What a wild, blustering, roistering fellow is March. Only listen to his dreadful pipings on this sacred day. True to his character, he seems to have ushered himself in, with all the winds of Mudjekeewis in his train, the fierce Kabibonoka leading the quartette; and as if impatient of having been kept waiting one day longer than usual, is expressing, like a spoiled child, his displeasure, by wild shrieks and wails, and cutting up all manner of antics with the new fallen snow, the beautiful white carpet which the great Creator, like a tender parent, yesterday, "stooping, spread all over earth and bush, and tree;" thus kindly protecting the children of the soil from the merciless assaults of this rude month.

The pious church-goers, (for surely those who are out to-day are no "fair-weather christians,")) draw more closely about them cloaks and shawls, and a man just now passing, is holding on with both hands to his hat. Fortunately for him, middle as he is in that snow-drift, he has no trailing skirts to manage, as those two young ladies have on the other side of the way. I am glad it isn't muddy, for then those delicate ankles wouldn't have so snowy a covering as I see now. But now comes a gust of wind, whirling the snow into so dense a body through the air, as to hide all outward objects from my

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view. I shiver and retreat to my table, which I have drawn snugly up by the fire. But even here the storm-king seems determined I shall give him audience, for he is raging and rattling against the window so that a poor solitary fly, lured from its shelter by the warmth of the room, and a streak of sunshine which just now ventured out, retreats in dismay, flies to my table, and lights on the "Kenyon Collegian," as if to remind me of what, with this gossiping about the weather, &c., I had nearly forgotten, a promise, when the spirit moved, to write something for this youthful offspring of youthful sires. That I should feel a deep interest in its prosperity, an earnest desire that it should find favor with the good, that I should feel a glow of pride mantling my cheek when I see in its pages aught that speaks of refinement and good taste, or the blush of shame when I discover articles better suited to the buffoon, will be no marvel to two of the young proprietors of this paper, since it is but yesterday, as it were, when they stood meekly by my side, to receive instruction from my side. Let me pause to muse upon those blessed days. No—tears would blot my page, and obliterate this record of my heart. Tears that they are no longer little boys, shielded in temptation's trying hour by a mother's ceaseless care and love. Tears lest in the great school of life which they are about to enter, its lessons will only be learned mid chastisements and wearisome, wasting study, and haply often when too late to profit by them. Tears lest in the great "battle of life," which every son and daughter of Adam must fight, they be overcome and vanquished by the great enemy of Truth and Virtue. And so I must needs weep for those blessed days when they were shrouded in that mantle of affection from every thing that defileth. And yet I would not have my own years lessened with theirs, for how can those who profess to be looking forward to a better land, an inheritance to be gained only by death, wish to "live always." This is a beautiful world, and those who have "fed only on roses, and lain 'mongst the lilies of life," may sigh for no other; but few there are who have fared thus daintily, thus luxuriously lodged. And speaking of age, reminds me of a beautiful sentiment I have somewhere seen—"No snow falls lighter than the snow of age, but none is heavier, for it never melts."
I know not the author of this little gem, nor do I think I can add to its lustre by jingling it into rhyme, but I love to gather flowers and weave them into garlands for my friends, so here is one for the "Kenyon Collegian."

Oh not! it never melteth;
That ceaseless falling snow;
Time's river onward rolleth,
It will not backward go.
"It never melts";—no never;
The old man sighs in vain,
And sings with yearning ever,
"Would I were young again!"

E'en while he singeth, Age
Doth "splash" fresh flakes of snow,
Which never melts but freezeth,
Whitening the old man's brow.
Year after year increaseth
This still unyielding Snow,
Till in the grave he sleepeth,
A snow crown on his brow.

Yet see! that crown is melting
Yes joy! 'tis melted now,
Nor more can age be shedding
His chilling, ceaseless snow;
For Heaven's portals opening,
A radiance warm is shed,
And now a crown of glory,
Circles the old man's head.

A FEW SQUINTS.

BY SPECTACLES.

How often has it been said that a College is a miniature world, yet it is none the less truthful for being a trite remark. Go within the walls of any of our Institutions and there will be found students from almost every quarter of the globe. Albion sends her delegates; Scotia and Hibernia theirs; La Belle France is not without representatives in our courts of learning; and the young Spaniard, with dark rolling eye and pubescent moustache, is there to remind us of Don Quixote and the unfortunate sheep. Even Germany, rich as she is in
schools and scholars, has entrusted some of her best minds to the fostering care of American Education. The name Anistaki appears in our own catalogue, to remind us of the land where "burning Sappho lived and sung." What an epitome of History is presented by this last fact! Surely the surmise of that illustrious Orator who said "And the young America may yet soar to be what Athens was," is prophecy. Some students are from Northern States, where fields of waving grain are the offspring of Earth's bounty—others from the far South, where cotton plants clothe the meadows in vestal robes, and Nature makes summer time of the year—others have left old homesteads nestled among Eastern mountains, to meet those who dwell amid Western wilds, by the Sacramento's side and by Pacific waters. Some come from the city and some from the country. Some have been pedigreed until their brains have become drugged with Greek roots—others are fresh from the work-shop and counting-room: in the one, may be, means of acquiring knowledge have been beaten out on the ringing anvil; in the other, ledgers and journals have from necessity been the initiatory text-books: while in both cases preparation for College has been made when tired bodies needed rest, but active minds panted for wisdom. The contented sons of poverty and the pampered children of luxury—the virtuous and vicious—the temperate and dissolute—those who improve each hour, regarding the fact that at every tick of a clock the past adds a golden moment to his hoard of centuries, and those who are spendthrifts of time, all seek our common Alma Mater. Coming together from so many parts of the Union, and from Foreign countries, they of course bring with them different habits, tastes and feelings, which appear in forms varied as are the colors of a kalaidscope. Thus that diversity of country, character and wealth, which is seen in the great world, marks that little world, a College. But to pursue the analogy further—most of the students are, it is true, minors, in age, but all, from unfledged Pene-Subs to reverend Seniors—from those who, in the language of the Poet give to "hairy nothings a local habitation," to those whose faces fairly bristle with capillary excrescences—from the unsophisticated roundabouted boy to the duly initiated long-tailed youth, are men at College—men too of gigantic mould,
both physically and intellectually, capable of mighty efforts, and fated to change the destinies of nations if self-love with its fascinating but oft delusive voice tells no fictitious tale,—Ah yes! the thread imagination weaves in the woof of one's being is as fragile as the tendril of a vine. What a gorgeous residence would be erected if Ambition were the Architect, what a magnificent world would start into life if all our pet dreams and reveries could by some talismanic influence become realities,—stop a moment, could finite minds form one better than that which the Infinite pronounced "very good"? Although most students are minors in age, yet all pretend to be miners in the golden placers of knowledge, or searchers for precious stones that lie at the bottom of the deep but pellucid river of Wisdom. Some have tools well sharpened, work with ease, and are rewarded with costly gems to enrich the casket of their minds; others labor with ponderous mallets of perseverance, breaking the quartz of ignorance and seizing the hidden treasure; still others are content with a few grains of gold from the sands of the stream of Science, while by wandering farther up the banks they might have trebled their stores; some are lured by Illeness to sit quietly down, who tells them Nature will do all without the assistance of Industry, but Industry, ever toiling, never despairing, whispers in their unwilling ears, "The riches of knowledge and wisdom are a legacy never bequeathed by father to son"; others, those too, whom genius honors, pay vows to Pleasure and Bacchus, deities who receive homage but to corrupt, their devotees soon lose every ornament of mind, and receive in return only evil's dross.

