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His state of mind on reaching Albany, the Bishop himself thus describes:—"Hitherto he had been conversant with pastoral life, and with the inhabitants only of villages and hamlets. He had now to enter a city with crowded streets and bustling with business. To add to his embarrassment, he knew not a soul in it, nor how to get intelligence of the person whom he wished most to see." How natural that he should record in after life, as he did, that "his feelings on that occasion will never be forgotten!" But he was not a man at that, or any period of his life, to yield to any embarrassment or discouragement! And besides, he had a motive to surmount all depression and to bestride all obstacles of peculiar tenderness and power in visiting Albany at that time. He had left at his New Hampshire home, or at Bethel, Vermont, his youthful bride. He had met at his sister's, a young lady of rare beauty, intelligence and piety—a Miss Fay,—of highly respectable family and connexions in Bethel;—and having succeeded in gaining a reciprocity of his own ardent devotion to this young lady, no consideration of worldly prudence could induce him to postpone their marriage until he had a settled prospect of a suitable provision for their support. They were accordingly
married at Bethel, Vermont, in the Fall of 1795, on "Thanksgiving," a month or so after his graduation. In addition to seeking, by a visit to Albany, a door of entrance into the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he was also in search of a situation which would enable him to send for his wife and to support them in comfort while he prepared for Holy Orders. He was therefore actuated, on entering Albany, by the most inspiring of all motives to trust in God and take courage—considerations of duty to enter the Ministry, and considerations of duty to her to whom he had plighted his troth at the altar of religion but a few weeks before, and who was eminently the idol of his heart. He therefore writes of himself at this time, "he pressed, however, fearlessly forward; God was with him, opening his way and directing his steps." He had no difficulty in finding the residence of Rev. Mr. Elison, the Episcopal clergyman. With a trembling hand, he informs us, he knocked at the door of the rector of St. Peter's, Albany. Mr. Elison answered the knock, and having learned from Mr. Chase who he was and what his purpose, gave him a warm and cordial welcome. The kind rector proposed a situation in the city school, with a salary of $400; and as a week must elapse before Mr. Elison's associate Trustees of the school could be consulted, and in view of the wants of the Church at Troy, and Mr. Chase's slender purse, suggested that he should go to Troy and take one of his manuscript sermons and officiate there the approaching Sunday as a Lay-Reader. In a few hours Mr. Chase was in Troy, and with an introduction from Mr. Elison, soon found himself among friends.

He was appointed to the school, and at the kind and fraternal invitation of Mr. Elison, had free access, morning and evening, to his library and his valuable coöperation in his theological studies. He obtained apartments in the house occupied by the school, and had soon the blessing and pleasure of being joined by his wife. The Bishop himself remarks upon the result of his journey—"What rendered the mercy the more signal was the entire infant state of the Church in America, as to any means of bringing forward her candidates for holy orders. No societies friendly to this great object then existed: no theological seminaries then were thought of; and no sense of duty then was impressed upon the minds of the more wealthy mem-
bers of our communion, to aid young men striving for the ministry. The offer made by Mr. Elison kept him from despair; it gave him his whole evenings for study and meditation; and to crown all, promised the society of a finished scholar and pious clergyman from England.” It also provided him with means to secure the society and assistance of his young, beautiful, pious and sensible wife,—no ordinary blessing to him, devoted as he was to the object of his early affections, and impulsive and inexperienced.

He continued as a teacher and a theological student in Albany until the Spring of 1798. He was ordained Deacon, May 10th of that year, in St. George’s Chapel, New York, by Bishop Provost, and immediately after his ordination was appointed an itinerant missionary in the northern and western parts of the State of New York. In this capacity he “travelled above 4000 miles, baptized 14 adults and 319 infants, performed divine service and preached 213 times, and distributed many Prayer Books, Catechisms, and other pious and useful tracts, among those whose remote situations and contracted means of subsistence precluded them opportunities of being otherwise supplied.” The principal points which he visited were Lansingburg, Troy, Waterford, Stillwater, Fort Edward, Kingsbury, Lake George, Therma’s Patent, Hampton, on the borders of Vermont, Canajoharie, Utica, Auburn, Canadahqua, Bloomfield, Oswego, on the Susquehanna, and Stamford on the Delaware. Some of these places are now flourishing and beautiful cities and towns, but when Mr. Chase visited them as a missionary, they were infant settlements, and many of them accessible only by Indian trails.

The most of his journeys were performed through almost trackless wildernesses. Privations and hardships he doubtless endured in these labors of his youthful zeal and love for Christ; but there is no mention of them in any of his publications. He gladly suffered the fatigues and inconveniences of the wilderness, so that he might carry the bread of life to the few and scattered communities in the almost unbroken forest of the interior of the State. His acceptance of this appointment, and the devotion with which he filled it, is a pleasing instance of his fidelity to Christ and his Church. A youth thus devoted, is a true picture of the moral sublime; and it is a grateful
proof of the progress of Christian principle and advance of Christian civilization, that such a picture now commands a higher admiration than a youthful Alexander or Napoleon.

Mr. Chase spent nearly eighteen months in these arduous labors. In the fall of 1799 he accepted the stated charge of the Episcopal Churches at Poughkeepsie, Dutchess County, N. Y., and Fishkill, and on the 10th of November of that year was admitted to Priest's orders in St. Paul's, New York, by Bishop Provost.

It was while Mr. Chase was at Poughkeepsie that Alexander Hamilton murderously fell in a duel, by the hand of Aaron Burr. Mr. Chase preached a sermon on the death of General Hamilton, which he has published, and from which we shall take a specimen or two of his pulpit composition at that time. But before giving these specimens of his pulpit talents and fidelity at the dawn of his ministry, there is a pleasing anecdote of General Hamilton, detailed by a young Lawyer of Poughkeepsie to the Bishop, which will doubtless be interesting to our readers. The mother-in-law of this young gentleman was distressed at his avowed infidelity, and had arranged with Mr. Chase to have him with her and her family at his house to tea, to afford him the benefit of discussion upon the subject. In the course of the evening the Pastor designedly introduced the topic of the Christian religion, and contrary to the expectation of his relatives and friends, the young gentleman candidly confessed that he was differently impressed on that subject from what he had been. "Till a few days ago," said he, "I should have brought forward my preliminaries, and before the threshold of Christianity were passed, I would have insisted that they be all satisfactorily answered; but at present I feel differently disposed." In reply to the enquiry what had wrought the change, he added, "I must tell the whole story—it relates chiefly to General Hamilton. You know that preëminent character,—how that he is not only the greatest in the field, the senate, and at the bar, but also the most agreeable man in social intercourse. In pursuit of his professional duties, he passes from New York to Albany to attend the higher courts, and Poughkeepsie is his stopping place for rest and social chat. We young lawyers delight to meet him at Hendrickson's tavern, and there breathe together the atmosphere of
wit and satire. Not long since he passed by; we gathered
gathered round him, and he greeted us with his usual cordial-
ity. But there was something altered in his wit—it was
solemn, yet more affectionate. At length, to break the spell,
I ventured, as erst, a story, the edge of which was ridicule
against Christians and their creed. As I finished the anecdote,
instead of the loud laugh and responsive tale, the General
gravely asked me if I knew what I had been talking of? Confu-
sion is the best name I can give my feelings and behaviour
before the great man, at such a question from his lips. Seeing
my embarrassment, he said he did not design to give me pain,
but by his question to call my attention to his own case. 'Not
many months ago,' said he, 'I was, as you are, doubtful of
the truths of Christianity; but some circumstances turned my
thoughts to the investigation of the subject, and I now think
differently. I had been in company with some friends of a
similar sentiment in New York. I had indulged in remarks
much to the disadvantage of Christians and disparagement of
their religion. I had gone further than ever before I had done
in this way. Coming home, I stood late at night on the door
steps, waiting for my servant. In this moment of stillness my
thoughts returned to what had just passed at my friend's, and
on what I had said there. And what if the Christian religion
be true after all? The thought certainly was natural, and it
produced in my bosom the most alarming feelings. I was con-
scious that I had never examined it—not even with that atten-
tion which a small retaining fee requires in civil cases. In
this, I hold myself bound to make up my mind according to
the laws of evidence; and shall nothing be done of this sort,
in a question that involves the fate of man's immortal being?
Where every thing is at stake, shall I bargain all without en-
quiry? wilfully blinding my own eyes, shall I laugh at that
which, if true, will laugh me to scorn in the day of judgment?
These questions did not allow me to sleep quietly. In the
morning I sent to my friends, the clergy, for such books as
treated on the evidences of Christianity. I read them, and the
result is that I believe the religion of Christians to be truth—
that Jesus Christ is the Son of God—that he made an atone-
ment for our sins by his death, and that he rose for our justifi-
cation.'
This confession of General Hamilton put an end for a time to this young man's infidelity.

