AN APOLOGY FOR A POEM.*

BY "ONE WHO WAS A POET IN SPITE OF HIMSELF."

BRETHREN ALUMNI:—I do not question the veracity of the Brother Alumnus, who less than a week ago, for the first time, notified me of an appointment to deliver a Poem here to-day. I must, however, be permitted to impeach the memory (the minute being lost) of those gentlemen who insist upon so distinct, and as they say fortunate (alas! to me most unfortunate) recollection of my appointment. The Secretary of the Association having removed to foreign parts, and there being no accessible record of the fact, I can but think this appointment is some hallucination of these good brethren, and never had a reality. It is beyond the power of my supposed and imputed poetical fancy to conceive, by what enchantment they ever conjured up the forlorn idea of my poetical talents. If in my boyhood I ever aspired to any such honor as this, it is so long since that even the memory of that dream has almost perished. Having passed life's noon-mark, you certainly do not expect me to cherish again those boyish fancies. And I

* The Author of this article was invited by the Alumni of Kenyon College, to deliver a Poem at their annual meeting, July 29th, 1856. No notice of the appointment reached him, until about one week before the meeting. An Apology was presented, instead of a Poem, on that occasion, and has been furnished for publication at the request of the Editors of the Collegian.
hope you do not as yet take me to be in the dotage of my second boyhood. Of this much rest assured, I shall not attempt to-day what, at the best, would only be a poem on stilts.

Only think, now, sympathizing friends, and if there are any sympathies in your hearts the thought must stir them, of sending such a missive as the following, into the study of an over-tasked pastor, on the very eve of dog days, when students and professors are bidding farewell to toil and tasks, to take their vacation of recreation and rustication.

BEXLEY HALL, Gambier, July 21, 1856.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—I take the liberty (a liberty with a vengeance) to remind you (to re-mind me of what I never heard or thought before) that the annual meeting of the Alumni of Kenyon College will be held (D. V.) on Tuesday, 29th July, at 2 o'clock, P. M., on which occasion a Poem is expected to be delivered by you!

I am, Rev. and dear Sir, faithfully and truly, &c.

A nomination for the presidency of the United States could scarcely have been more unexpected! Imagine, now, a modest, unpoetical and prosy sermonizer, dropping his pen in the midst of a discussion of some knotty point of triangular or hexangular theology, and reading the above. Imagine, further, the grave sermonizer eyeing askance that one word, "Poem," which is the front and rear of the offense, in the above letter, and trying by cabalistic art to make it read or spell something within the range of his capacity—something to be accomplished in the brief time allotted. There is, however, no blot or blur upon the word. Its colors are in no wise variable. Its letters retain their fixed collocation. There is nothing misty or phantom-like about it. It is an obstinate thing that will not spell "Sermon," and there it stands, a kind of "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin," which causes the reader's knees to smile together with something less than Belshazzar's terror.

We have heard of Brooks' assault, of Border Ruffianism, Fillibustering, Ballot-Box-Stuffing, and Vigilance Committees, but what to call this assault upon an unoffending clergyman, we know not; unless it be an arrest under some new, self-constituted Vigilance Committee, and the present the sad moment of the prisoner's execution.

A Poem! You might as well ask me to create a star and
hang it in the blue vault of heaven, or to attempt any other impossibility. I am tempted to reply in the language of the King of Israel, when Naaman brought a strange letter to him from the court of Ben-Hadad, King of Syria. The whole scene is quite descriptive of the consternation of your humble servant on the reception of the above letter. "And it came to pass when the king had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, 'Am I a god, to kill and make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore, consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me!'" Surely these brethren seek a quarrel with me; or would use me as the Philistines did a poor blind man of old, when they said, "Call for Samson that he may make us sport." I beg of you, Brethren, tell me, Is this Dagon's Temple? Are you heartless pagan Philistines, who have taken advantage of the supposed blindness of my vanity, and set me here between these two pillars to-day to make sport for you?

A Poem! You might as well call upon the mariner's compass for the hour of the day, the bramble to bring forth grapes, the thistle to bear figs, or the raven to sing a song. There must be some mistake about all this. Certainly, mortal man, in all his proneness to err, never made a more palpable blunder, than when, if they ever did, the whole associated Alumni of Kenyon College mistook the Rev. H. Calhoun for a Poet! Let no man, from this day forth, ever again put confidence in their united wisdom. There is no popish infallibility in their councils.

After an absence of some fifteen years, it is difficult to imagine what lingering memory, what shade or shadow of the man or the past hovers about these hills and groves and streams, which can have whispered such a thought in any ear. I cannot imagine what strange, apocryphal story has been invented or has come down from one College generation to another, in which the present dwellers here have put such entire confidence. Somebody has belied me. Some malicious spirit has played false with these credulous brethren. Neither my antecedents nor consequents, means or extremes, give the least countenance to my arrest here to-day on a charge of poetic phrenzy. If you insist, however, upon this charge, you will
prove it best by the logic of the Western preacher, who, believing in direct inspiration in his work, as some used to do, and not doubting that all he had to do was to open his mouth wide and it would be filled, arose one day in his place, and opening his Bible, he hit upon the following text, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made," which he read, "I am ferfully and wonderfully mad!" From this text, my brethren, we see," he said, "1st. That a man may be mad! 2d. That he may be ferfully and wonderfully mad!"

Little did I suppose there was a thought or memory of myself among these whispering groves, except perhaps of one who once struggled here to complete an education, and eked out a scanty subsistence in the unpoetical duties of Bell-ringer, Sexton, and Chore-boy in general, in behalf of the College and some of the revered Professors. From that day to this I have known, and gloried only in knowing, the cares and responsible duties of my chosen avocation, in which there are few visits of the muse, except in the measured strains of Watts' dear old Psalmody, which we often sing, to cheer us in hours of dejection, or awaken the joy and hope of our final reward when life's work and battle is o'er.

Let me illustrate my anomalous position to-day by relating another story. You are familiar with the name of Dr. Nelson, Author of the "Cause and Cure of Infidelity." He was extensively engaged in his day in Western revivals. In the midst of his labors there was published a series of Letters on Revivals by Dr. Miller, of Princeton, a man who in his duties as a Professor, knew almost nothing of Western Revivals. Dr. Nelson disapproved of the book. On a visit to the East, he was going along a street in one of the principal cities, when he discovered an extensive bookstore. At one side of the door, on a broad sheet, was an advertisement in large letters, "Dr. Miller on Revivals, for sale here"!! At the other side of the door hung a similar advertisement: "Dr. Miller on Revivals, for sale here"!! Nelson passed, surveyed the broad sheets for a moment, then stepped into the store, and addressing the bookseller, said: "Have you the Treatise of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia on the cultivation of Cotton and Sugar-Cane?" "Why—No," said the bookseller, "we have not, and I should think that Nicholas, in the far North, among the
snows of Russia, would not be likely to know much about
that subject, as most certainly he never saw a plant of cotton
or sugar-cane!" "Well," continued Nelson, "have you the
Dissertation of President Boyer, of Hayti, on building Ice-
Houses?" "No," said the bookseller, "and there again I
should think that Boyer, in the West Indies, having never
seen ice, would be a most unsuitable person to write on that
subject." "Ah," said Nelson, turning towards the door, "I
see you have Dr. Miller on Revivals, and I did not know but
you might have those other works. Good morning Sir."

Now the Alumni of Kenyon College might as well expect
a treatise on cotton and sugar-cane from the Emperor of Rus-
sia, or one on ice-houses from the President of Hayti, as ex-
pect a Poem from the over-worked and under-paid clergymen
who are numbered with them. If they were to attempt a
song, I would suggest that it be prefaced with Burns' lines to
a young friend:

"I lang ha' tho'it, my youthfu' friend,
A something to ha' sent you,
Tho' it should serve na other end,
Than just a kind memento;
But how the subject theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine,
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a SEEMON."

