

11-1-1860

Kenyon Collegian - November 1860

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

Recommended Citation

"Kenyon Collegian - November 1860" (1860). *The Kenyon Collegian*. 1257.
<https://digital.kenyon.edu/collegian/1257>

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

The Kenyon Collegian.

VOL. VI.

NOVEMBER, 1860.

No. 2.

EDITORS:

THOMAS BROWN,

N. Y. KIUNG,

MURRAY DAVIS,

WM. W. LATHROP.

PUBLISHERS:

S. M. D. CLARK,

GEO. GAMBLE.

REPUBLICANISM OF COLLEGE LIFE.

It is an old and trite saying that a college is a little world within itself. The germ of mind is there under the progress of development. All the different varieties of disposition, all the phases of natural proclivity, are gathered together within its narrow compass. Human nature in all its different aspects is presented to the gaze, and furnishes a fruitful source of study to those who desire intimacy with the springs of human action.

But the college, or any other institution of learning, is a little world in another sense. It always presents a reflection of the government and social system of the country in which it flourishes. The character of the government indelibly stamps its impress upon its institutions. Tell the former, and you make known the latter.

The German universities unmistakably show the nature of the country which give them birth. In Austria, for instance, where freedom of the press is a thing unknown, where no newspaper can exist which dares to sympathize with the sufferings of the mass, or refuses to echo the voice of despotism, there must be nothing in her institutions of learning which is calculated to arouse the attention of the people in the direction of self-government. Strong police forces are in attendance to check anything like a tendency to free speech or free government on the part of the students. The manners and customs of Germany are easily discerned in her universities. Smoking is there carried to an extent unknown elsewhere, and it is truly said that smoke issues from the mouth of a German student as naturally as from a chimney. With his drinking companions he strives to forget the inequalities of life, and drown his care in the soft Rhenish wine.

"Down, down with the sorrows
And troubles of earth,
For what was our life made
But drinking and mirth."

"Join hand in hand; in Bacchus' land
All men are free, and equal stand;
O magic drink! thou noble wine!
The golden age forever's thine."

These extracts are but specimens of a hundred others that might be made. The moral effect of such proceedings must be evident to the most careless observer. It is the policy of the government to perpetuate such customs, for while engaged in these pursuits, the student will be less apt to engage in political discussions.

For purely speculative reasoning, the German students are unsurpassed. Their tendency to theorization is so well known, and forms such a marked trait in their character, that the truth of Napoleon's remark, that "The English hold possession of the sea, the French of the land, and the Germans of the air," is undisputed. The deepest metaphysical questions, which cannot possibly have any practical bearing upon their life and actions, are subjects which they love to study.

The government and manners of the English are plainly discernible in their universities and grammar schools. An

aristocracy, most exclusive in its tendencies, reveals itself. The students do not, by any means, meet upon a common level. Not only is there an aristocracy of social rank, but an aristocracy of class rank. The lower classes are in a great measure under the control of the higher. None of our readers can be unacquainted with the fagging system, and the tyranny often connected with it. This is but a reflex of one of the evils of the English social system. No characteristic is more strikingly displayed in these universities than a disposition to reduce everything to some practical end. The English do not, like the Germans, delight in theory. Everything must be reduced to the test of the practical, and is received or rejected, according to the result. The German university course may indeed delight and produce higher and grander flights of imagination, but the English course is far better calculated to make its graduates true practical men, who will take a high and noble stand in life, while mere theorists will be lost in the fog of their own speculations. Greater freedom of thought and action is recognized in the universities of England than in those of Germany. The members of the Oxford Union debate upon public measures as freely and impartially as members of Parliament, so that they become well informed upon the soundness or unsoundness of Parliamentary movements, and are well fitted for mingling in the political arena.

But in no country on the globe does nationality leave its impress upon the educational institutions in a greater degree than in America. Deriving our nationality from the English nation as our parent, our colleges have many of the characteristics which mark her institutions; and not the least noticeable among these is our tendency to the practical rather than to the theoretical. The American and the Englishman are the same naturally, possessing the same stern reverence for the majesty of the law, the same language, the same unyielding valor. It is to social and political systems that we must look for those differences which give distinct characteristics to each. It is these social and political distinctions that have made our colleges what they are.

The American college throws open wide her doors to every

class of society. No aristocratic regard is paid to advantages of birth or position, but all are invited alike to drink of the fountain of knowledge. No where can the poorer classes gain access to this fountain more easily than here. The son of the poor mechanic can take his stand side by side with the son of the millionaire. The impulse and vigor thus given communicate an electric influence through every branch of society, and the advantage thereby gained is not merely nominal, does not exist only in the finely spun oration of the Fourth of July orator. We are advancing no platitude when we say that the American college is a grand leveler of all social distinctions. Similar institutions of other countries do excel our own in their broad and firm foundation, the wealth of their endowments, and the depth of scientific research to which they are able to conduct the student; but for a better use of the means which Providence has placed in her reach, and a wider diffusion of the intellectual culture which she does possess, the American college challenges the world to produce her superior. So far is she from claiming perfection in any branch of science, that she stands but on the threshold of her career, and looks to the future for its consummation. She has laid the foundation upon which coming generations may build. Her strong arm has stricken down error and false distinction, and ignorance and superstition have fled as she opened the way of knowledge to the lowly. While other nations boast of their nobility, it is America's proudest boast that her brightest ornaments have been self-made men, who, raised in the lap of poverty and want, have availed themselves of the liberal means of education placed within their reach. And such are the men loudest in praise of collegiate education. The young aspiring student looks to the college as the key which shall unlock for him the mysteries of science, and the dying sage with his latest breath solemnly enjoins us to preserve intact our educational institutions. Indeed as a means for the diffusion of those elements which make up prosperity, our colleges are the noblest legacy which we can bequeath to posterity. Let war attack our commerce and sweep it from the sea; industry and economy will supply the deficiency. Let the conflagration consume our most promi-

nent cities; another generation, nay the present generation, will rear upon their ruins still prouder monuments of human art and skill. But let our colleges be destroyed, and you strike the sun from the system which he supplies with life and light; you commit an offence against posterity which time can never wipe out; you put in motion a train of disastrous consequences which will be felt to the remotest ages!

The freedom and equality of the different classes of society in America, make the poor college student as eligible to the prize which awaits diligence and application as the rich. Close study is as sure of its reward in the one case as in the other. College honors are truly no respecters of persons, and will crown with success the industrious student, whether clad in the garb of honest poverty, or enclosed in the finest broadcloth, and surrounded with all the paraphernalia of wealth. They address the poor with words of encouragement, and seem to say—

“Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.”

But it may be said that college honors are often disposed of by favoritism, and that compliance with certain whims of the Faculty will meet with reward, while real merit, which consists in studiousness, and a high standard of scholarship, may pass unnoticed. That this is so, in some few cases, is not to be disputed; but facts will utterly repudiate the assertion, that it is anything like a general truth. The rule is, that patient study has its reward; but this, like all rules, has its exceptions.

The students, in one sense, constitute a republic among themselves. As a republic bestows its honors upon its citizens without any regard to wealth or social rank, and seeks to recognize no distinction but that of merit, so the class and society honors of a college—I refer now to honors in the gift of the students—are usually bestowed upon those whose superior abilities and manly conduct mark them as qualified for, and deserving of, the positions which they are called to fill. The effect is, to encourage the cultivation of those traits of character which are universally respected, to arouse a generous emulation, and a commendable ambition to excel. The

humblest member of the little community, may attain the highest honors in the gift of his fellows, provided he possess the requisite qualifications. The farmer's son may outstrip his rich competitor, in the race in which no wealth is needed but wealth of intellect, and no rank is acknowledged but that of merit.

But as the offices in the gift of the American people give rise to log rolling and wire pulling, so in our colleges. There are some, who, seeming to desire to fit themselves for politicians in after life, take initiatory lessons, by learning to play the demagogue among their fellow-students. This proclivity displays itself in the exceeding eagerness with which they seek those little emoluments of office, at the disposal of others. They are untiring in their endeavors to be esteemed talented and learned. They delight to be called popular, and leave no stone unturned to become so in reality. No project is started in which they are not engaged, and must not have a voice in everything said or done. No one can exceed them in the peculiar gracefulness with which they tip their hats to all, and especially to new comers, who are not supposed to be initiated into the politics of college life. They are never known to take an unpopular side. Their circle of intimate friends is always large, and yet they are ever urgent to have others "be sociable, and call around to see a fellow." Detection is sure to attend them, however, and although they may succeed in gaining the position which they covet, they meet with merited contempt from all truly noble-minded students. As in our republic, the demagogue who seeks power by unworthy means, and sacrifices principle and the general good so as to advance his own selfish interests, is visited with odium and relapses into oblivion, so the college demagogue, in the end, loses his popularity and falls into disrepute, leaving college unhonored and unloved.

While freedom of speech is one of our country's chief characteristics and proudest boasts, it cannot be denied that there prevails, to some extent, a tyranny of public opinion, which discountenances certain opinions upon certain topics, and which, although it does not inflict positive punishment upon its offenders, still renders their situation unpleasant and un-

popular. So in our colleges. Some students, holding opinions upon subjects of college interest different from those of the majority, are afraid to express their opinions. They shun taking an open stand, lest they should be called fanatics by their fellows. They suffer themselves to be hoodwinked by others, whose views may not be half so well founded as their own. There is a certain degree of respect, which one should always feel for the opinions of others. To be destitute of this is to be wanting in one of the essential qualifications of true refinement. We may, however, have this, and still advance our own views, mildly, yet firmly. The two qualities are not inconsistent with each other. So essential are both to a well balanced mind, that one without the other is sure to prove offensive.

It is to be expected that some such evils should prevail in college, where there is such a motley collection of all grades of character, and of principles as varied as the colors of the rainbow. But let us hope that our "little republics," scattered throughout the country, will free themselves from the evil influences which prevail among them, and retaining only the good, will, like a polished mirror, reflect more perfectly in their organization the freedom, wisdom and genius of our government.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

'Twas morn, but not the ray which falls the summer boughs among,
When beauty walks in gladness forth, with all her light and song.
'Twas morn, but mist and cloud hung deep upon the lonely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the gale :
For He, whose spirit woke the dust of nations into life,
That o'er the waste and barren earth spread flowers and fruitage rife ;
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of mind,
Had fled forever from all Fame, Love, Friendship of mankind,
To wear a wreath in glory wrought—his spirit swept afar,
Beyond the soaring wings of thought, the light of moon and star,
To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth,
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence worlds had birth.
There was wailing on the early breeze, and darkness in the sky,
When, with sable plume, and cloak and pall, a funeral train swept by.

Methought—St. Mary shield us well !—that other forms were there
 Than those of mortal brotherhood—the noble, young and fair.
 Was it a dream !—How oft in sleep we ask, “ can this be true ? ”
 Whilst warm imagination paints her marvels to our view :
 Earth’s glory seems a tarnished crown, to that which we behold,
 When dreams enchant our sight with things whose meanest garb is gold.
 Was it a dream ?—Methought the dauntless “ Harold ” passed me by ;
 The proud “ Fitz-James,” with martial step, and dark, intrepid eye ;
 That “ Marmion’s ” haughty crest was there, a mourner for his sake ;
 And she, the bold, the beautiful—sweet “ Lady of the Lake ; ”
 The “ Minstrel,” whose last lay was o’er, whose broken harp lay low,
 And with him glorious “ Waverly,” with glance and step of woe ;
 And “ Stuart’s ” voice rose there, as when, ’mid fate’s disastrous war,
 He led the wild, ambitious, proud and brave “ Vich Ian Vohr.”
 Next, marveling at his sable suit, the “ Dominie ” stalked past,
 With “ Bertram”—“ Julia ” by his side, whose tears were flowing fast.
 “ Guy Mannering,” too, moved there, o’erpowered by that afflicting sight ;
 And “ Merrilies,” as when she wept on Ellangowan’s height ;
 Solemn and grave, “ Monkbarns ” approached, amidst that buried line,
 And “ Ochiltree ” leaned o’er his staff, and mourned for “ Auld Lang Syne.”
 Slow marched the gallant “ McIntyre,” whilst “ Lovel ” mused alone :—
 For once Miss Warder’s image left that bosom’s faithful throne.
 With Coronach and arms reversed, forth came “ Mac Gregor’s ” clan ;
 “ Red Dougal’s ” cry pealed shrill and wild, “ Rob Roy’s ” bold brow
 looked wan.

