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## Kenyon Collegian - October 1860

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# The Kenyon Collegian.

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## OUR ALMA MATER.

“Te honoramus, O, Alma Mater.”

It is justly said that modesty ought to guard us from speaking too much of ourselves. We, as sons of Kenyon, feel ourselves a part of her being and substance, and therefore in venturing to praise her, we may be accused of parading our pedigree. Perhaps, if she could speak she would rather wish that her doings should not be heralded nor proclaimed to the ear of the indifferent public. Much rather would she have her sphere, like that of a mother's, bounded by the circle of students—her children—to all of whom extend the radii of affection and fostering care from the centre of her heart's genial love. That her home be a home of intellectual and religious culture, and that her offsprings may enjoy the hearth of domestic happiness and contentment, are the darling desires of her exertion. She boasts no high advantages, though she has and gives them; and she aspires not to the high seat in the synagogue, though she has many a time been asked to go

up higher by public opinion. This characteristic, we must admit, has been her honor and grace for the last third of a century. Gradually has her arms of usefulness spread even to the ends of the earth, and we are this day prompted to speak of her, because it is a duty we owe to her, and to the friends of her creed. Besides, it is but appropriate at the beginning of another collegiate year, to talk of her as children talk of a cherished parent. But to speak of her *past*, discloses to us the progressive steps she has made. Yes, the *past* speaks volumes. The joys at her success, and the desponding spirit in the hour of discouragements, the favor and voice of approbation from abroad, and prejudice and ill-feeling within, are only the skeletons of the contents. The first stone that was ever laid, the first timber that was ever cut, the first nail that was ever driven, was accompanied with the prayers of the self-sacrificing men who founded this institution. The echoing nymphs of the Kokosing forests bear witness to this fact. Best wishes and best hopes were sealed in the box occupying the corner stone. As each stone was quarried and added to the foundation, it was cemented to it with the supplication of Divine aid. The whole structure, as it lifted its head above the tops of surrounding trees, was covered with a mantle of Divine guidance, spread over it by the tender hand of prayer. The steeple is but typical of the aims of the institution; to the teachers, pointing them to the source of all-sufficient direction and assistance in their several official capacities; to the taught, telling them that besides their intellectual culture and literary acquisitions, there is a more lasting knowledge contained in the casket of the knowledge of Him *above*; and besides earthly honors, and glories, and wealth, pointing them to the heavenly crown, wrought for *them* if they will but receive it. Brave and energetic and full of faith were the men that founded Gambier institution. They laid our Alma Mater in a plain but substantial cradle, intrusting her to the care of the guardian angel. A comely child she was, and her features betokened her future splendor and greatness. With such fine and encouraging prospects, is it strange that she was soon reckoned among the sisterhood of colleges, the upper tendom of literary celebrity, the scion

of royalty? The western country welcome her as the future matron of its children.

Our triennial catalogue is before us, and from it we glean a few historical facts. The operations of the institution were exclusively academic, and in this department were instituted the first professorships. That of Latin and Greek was filled as early as 1825; that of intellectual and moral philosophy in 1829; mathematics, natural philosophy and chemistry in 1830; rhetoric and history in 1834. In the meantime, the increase of students of arts and sciences rendered it expedient to dissolve its connection with the original corporation of "Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio," and by an act of Legislature the President and Professors of the said seminary were constituted the faculty of a college by the name of Kenyon, changing, however, in no respect the original object of the institution.

Here we date the sunrise of our college world. From the eastern horizon of an elementary grammar school has the orb gradually ascended, till he now shines with dazzling splendor, shedding his genial warmth to the farthest corners of the earth, and sending every ray on its message of love to cheer every heart. The zenith has not been reached. The noon-day will be that hour when the gathering of nations takes place; *then* only will he decline towards the western horizon of a general consummation; but he sets only to traverse the sky of another world, in the person of those who, through his influence, congregate around the throne of eternity. Little did the founders dream that in less than half a century Kenyon would be the college of the West. Hardly did they think that their fondest hopes were so soon to be realized, and the ideal estimation of her usefulness and influence so early actualized. When the class of 1829 graduated, with five students, few thought that many future classes would be so soon doubled, tripled, nay, sextupled.

But to speak of her more fully we must turn to her *present*. To touch upon her institution, our pen will fall far short of the eye; nor can the pen do her justice even though it were dipped in the ink of affection and equity. The old Kenyon

College, which stands as it were an aged sire, seems to narrate to us the trials and difficulties of its early existence, when nursed on the bosom of a little faithful band. Long has it braved the storms of adverses and prejudices, and many a time did its hoary head bow beneath the weight of incidental unpleasantness and internal brawlings. The oaks were its companions, the sky its protector, but with a gracious smile it tells you to look and see other buildings helpmeet in its old years. The Ascension Hall is a fit monument of the energy of Kenyon supporters, and significant of the attention it is receiving from abroad—the outer world. All these are members of our Alma Mater, and while thanks are due to her patrons, *our* gratitude is to her.

To tell of her *teachers*, justice would not let us pass them unnoticed, though deference to their modesty would naturally close our mouth. But sooner can we imagine that we can see the steeple of Kenyon College while standing before it, and not the main building itself, than to be deluded that we can mention the prosperity and influence of the institution and not include the officers at the head of it. To them also will we pay the tribute of our esteem, not exacted, but cheerful offsprings of our pen. Our highest respect is commanded when we consider that the teachers of Kenyon are peculiarly different from those of most colleges. All her officers, from the dawn to this time, have been characterized with a marked feature, to which no reasonable man can be blind; and this is, christian benevolence. No self-interest, no self-advantage or aggrandizement, can be imputed to the reputation of any Board; nor can extraneous motives be imputed to them than the improvement of the young. Love to God and love to man is the motto of the Faculty; and were we to add that it has been followed out to the fullest extent to which mortal man with his frailties is capable, we simply plagiarize the testimony of many an alumnus and friend. Notwithstanding the many reverses and discouragements, they stood to their posts. The cloud of unpleasant incidents hovered over them, dampening their buoyant spirits, and contrasting more painfully the sunshine days of mutual kind feeling; and that cloud, too, often arising from a source least expected, and con-

sequently more painful to be looked upon, yet that same christian benevolence was not eclipsed. It was permitted to be more brilliantly exhibited. The cloud passed away and more beautiful sky was visible. This characteristic, added to their literary talent and capacities, their toil and untiring energy, their age and experience—need we say?—have endowed our Faculty with a two-fold usefulness.

In our *intercourse*, the professors look upon the undergraduates as equals, and treat them as such. We boast of no servile formality between the teacher and the taught, fettered by no chain of ceremony and empty forms of conventionalities, beyond what people observe in their dealings of one gentleman to another. Our idea of the relation between the Faculty and the students lies deeper than in the ordinary and cold acceptance of the phrase. The students look upon the members of the Faculty as friends, to whom they can go at any time for advice and a word of cheering, feeling at the same time, sure that it is as pleasing to them to give as it is our desire to seek them. Our college is a home, and may we prize it.

Our *course* is annually set forth in the catalogues. Our comment on this is that it is pursued thoroughly. The argument that some students receive their A. B. who cannot pass an examination to enter the Freshman class, is no proof of the meagreness of the course or the inefficiency of the professors. The blame lies somewhere besides in these. Nor does the fact prove that such students have not done honor to their Alma Mater. The Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior departments serve only as so many stepping stones to higher and more active duties of life. Having passed each class, the aim is to the next, and so at the end of their course they turn their attention to higher purposes, "forgetting the steps already trod." Why need it then to mark the size, the color and shape of each stepping stone to oblige the inquisitive public, beyond the knowledge that they were *once* in their track, and they were passed *at the time*.

Her *graduates*, which once numbered by tens, and that a short time ago, within the memory of most, now swell to hundreds. They are scattered to all parts of the world, and their

influence, religious or civil, is, as it were, a net-work knitted over the surface of the globe. Both hemispheres attest the usefulness of Kenyon College; while the North, the South, the East and the West reap a harvest sown with fostering care, and watered by the perspiration of anxiety, watchfulness and labor on the part of the teachers. Her offspring had trod the arid sands of the African coasts; had braved the fevers of her desert air; had been exposed to debilitating influence of her climate; and at last, had his eyes closed by the chilling hand of her death angel, on his mission of love. Still, beyond the ocean another representative lives, far from kindred and home. Some have penetrated our western wilds, leading a life of privation and self-sacrifice. What do all these facts show? It shows that the influence of our Alma Mater is widely felt. Whether in the pulpit, preaching to perishing souls, or in the Senate Chamber, guiding the Ship of State, or before the bar, pleading the cause of justice and innocence, or in the sick chamber, administering to the relief of the invalid, or in the still more humble walks of life exerting a silent power of usefulness, her voice is echoed, her hand felt. Need we not feel proud of our relation to her, of her honors and her care? Is not this a source of joy to those who are over the head of the institution, a satisfaction to those who devote so much time and energy to her prosperity? Do not the spirit of despondency and unpleasant feelings vanish at the testimonial that their labors are not in vain, nor their pains unrewarded? At every Commencement, when alumni gather from all parts of the country to celebrate the festival on Kenyon's domestic hearth, and when they bring all their honors to lay them in her lap, do we not feel glad, yea, a spontaneous joy springing from the satisfaction that we shall one day belong to this noble association?

*Her future.* If we can approach it with sandals off our feet, in reverence to its sanctity, inhabited by the Deity only, beautiful visions are pictured of her. From the past success as premises, we deduce the conclusion as to the future. With an efficient Faculty at the head, generous and warm friends abroad and interested alumni all over the country, a grammar school among us, and another one at a distance to

further the sphere of her duty, it needs no great penetration of mind to portend the results. The additions made to her astronomical and philosophical apparatus, the donations to the geological cabinet, while they aid us in the pursuit of the arts and sciences, and thereby enliven our interests in the otherwise dry studies, also prove to us that the institution is doing her utmost to perfect her course. A library is soon to be erected among us, a beautiful ornament to the "Hill," and important accession to the College. With these lucky omens we leave her.

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### IOWA.

'Twas many moons ago, says one of the Indian legends,  
That a tribe of Red men, driven back from their homes on the seashore,  
Sought in the unknown West a refuge from merciless warfare;  
Weary and heartsick were they, and homeless and friendless they wandered,  
Searching if haply there were a land where no foe could molest them.  
Crossing the Father of waters, thundering on with the voice of the ocean,  
A voice that told them of home and of hunting grounds trod by their fathers;  
They mounted with hope and with fear the o'erhanging banks of the river,  
Hoping to find once again a home amid beauty and plenty;  
Fearing that great Manito, who dwelt in the mist cloud above them,  
Angry, frowning, relentless, would give no more rest to his people.  
But the Autumnal sun sinking down, whispered peace thro' the air to the  
wanderers,

And the evening breeze wafted a sweet and cooling and life-giving incense;  
The Mist and the haze and the twilight. Manito's organs of utterance,  
Told them a home was prepared brighter far than their dreams had e'er  
painted;

"Iowa" gushed up from the heart of warrior and matron and maiden,  
"We have found it," wept forth the young brave, his heart all unstrung  
with long marches,

And sorrows and hope long deferred, and griefs such as humble the Stoic,  
Long did they gaze thro' their tears and the uncertain glimmering twilight,  
Forgetful of foes and of homes, and hunting-grounds left on the sea shore,  
Till the flutter of night's sable wings told of rest and bright dreams till the  
morrow.