Accept then, dear Brethren, will you, this lame, limping,
and by no means poetic, Apology for a Poem, which I have
neither the time or inclination to produce here to-day.

Think of a man's waking up one of these sultry days to
find himself, even in the reticacy of his parish, trumpeted over
the country as Poet at a meeting of College Alumni. Think
too of his being a whole year under appointment and unaware
of the blushing honors, and let your anathema rest on the
head of the undutiful Secretary.

Poet I am not,—not even the son of a poet. Poetry I
have none; but such as I have, give I unto thee. May a
kind Providence watch over the destinies of this dear and
venerable Institution, its President, Professors, and Students;
but especially guide and guard its beloved, but alas! fallible
Alumni, preserve them, now, henceforth and forever, from
again falling into so grave an error, or taking up with so
apocryphal and forlorn an idea as that there is poetry or poeti-
cal ability on the shady or sunny side of that parsonage, on
the banks of the Muskingum, from whence you have called
me to-day.

If these brethren Alumni should ever have occasion for
my future services, I must beg of them, that they will lay on
my shoulders some less Pharisaical burden than the present—
a burden they will not touch with one of their fingers. I
assure you of my most loyal spirit to serve you in any capacity
within the sphere of my ability. But by all that is honorable
and brotherly, do not command me to produce here a Poem,
unless you expect of the Alumni of old Kenyon a power to-
create something out of nothing, in a less space than six days,
and all very good.

Walking once in the streets of New York, I crossed the
path of one who, as he begged a pittance from those passing
by, bore upon his person the brief inscription, "I am blind,"
which told his story of misfortune and want. Behold before
you to-day one whom you have so placarded that he will henceforth be known and read of all as "the man who was a
Poet in spite of himself."

And now, you have heard me patiently to the end of my
story. I trust that you will at least be as charitable and com-
plimentary as the poor woman, shattered somewhat in body
and mind, who made one of my congregation in our County
Infirmary, where I preached an occasional sermon a few days
since. When some one inquired how she liked the discourse:
"Ah," said she, "the gentleman said some things that were
not so as he went along, but then he came out all right in the
end!"

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REQUIEM.

To drum beat, and heart beat,
A soldier marches by:
There is color in his cheek,
There is courage in his eye,
Yet to drum beat and heart beat,
In a moment he must die.
By moonlight and starlight,
He seeks the Briton's camp;
He hears the rustling flag,
And the arm'd sentry's tramp,
And the moonlight and starlight,
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread,
He scans the tented line;
And he counts the battery guns
By the gaunt and shadowy pine;
And his slow tread and still tread
Gives no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave,
It meets his eager glance;
And it sparkles 'neath the stars,
Like the glimmer of a lance;
A dark wave, a plumed wave,
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang,
And terror in the sound,
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,
In the camp a spy hath found,
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,
He listens to his doom,
In his look there is no fear,
Nor a shadow trace of gloom,
But with calm brow and steady brow,
He robes him for the tomb.

In the long night, the still night,
He kneels upon the sod,
And the brutal guards withhold,
E'en the solemn Word of God;
In the long night, the still night,
He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,
He dies upon the tree;
And he mourns that he can lose
But one life for liberty;
In the blue morn, the sunny morn,
His spirit wings are free.

But his last words, his message words,
They burn, lest friendly eye
Should read how proud and calm
A patriot could die;
With his last words, his dying words,
A soldier's battle cry.

From Fame-leaf, and Angel-leaf,
From monument and morn,
The sad of earth, the glad of Heaven,
His tragic fate shall learn;
And in fame-leaf, and angel-leaf,
The name of Hale shall burn!

THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.

[Continued from page 169.]

With a fair and cheering breeze they were soon out at sea, and while Mr. Chase had scarcely time, before being prostrated by sea-sickness, for one happy gaze upon the glorious view of an ocean dotted with foam, Mrs. Chase was wonderfully reviving, rapidly acquiring strength, regaining the happy elasticity and cheerful buoyancy of her earlier days, and as the breeze became a pleasant gale, enjoying with gay spirits the dance of the ship upon the mountain wave and the playful breaking of the ocean into foam. The Bishop remarks in reference to this sudden and highly favorable change in her health—"The bracing benefit of the moist sea air, and the deterring of the sympathies of nature from the lungs to the stomach by the motion of the vessel are very apparent in certain stages of pulmonary complaints. It was certainly so here. She who lately was so languishing under the effect of that wasting disease, was now on a sudden in fine spirits, able to comfort those who had just been ministering to her, cheering all around her by her smiles, and ready and alive to admire the wonders of the deep." This pleasant gale continued two days, and they were rapidly wafted to a calmer sea and milder climate. The Captain made the Island of Abaco in his course, and afforded his passengers the high gratification of seeing both ends of the celebrated "Hole in the Wall." The Bishop writes of this as a great natural curiosity. "It seems," he remarks, "like a grand portal in
the walls of a mighty castle, through which vessels instead of chariots may pass under the vast incumbent rocks. This however is never attempted, for the ships may sail round the head of the mountain and so behold in a short time both sides of this wonderful excavation." The day was delightful when they doubled the interesting promontory of Abaco, saw this great curiosity and enjoyed the agreeable relief from the monotony of the voyage, and the enchanting scenery which this promontory affords. The whole trip from New York to New Orleans, with the exception of sea-sickness which afflicted Mr. Chase whenever the breeze was stiff enough to throw up spray upon the ocean, was delightful. Mrs. Chase continued to improve more rapidly as she caught oftener the softer and more balmy airs of the tropics, and by the time they reached New Orleans she was apparently quite recovered.

Mr. Chase at once entered upon his parochial duties. His congregation obtained the use of the United States Court room and fitted it up for a church. The attendance upon his ministry was every thing to encourage him in his interesting work, and a goodly number of persons of both sexes was enrolled as communicants in the new parish. But he had again to divide his attention between the church and a school. The vessel in which his furniture, library, provisions, &c., had been shipped, was lost upon the coast of Cuba. The captain, crew and passengers, were all saved, but Mr. Chase was suddenly bereft of most, if not all, of what he had husbanded of his hard earnings in his school at Poughkeepsie. The Bishop, in noticing this sad occurrence, remarks—"The writer, in the late disaster, had lost his all. His library, globes and maps, his bedding, clothing, furniture and stores—all were gone; his purse empty, and his salary quite anticipated in expensive lodgings; no resources from abroad, nor in the land from which he came; for at that time there were no benevolent societies nor generous missionary spirit to lift up the drooping hands and strengthen the feeble knees. Under God he had to depend on himself and his own exertions. There, however, was one thought connected with the wrecked and lost vessel, full of inspiring gratitude, as the Bishop himself mentions it, "If he had been left to sail by this vessel, his beloved wife, to all human view, would have perished."
He spent nearly six years in New Orleans, and during most of that period taught a school in addition to the laborious duties of his parish. When, at first, stern necessity compelled him again to take to the school-oor, he was obliged, to be successful, to borrow money and invest it in proper school furniture, &c., and when he had paid this Bank debt and earned furniture for his house and replaced his lost library, he found that his parochial salary was scarcely adequate to his support, and that, at all events, he could save nothing from it to educate his sons. He therefore continued his school. We have heard from various sources that he was an eminently successful teacher. Any one who knew him personally might have supposed that the suavisrer in modo would form but a very small part of his school discipline. Yet, those who knew him well, in that office, speak of him as but seldom harsh, and then only when something very aggravating occurred. He was doubtless a man of strong will and fiery temper, that would snap and flash with anger and resentment, but he was also a man that had the fear of God before him in no ordinary degree, and of a beneficent heart that swelled out with a noble and captivating generosity when the angry flaw had sped its transient course. The cloud as rapidly passed away, generally, as it arose, and notwithstanding that in its transit there was always sharp lightning and loud thunder, yet the balmy sky which it left fully compensated for the terror which it inspired. It was by these bright sunny smiles that the Bishop usually obtained from his boys obedience, hard study and good deportment.

