THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.

We embrace an early opportunity to present our readers with an authentic sketch of the illustrious Founder and the first President of our already venerable, and we rejoice to know, somewhat eminent Alma Mater, "Kenton." As but few of our readers have ever seen Bishop Philander Chase, a brief outline of his person and general bearing, will doubtless be neither unacceptable nor uninteresting. When we first saw Bishop Chase, in 1828, he was even at that time somewhat advanced in life, being in the 53d year of his age, but still in possession (remarkably) of the spring and elasticity of the prime of his manhood. He was very erect and somewhat inclined to corpulency. In height he was six feet and over, the span of his chest was nearly, if not quite equal to his height, and with that noble trunk his limbs were in full and admirable proportion. In a crowd his giant figure, in front or back, excited wherever he moved universal attention. He was short-sighted, and always wore spectacles. His face was slightly oval, and his forehead massive. When telling a favorite anecdote, his countenance was one of the most noble and attractive that we had ever seen. It was always strikingly expressive, sometimes marred indeed by the cloud and lightning of a momentary passion, but generally serene and sunny as a summer's sky. His eyes were deep set, of a deep blue,
and slightly cast; but the cast was scarcely perceptible, and not at all when the countenance was radiant (as it often was) with mental excitement or lit up with pleasurable emotions. Large and heavy in stature as he was, he was (while we personally knew him) remarkably light and graceful in his movements; and when not ruffled with opposition or displeasure, exceedingly agreeable, polished, and finished in his manner. Towards those who betrayed hauteur in their deportment with him, or whom he suspected as actuated by such a spirit, or who positively differed from him as to his policy, and especially whom he looked upon as his enemies, he was generally distant and overbearing; and sometimes, when offended, perhaps morose. In his bearing towards them, his noble countenance was always heavy and lowering, and his deportment frigid and unmistakably repulsive; but in his general intercourse, and always with his particular and intimate friends his address and social qualities were polished, delightful and captivating; his countenance was sunlight, his manner warm and genial as balmy May, and his deportment winning to a degree rare among even remarkably commanding and popular men.

Such in appearance and general bearing was the Founder and first President of Kenyon College. His native place was Cornish, New Hampshire, where he was born on the 14th day of December, 1775. His father, Dudley Chase, had received from Governor Bowdoin a grant of a township of land at Cornish, and was among the first settlers, if not the first, on the Connecticut River, north of the outpost called Charleston, or Fort Nov. 4. He commenced his settlement at Cornish, in 1763, twelve years before the birth of his son Philander. Philander was the youngest of fourteen children. His parents were pious and exemplary members of the Congregational church. His father is represented as slightly eccentric, but sternly upright, of unconquerable energy and indomitable courage. He spent his life peacefully upon his farm, or in the acquisition of land, for which he seems to have had quite a passion, and died in the possession of large tracts of wild lands, both in Vermont and New Hampshire. The Bishop’s mother was a lady of remarkably vigorous understanding. She had great tact in the management of her children, and great success in training them up to usefulness and
respectability. We have heard the Bishop himself refer to the piety and wisdom of his mother in terms of great fondness, reverence and admiration, and to her mode of entertaining and instructing her children by means of lively and pointed narratives.

There was one remarkable trait in the Bishop's character, to which we may as well now refer,—his strong tinge of a deeply romantic spirit—his love for wild adventure, and particularly for the almost unbroken and untrodden scenes of a new country. He was never more at home than when traveling to some appointment with a social companion in some wild forest, where for hours scarcely the sign of a settlement was met with. If these pages should meet the eye of any one who has been the companion of the Bishop on such a journey, he will recall with pleasure the perfect abandonment with which the Bishop gave himself up to the enjoyment of the scene; with what delight he gazed upon the wild forest glades—upon the bounding herds of the noble deer, and how he enjoyed, con amore, even the solitude of the forest! It was perhaps owing to this peculiarity in the Bishop's character, that he delighted to present every pleasing incident in his life deeply ornated with the rain-bow hues of a rich imagination, and that he never failed to bring forth, under the warm covering of a charming poetic sensibility, every thing in his life which he loved to recall. Undoubtedly the scenes and circumstances amidst which he grew up to youthful manhood had no slight influence in giving strength to this feature in his character. The scenery of Cornish was remarkably wild and romantic. The bed of the Connecticut lies deep below the plain, and the streams entering it from the East reach it through deep and exceedingly romantic glens and gorges. Down these the Bishop, in his boyhood, often wandered and deeply drank of the spirit with which they were inspired. The scene from the Homestead was one of great grandeur. To the East the Croyden Hills, rising almost into mountains, and objects of great wildness and beauty, were full in view; and to the South-west Escartney Mountain, conically towering above all its neighbors, and of its kind, one of the most romantic objects in nature; while from a rising ground in rear of the house the Green Mountains of Vermont were
visible in all their majesty. A boy of the Bishop's naturally ardent temperament must have imbibed from such scenery, and the wildness of his home, no small degree of romantic spirit and poetic element, and these entered largely into his character.

All his brothers had left the farm, and four had received a Collegiate education, and were looking forward to professional life. Philander's aspirations were all directed to agriculture. He looked forward to occupying the homestead, and watching over his parents in their decline of life. He had made himself familiar with every species of work upon the farm, and was up early, and out late, in attending to its duties. His parents had, however, other views for him. It was the earnest desire of their pious hearts that he should become a minister of religion. And when about his fourteenth or fifteenth year, he cut his foot dangerously chopping wood at his sister's, at Bethel, Vermont, and subsequently had his leg broken while preparing land for wheat at Cornish, both his parents used every effort to impress their own views upon him, that these were plain indications of Divine Providence, that it was not his will that he should continue on the farm, and urged him to begin at once a preparation for College. He yielded to their earnest advice and desire, and in less than a year passed his examination for entrance into Dartmouth College, a new institution, twenty miles up the river. In the Fall of 1791, in the 16th year of his age, he became a member of Dartmouth, and graduated in course in 1795. Nothing is known of his undergraduate life, excepting that while at College he became an Episcopalian and a communicant. As all the great change, enterprise and distinction of his future life, were owing, under God, to this change in his religious views, it is only proper that we should give a history of it in his own words:

"In the year of our Lord 1793-'94, while he was a member of the Sophomore and Junior Classes, he became acquainted with the Common Prayer-Book of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America. This circumstance formed an important era in his life, and that of his venerable parents and beloved relatives in Cornish, New Hampshire, and in Bethel, Vermont, where they resided."
Hitherto they had all been Congregationalists, and as such had much ignorance and many prejudices to overcome in conforming to the worship of God as set forth in that primitive Liturgy. The more, however, it was examined and compared with the Word of God, the more forcibly did its beauties strike their minds. Amidst the manifold divisions, not to say schisms and heresies, by which they were circumstanced, and to which an extemporaneous mode of worship had evidently led, the Prayer-Book seemed a light, mercifully designed by Providence to conduct them into the path of peace and order, and then the holy faith which it was designed to preserve, as the vessel preserves the oil from being spilled and adulterated, how pure and undefiled did it appear? How primitive, when compared with the multiform articles of belief which had grown up, and still continued to grow up, all around them! These considerations respecting the liturgy of the Church, joined to her well-authenticated claim to an apostolic constitution in her ministry, were among the principal reasons which induced so many of his relations to conform to the Protestant Episcopal Church, and instead of repairing the meeting-house, where both his grand-father and father had officiated as Congregational deacons, inclined them to pull it down and erect on its spot an Episcopal Church. This was effected in great harmony: not a voice was raised against the measure throughout the neighborhood. As it respects himself, having become evidently desirous of entering, when qualified, into the ministry, the question, who had the divine power and authority to ordain him, and thereby give him an apostolic commission to preach and administer the sacraments, became a matter of the utmost consequence, affecting his conscience. How this was answered, his course of life has shown. As he depended not on other's opinions, but examined for himself, even so let others do; always remembering that truth doth not depend on man, but on God."