The fair “ Diana ” kissed her cross, and blessed its sainted ray,
 And “ woe is me,” the “ Baillie ” sighed, “ that I should see this day.”
 Next rode, in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and scarf,
 “ Sir Edward, Laird of Ellisbaw,” the far renowned “ Black Dwarf.”
 Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing free,
 The pious sculptor of the grave, stood, “ Old Mortality.”
 With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark “ Ravenswood ” advanced,
 Who on the false “ Lord Keeper’s ” mien, with eye indignant glanced ;
 While graceful as a lovely flower, ’neath covert close and sure,
 Approached the beauty of all hearts—the “ Bride of Lammermoor.”
 “ Balfour of Burley,” “ Claverhouse ”—the “ Lord of Evandale,”
 And stately “ Lady Margaret,” whose woe might not avail ;
 Fierce “ Bothwell,” on his charger black, as from the conflict won,
 And pale “ Habakuk Macklewrath,” who cried “ God’s will be done.”
 And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms ’mid wildest scenes,
 Passed she—the modest, eloquent and virtuous, “ Jennie Deans,”
 And “ Dumbiedikes,” that silent Laird, with love too deep to smile ;
 And “ Effie,” with her noble friend, the good “ Duke of Argyle ; ”
 Then “ Annet Lyle,” the fairy Queen of light and song, stopped near
 The “ Knight of Ardinvohr,” and he, the gifted Highland seer.
 “ Dalgethy,” “ Duncan,” “ Lord Medrith ” and “ Ronald ” meet my view,
 The hapless “ Children of the Mist,” and bold “ Mhic-Connell Dhu ! ”
 On swept “ Bois Gilbert,” “ Front de Beuf,” “ De Bracy’s ” plume of woe ;
 And “ Cour de Lion’s ” crest shone near the valiant “ Ivanhoe ; ”
 Whilst soft as glides the summer cloud, “ Rowena ” closed the view,

With beautiful "Rebecca," peerless daughter of the Jew.
Still onward, like the gathering night, advanced that funeral train,
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy main.
Where e'er the eager eye might reach, in noble rank were seen,
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and woman's beauteous mien.
A sound thrilled through that lengthening host, and forth that vision fled;
But ah! that mournful dream proved true—th' immortal Scott was dead.

"DE TERMINIS INQUISITIONIS."

True philosophy while it lays open a field for rich and varied discoveries, has no less for its aim to define the limits of thought and mark out the bounds of the province of observation. This distinctive feature of the Newtonian system, is often to a great measure lost sight of by the enthusiastic votaries of science. They look upon the magnificent structure which his mighty intellect elaborated, and are lost in admiration at the brilliant victories which science achieved through his efforts. But his discoveries alone, do not reflect the chief merit of the philosophy of Newton. They are the monuments, however, upon which his greatness rests in the eyes of the world. They cast a halo round his memory, and other names grow dim before the star of his glory, which reigns sovereign of the ascendant o'er them all. He discovered the mechanism of the planetary world. He invested with certainty the composition of light, and made known the causes which influence the motion of the tides. Most justly do these discoveries in science entitle his name to immortality. But the characteristic of his mind, to which we would now call attention more especially, was that by which he received nothing as an article of science that did not rest upon the basis of an irrefragible evidence. All was subjected to proof, and the rigidity of demonstration. Did some cherished idea of the ages flit before him, made plausible only by the assent of those gone before, he stripped it of its gildings and tested it in the laboratory of truth. Easy and delightful would it have been for his imagination to revel in the land where sense and evidence could not have sustained

the airy web of fantasy he might weave—others allowed their imagination thus to revel—but Newton, arduous as was the task, never exceeded the bounds of observation: Assuming that astronomy was *founded* upon observation, when he could not rest on this, he acknowledged the precariousness of the ground on which he stood, and adopted the language of conjecture and doubt.

Others might dogmatize where all shadow of authority was wanting to them, others might build up systems of philosophy which would attract the gaze of admiration and by their very beauty seem plausible, when there was only an unsound theory as their basis; but Newton with strong and inflexible purpose never wandered from the path where truth shed her light, received no article of science where strong evidence, obtained by actual experience, did not underlie it. This was as much a part of his philosophy, as that he immediately incorporated into his belief that with which observation accorded, however paradoxical it might seem to the age. While studying the life of Newton, we are impressed with the fact that modesty is ever the characteristic of true science. When venturing into the regions of the dark and unknown, where the foothold of evidence must be lost, "the wisest philosophy is the philosophy of silence, and the profession of ignorance is the best proof of a solid understanding."

We have prefaced thus much with regard to Newton, for we would dwell upon this limit of human knowledge, this bound of observation and experience, the existence of which his sublime investigations never for a moment ignored. In the "Novum Organum" of Lord Bacon, we find among the divisions which were left unfinished, one which is styled "De Terminis Inquisitionis." Had the powerful mind which produced the great Verulamian cycle, lived to complete the works composing it, his "far-darting, all-embracing" intellectual vision would have mapped out the sphere to which human investigation may never extend. But we introduce the "Luther of philosophy," only to bear testimony to the fact that there is a limit to human inquiry, and a bound to human knowledge.

This thought cannot be better illustrated than by referring to the actual attainments of man. Knowledge, of course, is to be relatively considered; there is an absolute wisdom, *this* abides only with the infinite mind. How little then do we know. Man in all the pride of his intellect, is unable to comprehend the most insignificant, if it be right so to speak, of the works which nature has scattered in profusion around him. The simple blade of grass baffles his efforts, when he would seek to know the cause and manner of its growth. So the bright petals of the expanding rose. The little insect crawling in the dust at his feet, with all its organs of existence contracted into one, he may marvel at, but its life is beyond his comprehension. Linnæus, when he told his scholars that the mere turf which was covered by his foot, involved more mystery and research than the longest life of the most laborious botanist would suffice to develop, only asserted the truth which succeeding generations have confirmed. And the answer which he gives to nature's problems, who has spent his life in making explorations and discoveries in science, differs only in terms from that of the unlearned husbandman. The apple falls from the tree to the ground. The one accounting for the fall would say, that there is nothing to sustain it in the air; the other calls the phenomenon the law of gravitation. Which of the two is the wiser? We know that things exist, but why they do or how they do, the power of conception fails to conceive. Mystery is around and within us. Man even is a mystery to himself. His own mind he cannot understand. Its concealed springs of action embarrass and perplex. We feel within the workings of the so termed "*daimōn*." We hear its stern indignant reproaches when the barrier of virtue first gives way to the influence of evil, and then its voice unheeded, comes only at long intervals, speaks but faintly, till at length it ceases, and the victim to vice may plunge unrestrained into the deepest excesses. We hear, too, its gentler, sweeter tones, as it appeals to every generous thought and noble feeling in our nature, and we experience the conscious delight it affords when we have been true to these higher impulses of our being. But what is this inward monitor? We understand its operations,

but we do not understand its nature. We cannot agree with Theodore Parker, when he calls it the spirit of God in the soul. Reason proclaims the absurdity of such a theory. Is it not then a mystery of our being?

What is that subtle, elastic agency which we term thought? World wide is it in its operations, and it never ceases to act. But partly developed in the mortal, it sees perfection in the immortal. The transcendentalist would call it a spark from the infinite mind. But this answers not our question how it exists within us, nor does it explain the process of its action. Is not this, too, a mystery? Strangely mysterious is it also, how at times reason is dislodged from her throne, and man becomes the raving maniac.

It is, however, when investigating into those subjects which thrill the soul with their vast depth and startling interest, that the bounds of inquiry offer the greatest impediment to our progress. Too often these limits are transgressed, and human reason, leaving its vantage ground, is lost amidst the wildest vagaries. It is on topics moreover of this nature that the "Scriptures of Truth" preserve an almost studied silence, and the "Oracles of God" are dumb. Let us instance a few examples. On no subject has the general mind exercised itself more than on that of the "origin of the world." When and how came this mighty fabric into existence—what mighty impetus set it in motion, that it has rolled through ages past and will roll for ages yet to come? Geology, inspecting the strata of the earth and reasoning from analogy, tells us that periods of long duration have intervened since the creative fiat first went forth. From the earliest ages have philosophers sought a solution of the problem of the creative process, here too geology has theorized, but as to the manner they give an answer less satisfactory than as to the time. We turn to the pages of revelation, and as we stand at its portals, eager to gaze into the mysteries of Time, we are struck with the abruptness of the opening sentence. It is truly sublime, and from it, as has been said, a little child might at once learn more than philosophy, guided only by the dim taper of human reason, could have discovered in a thousand years. "In the beginning;" and has human science told us more? When

it has reached its farthest limits, it will only have confirmed this simple statement, not have gone any beyond it—"In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." The simple account given of the manner and material of the creation, "out of nothing," goes beyond the hypotheses of science, dispels the theory of chance with its fortuitous concurrence of atoms, and leaves *itself* entirely unaccounted for. Here, then, is a limit to our knowledge. With this information the mind of a Newton would have rested content, and so must we. All theories are vain, for evidence is wanting to sustain them.

Are there a plurality of worlds? How universally interesting is the question. We may rise in imagination to those distant worlds, and strive to form a conception of the myriads who people them. Are they similar to our own race, or do they live in the enjoyment of more extended faculties, possessed of a wider range of the senses? And has that which is the bane of our earth, has sin found its way among them, cursing all which it touches, and bringing in its train sorrow, desolation and death? If it has, oh, then is a means of escape provided, and have a Redeemer's feet trod those shining orbs? Of all absorbing interest are the thoughts which fill our minds, as we approach the question of a plurality of worlds. But we are reminded that one of earth's mighty intellects stood only upon the threshold of inquiry, forbearing to enter within its boundaries, for here imagination could be the only guide; and again, the "Scriptures of Truth" were silent, and the "Oracles of God" were dumb. We would not assign a limit to the future discoveries of science. Who can tell but that a perfection of instruments may be obtained which shall enable the philosopher of a coming age to map down upon his chart even the surfaces of the planets, and to demonstrate to us, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the existence upon them of an intelligent race? But the strong probability remains, as yet, without evidence.

The Scriptures reveal the existence of angels. We would fain know the time and the cause of their creation. At the laying the foundations of the world, they were there and "shouted aloud for joy." How did revolt find entrance

among them? This rebellion of the angels, which is only hinted at in the Bible, would argue the existence of sin before its admission to our earth. Upon this subject poets have sung with too daring a flight, with an almost impious hand laying upon us the description of war in heaven. Here are again limits to our knowledge. Angels may be flitting around us at all hours, observing our every thought and deed, but we know it not, for we see them not. The existence of evil is a subject of like nature, and one that cannot be accounted for by any human hypothesis. It has afforded a fruitful subject for speculation, from the remotest periods. The great Persian *manes* originated the idea of two contending deities, the one good and the other evil, and thus sought to reconcile the existence in the world of these totally diverse principles. It was a plausible theory, but it only shows how incapable is man of comprehending the mystery. The Scriptures leave the subject, when once it has been introduced, and we are unable to penetrate the thick darkness in which it is involved.

Let us instance but one other example, out of the many that might be adduced. The spirit world, what is it and where is it? Do we turn to finite beings for a solution of the intricate problem? We do so, and a strange scene presents itself before our startled imagination. The reason of man is dethroned by the excitement attending the application of the faculties to a subject so far removed from their reach. Evidence surely there is none, on which to base investigation, nor any stand-point for observation. We turn to revelation, and it is silent. The conqueror of a world may have forced the Pythian oracle to respond to his urgent appeals, but no one may force an answer from the "Oracles of God," for they are dumb. Virgil, Dante, and Milton did indeed pass the boundaries of sense, and roved amidst the mysteries of the unseen world. The reveries of their imagination may interest and delight us, but they sing of a subject "where Reason fails with all her powers," to form the most remote conception. Here then again is a limit to our inquiry, and here the true philosophy is the philosophy of silence.