With a brief notice of two or three incidents of his life at New Orleans, which illustrate his character, we shall rapidly pass to the close of that period and to his return to the North.

The greatest difficulty that presented itself in commencing house-keeping at New Orleans, and preparing to take boys as boarders into his family, was the want of domestic servants. "Where," as he writes, "all are owners of slaves, no man can keep house without them. He must own them himself, or hire those belonging to others. The latter expedient was tried by the writer, both from inclination and for the want of means to purchase, but it was found impracticable. No one would hire out good servants; and those of a different char-
actor were not worth hiring. To borrow money and purchase was the only way left, except to give up and quit the country."

Through the kindness of a Doctor Dow, a gentleman from Scotland of high reputation, at the time in New Orleans, the money was obtained and a young slave whose name was Jack, about nineteen years of age purchased by Mr. Chase for $500. This slave and negro boy was remarkably intelligent and active, and made himself exceedingly useful and agreeable in Mr. Chase's family for three months. At the end of that period he shipped on board of the Thomas Jefferson, just ready to sail for Liverpool, and Mr. Chase "never saw him more." Upon this event the Bishop has left the following reflections:

"And here a few reflections suggest themselves. The first is, that all the events of our lives, being under the superintending direction and care of an Almighty and Infinitely wise Creator and Judge, who will make all things work together for his own honor, the utter folly of complaining and fretting at his Providence must be apparent. And yet who is exempt from this folly! The writer at that time, thought it peculiarly unfortunate, hard pressed as he was, on all hands, for means to get on, and do his duty in that expensive place, to be so deceived by a slave. Little did he think how mature reflection on the evils of slavery would heal the wound; and above all, how this event, insignificant in itself, might, in his subsequent life, raise him from deep distress, and be the means, in the hand of God, of greatly benefiting his church, in founding an important institution of religion and learning." The escape of this slave Jack, for the present, from the shackles of slavery, took place in the year 1807, which date it will be important for our readers to remember.

[To be Continued.]

Solon compared the people unto the sea, and orators to the winds: for that the sea would be calm and quiet, if the winds did not trouble it.
THE REVERIES OF AN "IDLE MAN."

HIS REVERY CONCERNING BOOKS.

Good my Reader, (for thus familiarly and affectionately it delighteth me to address thee; suffer it, therefore, I pr'y thee, in that kindness of heart, for which thou art so widely renowned,) did it ever occur to thee that there is such a thing as a sensible, intelligent physiognomy about books? that you can read the character of their contents from the tell-tale countenance which they bear about for your inspection? Perchance to you, this may savor more of reality than of revery; but permit me to ask, are there any greater realities, oftentimes, than the dreams and reveries in which we so much delight to lose ourselves? Verily, I trow not. At all events, I do aver that such at least was the tenor of some wanderings in which I indulged not many nights agone, as easily seated before a blazing fire of hickory, my feet luxuriously resting upon the fender, and leaning back in my exceedingly comfortable arm-chair, at an angle perhaps of forty-five degrees,—(by the way, that chair is just the thing for a Bachelor, which unfortunately the "Idle Man" happens to be, at this present writing; will not some fair maid take compassion on his forlorn condition, during this year, of all others rightly named, the "Year of Grace.") Such I say was my thought, as I cast my eye around upon tomes "of high and low degree," tomes portly and thin, tomes great and small, poetry and prose, history and romance, and congratulated myself upon the many hours of rich enjoyment laid up in store for me within their lids.

Searcely had my self-gratulation ended, when as I looked it seemed as if I read the character of every volume that met my eye; and they were no characters impressed by types upon the gilded back or side, but that expression which we see upon the face of a dear friend, which lays open to us, as it were, his inmost heart, giving us to know its springs of action, its wells of emotion and feelings. Immediately, and unbidden, imagination seized the reins, and ere I was aware, my eyes were strangely charmed. Myriad forms and faces, misty and uncertain, as phantoms are wont to be, filled all the air. Spellbound I gazed and wondered, and yet gazed and wondered,
still. Floating here and there with a peculiar undulation, me seemed occasionally to recognize the familiar features of some whom I had aforetime known. Now all was light, and form and shape assumed a momentary distinctness; and again, ere my mazed faculties could do my bidding, a twilight dimness settled round, and left me in wondering inactitude. Then luminous halos, such as we see in old pictures of the saints, brighter than the noonday sun, and more beautiful than the arch that spans the evening sky, seemed circling around their heads, as they approached and receded, appeared and disappeared, before me. Nor was my ear less charmed than my eye. Sweet sounds of lyre and voice were heard on every hand; accompanying these, swelling as it were on the breeze, were sublimer and more majestic strains. Anon grand chorals, such as in the elder days, inspired the devotions of priest and prophet, kindled my heart. To all, now separate and distinct, and now commingling in divinest harmony, I yielded delighted audit.

No longer was I unconscious of the great, the glorious presence in which I stood. The airy nothings of my reverie beamed in imagination all compact, and shape was given, for the nonce, to that which shape had none. Their golden halos, their laurel wreaths, their sweet-stringed lyres and sounding harps, and, more than all, the glowing strains they sang, gave me to know that the spirits of the seers, prophets, and bards, of a younger and a better world were all around me. Advancing first, with slow and measured step, was Judah’s poet-king, singing the praises of Israel’s God; and, attended by a crowd of lesser lights, wrapt Isaiah with his heart of fire, denouncing woes on people and kings; and mourning Jeremiah, heaven-sent, bewailing Solyma’s desolation. My heart was full; I could but weep with him, and I wept. They passed on and were seen and heard no more.

Listening again, I readily distinguished—

“Achilles’ wrath, to Greece the direful spring,
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess sing,”

and looking more intently, beheld Scio’s blind bard, compelled to sing for dear life those immortal strains in cities which, denying even a crust to Homer, living, fiercely contended for the empty, and to him worthless honor of having given birth
to Homer dead. Following after the Fathers of Poetry, methought I heard and saw many a mercurial Greek, with wreathed lyre and harp in hand, Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho; some crowned with laurels, some with the myrtle and the vine; some chanting hymns to Venus and her son; some to the rosy God, and some again to the fierce God of battle.

But who are these, of buskined foot, the dagger and the bowl in hand? They are those of deathless name, who, in strains scarcely less noble than Homer's own, sang of Alectis' faithful son, of Electra's woes, and the tortures of the bound Prometheus, the victim of the revenge of Gods. I am in one of the largest and most crowded theatres of Athens, the boast of Greece when Greece herself was the glory of the earth. I see tear-drops standing on the lids of the fairest eyes of earth's fairest daughters; I see the look of horror stamped upon the thousand faces around me. A new drama is being played to-night for the first time, to an audience the most acute and exacting in their artistic feelings the world has ever seen. It is a tragedy, the Prometheus Vinctus of Sophocles; and its author, as yet uncertain of its fate, is sitting yonder, pale and wan from anxiety. True he sees what we see, the tear-drop and the pallid horror, but it is not yet ended; and a line, nay even a word, may dash his hopes to earth. At length it is finished; it is successful. Now hear that shout; a mad enthusiasm seizes on all. Tears, tears of joy, course freely down yon pale cheek, as the poet gratefully acknowledges the plaudits of his countrymen. The verdict of this night has been more than confirmed by men of another race and another and far distant generation.

