LONGFELLOW'S "SONG OF HIAWATHA."

What is poetry? is a question which has often been asked, but seldom satisfactorily answered. Boswell once made the inquiry of Johnson, and received the following pertinent and characteristic reply: "Why, sir, it is much easier to say what it is not. We all know what light is, but it is not easy to tell what it is."

Music has been defined to be the harmony of sound, and poetry may be said to be the harmony of language. To minds of a positive, practical character, poetry is a something which half-witted authors perpetrate, and which sentimental people are fond of reading and repeating. We willingly leave such as have no higher ideas of the creations of those gifted with the "fine frenzy," to the enjoyment of their cui bono, and their pork and beans. Whatever poetry is, or is not; however slightly it may be regarded by "creatures of the vegetable creation," who can see no good in any thing out of the circle of a mathematical formula, or a syllogism of the schools, we are in no wise shaken in our love for "the beautiful, the true and the good," which comes to us from the inspiration of genius. All true poetry partakes of the infinite, and hence the difficulty of saying what it is.

It is sufficient to say that poetry has a province, a world peculiar to itself. With the common realities of life it may...
have little to do. The poet loses sight of the grosser elements of the world, and out of what is lovely and pure creates his ideal. We rejoice that God has given to man a power which exalts the soul above our daily experiences, and which lends to our spirits here on earth a temporary elysium. The vulgar realities of life are often difficult to bear; hence any thing which enlarges the sphere of our intellectual enjoyment, and elevates us above the world, cannot be too highly esteemed.

Victor Cousin classes poetry among the fine arts, along with music, painting and sculpture. "The arts," he says, "are called fine arts, because their sole object is to produce the disinterested emotion of beauty, without regard to utility. . . . They are also called liberal arts, because they are the arts of free men, and not of slaves, which enfranchise the soul, charm and ennoble existence; hence the sense and origin of those expressions of antiquity, artes liberales, artes ingenuea." Let us hear what M. Cousin says of poetry—"The art par excellence, that which surpasses all others, because it is incomparably more expressive, is poetry. Speech is the instrument of poetry; poetry fashions it to its use, and idealizes it in order to make it express ideal beauty. Poetry gives to it the charm and power of measure; it makes of it something intermediary between the ordinary voice and music, something at once material and immaterial, finite, clear, and precise, like contours and forms the most definite, living and animated like color, pathetic and infinite like sound. A word in itself, especially a word chosen and transfigured by poetry, is the most energetic and universal symbol. Armed with this talisman, poetry reflects all the images of the sensible world, like sculpture and painting; it reflects sentiment like painting and music with all its varieties, which music does not attain, and in their rapid succession that painting cannot follow, as precise and immobile as sculpture; and it not only expresses all that, it expresses what is inaccessible to every other art, I mean thought, entirely distinct from the senses and even from sentiment,—thought that has no forms—thought that has no color, that lets no sound escape, that does not manifest itself in any way,—thought in its highest flight, in its most refined abstraction."*

* Lectures on the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.—Cousin.
We may look upon Prof. Longfellow then as an artist. His last work is before us, and is called "The Song of Hiawatha." It consists, besides the Introduction, of twenty-two cantos, and details the life of Hiawatha, a personage who, according to Indian tradition, was sent to instruct his race in many peaceful arts. We were prepared to be pleased with the work, but we confess we had to read over the first paragraph of the introduction two or three times—the style seemed so novel and strange. As we passed on the charm began to creep over us, that charm which the beautiful in poetry alone can inspire. The manner of the whole poem may be gathered from a single extract from the introduction, in which we are told who it was that sang the Song.

"In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village,
Spread the meadows and the corn fields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.

"And the pleasant water courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.
There he sung of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper."

"Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine and the meadow;
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm.
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their pinnacles of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their curies—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!"

At the first glance one would be disposed to say this is not poetry; it is neither blank verse nor rhyme. We are not aware that there is any thing like it in the language, yet it is
poetry. There is harmony in it, that grows upon one the
tofter he repeats it. The landscape is vividly painted. We
almost hear the singing of the wind among the pines, and we
seem to stand in the presence of the “palisades,” listening to

“The thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their lyrics.”

The poet has been charged with adopting his measure from
the German. It can be no discredit if he has found in a foreign
language a rhythm which suited his purpose. To us it seems
admirably adapted to the materials out of which he has woven
his web of song. It has to us all the charm of novelty.
Rhyme common to almost all our octo-syllabic verse has been
happily dispensed with, and a greater freedom in the choice of
diction secured. The tone, or cadence of the verse, is of that
simple, easy style which we would look for when we know the
peculiarity of the rude songs of the Indian. We take at ran-
dom a specimen of an hieratic song, or hymn, from the first
volume of Schoolcraft’s Indian Researches.

Oeh aww nain na waa do
Oeh aww naun na waa do
Oeh aww naun na waa do
Oeh aww naun na waa do.

“I am the living body of the Great Spirit above,
(The Great Spirit, the Ever-living Spirit above.)
The living body of the Great Spirit,
(Whom all must heed.)”

The Indians sing their chants with a deep and peculiar
intonation. Whether Mr. Longfellow attempted to imitate
this or not in Hiawatha, certain it is, that it is impossible to
read it without falling into a peculiar cadence, and this singu-
lar and pleasing rhythm is sustained with great skill through
the entire poem. When Southey put forth his “Curse of Ko-
hama,”—a poem dealing throughout with the monstrous and
grotesque superstitions of the Hindoos, and written in the
style of the Pindaric ode, if he had any model whatever,—he
took his motto from the Greek, thus rendered by George
Wither,—

“For I will for no man’s pleasure,
Change a syllable or measure;
Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets’ veins;
Being born as free as these,
I will sing as I shall please.”
In this way he challenged the critics. Longfellow is more modest and more discreet. He says but little in regard to the dress in which he comes before his readers. He seems conscious, from beginning to end, that he is in the right path. He knows that important art, too, of keeping himself out of view. He is for the time being, the simple "singer Nawadaha," and the footsteps of his muse fall upon the spirit as the first feathery snow flakes of autumn fall upon the ground. As an artist, in the chief characters, the scenery, the sentiment, and delicate execution of the poem, Mr. Longfellow realizes our idea of the beautiful.

The poetry of Hiawatha is not of the highest order. There are no great droppings of passion "like the first of a thunder shower." The poem is for the most part descriptive, and we think perfect in its kind. The story does not seem to have called for a display of those deep and wild throes of human nature which often come within the grasp of the poet. Still there are passages in Hiawatha of deep and tender pathos. We would refer the reader particularly to the Tenth Canto, entitled the Wooing of Hiawatha.

There is one paragraph where the author is speaking of famine, which we hardly think in keeping with the rest of the poem. We refer to the following—

"O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

We are irresistibly reminded here of the anecdote related of Thompson's Sigismundi. In the play occurred this unfortunate line—

"O Sigismundi, Sigismundi O."

When this was vociferated on the stage, an Irishman in the pit echoed back,

"O Jammie Thompson, Jammie Thompson O."