With respect to talents and accomplishments, also, a College is the reflex image of the world. Enter yonder room, and you'll find its innate scanning, not Greek Hexameter, but Blackstone or Chitty on Pleading,—he'll ask you to take a seat, but if you refuse will threaten to issue a writ of forcible detainer. If however, his visitor is a bore, he'll demur, and speak of an ejectment *vi armis et bootibus*; he will talk magniloquently of *lex scripta* and *lex non scripta*, and will be especially loquacious about banks and bankrupt laws, for he intends to suspend payment very soon, and then leg bail will follow by way of security. If in the course of conversation you become animated, and strike him on the back to intimate
friendship or clinch an argument, he'll declare that you feloniously and with murderous intent, did then, there, &c., commit an assault and battery, but being a friend will not enter suit.

Leaving this limb of the Law, go in the next room. A neglected Calculus lies on the floor, and the inference is, differentiation has been forgotten. Bones of all sizes are heaped upon the table—around the room hang preserved remains of departed ones, whose spirits, if they hover near, must be marvelously pleased with their personal appearance. You may imagine yourself in the Museum of a Medical Institute—but no, it's a student's apartment. You'll observe a person crouched over a table, reading some huge dissertation on Anatomy; raising his head, he'll very politely ask you to be seated, and immediately ask, how's your health this evening sir, remarking at the same time, all vertebrate animals, from their formation and constitutional structure have an astounding affinity for malignant and contagious disorders. If a hint is thrown out that you have a slight headache he'll spring from his chair, feel your pulse to ascertain whether it is resilient or irresilient, look at your tongue, pronounce your jugular greatly compressed, your diaphragm too much distended or your wind pipe perforated, and prescribe a wet sheet and fourteen cathartics to restore a free circulation of the gastric juice, and animation to a shattered nervous system. This young Escuripins delights to have his fellow students cultivate boils and cutaneous diseases for they promise a rich harvest, one blade of his jackknife is dedicated to ulcers and the like, it would indeed be sacrilege to use it for anything else. If he can't find human subjects he keeps a dog or cat to manipulate.

Seek another quarter and a very Clerical looking young gentleman will bid you good evening, the lessons for the morrow have been forgotten and the book in his hands is Somebody on Infant baptism, future rewards and punishments, or Apostolic Succession, possibly it may be Horn's Introduction anticipated about two years, his conversation will be relative to the best method of reading the service and preaching the Prophecies, Sodom and Gomorrah, the Babylonians and Jews. If you should happen in unexpectedly you might find him standing before the glass with a sheet over his shoulders having on a large black silk neckerchief in lieu of a scarf for the purpose
of ascertaining what figure he will make when clad in genuine priestly robes. Enter still another room and you'll behold a steed all saddled and bridled, but don't be alarmed notwithstanding Pegasus has his head and tail erect ready for a fearful lunge. His rider is a very melancholy and inoffensive youth just as Cowper and Poe used to be, wears his hear long and adorns the upper part of his person with a Byronic collar, with respect to matters of dress in general however he is rather negligent as are all true Poets. On examination of sundry manuscripts you will doubtless discover that this juvenile sky-scraper has been writing an apostrophe to Venus or an ode to lovely Mary's eye-winker, (owed to Norton or Scott perhaps) or has even ventured an Epic, hoping that when he is dead they will appear under the significant title of posthumous Poems. Although Analytical Geometry is the Poetry of Mathematics, still there is too much Hyperbol-a in it even for his imaginative mind.

Then we have Lawyer, Physician, Minister and Poet in embryo. If one should go farther he would find some who are only content when roaming in forests to whom the society of man is irksome, but who love the companionship of birds and know their favorite haunts, Audubons in miniature. Some delight in amassing antique coins, others in examining the wonderful work of coral insects, others in experimenting with retort and battery, noting the beautiful harmony existing between theory and practice, cause and effect which Philosophy teaches in the language of general truths. Antiquarians, Conchologists, Geologists and Philosophers on a small scale.

There are College politics, midnight caucusses, wire pulling and electioneering are not unknown, each one's experience both subjectively and objectively teaches this. There are religions peculiar to Collegians, most becoming spiritually inclined, join the Hard Shell Baptists, and at times go up to the anxious seat with excited Faculties. Some read Queen Mab and make Shelly's their belief. Must Poetry teach infidelity in order to be beautiful? Is Atheism the sole essence of a brilliant and pleasing metaphor? Do all flowers blossom in swamps from which the deadly malaria rises? Vitiated tastes, depraved appetites, and heated passions, like maddened wild beasts, rage on every side, striving to enter the magic circle which true Religion draws around a noble few, but exerting
their powers in vain, they turn upon the weak in faith, and make what was once lovely to look upon a hideous sight. Conscience is loosed from her moorings, and the golden cord which once bound the soul to God is broken.

In the world without Societies are formed for the accomplishment of some great object; so in College, we unite for the grandest purpose conceivable—to cultivate the faculties of mind so that they will obey the promptings of pure and generous hearts. From what has been said it appears that no better place (save the world itself) could be found for studying the motives of mankind than at some Institution where are assembled those of almost every age, character, and condition. A knowledge of human nature is necessary to success in every department of life; he who has acquired even the rudiments of that science—for science it may well be called, since it is the practical part of Mental Philosophy—has made no little progress towards acquiring an education. Guizot says Common Sense is the genius of humanity; if so, then to have the power of referring every action to its legitimate motive, is the quintessence of common sense.

HEART AND HAND.

BY HENRY O. PERRY.

Never let the heart be weary, working for the right,—
Never let the hands be folded,
Fitly be each purpose moulded;
When the day seems dark and dreary, look above for light;
Let the magic charm of action,
Daily nerve for life's transaction,
Aim beyond the present hour,
Grace will grant efficient power,
Bear thy spirit bravely on,
Till its term of time is run.

Never let the head be weary, working for the right,—
Let it weigh and ponder deeply;
Immortality is cheaply
Worth an hundred lives!—Cheerly, day I'll relieve the night,
E'en if clouds surmount the morning,
Let them only serve as warning,
Welcome warning, not to wait.
Garner, keep and consecrate,
Christen, every truthful thought,
By thy moral working wrought.

Be thy heart a gracious casket, brimmed with virtue’s gems,
Jewels rare, of peerless luster,
Brighter than the orbs that cluster
Heaven’s resplendent vault! Ask it if thy life contemns
Groveling deed and gross desire:
And ask if Truth and Hope inspire
Zeal to pierce the outer gloom,
Love for Life beyond the tomb,
Ask and seek, till faith impells
To do each deed, that Duty wills.

THE LAST SCENE.

There were three of us at home the night my father died, my mother, my little brother, and myself. Though many years have intervened between this melancholy event, and time and the world have made these eyes strangers to tears, I find I cannot refer to it even thus passingly without feeling a flood of sorrow rush across my mind—I am compelled to wipe away a tear. He had been a loving parent and was much respected, a duty his fellow men owed him, though almost the only one they ever discharged; long and carefully had he labored to support his family and to do his duty as an active citizen and courteous neighbor. Hard times, however, came, notwithstanding his early rising and industry; business failed, and his bodily energy at the same time giving way, he was left fortuneless and spiritless.