On moves the spectral throng; its music dies away in the distance and is heard no more; while Rome's sweetest singers come to take their place. And first of all comes Virgil, with harp attuned both to pastoral and to epic measures. We could almost swear it is Homer's harp which he holds, albeit less wild in its notes, less martial in its strains. We sit with Tityrus under a spreading beech, and listen to his words as on his oaten pipes he chants the praises of his mistress, or the virtues of his fleecy charge. I saw Maro's humble farm, the teeming fields white to the harvest; and again the lowing herds of kine I heard answering the milk maid's cheery call,
Meanwhile, the aspiring poet has strung his harp anew, and attuned it to lovelier if not more pleasing strains. "Arms and the man, I sing," he cried, lo! the pius Aeneas; the toils and struggles through which, favored of the Gods, he triumphantly passed; and the varying fortunes of a long and bloody war. And Carthage's doating queen, and her sister, Anna; and Trojan and Tyrian; and the secret nuptials; and the storm-tossed sea, are all living before me. Guided by the Sybils mysterious gift, the golden rod, I safely accompany the hero to the dark realms of Orcus; with him traverse the elysium of the blest. Styx' grim ferryman obeys the silent mandate of the rod; while the triple-headed guardian of the dread abode of the damned, and even Pluto himself, the gloomy monarch of this nether world, and his fair queen and attendant ministers, respect the token. With him I hear the counsels of the aged Anchises, and with them both have part in the doings and pleasures of the blest.

My mind, unconscious of the hour, dreams on, and now I am in republican Rome. The vast throng, plebeian and patrician, is hastening to the Senate House. I ask the cause, and am told by one who looks at me in wonder, "Cicero speaks to-day." I give way to the resistless current, and passing the Capitol, and the temple of Jupiter Stator, I enter there, where are settled the destinies of the world. Before me are the Conscript Fathers, who in the purer times of the republic embodied the wisdom of Rome; in their decadence even, venerable for what they were. The orator, second only, if even that, to Demosthenes, is thundering forth Sixth Philippic against the profligate Marius Antonius, the friend of Caesar, and who shortly, while Triumvir with Octavius and Lepidus, inscribed the name of Cicero on the bloody roll of those proscribed after the death of Caesar. Mark ye now the lightning of his eye; surely it seathes the brow of you ambitious reveller, who sits unabashed, lifting high his unblushing front even in the Senate House. But vain is the eloquence of the patriot orator; the republic is doomed; you may read its fate on the lowering brow of Juliius himself; a fatal disease has seized upon its vitals, a disease which is unto death.

The cloud picture changes. It is a beautiful day in Rome. The sun, in all his glory, shines full upon the Quirinal, and
again patricians and plebes throng the crowded streets. Beautiful as it is, it is an evil day for the Republic, for the Ides of March are come. What means that loud, tumultuous shout, as of myriad voices, which rises from the Capital? It is the shout of an unthinking mob, as they behold their consul Caesar coyishly reject the imperial crown tendered him by Anthony. Let us hasten, or we may lose the Comedy which is played to-day; a comedy which shall end, as never did comedy before, in tragedy. "There! there is Caesar! that is he! how gracious he is! how he loves old Rome, and us Romans!" methinks I hear a swart blacksmith saying to his buxom wife or daughter, as the crowd sways to and fro. Yes, that is Caesar, and there too is Anthony; and there, a little to the left, is that Brutus who "slew his best lover for the good of Rome;" and there is Caecilius and Mitellus Cimber, and further on, gazing with lowering brow on the idle pageant, the lean and hungry Cassius. And then, the Angur, ever and anon, the unheeded, exclaiming, "Cesar, remember the Ides of March! the Ides of March remember!" Again that shout; he takes the crown proffered anew, by his officious satellite; another, and now a cry of rage and fury; scarcely has a single "Hail Caesar!" been said, ere daggers gleam, the red blood spouts upon the multitude; "et tu Brute!" he murmurs, and covering his face with his mantle falls lifeless at the base of great Pompey’s Statue. Rome is in a tumult; "burn, fire, slay, kill," is the cry, and while it still tingles in my ears, the vision fades,—and in thought I am in the imperial home of the Caesars.

It is the palace of Augustus, no longer triumvir, but sole Emperor. Its vestibule and ante-chamber are tenanted by poets, painters, and sculptors. Here, too, is Marcellus, the friend and patron of art and letters, and, as he passes to the Emperor’s closet, saluting Virgil by name, and familiarly nodding and bandying a witticism with Horace. The poet of woods and fields, of flocks and herds, has been summoned to read his new poem, and epic, to his royal master. I attend him; I also listen; I hear the sonorous Latin in measured cadence falling from his lips; as he pronounces the last line of the Sixth Book, I read in the eye of the Emperor the approbation his lips only do not express. Happy, for once, for
the world, that a despot’s will saved from destruction one of the two great masterpieces of antiquity.

My fire has burned out, it is extinguished; mine easy chair resumes its appropriate place. My revery is ended.

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**THE WATERS.**

The waters o’er the sands in swift race flashing,
Bearing their great treasures down the dangerous steep,
Round the broad basement of the rough rock dashing,
Lifting its head in strength above the deep.

When their loud wrath is hushed, and bending branches
Charm their strong currents into playful rills,
Light fall their shadows, bright as heaven’s own glances,
And soft their voice as echo midst the hills;

Singing entreatingly in shady places,
Where fairest lilies twine their white arms low;
Striking a treble when the clear wind passes,
And deeper diapason where eddies flow.

Now on the bank, where blowing bud and blossom
Tempt the embrace of purest virgin breast,
They woo soft grasses to their heaving bosom,
And rock themselves into a summer rest.

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**MR. PEPYS—HIS DIARY.**

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**A PROSPECTE OF YE CAVES—WITH A PICKE-NICKE THITHER.**

“*A strange wilde dream! alas, a foaming steede*
Is plungeing madly o’er ye billowy wave,
Bearinge two shrinking forms—sadd sicht indeede!
Faire female forms! no friende neare by to save!
They falle! theyre fate shalle griefinge kinsmen reade,
An ocean grave!

“But loe! by stalwarte arms upborne, they rise;
Two dripping mermen, one on either hand,
Strike boldly out, with flashinge, wat’ry eyes,
Across ye surge to yonder pebbly strande;
They pause! greate Jove bee praised! ye danger dies!
They lande! they lande!”

---

**1856, 5th August, Tuesday.—**To-day did goe by invitation of severalle that bee my neighbours, to a place call’d ye “Caves,” and an old place it bee. It would seeme that it
should never bee reach'd, being soe far and ye roads that goe to it worse than I ever imagin'd roads, and ye waggons crowded to such a degree that respiration bee well nigh impossible—without springs. And to see how ye trees they're roots ranne into ye road, and ye branches, too, over head, soe close that one must bende ye head low or else lose his hatte or her bonnette as ye case may bee.

Did crosse ye creek, w'ch am told to bee named "Owle Creek," and think it an unusual name, as much as 45 times or else 50, and each time the water of it deeper and my patience well nigh extinguish'd. However, some crying out at laste that we be moste there, tooke courage and would have convers'd in a cheerefulle manner with him sitting next to me—but he very deafe or else of a bad temper, w'ch not strange at such a time.