At the time Philander Chase became an Episcopalian in principle, Bethel, Vermont, and Cornish, New Hampshire, were occasionally visited by two Episcopal Clergy, the Rev. Messrs. Ogden and Chittenden. By the latter gentleman he was admitted to the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and as this, as we have already hinted, was the great
event from which the founding of Kenyon College sprung, we shall let the Bishop himself speak also of this important occurrence in his life. The Bishop writes:

"For the most part, Mr. Chittenden officiated at Shelburn, Vermont; and being invited, he came across the Green Mountains to preach and administer the ordinances in Cornish, where the writer and his friends lived; and it was at the hands of this pious ambassador of Christ he received, for the first time, the blessed sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. Never will the impression, made by the solemnities of this divinely-appointed means of grace, be obliterated from the writer's conscious mind. What added to his joy and comfort was, the circumstance that his parents and uncles, his sisters and brothers, and many other relatives, were kneeling by his side; and although the most of them had been communicants among the Congregationalists, yet they seemed one with him in Christian love. From that day the writer felt 'strengthened and refreshed' to go on his way rejoicing."

From this time, by the advice of the two clergymen mentioned above, Mr. Chase officiated as a Lay-Reader, that is, performed divine service according to the Liturgy, and read authorized printed Sermons in Hartland and Bethel, Vermont, and in Cornish, New Hampshire. Soon after he graduated he attended, in Arlington, Vermont, a Convention of a small number of Episcopalians, and there obtained such information as induced him, contrary to his expectations when he left home, and without waiting to consult any of his relatives, to proceed directly to Albany, New York, to see and obtain advice of an English Episcopal clergyman, who was said to reside there. The journey from Arlington, Vermont, to Albany, New York, at that time was a somewhat formidable undertaking. To so young a person as Mr. Chase, and to one so peculiarly circumstanced as he was, if he had been an ordinary character, it would have been discouraging and forbidding in the extreme. He had no commendatory letter to any one in Albany or on the way, he had scarcely money enough to defray his expenses thither, and he was not yet quite 20 years of age! But relying upon God and upon his own resources to earn, with heaven's blessing, an honest live-
lihood, he set out for Albany, and in due time reached that city, with but one crown of money in his pocket.

[To be Continued.]

FROM THE GREEK OF PAULUS SILENTIARIUS.

TRANSLATED FOR THE COLLEGIAN BY JUNIWOMICCO.

No flimsy garland needs the blushing rose,
To add new bloom where native beauty glows;
True loveliness needs not superb attire,
Nor gemm'd tiara, to awake the fire
Of admiration; where peculiar grace,
In features far more fair than pearls we trace.
Where the bright gloss of unadjusted locks,
The envious brilliancy of gold provokes;
Which only serves to dim their brighter hue,
And shade their natural lustre from the view.
The Indian hyacinth sheds radiant beams,
But far less dazzling than those piercing gleams,
Reflecting in the dark eye's steady glare,
The flame of native genius burning there.
Where ruby lips their flattering smiles renew,
Like roses sparkling with the morning dew:
And where the calm affections of the mind,
In one delicious harmony combined,
Distil their honey'd sweetness all around,
And soothe the breast where withering passion frowned,
Like summer showers refresh the thirsty ground.
Those varied charms which modest beauty bears—
Just as the magic belt fair Venus wears—
Awake each slumbering motion of the heart,
And love's corroding venom oft impart:
Till wholly vanquished in the unequal strife,
The love-sick captive leads a gloomy life;
Beauty's bright eyes alone his griefs allay;
Where dwells sweet Hope—fair queen of future day—
Whispering soft accents, which the soul entrance,
When phrenzied fancy treads her mazy dance;
And brightening every dark o'erhanging cloud,
Which the mysterious dreams of life enshroud;
And like a gentle maid's melliferous kiss,
Hope sweetens pleasure with a taste of bliss.
It is Schiller who truthfully says that Literature comprises "Religion, Philosophy, and the Arts." The comprehensive mind of the noble and gifted German grouped these together as the divinest ties of mental graces. He also viewed Literature as a province wherein have labored the greatest and best of earth's gifted ones; wherein have toiled philosophers and poets; men of science and earnest inquiry; men whose midnight visions have been lit with a strange and mystic light; men whose great and superior intellects have, Columbus like, explored untraversed seas of thought, and brought back wonderful treasures from lands else unknown. To Schiller, to us, Literature is the higher and better world left to us who love not the jar and turmoil of the lower, the confusion and din of the mart of trade, nor the crowded haunts of business. Not that we would leave this present existence, for circumstance and duty lead us to action—to that life of lives, the battling against temptation and evil—to that common labor for subsistence, and the "toil for that which perisheth." To toil is manly, and a visible sign of the innate vigor and earnestness of a noble mind. But this cannot always be so; the low anxious cry of the fasting soul for knowledge and for rest must be answered.

The divinity within us asserts its high privilege, and Literature is the calm and sequestered region to which it ascends. Forgetting all the cares and anxieties that fretted and chafed its eager spirit—loosened from the chain that bound it to the will of its earthly slave, it joyfully spreads its broad pinions and is for a little time enfranchised. Literature is but an outlet of that overpowering intellect that will not be confined to the routine of daily existence—whether in Preacher, Philosopher, or Poet; and those who hear the words which they utter, inspired by a more than earthly love and passionate longings, feel the burning signet of Genius.

Religion, Philosophy, and the Arts; and what are these—the foundations of our mental heaven on earth? Religion is the proof of our divinity—the holiest and purest of the hopes we have of the far off Eternity—the acknowledged sentiment of Intellect to the Infinite Intellect, of which it is but an atom.
Philosophy is the arbiteress of the trio, and is the production of the kingly monarch of the mind. Reason and Imagination are the Dunciad of true genius! The former discovers the True, the latter the Beautiful.

But it is to Poetry—that poetry which concentrates religion and philosophy into its own glorious self—the outpourings of a burning and earnest soul—to which we have particular reference. Not he who wills can be a poet; it is not enough that he divides prosaic sentimentality and false heroics into iambics and trochees; it is not enough that with elaborate care he calls the choicest words and conforms to the most stringent rules of prosody. No; he but produces a breathless, stony automaton, that spasmodically uses its rigid limbs—a form, it is true, but nothing more. Not so the true Poet. He has drank deeply at the living wells of genius, his soul is steeped and infused with the pure and beautiful. He sees the Divine where we only perceive the earthy: he is revelling on the Jura-heights of Intellect, we wearily traveling through the valley: he holds communion with angels, we meet but men.

Unlike the false poet's miserable abortion, his genius creates a god. Glorious in thought and energy, softened and half saddened (as are all earthly triumphs), the whole is clothed with the "rainbow garment of language."

Here is the test of his genius; this will live ages after himself, and nations will worship it as the acknowledged shrine of the True and Beautiful.

Poetry is the language expressive of the conflicting emotions of the heart, and he who skillfully touches its hidden pulses wakes the dreaming Power, and brings forth its hates and loves, grief and joy, ambition and disappointment, envy, jealousy and revenge, till the throbbing and quivering soul shudders at his art.

His is the Master hand that sweeps among the trembling chords of our hidden and mysterious nature, and wakes the dim melodies we dream we have heard before the present, in some other world—that haunting and shadowy memory of some more beautiful and beatific existence, which dwells in every soul. High are the Poet's powers—glorious his mission.
But there are usurpers of the royal purple of genius, who trust to the hue of the drapery and the glitter of their gems to win the allegiance of the mass—pigmies who trust to the heights on which they stand to place them on a level with the intellectual giants whose Atlasian shoulders bear the world of letters.