The poem, to be appreciated, must be read, for no mere fragment can do justice to it as a whole. We have noted many passages of rare beauty, but must content ourselves with quoting some of the closing lines which describe the departure of Hiawatha. The ghosts have called away his lovely Laugh-
ing-Water, the White men have found their way to his people
—his mission is ended,—

"On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, 'Westward! Westward!'
And the evening sun descending
Sat the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream as down a river
Westward, westward, Hiawatha
Sailed into the dusky vespers,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors,
Like the new moon, slowly, slowly,
Sinking in the purple distance,
And they said, 'Farewell forever!'
Said 'Farewell, O Hiawatha?'
And the forests dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha?'
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah
From her haunts among the fen-lands
Screamed 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'

As strains of music seem to linger in the ear after the sounds have died away from the strings, so lingers "The Song of Hiawatha," its flowing rhythm, its delicate imagery, its subdued and tender pathos, its shadowy myths and legends, its characters half human, half ethereal,—Nokomis—Minnehaha—Kwasind—Mondamin,—the cawing of the crows, the chattering of the red-squirrel, the warbling of the blue-bird in Spring-time, the snow upon the landscape and upon the fir trees, the hollow moaning of the winds, the flitting shades of the departed;—all floating in the mind long after we have laid down the volume. Something like this will always be the effect of true poetry.

Reader listen while I tell you
What, in short, I would advise you,
Read "The Song of Hiawatha!"
Read "his wondrous birth and being,
CRAZY TOM.

AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

BY FLORENCE HOWARD.

Among the earliest recollections of my childhood, are those which centre round old Thomas B——, or "Crazy Tom," as he was always called; one whose life was long and full of trouble, yet whose spirit—clouded at times though it was—was ever light and cheerful.

When first I knew him, he was an old man; an old man with wrinkled brow, and snow-white locks falling gracefully round his shoulders; an old man with tottering step and quivering voice; an old man who had buried all earthly hopes and pleasures in the graves which contained the dust of those he once loved; an old man whose soul exulted as his pilgrimage
on earth drew near its close—whose eye beamed more and more brightly as he approached the tomb.

Right well do I remember the Christmas Eve when, a little child, I sat upon poor Crazy Tom's knee, and listened to the story of his life; for gentle as a woman was he, even when his mind was wandering, and the children loved to gather round him and listen to his stories of giants and fairies and good angels, who, he said, strewed the path of those they loved with flowers. Poor old man! Without a home—a wanderer upon earth, he was dependent upon the charity of others, and on this Christmas Eve had come to my home, where he was received and welcomed joyfully by all, and, in answer to our eager requests for a "story," said he would redeem a promise which he had made us long before, and tell us something about himself.

"Life," he began, "is but a dream; bright—beautiful—pleasant to some; to others, dark—terrible—fearful. And we awaken from our slumber and are ushered into the full, glorious light of life, when we pass the gates of death."

The old man's manner grew strangely excited—his eye flashed—every limb trembled, as he exclaimed—"Death! Oh Death! Why art thou denied me? I fear not thy icy grasp; I am waiting thy approach. Come, let me hear thy welcome summons!"

After a moment's pause, he grew more calm, and continued—

"Life! How different its appearance to youth from that which it presents to old age! The one sees nothing but flowers around him; the other beholds the thorns concealed beneath the thin gaudy covering, and ready to pierce him who passes by. The ears of the one are lulled by sweetest strains of music; while from the senses of the other the charm has passed away, and nought is heard but bitter moanings and cries of distress. The one dwells with the ideal—the romantic; the other with a stern reality.

"I too, have been young. Once I sported round a mother's knee. Once I possessed an elastic and vigorous mind, and looked forward to the future, as you do now, with bright anticipations, and planned brilliant schemes for enjoyment and happiness. How bright and beautiful were those airy castles!
Alas! how soon were they crushed into nothingness by the realities of life!

"When I was six years old, my mother died. Almost before the flowers which were scattered upon her grave had withered, my father, too, was snatched away. I was young—too young to be fully sensible of the greatness of my loss, but I mourned bitterly and for days and weeks could not look upon the dwelling of my uncle—whither I had been taken—as my home.

"But time passed on. I became a man, and engaged in business for myself. Prosperity attended my undertakings. I loved and won the affections of one who was a very angel upon earth. We were married and were happy. For five years life's bright side only was presented to our view. Two darling children had been given us, and now sported round our hearth-stone. But the day passed; the night came. God's pestilence stalked abroad in the land. One day I was happy; surrounded by those I loved; the next, all my happiness had fled. The plague had done its work; wife—children—all were dead!

"The blow was too heavy for me to bear. My heart sickened—my brain reeled—I was mad!

"Since then I have been what I am now—a wanderer—an outcast. But it will not be long. They are there," he said, pointing upwards, while the strange excitement—his madness—was fast seizing hold upon him. "They are there! Hark! they call! I obey! I must meet them!" And hurrying from the house, he disappeared amid the shadows of the night. We called him to return, but he listened not. His madness was upon him, and he was gone.

At dawn of the morrow, the merry chimes of the Christmas bells hailed the anniversary of the coming of Him who brought "peace on earth; good will towards man." At dawn, the Sexton going to open the Church doors, found a man stretched upon the dark pavement of the vestibule.

It was "Crazy Tom"—stiffened by the cold—dead,
SONGS FOR THE LYRE.

No. V.
Dry up those tears my own dear maid,
No more thy drooping lids bedew;
O! why should sorrow cast a shade,
O'er cheeks so fair and eyes so blue?
That flower must pine which leaves the light
To seek a spot where chills pervade—
And beauty, be it e'er so bright,
If always sad, will surely fade.

See! how you blushing rosebud spreads
Its balmy treasures to the sun,
And while it courts the beam he sheds,
Seems fairer for being looked upon.
Thus, love, unfold thy modest charms,
Which ever won affection's praise,
The blush which conscious beauty warms,
Shall tinge thy features while I gaze.

No. VI.
It was not while wealth with its golden desires,
Shed a lustre around my young days,
That my soul caught the flame true devotion inspires,
And taught me to whisper thy praise.

It was not while friends—such as riches can shower—
Wore basking themselves in my smile,
That I learned, how rare in prosperity's hour,
Is friendship untainted with guile.

Oh! no, 'twas when Fortune proved fickle and frail,
And withdrew the bright beacon she gave,
Then Love quickly hoisted her own steady sail,
And flew o'er the waters to save.

Horatius.

THE ORATOR.

The poet or painter who aspires to the highest rank in his profession cannot attain it before his pretensions have been tested, and the standard by which his worth is tried, is neither waverling nor indeterminate.

We take up the poet's page expecting to find brilliancy of fancy to captivate, creations of genius to surprise, tenderness
of conception to move the fine sensibilities, and elevation of thought to raise us above every-day life, all embodied in beautiful verse and harmonious language. If the poet fails short of these, his pretensions are vain. The painter is subject to a similar test. His is an analogous task. He seeks to produce, through the medium of colors, that illusion on the imagination which the poet produces through the medium of words. His work must be equally complete. If in seizing the prominent and impressive features of nature, he overlooks the minute and inconsiderable; or while studying the stern passions of the soul, the tender emotions are to him as a sealed volume, his work is but half performed. That is the most faithful representation of Niagara, which while bringing into view the vast body of water precipitated over the falls, and the spray with variegated colors, forming a triumphal arch above, does not shut out the slender branch from the opposite shore, just bending to the waters; and we pronounce him to be the most perfect painter, who can, at one time, steel us into defiance at beholding the knitted brows and flashing eye of King Lear, and again, subdue us into gentleness with the winning graces of Cleopatra.

