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WHAT AND HOW TO READ.*

Our friend and classmate, Harry Makebelieve, has the reputation of being the most extensively read man in College. Even so far back, we remember, as our Freshman year, he used to astonish us not a little by the perfectly cool and matter-of-course manner in which he hinted at the almost incredible number of authors with whom he was acquainted. He had read Rollin before he was twelve, and had finished Hume and Smollet long before he was fifteen years old. Gibbon and Niebuhr had been mastered almost as soon. Of his reading in the boundless field of general literature, it would be in vain to attempt a catalogue. He had read the whole of Shakspeare and Milton, and all the best pieces of Goldsmith, Johnson, Cowper, Thompson, Lamb, Addison, Dryden, Pope, Chaucer, Young, Keats, Shelley, Bryant, Longfellow and Irving. You could scarcely name a work of Fiction which he had not at least looked into. Not a line of Dickens, Scott, Bulwer, Thackeray, Cooper, and a host of other writers of more or less note, but had been devoured by friend Harry. Not a volume

upon the shelves of his Society Library, but had been examined by him, if by no one else. There was one circumstance, however, in our friend's case, which, about the beginning of our Sophomore Year, forced itself upon our attention, and, at first, caused us no little perplexity. It was this: with all his reading, Harry Makebelieve never quoted anything. He could not converse intelligently about what he read. In fact, he seemed to know nothing of any book, save its title. Ask him who was the founder of the Babylonian empire, and he looked puzzled in a moment. Inquire about Alexander's successors, and you needed no second glance to inform you that he was floundering beyond his depth. Ask, for information, whether it was not Philip, king of Macedon, who rode the wonderful horse Bucephalus, and who shot Alexander the Great in the right eye, with a poisoned arrow bearing the inscription, "Alexander, thou art a man!" and he would tell you he was under the impression that it was, though it had been so long since he last looked into Rollin, that he had forgotten the particulars. Turn the conversation upon events of more recent occurrence, and he seemed equally at fault. He could not tell whether the Northmen came over to America before or after Columbus. He was not quite certain, in fact, that they did not come over in the same ship with him. He hardly knew whether it was Pizarro who had Montezuma burnt at the stake, or whether—as seemed extremely probable—the "Last of the Incas" had not tortured both of these gentlemen, in hope of wresting their treasures from them. He thought it not at all unlikely that the Spaniards had succeeded in finding El Dorado, though not having read a line of American history for several years, he would not speak positively as to the fact.

The truth of the matter is, Harry has read more books than any other man in College, and yet is absolutely ignorant, so far as the subject-matter of his reading is concerned. He has read hastily, and with no attempt at choice or systematic arrangement of subjects, a confused and jumbled-up mass of History, Fiction, Biography, and Poetry; and if his object has been to "get through" the greatest possible number of volumes in a given time, he has certainly met with abundant success. But as the idea of exercising his thinking faculties
seems never to have crossed his mind, he has generally managed to forget the contents of the first half of any book, long before he has completed the second.

But we beg the reader's pardon for the personal tone of our remarks. We are far from wishing needlessly to expose the weakness of any of our friends, especially of so amiable an one as Harry Makebelieve, and, therefore, we will take our leave of the individual, and pass on, at once, to the class—a pretty large one it is too—of which he may properly be considered the representative.

