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The Old Year is dead—his knell has been tolled—his dirge sung, and a fresh mound made in the great grave-yard, of the Past, where centuries rest; over their remains splendid monuments have been reared, from which hang trophies of war and of peaceful arts. Near the new mound Memory has planted a laurel and a cypress, whose branches intermingle—remembrances of joy blend with recollections of sorrow—those of triumph with those of defeat. Nature mourned the Old Year's death—the plants, her children, were not decked in their jewels of flowers—stately elms and majestic oaks wore not a holiday dress of green, but all looked sad and gloomy, bowing their heads with grief; December's blasts wailed pitiously, and the forests uttered a moan. But why tarry we by the graveside of the Old, when the New Year is with us? Welcome, thrice welcome, glad New Year! rich in the possession of that heirloom of your family—the golden treasure of Hope; strong and buoyant, may you shield from the poisonous arrows of temptation those through whose veins the hot blood of youth courses with impetuous flow—enable all who exult in manhood's prime, to plan wisely and act nobly—assist the aged, tottering on the brink of eternity—teach humanity lessons of virtue—in fine, bring true happiness to every household; then, when your locks are white, cheeks
furrowed, and limbs palsied, Death will prove a welcome visitor, as he is to all who have spent their lives in doing good. A fitting eulogy will be pronounced—History will name but to praise, and a magnificent monument, complete from base to capital, will mark the honored grave of '56.

Kind readers, pardon us for having indulged a few reflections. Jumping from our aerial stilts on to the lowly but firm ground of matter-of-fact, we wish you a very Happy New Year, and at the same time make our Editorial bows. Truth compels us to say that in our new position we feel very much like country bumpkins dressed for the first time in fashionable clothes. However, after the formality of an introduction, we hope to be more at ease. First, then, an apology is due for having so long delayed presenting our Patrons with the compliments of the season; believing in “love at first sight,” and knowing that many form an opinion from external appearance, we have waited for our publisher to procure new type, in order that the Collegian, dressed in a becoming garb, might make a favorable impression. But it is not desirable that a pretty dress should be its sole recommendation, and this will not be the case if our fellow Students render such assistance as is expected; if they, from their rich mental treasuries, contribute liberally, our pages will teem with thought. “Articles of what nature will prove acceptable?” is a question frequently asked, and may as well be answered now as at any other time. Those which convey information in a happy way, will be cordially welcomed. Our design is to unite the “useful with the agreeable,” and therefore we hope the Old Round Table that graces our Sanctum will be literally loaded with choice tales, good selections, reviews and criticisms—with everything spicy, racy, and rich. Prosy pieces on hackneyed subjects are so feeble, they cannot undergo the operation of being “put to press,”—what little vitality they might possess would be destroyed by the process. Having thus defined our position, we purpose making a few general remarks relative to the enterprise in hand. Everything new has difficulties to encounter before it can reach popular favor and distinction. Good and evil result from this—for while inventions, discoveries, and the like, before called useful, must pass through the ordeal of a searching examination in order to be freed from
error, many noble undertakings prove abortive by reason of opposition. Numerous instances have occurred in the world’s history, of that which was once considered worthless becoming afterwards important. Every one should, therefore, be careful in what light he regards anything which, though now apparently of but little moment, *may* prove highly beneficial. If we do not with reckless step crush the humble caterpillar, time will change it into a most beautiful insect, from whose richly colored wings artists gain that knowledge which gives them immortality.

With no experience in Editorial matters, we have commenced the publication of a literary Magazine; obstacles present themselves which, if labor and perseverance can accomplish anything, shall be surmounted. An attempt of this kind was before made, but failed—that last word has been stricken from our dictionary,—shades of Webster have mercy on us! While we desire you all to view the Collegian with critical eyes, still, in consequence of its youth, exercise a little forbearance. Satisfaction may not at first be given, but recollect everything must have a beginning, and by it do not always judge the issue—the tiny acorn little resembles the huge oak.

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**SONGS FOR THE LYRE.**

**NO. 1.**

_Dear land of my fathers! I hail thee once more,_  
As thy cloud-covered mountains appear;  
My bosom is bounding to press thy free shore,  
Which in years past I left with a tear.  
How proudly thy hills lift their heads to the sky!  
Though around them fierce tempests have played,  
While the thunder called forth from their sides, a reply  
More deep than the uproar it made.

Thy vales now arise from the edge of the wave;  
While I gaze, I’m transported with bliss!  
For of all the sweet pleasures which heaven e’er gave,  
Not one was so welcome as this.  
Thou Sun! whose still voice speeds its course thro’ the air,  
Causing life to spring forth into light,  
Oh! say, have thy beams lit a country more fair,  
Than that which now blesses my sight?
SONGS FOR THE LYRE.

NO. II.

How precious the moments we steal from dull care,
To mingle some sweets, never tasted before,
Like gems, which the traveller discovers, when e'er
He furls his white sail at a golden isle's shore.

Oh! who has not felt a warm thrill of delight,
When the toils of the day have gone down in the West,
And the bright glancing beams of the queen of the night,
So kindly invite us to take the soft rest?

But dearer to me than the joys of repose,
Is to sit 'midst those fond ones whose bosoms are free,
To catch the sweet strain as it warbles and flows,
Like honey distilled from the comb of the bee.

NO. III.

We cannot always wear a smile,
Nor seem as though we ne'er knew care;
Grief will possess our hearts awhile,
And twine her mournful cypress there.

Yet, trust the bard, you'll see the hour,
When care and grief will take their flight;
When song once more will fill your bower,
And wake the heart to new delight.

Time, too, may come, when beauty's eyes,
Will fail, for once, to warm the soul;
And wit, which sweetens half our joys,
In vain hang gems around the bowl.

Yet, ere the sun-king's crown of light,
Shall thrice have touched yon hill's grey head,
You'll say, his beams are scarce as bright,
As those which Wit and Beauty shed.

NO. IV.

Eve is sprinkling dewy treasures,
Where the bee delights to stray;
And with summer's warbling measures,
Lulls to sleep the weary day.
See that tuneful harp reclining,
In yon bower, where last 'twas played,
Seems as if its cords were pining,
While the minstrel is delayed.
Surely some kind hand will take it, 
Ere its cords shall be unstrung; 
And with skillful fingers make it, 
Strike to numbers yet unsung. 
Thus the heart, by joy forsaken, 
Need not see a slow decay—
Love its slumb'ring strings will waken, 
To a sweeter, nobler lay.