And then in the silence, unbroken by aught save the murmuring of waters,  
The whisperings of Nature stole in with a step like the soft tread of angels,  
And tears oozed up from the depths of the wellspring that joy had opened.  
In hearts seared and crusted with rock by the withering breath of misfortune  
The night passed away, and the morn—an angel of light from the sun realms,  
Unlocked and disclosed to their gaze the priceless and numberless treasures



Which the Spirit, merciful now, had reserved to gladden his people;  
They feasted their eyes and drank in the glories that beamed from the  
Westward,

As Moses of old, when the land of Canaan first dawned on his vision;  
As the restless and tempest-tossed soul, when a home and a haven is given,  
Secure in the love of a Saviour, expands and renews its lost vigor  
Away on the track of Empires. Far away where the skirts of the temple,  
That Nature has reared for her sons, meets the earth—a Cerulean curtain,  
Limitless, trackless, and vast; an ocean unswept by the tempest,  
“Glassing the Almighty’s form,” not a billow of foam but of verdure,  
Stretched the broad prairie, resplendent with roses and many hued lillies.  
It knew not the culture of man, this bright land of Eden, like beauty  
Unturned by the plow and unmown, untrod save by wild elk and bison,  
A carpet which Nature had woven and brought from the looms of Heaven,  
Of texture no mortal ere wove, of hue such as man never painted,  
A fabric whose beauties no eye but God’s and the Indian’s looked on,  
And groves, like sea-begirt isles of the ocean, arose from the meadow  
Dripping with pale misty flakes of the bright sea of colors around them,  
Dim habitations they seemed of the fairies and nymphs of the forest.  
So etherial and silent and motionless, pictured against the blue Heavens,  
A castle of indolence well might have reared mid their branches its turrets,  
For an air of delicious repose, like an aroma breathed from the spices  
Of Araby, land of the blest, pervaded and charmed the green islets,  
Meandering through the tall grasses that drowsily nodded at mid day,  
And modestly shrank from the blaze of the full-faced sun, in his brightness  
Glittered a musical brook, hastening on to the Father of waters,  
On either side was it fringed with a deep green border of willows,  
An emerald serpent it seemed; the sheen of its scales in the sunshine,  
The sweeping, magnificent curves of its course, full of grace and of beauty,  
Now losing itself in the groves, now sinking between the green hillocks,  
Added freshness and life to a landscape, already more gorgeous than Eden,  
E’er seemed to the fancy of poets, or dwell in bright realms of cloud lands,  
A home was all they had sought and hunting grounds, but the great Spirit,  
Exceeding their wishes and dreams, had disclosed, not a home but a Para-  
dise,

And here, unmolested by foe, unfettered, hemmed in by no boundaries  
Save Nature’s great wall of division, the lake and the river and moun-  
tain,

Taking fresh from her hand the sweet bounties, that fell like the dew drop  
at even,

Noiseless and priceless and free—they lived a people contented,  
And knew naught of sorrow or sin—had forgotten the home by the seashore.  
Moon, after moon waxed and waned, and the lillies and pinks bloomed and  
faded;

The warriors grew aged—then slept ’neath the mounds which dotted the  
meadow.

Many long years passed away, and, alas! a shadow was creeping  
Slowly but steadily, chilling the heart and the hopes of the Indian;  
On the banks of the grand rolling river, its waves like a mirror reflecting  
The gleams of the Autumnal sun-set, the purple and orange and pink clad

Gossamer clouds, building castles in the depths of its pellucid waters,  
A pale-face, statue-like, stood and wistfully gazed on the prairie.  
"Iowa," burst too from his lips. "I have found the Arcadian dream land."  
His words, like leaden words, fell on the listening ear of the savage,  
Like the desert's hot blast to the Indian was the advent of civilization,  
For it drove to the westward the deer, unpeopled the prairie and forest,  
And sent him forth homeless and hopeless, a heartsick and aimless wanderer.  
They are gone, passed away like a dream, their homes on the prairies deserted,

Gone with the bees and the deer, driven back by the progress of Empire,  
The footpath the warrior once trod is now the broad street of a city;  
The haunts of the Indian maiden now echoes the cold laugh of fashion,  
And all that remains to make known to him who would seek for their annals,  
The spartan-like virtues, and deeds of a race, once noble and generous,  
Is a mound, here and there, covered o'er with the primeval growth of the prairie.

Far away in the dim misty realms of Manito—God of the Indian—  
He has sought for a hunting-ground safe from intrusion of merciless foemen,  
And the evening breeze whispers us thence, "Iowa;" he has indeed found it.

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### A PLEA FOR THE WEST.

A few years since the whole of our Union resounded with the cry of "the West," "the West." Old homesteads, rendered dear by time-honored associations, were deserted for the excitement of wild frontier life. Old friendships and old ties were ruthlessly sundered by the eager adventurers. The pent up cities of the East sent forth their thousands to seek other habitations, and build up the empire of the West. California and New Mexico were declared to be veritable "El Dorados," where a fortune might be made for a mere song. The ordinary occupations of life appeared dull, and ceased to hold the hardy tradesmen of the East. Multitudes might be seen *en route* for the land where dreams of wealth, as wild as any that delighted the brain of Aladdin, would be realized. Towns and villages soon dotted the broad prairies, where, a few years before, the only sound which broke the primeval silence, was the wild warwhoop of the Indian, or the twang of his bow, as the stealthy savage pursued the startled deer. The merry winding of the horn told the coming of the lumbering stage. This, in turn, was superceded by the

"Iron horse," as he came bounding and snorting over the hills and through the deep ravine. Every gale carried to the Eastward some tale of suddenly acquired wealth, until the unthinking dreamers considered the West a Paradise little short of Eden. Speculators, those human birds of prey, greedy for plunder, followed fast in the steps of civilization. Under their shrewd management, "paper towns" were laid out in out of the way places, and palmed off on unsuspecting victims as "desirable locations." One town in particular, with which we are familiar, was laid out in the midst of a swamp; and, when the lots were sold at public auction in a distant city, they were declared to have "plenty of water facilities." Those who afterwards were so inquisitive as to wish to visit their purchases, found it convenient to engage the services of a boat for that purpose. It was emphatically the age of "corner lots," in short, a feverish and unnatural excitement seemed to have taken possession of the entire country.

Such was the state of affairs when the memorable crisis of '57 came upon us. A thunderbolt falling suddenly in our midst could not have excited a greater commotion than the tumult which immediately arose among all classes of society. Merchants buying up on credit and expecting to supply the demands of their creditors by the rapid sale of goods, found their means of doing so utterly destroyed. Land speculators, who lately strutted abroad as the lords of creation, found their centre of gravity disturbed, and their pockets reversed and penniless. Their "corner lots" and "desirable locations" became a drug on their hands, and fell beneath the hammer of the auctioneer. Mechanics and petty traders felt the ground slip from beneath them, and themselves borne resistlessly onward to the universal destruction. Had the crisis ended here, the results might have been considered as the just retribution of heaven upon a people too greedy and hasty to be rich. But, like the avalanche in its fury, it overwhelms all within its reach. The day laborer, deprived of his accustomed work, or, worse than all, unable to get pay for that already performed, was thrown out of employment, with no means to feed and clothe the helpless ones at home. The

industrious farmer, unable to exchange his produce for expected prices, became discouraged. There was no branch of the community which was not visited by the blighting influence of the general disaster. Business flagged, trade declined, and profits were dead. A gloom, as dark at Erebus, settled over the country. No one had a pleasant word with which to cheer his desponding neighbor; no one was so rash as to expect to pay or be paid; in short, *society was bankrupt*. One single year had produced this tremendous change. Law's famous Mississippi scheme could scarcely have brought about a train of consequences more completely calculated to hinder prosperity and happiness. Homes were deserted and sold for a small portion of the money they would have once commanded. Multitudes were left destitute, and upon many a hearth-stone the fire went out, never again to be rekindled. The inflated bubble had burst, and air castles and dreams of future wealth disappeared,

"And like the baseless fabric of a vision,  
Left not a wreck behind."———

Eastern capitalists left with curses upon the West, which had been the scene of their misfortune. After the storm had come in its might, croakers arose on all sides, who, wonderfully wise, said they had long foreseen the tempest gathering, and had known what such extravagance would produce.

This same feeling of prejudice against the West seems, even now, to prevail to a certain degree. That this prejudice is entirely undeserved must be evident to the judgment of every right thinking man. The importation of foreign goods was one of the instruments, as active as any other, in bringing about a reversion in the money market. The credit system adopted by our merchants rendered that class of business men peculiarly liable to be affected at any time. It needed but a gale to disturb their plans in the least, ere the rotten system would be overthrown. The careless manner of doing business, which characterized most of our moneyed men at that period, was *eminently* calculated to invite a crisis. Several agencies of this kind were doubtless at work years before their effect was felt. But, granting that speculation did entirely produce the financial crisis, Eastern capitalists

have no reason to complain, for they first set in motion the ball which produced such disastrous consequences. They first supplied the money to carry on the speculation. So far from having reason to repine, they are themselves answerable. They mainly enjoyed the profits, and as long as gain resulted to themselves they were satisfied; no sooner, however, did the speculation result in ruin to themselves than they immediately raise a cry against the West, and left, in much the same manner as rats leave a sinking ship, which their own knawing teeth have helped to render unseaworthy. (No offence to the rats is intended.)

The crisis of '57, and the consequent depression in the West, might be considered as the *inevitable* result of the *too* rapid settlement of a new country. Such was the case in '37, when other portions of our land, then emerging from their chrysalis state, were putting forth their new energies; and it will be so again, when the now unsettled and almost unexplored region of the Pacific shall be open to civilization. Once in a series of years men need something to restrain their wild schemes. Viewed in this light, we might conclude the financial difficulties, which overspread the country, to be a providential warning, rather than a *blame* to be cherished to the prejudice of any particular locality of our vast domain.

To those who wish for retirement from the vanity and ostentation of our Eastern cities, who are heartily tired of living for the trifling gayeties of fashionable life, and who feel that their being was given them for a higher and nobler purpose than to live as puppets of a painted show, the West offers great attractions. Intimacy with the trivialities of city life does not arouse the soul to noble action. A subtle-enervating influence pervades wherever fashion holds her sway. Life's *true* aim is little esteemed, less followed. Cultivation of the intellectual qualities of the soul is a task which Dame fashion never requires of her votaries. All that is aimed at is pleasure.

"A soul immortal, spending all her fires,  
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,  
Thrown into tumult, rapture, or alarmed  
At aught this scene can threaten, or indulge,  
Resembles ocean into a tempest wrought,  
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly."

It is familiarity with the works of nature which tends to raise the mind above the scenes of the passing hour, and call out all its finer emotions. Living among picturesque scenery assists in the formation of a correct taste for what is beautiful. The smiling landscape, as it appears in the first blush of morning sunlight, the headlong cataract, the towering forest, the "hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," the majestic flow of a river, and the mountains which stand like grim sentinels of the past, are all calculated to refine, elevate, and ennoble the mind. The Christian, who loves to look through nature up to nature's God, who views the hand of omnipotence in all around him, and who feels a deep gratitude at the sight of so much goodness, will find communion with nature in her untamed wildness a source of joy. Where can all this be obtained on a broader scale than on the wild prairies of the West? Where is there a grander exhibition of stately majesty than in the silent, ever onward rush of the Mississippi, as the "Father of waters" bears upon his bosom the internal commerce of the nation? Where a better conception of the voice of Him, the mutterings of whose anger is like the "voice of many waters," than in the wilds of St. Anthony? Or, where a better representation of His voice, when he speaks in tones of love, than in the gentle murmurings of Minnehaha? We need not wonder that the untutored savages considered St. Anthony as a peculiarly fitting emblem of the disposition of their deity. When clouds invested it, they went not upon the war path, for the war god was angry; but when the rainbow appeared amid the spray around its summit, success would crown their efforts, for the Great Spirit was appeased. The almost boundless prairies of the distant West are radiant with beauty. The scenery upon the upper Mississippi is unsurpassed. Sometimes there are bold headlands, where the perpendicular descent to the river is more than a hundred feet, heights which would make the head of the steadiest landsman giddy. Then, again, there are plains stretching away from the river, until they seem to meet and mingle with the distant horizon. The tall oak, the graceful poplar, and the "evergreen pine," give diversity to the woodland scene. The wild sweetbrier and the clustering

honeysuckle send forth their perfume to the desert air. Clear lakes, interspersed here and there through the country, reflect the sky from their placid surfaces.