The Bishop, in his sermon on the murderous death of that great man, thus speaks of him and the practice of duelling:

"He whose death we now deplore, was distinguished for his talents and magnanimity in the early stages of his life. In more advanced periods, he shone as a soldier, a statesman, and orator. The walls of Yorktown can bear testimony of his military skill, intrepidity and valor, when engaged in defending his country's cause. He enjoyed the full confidence of our great Washington, the man whose deeds shall be had in everlasting remembrance. He fought by his side in the field, and assisted him by his counsel in the camp. When the din of war was over, he exchanged the coat of mail for the garb of peace and the gown of state. Our Constitution was framed and carried into execution by the assistance of his discerning mind and powerful arm. Under his auspices, public credit was established, and commerce poured in her treasures upon us.

*A sad comment on the dreadful consequences of duelling is now before us. You behold a man, the ornament of the age, and the pride and boast of his countrymen, snatched away by a violent death, amidst all his usefulness, and when in the full career of his greatness; torn from the arms of a tender and amiable wife and young and numerous family, who now more than ever need the counsel, the direction and love of a husband and father. O, honor, honor! false and mistaken principle! If these are thy trophies, what but a heart of stone could cherish thee!*

"And by these mandates and threatenings of the God of heaven, the man of principle can see no difference between him who murdereth his friend on the weak laws of worldly honor, and him who stabbeth him in secret. Let subterfuges be raised without number—let the wicked custom be sanctioned by all the force which a deluded world can give it—let the mighty men of the earth combine and frame laws to systematize the practice—yet the God who reigneth above is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. With him there is no variableness
nor shadow of turning. His ways are equal in all ages, and the judgment of his mouth remaineth forever. No man can rush himself, or send another, uncalled, into His presence, without coming under the dread sentence of his law. The crime before him admits of no palliation but that which is effected by the tears of repentance through the atoning blood of a Redeemer."

We give these extracts not only as specimens of his style of pulpit composition at that early period of his ministry, but as evidences of the unflinching honesty and vehement boldness with which he discharged the most trying duties of the pulpit, —denounced crime how much soever it was excused and sustained by the influence of the great and powerful of the world.

His duties at Poughkeepsie and Fishkill were very onerous. His stipend from his parishes was quite inadequate to his support, and from the beginning he had to eke out a livelihood by engaging in tuition. For six years his fine constitution enabled him to bear up under the labors of a school and his parishes, but at last they became insufferable, and he resigned in 1805. He himself writes in reference to this:—"The salary afforded by the parish in Poughkeepsie being inadequate to the writer's comfortable support, he had recourse to the common expedient of school-keeping. At first this was in a private way; but being earnestly solicited, he at length took charge of the public academy in that place. His pupils were numerous, and from the most respectable families in New York and other places. The duties of so large a school were of themselves most arduous, and, blended as they were with those of two parishes, Fishkill and Poughkeepsie, they became insupportable. Nothing but the strongest constitution and the hope of better times, under the sustaining hand of a merciful Providence, kept him from sinking. To add to the load that bore heavy on him, it pleased God to threaten his beloved wife with consumptive symptoms, so that if she recovered it must be under the influence of a warmer climate."

Louisiana had a short time before been ceded to the United States, and some Americans at New Orleans had opened a communication with Bishop Moore, of New York, to secure the services of a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The Bishop having been advised by Mr. Chase of his wishes
to go South, recommended him to the people of New Orleans, but the provision to be made for his support was not clearly stated, and he therefore determined, before making a final decision, to leave his family behind and visit New Orleans, see for himself, and (if he should accept) make all necessary arrangements for the future comfort of his family, and return for them as soon as possible. He, accordingly, embarked in the brig Thetis, Capt. Richard Bowen, on the 10th of October, 1805, for New Orleans, commending his dear family and himself to the kind care and protection of Heaven!

[To be Continued.]

"DEATH LOVES A SHINING MARK."

Niour of anguish dark and dreary,
   Morn of bitter, crushing wo!
All our hearts with grief are weary,
   Stunned beneath this dreadful blow.

Gazing on that face, with gladness
   Beaming only yesterday,
Now, a rigid marble sadness,
   Fills our hearts with blank dismay.

Child of beauty! Summoned early,
   Summoned just as Life was teeming
With its blessings, richer daily,
   All along thy pathway gleaming.

Vainly do we seek to fathom,
   Almost murmuring at His will,
Who such cherished one hath taken,
   Made a void earth cannot fill.
One great grief hath well nigh made us,
   Waver in our faith and trust,
And we cry for light to aid us,
   Light to show us God is just.

Hark! we hear thee gently speaking,
   In thine accents ever kindly,
"Vain is all thine earthly seeking,
   Cease to grope for reasons blindly."

"Unto mortals 'tis not given,
   E'er to know the reasons why,
In the councils of just Heaven,
   Some are early called to die."
"Loved of earth! in patience wait;
All thy questionings now are vain;
But when passed is Heaven's gate,
Heaven's light shall make all plain.

OLD SIMEON GREENE.

BY JUVENIS.

There was something about this old man's face, as he used to pass my door, on his way to his daily task, which seemed to speak of varied and numerous misfortunes; which told that his had been a painful and an eventful history. So that my pity and curiosity were at once excited with regard to this poor old man.

For several months from the time I had first noticed him he toiled earnestly and faithfully, but during all this time but very few words were known to escape his lips. In spite of all our curiosity, not a circumstance could we learn of his life, save that he was endeavoring to earn a certain sum of money to pay a heavy debt.

At length we missed him from his usual morning and evening walk. And I, for one, was quite saddened and anxious at this circumstance, for though he had spoken very little, so far had my sympathies been excited for this unknown sufferer—for his strange silence told that his lot was one of suffering—that I was unwilling not to be able to follow him further in his sunset of life.