It is said that the great Webster replied, when asked the

grounds of his belief in the Trinity, "I do not pretend to compute the arithmetic of heaven." And to *all* these inquiries that wise answer may be returned, "It may be so and it may not; I only *know* that I do not know."

COLLEGE CLASSES.

Classification is the highest philosophy of the day, and the striking peculiarity of the age. It aims at everything within the range of human vision, within the auscultation of the human ear, and within the bounds of human grasp. The silent and peaceful stars are marshaled upon the plains of the sky, and enumerated; and this cumbrous globe, embraced in the stellar census, rolls on with its enormous cargo of classified freight, also. All nature is classified—all science, all knowledge—the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, nay, the reptile we spurn with our foot; and man, the great systematizer of all, he, too, is subjected to the stern test of a formula. In whatever manner we account for this tendency, it has originated principally from the rapid accumulation of improvements and comforts, from the enlarged sphere and objects of mental vision and investigation, from the increased facilities of information, and because a wider field has gradually opened up for the vigorous and incessant action of the intellect, where necessity compels us to invent and adopt some convenient method of arranging and communicating its discoveries. But, without further preliminary, why should not we also imitate the prevalent and raging mania, and assort ourselves? There is one squad among us—and they are easily detected—fresh and verdant from the free and happy scenes of home and the domestic circle. They come laden with many a reminiscence and relic of their delightful but departed joys. All their little extras tell of home; all their clothes, shirts, breeches, boots, coats, hats and drawers, are right spanking new, and are home-made, too. Indeed, everything they possess serves only to remind them of their lost happiness, and torture them with the ap-

prehension of present and future tribulations. The dear names of "Pa," and "Ma," are yet familiar upon their tongues, and the last kiss of the household is yet burning upon their tender lips. They are always thinking of the "old folks at home," and the young ones, too, and of that country maid, also, from whom they stole some rusty red curls, as did Jason the golden fleece of Colchis. Already have they formed their "angel pictures on the walls of life." Already have they sucked in *dew* that's "sweeter far than that which hangs on Hermon's Hill." And unable to bear the titillations of woman's lips longer, they have exiled themselves, and now act, like Dante dreaming his sweet dream of Beatrice, musing over their beauties and their loveliness. But poor fellows, they will soon spend as sleepless nights as did Achilles in lamenting the death of his friend Patroclus. Soon will the mirror "speak of sunken eyes and wasted cheeks;" of Joy departed, and Hope entombed." Soon will they, like poor Socrates, I fear, sip of the cup of oblivion as an antidote for their miserable existence. Peace be to their troubled souls on the shores of Acheron! If a Freshman ever sings, it is not in the same merry key as when, in glorious days of yore, he used to chant his pathetic ditty by the snug fire-side; and if he studies, 'tis always with a sigh of regret that he has left the old log schoolhouse, and the good old schoolmaster forever. Poor, unsophisticated youth! he hasn't yet acquired the art of smoking, chewing, drinking, nor anything else to banish the torture of his misery, and so he has to endure it. He hasn't three thoughts beyond to-day's lesson, and if he escapes the misfortune of a zero, that is all he wants. But there is yet another and a very different class from these in our midst, as impertinent and fast as the others are bashful and demure. They arrogate the dignity of the Senior, and with studied indifference ape Lord Byron, with his throat all bare. And with all this soberness of character, they are forgetful of the fact that it is incompatible with pedantry and loquacity, for it is proverbial that their ostentation is beyond all remedy, and their garrulity intolerable. A Sophomore never is moderate about anything. Whenever he writes, it is always in heroics, and 'tis truly *Venasini digna lucent*.

Whenever he speaks, it is in hysterics; whenever he converses, he articulates with the benignity and condescension of a father. Ask him his opinion upon any subject, and he is communicative, patronizing and wise; but give him advice, and he squares himself upon his dignity, and a scornful curl of the upper lip is your only retort. His civility is measured by, and depends entirely upon you; and to win his courtesy, you must always make the first advances, and give the first salutation. Question him about Mr. Clay, or Mr. Webster, and with the gravest and most imperial wisdom, he tells you they were men of tolerably fair talents; speak to him about greatness or fame, and with the cool audacity of a Quixote, he tells you that he embodies them both. Not one of them has the remotest doubt of his genius, although he thinks that—

“Greece is placed in Baffin’s Bay;
The Panic wars were fought in Canada;
That honest Shakspeare in New York survives,
And Mr. Plutarch still writes learned lives;
That Rome was pillaged and the Empire won,
By royal armies led by Wellington;
That Homer leaves his epic in the shade,
Because he’s busy in the hardware trade;
That the same Helen, whom Paris dared to win,
Still lives, the bar-maid of some country inn.”

A brilliant destiny undoubtedly awaits these honored fools of ambition. May *they*, indeed, partake of its divine delights, in spite of the notorious fact that they have no higher aim than to ride their “Jacks” till three at night, nor any aspiration higher than a sorry recitation the following day. Butler would say to this—

“He that has but impudence,
To all things else has a fair pretence.”

So, too, observes Douglass Jerrold, that “impudence is the master-key to success.” But such abnormal conceit deserves the application of a poultice, and I would most affectionately submit to Sophomore’s cogitation, that little distich of Burns,

“Oh would some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us.”

The next class is celebrated for sobriety, morality, liberality, chastity, and all the other social and amiable virtues generally. “They do no evil, neither is guile found in their

mouths." Innocent, tractable and obedient, they know not the pangs of a guilty conscience, and if there is any college law at all which they will violate, it is that only which ordains, "thou shalt be diligent." Indolence is the fault of the Junior—his "grand, gloomy and peculiar" fault. He never runs, he never jumps, he never plays, he never laughs hard; everything bores him but eating. He likes his belly best, and then his bed. Ask him whom he venerates most, and he will tell you the man who invented the luxury of sleeping. Ask him his favorite text, and he quotes "a little more slumber, a little more folding of the arms in sleep." He has just learned the loose, easy triggers of college life, and he accordingly will hibernate the winter away in reveries and dreams. He is so amazingly lazy, that "the doctrine of chances" might be employed as an argument against his not living much longer. Just as in the game of dice, the probability of some particular face turning up increases at every throw; so the chances of his being mowed down among the worthless reeds of this great vineyard, by the scythe of death, becomes more certain at every sweep. But even if he should escape being cut down in this speedy manner, there is but little doubt that, like Paul Borghese, he would starve if he had fourteen trades. His gods are Somnus and Venus, and *sometimes* Bacchus, perhaps. And whenever he is not serving one of them, he is loafing, smoking, whittling, or lucubrating upon the merits of his immortal Junior speeches. Upon these and himself, his whole time is exhausted and squandered. Huge piles of mysterious looking old books, which wear the thick dust of antiquity, are seen upon his table, and as many more original manuscripts, cyphered and hieroglyphiced all over, are scattered in endless confusion around him. Sometimes even then his speeches don't pass. Next comes the brilliant galaxy of honorable Seniors, presenting in their high-strung fraternity, a rich fertility of genius, and a gay variety of intellect. "Many men of many minds," they are all in classic and variegated phalanx, "harmless as doves and wise as serpents." The scholar, the literati, the diletanti, the writer, the logician, the philosopher, the antiquarian, the historian, the metaphysician, all perfect types of accomplishment and letters. There,

too, the poet flashes the light of his rich fancy upon the gloomy speculations of the philosopher. There is no exploit within the capacity of a Hercules that the omnipotent Senior believes himself incompetent to achieve. In this respect he equals the vanity of the supercilious Sophomore. If you want the amity and friendship of a Senior, just stuff him with being the smartest fellow in college. He has just reached that point of egotistic desperation that he will actually believe you. Woe unto ye who offend his clemency and provoke his wrath! Remember Dionysius, and the sword that dangled on a hair above the head of Damocles. Never ask him if he knows his lesson, for that would impeach his talents, which he imagines are equal to any exigency. He would tell you, "no, I don't know it; I haven't looked at it, and don't know where it is." It is utterly useless for him to study; knowledge comes natural to him; it's "entailed from sire to son;" he thinks he has passed the Rubicon, so far as looks and education are concerned, although his average standard and qualifications do not probably exceed a medium mark. Observe that affected swagger of the flowing coat; that disheveled hair; and perhaps that additional anomaly of one boot and one shoe. These you must regard as eccentricities of careless genius. Pass them by, for independent of these infirmities, what a figure of stalwart individuality and concentration of all the powers does he present! Where shall the dismayed imagination conjure up images of parallel prowess? Goliath of Gath, Sampson, Hercules, Alexander the Great, Timour the Tartar, Gulliver, Jack Fallstaff, Tom Thumb!!

ERRORS OF AMERICAN EDUCATION.

To attack the errors of existing institutions is no easy task, no matter how patent those errors may be. Especially is this remark true in regard to the American system of education. To attempt to show that it contains errors, and to urge their reform, is to contend against the great tide of popular opinion and prejudice. For, while many of our most able

and active educators have been conscious of the existence of such errors, and, foreseeing their evil tendencies have earnestly advocated their reformation, the great mass of the people have been deluded by the belief that we possess an educational system of the most perfect kind. No doubt but in many respects it is superior to that of any other country. In the advantages it gives to all classes and conditions of society for acquiring education, it is unsurpassed. Yet this does not preclude the idea of its containing imperfections. No system founded and conducted by finite beings can be faultless, from the fact that its originators and supporters are liable to err. Let us, then, as a people who feel that they have world-wide interests at stake, divesting our minds of prejudice, look calmly and dispassionately into our system of education, both college and common school, and see what errors it contains, the eradication of which would raise it to that high position, which, from its very nature, it is fitted to attain. The errors now existing in it are not of recent origin. They sprung up with it at the first, and have grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength, until, to attempt their removal, were like destroying a part of the system itself. They have become so intimately connected with it, as almost to form a necessary part of its existence. So close is the union, that to the superficial observer they are scarcely noticeable; while to him who examines more carefully, they appear as so many unsightly excrescences, tending only to mar the beauty and destroy the efficiency of an educational system, in all other respects the most complete and effective known. Men of noble worth and sterling ability have been aware of the existence of these errors, and have labored for their reformation; but, for want of the hearty co-operation of the friends of education, have been unable to accomplish their purpose. Much has been said and written upon this important subject, but action, the most essential part in every reform, yet remains to be taken.

The errors to which reference is made, exist in no particular department of our educational system. In the colleges and academies, as well as the common schools of our land, are they to be found. Neither do they belong exclusively to

any one of the grand divisions of human education. The moral, intellectual and physical training of our youth, all suffer from their injurious effects.

In regard to moral culture, it is proper to remark that in our colleges it is much more carefully attended to, and much more thorough in its character, than it is in the common schools. But even here there is room for improvement. There is, it is true, an atmosphere deeply impregnated with religion, surrounding and circulating through our whole collegiate system; and, more especially is this the case in those institutions which are under the immediate control of the various christian denominations. In the choice of professors, care is taken that they be men of religious character—men who will inculcate into the minds of those committed to their charge nothing having an immoral tendency. The foundation of college government and discipline is laid in the principles of religion, although those principles are not always carried out to their fullest extent. The moral education given in most of our colleges is entirely of a negative character, little calculated to make a deep impression upon the youthful mind. Young men enter college, comparatively few of them as yet having formed any religious opinions. They come in contact, not with the active, positive teachings of the great principles of religion, but only with this negative influence, whose effects will be but slight at best. Their minds, glowing with all the vigor and elasticity of youth, longing for the attainment of honor and distinction, soon become so deeply engaged in the exciting labors and pleasures of college life, as to disregard entirely the lessons of mere negative moral teaching. Something more positive and pointed is necessary to arouse their minds, and enlist their feelings in the direction of religious duty. Nor is this the case with those only who go to college with no settled views on matters of religion. Many others, who before had been consistent christians, now fall off and become cold and lifeless. From these considerations we think there is need that in all our collegiate institutions there be some way provided for giving young men positive teaching upon the great truths of christianity. Especially does this need exist while our col-

leges admit students so young as they do. In the case of such young students as many of those are who now enter our colleges, their whole characters are formed while there, and with just such characters as they there acquire, will they go forth into the world, and enter upon the active duties of life. How important it is, then, that some system of positive religious instruction be established in all our colleges, which shall bring those youthful minds directly under its influence, and enable them to form such characters as will make them good and useful citizens.