To the farmer, who wishes for a home where he may enjoy the quiet seclusion of the fireside, and where, after a well spent life, he may be gathered to his fathers, the West offers many inducements. A sure reward of success awaits those, who, by thrift and economy, undertake this occupation. Worn out, as the soil of the Eastern States is, it cannot compete with the rich loam of the virgin West. Valleys and meadows of great fertility abound on every side. No "El Dorado" burst upon the astonished eyes of the first Western pioneers, as they had been taught to expect; but a treasure of far higher value than the wealth of the Indies awaits the patient, industrious farmer, independence, contentment and peace. For the homeless thousands who live in our Eastern cities, exposed to all the temptations of vice and crime, daily presented to them in every form, no better opportunity can be offered. But *labor*, not *ease*, must be expected; *labor* must clear away the forest and start farms. They must not expect to sit still and live in plenty, but must bestir themselves, and make circumstances bend to their will. Active, thrifty and temperate men alone succeed, and such alone deserve it. A country built upon such material will be proof against every reverse of fortune. No sudden panic can drive it to ruin; for its foundations are well laid in the industry and virtue of its inhabitants.

"Hard times" have not been without beneficial effects upon the West. Men broken up in other business have turned their attention to the development of the mineral resources of the country. Mines, previously abandoned, or but slightly worked, were more vigorously prosecuted by those who thus sought a maintenance for their families. The result has been that new, and almost inexhaustible mines were brought to light. Recent investigations in Iowa have laid bare treasures of lead which far eclipsed the wildest visions of the boldest dreamer. Vast chunks of native mineral have been raised, weighing, in some cases, from five hundred to a thousand pounds!

Pike's Peak, and the rich iron mines of Missouri, are too well known to need any one to tell their praise ; suffice it to say that the natural wealth and advantages of the West are unsurpassed by any section of the Union.

But another bright prospect is opening in the future. The contemplated Railroad route from the Mississippi to the Pacific will place the West in the centre of trade. The shortest route to China will lay over our vast plains. The result must be that the Pacific shore will be visited, more than it now is, by foreign ships ; the commerce of the world will pass through our midst, and the proposed route will become the highway of nations !

It requires not the aid of supernatural foresight to prophecy the result of these combined advantages. Let croakers cease to foretell evil, for "their occupation's gone." The dark cloud, which temporarily invested the West, has burst, and the clear rays of morning sunlight are already breaking through the gloom. The reaction of prosperity has again commenced. The hum of the factory and the ringing of the anvil sound cheerily upon the ear. Energies, hitherto latent, have been developed. A vast empire lies between the Mississippi and Pacific, awaiting the settler. Let us cast our vision forward to the time when all this vast region, redeemed from savage wildness, shall be settled by an active and thrifty people, and that which is now a wilderness shall "blossom as the rose." The success of the West is the success of the nation. Firm, then, in the faith of the glorious future which awaits the West, let us turn our eyes to the setting sun, and exclaim, in the words of the enthusiastic pioneer, "Westward the star of Empire takes its way."

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#### LETTER TO A YOUNG STUDENT.

The following epistle was written by a well-known gentleman in Brooklyn, N. Y., to a friend who entered Kenyon College. The letter is here inserted with slight alterations to suit the circumstances. It is full of common sense and



wholesome advice, and well worth the perusal of our readers. Particularly to the newly entered class is this recommended.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—There are two ways by which men get their living: one is by possessing knowledge superior to their neighbors, and the other is by laboring harder and more successfully with their hands. Now, if a man determines to get his living by acquisition and use of superior knowledge, it is correct in the first place, that the very means he uses benefits himself. The mind was made for knowledge, and is invigorated by it, is expanded by it, is polished by it, is enlivened by it, is enriched by it, and is rendered by it even an amusing and entertaining company for its possessor, so that he has not to depend upon low company to pass away the time. A book may afford him a feast, and cost him nothing. Now, if the laborer know of some particular kind of work, by pursuing which he could strengthen his arm, instead of wasting and making tired his strength, so that at night he was as fresh as he was in the morning, and by a year of such labor, by pursuing which he could increase his strength fifty pounds, and at the end of the first year he could lift one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds more, and which all the while pleased as well as improved him, would not that department of work be sought? Indeed, if God has made all powers of mind, he made them to be improved, and to be cultivated, and man is not a finished work unless his mind is so cultivated and improved. He can never be as happy without an improved mind as he is with it. It is like sailing a ship under jury masts without having her proper spars and masts standing, and her sails, aloft and alow, drawing, and drawing continuously, with the wind always fair. Now, you say, fifty years more to live, if your life is spared, the knowledge which you may acquire the next five or six years—expanding, invigorating and fertilizing your mind—will be a capital on which to work quietly the remaining forty-five years. It is, indeed, but a nucleus, around which will continually and surely gather knowledge, as snow is gathered around a rolling ball. Once started with a thorough education, and every stroke of work we do for another is *retained* to do yourself good also, so that every man

who employs you to do his work, adds a store to the temple of your own fame or fortune, or both. It is impossible for this to be true, without a consequent knowledge will give you a superior *rank in life*. You cannot and will not associate with the ignorant, nor will you find your native element in the revels of the Bacchanalians, or the frivolities of the light-headed. What they say will make you appear flat and foolish, and what they do will appear childish and vain. Allowing that a lad like any of you only applies himself moderately to his studies, having had a good beginning, he will certainly become useful to a great many persons, and they will compensate him for his services.

Classical education, too, is getting out of fashion, and consequently those who have had one will be of a superior class. Men now are in a great hurry to get rich. They cannot stop to cultivate their mental powers. Money can be too soon made by cultivating their acres, or ploughing the *deep*, or navigating the rivers. But money, when accumulated, is not always easily kept, and too much money often ruins both body and soul.

Now, then, settle down in the field of knowledge; explore its hidden treasures; bless God you have the opportunity of thus rising in life, and holding a superior station. Prophets and kings have desired to see the things which you may see, and died without the sight. The classics will strengthen your mind and polish your taste, and they will also warm your imagination. Mathematics will greatly invigorate your understanding, and give you a power to grasp, to hold and to examine thoroughly every subject brought before you. The natural sciences, mathematics, optics, hydraulics, &c., will let you into the arcanum of nature's intrinsic powers, and will be ever at your disposal. Geology, chemistry, mineralogy, botany, meteorology and astronomy, are just so many keys to unlock and open to you so many doors to all that is beautiful and brilliant in the creation. Logic, metaphysics and moral philosophy—dry studies, no doubt, and taxing many a one's patience, and discouraging many a one's perseverance—relate to the laws of the mind, and its relation to others. However, from your age, (the age most persons

enter college,) your reflective powers ought to be sufficiently matured to help you master these, and however uninteresting they may *now* be to you, they will tell heavily upon your *future* prosperity in life. The analysis they achieve, and the obligations they can enforce, will be far from barren in their results. There are two other advantages about a public education we would not overlook: one is comparison; the other confidence. In college, in a class of a score or more of minds, you can compare your own mental capacity, and discover the real and actual amount of talent you possess—either more or less. This may save you from timidity on the one hand, and presumption on the other. You will know what you *can* do, and what you can *not* do, and the consciousness of this fact will save you from making foolish or fatal mistakes. Again, there is, after a public education, a confidence acquired, which no man can attain who has not passed through that ordeal—an ordeal experienced on a trial of four years' length, and in every variety of mental exercises. One obvious result then of a public education, is that superior and firm basis on which the possessor can build a temple of fame, in which he himself sits as a writer or speaker. Suppose A. is a fine writer, and B. is an able speaker, and neither went to college. They are so in *spite* of their disadvantages, but not in *consequence* of them. If, however, in addition to these talents, they had the advantage of comparison, and the opportunity of masters and models of shining examples to incite them, and rewards to spur them on; experience to direct them, and the ten thousand little dust-like atoms of knowledge gained without an effort, supplied by a residence of four years with a hundred men of letters; would they not have been greater still? By logic and rhetoric, you learn the art of speaking—for it is an art as much as playing on an organ or on a trumpet. It is but playing with your mind, and producing sounds that can move your mind. And, although in some regions of country, perhaps, an artificial oratory may appear to succeed, but it is only an appearance for a time; the fact is, to be natural, is achieved by the greatest art. Daniel Webster and Henry Clay were natural and powerful;

but who supposes this was in the way of affections, without previous study and application.

Suppose you should spend four years in a counting house; what could you obtain as a compensation of your labor and spent time? The tricks of some trade, a knowledge of one class of merchandize, acquaintance with the characters of surrounding merchants, the prospects and prices of near and remote markets, may be the remuneration of your energy and industry. But a life of figures form no comparison to the life engaged in the ennobling investigation of science, or even the beauties of jurisprudence; nor the casting over of accounts, to the labor of reaching bodies, or culling healing materials from the earth, or settling disputes between man and man, or defending the rights of your city or country in the forum. An industrious and educated man can always get a support if he is a virtuous man and respectable.

Especially in America, where there is no established aristocracy nor caste of nobility; where the constitution recognizes the equality of right and freedom of will, how much more potent is the sceptre of learning. It reigns supreme, and its power neither wealth nor ancestry dares to challenge. Here, then, education becomes a mighty lever, resting on the fulcrum of its intrinsic worth, which, with genius, talent and industry as a moving power, can overcome any resistance of barbarism, poverty, and lowliness of birth. History is not only a proof of this fact, but a key containing the answer to this problem. If you take the trouble to examine every-day life, you will be convinced that education (assisted, of course,) is the basis of every institution, religious or civil, and the ground-work of civilization. It first assailed the redoubt of tyranny and oppression, and insured to man freedom of will and exercise of free agency. It crushed and still crushes the spirit of superstition, and reveals to man his created power and superiority over fancied fears, and forebodings of imaginary ills. It is an instrument wherewith a man can exercise his talents and genius.

The subject suggests to us another fact; viz., the responsibilities of educated men. It is obvious to all that a high standard of education is the exponent of a nation's pros-

perity. The more civilized a man becomes, the more useful he is to the society in which he moves, the better capable of governing and being governed. The more enlightened a nation is, there is a corresponding need of men of intellectual culture and firm principle. And, further, the better educated a man is, the sooner he is called to accept situations of responsibility and trust. The very fact that such a one is demanded to fill the office, is an argument that educated men have a great responsibility to the world, and to their country. The information and experience are sufficient recommendations to the world.

Value, then, education, and especially college education. Feel the importance of it to yourself, and to the community in general. To yourself let your mental culture be the source of pleasure. To your mind will be revealed the scenes of delight and pleasing contemplation to which the eyes of the ignorant will be blind. Subjects of meditation and discussion will be genial topics. Above all let learning be regulated by religion. "Little knowledge is a dangerous thing," is a well-known maxim; but its opposite extreme is also true. Make education the servant, and not the master of your heart.

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### THE PROTECTOR'S DEATH.

In the prime of life, before age had palsied his arm or wasted his energies; at a time when there was the greatest need for his exertions; as his deep laid plans were fast maturing; as success was about to crown his efforts, Oliver Cromwell closed his eventful career.