---

To the votary of nature, all her works appear beautiful. Where loveliness of form is wanting, adaptation to some peculiar end fully atones for the loss. Every niche in the great temple has its appropriate occupant. Every grove possesses not alone its songsters, but each tree, and its every leaf teems with living habitants. So the mighty deep affords a home for numberless animals of every hue and form, while each single drop contains its thousands and tens of thousands of moving creatures. It would be strange indeed, if the treasures of Nature's store house had not found in man a wondering admirer, constituted as he is to enjoy their beauties, and to appreciate the skill displayed in their formation.

Fortunately, there have been not only Philosophers to investigate, but Historians to record, and Poets to praise, the marvels of creation.

Among animate beings especial attention has been paid to such as are remarkable either for outward beauty, physical strength, or other prominent characteristics. So that, martial strains in honor of the dauntless "monarch of the forest," and the unflinching "king of birds,"—Pastoral lays, filled with "bleating herds" and "lowing kine,"—Poetical rhapsodies upon "soaring larks," "heavenly nightingales," and other sweet carollers of the wood, have always freely abounded.
But, as it often happens in human affairs that the fortunate butcher is esteemed a hero, and the gilded witling a prodigy, while modest worth and true nobility are neglected, so in the treatment of lower orders of creation, similar injustice has been inflicted.

The attempt to elevate one of the abused members of this lower order, above the depth of ignominy to which it has been consigned, may prove a failure; yet, strong in the might of a just cause, a defence of the unfortunate family of Batrachians (commonly known as Toads) will be undertaken. And at the very outset, be it understood that no quarter shall be asked nor given, the merits of this long injured race resting upon a foundation that no past, present, nor future blasts of calumny can shake.

Ere considering their physical or other peculiarities, it may be well to show how much entitled to respect they are, on account of the exceeding ancientness of their race, reaching far back into the dim ages before man’s history.

It is apparent that if antiquity of origin, either of family or race, confers any peculiar honor, man must yield the palm of distinction to many inferior animals. That the ability to trace back one’s ancestry through a long period of time, is deemed an honor, would seem probable from the exceeding ostentation displayed, by not a few in our own land, as well as abroad, in emblazoning the ornaments of heraldry wherever possible. The worth of such claims, whether traced to the fillibustering companions of William the Norman, or even to days more antique, may perhaps be questioned, yet if allowed, it must follow, upon the same principle, that whoever or whatever can keep hold of the cord longest, in threading the labyrinth of genealogy, is worthy of the most exalted position. Owing probably to lack of reverence for ancestral pride, the worthies of times long-gone-by, failed to record the descent of every family. Thinking perhaps, that, after all, even the proudest boaster would only be able to look back a few thousand years to father Adam. But while “man, proud man,” is thus cast high and dry upon the sands a few scores of centuries back, many other creatures exist upon our globe who may claim precedence by uncounted ages. Their chart of heraldry is undoubted. The bones of their ancestors have
ben embalmed in imperishable tombs. Impressions as indelible as though carved by the graver's tool, attest their genuineness. Geology is the Champollion that has deciphered these long-hidden hieroglyphics. It reveals to us the wonderful fact that millions of years before man was created, the earth was densely populated. Generation after generation of animals lived and mingled their remains with the various strata of the globe's formation. One strata especially abounds with fossil remains of different species of the Lizard tribe, ranging from the mammoth Ichthyosaurus to the most minute specimens.

Unquestionably, at this period of the earth's history, the original progenitors of the race of Toads flourished and multiplied. Long before the sound of man's voice had been heard, the mingled chorus of frogs and toads, "singing their Maker's praise in their marshy paradise," resounded far and wide. No youthful sprig of humanity then disturbed their sweet harmony. No dainty epicure sought to slay their near connections of the Frog-clan, to feast upon tender hind-quarters. All then was peace, whether playfully gambolling beside the clear running brook, or turning somersets in the sweet smelling herbage, no fear of evil disturbed their happiness. Bright days of Toaddom! Doubtless, traditions of those golden times have descended even to the present. And grey-headed croakers, in damp, cheerless cells, sadly relate to attentive listeners thrilling tales of the days of yore. Certainly Toads are worthy of regard on account of the antiquity of their origin. Of that, at least, their most bitter assailants cannot deprive them.

This however, is, comparatively speaking, only the broken arch, o'ergrown with moss, greeting the eye at the entrance to that temple wherein the mysteries and treasures of the Batrachian family are gathered. As we proceed, new wonders will appear, each more wondrous than the last. Bearing in mind then the antiquity of this race, let us consider some of their physical traits and peculiar habits. Unlike man, who is limited to one physical form, with which he is shackled, whether satisfied or not, the more fortunate object of our remarks develops into a second frame, affording an instance of metamorphosis equally strange with that of the chrysalis to a guady butterfly. After bursting the cell in which its exist-
ence commences, it appears in the form of an exceedingly pre-
ococious little tadpole, darting swiftly hither, thither, and yon. Brimful of life and vivacity, the young tadpoles enjoy their few months of existence merrily chasing each other amid the interlacing branches of luxuriant water-plants lining their native ponds. Here, happily freed from all the corroding cares of want, they find both resting place and food in the plants amid which they exist. In this respect, so like the insects mentioned in the following extract, that it is inserted as more fully expressing the idea.

"Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory and pearl, with pillars of silver and capital of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from a human censer."

"Fancy again the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of summer air, nothing to do when you awake but to wash yourself in a dew drop, and then fall to and eat your bed and bed-clothes."

Though not requiring dew-drops in which to perform their ablutions, tadpoles enjoy hugely their life of ease. Having remained in this elysian state for a few months, surprising physical changes occur—having passed through which, the tadpole develops into the higher form of a toad. Nor is this the only change. Whilst in the former condition, vegetables alone constituted its food. No Grahamite ever advocated more earnestly the superiority of such a diet, than the tadpole. But even tadpoles are fickle! Nor is this fickleness confined to the female portion. All in this respect are alike. As men who, despising in poverty the gaudy trappings of wealth, are often the most eager to excel in pomp when riches come suddenly upon them; so the toad, despising the humble food of its earlier days, becomes as greedy after flesh as the most carnivorous.

It might be thought, that having attained to the dignity of an amphibious animal, increased pleasure would await the Toad. But alas, not so! Infancy is the happiest period of its life. Advanced age and station bring corresponding cares. Because, forsooth, not of a pleasing form, they have a mortal enemy in man, who forgets that a warm heart and guileless
mind are oftener hid beneath a plain exterior than under the garb of beauty.

So bitter a foe is man, that not satisfied with persecuting it wherever found, he has added insult to injury, by defaming its character, a crime well deserving the anathemas of all good citizens. Outrageous libels, which, if these injured creatures were permitted legally to prosecute, would be severely punished. It has been asserted that merely touching them is poisonous, and that they infect with venom all plants near which they pass. Ye shades of departed Batrachians, rise up and confound the base assertions! Haunt the nightly couches of the propagators with endless horrors!