In our common schools this error in moral culture is much more apparent, and its effects much more injurious, because its influences are here exerted upon a far larger number of pupils. The wise provision of our school law, which requires one to give a certificate of good moral character before he is considered qualified to teach, is often sadly abused, and hundreds enter upon this important duty who are not capable of giving instruction upon the fundamental principles of mere morality, much less religion. This, we say, is a wrong, and a great wrong. It is in these schools that the great mass of American citizens receive their education. Here it is that their characters are formed, for good or for evil, according to the kind of instruction they receive. Mere intellectual training, unassociated with moral, will never render the rights of persons or property more secure, or contribute to the safety and advancement of community. Education, to be of real benefit, must have reference to man as a moral and accountable being. It must look to the formation of character, whose foundation is laid in the moral nature, and which will be good or bad according as that nature is properly or improperly developed. There has always been, however, a hesitation manifested in approaching this subject of moral instruction in our common schools. Many worthy teachers, who have clearly seen its great need, have neglected to give it through fear of introducing sectarianism. Others, again, thinking their duty fulfilled when they had imparted intellectual instruction, have left the whole moral education of their pupils to the Sabbath school and the parents. To take the latter course is to leave numbers of children entirely without moral training, as many

of them never enter a Sabbath school, or have parents capable of giving them the requisite teaching. As regards the former objection, there is a wide field for giving moral lessons without approaching denominationalism. Teachers may constantly use their efforts to impress on the minds of the children committed to their care, the principles of justice, a sacred regard for truth, a love for benevolence, sobriety, frugality, self-control, and many other virtues, which are necessary, not only for their own happiness, but for their usefulness as members of society. Much more than this, even, may be done without treading on forbidden ground. Very pointed was the remark of the Romish priest, who, when asked if there was anything in the character of our institutions to which Romanists could object, replied, "We don't so much object to teaching the Protestant religion, as we do to teaching *no* religion."

Leaving, now, the question of moral culture, and coming to that of intellectual, we find here, also, certain prevalent errors, which are general in their character, and do not attach to one grade of our educational institutions more than another. The first evil presenting itself under this head, is, the great haste of American students to acquire an education, and the little time they devote to this important duty. They long to enter upon the active duties of life, but dread the thought of spending years of toil in preparing for the proper discharge of those duties. Following close upon this is another error, no less injurious in its consequences. And that is the effort to crowd too many subjects into the short time appropriated to their study. Four years are devoted to a college course; time enough, it is true, for an industrious student to do much, and lay up a large fund of useful knowledge. But, when in that short period are crowded the dead languages, mathematics, natural, mental and moral sciences, together with an abundance of literary duties, it is impossible for one, with the most intense application, to obtain more than a glimpse into these several branches. While the English student spends six or eight years of close study upon the Latin and Greek languages, the American student spends not more than half the time, and thinks himself proficient.

Springing from this as a cause are other evils, whose bad effects may be seen from the intellectual character of many of the scholars graduating from our schools and colleges. Where so little time is divided between so many studies, each of them capable of giving employment to a life-time, the necessary result is the production of superficial scholars. The mind, unless it possess more than an ordinary degree of ability, has not time to fully grasp and digest even the fundamental principles of the several sciences presented to its view. In order to go over the specified ground in the given time, it is necessary that the student be hurried on from one branch to another by the time, or even before, his interest has become awakened, and his thoughts enlisted to such an extent as to make the study profitable. In the dead languages, for example, while the time given for their study is so short, and the number of authors to be read so great, it is necessary that by the time the style of one author has become familiar, that must be laid aside and another taken up, whose style is entirely different. The student thus obtains a glimmering idea of a great number of authors and styles, yet is unable clearly to define any one of them, or draw a correct line of distinction between them.

This same fault exists in a greater or less degree, in regard to other branches taught in our colleges. The work laid down in a college course is more than ordinary minds, however industrious, can perform in the given time. The consequence is, that young men graduate from our colleges, and go out into the world as scholars with but a mere introduction to the first rudiments of literature and science. All this suggests the importance of our colleges either increasing the time appropriated to a full course, or else of requiring a much higher standard of preparation on the part of those entering.

While this fault of crowding too many studies into a space of time quite too limited for their being thoroughly understood and duly appreciated by the student, prevails both in our colleges and common schools, there is an effort to pursue a different, and, we think, a far better course in the graded schools now springing up in every town and city in the

country. Here the time is much better proportioned to the amount of labor to be performed; students are not pushed forward from one branch to another, before they have had time to understand the former. The result is, that from these schools there comes forth the most thorough class of scholars we have, not because they have studied many branches, but because they have become thoroughly acquainted with a few, and these the most important. It is not quantity but quality which makes the true scholar. He who has hurried through a great number of different studies, without time to understand or digest them, will never be able to compete, in mental strength and acuteness, with him who has not passed over half so much, but who has thoroughly understood all passed over. While the latter has acquired precision of language, clearness and depth of thought, the former are sadly deficient in these important requisites of the real scholar.

Want of space forbids us to do more than barely hint at another great error that is widely prevalent in our system of education; and that is, the want of a systematic course of physical training. This error exists to a much greater degree in our colleges, than in our common schools. In the latter, there are generally better opportunities for physical exercise; the scholars, being younger, are ever eager to play, and thus get a good supply of this important part of an education. In the former the opportunities are not generally so good, nor are the students, being older, and feeling somewhat the dignity of college life, so much inclined to improve the advantages they have. Considering the great importance of physical education in connection with intellectual and moral, we think it the duty of every college and institution of learning to make provision for this as much as for either of the others. Connected with every such institution there should be grounds sufficiently extensive to allow students to engage in any of the various games of ball. There should also be a gymnasium, where, in bad weather, or other times if they chose, students could have the opportunity of taking physical exercise. But what good, says an objector, will all this extensive play-ground and grand gymnasium do? Students, as a class, will not take active exercise, no matter

how excellent the opportunities provided. We reply, that to take exercise in one or other of these places should be made a daily duty of the student, just as much obligatory upon him as any other duty pertaining to the institution; that there should be set hours appropriated to this as much as to study and recitation in intellectual branches. And, could there be a competent teacher employed to conduct the exercises of the gymnasium, its advantages would be still greater. Were there established in all our colleges, some system by which students would be compelled to take vigorous and healthful exercise, at stated and regular periods, we should not see issuing from their walls so many young men, the mere wrecks, both in mind and body, of what they might have been, had a proper degree of physical training been mingled with their intellectual. Instead of seeing men with dwarfed bodies, sallow cheeks, and sunken eyes, coming forth to mingle for a few short years in the active duties of life, then to sink into early graves, we should see men with forms erect and strong, cheeks glowing with health, eyes bright and sparkling, minds active and vigorous, able to battle earnestly and successfully with the toils and cares of the world. The organization of man's physical and mental natures demands exercise to promote their vigor and preserve their health. Take away this, and you take away their life. Provide for man a system of education which will not develop his physical, in connection with his mental powers, and you provide one that is unphilosophical and injurious.

But, great reforms are not wrought in a day; many years, perhaps, will intervene before existing errors will be removed from our system of education. Let those, however, who are striving for their reform still labor on, feeling assured that, although they may not be permitted to see their efforts crowned with success, future generations will.

THE CLASS OF 'SIXTY.

The class of 'sixty is no longer with us. With the recollection of a neat Latin speech from the President, and sheepskins in their hands, they entered the world, and the college life, which to us is actual, is to them the vision of the past.

By us, who live in a small community, and whom one, two, or three years residence had thrown much in the society of the members of the graduating class, their exodus from the "Hill" is strangely felt. We could hardly realize the consequences of Commencement day until we resumed once more our college studies. Wiping our eyes after a repose of ten weeks vacation, we instinctively cry out "The class of 'sixty has gone." We miss them in our daily intercourse. The faces with which we were so familiar leave but daguerreotypes upon our memory. The change which necessarily took place at the beginning of the year, the anxious glances we cast at the benches once filled by them, the hush of their well-known steps in the halls, and the absence of their cheerful laugh, all tell us that the class of 'sixty is "no longer with us."

Into this meditation were we thrown as we were trying to gather a few facts in relation to the class.

The class passed examination and were duly initiated into the college life in the fall of 1856. They numbered twenty-nine members at the beginning of their Freshman year. Gradually the roll contracted in size; some left by force of circumstances, and some by the advice of the Faculty. We subjoin the census of the class in their different years:

Freshman year, 29; Sophomore, 21; Junior, 19; Senior, 17; graduating, 16.

The total number of students who belonged to this class during the whole course was forty; the class thinned out nearly in a directly decreasing ratio. Of the sixteen who sat with a new-born feeling of dignity on the stage on class-day, a very small proportion was of the original band that entered in the fall of 1856. The class lost two members by death: they died at their own homes.

JOHN J. M. LIGGETT, of Zanesville, O., died in the summer of 1859, of consumption.

JAMES TODD HAMPTON, of Pittsburg, Pa., died in the winter of 1857 of consumption. Mr. HAMPTON, while skating, fell through the ice, and the cold he caught was the cause of his premature and lamentable death.

Of the members that graduated, a synopsis shows that there were from

Middle States,	Southern,	Western,	Cuba,	Canada,
2.	3.	11.	1.	1.

They belonged to the following societies. To each society is also affixed the number of honor men belonging to the same, and the number of honors obtained by it in the aggregate. The honors are : valedictory oration ; class oration and history ; editorships of the Kenyon Collegian ; Presidencies of literary societies, and of the class ; orations on Washington's birthday : making a total of twelve honors.

	NO. OF MEMBERS.	NO. OF HONOR MEN.	NO. OF HONORS.
Philomathesian,.....	14	6	11
Nu Pi Kappa,.....	2	1	4
Delta Kappa Epsilon,....	4	2	2
Theta Delta Chi,.....	2	1	4
Alpha Delta Phi,.....	4	1	3
Phi Beta Kappa,	6	6	14

The class had a very large proportion of Church members :

Episcopal 8 ; Presbyterian 1 ; Congregational 1.

Three peculiarities characterized our friends :

First, *Bravery*, as shown in the first rebellion of Kenyon College, in which the class acted a prominent part, we understand. Perhaps they hardly knew what to do with their Sophomoric ascension, at the same time sensible that they must do something to immortalize the occasion of their promoted importance. The feeling of prospective superiority was, no doubt, for a long while fermenting and effervescing, till the accumulated gaseous power spent itself in the aforesaid insurrection, at the beginning of their Sophomore year.

Second, *Acuteness*, as exemplified in the surveying expedition, when instead of holding the compass and the theodolite, they clung closely to the beer barrel, and instead of measuring the *ground*, they computed the rotundity of their drinking apparatus, viz : the stomach, much to the vexation of the Mathematical professor. When they *did* survey, they complained of the local disturbance *in the ground* which unsettled the needle, and not rather of the local disturbance situated *in the head*, (caused by the over-dose,) which unsettled their eyesight. We may include, also, their appropriating to their own use pickles, found in spring houses that chanced to be in their path in the geological excursion. We hardly know whether to lay these expressions of their acuteness at the door of their ignorance, or of their natural depravity.