History has been busy about the man ever since. Call him usurper, regicide, fanatic, despot, he still stands even shouldered with the tallest heroes of the past. Had he lived in more constitutional times, he would have feared his God, farmed his acres, loved his wife—for this stern enthusiast was an affectionate man—educated his children, and solemnly and quietly been gathered to his fathers. Yet he was not a mere creature of circumstances; he was no fortunate fool,

elevated and sustained by accident ; no glittering idiot. His mind had this characteristic of greatness—it was able to enlarge its horizon until it embraced the nation and the times. He struck tremendous blows upon the weakness of his enemies.

A brewer's son, he placed his hand upon the sacred crown of the Plantagenets. He sent one king of England to the scaffold, and drove another from his kingdom. Without any show of hereditary right, he grasped the prostrate sceptre, and holding it firmly and upright, he ruled with an authority which royalty, in its most vigorous days, had rarely assumed. He gave the English name an importance which it had never possessed before, and surrounded the English arms with a glory unparalleled since the days of Crecy and Agincourt. The successor of Charles, he ventured upon the same course which cost that unfortunate prince his life. Professing to rule with moderation, he organized a military despotism. A member of the Long Parliament, he turned his own House of Commons out of doors with very short notice. Avowing principles of toleration, he persecuted those who dissented from his own belief. Disclaiming all thoughts of ambition, he endeavored to place his own family on the British throne. Calling on God to witness the justice of his deeds, he committed acts of extreme cruelty.

Few men have had such insight and such will. Those times demanded both. This man's will was stronger than the strongest power in the State: it mastered a weak and dissolute court; it governed a feeble-kneed Parliament; it ruled a distracted people. Had Cromwell lived ten years longer, it is probable that the face of all future history would have been changed. Ten years more, and his power would have been consolidated, and the last remnant of opposition crushed. Ten years more, and the crown would have rested firmly on his head: his son would have succeeded him without a question, and reigned without a struggle. Had he lived so long, the House of Cromwell and not the house of Brunswick, might now be seated on the English throne,—and son or daughter of Elizabeth Bourcher be reigning in the father land.

The English people of the present may thank God for Oliver Cromwell: weak and yet strong; ambitious, yet an

incorruptible patriot; inconsistent and true; a strange strong man, who did much for his own generation, and more for the generations after; whose name is engraven upon the foundation stones of England's greatness,—a name not to be forgotten until that greatness shall fall and those foundations be level with the dust.

The Protector died, and his power passed with him. His mantle did not fall upon his son. The State he had erected fell. He was its only column of support. There was no man found to take the weight upon his shoulders and bear it up. It fell and crushed the puny arms stretched out to hold it. The exiled Prince returned. High carnival was held. Royalty glittered in its palaces. Ancient customs were renewed. The former days were soon forgotten.

That was an impressive scene around the bed of the dying Protector. The end of his life had anticipated the end of his hopes. The farmer-son of a brewer of Huntingdon was breathing out his life in the palace of the English kings. Friends and kindred came near to take their last farewell. Some of his kindred had gone before him. His favorite daughter had gone to Heaven only a month ago. Around him now were the men with whom he had so often charged the ranks of his royalist foes, whom he had led at Marston Moor, who had stood by him when the day was almost lost at Dunbar. In an adjoining room were the ministers of the Gospel, whose devotions he had conducted, and whose piety he had quickened. As their prayers went up, his life was ebbing away. Could prayer have saved him, we may be sure he would have been saved.

As if conscious of the approaching event, the elements raised their voice, and a fearful storm was raging without. It was such a storm, writes some chronicler of these events, as blew on the night of Duncan's murder:—

“As they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,  
And prophesying, with accents horrible,  
Of dire combustion, and confused events,  
New hatched to the woful time:

Some say, the earth

Was feverous and did shake.”



The sound of the tempest fell on the dying man's ear as he lay in the delirium of death, and he heard the call to battle. He was on the field once more. His captains gathered around him, his solid columns closed behind him. In the distance floated the standard of St. George, and beneath its folds encamped the cavalier host. Thousands of loyal hearts had rallied round their sovereign. They had come from beyond the Thames and beyond the Tweed, from every household where one spark of loyalty yet remained. Old men girt on their armor for him, whom they remembered as a brave and gallant prince. Young men flocked to the standard of their king, eager to re-instate him in his ancient splendor. The nobles rallied around their sovereign, to support a cause which was their own. The clergy raised their voice in behalf of the Head of the Church—the guardian of their faith. Once more Cromwell gathered his little band of iron-hearted, iron-handed men : he led them to the charge, and as the thunder pealed he heard the sound of his advancing squadrons, and as the lightnings flashed he saw the fires that swept the columns of his foes.

The storm grew louder and the dying man's delirium rose higher. He saw all Europe combined against him. Her haughty sovereigns refused the hand of England's base-born king, and spurned his base-born faith. They gathered their strength. Great armies met. They poured over the Alps and from beyond the Pyrenees. They came from the sea shore and from far inland, from Rhineland, from Italy and the rugged North. Banners waved above them—broad emblazoned banners—the lilly of France and the Austrian eagle. The descendants of Charlemagne and the Cæsars had joined their forces. The father of the Church had blessed them,—by the most holy cross, over the sacred relics they had sworn to restore the house of Stewart. Cromwell was at the head of his brave Ironsides,—and he the bravest Ironside of them all. He struggled in wild delirium. He saw the banners go down, and knightly plumes bend low in the dust. Then the shout of victory fell upon his ear, swelling up from the valleys,—echoing from the mountain tops.



Cromwell had triumphed over his enemies, far and near. He sat upon a throne,—it was the great throne of England;—Protector no longer,—monarch now,—of the greatest nation under the stars. His word was law over all the land. His children were princes, and his wife was a queen. A crown was on his head and a nation at his feet.

Look! what agony! The attendants thought that the end had come. But it was not yet. A terrible shape had arisen at the foot of the throne,—a cold, stern, terrible face,—the same proud face which had confronted the High Court of Justice,—the same fearless face which had confronted the populace from the scaffold. It was the murdered King of England, wrapped in his grave clothes. There was no voice nor motion,—only that dead king standing there.

Cromwell was alone,—crown, throne, empire had vanished, and the great darkness was gathering around. The storm had ceased, and the delirium had passed away. As his friends bent over him, they heard the low voice of his dying prayers,—strange prayers for a dying man they were.

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon he died,—speechless since morning.

“They trusted his soul had gotten grace.”

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## THE MAN OF ONE BOOK.

There seems to be, at the present day, a prevailing desire to write books. The hope of obtaining gain or winning a little paltry fame, tempts many an one, who is not at all fitted for the task, to place his name before the world as an author. The whole country is teeming with works upon all kinds of subjects, but owing to the cursory and unsystematic manner in which those subjects are often treated, the tone of our literature is lowered rather than elevated, and our intellectual power, as a people, weakened rather than strengthened. Not a week passes but there appears a “list of new publications” to attract the attention and arouse the curiosity of the public. Nor is it difficult. While the desire to write is so universal, the desire to read is no less so.

Among the unlearned as well as the learned there are great readers, eager to devour everything in the shape of a book, with which they chance to meet. Not a new publication is announced, but they must read it. Just as though the advantages to be gained by reading consisted in the amount of matter gone over, not in its quality and in the manner of going over it. They disregard the advice of Pliny and Seneca, "that we should read much, but not many books." They discard all intercourse with the standard authors of the past, whose works have stood the test of ages, and devoting their attention exclusively to all the book-novelties of the present day, acquire a sort of "learned ignorance." By pursuing such a course, they lose the great benefits arising from reading, namely, knowledge, mental improvement, refinement of taste, and correctness of style. They fail in the acquisition of knowledge from want of attention. The mind is hurried on from beginning to end through a work without time to collect, digest, or arrange the thoughts of its author. It matters not how valuable or how beautiful his ideas, the mind that stops not to look for these pearls of thought will fail to discover them. The knowledge, if indeed there be any, acquired from such reading is of no real value. It consists only in detached and indistinct ideas, heaped together in the mind without system or order, and should they ever be required for future use, their possessor will find himself at a loss how to arrange them in a tangible shape.

Nor is the mental strength gained by those who attempt to read so much without digesting it, near so great as that attained by others who have read much less, but have accompanied it with careful study. While the mental powers of the one class are sharpened and expanded so that they can grasp the most intricate thoughts, those of the other remain dull and contracted, scarce able to comprehend the most common subjects. This difference is not merely imaginary. We see it verified every day in our intercourse with men. When we see one student surpassing another in his ability to understand a lesson or debate a question, we find it is more frequently to be attributed to habits of study and

reading than to any superior natural ability. There is still another evil springing from this attempt at reading too much, and that is, a failure to obtain a good style and correct literary taste; two essential qualifications for a man of letters. But, can such a style and such a taste be formed from the mere perusal of books whose authors exhibit a knowledge of neither? Evidently not. They can be acquired only by a long and intimate acquaintance with the writings of men who possessed these qualities in an eminent degree. Few writings, if any, of the present day, can compare, in this respect, with those of Homer, Cicero, Tacitus, and Livy among the ancients, or with Addison, Milton, Barrow, and Marot among the moderns.

This subject of taste and style is one of the highest importance, and one which, in endeavoring to read a great multitude of authors, we are most likely to overlook and suffer to become corrupt, or to lie entirely dormant; both of which, every one who makes any pretensions to literary distinction, should avoid. To form an intimacy with some great author among the many with whom we must necessarily become acquainted, is one of the best ways to form and preserve a correct taste and elegant style. When once we have become accustomed to the author whom we have thus chosen to be our favorite, we may possibly resemble him. The man who makes no such choice, is in danger of acquiring knowledge at the expense of taste, which "embalms the knowledge that cannot otherwise preserve itself."

"Be cautious of the man of one book," is an old proverb, yet one full of meaning. He who has formed a close intimacy with some standard writer, will always prove a formidable antagonist. Meet him on whatever ground you may, he is ever prepared. He has saturated his mind with the excellencies of his model; by his faculties has he shaped his own until he is "like a man who even sleeps in armor, ready at every moment." Would you see the effect which this predilection for some favorite author has upon the mind, you have only to look at the great men, and especially the great writers whose names have graced the pages of history. They have fully tested the benefits of such a course, and

left their testimony to the world that others may profit by their example. When the learned Arwauld was asked the best means of forming a good style, he advised the reading of Cicero ; but on being told that a French, not a Latin style was desired, he replied, "in that case you must still read Cicero." Nor is this the only instance in which men, eminent for their literary talents and attainments, have taken the writings of Cicero as their models in style. Both Sir William Jones and Bourdaloue, we are told, made it a fixed rule to read through Cicero's works once each year. Montesquieu was a profound student of Tacitus ; Fenelon, of Homer. "Were I obliged to sell my library," said Diderot, "I would keep back Moses, Homer and Richardson." Grotius, it is said, admired Lucan so much, that he always carried a volume of his works in his pocket, and was often seen to kiss it with the rapture of a true votary. The philosopher Leibnitz, amid all his various reading chose Virgil as his especial favorite ; and so often had he read it, that, even in his old age, he could repeat whole books from memory. Such instances as these are sufficient to show the importance which men of the highest literary and intellectual abilities have attached to the practice of choosing, as a model, some standard author, whose style and taste may serve as a pattern for our own. Well do such examples show the happy results to him who, amid the great diversity of authors he may read, still continues, by his choice of some excellent model, to be a man of one book.