And now ye roads ruggered than before and greate rocks in them up w'ch ye waggons did drive—tho' they bee as steepe as staires, and do make ye very bones to rattle in ye person his skinne. Do think about this time to have been stunn'd thereby, for can remember nothing except sorenesse until one touch'd me on ye shoulder, and then starting up saw that no one bee in ye waggon excepting my selfe, and ye driver taking ye horses therefrom, and many persons they're heads disappeareing behind rocks, as if climbing downe somewhither to a place that could not bee scene from above, and look'd odd. However, seeing all go down, thought best to take ye example, and calling to one below to know if it be safe, and he saying it bee safe enough, w'ch could not but think a strange expression—did slide down to a rock beneath with an anxious heart because of its slipperinesse, and thence to another one worse than ye firste, and see scrambling from ledge to ledge—cutting my hands and spraineing my ancle as welle—did come at laste to ye place where all of ye companie bee met, and very cheerefuller too, w'ch was glad of, but could not enter into ye gayety myselfe at that time, nor indeede much, thereafter.

And now I did firste look at those about me, and was much amaz'd to beholde how many of them bee children—and I do think I had not see noe many children together ever before. And to see, too, how they would run hither and thither over ye rocks as tho' they would dash themselves in pieces!
and they who were theyre parents sitting about as if nothing could come of it, whereas it did seeme to me that numbers must be slaine, and ye bodies of some of them lost in ye cavities of ye rocks that they bee never found, or, at leaste, bee never recogniz'd that it is they, because of ye injuries to them.

Was much annoy'd at ye first, at this thought, but did resolve to regarde it no further, both because theyre kinsfolke, as I have said, did not—and because of ye apparent fruitfulness of ye people, w'ch since it dothe multiply ye number of such children, doth lessen ye value of each as well; and, indeede, this would seeme to be ye cause of suche strange unconcern regarding ye fate of them.

By this time being rested somewhat from ye weariness of ye descent, and most of ye partie wandering away to witnesse ye scenes in other places. I thought to doe likewise and did move about with much caution, tripping myselfe upon logs and stones, and stubbing my toe oft in a painefalle manner. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, continu'd to look about me; and in truth ye precipices amaz'd me greatly by ye bignesse of them and theyre steepenesse, w'ch it made me shudder only to think of climbing suche heightes. Still all did not hesitate to goe up and down them frequently, and one in particular that was remarkeable for ye length of his legges and theyre attenuation—tho' I have slipt ye name of him, but doe remember that he wore a white cravatte—was more conspicuous than any, and did continue to climb hither and thither with ye ladies, pulling them up narrow places and poking them in ye backe and using a sepulchral voice, so as I have never heard or scene anybody doe before or after.

Did wander about for a space to discover where ye caves might bee, but found none, seeing only overhanging cliffs that seem'd dampe and dismalle, and numerous couples sitting beneathe them that convers'd in a low tone and look'd unpleasantly upon me, as if I should have gone another waye. Meeteing one that had beene of our waggon and wore a more kindly countenance, tooke heart to aske where ye caves bee found: whereat he pointed further on to a spotte that was damper and more dark than the rest, and turning thither I did enter, expecting to behold greate expanse of caverne, but going severalle steps between 2 rocks that met above with water
dripping therefrom and an unpleasing smelle—could proceede no deeper, and with difficulty could believe soe contemptible a crevice to be deem'd a cave—tho' it was after tolde me that this bee ye principalle one of all. Also ye cataract was a poore object—and could have damm'd it at ye toppe with my h'dkerchiefe—but observeing ye herbe of wintergreen that it grew neare and that others did picke and eat of it, tasted thereof and liked it more than anything I had yet seen.

And now, hearing many voices crying that dinner bee ready, and all scrambling down like mad and hasting to it—follow'd as quicke as might bee, fearing ye provision not enough for soe many with suche eagernesse of appetite; and drawing near did see ye table to bee sprea'de on ye grass— with little piles of cakes and suche like up and down; but no two of ye same—and children reaching after them. Alsoe ye ladies did have coffee in their laps with bugs in it, and for ye most parte devour'd slices of breade and butter interlay'd with hamme, w'ch was tolde to bee nam'd sandwiches. Ye shocke of this strange scene passing off, obtain'd likewise a sandwich, but not withoute stepping upon severalle of ye children that lay about on all sides and being call'd "wretche" and such titles by ye mothers of them, who methinks oughte rather to have retain'd them at home, or else not to have call'd him names who could appease his hunger only by thus crushing them.

However ye sandwich was a pleasant thing, and should have lik'd another but for ye obstacles in ye way of it—but finding a cake w'ch had been dropt, seized insteade upon that. Could scarce have imagin'd soe much of these things to bee devour'd in soe briefe a space, and in particular could not help observing that one w'ch was a maiden and of faire feature, was rapider in her eating of sandwiches than any—and this was ye more strange inasmuch as she bee of a slender proportion, and would appeare not able to endure soe many. But deare me! to see what a rush was made upon lemonade—and how some did slice up an incredible lotte of lemons—and some did fetch pails of water, and others breake in pieces ye ice, and others stille crowd about whilst it was a mixing as if they had drunke nothing for many days; and yet I could not perceive that any did actually obtaine any, tho' I watch'd them narrowly wond'—
ring at ye mysteriousnesse of it. For after much time pass'd in gazing over each other's shoulders, and balancing on one legge and then another,—they on ye outside would one by one go away with dejection mix'd with astonishmente—and they again that were left in theyre places would soone follow after, even more perplexed than ye firste—and by and by all going off whispering mysteriously under ye trees, excepting him or her that mix'd it—that one would sit aghast over ye paile w'ch ye liquor had been in before, and w'ch it contain'd now only slices of lemon, mistrusting that some supernaturalle agencie had been at ye bottom of it. And this, too, was done not once only but severalle times, with a like conclusion, untill all hav- ing struggl'd to attain of it, but not any successfullle therein, and no one soe bolde as to venture ye further mixture thereof—each did stray away with him or her that he lik'd by them-selves as afore, for to view new rocks, as well as rubbe out ye memorie of this darke termination of ye banquette. Indeed, I was faine to believe that there bee a leake in ye bottom of it—but searching there, presentlie, could find no moisture where it stood, but on ye contrarie greater drynesse than anywhere aboute, and soe am unable to expalaine it, unless it bee a mira-cle, w'ch I should bee slow to believe, hearinge it from any but myselfe, and not quiet soe to doe even then.

Strolling to ye shore of ye streame neare by, w'ch I have said before to bee nam'd Owle Creeke, stretch'd myself on a flat rock in ye shade, as a turtle just below had done before, for to sleepe, wondering how how it would all end and why it had beene call'd "Caves," but more especially what is ye cause that soe many doe come hither to enjoy themselves—and that, not once in theyre lifetime or even annually, but cache week or thereabouts, as I am tolde to be ye case.

Was soe luckie as to pass into slumber, waking up when ye afternoone be half spent, but inconsiderably refresh'd thereby, and lame in ye back, as well as sunburned.