At a time when so many are laying claim to the title, is there no standard by which we may determine the true orator —whose office is of a higher nature than that of either poet or painter, the results of whose labors are more apparent and pervading, because instantaneous, who with a word, look, or motion, can start the sluggish into action, or awe a multitude to silence? There is such a standard, exclusive of all evidence founded upon natural or acquired qualities. The virtuous man is the true orator. He, above all others, possesses the greatest advantages to true and solid eloquence—not that idle declamation which attracts the eye and charms the ear, without reaching the heart, but is moderate in its first tones, gaining argument and power as it gains confidence, and warming with the subject, wins first the attention, then the reasoning faculties, then the sensibilities, and finally carries us away at its will. There is this distinguishing mark in the true orator: while others dwell on the honesty and advantage of the action, and would have us regulate our conduct by such enquiries as, What will the public think? Wherein lies the profit? or at
most, Will this injure my friend? he regards these in merely a secondary sense, and hastens to higher considerations. How he leads us into conviction by the surrounding proofs of a holier, more benevolent existence; how he awes us by appealing to a tribunal higher than man's; how he wins us from forbidden paths by pointing to the fruits of bitter taste growing therein, and taking us at our better nature, appeals to us through the beauties of morality and the pleasures and rewards of virtue! Men cannot justly charge him with fickleness: a lover of liberty, he is ever more ready to give than to exact; a lover of his country, he warns it of its errors while praising its perfections; zealous for public tranquility, he is the last to be heard haranguing a factious multitude or withdrawing himself in time of fear or calamity; an upholder of justice, his eulogies are pronounced only upon the deserving, and the vicious, though supported by wealth, feel the sharpness of his rebukes; an admirer of truth, he espouses that cause which has the principles of right, and the faithfulness of his pleading wins the listener to his own side.

If we consider the second part, and what has always been styled the master-piece of eloquence, the marvellous and sublime, his greater advantages will be still more apparent. Virtue is but a step below revelation. The virtuous man ranks nearest to the Christian; for the virtuous orator, therefore, the ascent is easy, he soon reaches those celestial fields where knowledge stands revealed by Christianity—and then, what a prospect lies before him! Here are truths to be imparted, wonders to be revealed, the mysteries of the incarnation, the humiliation of the crucifixion, the power of the resurrection, the glories of the ascension! themes of which heathen orators had not the faintest imaginings; and while he is wrapped in the consideration of these sublime topics, does he not seem and act like a new man? his genius is awakened, his conception enlarged, and the sentiments which he utters, enter into and kindle as with a holy flame, the hearts of his hearers, because first kindled at his own heart.

Now view him in solitude, when the eyes of the public are withdrawn, and he is left to himself. He seems of all men least desirous of popular applause. Inferior and commonplace minds this may tend to elevate and excite to better deeds.
He needs no such artificial incentive; he was born with splendid endowments; his aspirations take a higher flight. True, his pursuits lead him, like an ancient magician, into the solitude of his chamber—"Where but in solitude can he indulge the fine romances of his soul? Where but in solitude can he employ himself in useful dreams by night, and when the morning rises, fly, without interruption, to his unfinished labors. Retirement is to the frivolous a vast desert, to the man of genius, it is the enchanted garden of Armida." But, say not that this will make him selfish, as it has made others. Is this really the case? Who feels so nearly the full joy of the mother bending over her first-born, as he who preserves this emotion in song? Who sympathizes so sincerely with the struggles of a retiring nature as he whose character is largely made up of this quality? Who regards with more lively interest the events of nations than he who records them for the instruction of unborn ages? Who, when occasion demands him, comes forth from the tranquility of the cloister with a heart so ready to yearn over the follies of his fellow men or to rejoice in their prosperity, as the true orator? The practical benefits of retirement, to his character and disposition, are invaluable. Frequent meditation reveals to him the failings of his nature, and purifies his disposition. His mind, also, is rendered superior to the vicissitudes of life—not that he is exempt from them; he too has to mourn over darkened prospects; by his fireside there is the vacant place of one "nameless here for evermore," and in his heart, it may be, the grave of buried hope, but such calamities lose half their violence over a heart calm and resigned. While others are enslaved by mean pursuits, his soul tastes the pure delight of moral and intellectual freedom, and is elevated into a noble independence. From this standing point he looks out upon the sea of life, beaten by the tempests of untoward circumstances, lit by the lightnings of contending passions, and well may he tremble,—not for himself, but for those who are driven by the fury of the elements towards the eddies of an uncertain future, asleep, asleep! When the storm breaks over himself, and the waters wash the spot on which he stands, he remains unmoved, having that fortitude which enables him to present a manly breast against the storm and to lift a placid head above the waves.
Does he, however, in his solitude, relax his labors and give way to the pleasures of the moment, trusting to meet the exigencies of the next occasion by a sudden effort of his intellect? Let his prolonged study, deep, patient thought, repeated corrections, bear him witness. View him at old age, when his genius has departed, his strength of intellect been exchanged for coolness of judgment, and the toils and even the recreations of his youth can no longer be endured, does he then relax his labors? No, for while justice is to be maintained by the lifting of a voice, and indignation at oppression and insolence is to be expressed, while there is a proud spirit to be humbled or a bruised heart to be healed, while injury, distress and sorrow call aloud for sympathy, he cannot be idle. Whenever the cause of suffering humanity is pleaded, his voice may be heard in pitying, encouraging tones. At the dying bed he speaks those words of true eloquence which have power even at the threshold of the grave to sustain the sinking spirit, to unseal the closed eye, and while the shadows of eternity obscure its vision, to reveal the glories of a brighter glory—into the prisoner's cell, darkened by the memories of crime, his presence enters as the only ray of comfort from the outer, happier world. Never is eloquence so beautiful and persuasive as when united to virtue! Though the life of the orator may be short, yet the work which he accomplishes is sufficient to atone for loss of years; should it be prolonged he has the reward of seeing the fruit of his labor, and when at length he is missed from his accustomed place, and falls asleep, his words do not die with him but survive him.

THE OLD OAKEN CHEST.