## MEMORABILIA KENYONENSIA.

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

Class-day with its ivy-planting and pseudo-solemnity, had scarcely been numbered among by-gone memories, ere preparations began for Commencement, the great gala day of College life. From this period do Seniors date their *debut* upon the real, living stage of action; the perfection of theory, the initiation of reality; the accomplishment of discipline, the advent of practicality; visionary, no doubt, are their hopes, but such is the day dream of many a college graduate. And Juniors, too, weary of dead languages and mathematical formulæ, look forward to Commencement as the accomplishment of their hopes; the closing scene in their wanderings among the musty tomes of a forgotten literature; the rising of the curtain upon a new act, in which flit before their eyes visions of delicious bouquets upon Anglo-Saxon sentences and appreciable arguments. Do they dream, too? Sophomores and Freshmen await, with feverish impatience, a vacancy in the next superior grade—a vacancy which they fondly hope to fill with a dignity and *eclat* which will cast into the shade the efforts of preceding generations. And what shall we say of the Subs? Milnor is, to them, as a suit of threadbare and transparent broadcloth to a village pastor, when his congregation have ordered a new outfit, and he awaits, “a king of shreds and patches,” its long-delayed arrival. With ever increasing disdain and aversion do they regard the time-bedimmed and time-honored walls of this cradle of learning, and Commencement day to them is the date of exodus from the object of their ill-deserved anathemas. To Gambier—not the seat of Kenyon College—but Gambier the country village, this period is the aggregation into one grand festival, of market day, Fourth of July, and Christmas. Old lumber rooms are emptied of their accumulated contents; misanthropic and decrepid fences wash their faces and smile in the morning sun. The products of the farm and dairy, under the guidance of blooming rustic maidens, find their way into the mystic precincts of our housewives’ domain. And when all these preparations are completed, when the carpets are dusted, the china vases filled with fragrant nature, and the door knob made

to reflect the joy which prospectively beams in the eye of mine host; then Gambier lays aside her working garb, and sits in state to receive and entertain.

As preliminary to the anticipated festival, come the ordeals—to Subs and Freshmen so appalling; to Sophs, so provoking; to Juniors, how amusing—which are to determine whether hard study has been the programme of the past, and shall be the business of the future; in other words, the

#### EXAMINATIONS.

Kind reader, did you ever seek, in company with a sympathizing friend, the aid of a kind-hearted and benevolent dentist? (Is there a paradox in this last expression?) If so, you will, perhaps, remember your own dread of the operation and the suffering, mental and physical, real and imaginary, you were compelled to undergo during its performance. You will recall the sympathetic pain you read in the countenance of the operator, and the fear that you would not be able to survive his manipulations; and lastly, you have not forgotten the exceedingly “bored” expression depicted on the face of the “sympathizing friend.” Not much unlike this, were the Examinations of 1860. The patients with fear and trembling presented themselves, martyr-like, to undergo the operation of extracting from their aching heads the decaying roots of Greek verbs, quadratic equations, and transcendental functions. The operators with an air of painful but stern necessity hurried through their unpleasant tasks, and gave vent to a sigh of relief when the college bell sounded the hour for dismissal. And the “friends” who sat by looked the embodiment of misery, impotent despair, and—sornolency. Great credit, it is said, was due to the brilliancy, scholarship, and readiness of the various classes examined. Many strangers were in attendance, and listened with interest to the exercises; but truth will not permit us to conceal the fact, that o’er the brows of some of our resident visitors,

“——— death counterfeiting sleep,  
With leaden legs, and batty-wings did creep;”

while others seemed more deeply interested in examining the pages of an illustrated book, than in listening to the illustrations of those examined. The oral exercises were conducted in the new recitation room of Prof. WHARTON, and the mathematical emporium presided over by Prof. LANG. The chief advantage of

this arrangement seems to be the exclusion of theological students and other idle spectators, who, in days gone by, were wont to attend Examinations and look wise, but now find no room for such exhibitions of sagacity and public spirit.

On Sunday, began the first regular exercises of Commencement week.

#### THE ORDINATION SERMON,

was preached by Bishop McILVAINE, from Acts ix: 6—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Seldom have we listened to a more earnest, forcible and practical address. With the impressive admonitions and paternal advice and warning of our revered Bishop ringing in his ears, inciting him to action and assuring him of success, the candidate can but go forth an earnest and hopeful laborer.

#### THE BACCALAUREATE,

was delivered in the evening by Rev. KINGSTON GODDARD, of Cincinnati. Text—"Be strong and quit yourselves like men." 1 Sam. iv: 9. "Christian Manliness," was the subject of the discourse. The speaker, with a cogency of argument and power of illustration not often surpassed, presented the claims of Christianity as the foundation of real character. Christianity not only furnishes the only hope of the believer, but constitutes the one only secure basis for the formation of true manliness. How necessary then to him who proposes to be a man, to bid adieu to discipline and enter upon the actualities of life, are a knowledge of the truths and an obedience to the precepts of the Bible. In the formation of right principles, in daily intercourse with fellows, in habits of thought, in all the events of life, and upon the bed of death, the Bible and Biblical Christianity have proved themselves the only safe guides, their doctrines the only reliable monitors. The appropriateness of the theme, the clearness of the analysis and argument, the beauty of ornament and grace of delivery, all rendered this an interesting and attractive sermon to the large audience in attendance; while to the graduating class it can but form food for profitable reflection, and strength to encounter life beyond the walls of college.

Upon Monday and Tuesday, while the examinations were being concluded, strangers poured in from every quarter. Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati sent their delegations; Granville and Mt. Vernon were largely represented. The rural districts evinced an interest in the cause of education (?) by crowding our



streets with farm wagons laden with blooming country lasses, exuberant plow boys, gifted with a holiday, and staid matron, who yearly review their youth by a visit to our classic shades. The Worthington Grammar School was present in full force, eager to obtain a first view of their maternal, and compare themselves with the denizens of Milnor Hall. Where, O where, did we often ask ourselves, are all our guests to find accommodations? Gambier is usually full to overflowing, and the accession of several hundred weary and hungry bipeds surely demands a miracle for their entertainment. Our fears are groundless. Our hospitable mansions, like a city omnibus, have ever "room for one more."

Wednesday morning was devoted to the Society Alumni Reunions. A large number were in attendance, and testified with voice, hands and feet, to their enjoyment of a social meeting with their brethren. Ascension Hall resounded with acclamations and spirited addresses, elicited, probably, by a first view of our chaste and elegant halls. At 2 P. M., the College Alumni assembled to listen to an address from Rev. PETER S. RUTH. "Our Alma Mater," formed the subject of his discourse—certainly an interesting one to those who, like the speaker, were personally acquainted with many of the incidents narrated, the struggles of our early history, and the success which crowned the efforts of our good Bishop; of interest, too, to us as representatives of the present generation, enjoying the actual, and looking forward with pride to anticipated prosperity of Kenyon. Mr. RUTH gave a brief epitome of the history of the College, an analysis of the elements of her present success and stability, and augured her continued prosperity so long as like principles shall govern her officers and supporters.

In the evening, we listened to an Address before the Nu Pi Kappi Society, by Hon. A. W. LOOMIS, of Pittsburgh.

The *Future of America*, was the orator's theme. In order to deduce well-grounded hopes for the future, he sketched the past history of our country; dwelt upon the fate of early republics; exhibited the causes of their decay, and displayed the points of difference between them and our own government. The want of a sound and unshackled public opinion, the absence of practical morality and a religion of the heart; these were the causes of the downfall of ancient republicanism. In the American institutions these are present and potent. Conservatism, love of justice and of virtue, purity and integrity, characterized our ancestors, and of these qualities our present prosperity as a nation is the direct



and inevitable result. The wisdom and sagacity of the framers of our National Constitution have insured to their posterity peace and plenty, and from the feeling of security engendered by confidence in the far-seeing policy of the statesmen of the revolutionary period, and in the stability of their efforts, have resulted national industry and enterprise, popular enlightenment and refinement. The strength of that bond of union established in the Constitution, is abundantly evidenced in the daily workings of our government—sedition, when it appears, is promptly suppressed, stifled by the unanimous disapproval and condemnation of conservatism. Our chief executive officer takes his seat with the approving voice of a majority, the peaceable acquiescence of a minority of his countrymen; and thus a change, which across the Atlantic must be the work of a revolution, is effected by the legitimate workings of a constitutional provision. Interests the most diverse and naturally antagonistic, are amicably compromised so as to insure the greatest good to the greatest number." These are sufficient guarantees for the future stability of American institutions, so long as this spirit of conservatism to law and order is the prevailing and actuating principle. Upon the young men of America depends the cultivation of this spirit. At the bar, in the pulpit, in the daily walks of life, it should be their aim to encourage and foster reverence for the constitution, obedience to established law, and determination to strengthen the union.

Mr. LOOMIS's was the oration of an earnest and thoughtful man, the legacy of a sage to future citizens and statesmen, rather than of a scholar to his pupils. A clear insight into the workings of government, deep study of the radical principles upon which these workings are based, and earnest solicitude in regard to our future, were evinced in his effort; and we felt that he spoke, not because he had an oration to deliver but that he had a truth, an important truth to inculcate.

Upon Commencement morn the sun rose—a very common occurrence in Gambier, and not, perhaps, an event demanding special notice here, except that, as we were going on to say, a larger number than usual left the embrace of the drowsy god in time to see him rise. At a very early hour began active preparations for the business of the day. At 8 o'clock the procession was formed in front of the old College, and preceded by the Millersburgh band marched to the Chapel; and quite an imposing procession it was, too. The presence of our revered Bishop and his worthy

assistant, together with a large body of the clergy and alumni, investing it with an unusual dignity and stateliness. The robes of the Episcopal and clerical offices, and the academic gowns of the Faculty, contrasted strangely with the decidedly Western costume of a large assembly of rustic bystanders, who played the part, in our minds at least, of guests from the provinces at the games of a Roman Emperor. Very sorry are we that neither time nor space are allotted us to speak in detail of all the phenomena of the day. The following is the

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

### SEQUIMUR NEC INFERIORES.

#### MUSIC. - - PRAYER. - - MUSIC.

LATIN SALUTATORY,.....	J. L. DAYMUDE, Amity, O.
Development of the Ideal,.....	G. S. BENEDICT, Cleveland, O.
Influence of Mystery,.....	A. N. WHITING, Columbus, O.
Literary Growth of America,.....	C. M. STURGES, Mansfield, O.

#### MUSIC.

GREEK ORATION—Harmodios kai aristogeton,.....	H. W. CHIPMAN, Detroit, Mich.
Deficiencies of Human Knowledge,.....	J. A. HARPER, Pittsburgh.
The Humble Great Man,.....	SPENCER FRANKLIN, Circleville, O.
Eloquence of Desolation,.....	J. W. COOK, Winterset, Iowa.

#### MUSIC.

PHILOSOPHICAL ORATION—Errors of Philosophy,.....	H. M. HERVEY, Martinsburgh, O.
The Power of Influence,.....	R. MCNEILLY, St. Louis, Mo.
Foundation of our Government,.....	SAM'L GRIFFIN, Salem, Va.
Veracity of History,.....	J. W. TRIMBLE, N. Y. City.

#### MUSIC.

Last of the Templars,.....	MATTHEW TRIMBLE, Gambier, O.
Eloquence of Christianity,.....	Z. F. WILBUR, Cincinnati, O.
Ultraism and the Remedy,.....	J. L. DAYMUDE, Amity, O.
Trials of the Self-Educating,.....	J. NORRIS, Birds Run, O.

#### MUSIC.

Conflict of Will,.....	H. W. CHIPMAN, Detroit, Mich.
VALEDICTORY ORATION—Lowliness of Scholarship,.....	JOS. PACKARD, Jr., Alexandria, Va.

#### MUSIC.

### DEGREES CONFERRED.

#### Intermission of One Hour.

#### MUSIC.

Address before Philomathesian Society,---Professor JOSEPH HAVEN, D. D.

MUSIC. - - BENEDICTION. - - - MUSIC.

The exercises of the graduating class passed off much as usual. We are precluded from any lengthy comments upon them. Some suggestions, however, presented themselves to our mind, after listening to the orations of the day.