Third, *Enterprise*. Many a class has been accused of old-fogyism and beaten-track energy. Certainly it was by no means a pleasing characteristic to have, and, therefore, it was no wonder that the class of 'sixty desired to "cut a shine." To do something for the intellectual advancement of their younger brethren, and to rear for themselves a monument, attesting their spirit of *Enterprise*, were their aims, while gazing through the long vista of four college years. The lower classes watched in breathless silence, and the "barbarians" peeped through the cracks of the enclosure, waiting for the consummation of things. The Faculty smiled on their liberality and self-forgetfulness in view of the public welfare. All were expecting the result. Hark! what was that noise and heralding, and what meant that volume of cheers which reached our ears? It was this: "steps have been taken to establish a *reading-room*. under the control and direction of the Senior class." At last, as the Freshmen sang—

"The Seniors have found it,
With Prex at the head."

We need not enter into the minuteness of the advantages, commercial, political, and social, obtained by this step; nor the "progress" attending therein. The newspapers therein collected gave us all the necessary "current news." The Freshmen Pow-wow, on class-day, also demonstrated the fact that the files of "dailies" and "weeklies" did *them* service in their wailings and mournings, especially those who were guiltless of using pocket-handkerchiefs.

But summing up; the class, socially and morally, deserves a pretty high opinion. Especially would we recommend the example of one trait in their character to the consideration of the Kenyonians, viz: their honorable dealing with each other. Never did we witness such kind feeling in a class, such a uniformity of friendship and brotherly affection, and it did our hearts good to see them walking arm in arm up and down the path after recitations, and singing our college song. We thought their class-day ceremony was remarkably expressive. Each one advancing to cast the earth on the ivy, and the shaking hands to bid each other good-bye, were to us other than empty forms—they were the spontaneous expres-

sions of their heartfelt sorrow and friendship. Few eyes were dry, because the feeling was real and not extorted. When the President of the class uttered the sentiment, "As the tendrils of the ivy cling closely to the wall of the chapel, so will our affection cling to our Alma Mater," we thought the parallel could justly be extended by adding, that, even as the tendrils derived their nourishment from the moisture which ascends through the parent stem, so would their affection for the Alma Mater live, supported by that common affection and mutual regard. When we see such pleasant union, can we hesitate to say college life is the happiest part in one's existence, the brightest spot in one's memory. How a little attention tends to consolidate our friendship, enliven our esteem for each other, and weave our hearts in the bond of love. Brotherly feeling makes our college sky unclouded, and our four years halcyon days of tearless bliss.

Circumstanced as we are, separated from the outer world, how carefully should we engender and foster such mutual kindness. The class of 'sixty has left us a bright pattern of it, and fondly do we hope that other classes may model after it.

The class has many friends in the lower departments, who will ever remember them as generous and good-hearted college mates. With much regret do we say the last words of good-bye. If we must say them, let us do it with their fullest significance—which we like much better—"God be with you." Our best hopes and kindest regards attend you, and may success and rewards be the fruits of all your good undertakings.

As far as we can ascertain, our friends are thus distributed in their vocations :

Ministry,	Law,	Teaching,	Business,	Doubtful,
3.	5.	2.	4.	2.

Recent intelligence has furnished us with the following items :

Married, 1. Engaged, 3.

In theological seminaries, (Alleghany, Alexandria and Philadelphia,) 3; in business, (New York and Pittsburg,) 2; teaching, (in Ohio, Virginia and Louisiana,) 4.

MEMORABILIA KENYONENSIA.

BURIAL OF HOMER.

We most humbly beg the pardon of our friends of the class of '63, for having neglected to notice in our last issue the evidence they gave us of their assumption of Sophomoric volatility, when, in the "first glad flush of victory" they consigned old Homer to perdition in a white pine coffin. This ceremony has become an established institution at Kenyon, and demands a place in our journal of College events. Below we present the

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

1. Music.....*A. Symphoniacis.*
2. Poem.....*George H. Dunn.*
3. Solo—a la Stult(u)s.....*"Who treads the Path."*
4. Funeral Oration.....*Bainbridge H. Webb.*
5. Solo—"Peanut Gal,".....*Von Webb(er).*
6. Burial Ceremony.....*Sacer dotes.*
7. Funeral Dirge.....*Class.*

(Owing to want of space the Song is omitted)

8. 210th Hymn, long metre, (Doxology.)
9. A short time is now allowed for the mourners to give vent to their "pheelinks."
10. A Class(ic) Song.

"Old Homer's dead, his spirit fled,
And all his beauty vanished;
His feet so long, his heroes strong,
To shades of Pluto banished.

CHORUS—Then joyful we, from Homer free,
Again will swell the chorus;
Join in the song as it floats along,
We've nought but mirth before us.

[*Etc.*

NOTICE.—The undersigned would respectfully call the attention of feeble Freshies to their extensive stock of fast trotting "horses" of the "Bohn" breed, sired by the celebrated "Jack" Harper, and dam(u)ed by the Faculty.

CLASS OF '63.

Soon after the address of Mr. Loomis before the Nu Pi Kappa Society, the procession emerged from the dismal vault beneath the Old College, fit place for the incubation of such unearthly

orgies. "Slowly and sadly" it moved up the path, preceded by the Millersburgh band, playing a funeral dirge. Words are inadequate to describe the gloomy, Plutonic, diabolical appearance of this funereal train. First came his Satanic Majesty, attended by two imps in red flannel; then the Great High Priest in his robes and "Heaven-essaying" hat, followed by the bier which was borne by two gigantic votaries of the deceased. Upon the coffin was perched, in satanic glee, a third imp, as if to guard from mortal touch the lawful seizure of his master. "Conjux Homeri et Philomedusa," with downcast eyes and lugubrious visage, made "night hideous" with heart-rending demonstrations of grief; then came the friends of the deceased, in costumes various, antique, grotesque and inimitable. Whether the sages of Greece would have recognized in their habiliments an approach to the garb of the Homeric period, is a question for critical antiquarians to determine. Our very limited knowledge of Chian or Smyranean fashions, precludes any criticism upon the fidelity of the representation. We can only testify that the cut was, to the best of our belief, original—certainly imposing—without doubt unique and consistent. We would venture to suggest, however, with all due respect to Mrs. Homer and the lovely Philomedusa, that they were guilty of a slight anachronism in wearing crinoline. It was left to the genius and inventive skill of the ladies of a somewhat later date to spread their canvas upon a more extensive scale—a natural sequence upon the invention of the Mariner's Compass and the subsequent improvements in navigation. The staid matrons of the heroic ages of Greece were guiltless of any such artificial deceptions. This is by way of interlude.

The red glare of the torches, the long array of mourners in their ghostly drapery and hideously grinning masks, the lacrymose condition of the wife and friends, together with the mournful strains of the attendant music, rendered us oblivious to our surroundings; the darkness shrouded in gloom the spires and turrets of Kenyon, and we mused—dreamed of the burial at midnight of a pious monk of the middle ages, and listened for the "miserere" of the brethren. This was soon dispelled by the arrival of the procession at the park gate; the remains of the deceased were placed in the center of a circle formed by mourners and spectators; the Orator and Poet mounted the columnar structures which flank the entrance to the campus, and in turn expatiated upon the early history, character and proclivities of

the Poet, in the course of which many new and startling facts were announced which shed beams of scholastic research upon much that has been obscure in the history of the blind bard, and will doubtless set forever at rest the noisy wranglings of classical polemics.

When the ceremony had been performed by the Great High Priest, the mourners had given vent to their "pheelinks," and the dirge had been sung, the procession resumed its march and concluded the exercises within the campus by burning the remains of the outraged bard amid the maledictions of vindictive Sophs, the exultant yells of the red flannel imps, and the crackling of the combustibles which surrounded the coffin.

Permit us to say a word in regard to exercises of this kind. We approve of them, as does every one who is liberal enough to admit that "all work and no play," etc. They give zest and life and variety to commencement week, fill a vacancy long felt and deplored by all of us, in the programme of this annual festival, relax the minds of students engaged in them, and of strangers who visit them, surfeited with prose and monotonous oratory. But, for the very reason that strangers *do* attend and witness them, they should be characterized by the strictest regard to propriety, a careful expurgation of everything which can offend the most fastidious taste, a chaste and decorous style of composition, in so far as they are literary, and an arrangement of externals such as will call for no condemnation on the part of modesty or true gentility. All this can be done without in the least detracting from the ludicrous, the witty, the mock-heroic aim of the performance. So far from marring, it will rather elevate and render more pleasing to a really desirable company of auditors, these elements, and the result will be a larger and more appreciative audience, a more lasting effect, a better general opinion of the class. We refer in these remarks not particularly to the Class of '63, for we thought their exercises freer than usual from the faults we have endeavored to point out. Yet is there room for improvement, and we hope to see it effected.

Another point: the programmes, it seems to us, are not remarkable for originality in their general plan or minor specifications. There is too much servile imitation of similar performances in our Eastern Colleges. We would not urge classes to effect changes merely for the sake of innovation, but for effect—which we suppose to be their primary object. The students of Kenyon are not so mentally sterile as to be driven to the neces-

sity of copying stale jokes and superannuated classical puns which are in every one's mouth, and have been for ages. If we are to have wit, let it be fresh and pointed, and at once intelligible, that half our short season of relaxation need not be spent in racking our wearied brains to detect a supposed gem, and finding it to be a lame, scarcely perceptible, attenuated pun. It is not want of talent, but want of judgment that dictates such efforts, and all that is needed to effect an improvement is real desire to please and amuse, and careful consideration of the means best adapted to attain these ends.

DEDICATION OF THE NU PI KAPPA HALL.

The Nu Pi Kappa Hall was finished last fall, at which time the Society removed from the basement of the College, which had been used since 1832. It was an event well worth being recorded in the minutes of the Association. The old Hall, with its blue pillars and time-venerated associations, though dear to many, was an ill suited place, unworthy of the institution, and inhospitable to the persons who used it. The new hall is tastefully and neatly finished. The walls are ornamented with appropriate and beautiful paintings and engravings. The opening of such a hall, devoted to a truly laudable purpose, was necessarily attended with a great deal of interest.

Previous to the last Commencement the Society elected Rev. Mr. Benson President, Hon. Stanley Matthews orator, and Rev Geo. A. Strong poet for the occasion of the dedicatory ceremony. The day chosen for this occasion was, we thought, very auspicious, as a week before a large number of new students were initiated to membership in the Society, and it was the first time since its organization that it has comprised so large a number of active members. Sept. 19th, was the day of the dedication.

At 6.30 P. M. the invited guests and several of the honorary members began to arrive at the Hall. For these one part of the room was appropriated. The seats immediately by the President's stand were reserved for the assistant Bishops of the Diocese and the members of the Faculty. At 7 o'clock precisely, the students formed in procession in front of the old College, under the marshaling of Mr. Clark. A fit place to start from, since it was in the basement of that very building that the Society started into existence, and in which it had held its court for

seventeen years. Standing before it previous to the march, it seemed as if the Society was offering up the last incense of gratitude and respect. Slowly moved the line in double file, to the merry tunes of the Kenyon band. When it reached Ascension Hall, the procession resolved itself into single file. In this way it entered the hall, the band enlivening meantime the air with sweet instrumental music. Below we give the order of exercises:

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

Oration,-----Hon. STANLEY MATTHEWS.

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

The ceremony began with appropriate prayer by Rev. Mr. Clements.

The oration was one of great interest. The speaker first reverted to the time when he was an active member of the Society. The pleasant associations then formed, he said, afforded him subjects of delightful recollection, though twenty years intervention stood as it were a wall between him and that period. The orator's subject was—*Duties of Man arising from his relations*. Two prominent truths were forcibly brought forward in the address; one was that restrictions and limitations in this life are purposed to prepare us for happiness. We will find these irksome at first, but by habit and reasonable submission, we will not only see that they are useful but necessary to our existence. To support his proposition he took college life as an illustration. We find the rules and regulations often clashing with our freedom, still they are framed for the healthy existence of the institution. But after we enter the outer world, and are obliged from the nature of our relations, to make laws and regulations for ourselves in accordance with existing customs, we will soon learn that due subjection is necessary for our own welfare. Moreover, by habituating ourselves to this, we will find it far from being irksome. Thus also with government and legal enactments. They are all founded on a surrender of certain individual rights, and without this surrender they cannot exist. The second truth was that subjection and submission to the will of God is the true foundation of freedom of will. This is more properly the conclusion as deduced from the first principle. The restraints which surround us in this life are disciplinary, and intended to lead us to God and happiness.