About a month after his disappearance, I started, on a pleasant summer morning, to enjoy a stroll through the village, when I was overtaken by my pastor, who informed me that he was on his way to visit the death-bed of a poor old man who had just sent for him in great haste, and he invited me to accompany him. I readily agreed, and soon, what was my surprise to be shown into a room but poorly and scantily furnished, where lay, evidently at the point of death, poor old Greene. He requested us to be seated, and without giving us an opportunity to make any inquiries, he thus addressed my companion:
"Reverend father, I have sent for you to ask of you a
dying request, if you will have patience to listen to the story
of an old man's life. Mine has indeed been one of sorrow;
but I know that the whole blame rests with myself. I have
not always been the poor wretch you now behold. My father
was a wealthy merchant in the State of New York, and a man
worthy of a better son. I was brought up amidst all the bless-
ings and comforts which I could desire, and but for my own
depravity, long might I have lived happy. But at the age of
twelve years I followed my father's remains to their last
resting-place. My mother did not long survive, and in a few
weeks she was laid by his side. Thus thrown upon the world,
almost without a friend, I lived for almost eight years without
any special change in my circumstances, until, at the age of
twenty-one, I married a lady of my own native city, whom I
had known and loved from early childhood. For two years
we lived happily, but a heavy affliction was prepared for me.
My wife, in whom were centered all my hopes and affections,
was removed by the hand of death. I had loved her too
much, and it was but a just visitation of Providence, to punish
my idolatrous affection."

Here the old man paused; he was evidently overcome by
the recital of his sorrows, but at length, with a slight effort to
restrain his grief, he continued:—

"But foolish and ungrateful, I acknowledged not the jus-
tice of my affliction, but sought to drown my grief in the wine
cup. Here commenced my downward course: one misfortune
and crime followed another, till I became a broken down and
ruined man. Health, friends and property, all were gone;
my vices alone still clung to me, until at last I had not the
means of procuring my daily bread. I had an uncle who had
kindly assisted me before I became reduced to that extremity.
But now I was too proud to ask his aid. Alas! I was not too
proud to resort to a criminal expedient. With a forged note
on my uncle, I procured the amount of six hundred dollars.
My generous uncle, though he at once perceived the author of
the fraud, was unwilling to disgrace me, and without a word
he paid the note. Such kindness in return for the evil I had
done, rendered me the more miserable; conscience continually
reproached me with my crime, and I could only flee from the
spot which had been the scene of my wickedness and misery. Little had I considered the sorrow which my crime would surely bring upon me.

"Thirty years have passed. I will not weary you with the detail of all the sin and misery of that time. What reproaches of conscience and agony of soul I experienced, until I had actually raised my hand to put an end to my wretched life. But the thought of my past life made me pause, and I asked myself the question, What will become of me if I add to all my miseries this last resort of crime? The thought terrified me. The events of my past life, my misfortunes, my reverses, and above all, my crimes, seemed at once to be present to my excited imagination; and for the first time I acknowledged to myself that I alone was to blame for the miseries which I had suffered, and still was suffering. Then, for the first time in many years, I prayed: No! rather, I tried to pray; but the very attempt seemed a mockery. How could I dare to approach the throne of Him whose laws I had been continually transgressing? How could I plead for that mercy which I had so often despised and rejected? It was long before I could dare to do it, but at last I prayed, and then a great burden seemed to be taken away from my heart. From that time, I labored to earn the sum which I had obtained by fraud; and it has been my chief desire, that I might go back to my uncle and restore it to him, and ask his forgiveness. But thus it cannot be. On the day that I received the last of my wages, which just completed the desired amount, I was taken sick, and have ever since been confined to my bed, from which I am now certain I shall not arise till my spirit has left this feeble body.

"I give into your hands the earnings of three years' labor, with my uncle's address. Send it to him, and ask him to forgive me. This, dear Sir, is my dying request. He will forgive me; yes, I know he has already forgiven me, long before I deserved. I hope I have made my peace with God; and now, without a murmur, I can resign my soul to Him that gave it."

Here the old man paused; he closed his eyes, and for a moment his lips moved. My companion bent over him to catch his dying whisper, but his spirit had gone forever.
BEAUTY AND TRUTH.

My soul rejoiced that night, she whom I loved
Was near me, fairer than in fancy formed;
Light was her step, in loveliness she moved,
And spread the sense of happiness around.

Her cheek's full flush, contrasted fair and bright
With her dark locks, which, beautifully free,
Fell flowing, wave-like, o'er her neck's pure white;
And in her eyes, love's center of delight,
The calm spring of her soul shone truthfully:
Oft in this fount I've traced my life's clear course;
The past, which brought me by this pleasant way,
The present, radiant with elysium's light,
The future, leaving not a joy to pray.

Sweet was her voice, as moved by pity's power,
She sang of those who battle against wrong—
Then swept the keys, prophetic of the hour,
And poured their triumphs in a flood of song.
Age then forgot the burden of his years,
Admiring Youth felt proud of his estate,
Pale Sorrow smiled amid her brimming tears,
Hope downward turned from wandering in the spheres,
And clouded Care looked upwards half elate.

O melody of voice, divinely sweet,
When love breathes o'er the chords his living fires;
But heaven's own harmony is more complete,
When truth the soul-subduing strain inspires!

THE OLD OAKEN CHEST.

DEAR READER, the Proprietor of the above named piece of furniture, is most happy to welcome you, once more, to his garret in Puckwuddi. Pardon Oddeye always feels on better terms with himself and the world, after a hearty hand-shaking with one who knows, like yourself, how that ancient and honorable ceremony ought to be performed. Deliver me from the biped who slowly extends his fingers, and then suffers them to fall from your warm grasp in such a way as to leave you in momentary doubt whether you had indeed touched a piece of humanity at the extremity of a coat sleeve, or a fresh link of
home-made Bologna that might chance to dangle from a side pocket. Out upon the professed civility of the man, who crimps up his digits, and thrusts them into your palm as rigid and unyielding, as if they had been withered under a stroke of the palsy. Hold me at a respectful distance from the Exquisite, who with grinning "how d'ye do," or braying "how ah ye," seizes your hand with thumb and fore-finger and gives it a pinch or a twitch as if he were casting off a viper. Pardon Oldeye would as soon say "good morning" to a rattlesnake, and emphasize the salutation by twiddling his tail, as shake hands with any of these. The coy and delicate fingered maiden, whose presence seems more like a dream of the morning, than a blessed and living reality, whose hand falls into yours like a snow-flake, and melts as quickly away, and makes you feel as if a bright, sweet-singing Fairy had fluttered into your heart and swept every string there, and then flitted right out again and left your soul in a bewildered trance,—heaven knows that she, sweet creature, and the like of her, the world over, have hearts large enough and loving enough too, without being called to account for not placing them at once, all palpitating, in our rough and brawny hands. The dignified matron in cap and ribbons, in spreading skirts and flounces, with a daughter at each elbow, just budding into womanhood, whose awful presence is as the sun-flower among the lillies and the roses, must be pardoned if she meets you with an arm fixed at a right angle and points her carpals and meta-carpals to indicate an angle with the horizon of 45 degrees; she, says Pardon Oldeye, must or should be excused, if she gives such a pump-handle shake, that you seem suddenly translated from a garden of roses and lillies, to "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers."