None but those who have seen their resources exhausted, their credit broken, and their property wasting little by little, can know what it is to be awakened from a state of plenty and security to stand destitute in the world, or how strong a heart it requires to sustain the change. His heart was not made of such iron material. Ill could he endure to see the sad alterations working around him, old friends dropping off and no new ones stepping in to fill their places. Those who had shown themselves glad of his acquaintance in the day of prosperity, suddenly forgot that he had ever been known to them; they
and he seldom met on the same path as in by-gone days—the ruined merchant was left to tread his way alone. And then, when plan after plan was frustrated, and disappointment proved the only fruit of hope; when the road became darker the farther on he went, and anxiety had done its work within him, when his feet faltered at every step, and it was vain to say, Take courage! Death kindly entered and lead him another and less rugged way.

Among the wealthy, death is a sore affliction, even with all that they possess to take the poison from the bitter cup, but who can count the sorrows of the poor at such a time? Yet, they have consolations of which the rich know nothing.

My mother was brought very low by the stroke which had just fallen upon her; as for my brother and myself, we were too young to be immediately aware of the entire extent of our bereavement. We wept, but then it was because we saw her weep, and because of the passionate sorrow with which she twined her arms around us, calling us her poor dear orphans! But she did not suffer unsympathized with. Many of our neighbors, the mechanic and laborer whom my father had in his employment when his affairs were flourishing, others, too, for whom he had done some kind action, visited the house of mourning, expressing by their countenances and words how much they lamented the deceased, and how sincerely they sympathized with his widow. "He was a good man," said one, and stopped with the emotion of his voice. "God bless him!" exclaimed another, "my helpless children can witness that he loved to assist the poor." "The heavens be his bed!" fervently ejaculated an old man, supported by a crutch, his white locks hanging over his forehead.

To my mother, this was consolatory, evincing that her affliction was shared in by others. And when their expressions of deep regret reached her, a portion of her own sorrow was forgotten for a while, her tears were checked in consideration of their grief.

I remember when all the visitors had gone, and the noise of feet passing in and out had subsided, how still the house was that night. You might have heard a sigh all over it, as I thought I did once or twice; or have detected a whisper stealing through the silent hall, out into the back passages.
Occasionally, there was a soft footstep on the stairs, but that was all. How the silence oppressed my heart! My brother and I sat together for what seemed to us many hours, not venturing to break the stillness by a word or movement. By and by, we were lead up stairs to the room where our father had been sick. Dark shadows seemed to crowd the whole way and to close in upon us as we ascended. We had often gone up and down those stairs without being tired, but now they appeared so high as to weary us before we were half way. The moon shone in upon the landing, through the broad panes of the lobby window, but so cold and pale was her beam that the gloom increased rather than diminished. My mother had been sitting at the head of the bed with her Bible before her; she laid it aside as we came in, and approaching in a subdued manner, led us, with a silent pressure of the hand, to the bed side. I cannot say what thoughts ran through my young mind while I stood there, looking on the countenance of him to whom I owed my being. I know not whether I felt more surprise at his long silence and the motionless position in which he lay, or at the unusual paleness of his cheek. This, at least, I easily recall, a smile lit his entire face with an expression of love and happiness, such as I have never since seen reflected on any other features, not even upon those whose portraiture affection has enshrined in her choicest casket. All this time I felt that my mother's eyes were bent on us. I turned and met the tender, solicitous light which beamed from them—a moment, and I was in her arms, she weeping hot tears upon my head, I weeping also and trying to comfort her. Kneeling by that cold couch, she gave utterance to her sorrow, and with face directed upwards, besought humble confidence in the Father of the fatherless. We arose and stooped down to press a parting kiss on the cheek of the pale sleeper;—can I ever forget the pain that shot through me, as I encountered the touch of the grave, and the bitter consciousness of the whole truth which accompanied it! I could now understand why my mother was in tears, why she was feeble and weary, why she looked so sorrowfully upon us and pressed us to her heart whenever we mentioned our father's name, why she sat all day by that bed, refusing to take nourishment, why every one went about on tip-toe, and spake under their breath.
I understood it all—my father was dead—and for the first time I realized what death meant.

Early in the morning, there was a sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs outside where I slept; it came nearer; just then, a dark shadow overhung the doorway, as something borne on men's shoulders passed. I turned on my pillow and sobbed aloud—they were bearing my father's remains to the church-yard.

It is well that scenes such as this are not often repeated in a life-time. Who can say how many the heart could endure! Never have I experienced feelings similar to those of that night—the first that marked our young years with sorrow—unless it might be when entering some old cathedral in the quiet hour of evening: the forsaken pews, the unoccupied desk, the silent pulpit, the solemn sanctity of the chancel, the shadow of the high organ on the opposite wall, the marble monuments bearing the names of those who sleep in the grave yard, the sober pealing of the great clock heard from the belfry, the echo of my own footsteps passing slowly up the aisle, and the sun streaming through the painted window, so rich, so holy, always remind me of that night when Death was an inmate of our house. Leaning on the font as it stands before the chancel rails, the melancholy picture of the past flits before me, I renew all my old feelings and griefs, and a tear drops into the consecrated vessel.

PASSION.

O, the great grief of my bosom is flowing, 
Flood-like, its darkling, deep waters arise—
O, the lost bark of my life, it is drifting 
Rapidly down to the ocean of sighs. 
Where is the harbor I thought would have sheltered 
These weary sides from the dangers of night—
Where are the skies I beheld at the morning 
Gilding my brows with their beautiful light?

Still, my strong sorrow is bearing me onward, 
Storm-like it sways me, so aimless and frail—
O, my weak will is now torn from its moorings, 
Hope fills no longer my powerless sail.
Darkness around me, and passion's wild surges
Sweep cross my bosom—I shudder—I bow—
Welcome the change from the storm-beaten surface,
Into the stillness and slumber below.

Horatius.

THE TONGUE.

The Scriptures say that "the tongue is an unruly member and cannot be easily tamed," and "whoso keepeth his mouth and tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles." Judging from this, we may readily draw the conclusion that, since the denunciations of Divine writ are so bitter against it, it is an object of care and disquietude to its possessor, and unless carefully bridled and curbed by the rein of prudence, and held in subjection by the martingal of moderation, it bounds off like a young colt, and we be to him upon whose head it pours out its vials of wrath or hurls forth its fierce anathemas. In order to test fully the merits of this wonder of wonders, we must inquire into its many different functions. When physically examined, it presents to the mind of an observer a grand idea of its utility, and in fact it might be called, in one sense of the term, the slave of the human frame. It is closely allied with other organs, which in conjunction, form the delightful sensation of taste, though here, as in most cases, the tongue is the chief participant. It would we think be very advisable, certainly nothing more than honorable, for the teeth to render it a vote of thanks for the admirable manner in which it adapts itself to their movements, and places the food at their disposal, but on the contrary it receives for its generosity sundry bites and hints, as it were, to keep its unseemly phiz out of their "ivory shop." Besides all this, the tongue performs one office which, though not all-important, still it deserves a passing notice. The lowering brow, the scornful eye, or the curling lip, may fail to excite derision, but the lolling tongue, as many have seen exemplified by Young America, is always a provocative of anger, and ever calls forth expressions of disgust. Should we investigate the subject still farther we should find that there are various species of the animal under consid-
eration, for instance the garrulous, the taciturn, the backbiting, also those which never say anything but to the point, and those which are hung in the centre, as it were on a pivot, so that the least breeze disturbs their equilibrium, and off they start at full gallop, entirely forgetful of the old adage, "look before you leap." Among the first mentioned are those highly spiced bores who talk a great deal, while in fact they say nothing to the point. They are that class of the community who fatten on the carrion and noxious weeds of society, and who thrive best on rumors and the infectious breath of scandal. All wholesome truth becomes insipid to their depraved appetites, and like the fabled Upas tree they diffuse poison and disease wherever they go. It is not worth while for us to dwell on this class, suffice it to say that their name is legion, and their national characteristic "gas." Another class of loquacious nuisances are those exaggerating extravaganzas who despise the common run of phrases and deal in high flown metaphors and hyperboles. We really pity the tongue that has to pass through such a severe ordeal in the wear and tear of life, and our only wonder is how its delicate machinery can endure such shocks. Another species is that belonging to the gossipping class of community or in common terms women. Such persons are perfect perambulating cyclopedias of general knowledge, and of course they are abundantly supplied with material to enlighten the unenlightened wherever they go. They are most skillful in extracting secrets, yet few display less tact in keeping them. It is desirable to expatiate upon this class, for they are so numerous and their stock of information is so inexhaustible that should you essay to inform them of anything, before you have uttered the first sentence, they snatch it out of your mouth, and not only gabble forth what you intended to say, but about twice as much more in addition.