We dare not trust on our memory further, lest injustice be done to the orator. They only who heard it, can admire the full

force and merit of his address. For us to epitomise such practical truths would be doing injustice to the orator, and would convey to the reader but an inadequate idea of their real worth.

The address was very attentively listened to by the audience. The sound truths therein presented could not but make a sensible impression upon all present, but more especially the students. Something to the point was all that we students wanted, and Judge Matthews certainly gave that in his speech. The address was altogether an able and manly production. It was, moreover, delivered in a natural and easy manner, unaffected and unrestrained, which could not fail to be attractive to the hearer.

At the conclusion of the oration, a song composed for the occasion, was sung by the members of the Society. Before the last stanza was begun, Bp. Bedell rose and said that, since it was so appropriate and embodied sentiments in which every one could join, he should like to see the invited guests rise and unite their voices with those of the members. The act signified no more than a complimentary testimonial to the Nu Pi Kappa, and even had circumstances prevented any one concurring in the sentiments therein expressed, the rising and joining in the singing were only tokens of respect and politeness to the Society. The last stanza was sung with a great deal of liveliness, zeal and feeling—all lending their voices.

Before the Benediction was pronounced, Bp. Bedell rose and expressed his gratitude and pleasure on behalf of himself and the visitors—gratitude for being permitted to be present at an occasion of such interest, and to listen to a speech abounding with such common sense truths and wholesome advice. He congratulated the Society for the happy choice of the orator, who in every respect reflected honor on himself and the Society and College of which he was simultaneously a member. The beautiful words "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you all. Amen," were then pronounced.

The guests retired. Half an hour afterwards the students marched in procession, escorting the President and the Orator of the evening to Mrs. Leverett's, where a sumptuous collation had been prepared. At a small hour in the morning their voices were still echoed by the surrounding woods, causing the hills to seem as if alive with men. But at 3 A. M., all were hushed in sleep.

Editors' Table.

SENIORS.—Editorial Seniors especially, are exceedingly busy. This startling fact is announced for the benefit of Freshmen, who have been persuaded into the belief that Senior life is all "Otium cum dig.," all roses and no thorns. Why, my unsophisticated young friends, upon our shoulders has devolved all the dignity of these very dignified Institutions, if we may except a slight quantity visible in the aspiring bearers and premature struts of some of our Junior friends. Upon us rests the responsibility of watching over the welfare of the rising generation. From us the year '61 derives all its importance to the future, and lastly, in addition to all these laborious duties, a few recitations are interspersed for variety's sake, to fill up odd moments and occasionally remind us of the fact that we are under-graduates. These numerous and burdensome claims upon our time, leave but little of the "Otium," to be enjoyed; yet a leisure moment now and then intervenes. And such an one is this. Saturday afternoon has at last dragged its slow length along, and we don the Editorial robes, somewhat out at the elbows—insinuate our extremities into the Editorial slippers—slightly down at the heel—subside resignedly into the Editorial chair—undeniably superannuated—grasp convulsively the Editorial goose quill—nibbed with eloquence divine—and, what shall we say? Would that some Knight Errant idea in search of "a lodge in some vast wilderness," would present its welcome visage at the portals of our brain! Shall we describe to you our *sanctum*? It differs not very much from other dens of waste paper and unappreciated genius. Dark and dingy is it as the fifth story back room—one window, unswept habitation of a briefless London barrister—cheerless as the "Ladies cabin" of an oyster sloop on a chill November morning—inconvenient as any model editor could ask—literary in appearance—decidedly so, if long rows of text books in a remarkable state of preservation—papers arranged in artistic confusion—a wardrobe of precisely the same dimensions as our *sanctum*, and a general air of philosophical abstraction and practical inaptitude are evidences of literary predilections. The "Editor's Table" occupies normally, one corner of the *sanctum* and supports a bookcase somewhat primitive in its construction, whose shelves contain numberless indications that it belongs to the editorial department. On shelf No. 1, are Webster's Dictionary, Shakspearian Quotations, (very convenient,) Inkstand very venerable and time-worn, Goose Quills supposed to be identical with those used by Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," and numerous other necessary adjuncts to editorial labors. Upon shelf No. 2, our Exchanges at one end cast disdainful glances upon a massive roll of rejected Manuscript at the other extremity; while above all, in towering piles are back No's of the Collegian, whose antiquated pages we peruse with curiosity, avidity and family pride. Of ornament, the profession admits but

little. An engraving just over our heads testifies to our classical taste, being entitled the "Dream of Arcadia." By its side, bright exemplar of editorial patriotism, hangs the American Eagle, while near by Married and Happy, bears witness to;—(This does not mean anything—was only introduced into the *sanctum* for want of something more appropriate.) We might describe to you the blooming Scandinavian damsel, suggestive of superabundance of Health and Sour Kraut, who gazes upon us from behind the stove—of the Parisian prints which flank our solitary window—of the Hunting scene that tells us of a life outside of this little world of Kenyon—but we forbear.

Our object in describing so tempting an abode is not to awaken any feelings of envy in your breast, indulgent reader, but to induce you to visit this habitation of pen, ink and paper—to suggest, that while we scratch our head editorial, you scratch yours and deposit the product, if it be a healthful one, in our contribution box. In a word the Collegian asks and has a right to demand the hearty support and co-operation of students. It aims to be the index of student thought and feeling, the advocate of students' interests, and should be the object of student's care and solicitude. The difficulties we have to encounter are not, we fear, fully appreciated by our readers; while they demand of us variety, spice, life, they stand coldly aloof, one and all, and read the Collegian, not as the one only exponent of our little community in which we all have an immediate interest—not as the criterion by which we all, as students, are judged by our brethren east and west, and as such a nursling we should all maintain and cherish if we would establish a name and position worthy of our talents and opportunities—but with the cold eye of harsh, unjust and undeserved criticism—dwelling upon its faults, slighting its merits, disparaging its objects and aims, and disregarding its claims to indulgence and forbearance. Is this just? Is it generous? Is it politic? If the relations, intimate and long continued, which have subsisted between us as fellow laborers, entitle us to any favor at your hands, the *injustice* of such a course is apparent. If an earnest desire and a faithful effort to render our issue readable, instructive and profitable to you—if labor bestowed without stint and time, which we can ill afford to take from other duties, consumed without emolument of any kind, constitute valid claims to brotherly sympathy and support, the *want of generosity* of such a course is beyond question. If it is of any moment, that we be known abroad as we are—that a truthful exponent of our ability go forth from Kenyon, to which we can point with satisfaction and pride, that we have in our midst an able medium of communication with others, and a reliable record of what transpires among ourselves to which we can refer hereafter. If this be true, the *impolicy* of discouragement and opposition requires no demonstration. Consider these suggestions. If not for their own intrinsic truthfulness and evident importance, give us a hearing for our own sakes and let us have a little more *warm, earnest*, practical support from those who are able and ought to be zealous in a cause of so vital and immediate interest to us as a body of students. We are asking of our friends no sacrifice of time. It were needless and superfluous to specify here the advantages, and they are real, solid, practical ones, of contributing to our pages. In addition to the potent and self-evident benefits to be derived from any literary exercise, we might mention the acquisition of a style

better adapted than that which is or can be acquired in the composition of essays and chapel orations for practical purposes hereafter—easy, fluent, rapid and discursive. “A word to the wise is sufficient.”

A meeting of the students of Kenyon was held in the basement of Rosse Chapel on the 24th of September, convened for the purpose of taking measures for the building of a gymnasium. S. M. D. CLARK was called to the chair, and GEORGE GAMBLE appointed Secretary. It was resolved that the meeting should organize itself into a body under the title of the “Kenyon Gymnastic Association.” A constitution, previously prepared, was read and adopted. In accordance with one of the provisions of this constitution, the association elected the following officers:

<i>President,</i>	GEORGE GAMBLE
<i>Vice-President,</i>	W. D'ORVILLE DOTY.
<i>Secretary & Treasurer,</i>	EDWIN L. STANTON.
<i>Directors,</i>	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="font-size: 3em; margin-right: 10px;">{</div> <div> E. OWEN SIMPSON, S. M. D. CLARK, JNO. CROWELL, Jr., J. T. KILBOURNE, A. M. KINZIE, WM. M. POSTLETHWAITE. </div> </div>

The association then adjourned.

Upon the 8th of October, a second meeting of the association was held, in the same place as before. Reports were made by the chairman of the Board of Directors, and by various sub-committees of the Board. The committee on subscriptions reported that over \$300 had been subscribed for the gymnasium by students, professors, and citizens of “the Hill,” and that much more might yet be expected. It was moved and carried that the thanks of the association be tendered to Rev. PETER NEFF, Jr., Prof. WHARTON, Mr. R. S. FRENCH, Rev. S. S. CLEMENTS, Rev. A. BLAKE, and Prof. SMITH, for the generous interest which they had manifested in the enterprise, their subscriptions amounting in all to \$125. Whereupon the association adjourned.

During the interval between these meetings, the Board of Directors addressed to the Trustees of the College, then in session at Gambier, a letter asking them to furnish a building for the use of the association. The Trustees returned answer that they had not a sufficiently full attendance to warrant their taking any definite action upon the matter, but that they approved the enterprise, and would advertise for subscriptions.

We trust that the work so well begun will go on until it shall reach a full consummation. We certainly stand in great need of a good gymnasium. Our college is not, at present, a good school for physical development. Indeed, its tendencies are rather to physical degeneracy. Many who come here healthy, strong, and robust, waste away their energies and undermine their constitution, either by dissipation or hard study. The former class generally derive little benefit from the college course, and the latter, while they improve their opportunities for mental culture and the acquisition of knowledge, are so deficient in health and physical energy that they are unfit for the stern duties of life; and but little practical benefit results from their learning, either to the world or to themselves. We believe that a gymnasium would obviate these evils. It would check the ruinous consequences of dissipation, and would, in a great measure, diminish dissipation itself. It would materially decrease the number of pale cheeks, round shoulders, and

puny frames, which are so common among us. It would not interfere with study, but, on the contrary, would promote it. He can best apply his mind to study, whose body is in a healthy condition. "Meus sana in corpore sano."

The many wealthy and liberal friends of this Institution will, we hope, render us their assistance in this project. The amount already raised among us is by no means sufficient. Ten times the sum would be none too much, and could be well laid out. We know of nothing that would give a greater impetus to Kenyon than the success of this enterprise. She would then enjoy the highest reputation as a college, affording to her students the amplest facilities for the cultivation and improvement of the mental, the moral, and the physical.

We present below a list of the officers of the various college classes for the present year. These class organizations are but recent institutions with us, yet they have already assumed considerable importance, and, we doubt not, are the means of some good. They give tone and system to college enterprise, and serve to keep alive a healthy class spirit. We do not, however, approve of such class rivalry and jealousy as seem to be characteristic of Harvard, Yale, and most of the Eastern institutions. Happily, they do not exist here. Class distinctions at Kenyon are, we believe, less marked than at almost any other college. True, every student feels a sort of pride in his own class, and has a natural proclivity to associate with his own classmates, but he does not by any means feel debarred from the society of the rest of his fellow students. The Senior and the Freshman mingle freely together, and often are united by the closest intimacy. But to cut short this digression. We here append the names of those who have received the honor of class preferment—rather more honor than responsibility, we imagine.

SENIOR CLASS.

<i>President,</i>	E. OWEN SIMPSON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	E. W. TARLTON.
<i>Secretary,</i>	N. Y. KIUNG,
<i>Standing Committee,</i>	WM. W. LATHROP,
	MURRAY DAVIS,
	GEORGE GAMBLE.