These form the dilettanteism of our Literature. Men of universal knowledge, of tact, of some taste—the amateur in poetry, in music, in painting, who reads a poem where every line is a tiny flame, Prometheus-like, from heaven, with the same emotions that he listens to the artificial trill of the last Prima Donna; who directs his glass to the works of a Titian or Guido, and raves of light and shade, of subdued brilliancy of coloring and beauty of design; who comprehends only the grace of attitude in the Madonna, the soft reality with which the Italian sunlight falls on the pure shining brow of the divine Christ-child, or forms shadows in the quiet and holy eyes of the young and thoughtful mother. He sees not the high and exquisite spirit of Religion and Faith, that pervaded the artist's soul—he but admires the production.

Dilettanteism is prevalent in every phase of our Literature—in the Arts, and more than all, in the purely Literary sphere. Poets who trust to the sonorous music of their intoned syllables, and to the decoration of their builded verse, who have learned perfectly the concomitants of the gift, and made a copy of nature in their art.

Shall these light, aerial spirits, share the same temple with a Shakspeare and Johnson; they may perhaps criticise the shrined monarchs of Genius whose memories we honor and revere, but they must not venture nearer—the rose and laurel cannot flourish together.

Taste and talent are great, but genius and power are greater still. The reverence we yield to the old masters, stern and classic, must not be shared by a Tennyson or Longfellow. Their fame needs not the ordeal of ages to test their truth and might, and though we listen to the melodeons song of a "Hiawatha," or the luxurious metre of a "Mande," we give them but a passing notice. These Authors are on no higher level than we; we feel and know this, for although their musical flow of syllables charms our ear, we do not acknowledge its
sway over our minds. We listen to the flute at sunset, when the hour is still, and our hearts as quiet as the scene, but the reveille of the call we hear at sunrise, urging us to the labor of the sphere wherein our duty lies, is the only true music that strikes to our passive hearts. Not that we would be so conservative as to doubt that good can come out of the Present, or because there are no Poets worthy our admiration and reverence, but because there is so false a taste pervading our national Literature, that makes us doubt, 'till we hear the ring of the true coin, whether it is or not a counterfeit. We are too willing to accept the criticism and taste of others, than to judge for ourselves.

We are quite as ready to admire a copy of the "Last Supper," in newly and freshly painted colors, as to view the original and half-effaced production of a De Vinci. A select number of these Dilettanti disseminate their principles and doctrines through the fashionable Magazines and Novels of the month, and the works of to-day are considered superior to those of the far off yesterday; the light airy strains of music which float through the latticed halls of Fancy are more endurable to the common ear than the solemn swell of grand harmony that comes surging down the corridor of past ages.

From them and their false creeds of beauty—deliver us. They would remodel the Past—they would, with artistic eye, wreath graceful ivies around the brows of those Memnons of thought that stand desolate on the wastes of Time.

Those glorious Forms that yield low mysterious music to the soul that trustingly listens for its hidden melody, and to them alone. They would erect monuments of elegant design, and not trust to the Druid-stone which these mightiest of Nature's ancient Priests have left in their own deserted places, as their only remembrancers, in Gothic forests. They would overthrow Athens and build up Rome, introducing luxury and laxity where once was severe laws and simple elegance. They would rob Minerva of her simple attire, and robe her as Cleopatra, trusting to the gemmed coronet to hide the severe brow and eyes. These are the offspring of mental luxury—of a mind aesthetic in its bearing, but not rightly cultivated; leaning towards the Beautiful it discovers the True, for truth is beauty; but although he sees it through the rose-colored
mist that gives even the Deformed and False a fascinating appearance, he is not vigorous enough to examine and investigate.

No, let us not admit these lower class of Apollo's disciples in the same sphere with our older and gifted Poets. Rather than this we will live in the Past, or more properly, fuse the essence of the Past into the material of the Present.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," therefore we will trust to the Past before we accept all the genius that is now offered to us. Give us true poets, not those alone of the lyre, but poets worthy of the times and actions of our day, men who comprehend a large and wide view of life—men of superior vision and endowments, who minister to the craving of harmony and divinity.

Let us have men who are capable of attaining a lower and less perilously attained orbit, those constellations whose radiance streams brightly through the milky-way of Literature. Men like Dickens and Thackeray, full of human love and hope, and charity; whose works and lives are but one long poem, wherein all may hope for comfort and sympathy—such are the truest poets we have among us, free from all dilettanteism,—there is an honest, and therefore beautiful, sentiment towards mankind, in its highest and lowest grades; a broad, universal, and catholic faith, that includes in its creed the love of all, even the saddest and most degraded of our human kind; theirs are the works which bear the stamp of Heaven on the broad page, whereon they trace hopeful words to their fallen and deserted brother.

The poets of this century are yet to come, and till the full gushing music of their inspired genius shall sweep through the land, louder and stronger than the fierce spring of our Niagara, we will turn to the still glorions and loving minstrels of past days. For our age is one that demands songs for the army of pilgrims to the Arts, the Sciences, the Mechanical—songs of labor, of sympathy, of hope, songs that, hearing, the mighty heart of the great working nations may gather fresh strength and vigor for their daily and weary way onward—songs that shall nerve the sinking heart, and give broken gleams of Heaven through the shadows gathering around our troublous pathway.
Moreover, we need critics of experience, of knowledge, of taste, who will give unbiased judgment on the efforts of those among us to promote Literature. Critics who will dismantle the "lean and flashy song" of its false ornaments, and hold it up to inspection in the clear and impartial light of Truth. Critics who will encourage a pure and unalloyed taste—who will counter-effect the efforts of an elegant dilettant class of amateur poets and glittering prose-writers, from being the models to direct the young aspirant for Literary honors. Critics Carlylean in their strength, their comprehension, and their vigor.

K. A. D.

OUR HOUSE.

We lived in a quiet part of the city. It was a very unpretending street, retired from the thoroughfares, and having only the most modest dwellings. There was but little business carried on in it. A hard-working cooper, a rich and indolent paint and oil merchant, an old lady who sold small quantities of tea to her special friends (including all who purchased), were the monopolizers of trade and custom in —— street. Our house was situated about the middle of the row, a three-storied building, with yellow-washed front and broad windows, and although plainly built, not destitute of cheerfulness. Let us step inside. Here is a long hall terminating at the foot of a neatly carpeted staircase; another passage, narrower and dark, runs to the left, out into the kitchen. The first room to the left is our back parlor. Here my mother receives visitors and sits of an evening. Into this room, also, I betake myself when no one is noticing; I like to do it quietly, to turn over the shining bound books which lie on the table. In a pocket edition of Young's Night Thoughts is a plate which fascinates me,—seen from the distance at which I now stand from this early period of my life, its distinctive features are these: the author is represented standing, of a bright night, under the open firmament, in which the moon is seen at her full, and the surrounding stars. A dark robe hangs from his shoulders and flows loosely behind. His head is inclined backwards, so that his eyes rest upon the heavenly bodies, while an expres-
ension of intense devotion lightens his countenance, and is
further portrayed in the fervent clasping of his hands upon his
breast. Simple, indeed, yet the outline is bold and suggestive.
We must pass on. Behind this apartment is our parlor—a
snug, confidential little room. The white curtains hang
gracefully; this, it is easy to perceive, is my mother's work.
Over the fire-place are portraits of two learned divines. One
wears a spy-glass, and looks at me so pryingly, that I have
long since taken offence at him; besides, I cannot understand
why ministers should wear spy-glasses. That low door-way
in a far corner of the room leads into mother's pantry, a place
of profound mystery to my little brother and myself. Through
the window you can see into the yard, an appropriate place
for boys' games, as sundry forsaken hoops and marbles indi-
cate. In the middle of the yard stands a fresh, green laurel,
rising high out of the ground. This, my mother says, is one
of her plants, though where the rest are I am at a loss to
know—perhaps she means Charley and I, but that cannot be.
Every day she waters the roots and trims the leaves of this
laurel, while the mellow light falls upon her beautiful head,
coloring her cheek and breathing a halo around herself and
the laurel. I have a faint idea that my father planted it on
some remarkable occasion, perhaps my mother's birth-day.
Farther back than the yard is the kitchen, and overhead the
servant's room, but she never sleeps there now, it is said to be
haunted. This I say very slowly, it is a thing to be spoken
only in a whisper. What else it means I cannot think, except
that people believe that it moves about at dark, making horrid
noises.

