiest seat imaginable. The back is too low, resembles too nearly the Chapel pews, which our Senior dignity is assigned, and we shall be obliged to adopt the Procrustean mode of polishing the rough edges, rounding the angles, and lopping off all the excrescences of the Editorial body, to adapt it to the above said requisitions; and then, (as they say Editors *must* smoke), we cannot at the same time wield the quill and do credit to "Queen Nie," so we must, at present, be excused from indulging in "the weed," all our deficiencies to be attributed, of course, to the disuse of the prescribed stimulus. With this formal introduction of ourself to the public, with our poetest "*salaam*," we commend our literary efforts and effusions to your kind attention.

AUTUMN, with his *pallet* of brilliant colors, is now a sojourner in the forests which surround our College, and is busily engaged with true artistic waywardness in staining up the foliage.

The depths of the woods are aglow with the crimson and gold of the Maple, the russet and orange of the Oak, and the more sombre hues of the Beech and the Chestnut; while here and there, sheltered by the density of the shade, the solemn green of mid-summer yet remains. In the fields, upon the brown trunk of some trees, may be seen, like a living flame the scarlet foliage of the Wild Ivy, clasping and entwining itself around withered branch and bough, and mounting to the highest pinnacle, crowning the dead monarch of the forest with a fiery coronet; and at evening, the sun, inspired perhaps with emulation, paints his glories upon the western sky, and pours upon hill and valley, stream and meadow, his radiance, until the very air becomes mellow and lambent with a wealth of colored light, and the mere act of existence becomes a blessing and a joy.

The nights, too, are glorious. The days transfigural, and breathing, with their solemn moonlight, their mighty undertone of muffled wind, surging through forests and vallies, and their eternal stars, Pleiades and

—— "blind Orion, hungry for the morn,"

mysterious and spiritualizing influences upon the heart.

But despite all these attractions, the season brings with it many sorrowful thoughts. We cannot forget that the glory around us is as Whittier has said :

— "the hectic of the dying year."

We see in the future the withered flowers, the fallen leaf and the winter rain, and hear, in imagination, the cry of the hoarse wind at night through the naked forests, and its shudder at our windows. The thoughts turn to the life of man, which fadeth away like the "sere and yellow leaf." Yet why should this be? —

"The world is brighter than before —
Why should our hearts be duller?
Sorrow and the scarlet leaf,
Sad thoughts and sunny weather!
Ah me! this glory and this grief
Agree not well together."

After all, the student's life is cheery life. Let not shadows too early darken it! *Carpe diem!* And when old age comes, the happy memories of youth will make it blessed.

We take pleasure in announcing an important, and, as we regard it, desirable movement on the part of the College Literary Societies.

The Literary performances, as well as business deliberations of these Societies, have been, up to this time, conducted in secret, and not until very recently was the idea conceived, or at most, developed into a tangible form, that secrecy was not essential to their existence and prosperity.

Toward the close of last term a mutual agreement was made between the two Societies to the effect that each should abolish secrecy during the Literary exercises, and permit the attendance of invited guests, of either sex, whether citizens of Gambier, strangers, or members of the other Societies connected with the Grammar School.

We think this change will prove conducive to some very desirable results.

The presence of visitors will stimulate to more thorough preparation, and careful performance of Society duties. Especially will this be the case when the visitors happen to be of the *fair sex*.

Electioneering will, by this means, be done away with, or, at least, put upon an honorable footing.

Candidates for admission into the College Societies can see and judge for themselves, and not become the dupes of some cunning electioneering scheme.

Upon the whole, we think this step a sensible one, and heartily congratulate the brethren of both Societies upon its having been taken just before opening the new halls.

We have noticed with pleasure the decided tendency, of late, to out-door sports. Foot ball, base ball and wicket were formerly indulged in by the students to a considerable extent, but for the past two or three years these healthful recreations have been almost entirely discontinued. Matched games of foot ball were played between the Sophomore and Freshman Classes at the

beginning of the Collegiate year, and as much strife and rivalry were exhibited for the victory, as between the Literary Societies in "electioneering" time. Kenyon is certainly deficient in these athletic exercises, and why should she be so? Her students are as strong and robust as those of other Institutions of our land; and certainly time and opportunity are not wanting for such purposes. Our Faculty encourage such sports, and our "Campus" is not inferior in size to other College grounds. Nothing prevents us from participating in such innocent and manly games but the disposition, and to speak the whole truth, we are inclined to think that *laziness* is one of the chief obstacles in the way. Last Spring indeed, for a short time the *Park* was alive with students, coats off, sleeves rolled up, and perspiration streaming from their brows, busily engaged with balls and bats,

"From morn to dewy eve."