Dear Reader, much depends upon first impressions. There is a great deal of truth and beauty in this adage. It has seemed more comprehensive and full of meaning since I perused a learned disquisition on the "Origin, Use, Propriety, and Universal Prevalence of the Ceremony of Shaking Hands." This Essay was one of the first that attracted my attention after the Old Oaken Chest came into my possession. My ancestor, Deacon Scripsit, as he was called by his Puritan brethren, as it appears from a note in his journal, received from a learned Society in England, in view of a copy of this
manuscript, a silver gilt medal, on one side of which was engraved the great seal of the Society, a snake in the act of swallowing a toad, an emblem of eternal wisdom; and on the other the device of two hands joined together with an eye exalted above them. This last device, together with the motto, *primordio impressionis*, which encircled it, Deacon Simeon Scripsit adopted as his coat-of-arms, and instituted a grip to be perpetuated forever among his descendants, whereby they might always recognize each other. In the disquisition above named, my learned progenitor assigns a very ancient origin to the custom of joining hands when friends meet or separate. If I mistake not, he considers the custom as a Divine rite; and the first rite instituted upon our planet. He transports his mind to the Bowers of Eden. Adam is reclining on a green and flowery bank, lost in the silent contemplation of the wonders which meet his gaze upon every side around—his eye ravished with the glories of the landscape—his smell regaled with the incense of primeval flowers—his ear thrilled with the songs of birds, who are pouring out their vesper hymns in praise of their Creator. Of a sudden our lone first parent startles from his reverie. There spreads around him a presence of glory, brighter than the effulgence of the declining sun. A sound like "the benighted Lady’s singing," in the Mask of Comus, falls upon his ear, and like Comus he is ready to say—

"Can any — mixture of earth’s mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air,
To testify his hidden residence."

Nearer, and more near, the melody approached, until the astonished Adam

"Was all ear,
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death."

The mysterious voice was none other than that of Eve, singing the first *jubilate* that ever rose from human lips, singing out the exuberance of her heart, while the unseen hand of her Creator was leading her to him from whose side, while in deep repose, she had lately sprung into being. Now the first
thing that the man and the woman did, says Deacon Scripsit, was to give "the right hand of fellowship"—they indulged in a long, hearty shaking of hands. Like a good logician, he makes the two extremes of his discourse meet, for he concludes his disquisition by triumphantly asserting that the giving the right hand, in token of Christian fellowship, is older than Christianity itself, and ought therefore to be used in preference to any other rite in all orthodox communities.

Whatever be the merits of my ancestor's arguments, one thing, Dear Reader, is certain, he has advanced some novel ideas. He believed that the last year of the patriarch Noah's life was spent in shaking hands and in bidding farewell to his antideluvian neighbors and relations, whose fate he sincerely and deeply lamented. He believed that Eve must have shaken hands with the Serpent before she ate the forbidden fruit. He believed that Eve gave Adam a most significant grip, before she offered him a taste, and ever since that fatal hour, he was convinced, mankind had been, until the Puritans arose, pretty generally given to shaking hands with the Devil. And, Dear Reader, Pardon Oldeye is pretty much of Mr. Scripsit's opinion; only, a little more so. Had good father Simeon lived in these enlightened days, wouldn't he say that splitting the tongues, cutting off the ears, and the hanging of good honest Quakers; stringing men and women up by the neck to elm-trees for witchcraft; and driving a poor Baptist minister out of their realms, wouldn't he have confessed that the good Puritans must have been given at times to shaking hands with the Devil.

Were I sincerely called upon to assign a reason for the delicate shakes, the distant shakes, the cold shakes, the freezing shakes, the quizzical shakes and the no shakes at all, which the man who goes forth with an honest heart, and soul brimfull of good will, is sure to meet with, I should say it is because mankind generally are so busily employed gripping the claws of the Old Dragon, that they have not the time, if they should have the inclination, to shake hands, as they ought, with their less fortunate fellow-beings.

[To be continued.]
It was a pleasant summer evening in the month of July, 1777. Soft, balmy breezes wafted the perfume of the newly mown hay, through the air, and rippled the placid surface of the picturesque Brandywine. The lengthened shadows lay beneath the lofty oaks; gentle zephyrs rustled their leaves, and sported amid the luxuriant vegetation which grew upon the banks of that romantic stream. The village church-bell told the hour of six, and the feathered songsters of the grove sought their nightly bowers. Naught was heard save the lowing of the lazy cattle reclining in the shade, or the sob of the rippling wave upon the pebbles of the beach. All nature seemed sunk in repose, and unconscious, dreamed naught of the bloody tragedy so soon to be enacted.

But though the natural sky was thus calm and serene, dark clouds obscured the political horizon. War was in the land, even at the doors of the yet unmolested and unsuspecting inhabitants. The Brandywine, that flowed swiftly by, was soon to have its bright surface tinged with blood. Its lofty cliffs, which listened to naught save the light tread of the timid doe, or the rustling of the mink among the leaves, were soon to reëcho the cry of human misery and woe. British tyranny had sent forth its minions for the enthrallment of a people who had but one year since proclaimed to astonished Europe that America "was of right free and independent," that she dared and would be free. Her hardy yeomanry had met their country's invaders, and upon the field of Bunker's Hill, and on the sandy soil of the Carolinas, watered the then newly planted tree of Liberty with their blood.

As the bell ceased tolling a party of horsemen might have been seen ascending the hill, that led to the village. They numbered forty dragoons, and were led by a young man of chivalrous bearing, but upon whose face might have been seen that expression which characterizes the gallant but unprincipled libertine. Their scarlet coats proclaimed them to be Britain's soldiers—their foreign accent showed them to be Hessians. On they came, and their commander, dashing up
to the village Inn, demanded rest and refreshments for his party. The landlord, a fine specimen of the sturdy yeomanry of our favored country, promised compliance, and hastily prepared a generous meal for his uninvited guests. The men became tired of waiting, and with loud clamors demanded drink. The landlord, tried to satisfy them, and requested patience. At this the Captain rushed furiously up to him, called him a rebel, and with dreadful oaths, commanded him, under pain of instant death, to serve up supper immediately. The frightened landlord hastily complied, and the troops were ushered into the dining-room.

The landlord’s daughter, a beautiful damsel, just ripening into womanhood, presided at the table. Her beauty, and pleasant smiles, won the heart of the handsome but unprincipled Briton, who commanded the party. He instantly determined to gratify his fell passion. When supper was over, he selected three of his troop, and told them his purpose. They readily undertook to execute his diabolical project. The plan was, that one should station himself at the back gate, while the other two should seize her, as she was returning from milking. The yard where the cows were kept, was back of the Inn, and close to the Brandywine.

The men awaited their opportunity, and as she was returning, singing one of the village songs, they leaped forth from their concealment, and rushed upon her. But she, fleet as the roe, dropped her pail and fled, taking the direction that led towards the Inn. But as she neared what she fondly hoped would be a place of refuge for her, the other soldier joined in the pursuit. No resource was left her except to escape by doubling on their rear, through the thick woods. The men rushed on, encouraging one another, by repeating the Captain’s orders, and holding up to each other the promised reward. Encouraged by the prize held out before their view, they pressed on, and rapidly gained on her. She had heard their conversation, she perceived them lessening the distance between themselves and her at every step. Quickly was her resolution taken.