If my mother was formerly attached to our house, having
experienced days of happiness there, it retained a stronger
hold on her affections now that it was consecrated by affliction.
How great her present sorrow was, none knew save her own
heart, yet the outward evidences were painfully plain. Her smile
still was bright, though shaded with deep melancholy, her voice
sweet as ever, but very weak and subdued. She would often
sit in the chamber where my father died, her delicate cheek
pressing the pillow on which he laid his head to take that last
sleep; and as she reclined there I have noticed the tears roll
down her face. There are many things I can patiently
endure, but I never could steel my heart to look unmoved upon my mother's tears. Few are insensible to suffering friendship, and fewer still to the sorrows of their own hearth, but to me my mother's grief was doubly painful, always recalling those bitter tears shed over the death-bed; again, I saw her meek head bowed, her eyes turned imploringly upward; again the silence of that chamber lay heavily on my heart, broken only by her half-uttered sigh; again she addressed us in those touching words, "My poor, dear orphans!" again an indescribable loneliness would come over me, and a melancholy sense of our utter desolation. Give me to sustain anything, danger, sickness, or even want, but save me from this.

My mother's position, however, was such as speedily to awaken her from sorrow, and to call forth the energies of her character. A double duty now devolved on her: she would strive to fulfill the duties of both parents; her life would be entirely centered in her children. For them she was willing to toil day and night. Her loving exertions would be directed to screen them from the cares of the world. If she could keep their young hearts from being poisoned by evil example, and their childhood from those hardships which freeze the heart, then would she not have wrestled with her grief in vain, she would end life happily. How untiringly she labored to accomplish this, and how nobly she succeeded let those who were the objects of her solicitude, bear witness.

The amount of money remaining from the wreck of my father's property was scarcely sufficient to support us a couple of years. As for my mother's ability to earn a subsistence by personal work, this was out of the question; the will was strong, but not so the power. Educated among those who are not taught to regard the future as a constant struggle for existence, containing little comfort and many trials, having passed her youth in affluence, she was less calculated to endure adversity. A dozen ways, sufficient to procure means of living for others with weaker sensibility than herself, were all closed against my mother. Whither, then, could she look? There were two brothers, near relatives of hers, possessing large fortunes, and although neither of them was remarkably generous, a common failing among rich men, the claim which she had on their notice was sufficient to impart confidence in seeking
their help. In years past, when extremely young and inexperienced, they came to her father’s residence in M——, travel stained and penniless, their hearts torn by the recent loss of parents and home. With true sympathy he received them into his family, sharing with them his comforts and counsel. They were cared for in proportion as they were once neglected. The story of their past misfortunes was forgotten, or at least set at rest, and ultimately, when a desire to provide for themselves overcame their host’s solicitations that they should remain and consider him their protector, he dismissed them with affectionate sorrow. After many years’ absence in the East Indies, the brothers returned, immensely rich, but he to whom they were indebted for their start in life had long since been laid at rest. A beautiful cottage, situated on the river S——, not far from the scene of their early trials, was purchased by the elder brother. Nature had done much to make the spot delightful. The cottage stood on a green embankment sloping to the water’s edge. Here a row of stout elms formed a shady walk leading to the gardens which sheltered the cottage on the north side; beyond which lay an irregular rocky dell, down which fell the waters of the S——. Art was brought to exhibit her most harmonizing effects inside the cottage and all round the pleasure grounds; the rarest furniture at home and in foreign lands was procured. Highly finished specimens of painting and sculpture adorned the walls of the little palace, and completed the enchantment of the scenery out of doors. It only wanted a partner in his wealth to make the elder brother satisfied with his lot, and even in this his wishes were completed after a short time. When the wealth of the brothers became public, it was no wonder that their circle of acquaintance increased. Many other Stewarts started up claiming themselves to be branches of the same family. A dozen times each day the brothers were accosted by people utterly unknown to them, yet professing the warmest regard. Into whatever society they entered, similar ridiculous attentions were paid them. Were they credulous in the least degree, or inexperienced in the ways of the world, it would certainly have occurred to them, how uncommonly open-hearted a philanthropist their parent must have been during his lifetime, since every second or third old gentleman whom
they met, invariably opened his conversation with, "Your father and I were friends!"

The effects of this were exhibited differently in each. The pride of the elder brother increased, while his liberality remained uninfluenced. He now valued his money more than ever, since it gained the respect and admiration of others, at the same time that it cost him nothing. The younger brother never forgot through what labor he had realized a large fortune; and the presence of the sycophants by whom he was constantly surrounded, was a constant cause of fear, lest the smallest portion of it might fall into their idle purses. Ill at ease, therefore, he removed to a distant town on the sea coast, where he knew himself to be a stranger. Here lived secluded to his heart's content; a dull man, though surrounded by the most enlivening rural scenery; useless, in the midst of a people needing his help; cold and unsocial, while possessing the ability of making himself and others happy; until finally, he fell into the snare which leads astray so many—he became a miserable miser. Such were the two relatives towards whom my mother's hopes were directed, and the time was approaching when she should test their generosity and remembrance of past favors.

THE PERMANENCE OF LITERARY FAME.

The idea of sinking forever into the silence and insignificance of the tomb, is one from which the human mind instinctively recoils. It seems to spurn the very thought, that when the frail bark which now encloses it shall have mouldered into dust, that it too shall be obscured by the shades of forgetfulness, and be no longer remembered among its fellows. With what delight does man cherish the desire of posthumous fame. Nature, with no frugal hand, has implanted within his breast this sighing, this ceaseless longing for immortality. Moved by its exciting impulses, the soldier has been content to yield up his life on the field of battle, if by so doing he could pluck but a single branch from the tree of Fame. The student, wearied by incessant toil and years of patient labor and endurance, has been reinvigorated and impelled to renewed action, as gentle
Hope, that sovereign balm for human woes, speaks to him of his future success, and points him to the road which leads to honor and immortality. This principle pervades the whole human race. It is as powerful in the heart of savage as of civilized man. Its syren voice has lisped its sweet accents in the ear of the peasant, and communed with the spirits of kings. There scarce beats a heart in creation's broad expanse which has not been touched by its magic wand.

It may well be asked what it is that generates within man's breast this strange and unaccountable feeling. To the question, however, no definite answer can be given. Man, as he gazes around him, beholds everything earthly swiftly passing from his view. The stately pyramid whose majestic top once towered in silent grandeur, pointing to the skies, he now beholds a mouldering ruin. History speaks to him of cities once great and powerful, but he searches now in vain to find the spot which once marked their foundations. As he passes by the resting place of the silent dead, the monumental pile and the humble tombstone proclaim to him in language more forcible than words can express, the awful truth that he too must soon bid farewell to earth and all its alluring joys: that he must lie down in the cold embrace of death,

"The world forgetting—by the world forgot."