Another class of garrulous friends, are those who have, as it were, a mental microscope in the region of their caput, by which they exhibit objects of minor importance, and magnify them to such an alarming extent that you are really undecided as to whether they are a "bona fide human being," or only a talking automaton fitted up for the occasion. There is another species, a kind of cross-breed between the garrulous and the silent, which is under the direct guidance of a patent
gutta percha conscience, by which they lull their souls to rest with the soothing balm, "tis only a white lie."

There is one more class who alone is worthy of the name, that is the quiet tongue, which by its expressive silence speaks more than all the rest. Persons endowed with such are by far the most acceptable members of society, for when they speak it is for some purpose, and their tongue never moves without giving vent to some bright gem of intellect. The celebrated "Veni, Vidi, Vici," of old, furnishes a memorable example of the "multum in parvo," which it would be advisable for each and every walking lexicon to follow after having turned from the error of his ways. From these few hints, which I hope are not cast out like pearls before swine, I trust that all will be convinced of the truth which I asserted at first, that the tongue is an unruly member, and cannot be easily tamed.

CARMEN AMŒBÆUM.

(HORACE, BOOK III, ODE IX.)

HORACE.

Donee pleasing eram to thee
Nec quisquam juvenis, more blest,
Cervici Candidae dabat
His arms, and lovingly caressed
Thy pretty cheek, more happy rege vigii,
I vow 'tis true, if not may I this moment die.

LYDIA.

Donee no other arsisti
Magis, nec I in thy esteem,
Eram post Chloe, vigii
(Treading the mazes of love's dream)
Clario Ilia, who was a Roman dame
Of wondrous beauty, riches, also multi name.

HORACE.

Me nunc fair Thracian Chloe rules,
Chloe well skilled to touch the Lyre
In dulces modos, and her smile
So sweet doth set my heart on fire—
For her, this very day, I would not fear to die.
Si parcent animae fata superstiti—
LYDIA.
Me nunc torét deúr Cálais
Mutua fácé; h ét's the b o y,
—So noble, generous and brave—
Whose presence fills my soul with joy,
Pro quo (and this is true) patiar twice mori,
If the fates parcent puero superstiti—

HORACE.
What say you, Lydia? shall love
Rejoin us jug'àeneo?
Shall we amici be, and then
Together on life's journey go?
Si fláva et úgy exeútúr Chloé,
Will you be mine, dear one, and smile alone on me?

LYDIA.
Quanquam the son of Ornytus
Pulchrior est than any star,
And thou levior córtice,
Yet live with thee, I'd sooner far,
Te nunc amó; amábo semper while I live
My heart was always thine, my hand I freely give.

FLORENCE HOWARD.

ETHAN ALLEN.

The first settlement of Vermont, and the struggles of the inhabitants, not only in subduing the wilderness, but in establishing a civil government, afford some of the most striking incidents in American history. When we contemplate the present aspect of that State, with its various parts abounding in flourishing villages and cities, also its high social standing, we can scarcely realize that seventy years ago the whole country, from the Connecticut River to Lake Champlain, was a waste of forest, the asylum of wild beasts, and an impassable barrier against the encroachments of the savages upon the New England border. Their present state of prosperity and thriftiness has been accomplished by the energy and indomitable perseverance of her inhabitants, who not only claim, but show themselves to be, fair samples of the great Yankee
nation, and who were among the first and most hardy defenders of American Independence. Among those most conspicuous in laying the foundation upon which the State of Vermont has been reared, and in fact the undaunted champion and leader of the far-famed "Green Mountain Boys," was Ethan Allen. He was one of those characters whose deeds and exploits, during that period which "tried men's souls," calls forth the admiration of the lover of American history. And truly, what subject should interest the true American more than the history of those men who "fought and bled in Freedom's cause?" Too little respect, alas! is exhibited by the Americans for the memory of those truly noble men, the fruits and blessings of whose toils we now enjoy. Like most of those who figured conspicuously in the Revolution, his character was formed by the peculiar events of that period.

We will pass by the early life of this noble patriot, until the period in which he played so conspicuous a part, in the controversies with regard to the settlement of certain land grants which now form the State of Vermont.

His defence of the claims of his friends with regard to these grants, and the decided position which he maintained with respect to those claims, at length caused him to be denounced as a traitor by the authorities, and a leader of tumultuous assemblies. A price was set for his capture for defending with zeal and energy the encroachments upon the rights and privileges of himself and neighbors. But amid the sea of difficulties which surrounded him, still did he steadily adhere to his principles, declaring that "printed sentences could not kill him, and if executioners dared to approach him, they would be as likely to fall as himself." Such was his position when the tocsin sounded its warlike notes, declaring the wrongs of an oppressed people. Ethan Allen immediately relinquished his difficulties at home, and earnestly and eagerly gave himself up to the service of his country. Well did he serve that country, showing himself, from the beginning to the end of the Revolutionary struggle, the same zealous and strenuous supporter of the cause. His superiors, seeing the courage and daring with which he was endowed, entrusted him with one of the most hazardous exploits recorded in American history. He gained an almost immortal fame by his exploit at Ticonderoga,
where he made that characteristic speech to the astonished commander of the Fortress, which is so often heard and repeated.

It was his misfortune, while battling bravely against his enemies, to be taken prisoner. Of that long captivity—of the cruelties and indignities heaped upon him by the English—it would require a more graphic pen than we possess to narrate. After a severe captivity of nearly three years, he was again restored to his friends who welcomed him with every demonstration of joy. What must have been his feelings as he once more touched his native land, can better be imagined than described.

Once more does he plunge into the difficulties of his native place, where, by his wisdom and foresight, he rendered his country invaluable service. It seems that the British, seeing the treatment which the "Green Mountain Boys" received from their sister States, thought they could induce them to renounce the cause of Liberty and attach themselves to the crown. Little did they know the character of Ethan Allen, for they might as well have endeavored to control the winds, as change his opinions. He entered into negotiations with the British, protracting them long enough to disband an English Army which threatened to make a descent on the frontiers of Vermont, the consequences of which might have produced important effects on the Revolution.