A lofty crag, about 150 feet in height, jutted forth from the bank, overshadowing the quiet stream below. Beneath the rock the water was quite deep. Her pursuers continued
to gain upon her at every bound, and with loud shouts proclaimed to her the fate they deemed inevitable. On she rushed up the steep ascent, until she reached the summit of the cliff. Here she stood, no aid was nigh, there was but one alternative—Death or Dishonor! She hesitated not, however—raising herself proudly erect, she exclaimed, "I meet the fate of a true woman, a daughter of America, preferring death to dishonor?" Saying this she threw herself headlong from the precipice, and was dashed to pieces upon the rocks below.

A yell of disappointment was the only reply from the infuriated soldiers, who returned home to tell the tale to their enraged commander. Boiling with wrath and disappointment, he rushed furiously forth from the house and ordered his troop to mount. The neighboring farmers, some of whom had been witnesses of the bloody catastrophe, were fast assembling. In their ranks might be seen the landlord and his heart-broken wife. Shouting "Death to the Invader," they rushed upon the dragoons, and a bloody conflict followed. Before darkness veiled the waters of the Brandywine, thirty of the invaders lay stretched in the cold embrace of death upon the green sward.

The village is now in ruins, its inhabitants have paid the last debt of nature, and naught remains to mark the spot but the lofty cliff which raises its bare summit towards the sky.

Had such a deed been performed by a Roman female, Poets would have sung her praises, Historians would have handed down her name in letters of living light, to posterity. But no monument is raised to the "heroine of the Brandywine," and her sad fate and heroic sacrifice are known but to few. Still, however, the lofty crag bears her name, and "Deborah's Rock" yet frowns darkly upon the passer by, the only memento of female virtue which prefers "Death to Dishonor."

"Gamma Rho."
LINES

WRITTEN ON A WINTER’S MORNING.

The snows have fallen all the night,
The earth lies folded all in white,
And locked in slumber deep;
The streams that in the Vernal time
Rang as they flowed in merry chime,
Unbroken silence keep.

The birds, that poured from every spray,
In Summer’s morn, their tuneful lay,
To fairer climes have flown;
Dark clouds are flitting in the sky,
And wintry winds are hurrying by,
With melancholy mean.

No incense breathing flowers appear,
For all is cold, and wild, and drear,
In forest, grove, or glen;
But soon the snows shall melt away,
Beneath the Sun’s reviving ray,
And streams shall chime again.

The flowers will soon begin to bloom,
And shed abroad their sweet perfume
Upon the breezes mild,
And sweetest warblers of the Spring,
In every grove and tree, shall sing
“Their native wood-notes wild.”

Oft thus it is when sorrow falls,
When heavy grief the heart appals,
The earth is cold and drear;
Joy the o’erburden heart forsakes
While every scene of gloom partakes,
And nought the soul can cheer.

But mourner, whoso’er thou art,
Though all forsake, be strong of heart,
And murmur not; in patience wait—
Lift up thine eye to Heaven’s gate,
For God is light and love;
His smile upon thy soul shall break,
Thy heart with joyful songs shall wake,
And hymn the throne above.
The progress of time is marked, not only by the revolution of the globe, the change of seasons, and regular succession of day and night, but by the course of public sentiment. Few persons having attained the age even of middle life, but may remember, upon reviewing past years, that one particular period received its stamp from such or such features of the public mind, and again a second or third were as decidedly ruled by the same influence. This is illustrated by the fact that those historians have received the most eminent praise, who studied to give us a careful analysis and highly suggestive prefiguring, not merely of national disasters and triumphs, of battles and seiges, of profligacy in the court, and unfaithfulness in the council, but an analysis of the taste, sentiments, and feelings of the people; not a written form of political machinery, but a finished anatomy of thinking, feeling life. Among these are Herodotus and Tacitus of the ancients, Hume and Macanlay of the moderns. As in past days, so is it with our own, the current of popular opinion flows as steadily now as then, and it requires no very perceptive nor deep mind to determine whither its tendency lies.—Plainer language, however, is necessary here: it is not simply that the age has this or that tendency; long since this calmly progressive state has been passed, it has arrived at the actual point of its tendency, and that point is, Rationalism. Not only is it the clear eye of the economist or moralist which sees this; the weakest among us has had intimations which are daily brightening into unmistakable evidence. If he is of an adventurous spirit and speculative mind, these intimations have come from without: there are calls to avoid laborious study and continuous mental improvement; intimations that progress is to be that not of mind, but of matter; that the past century has been sufficient for intellectual pursuits; that the present, is one of practical application of all that was then learned—well would it be if this went no further, but the power which enables the eye to reach this point has carried it so far beyond, as to make it forget the helps received by the
way, and while the practical present receives every man’s expressed admiration, the intellectual past is undervalued in all the insolence of youthful prosperity and strength; on the other hand, if his is an unusually refined taste or over-sensitively mind, these intimations have come from within: he sighs to find men forsaking what once were innocent and satisfying pleasures, for the pursuit of forms alike un elevating to the mind and unimproving to the heart—he is made to feel the difference between himself and other men, the iron inflexibility of their characters, the too pliant qualities of his own; one by one his companions, without any signs of regret, turn into various directions, they can have but a cold sympathy with the mind which they now discover is so little a counterpart of theirs; and in the morning of life, he is shocked to find himself standing alone, while the world is advancing.

Not only do we meet this intensely practical spirit in public places, reading it in men’s faces, and feeling it in the very pressure of their hands, as they approach us with friendly salutation, it has ventured to cross the thresholds of our universities; when Science nobly entered to finish what else was incomplete, Rationalism seized the opportunity and entered with her; and dares to walk uncovered inter silvas academi; these shades are no longer sacred to the memories of elder times; Mammon holds possession of the pedestal left vacant by Apollo:—yea more, this spirit follows us from the universities to our homes; its place is at our firesides, it wakes with us under the same roof, and woe to the man who in thought or feeling, expression or action, opposes himself to this representative of popular sentiment. Still, we cannot be brought to agree in such a state of things; we must remonstrate against it, and lament the energies of mind which are so universally misapplied, and the blindness by which men are lead in this case. The reader, who, perhaps, is a pupil of the age, may ask, With what truthfulness do you call us blind? Know you not the caution with which we weigh every business transaction? Can we not prophesy with exactness the rise and fall of the money market? Do we speculate largely and not come out of these speculations enriched? Is this blindness? Pardon us, if we still maintain that it is none other. You overlook society, but is it not with the eye of an anc-
tioneer? Everything has its own pecuniary price in your sight, and as such only is it valuable. Blind you are to all that lies outside the limit of your measuring yard, or below the depth of your plumb line; blind in the most incurable and darkest sense, walking in noon-day, with open eyes, you see not the sun; your horizon is bounded by the material, and although you have heard of the immaterial, and have been told that it is as universal and possesses equal strength with the material, you are too worldly-wise to be drawn into any such poetical belief. There was a time, say you, when I would unsuspiciously have trusted this story; a time when everything was indefinite; when my child-fancy robed them all in the same rainbow light; when the world of nature and the world of human beings were beautiful and divine; but these days are passed, and their attendant visions faded; the necessities of existence have shown to me its realities. I now have to actively awake, not poetically dreaming; my morning is passing, I must sow my seed; the hot beam of noon is beating upon my head, I must put in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe; the shadows of evening are falling, the winds arise, the clouds are gathering, I must up and away before 'tis night! Poor man! your troubles increase from the want of that very perception of which we have been speaking. Not seeing all, you see too much for your unhappiness and too little for your comfort.