Ye sound of many voices higher up ye streame drew me thither, and soone came upon an odd scene, for that ye whole companie, for ye most part, were spread out upon ye banke together, sitting and lying in every posture that could be imagin'd, and looking idly down at some, both male and female, that cross'd below to ye other shore, laughing as tho' it were
high sporte, w'ch mayhap it was. Still if ye ladies did hope to seeme gracefull, I could not regarde them soe, for it was suche riding as I do not know to have ever scene, or would wish to see againe; and as for ye men, theyre performance was not much better either, if at all. They persever'd in it th'o', crossing and returning for nigh 2 hours, until all ye younge women had pass'd over that wish'd to bee taken, and some others that were not younge but liked also to be soe taken—and it did seeme that it would continue untill ye night should fall or else ye horses. However, more horses being fetcht, ye game reviv'd, and in ye words which ye poet hath it,

"All wente merrilie,
As to ye nuptiall altar goes ye marriage belle,"

until a sad mishappe befell 2 that would have cross'd upon 1 horse togethether, and that were bothe ladies, and ye saddelle a male saddelle. But ye animalle, for that he was nuns'd to carry double, having come 10 feete or thereabouts from ye opposite side, did commence to hoiste up his backe behind, and thruste out his legges in such a measure that she w'ch was nearest to ye tail of ye horse, and withete ye saddelle, begun to slide sideways, holding tightly upon ye other her waiste. And she, too, lost her holde thereat, but gradually, and soe, little by little, were they scene to settle down like a vesselle that hath sprung a leake and cannot be stopt. But, good Lach! to see what a splashe they made when they did at last go under—and what haste theyre gallants were suddenlie in to serve them when it was all over—and how ye horse did exercise himselfe after he was thus reliev'd of them, and what a queere plight they were in when they rose to ye surface and were borne backe again to ye shore! In truth I at firste fear'd, seeing nothing but a masse of wet clothes as tho' dropt from the washerwoman's tubbe, lest ye that they were in them had been swept out by force of ye water and borne downward with ye currente, but looking again behelde them to bee still there and plainly unharm'd, w'ch made me gladde. But when they were come to ye banke and steode dripping and forlorne as if there were no more energy nor virtae in them, all those about me set up suche a laungh that I was faine to put my fingers in my eares to shutte out ye violence of it, tho' I could not but join
thorin my selfe, for indeede it was a drolle spectacle and one to remember till you doe come to die.

And now ye question sprung up what should bee done with them, for that they were still on ye other side and not willing to adventure again upon ye horse his backe; but at laste going further up, togetheer with ye youths that had rush'd after them, being in scarce better case themselves, they did wade acrosse where ye waters bee shallower and they should not bee scene of ye reste of ye partie—and soe, clambering up ye rocks and hasteing to a house neare by, they did dry theyre garments as far as possible and starte straightway home thereafter. Inquiring who they bee that had suffer'd thus, was inform'd that one bee call'd "Pattie Coates," and ye other one "Turvey," with her Christianne name "Topsy," or like to that, w'ch I think to bee both odd names to heare.

The merriment that was rais'd by all this having for ye most part spent it selfe, some said that it bee time to goe, but ye sunne being yet high, others thought it wise to stay still longer—and they getting togetheer in knottes, as in ye morning, would sing ballades with greate sweetness of voice, and by and by would debayte concerninge bookes and authors, more especially of ye female sorte, showinge greate thoughtfulnessse and deepnesse of insight into these matters.

However when they did at laste ende and make as if to goe, I could not say with truthfulnessse that I would prefer to doe otherwise, tho' it had been soe pleasant and profitable to listen to them; but was ye rather eager to bee at home again and out of sight of these precipices w'ch it was a wearinesse to see, as well as to clamber over, soe often.

Did think ye ride backe to bee worse than in coming, but noticing one that drove in a buggie with 2 horses in it, and was not able to passe by ye waggons because of ye narrownessse of ye roads and ye drivers whipping theyre horses whensoever he attempted it, was much entertained at his discomfiture, for that he had plainly thought to made a greate dash and stirre up ye envy of them that were soe jolte in ye waggons. Did keepe him behind in this way, covering him and ye young la-die that was in his companie with ye duste of our wheeles, for ye beste part of ye ride home, w'ch was rare sporte, tho' I did afterwarde hear of his saying that suche conducte bee very ill-
MEMORABILIA KENYONENSIA.

[Oct.,

to balance ye humor of it, w'ch may be soe or not, but methinks he must know little of men nor women either, that fancies such a thought as this to have any weighte with them.

At laste at home, and very gladde to have reach'd it safely, but my wife in a marvellous bad temper because of not being able to goe herselue, w'ch was lucky for me that she had not been able—and soe did swallow a hasty supper and goe straigthe to bedde, and, my wife still scoldeing, to sleepe as quicke as, might bee, w'ch was not long, for it had been a weary day and my bones very sore.

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

It were hardly right to send forth this the first number of our Magazine issued since Commencement, without some notice of that interesting, though by no means recent event. The "distance" which "lends enchantment to the view," may perchance favor a retrospective glance. The hot beams of a July sun then pouring down may be mellowed by the milder shining of October. Commencement week is always the most interesting of the year. Not because at that time critical Examiners, with bent brows and pursed-up lips, assemble in greater numbers to torture nervous Freshmen, whose frightened mien and hard-held breath, show proof of martyrdom. Not because the blushing honors of a higher form are bestowed upon aspiring youth, aching to don the new found title ere the fitting time. Nor even that the well packed trunks filled with undarned hose, buttonless shirts, and text books doomed to lie unopened till return, speak of a journey homeward. But rather for the reason, that it is a time of welcoming back old students, and bidding farewell to those about to leave.

Kenyon may well be proud of the affection of her children. Wherever their lot may be cast, they look back with unceasing love to their Alma Mater. This is evinced by the frequent pilgrimages made from far distant climes. The halo of delight
overhanging the Mecca of the Mohammedan, surrounds Kenyon in the memory of her Alumni. They wander back after sometimes years of absence, to gaze upon the scene of youthful pleasures. The massive building, unyielding to the ravages of time, stands with open doors to receive them. The same noble oaks beneath whose shade they studied and reclined, still spread their branches, looking no older than before. The winding paths leading to scenes of beauty through forest, by gushing springs, or on the Kokosing's bank, lie undisturbed. Benches, whereon, in intervals of classic rendering, or mathematical demonstration, were carved huge initials with date affixed; rooms where midnight oil was burned, many a joke cracked, and Bachelor's revery indulged; the old bell, once rousing the dreaming slumberer to shiver off to prayers,—all speak to the old student of the days than which none were ever happier. Whilst in these inanimate, yet suggestive objects, there is no change, the well known faces of College mates are replaced by those of strangers: yet, not long strangers, for it takes less time in our College world to make acquaintances than in the brawling, suspicious world without, especially when Society bonds bring the graduate in close communion with the present members. For these Societies occupy no small space in the pleasant reminiscences of College life. The rostrum where once, lisping with infant lips, courage was at length gained to roar like a lion,—the place where the maiden sword was first fleshe in the fierce war of argument; the stormy discussion, harsh invective, rousing appeal, as well as kind interchange of courtesy and good will, are all brought vividly to remembrance when once more sitting in the old Hall.

But "what in the world has become of Commencement?" our impatient reader may exclaim. All in good time, dear friend,—we have been walking with the Returned nearer and nearer, until now we have arrived. Our Commencement at Kenyon, be it known to all who may be ignorant of the fact, occurred on the 30th of July last, and a most delightful day it was. Delightful over head and under foot. Old Sol hid his ruddy face most of the time behind opportune clouds, occasionally bursting forth with dazzling radiance. The pebbly walk, no longer baking in the heat, afforded a cool pathway.