It is a prevailing opinion among students, that Commencement orations are never listened to save by the personal friends of the respective speakers. That this is a groundless opinion, we shall have occasion to remark hereafter. But unfounded as it is, the fact remains, that speakers anticipate no attention on the part of their auditors. As a natural and inevitable result, a carelessness in the choice of subjects and treatment, hasty and imperfect use of language, want of grace in delivery, are induced. The first thought of many a student when entering upon the composition of a Commencement oration, is, "this is a mere matter of form. I am expected to rise upon the stage in a suit of broadcloth, talk so many minutes to an audience of careless, inattentive, and perhaps noisy people, who have assembled to see and be seen, not to hear, and to subside into a seat, and—oblivion, so far as my address is concerned." Is this picture overdrawn or suggested? All perhaps do not so feel, but such is generally the case. So generally is this true, that it has always been remarked by college students that we have better orations at our weekly rhetorical exercises, than upon Commencement day. This is not as it should be. The cause may be sought in a radically erroneous belief on the part of graduating classes. In the first place, by far the larger portion of the assembly *do* listen attentively to the exercises, and to all of them. When they fail to do so in any single instance, we are convinced that it is the fault of the student. There is such a thing as compelling attention from any audience, and no brilliant tissue of rhetoric is required to do it. A really earnest and honest endeavor to interest and please, will insure an attentive and gratified audience. All addresses will not receive an equal meed of praise. All are not *equally* orators, but every man is an orator when he is in earnest, and apprises his auditors of the fact. If students, then, will but disabuse their minds of this belief in the carelessness of those who listen, select subjects of general interest, and not entirely threadbare from the harsh usage of previous generations, handle them without gloves, as though they were in earnest and meant something, and will bring to the task even as much care and elegance, and grace of delivery as characterize their undergraduate productions, we confidently believe they will never have to complain of inattention,

and our Commencement exercises will become a literary treat, not a mere matter of form. There would be no impropriety nor charlatanry in giving to the addresses, upon the programme, such titles as would be at once attractive, and create an interest before their delivery. Many persons are predisposed to inattention, by reading in the "Order of Exercises" subjects upon which they have heard students declaim year after year, in one unvarying monotonous strain. Is it strange that their efforts do not always elicit universal commendation?

In the exercises of the class of '60 there was a marked improvement, a manifest advance in the right direction. We saw, or thought we saw, evidence of a desire to interest and please—an unusual care in the composition—a step towards innovation—a breaking away, in a measure, from the beaten path so long trodden by Commencement orators. As a result, the audience was attentive throughout the proceedings, and went away better pleased, bearing with them a deeper and more lasting impression of the power of the speakers. There is no good reason why farther improvement may not be made, so that friends may not go away disappointed, and all may congregate about Kenyon, confident that they will be gratified and instructed, not *bored* by the exercises.

The degree of A. B., in course, was conferred upon the following gentlemen:—G. S. Benedict, H. W. Chipman, J. W. Cook, J. L. Daymude, Spencer Franklin, Samuel Griffin, J. A. Harper, H. M. Hervey, John Norris, Jos. Packard, Jr., C. M. Sturges, J. W. Trimble, M. Trimble, A. N. Whiting, and Z. F. Wilbur.

The degree of A. M., in course, was conferred upon T. P. Harrison, M. D., La.; Rev. R. G. Holland, England; Rev. Jno. Leithead, Pa.; Rev. Wm. Fulton, Ill.; J. E. Homans, N. Y.; and T. B. Brook, Md.

The honorary degree of D. D. was conferred upon Rt. Rev. Alex. Gregg, Bishop of the Diocese of Texas; Rev. Wm. Preston, of St. Andrews Church, Pittsburgh; and Rev. Kingston Goddard, of Christ's Church, Cincinnati.

Our worthy President then concluded the exercises of the morning with a neat and appropriate address, in which he congratulated the friends of the Institution upon her present prosperity and bright hopes for the future; stated that our next Commencement would be the thirty-third anniversary of the College, the twenty-fifth of the Theological Seminary—when he hoped to see an increased gathering of the friends of education and of

Kenyon, the clergy and alumni, that we may have a celebration worthy the occasion.

After an intermission of sufficient length to allow the audience to recover from the fatigue of the morning, Prof. JOS. HAVEN, of Chicago, delivered an Address before the Philomathesian Society. Subject—"The Ideal and the Actual."

Any report we can give of this scholarly and elegant address, must be a mere catalogue of beauties. Prof. HAVEN first defined the two worlds—the actual and the ideal. In the one lives the matter-of-fact man—in the other moves the man of theory, intent, not upon what is or was, but what *may* be. All men are more or less poets. In the most matter-of-fact mind there is a spice of ideality. Man's vacant moods are poetical—never is he a more thoughtful being than when he seems not to think at all. Ideality exists in early childhood, not recognized nor realized, but existent. There is a tendency in America, a tendency to which the circumstances of our birth and the character of our national progenitors have largely contributed, to ignore the ideal and condemn every thing not entirely and obviously actual, as useless and unprofitable. The truth is, that both are equally useful. Both contribute to comfort and enjoyment; the one to intellectual, the other to physical wants. Again, both are equally *real*—or, if any difference exists, the ideal is the more truthful. The ideal is ever what it professes to be, no more, no less. The actual is often deceptive. The rain drop is no more real than the bow. Thought is as real as granite. Fact is not always to be believed—ideal creations are always recognized as true. No history is half so true as real poetic inspiration. The subject divides itself into, 1st. Relation of the ideal to our knowledge of the actual. All knowledge is based upon ideality. All knowledge is *notion*—notion, formed from data furnished, it is true, by the senses, but a mere *idea*. All the conclusions of science are conceptions—then hypotheses, which, when verified by repeated experiments, are called facts. Without the ideal we had never arrived at these facts, and science were a mere catalogue of experiments, proving nothing beyond their own narrow and insignificant limits. 2d. Relation of the ideal to our enjoyment of the actual. Divest the actual of its ideal clothing and surroundings, and this were indeed a barren world. This it is which invests and with life and interest, dignity and grandeur, the scenes of history, clothes with beauty the mouldering head-stones of an ancient world, and the moss-grown mausoleums of by-gone great-

ness, and fills with thought and poetry the realms of actual existence. The Fine Arts owe all their culture, all their appreciation to ideality. The perfection of poetry is the predominance of this principle. Shall we, then, pronounce it useless? 3d. Relation of the ideal to self-culture. To the ideal world belong our conceptions of all that is higher and better, our hopes, aims, and aspirations. The ultima thule of the painter's, poet's, orator's hopes, is an idea, and upon the height of this idea depends his success. Man never reaches, never realizes it, but will never attain to anything if his ideal excellence is not elevated, and pure, and noble. All the remorse of declining years arises from never having attained to our innate conceptions of a possible excellence. The world has seen one, and but one, perfect realization of our ideal conception—Christ—the only embodiment of perfect manhood.

It is cruel injustice to the speaker thus to give a skeleton of his address; the barren trunk and naked limbs which he clothed with waving foliage, invested with life and beauty, and lighted up with the play of imagination and fancy; to shake from it the sparkling dew-drops which glistened among the leaves, and thus bereft of beauty and ideality, a bare matter-of-fact reality, present it to the reader—a coliseum without its history, an Alp without its sunset. Yet this is all that we can do.

Prof. HAVEN's style and diction were eminently pleasing and attractive; his delivery chaste, without effort, yet effective, free from declamation, beautiful and appropriate. Seldom have we listened to an address which could so long compel undivided attention, and fill our minds with so many and so profitable suggestions.

When the sun rose on Friday morning, Gambier was a quiet country village, "a little the worse for wear," perhaps, but looking as though she never dreamed of bustle and crowds, ceremony and flaming oratory. Students went home to loving friends, visitors had mysteriously disappeared, and the good people who are so unfortunate as to reside in Gambier, settled themselves down for a vacation of ten weeks. It is hoped that they all enjoyed it.

## Editors' Table.

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KIND READER:—When first we entered college and found our names enrolled as Freshmen, little did we think that we would ever be called to fill the Editorial chair. Though our ambition was such as to prompt us to strive for something high, yet it never reached so far as that. Notwithstanding all this, however, we always had a desire to get a sight at the said chair, and examine it for ourselves. Many were the notions which we, in our youthful fancy, formed concerning its appearance. Had it arms and cushions? Was it easy and comfortable, so that one could sit in it without becoming wearied? These, and many other kindred thoughts about that noted chair often crossed our minds. Nor was the much talked of Editorial sanctum free from the action of our speculative fancy. Frequently did we wonder what kind of a place it was. Was it a neat, pleasant room, all nicely furnished, with everything that could render it comfortable and convenient? Was it situated in some secluded place, far removed from all disturbing noises, and did stragglers never cross its threshold to vex and weary the patience of its occupants? Such were some of our musings concerning this curious room and its furniture. But, so humble was the opinion we had formed of our own abilities, that we entertained not even the most distant thought of ever being so fortunate as to occupy it. Time, however, works mighty changes. In his ceaseless march he has brought us, who little dreamed of such a thing, to take the place of those, who, during the past year, so ably and honorably filled the Editorial chair and occupied the Editorial sanctum. But all our images of the quiet seclusion and tasteful elegance of the one, or the ease and comfort of the other, have now vanished from our minds, and are numbered with the things that were. All the enchantment and mystery which distance lent to the view have passed away. Not half so much luxury and ease, elegance and quiet have we found as we had imagined might cluster round that chair or dwell within that sanctum. With this brief introduction, we commend our literary effusions to your candid attention, hoping to be able to furnish you with something both interesting and instructive, and, hoping too, that while you lay upon us the rod of criticism, you will not forget the oil of forbearance.

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It is our intention to devote more space than has hitherto been devoted to the Editors' Table, to give greater prominence to matters of local interest. To do this, we shall require liberal aid from our fellow students, and from those of our college Alumni, who may have the time and inclination to send us an occasional communication. If they will but contribute enough mat-



ter to fill up the rest of the Magazine, we will be enabled to devote our time and attention to the local department, and to chronicle more faithfully and minutely than we otherwise could the various incidents of college life. To impose upon the Editors the task of writing all, or nearly all, the essays and miscellaneous pieces, in addition to the editorials, in short, to make us bear the whole burden of conducting and sustaining the Collegian is decidedly unfair, and far more than we can, amid the routine of collegiate duties, do and do well. Besides, if the students of all classes, from the Freshman up to the Senior, do not write for the Collegian, it fails to accomplish two of its principal objects: first, to stimulate the students to literary effort; and, second, to furnish its readers abroad with a correct index to the literary attainments of the students.

We trust that our friends and patrons will all see the reasonableness of our appeal, and that they will give us a prompt and generous response. Anonymous contributions will be as acceptable as any other. All communications must be received by the fifteenth of the month preceding publication, to secure insertion.

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All our readers must be aware of the pecuniary embarrassment under which the Collegian has labored ever since its projection. Attention has been repeatedly called to this matter by each succeeding corps of editors, but without avail. Believing this embarrassment to be the result of the credit system, we have, as will be seen from our prospectus, determined to adopt the cash system, to require the subscription money in advance. We have, as we expected, found some difficulty in enforcing these terms; but we hope, ere our second issue, to have the Collegian firmly established upon this basis.

We send the present number to many old students, and to many prominent friends of Kenyon, who have not yet subscribed for this volume, with the trust that, approving the objects of the Magazine and seeing the reasonableness and positive necessity of our terms, they will promptly remit the subscription price to the Publishing Committee, Messrs. Clark & Gamble, otherwise they need not expect the November number. We must either conduct the Magazine entirely upon the cash system, or abandon its publication. Should we be reduced to the latter alternative, it will be owing to no lack of effort on our part, but to the apathy and neglect of those who should be our zealous co-operators. To those old subscribers who are still in arrears, we enclose bills to the amount of their indebtedness. If they wish to receive the Magazine for the coming year, they will please remit, in addition to their dues, the annual subscription price. Should any of them think, as many have already complained, that there is some mistake as to the amount charged against them, they will please notify us, and we will endeavor to make a satisfactory arrangement.