JUNIOR CLASS.

<i>President,</i>	JNO. CROWELL, JR.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	A. V. G. ALLEN.
<i>Secretary,</i>	WM. M. POSTLETHWAITE.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	E. E. LAW.

SOPHOMORE CLASS.

<i>President,</i>	E. L. STANTON.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	S. H. BOYER.
<i>Secretary,</i>	C. G. THOMSON.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	J. M. HURD.
<i>Historian,</i>	A. D. ROCKWELL.

FRESHMAN CLASS.

<i>President,</i>	E. B. HAYES.
<i>Vice-President,</i>	JNO. M. BUTLER.
<i>Secretary,</i>	J. S. BLACKALLER.
<i>Treasurer,</i>	AMOS SKEELE.
<i>Historian,</i>	W. P. BROWNE.

AGAIN are we called upon to record the death of a former college associate. Some weeks ago the mournful tidings reached us that Virginius Ingraham was dead. Formerly a member of the class of '62, he left college in Febru-

ary, 1860, and soon after embarked for Liverpool. On his second return voyage, August 3rd, when but three days sail from New York, he fell from the masthead of the packet Southampton, upon the deck, and was instantly killed.

The sorrow, deep and heart-felt, which his death has occasioned, is visible in every face. His classmates and college associates think with tearful grief of his noble qualities of heart, his genial humor, his steadfast friendship. They who have but lately come among us, and have not known the purity, integrity and manliness of his character, read his eulogium in the softened smile, the subdued tone, the hushed and respectful tenor of conversation when his name is mentioned. His brothers in the literary hall can never forget his earnest and consistent devotion to the cause of truth, his advocacy of sound and healthful reform, his never failing promptitude in the fulfillment of every duty, and the discharge of every obligation. His brethren in the church, feel that they have lost an active and zealous co-laborer; one, who, with an enlightened understanding of the demands of duty, and an inward and vital appreciation and acknowledgment of the claims of his profession upon his heart and head—in his daily walk and conversation never lost sight of these guiding principles, and exhibited to his fellows that his was a living, practical faith, bringing forth fruits of charity, benevolence and christian love. The missionary cause, to which he had devoted himself, and to a participation in whose noble, self-sacrificing exertions he was anxiously yet boldly and fearlessly looking forward as the most extended field of usefulness, will find not many laborers qualified to fill the position he would have occupied.

We subjoin the resolutions which this mournful event has called forth. No additional testimonials were needed; but as among those who knew and honored and respected him, *we* claim the right to pay the tribute of a tear to his memory.

Resolutions of the Nu Pi Kappa Society of Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

WHEREAS, The untimely death of Virginiu Ingraham has caused unfeigned sorrow in the Nu Pi Kappa Society of Kenyon College, of which he was a useful and shining member; when with us, loved, honored and respected by as all, in death, remembered with tearful affection and regret; therefore,

Resolved, That we, the members of the Nu Pi Kappa Society, while we recognize in his death the hand of an Allwise God, "whose ways are not our ways," can but deeply lament the loss of one, who, by his manly, noble and generous qualities of heart, and brilliant mental endowments, was so well calculated to reflect honor upon himself, and upon the Society of which he was a member.

Resolved, That while we deeply regret the necessity of his separation from us and departure from college, we most heartily endorse his whole course throughout the difficulties which led to this separation, regarding his conduct as dictated by a conscientious and prayerful consideration of duty, any dereliction from which were inconsistent with the upright, generous and manly standard to which he ever most rigidly conformed.

Resolved, That the grief which we can but feel as his friends and brothers, is softened and lightened, and purified to us, by the assurance that to him death was robbed of all its terrors, by the active, unwavering and blameless christian life which he ever led, having early learned that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and ever in his intercourse with his fellows, evincing that his was an eternal, practical and *vital religion*, inciting him to deeds of kindness, words of sympathy and christian feeling, active benevolence and enlightened charity.

Resolved, That we extend our warmest sympathies to the family of the

deceased, exhorting them to bow in submission to the decrees of Him "who doeth all things well."

Resolved, That in token of our grief, we wear the usual badge of mourning, and that the Hall and Library of the Society be draped in deep mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the Peoria Transcript, Cleveland Herald, Western Episcopalian, and the Kenyon Collegian, for publication.

Committee, { W. D'ORVILLE DOTY,
JOHN CROWELL, JR.,
JAMES KILBOURNE.

Resolutions of the Junior Class of Kenyon College.

WHEREAS, We are again called in the course of a few short months to mourn the loss of another class-mate, one whom we admired, respected and loved, Virginius Ingraham,

Therefore, Resolved, That we acknowledge the hand of an all-wise Creator in thus afflicting us, and in submission bow beneath the heavy stroke.

Resolved, That while we deeply feel our loss, the sure confidence of his eternal gain, reconciles us to the deprivation.

Resolved, That although to our short-sighted human vision, it would seem mysterious that one so eminently adapted for usefulness should be thus called away in the very dawn of a vigorous manhood, before he had been permitted to enter upon that distant mission field to which he had earnestly devoted his life, yet we would feel that God has done "what seemeth unto Him good," and we would rejoice that our brother lived so long as to give us a beautiful example of noble manliness, joined with a deep and consistent piety.

Resolved, That we not only fully endorse the course of conduct which he pursued, and the principles he espoused during the late difficulties existing in the institution, but honor him for the purely christian spirit he then displayed, and cannot express sufficient admiration for the man, who, with clear views of what was just and right, unflinchingly held to them, regardless of the sad consequences which he was aware must ensue.

Resolved, That in this most sudden and mournful event, we have sustained the loss of a man possessing great natural force of character, together with that uncommon power of mind which would have made him an honor to the institution and the world.

Resolved, That we tender our heart-felt sympathy to the family and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the brother of the deceased, and that they be also published in the Western Episcopalian, the Peoria Transcript, the Mt. Vernon Banner, and the Kenyon Collegian.

Resolved, That the usual badge of mourning be worn during thirty days.

Committee, { A. V. G. ALLEN,
W. M. POSTLETHWAITE,
W. E. WRIGHT.

Kenyon College, Sept. 25, 1860.

THE two literary Societies have elected the following gentlemen orators for the ensuing "Twenty-second of February":

Orator of the Philomathesian Society, M. M. GILBERT, Worthington, O.

Orator of the Nu Pi Kappa Society, MURRAY DAVIS, Iowa City, Iowa.

The two societies have also appointed a joint committee, who will concert measures for the appropriate observance of this popular holiday. Initiatory steps having been taken at such an early date, we anticipate a celebration of more than usual interest.

We notice through our exchanges that the political excitement, which is now rife throughout the country, has not left our colleges untouched by its contagious influence. At many of them ratification meetings were held soon after the nomination of the various parties for the Presidency and Vice-

Presidency. Wide-Awake clubs have been formed among our brethren of Williams, Hamilton, and other institutions. At the beginning of the session we heard it proposed that there should be an organization of this kind among us, but happily the idea has not been carried out. Political excitement here is at a very low ebb. All public discussion upon slavery is discountenanced by the Faculty, and by the two literary societies. And it is well that it should be so. Anything which tends, as political excitement most effectually does, to draw the attention of Students from their legitimate pursuits, should be avoided. This alone were sufficient reason for the exclusion of politics from the walks of academic life; but with reference to our case, there is another reason equally cogent. We have, congregated together, students from every part of the country, and, of course, holding political opinions of every shade and complexion. We doubt whether any institution in the North has as large a proportion of Southern students as Kenyon. Out of the two hundred scattered through its various departments, they number about forty. As we are assembled here for the attainment of a common object, it is desirable that harmony and brotherly sympathy should prevail among us as far as possible. All are aware that, even among those of the same locality, there is scarcely anything more calculated to result in angry debate than an unrestrained discussion of the slavery question; but its evil consequences are much greater when persons from every quarter of the Union are gathered together in one place, and when sectional prejudices have to be combated.

But while discussion is disallowed, we each feel at perfect liberty to express our own sentiments in a quiet way. This by no means interferes with the pleasantness of our social intercourse. So long as one does not present his views in an obnoxious manner, he is none the less liked on account of them. The warmest friendship may exist between the most earnest believer in the justice of Slavery and the most ardent Republican—we had almost said between the most fiery Secessionist and the rankest Abolitionist; but we believe, on second thought, that we are entirely free from either of these extremists. The Virginian, who holds John Brown in execration, feels none the less attachment for his Buckeye friend, who considers him a heroic, but misguided, philanthropist. The Louisianian may find his most intimate associate in the Massachusetts Yankee. The Vermonter and the son of Arkansas, the Kentuckian and the Hoosier, (the Chinaman and the Mohawk,) mingle together without reserve.

But notwithstanding the general absence of political excitement in the college, the community around us seems to be alive with enthusiasm. The citizens of "the Hill" have both a Wide-Awake and a Little Giant club. Besides being entertained with their processions and marches, and having our ears greeted almost every night with their delightful (?) strains of martial music, we have been honored with several visitations from the Mt. Vernon companies. Quite a number of mass meetings have been held in our goodly town; at one of which an address was delivered by our former fellow-student, Mr. FRANK H. HURD, who seems to be taking a very active part in the present canvass.

So much for politics. As almost every periodical and newspaper, independent or neutral, seems to have something to say in regard to them, we could not refrain from putting in a word. If our remarks have been profitless, we trust that they have also been harmless.

WE owe an apology to our readers, and those who are the interested friends of Kenyon, for having postponed to mention the many improvements made in Gambier since last Commencement. The extent of the changes, and the short time intervening between the beginning of our session and the first issue of the Collegian, will, we hope, be sufficient excuse for our seeming negligence. But, even now while we make mention of the subject, we fear we can not do it ample justice, for, what with the heavy (?) duties of the Senior year, and the endeavor to preserve a cheerful countenance with which to entertain our friends around the editorial table, we can scarcely find leisure to walk out and examine each improvement. Pardon, then, any inaccuracies which may attend our statements. Our purpose is accomplished, if, by this sketch, we can induce you to go around the "Hill" yourselves, and note the different innovations. But, here we are in a dilemma at the very outset. Have you, readers, ever been in the company of charming and fascinating ladies, (to be sure you have,) and asked yourself which one among them you thought was the prettiest and most pleasing? If you have, you can imagine our feeling now. The fact is, we hardly know where to begin. The improvements are various and numerous, and if we should express our opinion (Seniors have a tendency to be *subjective*), on one more favorably than on the others, some offence might be given. Our only alternative is simply to desire our readers to peruse this article, ask no question as to its justness, and go straight to see and judge for themselves. With these preliminary remarks as our exordium, we begin.

On the 8th of September, when Bennett's stage brought us back to Gambier, our first thought was to cast our eyes around and see whether every thing was in statu quo. "Does the place seem natural?" was our query to ourselves, as we alighted from the hack in front of the college. So far, every thing did look natural, though a vacation of ten weeks—a long intervening time—warranted us in expecting some local change for the better. This beaten-track appearance of Gambier was owing, however, not to the fact that there was no necessity for improvement, but because (we are sorry, but facts must come out,) the people wanted to be natural, and any sign of improvement would be an unnatural phenomenon. Like the good Dutch people of the New Netherlands, they liked to maintain their time-venerated usages, though some of them would shock the modesty of this fast age. Well was the opinion that novelty was the indispensable quality of beauty long ago exploded by some sensible man, for otherwise, very little artificial beauty could one see on this "classic Hill," after a residence of one term.