We said that the immaterial is as universal as the material. Is this true? How has it been with the past? Let the history of the two great classic nations show: these were at the height of glory when in the center of idealism. Never was the Grecian mind so perfectly cultivated as when it placed implicit confidence in the supernatural. Never was Roman virtue so austere, or Roman bravery so undaunted, as when Jupiter was painted to the imagination as seated on the summit of Olympus scanning men's actions, and holding in his awful hand the scales which were to decide the fates of nations. After awhile, there succeeded, what men of our day would call a better time; Greece exchanged her simplicity for a learned philosophy, and with it her past prosperity for a future of lingering death. She fell. The light went down upon her glorious hills, and left her standing in the darkness of a cold, flinty
materialism. Rome, no more original, was none less unfortunate. Historians, in seeking causes for the downfall of these nations, recount the armies which marshaled themselves before their walls; the struggle, despair, and flight on the one side, the steady advance and victory on the other. But was it arms alone that effected all this? Were there not brave men to resist, when "thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just"? Were there none to prove that past valor still lived, and was about being exerted, to the terror of enemies and the repeated glory of the country? Where were the heroes of former fields? Alas! their places were vacant. The nations themselves had completely changed; they were no more the same moral, pastoral-loving nations; their simplicity had long since departed, and with it their strength; the faith of former times had become corrupt by the introduction of new theories; the ties which bound the people to the land were loosened, and scarcely could they be expected to fight successfully when every change which had been at work, conspired to impress them with the belief that they possessed nothing for which to struggle, and but as little to forfeit. What wonder, then, that bravery no longer nerved the Roman arm, when patriotism ceased to animate the Roman heart? Sad, indeed, and full of warning was the condition of these nations, once enjoying the happiest period the world has ever seen; their beautiful religion cold in the ashes of its own funeral pyre; their innocence corrupted; their moral and physical strength weakened; their battlements supporting the victorious standards of barbarian hordes, who to the violence of conquest added the deeper wound of insult; no help on earth, no confidence in heaven. They discovered, too late, that that knowledge is dearly possessed which is purchased at the cost of faith, and that happiness can never be permanent which is secured through the loss of innocence. And then, when the period of inactivity and absolute retrogradation which followed the downfall of these nations, was happily interrupted by the birth and growth of another system—that elevating power for which the fallen world had long been waiting, and to which it now extended its supplicating arms; when it had shown to the dark age in which it arose, that it possessed the light which alone could lead it into progressive moral and intellectual day,
and proved to the weak nations its power to strengthen them, was it from the material or immaterial that this light and this power emanated? Who does not know,—and thank God! how many can feel! that Christianity is entirely spiritual; that it is felt, not seen; that it is believed and confided in even more than it is proved; that its history is one of mind, not of matter; of truth, rather than of semblance. How could any material agency have produced so wonderful a change in so desperate a condition of society? There was double work to be done, the work of the material and of the spiritual: men were to be taught not only better methods for enriching their property, more effective canons for securing inviolate the peace and rights of society; not only were mines of art to be opened, whence were to issue usefulness and beauty—embodiments of strength and high conception, and the wonders laid up in science to be gradually disclosed, but the tone of society was to be elevated, and as a step to this man himself was to be instructed in the dignity of his own existence, the importance of this existence to everything around him, the priceless value of the deathless principle within him, and his exalted position with respect to the future. How could the material alone effect this? At any time the work would be too great for it, but now greater than ever; its strength was so prostrated that of itself it could not rise; it had fallen, not in the decrepitude of old age, but in moral and intellectual weakness—the spiritual was that prophet which was to speak to it in the eloquence of inspiration, *Arise, shine, for thy light is come.*

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**MIDNIGHT.**

_MIDNIGHT, the high-throned, dark-robed, and peaceful,_

_The hush to a worn world and pained,_

_TO the struggling, heart saddened, and tearful,_

_An hour of blessed rest gained!_

_Then, the heavens clasp the earth in repose,_

_The sun leaves his throne to the moon,_

_More welcome the carol he sang at his close,_

_Than his song in the laboring noon._
And our hearts love the voice of the moon,
Soul-soothing, though spoken afar.
Sweetest vocalist singing in tune,
To the harmonized chorus of stars.

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

From time immemorial, the fraternity of Kenyon Students have claimed—and the claim has always been admitted—a day at the opening of Spring, for the grateful purpose of visiting the Sugar Camps around the country, and enjoying the simple and heartfelt pleasures which such scenes afford. We members of the Freshman class selected March 14th as our gala day; and rose from our repose that morning, we must confess, with more than ordinary alacrity. Chapel Prayers being over, we assembled in front of the College for the purpose of uniting our full number, which I assure you was marked by no waste of time or dilatoriness on the part of any individual.

The clouds, which all the morning had worn a threatening aspect, at this moment broke, and revealed to us the bright sun; and as we proceeded, one could hardly tell whether there was more sunshine above us, or within our own hearts. After a few minutes walking we reached the Theological Seminary, and going up the avenue, entered the hall; hollow echoes answering our footsteps as we passed through. And now, our way lay for about a mile through pleasant fields full of the marks of careful husbandry, already returning the farmer the prospect of a plentiful harvest. We soon came to a spot where three roads met, in the center of which was a grass plot, and again, in the center of that, a large oak stump. Here, as of common consent, each one stood,—not that there was anything captivating in the place itself, but it seemed appropriate for giving vent to the eloquence of our feelings, since here was a forum suitable, however rude. This idea had scarcely time to be circulated when a speaker was called for, and then another, and another, until we were all in as excitable a frame of mind as the Greeks while listening to Demosthenes denouncing Philip. The enthusiasm of the Greeks, however, cooled off in due time, and ours having done the same, we left this memorable spot and turned our faces towards the Sugar Camp of Squire Dial.
Pleasant conversation has a facility peculiar to itself, in making the roughest road smooth; and although we could not complain of hard walking, we felt considerably relieved by its kind assistance. Many good and bad things were said; but as the good would be flattered and the bad made worse by repetition, I refrain from giving them. Occasional incidents occurred to increase our hilarity; and just as we were about leaving the road, and turning off into the woods, we got a glimpse of a handsome fair one, on her father's porch, whose blooming looks and enchanting smile inspired one of our merry company with such warm feelings, that he broke into a song equally remarkable for the purity of its sentiment and sweetness of its numbers. I give you the first verse:

"T was a farmer's beautiful daughter,  
With forty-five thousand in gold.  
Says she, 'I'll go over the water,  
And wed with my young sailor bold.'"

This was of course meant as a compliment to the young lady on the porch, but whether the apostrophised fair one heard any more than the tune, I cannot say. Being more given to sugar-hunting than love-making at that particular moment, we turned off into the woods, leaving some beauties behind us, but new ones about to display themselves to our rejoicing sight. The woods rose gently on either side until they reached a considerable height, shutting out whatever lay beyond, while a small stream ran between both hills, gushing musically, and imitating, in its movements, our own cheerfulness. Pursuing the right course of the stream, we felt considerable interest when our steps brought us to a spot studded with occasional sugar trees. Here we united our voices in the popular air, "Lily Dale," making delightful harmony, to the annoyance of a flock of crows perched on the branches above, which, indignant at our intrusion, flew sullenly off.