So far from such statements being true, the Toad is not only a harmless, but exceedingly useful member of society. Acting upon the noblest principle, it returns good for evil, by destroying many pernicious insects hurtful to the property of man.

But the lord of creation, subduer of the most ferocious denizens of savage wilds, is not the only enemy of unfortunate Toadites. Birds of the air, and fishes of the pond, are even more hostile. Like the poor flying-fish, when pursued, escaping from one element to another, it flees from present ills to those it knows not of,—frequently verifying the old proverb, "Out of the frying pan into the fire." The ravens of the valley also feed upon it, and listen to its piteous cries for mercy "nevermore."

When we consider that maternal feelings are oftentimes as powerful in the lower orders of creation as in our own species, it would seem that their cries of agony, weak though they be, ought to strike a responsive chord in human breasts. Many have read with quivering lip, that "tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not hear," of a babe torn from its parent's arms by an Alpine Vulture. The horror of the scene impresses itself vividly upon the mind. The infant struggling vainly in the bloody talons. The piercing cries for aid. The mother's agony. The vulture slowly ascending far out of reach of human vengeance, till the flapping of its broad wings alone marks its progress, and at length appearing a black speck in the dim distance, it fades away from sight.

In after years the babe's remains were found on a lofty
crag, where its bones had been bleached by the passing seasons. The poet adds:

"That dreary spot is pointed out to travellers passing by,
Who often stand, and musing gaze, nor go without a sigh,
And as I journeyed the next morn along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me whereon the infant lay."

Sympathizing tears course down our cheeks unbidden, in listening to this sad tale; but the maternal toad witnessing in helpless agony the seizure of its progeny, awakes only a contemptuous smile. Alas for the inconsistency of man! Speak not of the inconstant sea, with its continual change, the human heart, in its sympathies, is far more wavering and unsettled.

Being desirous of escaping its enemies of both "flood and field," the toad naturally seeks shelter in the most retired places. Damp caves, chilly holes in the rock, and hollows wherever found, become citadels of refuge. This very seclusion, and propensity for gloomy habitations, is made an excuse for complaint and dislike. Its assailants forget that hermits have not only been praised, but often sought after by hosts of admirers. How many honored names are found among the anchorites of the middle ages! Their seclusions were usually voluntary. Far otherwise with the persecuted toad. It more nearly resembles the early Christians. They were driven by the hand of oppression to caves and mountains. Thousands were immured in the dreary vaults of the Catacombs, shut out for months, and even years, from the glad sunlight. Now, we gaze with reverence upon the mementoes of their sad imprisonment. Explorers sketch the figures carved on their dungeon walls. Christians rejoice over these rough indications of unwavering faith. Antiquaries seek, to decipher the curious relics exhumed. But, while books are written and engravings made in honor of these sufferers, for the unfortunate Toadites, "none so poor to do them reverence."

One very remarkable peculiarity of the Batrachian race, is that of retaining life, even when closely confined in stony cells. Many instances have occurred where, upon bursting immense rocks, live toads have been found enclosed, where they must have been for many years. Undoubtedly numbers are thus immured, we know not whether accidentally, as the ancient ballad tells us the lovely bride "Genevra" was, by a hidden
spring, within a "mouldering chest," which years after, in being removed, burst asunder, and disclosed—

"A skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold,
All else had perished—save a wedding ring
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraved with a name, the name of both, 'Genevra.'"

In whatever way they may have become occupants of such close quarters, certes, toads seem none the worse for the incarceration. Perhaps a little numbness may be felt by antediluvians, but nothing worthy of mention. It may, perchance, be esteemed a flight of fancy, to conceive that such prisoners are buried beneath many a lofty mountain, and that some lie far down in the depths of Ocean, in that strange company whereof Will. Shakspeare speaks:

"A thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems:
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by."

But though appearing fanciful, it may be none the less true; and when Nature, in some future convulsive throes, shall change the face of earth, and draining off the vast mass of ocean's waters, reveal mountain ranges and sub-marine forests, and when generations yet unborn shall dig into the shelly beds and discover that—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Then toads, stone-imbedded it may be for centuries, shall once more walk the green earth, and dive into the limpid streams!—while the toads of that age shall gather round the Rip Van Winkle prodigies, and breathlessly hearken to their mysterious tales!

Time would fail in enumerating the many more surprising
facts connected with the Batrachians, but surely enough has been said to show that they have many redeeming traits. Whether then, in consideration of the great antiquity of their family; their untold sufferings, marvellous attributes, and entire harmlessness, ought they not to be raised above their present degradation, and regarded by all with unfeigned esteem and wonder? Who can have the heart to answer, No!

However, in thus breaking a lance in behalf of the injured and persecuted, it has not been imagined that the lists could be cleared of every prejudiced opponent. On the other hand, if even one heart has been led to regard the oppressed with pity, or to feel an interest in their various characteristics, the reward is sufficient, and will be as highly appreciated as ever was a love-token from a "fayre ladye" by her true Knight.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Proud passionate spirit! fated Chatterton,
Of Grief and Genius the misguided son,
How swelled with hope thy young impulsive heart,
The hope which bade all doubt, all care depart.
How thy soul revelled in its dreams of Fame,
When on the world should rise thy radiant name,
And thy strong Genius the enchained earth sway,
And move dull spirits with thy Orphean lay.

How flushed with Hope and Love; in conscious might,
Who could withhold the daring spirit's flight;
Would not Ambition, with its star-like eye,
Ever ascend, and slumber but on high?
—And then came Grief and Doubt; the world was cold,
Nor saw the God within the mortal mould,
And waking with a slow and sad surprise,
The young heart saw that all were vagaries.

Then came the sweep of passion, (judge not thou
Man with thy sleeping soul and placid brow,
Thou know'st naught of this,) and Pride and Hate,
And broken Hopes crowded him to his fate.
The fine-strung Intellect was too slight to bear
The brooding clouds of Sorrow and Despair;
And 'mid the storm he murmured one last song,
That with the tempest perished—He was gone.
THE MARCH OF MIND.

The child of a few summers, confined to and wholly absorbed in his little world of home, knows nothing of the wide fields of knowledge which lie without. The youth just setting out upon life's journey, looks back upon his childhood with self-complacent satisfaction at its small circle of knowledge, compared with the wide horizon of his present great attainments, which he confidently supposes contains almost the whole catalogue of ideas known to man. He has, indeed, a vague impression that something lies beyond, of which a very few years of study and observation will give him full possession. As he advances to manhood, and thence through life, at every step of his upward and onward course, he sees the horizon of knowledge enlarge, containing more than he can hope ever to know—and still beyond, the boundless realms of the infinite Unknown.