There are more odd persons, odd sayings, and doings, in this odd world, dear reader, than the oddest poet, or oddest philosopher ever dreamed of in his oddest dreams. Solomomum, as a friend of mine, deeply versed in Hebraistic lore, always names the wisest of men, said, a great many years ago, "There is nothing new under the sun." I would venture no controversy with the shade of the venerable Solomon, lest I
should share the fate of the evil genii, who, according to certain learned traditions of the Arabs, upon being caught by the great and wise king, were suddenly popped into bottles, sealed with his great seal, and tossed into the sea. I simply wish to enjoy my own predicates, with which I introduce myself to your notice above, *sine contradictionem*. The proprietor of the Old Oaken Chest, "*quercus vetus serinum,*" begs leave to boast of certain inherent and inalienable rights. Reader, that I may make good all I have said, and that we may become mutual acquaintances, will you not come at once to Puckwuddi? You accept my invitation. You are pulling boots out of the mud for one long mile between the station and the town of Puckwuddi. You are thinking the soil in the vale of Puckwuddi must be very rich. You are cursing Puckwuddi and all the Puckwuddians, for sending no omnibus to meet you, or for having no side-walks. You are vowing that you will give a new name to Puckwuddi. You will call the town Puckmu, and all its inhabitants thereafter. Every step you take you say already utters with gushing eloquence the new name. But the first man you meet has such a meek and benignant look that your significant *m* is turned into the still more significant *w*. You have enquired for the proprietor of the "Old Oaken Chest." You are told that he lives in the Lantern, the building in the middle of the public square. A lantern for the world, it must have been modelled after an antique square tin lantern. Up five flights of stairs. It is well, you are thinking, that the proprietor of the "Old Oaken Chest" has got so far up towards a better world. At such an altitude who might not boast of inherent and inalienable rights? You are looking through the key hole. The midnight oil burns brightly in the lamp on the table. There is a strange shadow on the wall. Between the light and the shadow sits the oddest looking being you ever beheld, writing what you must have died in ignorance of, had he not written. A gust of wind saves me the trouble of opening the door. You are welcome, dear reader, to a seat in my sanctum, beneath the tallest lightning rod and the longest vane in the town of Puckwuddi. By the help of your two natural cameras, and the best chemicals ever discovered, I, Pardon Oldeye, familiarly called Poddy, stand oddographed on your sensorium. My picture has become a
fixed fact in your brain. You may erase the pictures in the pictured rocks of the Big Water Lake, but I defy you to rub my likeness out of your memory. Should this eye call to your mind a peeled onion, I have only to say that the eye is always the most striking feature of the human countenance. This is especially true of mine, for since close application to the study of ancient manuscripts, compelled me to have my right eye extracted, the other has assumed a strange brilliancy. Though a green patch covers the "lack-lustre, eyeless hole," still it cannot be said that I have lost an eye, for the dentist below has it, bright as ever, preserved in spirits of wine. He has prepared a new lens of the purest crystal, and is only waiting a convenient opportunity to replace it in its socket, having first mended the ligaments with the recently invented optico-nervous-gum-elastico sticking salve. For the present I am content with the light of two orbs centered in one. I am content, for whereas I once wished the final syllable stricken from my name, that it might read P. Odd, now I have no desire to change my name, it suits me exactly, Oddeye. And surely I ought to be content, for a more weighty reason: for in this one eye burns the unmitigated genius of six generations. I am proud to say that I am the sixth in a regular line of descent from one of the early New England Pilgrims, well known in his perilous day and generation, but likely to be better known in this, as Simeon Scripsit. You may deem me somewhat round-shouldered. My head indeed looks as if it had been spiked against my body. By accurate measurement, made by the town surveyor, a difference of five inches was found to exist between the summit level of the os frontis and that of my vertebral column. Heart and head are thus close together; the head always on hand to approve the affections; the heart to render instant sympathy with every mental operation. My life was once saved by this novel arrangement. A riot occurred at an election, when I was the successful candidate for the mayoralty of Puckwuddi. In the midst of an harangue a brickbat grazed my shoulders. Had my head been above my shoulders, instead of its present humble position, there would have been a gush of mental organs. Providence had placed my head where it is, and there is just where it ought to be. No one can say that I carry my head too high.
The fullest heads of wheat bow the lowest. When I see heads carried high, particularly if they are set off with long beards, I think of the rye among the wheat. In proportion to my torso, my arms and lower extremities may be a little too long. Others may have their opinions, as for myself I am quite satisfied with my personal appearance. Several years since, when my portrait, life-size, and full length, was being taken to adorn the vestibule of the Odd Fellow’s Hall, below stairs, the artist, addressing some young ladies who had called to look at my picture, evidently paid me a very delicate compliment. I shall never forget it. Mine, he said, “was the easiest figure to outline he had ever had the good fortune to sketch. He had only to chalk the letter V in large character, invert the canvas, fling the vowel U topsitury over the inverted V, and there I stood limned in beautiful life-like contour.”

Many people, in Puckwuddi, have been busy in circulating stories to the effect that this old building is haunted. Strange forms, they say, have been seen at midnight, gliding up and down the stairs, flitting through the vacant rooms below, while unearthly sounds have been heard in and about the premises. These things never disturb me. I am no believer in ghosts.

That queer looking mass of skull and jaw bones over the window may savor of superstition. Alas, poor Jack! These bones once belonged to my paternal grand-parent. They were part and parcel of a long-eared animal of which the old gentleman was once the rightful owner. I keep them, partly out of kind remembrance of man and beast, partly out of spite against them both. Peace to their ashes, while I relate how these bones came into my possession.

My paternal grand-parent lived on a farm, down the valley, at no great distance from Puckwuddi. From time to time I was sent thither, to rusticate and enjoy the society of the old people. It happened one summer, in my 15th year, that I was particularly fascinated with a jack belonging to the farm, he would be such a fine pony to ride. But jack had no fancy for being rode, and it always took two or three hands to catch him when he ran free in the pasture. One morning I said to my grandsire, “If Jack were only mine, I’d catch him.” A smile played on the old man’s face, as he said, “Paddy, if you will get the halter on Jack’s neck, he is yours, saddle and bri-
dle." The thrill of delight that ran through my veins may be better imagined than described. One long day passed in fruitless attempts. Jack was not to be caught by any bait, or trap, I could contrive. At night, before I slept, I laid my plan for the next morning, and then fell to dreaming how grand I should appear among the boys of Puckwuddi, mounted on a grey steed with wonderful long ears, saddled and bridled, and all my own.

Next morning early, before either Jack or I had breakfasted, found me stretched out on the greensward of the pasture, with a large bundle of fresh-cut oats spread over my body. Jack soon came down the lane. I was ready, with an eye out, and halter in hand, prepared to spring for his ears. As soon as the precious pile caught Jack's attention, with a loud bray he started towards where I lay, performed a complete circuit around me, diversified with knowing shakes of his head, and sundry ejaculations of his heels, and then made one desperate dive at the oats. Vido—veni—vici—Julius Caesar! what a dip! Together with the mouthful of straw, jack seemed determined on having a choice bit of my bacon. The scream uttered might have frightened a dozen asses. Away went jack with a wisp of dewy straw in his mouth and a portion of my corduroys between those teeth. The corduroys were strong, and Pardon Oddeye was hurried along screaming at the top of his voice. Jack had nearly made a circuit of the field, when in clearing a ditch my pants gave way, and I was plunged head first into mud and mire. The good old man had heard my cries and was on the ground just in time to see his hopeful grand-child emerge from the mud. The story was soon told. "Well Poddy," said my grand-father, grinning a grin with which surprise and pity were strangely mingled. "Well Poddy, jack is yours, but I confess I think you the greatest ass of the two." "Thank you, grandpa," I replied, "for your gift, and since you are here, and jack is mine, I think you the greatest." The light that twinkled under the old man's shaggy eyebrows told his lineage. My grandsire inherited the blood of the first family in Puckwuddi. I never saw a living spark like that light up in any eye, save that of a Shuffleboatham. Jack and Jeremiah—peace to their ashes.