Wicket and base ball were the order of the day, and when the study bell clanged upon reluctant ears, and students were compelled to substitute lessons for play, with renewed energy studies were resumed to be mastered in half the usual time. In fact, without exaggeration, twice as much mental labor can be accomplished after hard, earnest physical exercise as without it. The nervous organization is kept in proper tension without resorting to artificial stimuli; the blood circulates through its channels with its natural vigor, and the animal spirits are not subject to the depression consequent to hard study without bodily exercises. Experience teaches us the truth of these remarks; our physicians and parents urge upon us their necessity, and yet we do not heed them. Undoubtedly this inattention to our physical development is one of the great and alarming evils of the present educational system. A simple reference to the accounts of English schools and colleges, will at once convince us of the advantage they possess over us in this respect. In the "School Days at Rugby," (which by the way is a most charming book, giving a very correct idea of the English school system, and which we heartily recommend to the perusal of all, but especially students,) are to be found many sketches of *cricket* matches, and delineations of the physical training the pupils undergo. In many respects, Kenyon as a College, is peculiarly situated. She is completely isolated from the bustle and stir of the world around her, and thus we are deprived of all the amusements incident to city life. Consequently we are thrown entirely on our own resources for recreation. Unlike Harvard, Brown, Yale, Union, and in truth nearly all the eastern institutions, she possesses not the requisites for yachting, boat racing and other aquatic pastimes, and we must supply the deficiency in other ways. Let us at least consider the advantages to be derived from a compliance with these suggestions, and when the time arrives that we educate more fully our physical frames, the ruddy hue of health in place of our pale, sallow, tobacco-colored complexions will fully recompense such a slight exertion necessary on our parts.

THE old "Kenyon Band," so long one of our cherished *institutions* is most emphatically defunct. After a lingering illness of over one year, one by one its faculties departed, until its remorseless disease consigned it to a premature grave. No more "in the stilly night" shall our ears be greeted by its sweet melodies, alternately rising and dying away upon the midnight air, until under its soothing influence our over-worked system dropped into the "arms of Morpheus." No more shall the slumbers of the fair denizens of Gambier be rudely broken in upon by the soul-inspiring "Kate Kearney," to be composed by sweet "Star of the Evening." Boquets will be unplucked, lamps remain unlighted, half raised windows closed, for the "quartette" is no more. Our only consolation is in the new band, which, although lately organised, gives promise of many pleasant musical hours to the "little world of Kenyon." But our regrets are useless, we recall with delight the pleasing associations connected with our late serenaders, and say, "*pax vobiscum.*"

SINCE the issue of the last number of the Collegian, another Class has passed away from the College world, leaving us to assume the laborious duties of the Editorial Sanctum, groaning beneath the burden of Senior dignity.

It is meet that we pause to look back—to take one “long lingering look” at those who have gone before us—*just* before us—to that bourne whence no A.B. returns to College life.

Could we summon all the Class of '59, well might we hope for some striking reminiscences to spread upon the table,—some little incident worthy of remembrance in the history of those into whose shoes we are about to step,—some revelation, it may be, from the recitation-room, that place in a College of which the world at large hear so little. But, “They are gone, all gone.” We can't call them up to tell their own stories, but we may, perhaps, be allowed to put upon the table *one* incident, which we gleaned accidentally in our intercourse with our venerated predecessors.

We were honored last year by having a Senior for a next-door neighbor. He was one of those peculiar men, that once seen can never be forgotten.

Many a time have we gazed with astonishment at the peculiar expertness he manifested in mastering his duties with the least possible effort. Real mental exertion was something to which he appeared a stranger, and yet, no member of the Class maintained *his position* (?) better. Nothing was more conspicuous than his wit; and that alone saved him many a fall, when called upon unexpectedly to recite.

It is related that when engaged with the rest of his Class in the most celestial study of Astronomy, he, as usual, came to the recitation-room one day having a very vague idea of the orbits and motions of the different planets which were the topic of the day's lesson.

Well; “in the course of human events” it became his turn to recite.