Then he is conscious of the littleness of his own feeble intellect, and is filled with awe by the vast plans of Jehovah—to fathom which, he sees lies utterly beyond his power. But yet, he is conscious that nothing but the shortness of his mortal life limits his mind's power for still acquiring more and more.

Thus it is with the human intellect at large, which has advanced from that state of rude and unlettered ignorance in which we invariably find it in early ages, through successive stages of progress in knowledge and enlightenment, to its present high position, and is pressing onward still, with ever increasing vigor, in its conquest of that which is yet unknown. And when we consider this ceaseless onward march of the Human Intellect, and the vastness of the realms of knowledge,
we are forced to the belief that we have, as yet, but entered the vestibule of Nature's mighty temple; and as we pass onward, lost in admiration at its magnitude and symmetry, the vast interior opens dimly to our view, in all its grandeur and beauty.

At a certain period in the history of every portion of our race, (God's peculiar people, perhaps, alone excepted,) knowledge was confined to the narrow limits of the common affairs of life, with some vague traditions of the existence and character of a Superior Being—tribes of men have been found who have lived in a wild state, isolated from the rest of mankind, in whose minds the idea of a Superior Being had no existence.

It is interesting to trace the progress of the mind from this depth of ignorance, hardly to be distinguished from that of brutes, to the state of high intellectual culture possessed by the philosophers of Egypt and of Greece, and thence to the present day, in its onward march of science and discovery.

In this rude state of society, man, having never possessed an abstract idea upon any subject, receives his first impressions of such a being through the medium of his senses. The phenomena of nature fill him with awe and dread—he sees a power superior to his own in the lightning's flash and the ocean's surge,—he hears it in the thunder's roar and the volcano's hoarse bellowing—he feels it in the trembling of the solid earth beneath his feet. But what this power is, or how great, he knows not. His knowledge of natural objects is equally limited—he supposes the earth to be a circular plain, scarcely larger than the portion with which he is acquainted; beyond which his thoughts do not wander. He looks up to the heavens as to a solid dome, in which are fixed glittering globes of fire, performing their diurnal course above his head. By degrees the contemplation of the phenomena of nature, aided by the few discoveries which he makes, improve the powers of his mind, and stimulate it to still greater exertion. His ideas of a Divine Being, too, improve. But since all the manifestations of his power, which impress themselves upon his mind, are such as inspire awe and dread, his first notion of Divinity is a stern and terrible being, whose anger he is anxious to avoid and propitiate.

The same causes naturally lead him to a system of Polythe-
ism. A great mind, expanded by knowledge, views at once the whole range of nature, and sees one grand harmonious whole. The savage, with his scanty stock of knowledge, sees, both in the natural and mental world, a thousand conflicting agencies—element at war with element—motive with motive—all is diversity and confusion—and thus, supposing each of these various agencies to be independent of the rest, he has a god for each. Having no fixed standard by which to shape its course, and unaided by Revelation, his imagination takes flight without restraint, producing the endless complexity of the ancient systems of natural philosophy and metaphysical speculation, and the complicated theology, with its thirty thousand divinities, of Greece and Rome.

Thus did the human mind, by slow successive steps, unaided by Revelation, grope its way slowly and painfully towards the light—through the fire-worship of the Persian Magi, the superstitious magic and astrology of the Egyptian temples, the ingenious speculation of the schools of Greece; some of which, indeed, approached very nearly to the truth. The mental and moral philosophy of Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato, has been improved but little by this our boasted nineteenth century.

But great progress in natural science was reserved for later ages. The ideas of even the most sagacious of the ancient philosophers, respecting the universe, are almost wholly false. Pythagoras taught that the earth is a sphere, immovably fixed in the centre of the universe, around which the heavenly bodies revolve, fixed in separate concentric spheres: whose revolution produced the music of the spheres—that fanciful and well-known theory—to which his enthusiastic followers added, that their master alone of mortals was permitted by the immortal gods, to hear the celestial harmony. Others supposed that the earth is a huge animal, whose breathing produces the tides, that trees are its hairs, that man is a micro-cosm—a little world cut off from the great one—and at death is absorbed by his great parent.

No improvement was made upon this speculative natural philosophy during those long centuries of ignorance and barbarism, the Dark Ages, until the thirteenth century. Then arose the illustrious Lord Bacon, to whom belongs the honor
of turning the attention of philosophers from mere speculation and hypothesis to the practical study of nature. Thus was opened a vast field of inquiry, known to the ancients scarcely at all, the magnitude and richness of which almost exceeds belief.

Even very briefly to enumerate the celebrated names of this class of modern philosophers—to trace the progress of their researches, to mark the advances which have been made in the several departments of scientific truth, to point out the truths already established, and those which may yet be ascertained, would require volumes. Yet a few examples are requisite for the proper illustration of the present subject.

How complete an overthrow of the old system of cosmogony, and how deep and clear a view into the infinite works of the Creator, have been effected by modern Astronomy! Formerly the earth was considered by far the largest body in creation—the grand centre upon which the universe depended; now, every one knows that it is a mere speck in the heavens, that, were it blotted from existence, it would scarce be missed.

An ignorant mind has no conception of distance and magnitude exceeding perhaps, a very few miles; but the astronomer in his computations, must make the earth's radius his smallest unit—and millions of miles when he measures distances even within the limits of our own solar system; when he penetrates the regions of space beyond, his measuring line must be the diameter of the earth's orbit—and even then, when he has but reached the nearest fixed star, the enormous distance has vanished, almost to a point—and here upon the threshold of the boundless realms of space, this measuring line becomes too short, and he must take another, the rate of the passage of light, two hundred thousand miles per second; with this he may pass on, until he reaches stars whose rays of light, having departed before this earth's creation, have not yet reached us; and from this far distant point he looks forward still into the dim regions of infinite extent which lie beyond, filled with cloudy clusters of stars, which the power of his telescope cannot resolve.

Again, two thousand brilliant suns, visible to the unassisted eye, nightly revolve above our heads; take the telescope, and
penetrate to the distance which has just been described, and then multiply to one hundred millions, and even then but an infinitely small portion of space has been explored.

Let us turn to the other extreme of nature, and with the microscope investigate the infinitesimal parts of creation. We shall find, however far we penetrate in this direction, that its regions are equally without limits. In every drop of water, in the internal moisture of plants, and the blood of animals, upon every particle of the surface of creation, exist millions of animated beings too minute to be perceived by man's unaided senses. It is scarcely conceivable, that within the narrow space of a grain of mustard-seed, eight millions of living active creatures can exist, each richly endowed with organs and faculties of animal life. And the microscope, with each improvement, reaches a new field, teeming, in equal profusion, with animated forms.