Examine the records of the lives of those who figured in that mighty struggle, and you will discover but few who rendered more valuable services to their country, whose characters were marked with more decision, promptness and daring, than Ethan Allen. His character was marked with many excellencies, yet like others he possessed his faults. Considering the circumstances of his early days, there is much to admire in him; for "whether in the field or council—whether at home, a freeman among the mountains of Vermont, or loaded with the manacles of despotism in a foreign land, his spirit never quailed beneath the sneer of the tory or the harsh threats of insolent authority."

Yet he who had feared no man, trembled before the grim visage of that huntsman whose name is Death. His earthly doom was finally sealed. His earthly sands had run out. He
obeyed the mandate to join the majority—"abiit ad plures"—
and was gathered to his fathers in the prime of life. The gold
was refined and the crucible broken. The toil-worn body was laid
in the "narrow house appointed for all living," that the soul
might escape into life.

Redstick.

AN APOLOGUE.

In the early morning of time, Virtue gave birth to twin
sons, and called them Honor and Honesty. They grew in
beauty as in stature, "like a double cherry seeming parted;"
treading the flowery paths of youth lovingly, hand in hand.
Dignity and sweetness shone around them. The sons of Earth
looked upon them and saw no difference. They dwelt among
men prompting them to noble and holy deeds, loved and rever-
enced by all.

Truth, fair daughter of Heaven, was their chosen compan-
ion, and when the crown of manhood adorned their brows,
both sought to win her for his bride. Then the piercing eye of
Truth saw them unveiled, and she loved the transparent purity
of Honesty more than the external brilliancy of Honor. Truth
and Honesty were joined in holy bands never to be sundered.

Then did Honor cast off the semblance of love for Truth,
and shamelessly dallied in the bowers of Self Love and earth-
born Ambition. These evil companions prompted him to
shun and despise the once loved associates of his youth, and
to sever the sweet ties that led him, side by side, with Truth
and Honesty in the paths of peace and love. Now he roams
through the world a blood-thirsty miscreant, trampling under
his feet Earth's dearest treasures. Rushing into the holy san-
ctuary of domestic bliss, he tears away its priest from the altar,
leaving the worshippers crushed and broken-hearted. Even
while the deluded victim perishes in his grasp, Honor waves
his glittering robe before his closing eye, and shuts out the di-
vine rays reflected from the mirror of Truth, who vainly en-
deavors to reveal the deformity beneath.

Such is the magic of that gorgeous robe, so captivating the
lofty bearing of the imposter, and so alluring the almost uni-
versal homage rendered him by the sons of Earth, that multitudes are led bewildered and dazzled to destruction.

Turn aside, oh! ye mad votaries of false Honor, for the dwelling of Truth and Honesty is still among the sons of Earth. Peace, Health, Love and Joy, are among their children. They wait to welcome you. Seek diligently for the secluded path, and turn not back. It is an humble and self-renouncing path, but it is lighted from above with a radiance easily distinguished by the manly, earnest eye, from the false side lights that only lead to deeper darkness and unending woe. It “shineth brighter and brighter to the perfect day.”

TO MY SICK ABSENT BOY.

I see thee in my dreams my child
Thou com'st to me in sleep,
But thy cheek is pale and thy brow is sad
And I can only weep.

I see thee in each waking hour
I hear thee in each voice,
But thine eye hath lost its merry glance
And how can I rejoice?

Each morn, and noon and night I ask
Our Heavenly Father's care,
That He thy precious health and life
To me in mercy spare.

I try to say and feel— Oh God!
Thy will not mine be done,
But ever doth my heart rebel—
Its cry is spare my son,

And ever goeth forth that cry
Nor day nor night doth cease,
Oh Father give me faith and trust
And sweetly whisper peace.
Memorabilia Kenyonensis.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY IN KENYON.

As has been the custom for some years past, this day was celebrated by the Students of Kenyon in memory of the Father of our Country. The manner in which we generally celebrate this day is well known to most old Students. The custom of illuminating the College has been handed down to us, and for the last five years particular attention has been paid to making the College look beautifully. Each succeeding year has been better than its predecessor, but this we think has capped the climax.

A holiday being granted, preparations for the evening commenced in a business like manner. The day passed away with little or nothing taking place worthy of notice; all was stillness without, but noise and confusion within.

At 7 o'clock, the appointed time for the illumination to commence, numerous crowds of people were seen wending their way to the College. Upon arriving, nothing met their earnest gaze but a fine display of bed blankets covering most of the windows. However, at the stroke of the bell, old Kenyon blazed forth in all her splendor. The coverings being removed from the windows, a scene was presented to the view which was truly beautiful. In saying that all the transparencies were neatly executed, and showed much skill and taste in those who made them, we think is no more than justice; but in not noticing some in particular, would be doing injustice to the occasion, as well as the makers. The Beta Omega, by W. H. Tonnaard, we think was the best appearing of all. The design was nothing in particular, or at least had no direct meaning, but the work was beautifully done,—in fact we think it "beat 'em all." The transparency made for the Delta Kappa Epsilon Society, by A. H. Pease, was truly the nicest thing ever seen in Kenyon. The design was good, being that of the goddess Justice leaning on the shield of the Fraternity. No fault could be found with the work. We only regret that it did not appear to a better advantage. The Theta Delta Chi Fraternity was well represented in several places, and some of them exceedingly pretty. The Library windows looked very well, but we think there was room for improvement. We are afraid that too much time is spent on the Secret Societies, and too little on the Lite-
rary. We would advise future generations not to let the new
comers dispel the old settlers from their affections; always give
preference to age, and on the next 22d let it be seen that although
many children have been born the first parents are not forgotten.
And again, the Libraries being the most prominent part of the
College, it is expected the best screens should occupy their win-
dows. Philomathesians and Nu Pi Kappians, take these few hints
"as gold, they are intended as such." We are unable to speak of
all the designs in particular, but among those appearing most con-
spicuous were the Phi Delta, Kappa Alpha Pi, Phi Alpha, and
Psi, all of them well worthy of praise.

After viewing the beauties of art to our heart's content, Presi-
dent Andrews was called to the stand and made a very appropri-
ate speech. Professor Smith followed with a few remarks; after
him came Messrs. Chapman of the Senior, and Raynolds of the
Freshman Class. Mr. A. B. Norton made a few remarks in his
fluent and poetical manner. Tutor Ray was called for, but not
making his appearance, a committee was sent to his room, who
soon brought him to the stand, where he did himself much credit.
Messrs. Homans and McCarty, of the Junior Class, favored the
company with a few remarks. We neglected to mention that
Mr. Mitchell, of the Freshman Class, was called for, but not com-
plying, was carried by force to the stand, where he made the fol-
lowing short, but we think appropriate speech: "Ladies and gen-
tlemen—It is with me, as the frogs said to some naughty boys
who were pelting them, It may be fun for you but it is death to
me,"—with this he withdrew amid shouts and laughter.

During the interval between each speech the company were re-
freshed by sweet strains of music flowing from the "Kenyon Or-
chestra:" a gallant band, who deserve many thanks from the Stu-
dents for their services during the entire evening.

At 8 o'clock the guests and friends departed, the lights were
extinguished, and old Kenyon again wore her natural garb.