We were soon through the woods, when the happy consciousness that 'Squire Dial must be close at hand, lent us additional vigor in pressing forward. Nor were we mistaken; for soon arriving before his gate, we enjoyed a full view of the cottage and garden. A council being called, two were chosen as patres patrati. These preceded us in our approach to the cottage. The 'Squire, however, was in the Sugar Camp; thither we bent our steps, and found him directing operations. Four large kettles full of the
sap of the maple stood suspended over a brisk fire, in front of a rude shed erected for the purpose. The Patres Patrati negociate. We listen with intense interest. The 'Squire is surly, not knowing whether to regard us as friends or foes. His answers are to the following effect:—"The sugar will not be ready for a long time,"—he has "no particular regard for selling it; neither can he let us have anything in the shape of dinner." In fact, he resolved to be churlish. The Patres Patrati, however, are too skilful for him. Money being mentioned, the sugar stands a chance of being done in an hour. By further promises of liberality the prospect of dinner begins to appear. But as this is encroaching on the bounds of Mrs. Dial, the negotiators are referred to her ladyship for a final response. They return to the cottage, and we betake ourselves to various amusements about the grounds. The interview with the 'Squire's wife proved worse than that with her beloved spouse. The embassadors say they had to use all the logic they possessed, pathetic appeals having no effect on her constitution. She declared she had nothing in the house—no meat—no eggs—no bread or butter,—in fact, it was madness for her to think of preparing a dinner. They, on the other hand, replied that what they asked was next to nothing; merely a little bread and molasses! This was so simple an appeal that the tenderhearted woman must have thought she had now an opportunity of doing an act of charity. The Patres Patrati received the assurance of something being ready in the course of two hours. Patience is a virtue, and certainly never was more so than in our cases; however, we had to content ourselves, and live in the prospect of dinner.

By this time the sugar was in a fit condition for taffy pulling; —and now a varied scene took place. In the direction of the fire might be seen half a dozen figures over a steaming caldron, like the witches in Macbeth, clamorously contending for a share of the contents. In another part some were vigorously applying butter to their fingers, while the remainder sat on the banks of the stream holding their taffy pans in the limpid water to cool. None were idle; none less cheerful than the rest; so that, although dinner at first seemed far off, the time of probation was not long expiring, before we found ourselves seated at Mrs. Dials table,—not however, to partake of bread and molasses, as we had anticipated, but of viands capable of surpassing our most sanguine expectations, had we looked forward to anything of the kind. And now as our appetites appeared, our strenth began to return, bringing
with it an additional flow of good humor and wit. The company
began especially loud against the bare supposition that sugar-day
would ever be abolished. Some indeed said it would be an inno-
vation on the rights, perquisites, and privileges of the students.
Others declared that as we had gained more health and good spir-
ts that day than in the past nine months, such a proceeding would
be downright manslaughter. The following healths were cor-
dially drank: "Our revered Alma Mater,"—"Our highly dis-
tinguished and respected President,"—"The Faculty of Kenyon
College,"—"The Ladies of Gambier,"—"Our host and hostess,
—"The Students of Kenyon College,"—finally, "The health of
the Patres Patrati."

Dinner being over, we returned to the Sugar Camp, and com-
menced a series of athletic amusements at once both novel and
laughable. To give you an idea of what kind they were, a rail
was thrown over a large beam crossing the stream, for the purpose
of see-sawing, but two of unequal weight having attached them-
selves to the ends, at the first motion the heaviest went plump into
the stream, while his lighter and more fortunate companion was
sent through a series of gyrations to the opposite bank. One
more circumstance, and I shall have done. It was proposed by
H—— to draw T—— through the stream in a hand car, provided
T—— would perform a similar act of dexterity for H——. The
offer was readily accepted, and T—— having taken his seat, was
conveyed safely over the waters. It now came to T——'s turn
to carry his passenger back; and most composedly did he proceed
to accomplish his task. The car moved on to the pebbly brink,
entered the running brook, and had fully reached mid way when,
alas! in the twinkling of an eye, it came asunder, and landed
our nautical hero in the water. He rose, however, above the
troubled waves, Neptune like, calm and dignified, though dripping
at every garment. This casualty was ascribed to the practical
dexterity of a certain young man, nicknamed Nebraska Bill, who
had been seen extracting the pin that bound the back and front
parts of the car together. A court assembled,—witnesses were
examined,—and notwithstanding that several were found to con-
tradict themselves, the jury returned a verdict against the defend-
ant. He was sentenced to jump the stream where the casualty
occurred, and in case of his surviving this feat, to proceed on a
pilgrimage to the castle of the Kenyonites, and there to remain
until the end of the month, subject to the dominion of King An-
drews.
Thus, in merry sports, our sugar-day glided away. But now the waning hours admonished us of returning. Accordingly we bade farewell to 'Squire Dial and his household, and turned our faces towards Gambier, having encountered on our way neither fiery serpents nor prowling hyenas. Our journey, which at first began with unceasing sunshine, now terminated amid universal contentment.

Editors' Table.

No one, who has, from Sabbath to Sabbath, listened to the eloquent appeals of our worthy Rector Rev. N. H. Semenck, can help saying it is good for him to be here. Harcourt is probably the most important Parish in the State of Ohio—not that it possesses more wealth or influence than others, for this is not the case—but because of the number of young men within its limits. Youthful minds receive and retain impressions readily—hence the need of correct training, morally as well as intellectually—hence the necessity of a Minister, whose virtues are his Heavenly credentials, whose sermons are not lengthy expositions on the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, but those which rivet attention, convince the mind and warm the heart—that in point of force and effect, make one crouch in a corner of the pew, as if afraid the Devil was after him and Death eternal was staring him in the face. Such a preacher is Mr. S.—no eulogium however is needed. Suffice it to say that he charms all who come within the sphere of his influence—that his abilities are more than commensurate with his labors—that he is just the man for the place.

The following is told of one of Kenyon's sons, a youth with comely locks, flowing hair and pubescent moustache, who wishing to recruit his health, shattered by close application, and enjoy the pleasure of new scenes, started forth during the past vacation, as an agent of the Evangelical Knowledge Society. Arriving at the city of Zainsville, while sauntering about town one evening after supper, he was arrested by the Mayor, who mistook him for one of four "jail birds" who had recently escaped from the Licking County Jail. Our friend after some moments convinced the Mayor, that though he may have answered the description in some particulars, yet he was a "White horse of another color." We thought the joke was too good to be lost, and fully verifies the remarks, "That comparisons are often invidious."

Since the late temperance demonstration by our worthy Faculty, whiskey has fallen, bar-keepers look grum, and many bottles have cob-webbed. To you who are visited in dreams by departed cobblers and punchers—who long to live over again the days when old Monongahala was more plentiful than
water, and when Professors, although Clergy, were not very well posted in spiritual matters, we would say, let "bye-gones be bye-gones." If any desire to "get high," let them adopt the following method.

"The sturdy oak full many a cup

Doth hold up to the sky,

To catch the rain, then drinks it up,

And thus the oak gets high—

By having water in its cups;

And so must you and I."