Early on this auspicious morning, soon after breaking fast, the folks began to flock College-ward. Some with solemn step and slow, as befitted their high station; some hastily, with important business stamped upon their anxious brow; others loiter-
ing with listless step, watching the preparations. At length, the classes having been assigned positions; the dignitaries placed in posts of honor; the citizens, of high and low degree, allotted room; and the Marshals duly stationed; the command went forth, and the procession began its march in the following order:

**SANDUSKY YAGER BAND.**

**CITIZENS.**

**STUDENTS OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.**

**STUDENTS OF KENYON COLLEGE.**

**THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.**

**FORMER STUDENTS AND ALUMNI.**

**SENIOR CLASS.**

**CLERGY.**

**EXAMINING COMMITTEE.**

**TRUSTEES OF COLLEGE.**

**THEOLOGICAL FACULTY.**

**COLLEGE FACULTY.**

**BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE.**

Having reached Rosse Chapel, where the visitors had long before commenced assembling, and where were strong men appointed to guard the door and keep out babies, and polite men to seat the ladies and preserve order, all were soon arranged to await the great event of the day. The feast of reason consisted of the ensuing

**ORDER OF EXERCISES.**

**ORE LEGE, CORDE CREDO.**

**MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.**

Greek Salutatory,

The American Physician,

**Nationality in American Art,**

The Light of the Dark Ages,

Christian Patriotism,

Opposition the Test of Genius,

The Statesman the American Hero,

The Want of a National Poetry,

Science Directs, Labor Executes,

Decision of Character,

Know Thyself,—with Valedictory Addresses,

**MUSIC.**

F. D. Tunnard, Baton Rouge, La.

D. D. Benedict, Norwalk, O.

**MUSIC.**

W. H. Tunnard, Baton Rouge, La.

T. M. James, Cincinnati, O.

**MUSIC.**

G. F. Dawson, Brownsville, Pa.

O. S. Penny, Gambier, O.

**MUSIC.**

J. E. Hamilton, Frankfort, Ky.

R. L. Gante, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**MUSIC.**

J. T. Sterling, Cleveland, O.

F. D. Tunnard, Baton Rouge, La.

**MUSIC.**

G. T. Chapman, Cleveland, O.

**DEGREES CONFERRED.**

**MUSIC.**
Being opposed to invidious comparisons, as well as indiscriminate praise, a critical comment upon the above orations will not be attempted. Suffice to say, that all did well, and some excellently well. No failures of any kind marred the exercises of the day—the only detraction at all worthy of note was our President’s illness, which all deeply regretted. The speeches, the music, the order, were deserving of high commendation. The presentation of Diplomas was very impressive. And the assemblage of lovely ladies, and noble scholars was worthy to grace any occasion, however exalted.

In the afternoon an able and brilliant lecture was delivered before the Literary Societies by Rev. Mr. Nicholson, of Cincinnati, which closed the day “whose low descending sun” was to mark the end of one phase of life to many, who with the morning light were to enter upon a more practical career.

That the future course of each member of the Class of ’56 may be as successful as their Commencement day, is the hearty wish of all who knew them, and valued their genuine worth.

In the graduating Class of 1856, the first honor was awarded to Mr. G. T. Chapman, Cleveland, Ohio; the second honor to Mr. F. D. Tunnard, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

KENYON COLLEGE CALENDAR—AS CORRECTED.

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Editors' Table.

WE are really standing as actors upon the Editorial Stage, and about to make our debut! The scenery is strange, the footlights dazzling, and the green-room mysteries as yet unknown. Before us the great auditory of critics scan every movement and wait with impatience our first bow. How, dear reader, shall we regulate the genuflection? By rules of Oriental etiquette or Parisian politesse? Whether with arms extended, heads bent, and beards (of course all Editors have beards) sweeping reverently and low; or in the graceful and dainty abandon of a French dancing-master? For ourselves, we are somewhat inclined to adopt the principle of the ancient Thales who said, "that life and death were all one."—A person present asked, "Why do you not die then?" Thales said again, "Because they are all one." So in the present case, believing the manner "all one," we leave our readers to imagine each Editor making a profound obeisance.

Now the preliminary ceremony of introduction over, the play begins. Whether we shall prove equal to the "high tragedy parts" remains to be seen. This question occurred in a recent reverie upon our new career. We could not but look back upon other brethren of the pen who had acted their brief part and disappeared. History records the failure of some, the misery of others. Did not Chatterton commit suicide, and Goldsmith live on gruel? How sad the train of meditation, so devoid of encouragement! Yet, thoughts soon flashed upon the mind of those great lights in the past of literature, whose rays shine not only upon us, but cast a bright reflection even into the future. We rejoiced at the suggestion, and went to sleep! We dreamed; and thought we saw one of the great lights, even Samuel Johnson, the Doctor. Full of anxiety for the Collegian, we grasped him with might and main by the collar, and made a lantern of him to penetrate the darkness of the mysterious hereafter! A fearful time we had forcing the crabbed, knotty old fellow into proper shape to concentrate the light upon the bull's-eye; but we did it! and what an array of strange coactors with us rose to view! Poets, whose eyes rolled with frenzied violence; Scholars, with heads buried in hands, in deep abstraction; Wits, with one eye closed and most knowing mouths,—Forms indescribable; Shadows undefinable, flitted to and fro. We gazed in admiring wonder upon our host of auxiliaries, until the Doctor burned out, and we awakened to a realization that we were in the present, and the first number of the magazine yet unprepared! So, dear reader, the question still remains open, as to our ability to fill the "higher walks;" but if the dream prove true, and all those showed us by the Doctor really become our coadjutors, we feel no fear, and shall nail our colors to the mast-head.

So long a time has unavoidably elapsed before we are able to present a notice of the last College Examinations, that the opinion we then formed of their merits in particular, has been well nigh effaced; the change of scene into which we hasten at the end of the term, is sufficient to account for this. We cannot, even at this late period, refuse making a few general remarks, without any special mention of merit. During the past history of the Institution, it has been usual to hold the three annual examinations in what is called the Philosophical Apartment, a place to be remembered by inexperienced under-
graduates as one surrounded by academical terrors and presided over by learned officiaries whose opinion was fate; by members of the first classes as a place notoriously unsuitable and inconvenient, where the tendency of every arrangement was to make the student uncomfortable, and by destroying his case, render it impossible for him to have that command over his attention which is necessary to success. That these feelings were natural, will appear when it is recollected that this Apartment is by no means of large dimensions, that it contains a variety of philosophical apparatus, a long table to support profound dead authors, seats for the living learned and unlearned, and in addition, that a large audience are supposed to find convenience for remaining several hours in succession.

The attention of the authorities has been lately called to these grievances, the Philosophical Apartment has been closed, and the basement story of the College Chapel opened for the summer examinations. This hall, although very low—a fault common to such rooms—is of considerable length, and afforded space more than sufficient for the numbers assembled.

As we observed the pale pillars running through the center, the paler walls supporting lamps sympathising in color, the official table piled with dingy volumes, overshadowed on one side by a stately pillar, and on the opposite side surrounded by a large semi-circle of venerable scholars inflexible in feature and intent upon the page, the five dull black-boards, prophetic of tremblings, placed at a judicious distance in front of the learned elders, forming a second half-circle, similar to theirs in appearance and general effect; the low, deep windows casting on the sable group (men and boards) the dimmest, wintry light over adulterated in passing from the glorious sun through a miserable pane of glass, the student advancing to the aforesaid table with the dingy volumes upon it—a pallid picture of anxiety,—the momentary suspense, broken by the examiner's loud voice announcing the portion to be read, then a faint murmur as of some one reading a dreadful passage to himself which alarms him as he proceeds, (he would be a remarkably bold young fellow who, under such restraint, in the face of an inquisitive assemblage looking their hardest into his eyes—what matter if they were capable of seeing into his mind, would read as loudly as one might wish,) the short and pointed questions of the examiners—(at this juncture every one present has the ridiculous liberty of being an examiner)—and the equally precise answers of the student, all this was so much like clock-work and the surrounding atmosphere so restrained and oppressive, that the scene reminded us of certain historic paintings of the Inquisition, which we cannot look back upon to this day without feeling uncomfortable and indignant.