The Students by common consent adjourned to the Philo-
matheusian Hall, to participate in a regular "Leap Year Young
Bachelors' party." Being assembled, and the house called to or-
der, on motion our worthy and esteemed friend, Levi Buttles, a
staunch old graduate of Kenyon, was appointed President of the
evening. Upon taking the Chair, he delivered the following in-
augural address: "Gentlemen—I have but a few remarks to make.
On with the dance, let joy be unconfined." Up went three shouts
for the long and jolly life of "Levi." After having consumed
the better part of two hours in various amusements, each and all adjourned to their respective rooms, well pleased with the proceedings of the day.

Thus ended the 22d at Kenyon; and may it ever prove as happy a day to us all when abroad in the world, as when within the walls of our beloved Alma Mater.

On last Wednesday evening, March 12th, the Philomathesian Society of this College, actuated by that spirit of progress which has ever characterized them, and by a desire to afford some amusement to the good people of this part of the world, gave another of their Literary Exhibitions, which it is their custom to do at least once a year, and which has placed them so high in public favor. At an early hour the audience commenced assembling, and by seven o’clock the house was filled to its utmost capacity. The basement of Rosse Chapel, through the indefatigable industry of the Committee of Arrangements, had undergone a complete transformation. Its four bare walls and staring posts being festooned and covered with evergreens and flowers, though the latter were so natural that one might have imagined them to be culled from Nature’s garden; yet this was, perhaps, because they owed their creation to the fair ladies of Gambier, who kindly lent their assistance on this occasion, and to whom many thanks are due. The furniture of the two College Literary Societies being employed for the purpose, the whole place was very tastefully and handsomely adorned, and spoke volumes for the ingenuity of those who had charge of it.

The Exhibition commenced at half past seven, of which the following is the order of exercises:

**ORDER OF EXERCISES.**

**TRANSEAT IN EXEMPLUM.**

- **DECLAMATION**—The Patriot’s Elysium.  
  R. B. Burton, Cincinnati, O.
- **ESSAY**—Life and Character of Oliver Goldsmith.  
  Frank H. Hurd, Mt. Vernon, O.
- **MUSIC.**
- **ORATION**—Due Reverence for Antiquity.  
  T. M. James, Cincinnati, O.
- **TALE**—Halatha—An Indian Legend.  
  J. F. O’H., Bloomsburg, Pa.
- **MUSIC.**

**DEBATE**—“Are the Planets Inhabited?”

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<th>AFFIRMATIVE</th>
<th>NEGATIVE</th>
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The above Programme presents a variety of performances which is seldom to be found in College Exhibitions. It is not necessary for us to notice each piece particularly, but we will mention those which were most prominent. The Debate, without question, was the best ever heard in Public here, the subject being one of deep interest to all, while the animation and fluency of the disputants gave it an additional charm, which was evinced by the marked attention which was paid them while speaking. The Poem was a new feature. The subject was happily chosen and admirably treated, calling forth frequent expressions of applause. "The Old Chapel" was caricatured in lively and glowing colors, and in some particulars the description was so true that the very walls seemed to grow pale with shame.

The Colloquy, intended as a burlesque on modern stage playing, was happily conceived and excellently carried out: the "Dramatis Personæ" exhibiting no little amount of talent and ingenuity in this novel portion of the Exhibition. The music was furnished by the students, and they added very materially to the pleasure and enjoyment of the evening. The fact of the music being home made, caused it to be more highly appreciated.

The whole Exhibition passed off without a single incident to mar the pleasure of those present, being quite creditable to those who represented the Society, adding new laurels to its already well earned reputation. The immense crowd of people as they reluctantly departed from so bright a scene, expressed by their countenances how much they had been entertained.

Thus ended this Exhibition, which will long be remembered by all who had the good fortune to be present, and will stand as an example to those who come after, to do likewise.
We see that the Students have commenced to erect a monument—not of marble to the memory of Bishop Chase, as it should be,—but of snow, we suppose to the memory of the fine sleighing, a large amount of which we have had this winter. It is at present about ten feet in diameter and ten feet high, and we understand they intend building it some ten or fifteen feet higher. If this is the case, we certainly shall have a memorial (not very lasting, however,) of the pleasant winter: we shall be able to have a game of snow ball during the summer.

In speaking of monuments, puts us in mind of a project which we think would be very advisable: that is, let each Student give a small sum yearly, for erecting a monument to the memory of Bishop Chase; let it be erected upon the "heart" of Kenyon, and called the Students' Tribute. We understand the Diocese is endeavoring to procure a Mural Tablet to be placed in Rosse Chapel. Shall we be backward in our duty? Will not some philanthropic individual start the project? Each and every one will give his mite.

Mischief and tricks have been rather scarce in Kenyon this winter. Perhaps the cold weather has had some effect upon the mischievous propensities of her sons. However, one trick has been played, which, as the sequel will prove, is worthy of notice.

Upon one bitter cold night, some persons who love to work, packed the Park Gates, so that we were compelled to climb over or go around to get to our boarding houses. They were well packed, being filled with old sleds, wagons, plows, and such trash as came within their way, intermingled plentifully with snow, over which water was poured, freezing the whole into one solid mass. But the "cream of the joke" is, that our President employed three men to clear it away, giving each a dollar an hour, which he charged to the Students, and comes under the head of damage money. We should think it was "paying rather dear for the whistle," when a person works hard, and then has to pay for the privilege of doing it. But there arises another question—to whom is this damage money to be charged?—To the Students at the College, those on the Hill, or those at the Hall? That's what we want to know.
Editors’ Table.

The following letter greatly encourages us in our editorial duties; it shows what patience and perseverance can accomplish when united with firm hands and determined hearts. We are truly thankful for the confidence which some of our friends seem to have in us, but cannot say the same to those who anticipate our failure. This last word has no place in our sanctum, it has long ago been expelled. Certainly our subscription list is not as large as we expected, but still each mail tells us that we are not yet forgotten. Those who are waiting (before they send their $1.50) until we are firmly established, can now rest assured that our foundation is the “Rock of Ages.” Friends, let us hear from you.

“Canton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., Feb. 28, 1856.

“Thanks for the first number of the Kenyon Collegian, the perusal of which has afforded me real pleasure. I would like to tell you what I think of it, but my thought is, I doubt not, that of many who can clothe it in better dress than I am able to do.

“You editorial, dear G., closes with ‘the tiny acorn little resembles the huge oak,’ yet to quote the recondite saying of that wonderful production time out of mind—the first essay of the youthful orator—‘tall oaks from little acorns grow.’ You say you have not yet had the encouragement you had every reason to expect. These two phrases move me to tell you a little story.

“Not long since, in Ogdensburg, four boys between the ages of eleven and sixteen, were in the habit of preparing a paper to be read in the school to which they were attached. One of them, born with an artist’s soul, used to design covers for the little sheet, the beauty of which was noticed, and the ladies, always the first and warmest encouragers of youthful talent, desired copies. Several were sold. With the few shillings thus obtained, some old wornout type was procured, which the boys set up, tied together, covered with ink, and pressed with mama’s rolling pin. There was a sufficiently tiny acorn.

“Curiosity prompted to the purchase of these well nigh illegible papers. They then bought a something, I should think from description like a spice mill, with which they ‘ground out’ their publication at the rate of twenty in an hour. At this time the sheet was two ells long. The boys desired from their respective fathers the ‘loan’ of money to purchase a press. Papas of course laughed at the thing, and advised its abandonment. The boys, better knowing of what stuff they were made, would not relinquish their project. They purchased the press, fitted up an old dilapidated out-building for an office, and went on. Have enlarged their paper, repaid their debt, removed to a more eligible situation, and the dailies of the place having failed, have stepped into the vacancy, and now edit ‘The Boys’ Daily Journal,’ a six columned sheet, devoted to the interests of Young America,—not the rowdy loafer, with cigar in mouth and hat thrown so far to one side as to suggest its constant fall, commonly known as such,—but the Young America who, properly educated and freed from vice and vulgarity, are to buckle on the armor laid aside by those whom Death is daily removing from our midst.