If we consider also the sciences of Geology and Chemistry, as yet in their infancy, the mysterious properties of Light, Heat, Electricity, and the new-discovered principle Odyle, which seems likely to surpass all in the widely-extended range of its functions; and if we mark the improvements and discoveries which are constantly being made, as well as the astonishing progress of the last half century, in the useful and ornamental arts; as we pass in rapid review these numerous subjects, each displaying inexhaustible fields for investigation and discovery, we are lost and bewildered in their magnitude and complexity, and are irresistibly forced to the conclusion that the realms of knowledge are commensurate with infinity, and that the onward march of the human intellect across these boundless regions will not cease so long as this terrestrial ball, on which we stand, endures; and, moreover, since we have minds endowed with powers for exploring this vast arcana, when the brief moment of our life is past, and we pass into the mysterious regions of eternity, that all this knowledge of the vast works of Jehovah which we acquire here will not be lost; but our future life will be spent in the contemplation and study of the infinite attributes and works of the Almighty,—and all that now is wrapped in impenetrable obscurity, will be fully revealed to our view.
There was once upon a time a man living in the little village of S——, whose wife presented him with the seventh indispensable to human happiness, which brought about many cares and troubles, for the man was poor, and in the whole village he could find none who would be charitable enough to act as sponsor in the very necessary rite of Christening, nor was he able even to defray the expenses of such a ceremony. With a sorrowful heart he again, as he had frequently done before, sought the calming solitude of the forest, to tell his tale to the passing breeze. After wandering about some time, he met a man who thus kindly addressed him: "My friend, what is the cause of your dejection?" He answered that he would tell no one, as none would help him. "Why not?" asked the stranger, "Disclose to me your difficulty, perhaps I can aid you." After meditating awhile, the man briefly related to the seemingly interested stranger his circumstances, and ended his tale of sorrow with saying that he (the stranger) appeared to be a benevolent man, and if he would be so kind as to help his child to the reception of the rite of Baptism, he would not forget it during his whole life. "But know you who I am?" asked the stranger, "I am Death." "Oh, you would do me a great favor, Mr. Death," replied the man. "Good," said the stranger, "I am pleased to see your confidence in me. I should have been your sponsor any how, for you must know I act as sponsor for all Infants; but as you have asked me to be present at your Christening, which others do not condescend to do, I will make you and yours happy, and your child shall not stand in want of the necessaries and comforts of life. Is it a boy or a girl?" "A boy." "Good, I shall be present. Farewell, my friend." Thereupon they shook hands. The stranger suddenly disappeared, leaving a bright gold piece in the hand of the bewildered man.

Still he returned home with a sorrowful heart, and said to himself, "If death will be the sponsor of your child, it surely cannot live long." Upon arriving at home, he related to his wife the circumstances of his meeting the stranger, who was willing to act as sponsor, and had given him a gold piece to
make the necessary preparations. Thus he quieted his anxious wife.

Time rolled on. The day for the important occasion arrived. The parents waited long for the expected stranger, but he came not. At last they went to the village church, where they beheld a long, lean man, with a very pale face, clothed in black, seeming as if he was waiting for some one. The parent immediately recognized in him the intended sponsor of his child. He approached him, saying, "You are to act as Sponsor this day—I must know your name." "I am willing," replied the stranger. They entered the chapel, and when the Priest inquired for the name of the Sponsor, he very quietly remarked, "My name is Death." "But I know no one by that name in my parish," said the Priest. "I believe you, I am the well known Death of Gabenfield." The Pastor silently shook his head. Soon it was asked what should be the child's name. Let it be Death they all said. Thus the boy received the name of Death. As they withdrew from the church, Sponsor Death gave the parents some parting advice, that they should take good care of the child, send him to school regularly, and let him study Medicine, and that when the boy had finished his education he would pay him a visit.

The boy grew very fast. He was of an amiable disposition, and advanced in his studies so much that all looked upon him with pleasure, and some of the more wealthy portion of the community took great interest in him. So much indeed as to send him to the University.

He there pursued the study of Medicine with success. And when he had finished his course of studies, and was about to visit his parents, he thought to himself, it is indeed mysterious to me, that my sponsor has given to me the name of Death, and then advised my parents to permit me to study Medicine. Who will want me as a physician, knowing that my name is Death? While in this train of mind, a visitor stepped in, saying, in a very friendly manner, "Good day, my son. It is now time that you should become acquainted with me. I am Death, your Sponsor. Now listen to my advice, which, followed out by you, will make you great and happy. Whenever you are called to the bedside of a patient, I shall be present—I shall be visible, however, to no one but you—if I
stand at the foot of the sick bed, you can boldly prescribe whatever you wish, the patient will become well. If however, on the other hand, I stand at the head of the sick man, you can also prescribe what you desire, the patient will not recover. Doctor Death promised to follow implicitly the advice of his Sponsor, who then suddenly disappeared.

The young Doctor then visited his parents and friends, but said nothing of the invaluable advice which his Sponsor had given him. Soon he was called to visit a patient. Upon entering the chamber he immediately saw his Sponsor at the foot of the sick man. He then told the interested persons standing around not to be grieved, that their friend was safe, and sure enough he was as good as his word. In the same manner he was called to many patients, his Sponsor always standing at the foot of the afflicted one, and the Doctor in every case brought about a cure. Soon his fame and skill was noised abroad, and he had plenty to do. Some time after, he was called to visit an invalid where he beheld with sorrow his Sponsor standing at the head of the bed. He quickly informed the people that medicine was of no avail, his skill here was at loss. They called in another Doctor, but the man died. This added more to his fame—all the world wished to have Dr. Death as family physician, and he became very wealthy. One time he was called to the house of very influential people. Here he saw his Sponsor stand at the head of the unfortunate person. He called the relatives to one side, and stated to them at once that their friend would not recover. They then besought him, by all that was dear to him, to save the sick man, for if he died they would surely be lost. They fell on their knees before him, begged and prayed so much, that at length he said there was one remedy, but that it might prove dangerous to him. He then winked to his Sponsor to change his position, but his Sponsor moved not, and looked at him in a menacing manner. The Doctor was at loss what to do. At length he pretended to go. The relatives followed him with supplications, until upon the threshold; he then advised them to return and change the position of the bed as quickly as possible. They followed his directions, and turned the bed around completely. And when he entered again he beheld his Sponsor at the foot of the bed, shaking his finger at him.
in an angry manner. The Doctor coolly made his prescriptions and the patient recovered. As Dr. Death stepped out of the house, on his way home, his Sponsor came to him, saying, "Never do that again, or else your skill will end, I assure you." "But, dear Sponsor, I did not do it from selfishness; those poor people pleaded so very much." "That cannot be helped," replied the Sponsor, "it is contrary to the usual order of things, another man was obliged to die for the one you saved. Now you see what you have done. Never do it again." The Doctor then promised he would never attempt a similar experiment. Thus Sponsor and Dr. Death again became friends.