This system of viva voce examination in the presence of a mixed assemblage, is opposed to the very object for which all examinations are intended, viz.: to draw out the student's knowledge, more truly, this starts it out, or chases it altogether away; the student has but little command over his mind, he is laboring to seem at ease, his appearance troubles him, and the skill by which he shines in private recitations utterly forsakes him. What design is there in public viva voce examinations? It cannot be to enlighten the audience; the illiterate never frequent such places, and the learned are already possessed of what is said. Is it to draw a crowd to the College grounds? Do not Commencement exercises effect this, and is not the progress of enlightenment quiet? Perhaps it is to display to those who need opportunities of knowing, the con-
dition of learning in the Institution. We shrewdly suspect that this is the reason, but the means neither justify nor secure the desired end; they produce confusion, and what is destructive to every enquiring young mind, the want of that consciousness which gives a man honest trust in his capabilities, they are opposed to the laws of our nature, and particularly to the credit of the professors; fortunately their reputation rests not on such miserable shows; the accuracy of study in private, and the student's career after departing from the learned cloister, are their testimonials. After all, how little can the inquisitive public know of the patient investigation and honorable advance in study, which goes on through each term! Truly, the progress of enlightenment is quiet.

With satisfaction we hear it whispered, that the examinations will hereafter be conducted in writing: We have been long expecting this, and hope that it will not be abandoned as being unpopular and therefore impracticable. This latter system alone can do every man justice; the slow of speech will by it be placed on equal terms with him who is blessed (or cursed) with vulubility; the elegant translator will be provided with the only appropriate means for evincing his talent, and the rudest composer, if he knows anything of the language, can, at least, render a literal translation.

The announcement that Francis Wharton, Esq., of Philadelphia, was appointed to the Professorship of Belles Lettres in Kenyon College, gave universal satisfaction and excited considerable hope that the interest in this department of study which had unavoidably been suffered to abate, would, upon his succession to the chair, be renewed with increased vigor. At the opening of this term, the Professor was punctually at his post, and commenced his pleasant duties by delivering a course of lectures on the early history of the American Colonies. The very full attendance of the public on this historical series, must have been most encouraging to the learned lecturer, since, in addition to the stated and well-received instruction of undergraduates, it gave him the grateful opportunity of affording a refined recreation to our cultivated friends on this classic hill.

Upon intermediate days private Law Lectures are delivered before the Senior and Junior classes. The interest manifested in this science by the entire class, including even those who are not contemplating law as their profession, shows how expansive are the elements of each branch of polite learning to find sympathy with minds of every texture, when that branch is in the hands of an able and enthusiastic professor.

We commend to the consideration of our contemporaries, the following extract from Christopher North's Noctes Ambrosianae, premising that we heartily concur therein:—

"Nothing amuses me more than to see Magazines—which after all, are not living beings, but just so many stitched sheets of letter press, going to loggerheads and becoming personal. Up jumps one Magazine, and plants a left-handed lounge on the bread basket of a neighbor. That periodical strips instant, a ring is formed, and the numbers are piping hot as mutton pies. Can anything be more ridiculous? Another Magazine on the other hand is a Corn-
thian and vont show fight. All I mean is that Magazines ought not to quar-
rel; there are snuff dealers and pastry cooks now for us all; and a sale will
be found for us all at last."

Christopher was a man of large heart!

Died—At Bloomsburg, Pa., on the 18th of July, 1856, in the 22d year of
his age, FRANKLIN THORNTON, a member of the Freshman Class in Kenyon
College.

Never were we more deeply impressed with the truth that "in the midst
of life we are in death," than when the above sad intelligence reached us. It
seemed almost impossible to realize the fact that he who was so lately in our
midst, lithe and active of frame, and rejoicing in the strength of his young
manhood; that he whose vigorous step, whose cheek glowing with health,
whose spirits, ever buoyant and cheerful, seemed indicative of a long and
happy life, was dead.

Mr. Thornton was, near the close of the month preceding his death, seized
with a hemorrhage of the lungs, and although this was speedily checked,
yet a fever immediately set in, which baffled the utmost skill of his medical
attendant. A fortnight before his death, he was removed from Gambier to
his home, where, surrounded by his affectionate relatives and friends, he
calmly, and with a firm reliance upon his Redeemer, fell into that sleep which
shall know no waking until the last great day when the grave shall give up
its dead.

He had been pursuing his studies at Kenyon, with a view to entering the
sacred ministry, and had he lived, he would no doubt have proved an earnest
and faithful laborer in the vineyard of his Lord and Master.

Of Mr. Thornton's distinguishing characteristics, it is hardly necessary for
us to speak. Few who knew him, will soon forget his manly bearing, his
bold independence of spirit, his upright deportment, ever consistent with his
Christian profession, or the ready zeal with which he engaged in everything
which could conduce to the happiness and welfare of those around him.

He was a generous and high-minded friend, one who could remember a
kindness and forgive an injury, one to whose frank mature, dissimulation and
deceit were wholly foreign.

And though the grass may wave over his lowly habitation, we know that
his spirit is with God; though his body may crumble into dust, yet his mem-
ory will long linger in the hearts of those who knew him and loved him.

Though the messenger came suddenly upon him while in the full vigor of his
youth, yet it found him with his lamp trimmed and burning, ready to go forth
to meet the Bridegroom.

The following preamble and resolutions, passed by his Classmates on the
receipt of the intelligence of his death, express their respect for his character,
and their sorrow at what may well seem to us, his too early departure:

"WHEREAS, it has pleased God in His providence, to remove by death our
esteemed friend and class-mate, FRANKLIN THORNTON, of Bloomsburg, Pa.,
Therefore be it

"Resolved, That while we bow with humble submission to the will of
Him 'who doeth all things well,' we deeply lament the loss of one bound to
us by so many ties of association and friendship.
Resolved, That by his early death we feel that we have lost a generous and high-minded friend, an humble and sincere Christian brother, and one of whom, from his talents and character, we had formed bright hopes of future prospects and usefulness.

Resolved, That to his afflicted relatives and friends we offer our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of trial.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for the deceased, we wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and published in the Western Episcopalian and Bloomsburg Democrat. By order of the Class,

W. C. Reynolds,
Walter Scott,
J. K. Hamilton

Is there a spot in which the Seasons seem to be especially identified in our minds with every beauty of sight and sound, where the early Spring flowers and grass shoot up most promisingly; where Summer's rose and lily and twining vine display their elegant weakness to nice advantage, close by the strong oak; where Autumn's shifting light floods richest pasturage, and in the woods subdues the heart of beauty with her charm of shade, soft melting into shade, that spot is the spacious Park surrounding our College—itself harmonizing with the landscape. If you are a painter, awake to behold the early sun traversing the Eastern valley, wherein is deposited the wealth of honest industry, until he reaches the summit of the hill and crowns our spire with his diadem, shedding on our walls and windows the same beams with which he blesses the least and greatest nations. Or at evening, see him pour his radiance through the broad chancel of our silent chapel, still looking towards that quarter of the heavens where he rose, and think that so he shines where Chaucer sleeps and Milton's night is becoming day. If you are a poet, study our heavens, which are ever creating new forms of blue and white, and which never frown but to enrich. Lie beneath our waving woods and hear the clear wind blow from the Western hills, how all things around you answer to its call, and the sweet air is ripe with health. If you are a wise man, see God in all this; if an honest man, worship and adore Him.

The changing leaves, cold mornings, and short evenings, foretell the near departure of Autumn, and the approach of another Winter. Last year's winter admonishes us that future long nights should be enlivened and made instructive to the students and the public; to the latter especially, for the former are always necessarily employed. No better method can be adopted, and none more desirable, than the delivery of weekly lectures. Public interest is already awake, expectation is directed towards the College; while here, the students look to the Professors. We hope that none of us will be disappointed.

The Philomatheıan and Nu Pi Kappa Libraries are at present in a most prosperous and attractive condition. At the opening of this Term about 200 volumes of valuable works were presented, among which were—De Quincy’s Works, Noctes Ambrosianae, Tennyson's Works, McIlvaine’s Truth and Life. Every year adds to the usefulness of these departments of the College. These Libraries are open to the public on Wednesday and Saturday of every week, from 1 to 3 o'clock, P. M.