It gives Pardon Oddeye great pleasure, dear reader, to have
made your acquaintance. You inquired for the proprietor of the Old Oaken Chest. He has had the honor of relating a portion of his personal history. Let what you have seen, on this your first visit to Puckwuddi, stand in your mind as frontispiece, and what you have heard as vignette to what I hope will prove a large and instructive volume of future acquaintance. I am sorry to say the chest is at present in the hands of a Society of Antiquarians (now in session below stairs), which has been formed for the purpose of investigating its contents. The inquiry is conducted after the most approved method of post mortem, with closed doors. The learned President of the Association told me that the examination must continue several weeks in order to make a finish of the manuscripts. But I am unwilling you should leave Puckwuddi without a memorial of your visit in shape of a literary relic. I have just received a letter from a distant relative of the Scripsit family, a curate of the English Establishment, dated from his cure in Kilkenny, Ireland. The letter encloses an epistle bearing the date "New Plimmouth, July 10th, Anno Dom., 1640."

"Deare Brother Hillinges—I have beene waiting for ye vessel that was to come to ye no very distant daye, that I might send you my letter, ye which has beene written many dayes. As ye vessel has not yet come, I have concluded to send you some lines, ye which I composed for ye amusement of my familie. There is a strange animal in this salvage wilderness which ye neighbors are wont to call ye pole-cat. She is about ye size of ye common-cat, and her furre is black and white. When attackid she lifts up her tayle and sends forth a perfume which is worse to ye smell, than the Prayer Booke is to our consciences. One of these animals took up her abode under our dwelling, and while we sleepeed destroyid our chickens and suckid their egges. I watched one evening, vainly thinking she could put forth no disagreeable odore if I was careful to shoote her deade in ye heade. Some time after this deede was done, and ye animal burried in ye garden, I sat down and made ye following piece of poesie. If you will be so kinde as to get some psalmist to set it to musick, and send the musick to New Plimmouth by ye next shipe, you will confer a lasting favour on Simon Scripsit."

I have taken the liberty, dear reader, to modernize the orthography of the piece of poesie. My Irish correspondent
mentions the singular fact that the manuscript letter containing the verses of Simon Scripsit, of North America, was found among the writings of a deceased protestant divine by the name of Wolfe, and “Mr. Wolfe,” he caustically remarks, “is the reputed author of one, and only one, well known lyric.” From this it appears that Mr. Wolfe was guilty of a very odd piece of plagiarism when he composed the celebrated ballad relating to a distinguished veteran who fell in the Peninsular War.

LINES ON THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF A POLE-CAT.

At twilight she came from her humble abode,
With an air, for grace, rarely beaten;
From her look she seem’d composing an ode,
On the eggs she had suck’d, or the chickens she’d eaten.

Gently her tail from the ground did arise,
As a queen lifts her trail of brocade,
But quick as on me she fasten’d her eyes—
It stood—like a soldier’s cockade.

In silence I gaz’d, my hand on my gun,
Pleas’d to survey the sweet creature—
Then aim’d and fired—the dark deed was done—
Not a muscle she stirred, nor a feature.

A host—old and young—were quick on the spot,
Their hands tightly grasping their noses,
For in dying she discharged a farewell shot—
Otto indeed! not Otto of roses.

We buried her hastily out of sight,
On the tongs,—from her grave quickly turning—
And where she fell a beacon light,
With shavings all luridly burning.

We thought as we hallow’d the shrine of the dead,
Of no evil to come on the morrow,
And prayers duly said, we jumped into bed,
Not any more trouble to borrow.

Lightly we thought of the heroine gone,—
Of the spot where we had carefully laid her;
But oh, when the morrow did dawn,
Naught could we smell but the fair essence tender.

We thought of the place where we laid her down,
Of the field of her fume, fresh and gory,
And we wish’d from our hearts we had let her alone,
Aye, let her alone in her glory.

Should any of your friends, dear reader, impelled by a commendable curiosity, and a regard for whatever exhibits the
marks of true genius, desire to inspect the original manuscript, please give them a note of introduction to

P. Oddeye, Esq., P. O. O. C.,
Puckwuddi.

LENORE.

Gather round me evening shadows,
Fold me in your mantle gray,
Let me dream amid the stillness,
Not for me the light of day,
For I dream of one departed,
To the dim and unseen shore,
Aye, I dream of thee departed,
My own Lenore.

Thro' the mist thine eyes are gleaming,
Eyes as dark and deep as night,
And amid the slumberous stillness,
I can hear thy footstep light,
Thou art with me at the midnight,
Gliding thro' the door,
Thou art with me at the midnight,
My own Lenore.

I can hear thy voice of music,
Whispering to my fainting heart,
Promising when life is over,
I shall then with thee depart,
I shall join thee where no partings
Shall be heard of more,
Where shall be there no more parting
With my Lenore.

There is something beautiful in the following lines:

Take the bright shell
From its home on the lee,
And wherever it goes
It will sing of the sea.

So, take the fond heart
From its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved
To the ends of the earth,
Messrs. Editors:

In your January number, I observe that no mention is made of the Leap Year Festival, enjoyed by the College Students, who remained here last vacation.

As, owing to your absence from Kenyon, you had not the pleasure of attending, I think it due both to yourselves, and other absentees, that an eye-witness should give a slight sketch of that delightful occasion. However, as is too often the case, any description must fall far short of the reality. Even though "words that burn" might flow from the pen, they would afford an inadequate idea of all the circumstances. Leap Year, as is well known, always brings with it peculiar privileges to the ladies. That these are not more frequently improved, has been a source of much regret. If only for the variety afforded, it would seem desirable for the fair ones to reverse existing relations, and act with more independence toward the other sex.

This year will be memorable in the annals of Gambier, for the bold and man,—I should say, womanly manner, in which the privileges of the season were exercised, as hereinafter set forth.

It was rumored in a darkly mysterious manner, on the last day of the old year, that the Ladies on "the Hill," intended visiting the students, "en masse." This intelligence casually gleaned, and hardly credited, caused "a hurrying to and fro" on the part of sundry Collegians, who "sounding the note of preparation," commenced making arrangements for the unusual event.

New Year's Day dawned with exceeding brilliancy, with a fair sky overhead, and pleasant walking underfoot. The time was spent as customary, in making calls. And certainly never did hours glide away more charmingly. A universal spirit of good humor shone forth from every countenance. The display of choice dainties and substantial viands, was rich and abundant. When the sun went down that day, and weary heads were laid upon the pillow, doubtless visions of ecstasy, in which bright spirits and loving hearts were intermingled, haunted the mind of many a slumberer.

Bright as the preceding day had been, the second of January
was even more lovely. There was the same delightful tempera-
ture, with more solidity in the foot-paths where

“Caked snows
Looked glittering upward to the powerless sun.”