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"LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES" cannot well be applied in cases where the recollection of the past fills our minds with pleasure, and the subject of our memory has left a void which time cannot fill. In entering upon our new duties full of hopes and pleasing anticipations, we cannot refrain from turning our eyes to those well-known faces of the editors of the class of '60. They have rested from their arduous duties and entered upon the broader arena of the world's amphitheater. While we wish them success in their



respective vocations, we would remind them that they have left many friends in the lower classes who will ever remember them, not only in the capacity of editors, but as their companions and the guardians of their interests. By their connection with the Kenyon Collegian they were brought more conspicuously to our notice than any other members of the class. Many a time they administered gentle admonitions to the wayward Kenyonians, and many a time they cheered us in our undertakings and rejoiced with us in our success. On this account they had come into more immediate contact with us, both socially and in business. All must admit that their intercourse with them was uniformly agreeable, (except, however, in cases where "dunning" was introduced,) and they would fain have it continued. But new duties call them to other spheres of life. We had no idea how much we would miss them, until, with hats in their hands, they arose from the editorial chair and offered to shake hands, to bid farewell. Our readers no doubt have seen visitors who seemed at a loss to find a closing sentence by which to facilitate their exit from the presence of the host; but in this case it was not they, but we, who were puzzled as to what we should do to detain them among us. We could wish it were raining pitchforks, or anything you please, to keep them at the "old round table," entertaining the care-worn and eye-sunken students. But why vainly wish?—and such a ridiculous wish too, when we remember that a little longer sojourn will bring a still more painful parting.

For ourselves, we think a tribute from the appreciable readers to these editors will be exceedingly appropriate. It may be only a mite of our esteem and regard, but it will betoken the presence of gratitude and affection. To them are we indebted for the existence of the Kenyon Collegian as it is this day. It was a mere foundling when it was first entrusted to their care. Regardless of their own time and interest, they adopted it as their own child, and brought it up into a blooming and healthy-looking youth. Do not understand us to mean that the editors before them were remiss in their duties. Far from our thoughts is this unjust idea; but we mean that the Magazine was under adverse circumstances, owing to the manner in which it was conducted, and also to the delinquencies of the subscribers. The editors of the class of '60 only saved it from its critical position. All our readers must be aware of the high standard of the Magazine during the past year. It was full of readable matter, and this fact was fully evinced by the anxiousness with which the students looked for its monthly arrival, and the avidity with which it was perused from the beginning to the end. It was full of interesting matter; embodied a full account of incidents that transpired on the "Hill;" descriptive of the rising and setting of the sun of the college world; in short, it aspired more to the tone of a true college organ. Its monthly articles not only assured us that we obtained the worth of our money, but also insured to us an increasing interest and love for our Alma Mater. To say that the editors were men of ability and judgment, capable of conducting the Collegian, and that with their talents they united their industry and zeal, would be but to echo the opinion of the Kenyonians, which were expressed on the appearance of their first number in October last, and to reiterate what are household words to most of us. We mean no flattery, for certainly no self interest can influence us to act the part of a sycophant. Should this come within the focus of their editorial eyes, we hope they will take our word of appreciation as spoken in earnest, and justly their due.

The accusation of flattery cannot prevent us from speaking a truth so palpable. The memory of the editors of the class of 'Sixty will long live in Kenyon hearts. We wish you success; we are assured our Alma Mater will never blush to claim you her beloved children. Ever remember that in Kenyon there are warm hearts to receive you, friendly faces to greet you, and open arms to welcome you.

WE most cordially welcome back to Kenyon Mr. GEORGE T. CHAPMAN, who has but lately returned from Europe, to assume the duties and responsibilities of the newly created professorship of Latin. Prof. CHAPMAN is a graduate of this college, and has always been one of her most loyal sons. For three years previous to his departure for Europe he was tutor in Latin. During our Freshman year we received instruction from him in this branch of the classics, and we now entertain very pleasant recollections of our profitable and agreeable intercourse with him in the class room. We doubt not that the same energy and thoroughness which characterized his teaching then will mark his career in the new and higher position to which he has been called.

The creation of this new professorship has put an end to the system of instruction by tutors in the classics. Prof. TRIMBLE, who has heretofore had charge of both Greek and Latin, now devotes his whole attention to Greek, and he and Prof. CHAPMAN hear recitations from the Freshmen, as well as from the Sophomores and Juniors, so that tutors are no more needed. We regard this arrangement as one which will greatly promote the thoroughness of classical scholarship in our college. The tutors who have been employed here—and we believe it is the same with most American Colleges—have generally been young graduates, possessed of competent knowledge, no doubt, but having little or no experience in teaching, and many of them not naturally adapted to this vocation. We believe that the change just made will impart new vigor and give greater reputation to our already flourishing Institution.

SOCIETY ELECTIONS.—At the last regular meetings of the Literary Societies for the closing term of the last academic year, the following officers were chosen to serve during the present term:

#### PHILOMATHESIAN SOCIETY.

*President*, WM. W. LATHROP.

*Vice-President*, BEZALEEL WELLS.

*Secretary*, H. L. BADGER.

*Treasurer*, JOHN A. DOORIS.

*Librarian*, J. MORTON DILLON.

*Vice-Librarian*, O. H. FRYER.

*Historian*, GEORGE GAMBLE.

*Critics*, THOMAS BROWN, A. B. PAYNE, E. OWEN SIMPSON.

#### NU PI KAPPA SOCIETY.

*President*, MURRAY DAVIS.

*Vice-President*, N. Y. KENNY.

*Secretary*, JOHN CROWELL, JR.

*Ass't Secretary*, JOHN W. WHEELER.

*Treas.*, WM. M. POSTLETHWAITE.

*Librarian*, WM. E. WRIGHT.

*First Critic*, E. W. TARLTON.

*Second Critic*, S. M. D. CLARK.

THIS year opens more auspiciously than any other within the history of Kenyon. The entering class has nearly sixty names enrolled upon its lists, and there are quite a number of new students who have taken an advanced standing, three having been admitted as Seniors. Such accessions to the higher classes are especially significant of the rising popularity of our beloved Alma Mater. There are now upon our college roll one hundred and thirty-eight names, an increase of at least twenty upon the number during any previous year.

All the new comers seem to be well pleased with the Institution and the place, and to be contented in their new situation. No signs of homesickness are as yet visible upon their countenances. This is, no doubt, owing to the kindness and generosity which they have experienced at the hands of the old students. Each one, upon his arrival, found any number of agreeable young men eager and ready to form his acquaintance, who seemed to be divided into two different parties, each of which strove to gain possession of his person. He was borne off in triumph by the victorious party, (hardly victorious as yet though,) and soon introduced to a host of the most clever fellows in the world. He might have noticed that these introductions were somewhat select, as his self-appointed guardians would not make him acquainted with all whom they met, but only with a certain class. The persons thus slighted, however, being, like all students, not particular as to points of etiquette, introduced themselves on a favorable opportunity. We give one instance out of many. A promising Soph, hearing one of the Freshmen called Mr. L——, immediately walked up to him, and saluted him with "How do you do Mr. L——," and forthwith made him acquainted with Mr S—— and Mr. W——. Our Freshmen friends, no doubt, were quite surprised at the warmth and cordiality with which they were greeted, and perhaps somewhat shocked, though they could not be offended, at the utter absence of all ceremony and formality. They had expected something very different: many of them had heard of "smoking out," "packing rooms," "initiations into the Skull and Bones," and other freaks incident to student life. They had consequently come with the determination to guard against all imposition, and to avoid, as much as possible, the appearance of being "green" and inexperienced. But these precautions they found altogether unnecessary. Their new fellow students, instead of watching for an opportunity to "put them through," were on the alert to render them every conceivable service. They were taken to the White House to see our worthy chief magistrate, assisted in procuring a good room and room-mate, and in buying furniture, advised as to a boarding house, etc. The different public buildings of the institution were shown them, and their attention was particularly directed to the Society halls and libraries. Soon they began to suspect, perhaps, that these acts of kindness did not result entirely from motives of a disinterested character, for hints were occasionally thrown out as to the great superiority of one of the two literary Societies. Hints soon changed to broad assertions, founded upon facts and figures, which could not lie, and sustained by the most conclusive logic. No doubt they were somewhat astonished to find that facts should so often clash, and that what were advanced as sound arguments by one side, should be reckoned as most glaring fallacies by the other. While disappointed, it may be, on discovering the real cause of all the attention shown them, it must have enlarged their

ideas of self-importance to find themselves the object of contention between two rival associations. As a consequence, some of them became rather stubborn and were not easily convinced. With these, various lines of policy were pursued. Some were invited to take long walks, so as to be out of reach of the opposite party, and during these walks the great subject would be more elaborately discussed, and the question pressed, if possible to a decision. Others were escorted to Major Reilly's or to Madam Sawyer's, and regaled with some of the various delicacies of the season. So it continued until the night of initiation.

The electioneering this year has, we believe, been conducted with more openness, good feeling and courtesy, on both sides than ever before since we have been in the institution. It has been carried on in broad daylight, and not behind the curtain. This feature is due in a great measure, doubtless, to the action of both Societies a year ago, by which the veil of secrecy was removed, and their doors thrown open to visitors. There are still, however, some objectionable features in our electioneering. Some means are resorted to, which, while not, strictly speaking, dishonorable, are not really fair, and are calculated to engender ill feeling. Such, for example, are allusions to the alleged pecuniary embarrassments of either Society, the pretended immorality or dissipation of its members, or its relations with the Faculty. Men who can be won by such pretexts, and who ignore the real issue, *i. e.* literary merit, are certainly of little value to the Society that gains them.

The result of this campaign has been a numerical victory for the Nu Pi Kappa, both Societies, as usual, claiming to have beaten the other in quality of men. The initiations took place last Wednesday evening, Sept 12th, the Nu Pi Kappa Society receiving twenty-eight, and the Philomathesian twenty-two new members. The Philos had their annual supper the same evening; that of the Nu Pi Kappa is to come off next Wednesday night, in connection with a dedication of their hall; on which occasion an address is expected from the Hon. STANLEY MATTHEWS, of Cincinnati.

The two Societies are now about equalized as to numbers. There are nearly a dozen new students who have not yet joined either, being at present on probation and not in full standing, but they are likely to be nearly evenly divided, so that the equality will not be destroyed.

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For the benefit of those who do not enjoy the privilege of seeing the Harvard Magazine, we give below the last

### HARVARD CLASS-DAY ODE.

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BY WILLIAM CHANNING GANNETT, OF BOSTON.

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There's a smile in the eye, but it lights up a tear,  
As the sun sadly glows through the mist;  
Every heart yearns to heart, for the parting is near,  
And we now, brothers, keep our last tryst.  
From the meeting of mirth to the last sacred rite  
Due to memory,—all is now o'er;  
Our last chorus has died on the echo of night,  
And the old places know us no more.

Good-by to thee, Mother, who ever art young,  
 Ever beautiful, loving, the same  
 To each new band of children who round thee have clung,  
 Or will learn to repeat thy sweet name !  
 When we first whispered "classmate" beneath thy roof-tree,  
 Each home had then yielded its boy,—  
 Now we take back the manhood presented by thee,  
 And with it a measureless joy.

For in weakness and sorrow, in struggle and doubt,  
 As the weary soul longs for its rest,  
 Then Friendship's strong voice shall recall the old shout  
 When we stood side by side to the test,—  
 The heart, all untuned, shall again catch the beat  
 That it throbbed with in days long before,  
 And the old aspiration again we shall greet  
 That together we thrilled with of yore.