“Is not this, if not an oak, at least a respectable sapling?”
"If these children could thus succeed well, may you discard from your vocabulary the word fail. Your clear bright type proclaims that no paste roller produced the impression. With steam to do your mechanical labor, refinement, skill and culture in your sanctum, and the long array of great and good ones who have gone out from you, it would seem that you have little else to do but open your arms to receive the gifts the gods offer you.

"Still I know no new thing succeeds without effort. Atlas-like, you must continue to support the burden: not for one moment may you lay it down, but weary not. All who love you, its Editors—all who love your cherished Kenyon—will welcome you and bid you God speed in the effort to add even one stone, hewn and polished, and symmetrically placed in the monument that shall mark the honored grave of '56.'

"K. E. N—"

The following was found among the papers of an old Student, who was in the habit of writing love sonnets to the Ladies of Gambier, and had been severely criticized for the same:

**THE COLLEGE REVIEWERS.**

"Ye dupe of ribaldry! who scoff my lays,
And deprecate my need of female praise,
Whine your dear cavils, o'er the wintry waste
Where fancy's rip'ning fruits had wo'd the taste,
Where now those blighted fruits lay strown around
To rot unseen and taint the hallowed ground,
While Baratings flee—for future joys unbit—
The dread simoon of your sarcastic wit!

"O God! where'er I peer through gloomy space,
I meet some mimic critic's dreaded face!
Some sworn reviewer of my lyric muse,
Who quotes whole stanzas, only to abuse,
And shakes triumphant in my flinching gaze,
Rude scraps of unstrung rhymes and amorous lays!
And volunteers advice to check romance,
And my heaped agony thereby enhance!
Where, on the precincts of our sacred 'Hill,'
May now secluded bard bewail his skill?
Where cast him, lonely, from the rabble crowd,
And calmly wait the making of his shroud?
Where now bestow from critic's vengeful ire,
The shivered fragments of my injured lute?

Of once the glad effusions of my brain
Were show'd spontaneous as a moonlight rain,
And each fair-faced descendent of the maid
Who tempted Adam first and disobeyed—
Each dame of rosy cheeks or pallid face,
Whom straight combed locks or ringlets lent a grace,
Whose soul lay calmly in her soft dark eyes,
Or whose cerulean orbs matched summer skies—
The following is a section of a poem in the document:

Or whose grey optics much resemblance bore
To wintry morning on the east'rn shore.
Each stately form—or unpretending saint,
Whom blazes beautified, or Scot-land's paint,
Each devious shade of beauty, light or brown,
Who ruled the rivals of our College town,
And charmed my sight with fair voluptuous prime,
Received impartial tribute of my rhyme.

But now alas! my days of joy are done!
For stripling foes, from many a random gun,
Thunder whole volleys of rebounding praise,
While lurid lightnings shed their fearful blaze,
And from dense clouds of censure, echoing long,
Are heard the shrieks of my devoted song,
And huge invectives, as their thunders roll,
Are hurled like hail athwart my drooping soul!

Ah, never more again shall I essay,
With tender verse to while the hours away!
No more in measured rhyme, with feeble power,
Portray the maid of secluded bower!
No more in liquid lines dispense apart
The deep emotions of mine inmost heart;
Nor in lascivious numbers teach my dove,
How languish minstrels for the smiles of love!
But like a woeful shadow of despair,
I'll banish rhyme and execrate the fair;
Till by the fearful weight of gathering woes,
My starless life shall hasten to its close;
Then shall my ghostling, like a frightened wind,
Flee through all space—nor cast one glance behind,
Till mists, and clouds, and vapors intervene,
And Styx and dreary Hades lie between;
And then my shade, embodied in a sigh,
Shall wall in awful gloom till eternity rolls by.

There is perhaps no exercise connected with a College course, more important than the cultivation of the oratorical powers, and most especially is this so in regard to the young men of America, who are liable to be called on at any moment by their fellow citizens for an expression of their opinion upon some public occasion, and it is most necessary that they should do so with a force of declamation and a readiness of expression and language. Our worthy President being well convinced of this, has given particular attention to this department, and his efforts have been rewarded by a marked improvement and interest on the part of the Students. Every Saturday morning the College Classes meet in the Chapel, where they are regaled either with Orations from grave and reverend Seniors and ambitious Juniors, or with Essays from progressive Sophomores. The President, believing in the efficacy of changes, and wishing to give some variety, reversed the order of exercises, placing the Ju-
iors and Seniors on Essays and the Sophomores on Orations. Not many Saturdays ago we were most certainly treated with a Sophomoric effort. Each one having either an original Greek or Latin Oration. This novel plan, which could only have originated with Sophs, was admirably carried out, the Orations being well and carefully written, and finely delivered. We might have imagined ourselves existing in the days of Demosthenes or Cicero, as the euphonious and musical Greek fell like soft music upon our ears, or as the bold and expressive Latin claimed our attention; but all such dreams would have been dispelled had we looked around upon the countenances of Juniors and Seniors, who, though they looked wondrous wise, yet there was an expression there that spoke louder than words, "that it was all Greek to them." Though on this occasion it may not have furnished many ideas to the audience, yet the effort was creditable to the Class, and spoke volumes for the attention which is given to the Classics in our Alma Mater.

The following was taken from the private Diary of an old Bachelor, long since gone to his last resting place. We knew the Author well, and the book presented to us by him contains many little scraps written in his solitary hours, which seem to speak the true feelings of that honorable Brotherhood.

THE BACHELOR'S WISH.

1 amiable partner, to soften my cares,
2 thousand a year to support my affairs;
3 dogs and a gun, to pass away time,
4 horses, a chaise, to indulge me and mine;
5 cheerful companions, wise, prudent and merry,
6 dishes each day, with six glasses of sherry;
7 beds in my house, for my friends at their leisure,
8 somethings or other to add to their pleasure;
9 pounds in my pocket, when cash I require,
10 healthy fine breeks, and no more I desire.

There is more poetry in the sound of falling beans than was dreamt of in our philosophy. Listen! they speak for themselves. Our friends will observe from this the effects of "kissing on the sly."

POETRY SOBERED DOWN.

I'm thinking of thee Kate, when sitting by thy side, and shelling beans, I gazed on thee, and felt a wondrous pride. In silence leaned we o'er the pan, and neither spoke a word, but the rattling of the beans, Kate, was all the sound we heard. Thy auburn curls hung down, Kate, and kissed thy lilly cheeks; thy azure eyes, half filled with tears, bespoke a spirit meek. To be so charmed as I was then, had ne'er before occurred, when the rattling of the beans, Kate, was all the sound I heard. I thought it was not wrong, Kate, so leaning o'er the dish, as you snatched up a lot of beans, I snatched a nectared kiss. And a sudden shower made my eyes blind, I neither saw nor stirred, but the rattling of the beans, Kate, was all the sound I heard.
Many persons have a habit of repeating such phrases as "you know" and "says he," whenever they tell an anecdote or narrate facts. Let such read the following lines, and judge of the fitness of these verbal extras:

"At midnight in his guarded tent—you know,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour—you know,
When Greece her knee in supplication bent—you know,
Should tremble at his power—you know.