One time, thinks he to himself, I would like to know where my Sponsor lives. And as he came to his next patient his Sponsor was present, and addressed him, "How, beloved son, what lies so heavily upon your heart?" "I desire to see your dwelling place," replied the Doctor. "My house? I can show you that very easily—come with me."

His Sponsor led him into a large field, where he bandaged his eyes, and taking him by the hand bade him follow without fear. After a long walk the bandage dropped from his eyes, and to his wonder and astonishment he found himself beside his Sponsor in a large black chamber. "This," said the Sponsor, "is my home, and now I will take you around and show you everything." Thereupon he led him into an apartment larger still, and entirely covered with black crape. Here he witnessed a beautiful sight,—millions of lights, in rows beside and behind each other. Some were very high and freshly lighted, others were half burnt down, others still were nearly wasted away: some of them flickering feebly. "Dear Sponsor," asked the young Doctor, "why all this array of light? I cannot understand it. Please explain." "These are the lights of life," replied the Sponsor. "See, every human being has a light; when he is born it commences to burn; and as soon as it burns down he dies." "Ah!" cried the Doctor, "if that is so, show me my light of life; I wish to see how long yet I can live." His light was shown him; it was already half consumed, which made him feel uneasy, for he had become a great man, respected by all, and he had in abundance the comforts of life. So he addressed his Sponsor, "See
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ANDRE AND HALE.

[January,

here, friend Sponsor, my light has burnt far, which I do not like. I desire to live many years longer." "Cannot be helped," replied the Sponsor, "you must resign yourself to the great decree of fate." "Now Sponsor," coaxingly said the Doctor, "you might permit me to live a little while longer. I will light another one, shall I?" "Really I do not wish to consent. But as it is you—." He gave him another light, which the Doctor lit, then taking down the old one, he placed the new one in its stead; and being somewhat in a hurry to blow the old one out, he made a grievous mistake, and extinguished both. He was lost.

G.

ANDRE AND HALE.

Among the many characters which figured in the American Revolution, Major Andre and Captain Nathan Hale, bear a remarkable similarity in their fate, as well as the circumstances which led to it. Andre, young and of rare literary talents; ardent and of noble birth, he came to this country with a breast burning for military renown, and his imagination filled with bright visions of glory. Life was spread out before him in glowing colors, and he gave promise of a long career of usefulness and honor; but the morn of his existence, which opened so auspiciously, was suddenly changed into the night of death. Apprehended by the Americans, Andre, in disguise, bearing upon his person papers containing intelligence for the enemy, was tried, condemned, and hung as a spy. Poetry and eloquence have been employed to throw around this tragic scene an interest and romance, which will hand it down to posterity as one of the most remarkable instances in the changing scenes of war. Yet, when we view with an unprejudiced mind the motive which actuated Andre, we must confess that it was personal aggrandizement which influenced him. A Brigadier-Generalship was to be the reward of his success. This was the prize which dazzled the eyes of the aspiring and ardent Andre. He staked his life, his hopes, his all, upon a single throw, and he was unsuccessful. Though our liveliest sympathies may be excited when we thus see him,
in the bloom of youth, cut off by a fearful fate, yet we cannot but acknowledge the justness of the sentence pronounced upon him, and that it were much better that he should have perished thus rather than to have escaped, and thereby have struck a fearful, if not fatal blow, to the cause of freedom.

Now let us examine the career and fate of Captain Nathan Hale. When the clarion notes of War startled a continent from its repose, and called the people to engage in a desperate but holy cause, Nathan Hale, with scholastic honors still fresh upon his brow, with an imagination cultivated by study, with a mind enriched and refined by acquaintance with classic lore, was found among the first of those who enrolled themselves under the banner of freedom.

When it was found necessary for some one to penetrate the enemy's line and bring back information of their numbers and positions, Nathan Hale offered himself for this fearful duty. Washington endeavored to persuade him to relinquish his design, by presenting to him the dangers of the undertaking, and the penalty in case of failure, but nothing could move him from his purpose. Exalted by a lofty and noble patriotism, he cheerfully devoted his life to the service and welfare of his country. Detected when his mission had been all but completed, he was condemned to be hung as a spy. Now look upon him as from his prison bars he gazes for the last time upon that beautiful world without. He thinks of his home, around which clusters the memory of a mother's love and a sister's affection. He calls to mind the bright promise of a glorious manhood; and then comes the chilling conviction that all these will be cut off by a fearful death. To-morrow's sun will convey him to the scaffold. Oh! the agony of that thought! To die amid the shock and carnage of battle, while contending against his country's foes, would have seemed to him a glorious death. But to perish the death of a felon caused his proud and sensitive spirit a pang keener than death. Was his last moments, as Andre's, rendered easy by kind and generous treatment? No. Every cruel insult which a depraved and heartless enemy could invent, was heaped upon him. He was denied the attendance of a clergyman. His last letters to his relatives were destroyed. And without a single sympathizing heart near him, he was hurried to his fate. Calmly
and composedly, amid the sneers and jests of the brutal throng, he stood upon the scaffold, with the stamp of genius upon his brow, a proud defiance flashing from his eye,—and as he was about to be launched into eternity he spoke those memorable words, which should be treasured up in the heart of every American,—"I only regret that I have but one life to offer up for my country." How different was this expression from that of Andre's, when at the fatal moment, upon being asked if he had anything to say, answered—"Nothing but to request that you will witness to the world that I die like a brave man." The one was the sentiment of a patriotic spirit, whose last thought was for his country. The other, the sentiment of a man whose last thought was of himself. A writer remarks, "The untimely end of this promising but unfortunate young man (Hale) resembles that of Major Andre in the circumstances which led to it, but the celebrity of the two has been widely different. The memory of the Englishman has received honor not only in his own country, but likewise in this; while that of the martyr to the cause of American liberty hardly survives even here. The monument of the former stands in Westminster Abbey, amongst those of sages and heroes, whilst the grave of the Patriot is not marked even by a stone or an inscription." This neglect is a reproach to the American people. Religiously and sacredly should we hold in reverence those who perished in securing to us the blessings we now enjoy. If the names of the Heroes of the American Revolution were inscribed upon a tablet, among the first should be placed that of Captain Nathan Hale—the enthusiast Student, the pure Patriot.