Forgotten, did I say? Ah, that is a sad, bitter word! In it how much is comprehended. To think that the features now beaming with life and intelligence will soon fall a prey to the devouring hand of death, is a subject too painful almost for contemplation. How much more painful is the thought that when "the places which now know us shall know us no more," the dark cloud of oblivion shall envelope us in its folds, and our names sink into obscurity forever. As the sea is agitated by the fury of the wind, so is the human mind roused to action as the thought flashes upon it that it shall be forgotten. It is at such a time that the desire of immortality burns brightest in man's breast. 'Tis then that he resolves to embark upon the broad ocean of adventure; destined, perhaps, to reach the haven of his hopes,—more likely to be cast upon some distant shore, and to be lost without hope of recovery.

Among those whose names Fame has rendered illustrious,
none shine so conspicuously as the great writers of the world. In comparison with such, all others sink into insignificance. The hero who has won his laurels on a hundred battle-fields may live, perhaps, in the hearts of succeeding generations, but as the vista of years rolls on, and as age succeeds age, theirs is but of small value when compared with that of those whose names their own writings have perpetuated. They shall live forever; for says the poet,

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away;
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die."

The Trojan city, whose downfall Homer, the illustrious Grecian bard, has commemorated, long since disappeared, not even having left a vestige of its ruins as a record to tell posterity of its fate. But that sublime poem, in which the gifted author depicts in such glowing colors the eventful struggle which took place before its walls, still exists, and ever shall exist, a monument more lasting that any other structure which could have been reared to perpetuate his name. The glory of the city of the Seven Hills has departed forever, but the writings of her Virgil are still perused with much interest by the lovers of classic lore. Upon reviewing his writings, how confidently does Horace predict his immortality in these beautiful lines—

Exegi monumentum aere perennius
Usque ego postera
Crassam laude recens.

Well may England dwell with pride upon her writers. With justice may she pronounce the name of Shakspeare, and challenge the world to produce such another. Her Milton too, "rising on angels wing," and surveying in imagination the beauties of Paradise, possessed a genius at whose command "the great void grew instinct with life, and the universe of thought became substantial." To the tribunal of posterity the injured great man commits his cause. So was it with Milton. His verse was a magic stream that had music but for few ears, and hence the comparative neglect into which it fell when so few could appreciate it. But posterity has made ample compensation for this past neglect; and the honor so richly merited has
at last been conferred. England can boast of her warriors,—she can glory in the talents of her statesmen,—but she proudly points to her writers and exclaims, "these are my jewels." Time may snatch the laurel from the brow of her warriors,—forgetfulness may enshroud the glories of her statesmen,—but these shall live till time itself shall to eternity bend the knee. Their names are like finger posts on the pathway of life, faithful guides directing the traveler to choose that road which leads to fame "more durable than brass, and loftier than the regal structure of the pyramids."

GOOD COUNSEL.—It is not by mere study, by the mere accumulation of knowledge, that you can hope for eminence. Mental discipline, the exercise of the faculties of the mind, the quickening of your apprehension, the strengthening of your memory, the forming of a sound, rapid, and discriminating judgment, are of even more importance than the store of learning. Practice the economy of time. Estimate, also, force of habit. Exercise a constant, an unremitting vigilance of the acquirement of habit, in matters that are apparently of entire indifference. It is by the neglect of such trifles that bad habits are acquired, and that the mind, by tolerating negligence and procrastination in matters of small account, but frequent occurrence—matters of which the world takes no notice—becomes accustomed to the same defects in matters of higher importance. By motives yet more urgent, by higher and purer aspirations, by the duty of obedience to the will of God, by the awful account you will have to render, not merely of moral actions, but of faculties intrusted to you for improvement—by all these high arguments do I conjure you "so to number your days, that you may apply your heart unto wisdom"—unto that wisdom which, directing your ambition to the noble end of benefitting mankind, and teaching humble reliance on the merits and on the mercy of your Redeemer, may support you in the "time of your health," and in "the hour of death, and in the day of judgment," may comfort you with the hope of deliverance.—SIR ROBERT PEEL.
Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

THE KENYON ILLUMINATION,
February 22d, 1856.

A COMIC HOMERIC POEM.

The hills were growing misty, thick, gathering shadows lay
In darkling columns, threatening the traveller's winding way.
On Gambier's lovely village, for knowledge far renowned,
Where Kenyon students traverse the spacious park owned,
A deeper dusk was settling, a darkness more profound,
In silent marches measured the classic hallowed ground.
No sight of living creature; flutes, voices, none were near,
No flap of flying pigeon, no notes of chanticleer,
No watch-dog's faithful warning, but silence dread and deep,
As fills the awful cloister when men are wrapped in sleep.

Now there's a potent power in midnight peace and gloom,
To people air with spirits, and burst the brazen tomb,
It dwells by flowing fountains, far off in hollow caves,
And summons frisky phantoms to dance around their graves.
This magic king of darkness, this space-subduing sprite,
Roamed from his haunted places on this eventful night,
And quitting silent churchyard, deep cave, and rushing rill,
Flew with laxas habenas to Kenyon's classic hill.
Poising in upper ether, he lit upon the tower,—
Around him dreary solitude, the guardian of the hour;
Then taking breath a moment, he blew a summons shrill,
And twenty swift-winged fairies came hastening to his will:
"Haste ye to yonder village, where dwell most charming maids,
Fill them with love to wander beneath the falling shades,
Nor this alone accomplish, still unperceived and dark,
Attend their steps and lead them inside this College park."
He spoke, and quick as comets shoot through the lurid light,
They swept across his presence, and mingled with the night.

Meanwhile, at Mount Olympus, the gods, immortal powers,
In pleasures of the banquet pursue the rosy hours,
Dishes of purest pearl th' ambrosial food contain,
And many a golden goblet of sparkling wine they drain:
The gushing fountain plays, and o'er the ravished sense,
Unfading flowers lavish their heavenly frankincense;
Apollo strikes his lyre, the quivering notes ascend,
And now to aid the couplet the muses voices blend.
While thus in state they banquet, flushed with the generous wine,
Pallas starts from the table, struck with a new design,
The glittering pavement crosses and guides her shining feet,
Where Mercury and Venus are met in converse sweet,
"O! bright-eyed, Paphian goddess," the skillful maid addressed,
"Feign would I speak the feeling which labors in my breast;
Full many suns have languished since from the homes of gods,
Intent on joy we wandered and came to earth's abodes.
Where o'er the western ocean Columbia's shores extend,
Hark! songs of happy millions t' Olympus' top ascend,
The plains are gay with feastings, fires blaze the hill sides on,
The nation's heart beats proudly in love of Washington.
There is a spot, the dearest to him who holds the lyre,
Where Kenyon crowns the landscape, and shows her tapering spire,
Come, let us hasten thither while Jove his feast prolongs,
Beguile the passing moments, and mingle in the throngs."
Thus spoke the graceful Pallas, to her the maid inclined,
Her laughing eyes expressing the pleasure of her mind.

Now Vulcan from the stables leads forth the shining car,
And brazen-footed horses, swift as the wheels of war,
They mount, the chariot passes down heaven's smooth sloping plains,
Mercury lends the lashes and gives the flying reins;
The golden portals open, quick speed the noble steeds,
And in the length'ning distance Olympus' top recedes.

Where Kenyon's western pinion reflects the fading light,
As ancient forest rises, now black with shades of night,
Here lit the three immortals, while not a word was spoke,
Descending from the chariot and tied it to an oak.
With silent steps and cautious the gods now hasten forth,
And gain the open grass plat which faces towards the north.
Here, though high College windows no cheerful light unfold,
A crowd of lovely maidens and brave youths they behold,
For maidens love to wander beneath the falling shade,
And youths will chance to meet them it often has been said.
With these fair Venus mingles to try her magic art,
Awake the female ardor, subdue the manly heart,
Touch with her skillful fingers the still chords of the soul,
And harmonize the multitude beneath her sweet control.