At College, the Society Libraries were thrown open for the
reception of visitors. One room having been selected as a parlor
wherein to receive the guests, in the other a table, modest in its
appointments, yet plentifully provided, was outspread. Early in
the afternoon sentinels were placed on the look-out, not, however,
on the *housetop* like “Sister Anne” in the ancient chronicle of
“Blue Beard,” watching for succor to arrive in time to save the
miserable bride of that monster, but rather from the windows.
Yet, even as she, anxiously straining her eyes to descry any distant
cloud of dust, experienced that “hope deferred, which maketh
the heart sick.” So the sentinels were doomed again and again to
disappointment. At length they reported the approach of our an-
ticipated friends, who were, not as “angels’ visits, few and far be-
tween,” but in separate parties, until arriving near the venerable
College, the lovely bands united, and advanced in solid phalanx.
Unlike the Amazons of old, with fiercely bent brows and threaten-
ing glances, they came with the grace of Diana’s maidens, and with

“Nods and becks and wreathed smiles,”
gladdening every face.

After a mutual interchange of congratulations and seasonable
compliments, the ice of formality being quickly broken through,
genial warmth of manner succeeded.

At the very outset all seemed desirous of making the most of
the occasion, and each willing to contribute to general enjoyment.
Soon the “banquet hall” was opened for admission, and the fair
visitors ushered in to partake of the viands there displayed.

Over two score of ladies were present. And right merrily did
the Library resound with the buzz of conversation and the ring-
ing laugh. You may be assured, that the hour spent here was a
most delightful contrast to the accustomed dignity and silence of
the place. The very books on the shelves appeared to partici-
pate. The red bindings blushed deeper with joy.—The dark ones
seemed determined to look pleasant,—while the golden-hued vol-
umes were actually dazzling in their exuberance of delight. The
busts scattered around looked on almost instinct with life. And
the framed daguerreotypes of former Professors, when a passing
sunbeam illumined their faces, might really have been thought
to chuckle with inward mirth.
Upon leaving the Libraries, the ladies were escorted to the Society Halls, where several "musicianers" had preceded them. All were eventually gathered into one of the Halls, when, after duly installing three ladies in the chairs of state, a variety of pleasant exercises succeeded. Flutes, violins and guitars lent their sweet harmony to enliven the scene. The most active instruments, however, were the vocal organs, from which proceeded divers and sundry welcoming songs. "Here's a health to all good Lassies," "Vive la Compagnie," were given with a hearty good will. "Villikens and his Dinah," that mournful requiem of an

Unkimmon fine young gal;
Whose name it was Dinah just sixteen years old,
With a very large fortin of silver and gold,"

was also duly rendered. The ladies responded with spirit in the words of "Hours there were," "Come, O come with me," and similar songs, rousing in many susceptible hearts a sincere desire to accept the latter invitation.

Toasts expressive of the general feeling, were occasionally interspersed. One, desiring "that the State Legislature be petitioned to appoint Leap Year every alternate twelvemonth," was replied to by a student in an appropriate and effective manner. In the speech, after alluding to the New Year, the ladies were eulogized as man's bright polar star, so felicitously, that Alexander Smith himself, that stary poet, might well have looked to his laurels. These remarks were answered by the lady presiding, in an address replete with wit. The gentlemen were compared to suns, around whom the stars delighted to revolve, and in the name of the ladies, thanks were returned for the unexpected pleasures enjoyed.

At length these happy hours drew near to a close, and when the parting came, we separated from our lovely guests with emotions of gratitude and admiration.

May every succeeding Leap Year afford equal enjoyment to our successors. All who participated, I know will say of the custom, "Esto perpetua."

Yours, &c.

SEMAJ.

The 22d was a merry time as it always is in old Kenyon. The College was beautifully illuminated, and the speeches good. A full description may be expected in our next number.
MARRIED—In Gambier, Feb. 14, by the Rev. A. Blake, Miss Jane Hamilton and Mr. Robert Lurkins, all of this place.

In our official station as proveditors
For the public,—that insatiable goose—
Since each and all are now our lawful creditors
For "reading matter," we cannot refuse
To "supply the demand," and surely Editors
Cannot easily find more pleasing news
In the whole range of melange Editorial,
Than that of which this is a slight memorial.

The bridegroom on th' occasion was a Soph'more
In this our Alma Mater, Kenyon College;
But he (let none at marriage ever scoff more,
With his example before him,) the dull edge
Of College life to sharpen, thus set off, more
I reckon in pursuit of love than knowledge,
And finding one who suited him, he paid her
Suit, was accepted, and his wife he made her.

The marriage took place on Valentine day—
Or Valentine evening—before a minister;
After which some citizens came to play
Them an epithalamium—the din is ter-
Rible, although they doubtless meant to pay
The married couple honor, without sinister
Designs; however we dislike th' inventions,
We must give credit for the best intentions.

Although the ceremony's now concludent,
And our advice (that worst of vices) comes
Rather late, we do think it was imprudent
For Brother Lurkins thus to pluck the plums
Of life's great fruit-tree while he's still a student,
(He ought to have staid contented with its crumbs)
For how can he who to the queen of hearts
Has bowed, become "bachelor of arts!"

We present our sincere congratulations
To these young neophytes in married life,
And hope that through time's varying mutations
Their love may strengthen, so nor file nor knife
May cut that love in two; and as the stations
Of life's pilgrimage they pass, may the wife
And husband never think themselves mistaken, for
For "better or for worse" they now are taken for.
Break the sweet links, tho' the head may grow older,
Still, still will the fond heart remain as ever,
True and devoted! Affection can moulder
Only in the grave, which alike shall sever
Friends—lovers—foes—tho' e'en then it is given
To those who love to meet again in Heaven.

There Readers is a little dust kicked up by the gallant steed
Pegasus in honor of an event which will doubtless exercise an
immense influence over "generations yet unborn".

Editors' Table.

"Cleveland, Feb. 11th, 1856.

"Messrs. Editors:

"Gentlemen,—Will you permit a subscriber to your Magazine to occupy a
little corner unobtrusively and modestly, in your next No., just to inform you
in what manner your four-fold Editorial bow was received?

"Your new undertaking seems to have found favor with many on Lake
Erie's shore, to whom every thing pertaining to Kenyon is interesting and
important.

"At the same time, I have heard many doubts expressed about the long-
life of this your literary babyling; many of your friends fearing that it will be
no better nurtured than its predecessor, which died in infancy, from neglect,
or from the want of good care and skill in the treatment of it.

"But you tell us that the word failed has been stricken from your vocabu-
larv, which means of course, that you intend to persevere in this undertaking.
It is to be hoped that the obstacles and difficulties which surely lie in your
path, will not cause you to forget what you have just declared to be a fixed
fact.

"But your Editorial quartette, not having the experience of grey hairs, may
find yourselves shipwrecked on the rocks and quicksands of public opinion;
for all will not praise you, nor "pass your imperfections by," and for that rea-
son desert the sinking ship. Remember—

"'Perseverance is a Roman virtue,
That wins each godlike act, and plucks success
Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.'

"Your first issue is very creditable, in form and contents, and I am per-
suaded that the future numbers will do honor to your Alma Mater, who through
much tribulation, seems at length to be experiencing a small share of that
prosperity which her regretted and venerable founder had so much faith in
believing would some day be hers. Let no student of Kenyon College ever
forget that it owes its existence, if not its perpetuity, to the self denying exer-
tion, and indomitable perseverance of Bishop Chase.

We were exceedingly pleased, and withal very much encouraged by the
receipt of the above letter, since it was penned by a lady of acknowledged taste, and whose opinions on any subject we prize highly.