**Picayune.**

**Energy of Character.**—I lately happened to notice, with some surprise, an ivy which, being prevented from attaching itself to the rock beyond a certain point, had shot off into a bold elastic stem, with an air of as much independence as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being, thrown, whether by cruelty, justice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he has any vigor of spirit, and is not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself, with a resolution which will appear like a new faculty.—Foster.
DEAR EDITORS:—You are about starting a Magazine for the benefit of Students in particular, and the "rest of mankind in general." Perhaps a few rays emitted, and occasionally a hit or two, dropped from the "Bull's Eye," will tend to enlighten the community—if not, it wont hurt it. Be that as it may, it is a very lofty position, on account of which many minor things are drawn to its retina which might escape other eyes. For fear you have not visited the "Bull's Eye" for some time, and for the benefit of those who never have enjoyed that pleasure, I will describe my abode. In the first place, it is up three pairs of stairs, in the attic, and is the place anciently known as a receptacle for "Game Cocks" and other useless "College Furniture," such as two story bedsteads, broken stoves, &c. It was inhabited, (as are all College rooms) by a race of beings who, when they once enter College, scarce ever graduate,—instead of commencement, they have an extermination day—but it is amusingly strange how loth they are to taking "sheep skins," something of a more delicate nature preferred of course. These were its ancient inhabitants, but in later and more civilized days, it has become the abode of the weary Student—Freshmen of course—for none but Freshmen ever get weary. The ancient inhabitants still remain, and from the "cut of their teeth," they must be old in sin. But what is that to the poor Fresh? all these things must happen to make him a Freshman trim, as the old song goes:—

Oh! an unfledged youth is the Freshman green,
Who sleepeth in rooms so old:
And his bed is infested with bugs, I ween,
In his cell, so lonely and cold.

But don't imagine this is anything against the Freshman, or he is any worse than his neighbors of the other Classes; on the contrary, it is generally the Class of College. What would a College be without a Freshman Class—where would you get your "gasy Soph's," "brassy Juniors," and mighty
Seniors, (Yes! mighty Seniors! mighty in name, but not in game,) if it was not for the Freshman Class? Think as you may, it is the Class of old Kenyon, for numbers, if no other merit is visible. But hold! we wander from our subject. To return. Our Bull's eyes are different from most others. He has two in front, and two in the back part of his head: somewhat better than the ancient Pedagogue, who is reported to have had only three. He having four, it is pretty hard for anything to transpire without his being able to "go one eye on it." But methinks I hear you ask, What mean you by "Game Cocks, &c." Yes! yes! I forgot that. Ah! well I remember poor brave old Chanticleer, pilfered from some neighboring hen-roost, and in this room, yes, this very room, instructed in the arts of the famous "Tom Hyer." Many pitched battles this room (as well as eager Students) have witnessed, and many the cheer that has ascended for the brave deeds and dexterity of old Chanti. He was the College favorite—in return loved the Students fondly—and well he might, if affections are to be bought by "goodies." But alas! there is an old saying, "that every dog has his day," and I suppose every chicken has also, for so it proved with old Chanti, who took it into his wise head one evening to follow the students to Prayers. But not being in very high repute with the Professors, he was politely requested to depart; so he departed to the place where "all good chickens go." Many the heart that beat anxiously, but beat in vain, and as the old veteran looked so meekly in the hands of his executioner, we could not help thinking of the little poem which runs thus—

"Why perch ye here?
Where mortals to their maker bend?
Can your pure spirit fear
The God you never could offend?

But, poor fellow, he had fought his last fight, he had won his last battle. His course was run—his neck was wrung. Peace be to his manes. Time, that "space of indefinite duration," prevents our writing more. And now, Mr. Editors, night compels the animal to retire, and close his eyes in sweet slumber. And being deprived the use of his orbs, we must say farewell.

Yours truly,

JOHNNY BULL.
Editors’ Table.

Our Sanctum.—Don’t imagine for a moment that we’re about to ask you into a room elegantly furnished; no rich damask curtains shut out Sol’s rays—no Brussels carpet adorns the floor—no magnificent chandeliers give us light.

“When the hours of Day are numbered,
   And the voices of the Night
   Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
   To a holy, calm delight.”

Though at times Ambition prompts us to wish that “the narrow walls would expand and spread away into a kingly palace,” yet after a few repinings Contentment reigns once more in our hearts; especially is this the case when we remember that long ago the Fates sent Poverty to Editors, and decreed that she should abide with them forever. But come in—take a seat by the fire-side and a squint at our Sanctum; by the way, the fire is almost out, only a few tiny coals left; pile in the wood, Brother Editors, and make the old stove roar a welcome—that’s right, away go smoke and flame up the pipe and out of the chimney—blaze away ye remnants of some staid old hickory; the tea-kettle, humming a merry tune, wriggles and twists—now possessed by the spirit of steam, it is puffing, blowing, and boiling with rage. What treasure is more highly prized than a good fire on a cold night!

After these preliminaries, we are ready to show you the interesting features of our Sanctum:—In one corner of the room, as you see, stands a venerable book-case, a perfect Helluo Librorum; Time has not dealt harshly with it, but some scientific rats, believing curved more tasteful than straight lines, have appropriated its corners. Just above the window yonder rests an antique clock, that whispers the flight of moments, and speaks every hour—a fit subject for soliloquy. But next note that article of furniture near the door—nothing but a bureau you say—ah yes! but within its huge drawers are daguerreotypes of loved ones—autographs of those who died of dislocated hearts—billet-doux in profusion, besides all the worldly linen in our possession which we cannot make shift to do without. On the top of the aforesaid bureau is a reflecting personalscope, where the Editorial corps, after having said
something particularly sharp or written something exceedingly brilliant, view themselves in order to ascertain whether their physiognomies resemble those of distinguished literary characters. In the farthest corner of the apartment you'll perceive an altar, where one of us each evening pays vows to Morpheus—patron god of all; with vestal fidelity, therefore, during night and day, our Sanctum is watched lest it should be polluted by profane steps.

Around the room you'll notice hang coats with and without tails, dilapidated pants, beavers rimless, beavers caved in, beavers kinked, beavers generally damaged; on the floor are scattered, in wild confusion, boots, soleless, heelless, pegless; shoes, tongueless, stringless, and run down—all the disjecta membra of our kit.