See now, around their glowing necks she twines her graceful arms,
And on their soft'ning features stamps th' image of her charms,
As in the deep blue ocean full evening's glory lies,
The passion of her bosom is mirrored in their eyes,
As mild winds on the ocean, half troubled, half at rest,
Soft sighs in measured motion betray the heaving breast.
And there are words, though whispered, distinctly reach the ear,
Of love and admiration, which women joy to hear,
And vows of truth and faithfulness which lovers ever tell,
And then—ah shall I whisper it? speak softly—hark, that bell!
Yes, 'tis the College tocsin sung in the lofty tower,
Up to the startled sky it cries the passing hour,
Swelling with louder warning it rises ever higher,
It stops—oh! see that brightness—full flames of living fire,
Leap from each deep-arched window, like suns between a cloud,—
Glooms flee their sudden rising, Night rends her sable shroud;
Upwards the radiance flashes, the heavens are bright all round;
It spreads like livid lightning the shadow creeping ground;
It falls upon the forms, the faces fair and bright;
Secure within the darkness, and brings them into light—
In beautiful confusion discovered Venus stands,
Exchanging furtive glances and presssing loving hands.

Now Pallas guides their footsteps where smiling pleasure calls,
And shows where rich devices illuminate the walls:
Enrobed in graceful garments, her snowy bosom bare,
Her shining forehead nestling beneath her flowing hair,
Close to a Grecian pillar, of Parian marble made,
Justice in form of beauty and office stands displayed,
Firm is her mien, her features with health and gladness rife,
As finished by the pencil she started into life.
Born of a noble lineage, from Cleveland, soil of fame,
With budding honors on his brow, the youthful artist came,
The multitude long linger, fixed in a wondering gaze,
And crown the skillful maker with animated praise.
Close by on soaring pinions, through clouds and struggling wind,
The strong-armed, brave-souled Liberty is leaving earth behind,
Calm is her face, yet, lovely, and hopeful seems to say,
"Per aspera ad astra," behold I lead away:
While high o'er all, with spreading beams, th' image of the sun,
In mingled colors, blue and gold, and brilliant purple shone.

Meantime swift-footed Mercury is ever passing on,
And fills their minds with love to hear the praise of Washington,
"Lead forth the high-souled Andrews," they shout, "and let him show
In words which paint the action, the deeds of years ago."
Then up starts he, with steady step, a stately man to see,
Who, Calchas-like, knew things which were, and are, and yet will be,
In him, like Virgil's orator, persuasive powers met—
"Ille regit distis animas et pictura mulcet."
He spoke, and Science' favorite (his name is Smith in prose),
With speaking eye and outstretched arm respondent then arose,
From planets, comets, nebula, he took his argument,
And showed how learned he may be who reads the firmament,
For books are now so numerous, they're like to Shakspeare's tale,
"Vexing our heavy hearing, flat, profitless, and stale."

Feign would I grace my verses with each good speaker's name,
If such might soothe his feelings and waft his spreading fame,
Recount the manly eloquence which held us in its spell,
But now that spell is broken—again the warning bell
Breaks on our ears—the lights go out—the fete is at an end—
With frequent shouts, on chariot swift, the gods to heaven ascend.
THE OLD CHAPEL.

BY WILLIAM C. RAYNOULTS.

[The following "Pome" was read at the exhibition of the Philomathesian Society in Gambier, on the evening of the 12th of April. The Pegasus which the young Poet bestrides is rather frisky, but we may conclude that it is not yet well broken, and it gives promise hereafter of becoming a fine (steady) family pony.]

"On thou in Hallas deemed of heavenly birth,"
"Since shamed full oft by later lyres on earth,"
Think it not hard, oh Muse! if I should urge in
To fill your shoes, a somewhat younger virgin;
You'Ve had your day, and now you ought and must
Return like others to your kindred dust,
And being musty, dusty, save as food for
Poetical grave-worms, what are you good for?

Could I prevail upon, by moral suasion,
Any fair damsel here on this occasion,
To be a muse for me pro tem? I pause
For a reply—"None! none!" Whate'er the cause,
I deem myself decidedly unfortunate,
Since there is no one who for my importunate
Asking will help me to a-muse the people;
"Like a bob-major in a village steeple,"
I stand alone,—like him alone I ring,
"A Paganini on a single string;"
In this "sea of up-turned faces" drop my lone hook
And "fish for compliments" upon my own hook.

I sing the Chapel; now, without dissembling,
I approach this subject with fear and trembling;
Powerless to all is the magician's wand,
Save him who holds it with a master's hand.
Dark to his hearers was old Sampson's riddle,
And hard to find the music in a fiddle,
If one can't play; now whether I can guide
My bow, I don't know, for I never tried.

I gaze upon these venerable benches,
Victims of time and many serious wrenches;
And really feel considerably solemn
When I reflect that round each snowy column,
Which lifts its head towards the lofty ceiling,
Whose dim echoes are with weird voices pealing,
Once sat so many who have gone before,
Whose countenances we shall see—no more!
Should we, with somewhat of a slight obliquity,
Direct our gaze towards a rude antiquity,
"When lived and loved another race of beings,"
Where now goes up the sound of Freedom's psalm's
"Where Ingen lover wooed his dusky maid,"
Or fleetly followed fawn thro' forest glade,
By gently flowing stream, by brook meandering,
Through the cool grove and smiling meadow wandering,
O'er the green hill-side, in the nestling vallies,
Through the sweet labyrinths of Nature's palace,—

Should we, I say, direct our mental vision
And our mind's eye towards this scene elysian,
'Twould no doubt be fine, perhaps interesting,
But after all, 'twould be too much like resting
Upon the road, who often stops to turn, he
Will not soon make an end unto his journey.
Still a moment to Pegasus cry—whoa!
And let's look back on twenty years ago.

Then for the first time was beginning made,
Then for the first time was foundation laid,
In this old forest, in this wood primeval,
To build a fortress 'gainst the Prince of Evil:
First the laborers, with pickaxe and spade,
A most extensive excavation made,
Each stroke of mattock gave old Nick a blow,
And set him howling in the depths below,
Slowly but sure the stony walls expand,
As by the power of an enchanter's wand;
'Till, all its beautiful proportions given,
Fair forth it stood to point the way to heaven.

The next thing was to consecrate the building,
Which, though without barbaric paint or gilding,
Seemed like a vision of immortal beauty,
(For "handsome is, when handsome does" her duty."
Then wise men came and made the Temple holy,
That is to say, in part, by no means wholly,
Limiting their 'tentions to th' upper floor,
And leaving the lower as it was before,
While for only three hundred sixty-four
Days of three hundred sixty-five or six,
Is it a church up stairs; (that's the fix),
'Tis but a "meeting house" upon the odd day,
Commencement—when the students in a body
Go up to hear departing Seniors spout
Their dying speeches and confessions out,
Before they take that coveted degree,
That long-desired and long-sought dignity,
Which sets them back again to their A.B.,
And sends each father's hope and mother's joy,
A Brick—A Blockhead—A Bold sober boy;
With a large stock of brass, and small of knowledge,
Forth from the little idle world of College,
To the great busy College of the world,
Where they shall hold their country's flag unfurled
In a coming day, or perhaps be waiters
At their country's table as legislators.