“Mr. G.” said the Professor to our hero, “tell us all you know about Jupiter. By the way, how would you conjugate Jupiter?”

“It is a noun, sir,” said G., “I'd rather *decline* it.”

“Well, then,” exclaimed the Professor, a little vexed at having been caught in so evident a mistake, “how would you *decline* it?”

“*Most respectfully*,” was the laconic reply.

The Professor pronounced it capital, and passed to the next with a new question.

ON our return from vacation we found awaiting us a goodly number of Exchanges, earnest and genial in tone, and promising much pleasure in perusal.

From the far South flutters to us THE FLY-LEAF, a sprightly quarto, published at College Temple, Newman, Georgia, by the Senior Class of the Female Seminary, located at that place. We welcome this little publication, by no means so blank as its name might indicate, and wish our sisters of the South the success which their enterprise and industry merits.

THE WILLIAM'S QUARTERLY retains its usual literary excellence. It seems that the “Williams Code” is not exactly what it is with us considered. Brother Editors of Williams, give us a statement of the principles actually embodied in this much spoken of “Code.”

TWO SLABS of the Amherst ICHONOLITE—by no means *heavy* reading however—are before us. We congratulate our Amherst brethren on their laurels won at Ball and Chess, last Summer; not an easy victory, we are inclined to think, with Williams for an antagonist.

THE YALE LITERARY, for July and August, 1859, with a spicy table of contents, is at hand. We have often wondered who the venerable “ancient man”—with the old style wig and the antiquated clothing; with right hand resting upon a table, which bears couchant upon two closed volumes a parchment, on which is delineated, as near as we can make out, a garter and a steam saw-mill,—who smiles benignly from the cover of the “LIT.” represents. “Who is he?”

THE VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is an ornament to the illustrious institution at which it is established. Some lover of Nature furnishes a beautiful article upon “The Worship of Nature.” We always welcome this monthly to our table.

THE OBERLIN STUDENTS' MONTHLY, for July and August, is at hand, and presents an able series of articles. A somewhat unusual feature in this Monthly — unusual we mean in College Magazines — is the part which politics take in its columns. We very much doubt the expediency of thus mingling *sacra cum profanis*, the clear streams of Helicon with the turbid waters of the Melas. "*Nil de gustibus disputandum*," however.

Two numbers of the NORTH CAROLINA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE have reached us, both adorned with beautiful steel-plate engravings. This feature must add greatly to the value of the Magazine. An interesting account of the Commencement Exercises, which President Buchanan honored with his presence, closes the September number.

THE HARVARD MAGAZINE, "in suit of russet brown," is scarcely in this (the June) number, we think, up to its usual mark. Homer sometimes nods, however, and we doubt not by the next issue that our Harvard contemporary will be wide awake.

In addition to the foregoing; we are in receipt of the Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Xenia Union Schools, The College Gazette, the Cincinnati Daily Press, the Mt. Vernon Banner, the Ohio Cultivator, the Colonization Herald, the Western Churchman, and the New York Waverly.

MRS. GRUNDY, whom our readers of two years ago will well remember, although sadly battered by the hands of "Father Time," who, we think, has not used the old lady as gently as he might, promises us shortly a communication from her fluent pen.

The honor of an epistle from her valuable hand is much heightened from the fact that it is but seldom now the old lady uses the pen. We are credibly informed, however, that her *conversational* powers still remain uninjured by the weight of years, and that she still enjoys her quiet cup of tea with acquaintances, as of old.

OUR readers will be gratified to learn that our talented young friend and quondam tutor, George T. Chapman, has crossed "the pond" in safety, and has commenced the "grand tour." Although the passage was not as pleasant a one as anticipated, yet travel and a change of climate will greatly contribute to the restoration of his health. Before leaving Gambier, we took the precaution to extract a promise from Mr. Chapman to favor us occasionally with some European sketches, and trust ere long to be able to give our readers some interesting letters upon the English and German Universities, and glimpses of student life.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF "POLITICAL DIVISIONS."—"Ma, where are we going?" said little Charlie, as he saw preparations for a journey.

"To Knox county," replied his mother.

Arrived at their destination, little Charlie was delighted to find himself at his Aunt's country home, and surrounded by a host of cousins. In the evening the family and visitors were all out viewing the *Aurora borealis*, when Charlie becoming cold said to his Pa:

"Pa, don't stay out here in the cold; let us go into *Knox county*," meaning the house.