Last, but not least, gaze with admiration on that table,—which is by far the most important object in our Sanctum—true it has four legs, and otherwise resembles its species, but the quadruped in question has peculiar charms, not known to the uninitiated,—and wherefore? It is the Editor's table; now we'll mount our tripods and show you the position taken when in active operation—thus—one on each side and one at either end of the above mentioned article of furniture; four geese (not the Editors if you please) are by a system of pulleys raised or lowered (as occasion requires) over our heads—the object of this is to have a good supply of quills, and those which are genuine. Paper, as you see, is supplied to each Editor by the ream. Webster's Unabridged, seemingly tired of a wordy warfare, rests on the centre of the table. From a string attached to the wall hangs a skull, for what purpose we'll tell you—but hold, some one is knocking at the door—Who's there? The Devil. What do you want? Matter. Spirits doubtless you have in abundance, embodied ones, however, well enter; in rushes a little black Imp, apparently fresh from Tophet. Who is he, you ask. Some call him "Bub," an abbreviation for Beelzebub—hence we may reasonably conclude that a Printer's is the Prince of Devils. Here "Dev." take the "copy" and be off. After this diabolical interruption we'll proceed to tell you the skull's use. When a humorous piece, for instance, is to be written, we refer to the skull, and ascertain where the organ of mirthfulness lies; then each of our
heads is examined by a "committee of one," and the committee's by the remaining three, to prevent deception. Whoever has the bump most fully developed, must write the article, whether inclined to do so or not; the same plan is adopted with respect to a philosophical or any other kind of essay. In this manner everything connected with our Editorial labors is reduced to a system, and of course harmony is the result. But I see you're going—well, call again, and you'll be warmly welcomed. Good night.

The Poem from the pen of our gifted Contributor "K. A. D." calls to mind the early and sorrowful death of that true but misguided Son of Genius, Thomas Chatterton. From a Biography we extract the following:

"Thomas Chatterton, whose early talents and fate have excited great interest, was born at Bristol, in 1752. In his twelfth year he wrote a poem of some merit, and at the age of sixteen successfully imitated the style of antique English writers, and introduced to the world as works of great antiquity the fruits of his own mind. The reception he met with in London led him to form the most extravagant hopes, which were, however, never realized, for the wretchedness of his situation induced him to commit suicide by poison at the age of eighteen. The poems which he wrote at fifteen were published under the name of Rowley. His works form a collection in three volumes, and have gone through many editions.

The monotony of life in Gambier has lately been broken in upon by many very pleasant and gay parties from Vernon City. Thanks to our friends, we have had great pleasure in attending several. But the one given last Thursday evening eclipsed all others. The Ladies of Mount Vernon, in honor of "Leap Year," having procured all the fines "turn outs" of that city, filled them with "the boys," and after a fine ride, helped them out at the Riley House, where (per invitation) we met them. A fine Band being on hand, we were soon engaged in the merry dance, which was only interrupted by the announcement of supper, where we found everything one could want on such an occasion, and that in great abundance; but the crowning feature of all, was to be waited upon by such
lovely specimens of the fair sex. Being satiated with the
good things set before us, the dance was resumed, and con-
tinued without cessation until morn; when, with well filled
sleighs they started home, not however until they had seen
their College friends safely housed. Thus ended one of the
most pleasant parties we have ever attended; and the doings
of that night will live long in the hearts of all who composed
that happy company.

Specimens of Kenyon Literature.

Obituary.—Departed this life, on Sunday morning, Jan.
13th, Mrs. Sawyer's "Flora," who has long been known to
Kenyon Students. The deceased is mourned by many friends
to whom she had endeared herself by her virtues and shining
qualities. The following Dog-gerel is from one of her many
admirers:

Ah! Flo, thou too art gone
From this changing scene of woe,
Your many labors now are done,
Upon this sphere below.

A faithful Dog thou wert,
Ever ready at duty's call;
But now you lie beneath the dirt,
Not to be heard in parlor and hall.

'Twas on the holy Sabbath day,
Between the hours of one and two,
That your spirit took its way
To realms both bright and new.

The Students of you oft will talk,
As they gather round the stove;
They oft will be busy with thought
Of you who now dwelleth above.

Diogenes.—Oh metre where art thou?
Caliban.—Gone to bask in Luna's rays.—Shakespeare.

Our Poic has sacrificed metre at the grave of a departed
poodle. His (the Poic's we mean) genius is transcendent—his
heart throbs with emotions of true sympathy, and on the whole
he is a worthy Epitapher of the canine race. In the memora-
ble words of Widow Bedott, we add our mite to the memory
of the distinguished deceased.

"How mellancolly was her lot,
How soon she did expire,
She didn't commit suicide,
'Twas ribberlation killed her.
Oh what a pity she hadn't 'died,'
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

The following was written by a Freshman, who has, we think, a good deal of "latent poity" in him, if he only had the "rekwiset cwalificashuns to eckstract it." We recommend him to "try, try again."

ADDRESS TO AN OLD BOOT.
Venerable pedle apendaaj!
Umbel tho u be, theirs lots
Of latent poity in u i
Gess, if any indivjule of
The rekwiset cwalificashuns
Would undertae to
Eckstract it!

Doutless u ar 1 hoo has
Sene better dais, or most
Venerabil pedle apendaaj!
Perchans u wer wonce in
Afluent sirkumstances, &
Rejoist in oyle & patent
Blacking!

Perchans u wer
Wons the pried of some sof-
monr or ither, hoo when fixt
Out in u, mite sa that
Soliman himselph was not
Arraid like un 2 him.

Wonce, the time was when
Admiering freshmen cold
Out 2 uer oner—"go it boots!"
Now, if heed ware u, tha
Wood cri—"go it u crippel."

Republic ar ungrateful,
Of which propoisishun u
Ar an illustryus ecksampel!
U probably kiet a good menny
Peeple in uer time, but at last
U kiet over uer own buet!

Ure dun 4,
But reconcile ureselph with
The reflcshion that in ure
The Graduates of Old Kenyon have not as yet given us the encouragement we had every reason to expect. We know not what to attribute it to, unless they fear our attempt will prove a failure. Yale and other Colleges that publish Magazines, depend mostly on their Graduates for support. Sorry, indeed, would be our support if we followed their example. We are at the present sinking money; but believing a periodical of this kind beneficial to the interests of Old Kenyon, and making her interests our interests (as all Graduates and Students should), we are determined to carry this on, if we do lose by it. All we ask of you, old Students and friends, is to give us your aid—show us that you take some interest in Old Kenyon, and although away from us, that we are not forgotten.

All communications for the next number must be handed in by February the 10th. Our Publisher requests that they may be written on one side of Commercial Note or small Letter.

We are sorry to say to our contributors "Boots," "Simeon Scripsit," and others, that from the press of matter, we were unable to publish their pieces, but will undoubtedly give them preference in the next number.

We hope to be able to lay before our readers the next number in better season. We surely owe an apology for the delay of this, and can only say, that disappointment in several ways must be our excuse.