I suppose you've often remarked how small
The Chapel is for one of its age; and all
Have wondered what so singular a case meant,
That in building they should divide this basement
Into two divisions; but I found out,
Which settles the matter beyond a doubt,
In reading an unpublished work the other
Day—a rare old work—entitled, "The Mother
Of Literature, or Kenyon's Antiquity,"
A list of all the various iniquities
Which in the past have here been perpetrated.
In this work, for one thing, I find it stated—
I give but one item: there are recorded
Such atrocities, that a glimpse afforded
To any one of that most motly, checkered,
Terrible, horrible, and awful "reckord,"
Would make his hair stand upon an end all over
His head—unless from any cause soever,
Its length or fineness p'r'aps should keep it staid down.
In this unpublished work I find it laid down—
(Just see now what a glorious long handle
For th' busy tongue of that scorpion, scandal,)
Still 'tis said th' building of this institution
Was done by those who for th' execution
Of their own purposes, caused this defacement
Of th' pristine glory of a fine large basement!
'Twas in this wise; at that time a Society,
Not very distinguished for its sobriety,
(The constitution, by-laws and et cetera,
Of this fraternity—than which a better, ah!
Many have since sprung up—are in the Museum,
Where all who wish at any time may see 'em,)
Held a dangerous sway here, and it is
A matter of fact, 'twas for them that this
Apartment was made, and this cellar built
For their dark purposes and deeds of guilt.
Th' name of this body without any brains,
Was "Th' Cranium and Ossified remains,"
Or "Skull and Bones;" and who can tell the pains
Which came upon a youth when they had picked him
Out for a member (?), rather say a victim;  
"Ah, what a sound would rise, how wild and dreary,"  
"What loud lament and dismal miserere;"  
When some unfortunate, curious fellow,  
"Walking the plank," would walk into the cellar;  
For a short time he'd think it was all over  
With him, and no "false friend or faithless lover,"
Could read a worse fate than his whom they'd spring on  
To make a prisoner in that dark dungeon.

"That place is now all desolate and bare,  
Its altars down, the members passed away;  
Only the walls and earthy floor are there,  
And nought remains to speak of former day;  
Ye could not toll where was a thing so fair,  
No stone is there to show, no tongue to say  
What was; no dirge save my hollow tone,  
Mourns the departure of the Skull and Bones."

Many a time and oft we've met together  
Within the Chapel at the hour of prayer,  
In rainy, stormy, snowy, blowy weather;  
Days dark as night, and on days as fair  
As woman, and light as a duck pin feather;  
Nolens volens do we come here, for where  
Our duties are, there must we be also—  
This law at least all students learn to know.

It is the hour when the earliest ray  
Of morn is breaking; ere the sun is pouring  
His fuller beams when night has fled away,  
As the lark (imagine a lark) is soaring  
Through the blue sky, and giving forth her lay.
It is the hour when lazy students, snoring,  
Dream that of sleeping hours they've told the number,  
Yet fold their hands for still a little slumber.

Within the Chapel Dick has lit the fire,  
Which but poorly does its proper office;  
The candles, not half awake, open their  
Eyes, burning palely blue; truly it is  
No wonder that on this cold morning, where  
One dresses sans fire, he should hate to rise:  
But hark! what sound upon our slumber knocks in!  
It is, it is, the Prayer Bell's opening tocsin!

Ah, then and there is hurrying to and fro,  
And motions quick, and symptoms of distress,  
And students swearing, who but just ago  
Woke to a sense of their own foolishness;  
And there is dressing in hot haste, the Soph,
The Freshman, Junior, Senior, Tutor, Prof,
Impatiently desirous to be off,
Rush, swiftly forming in the ranks of prayer:
Then comes a voice—"Close up, close up the rear."

In Students pour, and take their usual seats,
Shivering with the cold of early morning,
The bell its solemn echoes still repeats,
Then "of a sudden" stops with louder warning;
Within the Chapel is a crowd that "beats
The Jews," not towards personal adorning
Before breakfast directs the students pride;
They're the "great unwashed," if not "unterrified."

The flying Dutchman calls the roll, and then
Prexy rises with "shining morning face,"
"A head and shoulders above other men,"
His looks adorn the venerable place;
The Book he opens for us once again,
"Happy the people who're in such a case,"
He wales a portion with judicious care,
And "let us pray," he says, with solemn air;
Afterwards, perhaps he keeps us a moment,
Or ten, or twenty, and takes time to comment
On this, that, or the other, lessons, wood,
Fire, money, tobacco, whatever could,
Or might, or should conduce to our "highest good,"
Then gently waves his Presidential rod,
"Shakes his ambrosial locks, and gives the nod."

Then arm in arm, "with wandering steps and slow,"
Forth from the Chapel do the students go
To breakfast, or perhaps to their rooms return,
To "fix themselves up," since we may discern
Much that is outre as the twilight ceases,
And the broad light of open day increases.

Evenings we have the same "with variations,"
When all in one great harmonious (?) chorus!
Sing, and, with some slight diversifications,
We sing well too, and "carry all before us."

Many a scene has this old Chapel seen,
Whose like, alas! we shall not see again;
Many a wise saw here been sawed before
Our day, such will I fear be sawed no more.

Saturday forenoon we meet here together,
At which time each and every Student, whether
"Good, bad, or indifferent," speaks his "piece."
Thus, like so many silly, gabbling geese,
We make a noise, and spout, and hiss, and sputter,
Although perchance no word of sense we utter—
'Tis so I mean with the "upper forms,"—I send them
To Coventry without much to recommend them;
But for the "first form," I am sure you'd like
To be on hand and hear the Freshmen strike—
"Strike, till their last armed foe expires,
"Strike for their altars and their fires,
"Strike for the green graves of their sires,
"Strike for their native land."

But the old Chapel will soon pass away,
Soon will be numbered as a thing that was,
Perchance some minstrel in another day,
Shall sing its praises worthy of the cause,
But still let me a grateful tribute pay
To it, even with its departing glory.
The man who holds a thing he feels no more he
Shall soon behold, may well feel melancholy,
And so do I, although it may be folly,
Long I'll look back to 't, long memory grapple
Th' associations of the dear old Chapel.

Editors' Table.

We publish the following letter pointing out some of the faults of our Magazine, for which we are thankful. We shall profit by the advice, and as we become more experienced we hope to show to our readers less of those "little indescribable trifles."

"March 29, 1856.

Messrs. Editors,—I have read your Magazine with increasing interest, as each succeeding number made its appearance.

"The first was highly creditable, the second showed marked improvement, and the variety and merit of the contents of the third exhibit an increase of care and taste which reflects much honor upon Old Kenyon, and her sons in general, as well as upon the abilities and perseverance of your Editorial corps in particular.

But your inexperience in your new position of literary caterers for the public, render you liable to occasional violations of good taste, which the more unprejudiced criticism of your readers may enable you, in some measure, to guard against. Therefore, availing myself of the statement made in the Editorial department of your second number, that you 'court criticism,' I will venture a few hints and suggestions, hoping they may be received in the same spirit in which they are offered; for I truly feel an interest scarcely inferior to your own in your new enterprise.

"You should not only be careful to exclude articles of an inferior character
or improper tendency, but specially careful to suppress vulgar and irreverent expressions and allusions.

"The irreverence, as well as bad taste, with which the expression 'Rock of Ages,' is used in the prefatory remarks to the letter in the Editor's table of the last number, cannot fail to strike almost every one very unpleasantly. The account of the packing of the Park-gates would be very good had the writer closed with the narration of the story, but the addition of the question about who is to pay for clearing away the snow sounds precisely like an editorial squib of some trifling country newspaper, dashed off in a hurry to help fill up. A more careful attention to reading proof would add greatly to the outward beauty of your Magazine. Many sentences are rendered quite meaningless; others are sadly weakened and perverted; while false orthography offend the eye on almost every page. Take for instance the article headed 'A Few Squints,'—on page 71 the sentence, 'Then we have Lawyer, Physician,' &c., is without meaning or connection; it was undoubtedly written 'Thus.' On page 68 the quotation, 'burning Sappho loved and sung,' loses all its force and beauty by being printed 'livead and sung.' We also have 'juglar' spelled 'juglar,' Gomorrah with but one r, 'Horne' without the final e, and many others.