Well, as we were going to say, when we landed in Gambier there were marked improvements to greet our eyes. Looking toward the Seminary, there was the new avenue in progress. The ends of it, one at the College gate, the other at the Seminary gate, were finished. The intervening portion is in course of completion, and soon we will have a good and substantial walk worthy of the Gambier institutions. It is, however, to be regretted that such an important step was not taken sooner. The extent of foot-travelling, the importance of the town, the great number of dirtied skirts and muddy boots, are strong reasons why such a road is necessary. We have heard that certain students were loath to call on ladies after a rain, for fear of carrying slush into the parlors. We admire their good sense, but we were thinking if the mud continued, what dire consequences would ensue to both

parties. Is not this also a sound argument in favor of our proposition? But let us forget the past inconveniences, and look forward to the future. We understand the avenue is to be lined with elms—those graceful and beautiful trees which contribute to make New Haven so charming a city. The shady walks, acceptable in the noon-day sun and in the evening stroll, are all in the prospective, and may the future sons of Kenyon enjoy them. Many thanks are due to the projectors of this walk, and to those who are engaged in its completion.

In the campus we notice very few improvements, except that those ungainly boxes which once surrounded the spruce trees no more meet our eyes. They were destroyed by some mischief-making students, and therefore the improvement was unintended. New iron pipes have been laid around Ascension Hall, connecting the new cisterns and the water spouts. A wood house has been added to its out-houses. Similar pipes have been laid in front of the old college building.

In the main college, the venerable building that boasts a little antiquity, paper patches have been made in some of the rooms. There is certainly a variety in these, but no unity can possibly be detected. Some walls present the appearance of a chess-board, or an old garment sent to John Waugh for the fiftieth time.

In the Seminary park we see a decided change for the better. The grounds have been cleared of rubbish which, we might say, had well nigh taken root. Few trees have been cut down, and those that remain have been carefully trimmed of their superfluous and deformed branches. The thickness of their growth had caused some trees to send out branches entirely on one side, thus disturbing their graceful proportion. This will now be obviated since room is allowed to each tree to spread its waving limbs, even as a lady is wont to spread her dress, setting to advantage her contour and graceful form with intent to "kill." In looking at the seminary park, we can hardly help contrasting its present neat appearance and order with its former dirt, and general tone of "don't care-ativeness." A new fence has been built in front of the seminary; and two neat and simple gates now occupy the position where once stood the rickety ones. Within the building a sensible improvement has been made—that is, a janitor and his wife are employed to sweep the halls, and take charge of the students' rooms generally—thus giving more time to them to be devoted to study or exercise, and relieving them of a duty which was certainly un-manly. For these improvements much credit is due to Rev. Mr. CLEMENTS, through whose energy and industry they were effected.

We always have thought that the college ought to employ some persons who should take care of the students' rooms: Let us chop wood, carry water, but it is un-manly—in plain English, a nuisance—to be obliged to make our own beds. A little larger incidental charge can easily remedy this, and, for conscience sake, let us have a change—and that soon.

Some other innovations have been made, but space forbids us to mention more than one, the result of much ingenuity and originative faculty combined. We mean the *self-shutting gate*, that adorned the fence near Ascension Hall. We are sorry that we had not spoken of it before it passed out of existence. As it is, the gate is among the things that were, and our mention of it at this time will, we are afraid, simply create the

question as to whether the gate was self-shutting at all; for if it were, why did they not continue the use of an article so indispensable.

But the gate—the self-shutting gate, the creature of many a wakeful hour, the result of many a sleepless night! Oh! ye gods, come and lend us your aid to unravel the paradoxical principle of philosophy on which this gate hinged, for if our mind endeavors to elucidate the how and wherefore that gate shut itself, it gets entangled in spectral ropes and appendages. But the gods are not forthcoming, so we have to forego the explanation. Even they, we ween, would hardly know whether those poles, cross-poles, pulleys and ropes, were intended to open the gate, or only served to show that a gate *was there*. Our opinion was, a more ungainly object was never seen, and sooner will we have no gate at all than to have a specimen, the object of mysticism, the inexplicable wonder of the passers by.

As its origin was seemingly miraculous, and its existence full of riddles, so was its disappearance veiled in mystery. Rumor says, in the middle of the night, when men, women and children were in bed, and when Gambier was wrapped in a sheet of darkness and silence, a voice—a singular voice—was heard, beginning at this very gate, and continuing till it penetrated a deep wood, and was heard no more. The following morning interpreted the mystery of this phenomenon. The gate had followed that noise, even the noise of many footsteps. The bare poles alone remained to tell the sad tale of the *self-shutting gate*.

OUR Freshman friends are decidedly sleepy in their tendencies. To prove this assertion, we will quote the notorious fact that in church, on a recent Sunday, twenty-five of them, by actual count, dropped into the arms of the drowsy god before the close of the services. The next day, when at the appointed hour excuses for the delinquencies of the previous week were received, these sleepy Freshies were astounded to find *five marks* recorded against them for disorderly conduct in church. If they were not very wide awake the day before, they certainly were pretty thoroughly awakened upon hearing this startling announcement. Nothing could exceed their astonishment and indignation. Some thought it nobody's business if they did go to sleep in church; others loudly contended that they were not asleep, but merely reclining their heads.

Our Freshman friends should endeavor to check these somnolent propensities. If they continue to indulge them, we know not what they will be when they become Seniors. But, to tell the truth, they are not alone in this business; they have exemplars in the higher classes. Careless Sophs and easy Juniors can often be seen maintaining a reverent posture, not during portions of the service merely, but throughout the whole of it; and even dignified Seniors sometimes manifest their approval of the doctrines and sentiments of the preacher by sundry nods.

To speak seriously, however, we wish to call attention to what we believe to be the cause of this drowsiness in church, namely, the inefficient manner in which the chapel is ventilated. Indeed we have heard it said that it was not ventilated at all; that the sexton, even when sweeping it out, never opened the windows. At any rate, we can vouch for the assertion, that the windows are invariably closed on Sundays, during the services, except on the warmest Sabbaths of summer, and sometimes even then. During this season of the year, if the weather is a little damp or cool, as it often is, this damp-

ness or coolness is not counteracted by a fire, but by the exclusion, as far as possible, of fresh air. Certainly it is not to be expected that one will listen very attentively either to the sermon or to the other services, when breathing an atmosphere so close and impure as to give him the headache, or make him sleepy in spite of himself. Plenty of good fresh air would certainly make the congregation more comfortable and more attentive. Will not the vestry or some one of the "ecclesiastical authorities" see to it, that the sexton provide us more plentifully with this desirable commodity?

WE have but just received, at this late date, the July number of "The University Quarterly." We have not had time, as yet, to give it more than a brief and cursory review. It appears to maintain the same high standard of literary excellence which marked the previous numbers, and which might naturally be expected to characterize a magazine controlled and sustained by the combined talent of so many different institutions.

We are heartily glad to hear of the complete success with which it is meeting. Its objects are eminently praiseworthy. It should receive the cordial support of every American college. It supplies a desideratum which could not be well supplied in any other way. Through its "Essays," it presents in a condensed form an index to the standard of literary excellence in our different institutions of learning. But its "News Articles," strike us as the most interesting feature of this mammoth periodical. It is to these that its readers turn, and will continue to turn, with the greatest zest. Through them we gain an insight into the customs, practices and peculiarities of our student brethren throughout the country, and from them glean suggestions which we can turn to our own practical advantage.

The Kenyon Board of Editors consists of Mr. J. F. Ohl of the Theological Seminary, and Messrs. E. Owen Simpson and N. Y. Kiung of the College, any one of whom will, we doubt not, be ready at any time to receive subscriptions. We wish to see "The University Quarterly" well patronized by our fellow students. No Kenyonite, however, should take it at the expense of the Collegian. Home enterprise should always receive the first encouragement. Where one is able to take both, however, let him do so by all means.

EXCHANGES.—Since our last issue, we have been favored with but few budgets of news from our brethren. Where are the October Nos. of our College Magazines?

We most humbly and sincerely beg the pardon of the young ladies of the Baltimore Female College, for having neglected to notice in the October No. "The Parthenian," a neat and valuable addition to our exchange list. How our young lady friends afford to publish a magazine of sixty pages, beautifully executed in every way, and embellished with a steel engraving, we are unable to divine. How it is so ably conducted in a literary point of view, is not so wonderful, when we reflect that "when maidens sue," the muses "give like gods," and editorial labors become to them, not the fulfillment of duty but the enjoyment of privilege. Among the contributions to its pages, we were especially pleased with "The Ministry of the Beautiful;" "The Cradle, the Altar, and the Tomb;" "The Influence of Men of Genius;" "In Memoriam;" "Parting Ode;" "Mooring," and "The Gift."

The N. C. University Magazine, for September, does credit to the editors. A fine engraving of Gen. Joseph Lane faces the title page, and, we presume, indicates the politics of the editorial corps. In its table of contents we find, among others, "A Strange Character;" "Death of Mary, Queen of Scots," a poetical description whose beauty we cannot too highly commend to our

readers; 'I still Live,' a beautiful and touching event, narrated in language whose pompous and elaborated tone grates most harshly on our ear.

The Harvard Magazine, for September, makes its appearance, as of old, in sombre hue, which belies the character of the contents. In its pages we find—"Egotism," *a la* Rousseau; "A Tragedy from the Antique,"—*Something* after the style of 'Troilus and Cressida'; "Success in College;" "Obituary;" "College Record;" Editors' Table. One new feature we notice, a feature which it seems to us should be transplanted into other college records, a number of valuable, interesting, and amusing statistics are given of the graduating class of '60, their habits, scholarship, etc., etc.

The Nassau Literary Magazine, for September, is characterized by unusual literary taste and vigor. It bears the mark of somewhat more matured intellect than many of our college issues. The system of bestowing prizes upon contributors, is of great benefit to the Magazine, if we may judge from the opening article on "Individuality," in this No.; "Scott's Beau Ideal," pleased us very much; "The Tendency of Christianity," "Lions," and "Our Gladiators," are ably written. The "Literary" is one of our most valued exchanges.

From across the Atlantic come to us the June and September Nos. of the "New Rugbeian." It is exceedingly pleasant to read the thoughts and characteristics of our English brethren engaged in our own great work, and to trace the differences which exist between us. The pages before us amply testify to the general consonance and the specific disagreements between the European and the American student. We sincerely regret the absence of any editorial department. The June No. is devoted to Latin verses, and prize compositions of various kinds. In the September issue are, "Recollections of Rugby;" "The Diver;" "The Fine Arts;" "A Ghost Story;" all of which we read with interest.

Harper's Monthly, for October, is full of good things as usual. Its illustrations of American life and scenery, especially deserve commendation. It is eminently an American monthly, devoted to the interests and claiming the support of American *literati*.

Harper's Weekly, the Ohio Cultivator, and Mt. Vernon Banner, reach us regularly. Our thanks are due to Prof. Wharton for a copy of his "Monograph," entitled "Involuntary Confessions."

ERRATA.—Our readers will please note the following corrections of mistakes, in the October number of the Collegian:

Page 1, under "Editors," and page 41, four lines from the bottom, for "N. Y. Kinny," read "N. Y. Kiung."

Page 2, line 3, for "has" read "have."

Page 3, line 1, for "welcome" read "welcomes."

Page 5, line 33, omit "it."

Page 6, line 8, insert "the" before "debilitating."

Page 7, line 9, insert "un" before "important."

Page 16, line 2, for "this" read "it."

Page 16, line 12, for "company" read "companion."

Page 20, line 10, omit "the."

Page 25, four lines from the bottom, for "se" read "see."

Page 28, line 13, for "bouquets" read "banquets."

Page 31, line 2, for "matron" read "matrons."

Page 33, line 2, for "investing" read "invested."

Page 35, line 26, insert "R. McNeilly" before "John Norris."

Page 40, line 46, for "were" read "was."

Page 43, line 28, for "Nu Pi Kappaans" read "Nu Pi Kappians."

Page 46, line 37, for "qualified" read "qualifies."

These errors, and minor inaccuracies, such as incorrect punctuation, resulted from two causes; first, the haste with which we were obliged to prepare our matter in order to secure a prompt issue, and second, the fact that the proof sheets were read, not by us, but by our publisher in Cincinnati. Hereafter, we shall endeavor to bestow greater attention and closer criticism upon all our articles, and we hope that we shall be able to read our own proof sheets.