By the wayside of a route Editorial, here and there a flower appears whose beautiful form gladdens the eye, and whose rich perfume is a sufficient recompense for critical scratches, to which all Tripod-ites are subject.

"Editors of Kenyon Collegian:

"Gentlemen,—The pleasant surprise occasioned by the appearance of the Kenyon Collegian prospectus, which was issued in Dec., '55—a pleasant surprise it was, because, unlike most places, Gambier is peculiarly innocent of prospectuses, and the want of such a periodical has been deeply felt. This surprise, although so pleasant, naturally died out after a short time, and left people to exercise their ingenuity in guessing what rank the work would be likely to hold. Some conjectured that it would come out with a flaming cover, bearing a very odd and whimsical embellishment, Kenyon herself, it might be, personified by a low, fat lady, encumbered with numerous old-fashioned garments, and driven onward by the spirit of the 19th century (i.e., the new Magazine), at the cost of losing both her temper and redundant appendages. The articles which the journal would contain would be equally whimsical. What else can Collegians conceive, thought they, there is not a grain of sound sense in their whole body. Another class, more refined, and nearer to the truth, although a little too sanguine, anticipated carefully written essays on new and interesting topics, well devised and executed tales and brilliant verses (poetry is not to be looked for in this age). There was time sufficient to indulge in such speculations before the first number appeared. At length it has appeared, and what do people now say? They are disappointed! What? at our first number? you exclaim. Even so. It seems that few except the contributors and their special friends are pleased. The letter from a 'Bull's Eye,' if designed to embody any special thought, gives its readers the idea that it is a perfect Bull throughout, be it English or Irish. Again, the Obituary notice has given great offence not only to the owners of the eulogised poodle, but to all persons of taste. A practical business man assured me that that one article would seriously injure your undertaking. Pages 31 and 32 might have been more usefully filled. In a journal of the same number of pages, there is no place for secondary articles. Such are the opinions of the public. What then! What rests? Try what discretion can. What can it not? Yet, what can it, when the public are impatient? Need I add, that you must sit as severe critics on the MSS. submitted to your inspection, that you must be judicious.

"From the best wishes for your eminent success, I have been tempted to inform you thus honestly of what is really true. My words are intended as gold for you, accept them as such. Yours,

"Veritas."

Many thanks to "Veritas" for his communication. It is placed before our readers in order that they may see we court criticism for the sake of improvement. A manly letter, stating faults and the means for their correction, is indeed a boon almost as precious to us as bread is to famishing creatures. Intemperance and unjust aspersions are the offspring of hearts to which honor and virtue are utter strangers.
We are not at all surprised that the people were disappointed with our Periodical; they must accuse their own imaginations, however, and not bring us to the bar for condemnation. No promise was made that the Magazine should "eclipse Harper," or "throw Putnam in the shade."

When an ardent admirer of Nature looks for a mighty cataract, but sees only an insignificant stream, he feels no doubt just as many subscribers did when they received the first number of the Collegian, very much chagrined. Should the innocent brook be reproached because it was not a roaring torrent?

We did all that was possible to render the Magazine interesting, considering the circumstances in which we were placed—and what were they? one of the Editors was sick, and others had manifold non-Editorial duties to perform; type and paper did not reach the Publisher until the very last of January; the proof was of necessity hastily read (which will account for sundry mistakes), and to cap the climax, we ourselves were obliged to bind every one of the Magazines. Trojans never labored more assiduously. The spirit was certainly willing, but probably the flesh was weak. These remarks are made in order that all may know we do not wish to palm off spurious for genuine coin. Friendly hints and good advice will be heeded. We do not care a fig for taunts.

"Our Friend," who is a right jolly fellow, by the way, has sent us the following, which very many can appreciate. Experience teaches us that all "COGNovit" has said is true, but we don't like the name he has given this wayward child of his prolific Muse—"A Vesper Hymn for Bachelors." One would suppose those specimens of obsolete manhood alone enjoy that

"Intensely thrilling, trouble killing,
Kissing on the sly."

A genuine bachelor, on the contrary, knows nothing of love or its compounds. He is the quintessence of selfishness—the epitome of all that's sad, dreary, and miserable—a peripatetic iceburg, made by some strange weird in the likeness of man—no indeed, he doesn't even resemble the faintest apparition of the shadowed shadow of a man. If "past recovery," he is an object of horror to fair damsels, sprightly widows, and anxious mothers seeking favorable matches for overgrown daughters. Old maids, however, admire the Fraternity—"misery loves company."

When a young man is continually talking and writing about the glories of single blessedness, and the absurdity of connubial felicity, one may reasonably conclude that he's so much in love with an eyewinker or lock of hair, that he's not responsible for his actions,—entirely lost to every thing around save one dear familiar object. How is it Mr. "COGNovit"? You should know.

Read his verses, and believe, if you can, there'll not be a Mrs. "COGNovit" very soon, notwithstanding "my dear husband" once tuned his harp to Bachelorian strains.

**VESPER HYMN FOR BACHELORS.**

By COGNovrr.

His manly whisker swept her cheek,
She uttered no reply,
How could she part her lips to speak,
While kissing on the sly?
There's such a sum of smackimg bliss,
That Croesus could not buy,
The honeyed worth of one sweet kiss,
That's taken on the sly.
Oh! this kissing on the sly,—
This kissing on the sly,—
This wooing, winning style of sinning,
Kissing on the sly.

The maiden meek one kiss received—
Demurely winked her eye,
And with the air of one bereaved,
She heaved a hearty sigh;
Again that wayward whisker pressed
Her cheek, she breathed—Oh my!
How grateful to the burthened breast,
This kissing on the sly!
Oh this kissing on the sly,—
Downright delicious, e'en malicious,
Kissing on the sly.

Tho' rigid rule declare the deed,
To be a crime so high,
No lover dare deny the creed
Of kissing on the sly;
Tho' Pas and Mas berate and prate,
Till Dulceneas cry,
The custom don't a bit abate
Of kissing on the sly,
Oh! this kissing on the sly,—
This kissing on the sly,—
Intensely thrilling,— trouble killing,
Kissing on the sly.

While leading thus a single life,
What happier lark than I,
When opportunely, without strife,—
A glorious chance descry—
To seize the dainty treasure which
No royalties outvie:
Than me, no nabob half as rich,
Thus kissing on the sly:
Oh! this kissing on the sly,—
Aye! kissing on the sly,—
This trebly tempting, care exempting,
Kissing on the sly.
We see by an exchange that the Junior Class of Madison University, N.Y., invited the Junior Class of Hamilton College, of the same State, to participate in their festivities at or after the late Junior Exhibition. Some twenty or more arrived at the appointed time, and were received in a manner which none but Students are able to accomplish. From all accounts they must have had a "jolly glorification" over the good things that were. Toasts both rich and spicy passed from side to side. We surely envy them the fine time they must have had. How pleasant it must be for Students of different Colleges to meet and participate in each others' pleasures. There is a something not capable of being described which seems to unite the sympathies of one with those of the other. Students are a different race from the rest of mankind, and when alone in the world they are like strangers in a strange land, but when together the very air seems sweeter, their spirits are at the highest point, and dull care is driven away. We hope the time is coming when the Juniors and other Classes of Kenyon, may be proud to boast of having given the Students of other Colleges a hearty welcome at their yearly festivities. Such would surely tend to change the dull monotonity of every-day "College Life," unite in a strong bond of friendship the youth of America, and the rich flow of wit and reason which must necessarily ensue would unite kindred hearts with kindred minds. May the Students of Madison and Hamilton see many such rejoicings.