"These are all little things, trifling in themselves, but good taste and beauty consist in little indescribable trifles. Such objectionable points as I have mentioned, if not carefully avoided in future, will excite much prejudice, and be of incalculable injury to your enterprise; and since as the Collegian increases in circulation, both yourselves and your Alma Mater will be judged by the literary tone of its pages, you should avoid them 'more cautiously than viper's blood.'"

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There are many, very many Grundies in this wide, wide world. Indeed the Grundy is far more numerous than the renowned Kashaw Family, of Crosby recollection. Each village has a representative, and that representative is to a certain extent like every other representative. The feminine portion of this extraordinary part of Adam's descendants, maintains at all times an ascendency, both in point of numbers and in the use of that little mischief-maker, which is rarely seen, but too frequently heard. In fact the tongue is the most industrious member of the Grundy body politic, and what it produces, by little exertion, that forms the only article of export in the Grundy trade. The Ladies cannot but consider us gallant in thus acknowledging their superiority to those whose misfortune, not whose fault it was, to enter this terrestrial citadel masculinely gendered. Now we might, if it would be considered a labor of love, deal in general principles, trace genealogies, consult Heraldic records, (but, pshaw, almost every one knows the Grundy's coat of arms—it is, as far as we can learn by personal inspection and assiduous research, simply a tongue, rampant,) in fine, write a biography of the family, but we are afraid that love's labor would be entirely lost, and shall therefore confine our attention more particularly to the peculiar traits of character which prove the Gambier to be a genuine Grundy. She (for we imagine our Grundy is a female, and very likely a widow, since widows here, are not like angel's visits, few and far between) seems to be ubiquitous—she knows what has happened, what is at present going on, and what the future will reveal, together with much other useful information, which she imparts so readily and
colors so highly, that one would think she had India-rubber jaws and an elastic conscience. Some, not having the fear of a tongue capable of perpetual motion before their eyes, very indiscreetly call her a peripatetic newspaper, literary depot, &c. &c. Others even go so far as stoutly to maintain that Mrs. Grundy is capable of frequently elevating the real into the ideal; others still saecularly affirm that she has never been guilty of exhibiting any affinity for truth—that falsehood is the rule, and veracity the exception. Mrs. Grundy's phiz, whenever we have had the good fortune to behold it, has always looked as if nose, mouth, and cheeks were holding a prayer-meeting, but her ears, eyes and tongue, always stood afoof, and we fear they have not yet renounced "the world, the flesh, and the devil." Mrs. G. is well acquainted with all the students—she plays battledore, using the charactars of Kenyon's worthy sons for shuttlecocks, yet she feels no compunctions of conscience—not she. If a young man of good moral character, in consequence of some untoward accident, falls, or does not walk exactly in a straight line, or makes good use of his lungs by shouting vociferously, or whistles, or wears his hat on the back of his head, or sings some beautiful Ethiopian melody with variations, or laughs louder than a cross between a whine and a sickly smile, Mrs. Grundy says that the aforesaid young man is shockingly inebriated;—then, not content with this demonstration, she invites all of her particular friends to tea, and over that slander-breeding liquid she gives a glowing account of the horrible exhibition of intoxication she has just witnessed, together with any amount of moral reflections, which the above mentioned female tea canisters note down and hurry home for the purpose of imparting the very acceptable information they have just received to others, who also, with wonderful alacrity, circulate the news, by this time highly embellished and richly illustrated. Mrs. Grundy always knows where the students are on certain nights—when they go to town, what they do there, and whom they visit. If Mr. L. calls once on Miss W., or Mr. B. on Miss B., Mrs. Grundy says they are engaged; she fixes time and place, selects the bride's dress, and has every thing arranged long before the parties concerned dream of aught else but exchanging friendly civilities. In fine, one can't look at calico in any shape without having the matrimonial noose thrown round his devoted neck by the insatiable Mrs. Grundy. Mrs. Grundy always attends church. It is extremely mysterious, by the way, how she can pay attention to the services of the sanctuary, and at the same time know every thing the students do. If, for instance, some ill-starred Senior stretches his corporation on the bench, opens mouth, closes eyes, and offers homage to Morpheus in order to conciliate that Deity, offended because the vespers of the previous evening were neglected, Mrs. Grundy sees him, and at the next tea-drinking tells every body about it—or perhaps she can't wait so long, but starts out on the morrow, bright and early, to dissect the character of the poor unfortunate in the presence of her satellites; she does this so effectually that all the sanctimonious lift up their hands in holy horror whenever the aforesaid youth comes within the range of their visual organs.

Space will not permit us to chronicle any more of Mrs. Grundy's movements at present, but hereafter we intend to note every thing worthy of consideration connected with that lady.

"Uncle Sam's haste-hating Pegasus has at last brought us something in
the way of exchanges. We have on our table 'Kenyon Collegian,' 'Harvard Magazine,' and 'Yale Literary,' for March, and 'Knoxiana' for January, with some others. The formidable appearance of the 'table of contents' has deterred us from a thorough perusal in most cases, but we always devour the 'Budgets.' Harvard makes a gouty attempt at our expense, but on the whole is quite unassuming 'considering the source.' Some are filled with newspaper scraps, and others had better be, and the 'budgets' in general, have been made pretty much after the Irishman's plan of making a cannon—by taking a hole and pouring brass around it."

The above is taken from the Marietta Collegiate Magazine, and we cannot pass it by without comment, however much it may seem to persons of common sense unworthy of notice. In the Marietta "Budget," the Editors ask imploringly, for a little more of the "staff of life," to sustain them during their trying and arduous labors. We should judge that the aforesaid geese—quill-drivers, are not very well bred, and would suggest pap, as the most nutritious food for youths of their calibre. In one portion of the petition, distinguished alike for beauty of style and vigor of thought, they say, that if the public will only give them their dues, they will send fear to the winds and heap all cares on the back of whistling Æolus. Now we think Æolus has for some time been the leading Tripodite of the Marietta Sanctum—that there, his bags have been opened, and windy opinions, windily expressed, have been the result. In another part of the extraordinary "paper" under consideration, appear these burning words, offspring, as we surmise, of a righteous indignation: "To each delinquent we would say, that though carelessness in paying up may be a small matter to you, 'it is death to the frogs,' but Heaven forbid, that we should be writing our own obituary." Here certainly is an acknowledgment; the Editors of the Marietta Magazine are frogs, and like all other frogs, are given to croaking—but who heeds the discord of a Batrachian Orchestra? The entire "Editors' Budget," is decidedly the flattest thing ever palmed off on a gullible public; no wonder Subscribers are in arrears, and that "ten centuries of logic and pathos" could not convince them to give hard-earned wealth for trash. Besides the Editors' dying Anthem, there are in this notable "Budget," one newspaper scrap, poor and pointless; one massacre of poetical wit; one paragraph written, about the year 1600; one notice of a marriage; one obituary; and ominously near this record of death's work, the names of the Æolian band of Editors, whose attempts are as feeble as their pretensions are great. May their motto, "Semper crescens," not influence them to adopt the frog's plan of becoming a nobler animal, but let them remember that those destined by nature to be small can never grow larger. To this class we are grieved to say our Marietta friends unmistakably belong.

Since our last issue we are in receipt of the following Magazines:—January, March, and April Nos. of the Harvard Magazine; March and April Nos. of the Yale Literary; March and April Nos. of the Ohio Journal of Education; March and April Nos. of the Marietta Collegiate; and the April No. of the Ciceronian Magazine, issued at Georgetown, Ky.

Communications, if acceptable, will appear, whether the Authors' names are, or are not, known.