The Goddess of Improvement may, just now, be appropriately termed the Presiding Deity of our beautiful Village. She has transformed the Museum, where heretofore only rats and mice have shown a taste for natural curiosities, into a place well worth visiting. She has brought with her, Apparatus, which cannot but electrify all who behold it. Painters have been her attendants, who, though truthful men, yet art-fully color everything. She has touched Ross Chapel with her magic wand—a very handsome chancel-carpet, aisle-matting, new lamps, new seats, and frosted windows have sprung into life. She has given to "Richard," not "Cœur de Lion," but the "indefatigable," renewed energy, which manifests itself, in fences neatly white-washed and weedless well-gravelled paths. She has led "Jo," who belongs to the great Brown family, to the Theological Seminary, where he has been mending the Students' ways, which were sadly out of repair—a living example of a lame man's assisting those not maimed, in their walk. The Goddess, not content with rickety fences, has been posting about for others, which we hope will prove more durable and ornamental than their predecessors. In fine, every house and door-yard in Gambier bear unmistakable evidences of the Goddess' presence. We hope Fortuna may follow after, and bestow her blessings with a liberal hand.

This year during the past twelve months some improvement has been made in the appearance of our little village Grave-yard, yet as we were wandering through it a short time since, we noticed that the last resting place of some who in former years dwelt within the walls of this Institution, and who here breathed their last, has been most sadly neglected. The tangled grass and weeds cover them, while the tombstone upon which affection had inscribed a memorial to the loved one, has fallen down and lies upon the ground broken and defaced, a sad emblem of how soon we are forgotten by the world around us. They are there who came far from home to seek in a Western College a portion of the rich fund of knowledge, but death overtook them while in the morn of existence, and now they lie forgotten, while even their narrow home is neglected, and are fast becoming, obliterated. Whose fault this is, we do not pretend to say, but it cannot be acknowledged but that it should not be thus, and that some steps should be taken to remedy the evil. It is a duty we owe, so that if the friends or relatives of those departed ones ever come here, they, at least, can have the melancholy pleasure of looking upon the graves of those once near and dear to them, and feel that though they were among strangers, yet still a kind hand ministered to them, and still keeps them in remembrance.
We notice in the last number of the "Ohio Farmer," printed in Cleveland, a piece entitled "Heart and Hand," by Henry G. Perry, and attached are these words, "Written for the Ohio Farmer." The piece was published by us some months ago, as will be seen by referring to our March number. We generally give credit for what we borrow; but the public, by seeing the piece in both, might think we were in the habit of palm ing off borrowed matter for our own. We can only say that we first published the piece, which was undoubtedly written for us. We therefore claim the honor, if any there be due. We hope our brother Editor will rectify this mistake, as he can easily see in what light it is placing us; and if our friends condescend to borrow from our pages, we hope they will condescend to give us credit.

Mr. B. L. Lang, our new Professor of Mathematics, is winning golden opinions from all the Students. He possesses the happy faculty of being intelligible as well as intelligent. May the connection he has formed with his beloved Alma Mater prove as agreeable to himself as to others. We say of it, and none will dissent——"Esto perpetua."

As our "list" is very small, we hope each Member of the Convention will become a Subscriber. This is asked, not because merit belongs to the Magazine, but for the good it will do Kenyon, when once placed on an immovable basis.

We are just in receipt of the Catalogue of Kenyon College for 1855-56, the general appearance of which we think is much better than usual. The progress which Kenyon has made under her new managers, is evident by comparing past Catalogues. The greater number of Students, and the new additions of valuable Apparatus, speak well for her future prosperity. We extract the following:

"During the past year valuable additions have been made to the Astronomical and Philosophical apparatus, the most of it made expressly for this College, and not surpassed in size and efficiency by that of any other Institution. The principal additions were a Plate Electrical Machine, of the largest size, the plate four feet in diameter, and mounted on a rosewood stand; an Air Pump of the first class, likewise mounted on a rosewood stand, together with necessary auxiliary apparatus for various experiments. These two instruments were made for the College by Mr. Rrrurn, of Boston, and are most beautiful specimens of workmanship, and entirely satisfactory in their performance.

A large Achromatic Telescope, 7½ in. clear aperture, equatorially mounted, and moved by clock work, has also been erected, and is sufficiently powerful to exhibit all the principal objects of interest in the heavens. Many donations have also been made to the Geological Cabinet."

Mrs. Grundy positively declares that the Housewives of Gambier were never before so neat and particular—that Husbands were never before more provident, thereby leaving room for a naughty inference. From the number of horses which have been jaded in scouring the country for eatables—from the
“pies and cakes and things,” that make each pantry resemble a military provision depot bristling with masked hams—from the number of beds presenting rank and file a fearful array—beds natural, beds artificial, beds of feathers, beds of straw, beds of corn husks, beds on the floor, beds on lounges, beds on bedsteads, beds up stairs, beds down stairs, beds in drawing rooms, beds in parlors, beds in bed-rooms, beds perpendicular, beds horizontal, beds corner-wise, beds every where—from all these indications of something coming, Mrs. Grundy (who is never loth to speak her sentiments on every subject) thinks the Ministers and Lay-Delegates of the Convention assemble once every year to obtain a week’s board free of expense, with lodging and attentive civility thrown in—the former from bed-views thrown in prodigiously. But Mrs. G., poor woman, in this case is entirely mistaken, though with respect to many things she manifests some judgment and a little common sense. The climax of her remarks meets our hearty approbation—it is this—that by the wise resolve of the Convention to assemble in this place, a marked improvement is visible both in the external and internal appearance of every house—the dust of ages has been swept away, and many changes effected which would not otherwise have been accomplished. Mrs. G., who is the epitome of tidiness and good order, hopes that in consequence of such potent results, the members of the Convention will unanimously vote to meet in Gambier more frequently than in times past.

We acknowledge the receipt of the March and April Nos. of the “Iowa Medical Journal”; also the May and June Nos. of the “Ohio Journal of Education”; and the May No. of the “Ciceronian.” Will our “Ciceronian” friends please send us No. 1, so as to complete our Vol.? We also take great pleasure in announcing to the public the receipt of a copy of “Mason’s Normal Singer,” containing a fine collection of Vocal Music, adapted to Singing Classes, Schools, and Social Circles, published by Mason & Brothers, 108 and 110 Duane Street, New York. Not being much of a musical corps, or understanding much about the nature of “quavers,” “semiquavers,” and “demi-semiquavers,” we are unable to form an opinion of its merits, but if there is any virtue in “love at first sight,” we are inclined to think Musicians generally will be pleased with the work. We will hand it over to some of our musical friends for examination.

We called on Mrs. Partington the other day and requested her to write something for our next number. But she quickly gave us to understand that she did not want anything to do with a paper with which Mrs. Grundy was in anywise connected. When we asked the old lady her reasons, or what she had against Mrs. Grundy, she says, “Reasons? reasons enough! I have enough to make any Maternal Aunt boil with rage. When I sent my Ike to school the other day, Mrs. Grundy’s ignorigenius sons composed on him, and he never existed until to-day. Now, poor soul, he has a racing billiards fever. I’m afraid he will have to go to the Lunatic Silence, if he don’t soon get over this benignant disease.” We left the old lady applying nostrums to Ike’s caput.