Mrs. Partington, of Gambier, is a grand-niece of the venerable and venerated Mrs. Partington of Boston, who is generally supposed to be the mother of this numerous and renowned family. We called on the Gambier Partington (as widow by the way) last week, and found her engaged in the very literary exercise of reading a newspaper—as her eye glanced over the following words—"News from the Crimea—the Seat of War," pulling off her spectacles and throwing down her knitting (thereby dropping four stitches), she exclaimed, "La sakes! what a monstrous man that Mr. War must be, to have such a big seat as the whole of the Crimea—sometimes on the watery elephant and sometimes on terrible firma. he can't belong to the ingenious homer (she had studied Latin in her younger days), but must be an ambiguous animal." Having adjusted her telescopes (a favorite name with the worthy dame for spectacles,) she looked along a little farther—noting something about "the Allies," she muttered to herself "alleys, alleys, I wonder if they don't have streets there, it must be a very obnoxious place to live in." Mrs. P., becoming exceedingly interested, continued, but at the very next clause stopped and seemed perplexed, "Maggie Zine exploded," what does that mean, it can't be that any female has died of spontaneous compunction—if so she has my tears of sympathy" (at the same time wiping her eyes with the corner of her apron). The indefatigable old lady, whom no difficulties ever surmount, soon notwithstanding this outburst of feeling, recommenced the perusal of the Gazetteer, and her gaze was riveted on the next line, which read thus, "The Infantry were ordered to sleep in the trenches,"—"Oh horrible! horrible!! horrible!!! Isaac (her worthy son was sitting in his chair fast asleep) Isaac stops snoring so profusely and rouse up from your stupid." The hubbub of his Mother had the desirit effect, and Isaac, vexed at being disturbed, asked in a very peevish manner, "What's to pay, old woman?" Mrs. P., disregarding the boy's insolence, said (though so agitated she could hardly articulate distinctly), "Don't you think
the folks in the Cimree are so utterly lost to all matrimonial and patrimonial affection that they make their infants sleep in the cold, cold, ground—oh, the dear little cherubims, what maternal solitude I have for them." "Pahaw," growled Issac, and then went to sleep again. But the old lady, taking up the paper, said she was bound to see the extermination of the article, and for the third time was diligently at work. "Thousands and thousands dying every day," was the next startling sentence. "I declare that's just the thing after all—they must do their work cheap and prompt—so many hands employed—I'll send my old bombazine right over and have it dyed, and then,"—but the words were lost, she arose immediately to look for the aforesaid article, and here we leave her.

A REVIEW OF HIAWATHA appears in the present number of the Collegian. Indeed it would not be fashionable to pass this Poem by without note or comment. Have you read Hiawatha? is a question every where asked, and almost always replied to in the affirmative. Children have read it, and love the Laughing Water. Young men and maidens have read it, and in imagination rove through the land of the Dacotah—they admire the noble, loving Hiawatha, the pure and gentle Minnehaha. Snarling critics, who gain a livelihood by writing doggerel, in doggerel abuse the Poem and the Author. Longfellow has frequently been called a plagiarist, but Hiawatha is a triumphant refutation of the charge. Read the Song of Hiawatha, musical beyond description—worthy of its gifted Author.

"JUNIORES non parturiant et non nascitur Exhibition." Where now is the stalwart hand of youths who rejoice in the appellation of Juniors? Where now, oh Catamount! are those sonorous voices which are always heard when noise abounds and stillness has sought a more congenial clime? Where are those dulcet strains that, issuing from a Junior's throat, flow over the tympanum with such a melodious sound? In fine, why don't the Juniors exhibit themselves? Has Modesty forbidden it? Juniors modest! ha! ha! ha!—paradoxical in the extreme, isn't it Reader? If they have that virtue, which in this region is so rare, a few well known and oft repeated lines will probably explain why it has not been observed and credit given therefor.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
    The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
    And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Are the Juniors constitutionally inclined to exert themselves as little as possible? Oh no—for if one should go on a pilgrimage through the world, it would be an impossibility to find young men more energetic. Are the Juniors fearful that an overdose of eloquence would have a deleterious effect on humanity generally? This objection to giving an Exhibition, if it is urged and appears valid, is certainly a very serious one, and the Juniors are really worthy of praise for sacrificing themselves on the altar of public good. We wish we could say something that would induce the aforesaid young men to appear before the people—but they are determined to make us all unhappy by withholding the usual "feast of reason and flow of soul." The young ladies,
especially, feel very much disappointed, and the old ladies (if there are any,) are exceedingly irate. Bend-it Juvenes and crave pardon of the fair sex.

P. S. Boreibus billibus perhapsibus madesibus the Juniorea sum sic of an Exhibition—pax vobiscum.

St. Valentine's Day.—This occasion, so remarkable in the Kalends of those who are in the habit of writing sonnets to the objects of their affection, passed off with little or no excitement in Gambier. The reason we know not. Perhaps old Boreas, as he rushed through forest and o'er meadow, and the thermometer below zero, had a chilling effect upon any tendency to indulge in the gentle expression of the master passion—Love—which finds a more congenial air in soft balmy days and starry summer nights. In former times, the old Post Office would be filled on this day with a crowd of anxious, expectant Students, and as each sweetly perfumed and delicate epistle was deposited in their respective boxes, they would be greeted with a shout. How different was it this year. No unusual excitement was manifest about the Post Office. No well-filled mail bags tried the patience of our expert Post Master. Not only did a want of interest appear among the Students, but even from abroad there was a scarcity of those neat little billets directed in a small delicate hand. We had hoped to present the readers of the "Collegian" with a rich selection, but only one has been received by the Editors, which we will give for the benefit of the public.

"Oh, there's not in this wide world a happier life,

Than to sit near the stove-pipe and tickle your wife;

Taste the sweets of her lips in the moments of glee,

And twist the cat's tail when she jumps on your knee."

The Valentine.

The following beautiful Simile is from Hyperion, a romance written when the Author "had already lived through the olive age, and was passing into the age of bronze into his early manhood; and in his hands the flowers of Paradise were changing to the sword and shield."

"In ancient times, there stood in the citadel of Athens three statues of Minerva. The first was of olive wood, and according to popular tradition, had fallen from heaven. The second was of bronze, commemorating the victory of Marathon; and the third of gold and ivory,—a great miracle of art in the age of Pericles. And thus in the citadel of Time stands Man himself. In childhood shaped of soft and delicate wood just fallen from heaven; in manhood a statue of bronze commemorating struggle and victory; and lastly in the maturity of age perfectly shaped in gold and ivory,—a miracle of art."

We are in receipt of the Oakland College Magazine; also the Marietta Collegiate; both well worthy of public notice.

All communications must be handed in by the 10th of March, and the Editors must know the true name of the author. Several communications with fictitious names being signed have been received, in consequence of which we are not able to publish them.