Strike till the last armed foe expires—says he,
Strike for your altars and your fires—says he,
Strike for the green graves of your sires—says he,
God and your native land—says he.

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THE PARTING.
TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE FOR THE COLLEGIAN.

Let mine eyes speak the parting
Which my lips cannot name;
Sore—sore is it to bear—
Yet I was once a man.

Oh, sad in this hour,
Is the love-pledge so sweet;
Cold the kiss of thy mouth,
Thy hand's pressure faint.

Once the light stolen kiss,
What rapture did it bring,
E'en as violets rejoice us,
Plucked early in spring.

I can gather now no garland,
No rose more for thee;
It is Spring dearest Fanny,
But sad Autumn for me.

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A PRECOCIOUS SMITH.—The elder Smith was somewhat astonished one evening at finding a berry pie for tea—a rather remarkable thing in his gastronomical experience, for Mr. Smith indulged in few luxuries, for reasons which will be understood by people of limited means. It was an excellent pie, the chef d'oeuvre of the culinary skill of Mrs. Smith, who prided herself upon what she could do, if she only had the "grediences." Smith, junior, numbering some three summers, sat opposite his sire.

"My son," said the old 'un, during a pause in the work of mastication, "did your mother make this pie to-day?"

"Certainly," said the precocious youth, "she didn't of course, make it to- morrow!"

The elder Smith looked mournfully at the miniature edition of himself, then wiping the crumbs from his mouth, and ejaculating "So young!" he left the house.
We have just laid down Robert Browning's "Men and Women," the most incomprehensible men and women whose acquaintance we have ever tried to make. It is probably owing to our extreme youth, our utter inability to fathom this last work of a "born poet," as the author certainly is; but for the present we must content ourselves to be classed among "the many" to whom Mr. Browning's poems, as some critic says, are sealed on account of their originality. We have somewhere seen an anecdote which was brought very forcibly to our mind while reading the work in question. Douglass Jerrold (the distinguished contributor to Punch) was recruiting himself after a long illness at Brighton. In the progress of his convalescence a parcel arrived from London containing, among other things, a volume of Browning's "Sordells," just published. The medical attendant had forbidden Mr. Jerrold the luxury of reading, but the temptation was strong, and his conjugal "life-guard" being absent he indulged in the illicit enjoyment. A few lines sufficed to put him in a state of alarm. Sentence after sentence brought no consecutive thought to his brain. At last the idea crossed his mind that during his illness his mental faculties had been wrecked. The perpiration rolled from his forehead, and smiting his head he sprang from his sofa crying "Oh God, I am an idiot." When his wife came in he pushed the volume into her hands, demanding what she thought of it. He watched her intently while she read; at last she impatiently exclaimed, "I don't understand what the man means; it is gibberish." The delighted humorist sank into his seat again, at the same time saying, "Thank God I am not an idiot."

Mrs. Parrington has been sadly afflicted since we last called upon her. We expected to find the worthy dame knitting or reading a newspaper, as is her wont. Entering her little cot, beautiful by reason of its simplicity, the relic of Mr. P. was found seated in a chair, with her head buried in an apron of ample folds; a tub was standing near to catch the tears. The sobs and moans, and shrieks of the widder alone broke the stillness which reigned around. We tried to comfort her, but she would not be comforted. To our question, What is the cause, my dear Mrs. P., of this huge grief? She replied, at the same time raising her hands and moistened eyes perpendicularly upwards—Oh, delicious sirs, delicious sirs, my beloved son has been attacked by the billiards fever, his brilliant talents are being wasted by this presuming disease, his bones and flesh are in a very delicate territory; but the Doctor tells me that it is an anciencl lady, and his accoutrement is near at hand. Oh, I have looked to the spacious fundament above, to the rolling consternations in the blue cannonal, but can find no consolidation for my aggravated heart—Oh, oh, oh, I am thoroughly prostituted. Finding it utterly impossible to console the grief-stricken mourner, we took our hat and left, promising to call again very soon.

It is pleasant at times to yield yourself up to the magic influence of dreamland, not to those images which flit across the brain when gentle slumber has closed the eyelids, but to those bright creations of fancy which lull to quiet the workings of the soul, coming either at twilight's peaceful hour, or when the Moon "Rising in clouded majesty at length,
Apparent queen, unveils her pearly light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle throws,"

"..."
strives to enter the casemant, but is refused admittance by the burning of the midnight lamp. Yet often then "it is a glorious thing, when you are weary of the dissipation, and the ennui of your own aimless thought, to take up some glowing page of an earnest thinker, and read, deep and long, until you feel the metal of his thought tinkling on your brain, and striking out from your flinty lethargy flashes of ideas, that give the mind light and heat. And away you go, in the chase of what the soul within is creating on the instant, and you wonder at the fecundity of what seemed so barren, and at the ripeness of what seemed so crude. The glow of toil wakes you to the consciousness of your real capacities: you feel sure that they have taken a new step toward final development. In such mood it is that one feels grateful to the musty tomes, which at other hours stand like curiosity-making mummies, with no warmth and no vitality. Now they grow into the affections like new found friends; and gain a hold upon the heart, and light a fire in the brain that the years and the mould cannot cover, nor quench."

The past Session, with its pleasures and its troubles, with its joys and its sorrows, with its days of sunshine and its days of clouds and wintry storms, has all but gone; the hours have glided swiftly but noiselessly by in the duties and occupations of College life. Our Examinations will soon be over, and then those who have mingled together for the past twelve weeks, will separate for a season, the greater part going to their homes, where the warm kiss of affection and joyful greeting will welcome them once more to the society of relatives and friends. The halls which now resound to the tread of many feet and the echo of many voices, will become silent and deserted. During the next vacation, which continues from the 26th of March to the 24th of April, not only will the duties of College be suspended, but the Editors of the Collegian will also have a short respite from their labors. The present number completing the third of the Academic Year, the next will not be issued until the 1st of May, at which time we hope once more to meet our fellow-students within Kenyon’s Classic walls, and to greet our patrons from our Sanctum, with reinvigorated minds and spirits.

"Oh, doesn’t he disclaim fluidly!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, delightedly, as she listened to the exercises of the 2d Division of the Sophomore Class. Her admiration knew no bounds as a young declaimer, with inspiration truly Demosthenic, launched the flashing beams of his eloquence broadest among his auditors, with thrilling, dazzling, burning force; anon soaring like a rocket into the "empyrean blue," dashing helter shelter amidst the stars, and harnessing the fiery comets to the car of his genius; anon scouring the land like a racer, the hot sparks, like young lightning, marking his Phaetonish course; anon breaking through the terraqueous shell, and reveling in Hadean horrors in underground localities somewhere. The voice of Mrs. Partington, whom we left standing on the threshold of her admiration some way back, recalls us to herself: "How fluidly he talks! He ought to be a minister, I declare; and how well he would look with a surplus on, to be sure! He stands on the nosophism as if he was born and bred an oratorio all his life. I wish the President was here to-day, I know he’d see he was an extr’ord’nary young man, and like as not appoint him minister extr’ord’nary, instead of some that never preached at all." The old lady beat time with her fan to his gesticulations, nodding the black bonnet approvingly, and smiled as the young man told the Students of that "Ornament of the Literary World."