With this faith in the past we will welcome the new,  
 Our eager thoughts press to the strife,—  
 Now on with your armor ! Be earnest and true !  
 Are we ready, O brothers, for life ?  
 Are we ready to strike for the right and the truth,  
 And failing, to strike yet again ?  
 Come, brothers, fill out the bright promise of youth !  
 Now help us, our God, to be men !

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PRESENTATIONS AT MILNOR HALL.—We are always glad to see a happy and affectionate feeling existing between the teacher and the taught. The former feels his toil and care duly appreciated by any token of kind regard on the part of the latter. Unpleasant incidents which may have taken place owing to the hastiness and indiscretion in one party, and a sense of encroached rights or a freak of inexperienced youthfulness, in the other, are soon obliterated by any expression of mutual friendship. But the following letters will speak for themselves without any further comment :

*Messrs. Editors :*

It is impossible to form associations without feeling their binding influence. In school life the daily visit to the recitation room or play ground, the constant intercourse between classmates and between classes and their instructors, all contribute to bind the heart to it closely and firmly ; it requires a strong effort to sunder the bond. Those who have never studied within the walls of Milnor Hall can hardly understand how numerous are the pleasant associations which surround that rather desolate-looking building ; but probably no class has ever graduated in "Old Milnor," whose pleasure at leaving was not alloyed with considerable regret. The "Sub Freshman" class of '60 formed no exception to this rule, and the costly testimonial, which its members presented to Prof. LATHROP, was a graceful expression of their regard for him and the Institution. The presentation took place in the small recitation room on the evening before Commencement. When the

class had assembled, and Prof. LATHROP, had made his appearance, a member of the class, chosen for the occasion, delivered the presentation address, and closed with the motto, which is engraved upon the gift, "*accipi hæc, quæ tibi honori sint,*" at the same time removing the cover from the stand on which stood a full silver-plated tea set. The Professor was evidently taken by surprise, and in his speech assured the class that while he would value the gift for its beauty and usefulness, he would esteem it far more as the expression of sincere good will towards himself. His thanks were embodied in a speech abounding in counsel and advice, exceedingly suitable to prospective Freshmen.

This gathering of the class was for the purpose of bidding a final and formal good-by to "the Hall," and without doubt it wrung from many hearts regrets more poignant than their possessors would desire to confess. It was a point from which the class looked backward and forward—backward to the thousand associations which gather—we know not how—in even the most barren and waste places of our lives; and forward to that somewhat indistinct vista, college life. While the class took the retrospective view through their orator, Prof. LATHROP furnished the telescope with which to look into the distant future; and although it revealed some of the sorrows and trials of college life, it prepared the class for the turbulent waves and blinding spray which they were about to buffet when they once plunged into the stream.

The occasion was an exceedingly pleasant one to all concerned, and we are sure that Prof. LATHROP, as well as the Sub-Freshman class, will always look back to it with pleasure.

Yours, truly,

BETA.

Here is another:

*Dear Editors:*

Though what I shall mention in the letter concerns more particularly the Milnor Hall students, and therefore is of little benefit to the Kenyon world, yet I think the Grammar School is the nursery of the College, and what takes place there cannot fail to interest *some* of your readers.

Bright and beautiful was June 27th fitly betokening the happy event which was soon to take place. Our pæne-sub year was completed, and we were looking forward with no little pride to the next Fall, when we should take our seats in a forward bench. Books were laid aside, committed to the care of dust and moulding dampness, and every face was beaming with the prospective pleasure of "soon being home." Previous to this date the class expressed a desire to show Mr. LEE, their tutor, a token of their respect, not only as a teacher in the recitation room, but a friend whose genial warmth and cordiality have attached him to his students. It was befitting, they thought, that such a sentiment of kind feeling should be duly expressed. A purse was accordingly made up, each one giving cheerfully, though commencement week had already reduced the size of his port-monnaie. Everything having been arranged, the presentation took place. Mr. H., on behalf of the class, made some happy remarks, and in its name asked Mr. LEE to accept this slight token of their regard with their best wishes. Mr. L. responded briefly. The teacher and the scholar parted with the happiest of feelings.

The gift comprises the following articles: Worcester's Pictorial Dictionary, Comprehensive Commentary, 6 vols., Anthon's Classical Dictionary, Chalmer's Works, 9 vols., A Water-colored Painting—"View of Gambier."

Yours, KAPPA.

We can bear testimony to Mr. LEE's pleasure in receiving these gifts, and his appreciation of the kindness of the class. He came into one of our rooms feeling too glad to stay in his quiet retreat, and announced to us the news. The books besides being a memorial of the friendship of the class, are valuable additions to his library. He told us: "It is very strange; they are the very books I wanted." Some electric spirit must have conducted his wish to the head of the pæne-sub class on the wire of instinctive faculty.

YEARS ago the spring, or as it was then called, the summer term of our academic year extended beyond the Fourth of July. Of course it was always appropriately celebrated by the students, who are proverbial for their patriotism and public spirit. Those times are not within the memory of the present students of the College, but our professors and other citizens of Gambier doubtless retain vivid recollections of the grand military parades and the flaming speeches with which they were entertained upon each annual recurrence of "our glorious natal day." So unbounded was the enthusiasm of Young America on this day, and to such lengths did it carry him, that the Faculty, thinking, very justly, that so much patriotism should not, at such a time as the Fourth, be confined within the pent up limits of so small a village as Gambier, but should be more generally diffused throughout the country, deemed it advisable to alter the calendar so as to have the term close on or before the first of July, and thus let the students give vent to their patriotic feelings at their respective homes. It is no doubt generally supposed that, since the new arrangement went into effect, the Fourth has not been duly celebrated in this little village. But the following extract from a private letter, written during vacation to one of the editors by a student, who, with a few others, remained at Gambier after Commencement, and spent his Fourth here, will entirely remove such erroneous impressions:

"How did you spend your Fourth of July? I spent mine in Gambier, and by the way let me not forget to tell you of the brilliant performance on that occasion. Just imagine yourself standing on the College green about ten o'clock in the morning. A large company are there, assembled for the momentous occasion. At the tap of the College bell they fall into line as follows: The fearless and chivalric Gen. George Taylor in brilliant uniform heads the military, and enlivens them by his unequalled solos upon a musical instrument of expensive material and costly finish, much resembling a tin horn; next comes the Hon. Mr. Powell, appointed Marshal of the day, as his superior length of limb qualified him to over-look the proceedings; then your humble servant, carrying the Declaration of Independence and a fire cracker (the only artillery to be had), brings up the rear. Amid a thunder of applause and the waving of handkerchiefs by the fair sex, this brilliant imposing regiment, the pride of old Kenyon and the honor as well as safe-guard of Ohio moves on. Arrived at the Public Well the order to halt is given so as to permit the gallant soldiers to liquidate (not liquor-date) their thirst. This done, the company go through their evolutions much to the astonishment and admiration of the "natives." Then the Hon. Mr. Powell, mounting the rostrum (a whisky barrel), holds his audience entranced with eloquent appeals for the American Eagle. By his clear and forcible logic he clearly proves that the bird sent out of the ark by Noah was not a dove as generally and erroneously supposed, but a *real, live, American Eagle!* Part of his speech in allusion to the Disunionists of to-day, is too eloquent to be omitted and therefore, with your permission, I will quote it:



"Feller citizens! don't let them talk of disunion. If you hear any one so doing hang him on *Mason and Dixon's line*, or smother him with feathers from the bed of the Mississippi. But when disunion comes, if come it must, I will be at my post. I will roll up my pantaloons, stand upon Bunker Hill Monument, wave the star-spangled banner, and hold on to the tail of the American Eagle."

"The appeal is touching and irresistible. Amid a deafening explosion of *artillery*, the company adjourn to partake of *asumptuous banquet* (a piece of gingerbread) gotten up without regard to expense."

EXCHANGES.—We find upon our table a formidable budget of periodical literature—waifs from our brethren East and West. Conducted, as most of our College Magazines are, by members of the graduating classes, there is, towards the end of the year, a manifest falling-off in literary effort and withal a tone of regret which testifies to sincere enjoyment of editorial labors. May peace be with all those who resigned the quill and tripod at the Commencement of '60.

FIRST comes the VIRGINIA UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE for June, bright, neat and full of good things. Its table of contents embraces: Mr. Tennyson and the Idylls of the King;—The Emblem of a Broken Heart (Poetry)—a gem of Poetry it is too;—A Paper on Revolutions;—The Fate of the Gifted;—The Mermaid's Song (Poetry);—A nervous and well-written Article on Jefferson and Macaulay;—Collegiana;—Editors' Table.

THE HARVARD MAGAZINE for June and July, arrived in due time. The June No. is scarcely so good as of old. The contents are: The Adirondacks;—Class Feeling;—"The Harvard";—A Fish before Breakfast;—Prince Charles Edward;—June;—Editors' Table. One feature of this periodical especially pleases us—its devotion to practical, Academic subjects, and its exclusion in a great measure of lengthy dissertations upon abstractions. In the July No. we find: A Last Word;—a manly, straight-forward article on the annual game of foot-ball which has so long disgraced Harvard. May it accomplish its end—the entire breaking up of this custom;—"How uncertain are Human Affairs!" (Poetry);—The Stranger's Story;—The Groans of a Victim;—rather an amusing confession of the ways and means which insured Harvard's triumph at the "Regatta";—Woman in College;—College Records;—Editors' Table. Permit us to call the attention of our readers to the Class-day Ode which we give in another place.

THE WILLIAMS QUARTERLY for July, contains: Churches;—Amusements;—Monachism;—Damascus;—The Grave of Dr. Fitch;—The Quarterly;—Anthropomorphism (!);—Loved and Saved;—Union Saving;—A Chapter of Travel;—History, its Teachings;—Decline of Grecian Art;—History of Williams College;—Editors' Table.

THE OBERLIN STUDENTS' MONTHLY for July comes to us with: Appreciation;—Defence of Robert Burns;—Rambles in Britain;—Naturalness;—Guesses at Ideas;—The Right, the Basis of Law;—Truth;—The Treasures of the Clouds;—Beauty for Ashes;—Charlotte Corday;—Editorial Department;—Local Literary Notices. Brethren of "The Oberlin," why not banish politics from your well-conducted Magazine? No very great influence upon National destinies can be exerted by a College Monthly, and



this feature seriously injures you in the estimation of those who fully appreciate your literary merits.

THE CENTRE COLLEGE MAGAZINE for June contains the following: Marie Antoinette;—Etiquette vs. Fashion;—The Poetry of Life;—Instance of Female Heroism;—Mrs. J. G. Whilkin's Husband's Wife;—The Lost Pleiad (Poetry);—Not Prepared;—My Country, Right or Wrong;—The Grave Yard without a Monument;—Hymn to Hesperus;—Glory;—Macaulay;—Present Condition of American Affairs;—Parting Ode;—Discovery;—A Gratification;—Obituary;—The Rain (Poetry);—Editors' Table;—Editors' Drawer.

From the West comes the BELOIT COLLEGE MONTHLY, with: Reasons for Vocal Culture;—Letter from Quidam;—Modern Student Songs;—Influence of Conflicts of Opinion upon the Progress of Truth;—The Great Railroad Excursion;—Bitter Sweet;—Copper Mines of Lake Superior;—Editors' Sanctum;—Collegiana.

HARPER'S MONTHLY AND WEEKLY, the MT. VERNON BANNER, the OHIO CULTIVATOR, and the WESTERN CHURCHMAN have reached us regularly. Want of space must be our apology for so meagre a notice of them. Our old friend, Ben. Hamwell, Esq., will accept our thanks for the Annual Report of the Superintendent of Memphis City Schools.