We believe it to be a fact well established, that there are few, correspondingly, who, by the time they reach the descending part of the path of life, or, a little more metaphorically speaking, by the time their sun has passed the meridian, do not sometimes sigh over the years that are gone, and exclaim (or at least think) that had they their lives to live over, they would in very many respects act more wisely. Literary men (we mean men who have aught to do with books) have always, so it seems to us, been especially loud in expressing their regrets over mis-spent time, and their neglect of proper care in the prosecution of their studies. You will not find one scholar in fifty, who, if his own representations are to be believed, might not have arrived at an hundred fold greater distinction, had his early reading been properly attended to, and arranged with reference to some fixed and definite plan. We are disposed, however, to receive these declamations with some caution. We are much of the opinion that this same "hap-hazard" course (if course it may be called) of reading, of which so great complaint is made, has, in not a few instances, had much to do in forming the character of the individual in question. Good orthodox Will Shakspeare tells us that "there's a divinity which shapes our ends," and we are more than half inclined to believe that this "divinity" it is, and not blind chance, which throws the New England Primer, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and Robinson Crusoe, in the way of certain youths, destined thereafter to be great, and we have no business to complain that in their boyhood they were not so fortunate as to have access to a great Library. The chances, in our humble opinion, are, that had the early reading of these men been directed by a college of Deacons and Schoolmasters,
the world would have never so much as heard their names. Genius will not work altogether by rule, and, ten to one, if forced to submit, for any length of time, to the checking influence of leading-strings, it will die out. Still, it must be confessed that a great deal of precious time is wasted, and great positive injury often done, by means of improper reading. Few of us follow anything like system in our choice and perusal of books, and few there are who will not have just cause, hereafter, to regret that such has been the case. It is the remark of one of the thoughtful writers of Germany, that "men everywhere read enough, but think too little." A majority of persons, we venture to say—comprising the "class" alluded to above, and of which we gave Harry Makebelieve as the representative—read without stopping to inquire whether the mental food of which they are about to partake, is such as they can or will digest. As a consequence, their minds are filled with a confused mass of material, which, had care been taken, might, indeed, have formed a noble structure, but which, in its present condition, can be regarded only as so much rubbish. Hence, not only do they find that the information which they have collected is of no practical use whatever, but they further discover, and to their sorrow, that besides being no assistance to them, it serves actually to clog the wheels of thought. *What and how to read?* then, becomes a question of no little practical importance.

This question is answered (very satisfactorily, too, we think,) in the volume before us. The writer, while, like a sensible Englishman, he takes the ground that "every person has his peculiar curiosity, on attending to the dictates of which his memory and improvement depend," and that a person's reading must be directed, in great part, by his own natural taste and inclination, yet stoutly argues the advantage and positive necessity of a systematic and definite "course," in order to insure success in any calling or profession. He agrees with Dr. Johnson in believing that "in the choice of books, a man ought to follow his own inclination," and that "what one reads as a task will do him little good," but at the same time holds that it is possible to pursue a *regular plan of study* "which will demand no rigid adherence, but allow full latitude, as the Doctor goes on to require." We think our
author's position is the true one. Dr. Johnson was a wise man, and his ideas in regard to reading, like nearly all his other ideas, were in the main correct. But we must distinctly understand that his advice here given was not intended for the 

**Harry Makebelieve class** of readers. A taste for reading, like that for many articles of food, is an acquired, not a natural one, and before following its dictates, we would do well to assure ourselves that it is not a vitiated one. A man, as we are credibly informed, may, under certain circumstances, become extremely fond of **snails**, but neither Dr. Johnson nor any one else would advise a person who from necessity,—say, from having been cast ashore on some uninhabited island, in the middle of the Atlantic,—had acquired such an appetite, to continue eating reptiles all his life. No more would he advise a sentimental **boarding-school Miss**, who has never read anything but sickly romances, or a thoughtless **Sophomore**, whose reading has been a confused and heterogeneous compound of History, Fiction, &c., &c., to follow their own inclination. **Inclination** would, in the case of one, lead to an unlimited perusal of "wishy-washy" novels, and of the other, to a driveling, desultory course, almost equally profitless.

But we have not, as yet, informed our readers in what Mr. Pycroft's "Course" consists. We proceed to do this at once, and without farther digression. After a variety of excellent preliminary observations on "the kind of work to be done," and the utter impossibility of mastering every branch of knowledge in the course of one short life-time, he gives directions for laying the foundation of a "course of reading," which foundation, we need scarcely say, is **History**. Being an Englishman, he commences, of course, with the history of England. And this, briefly, is his plan: You are to lay Hume, Smollett & Co. aside for a twelvemonth or two, and take up some small, concise, (and correct withal,) outline history,—that published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, or Mrs. Markham's, or Keightley's Elementary History of England,—and to **study** this thoroughly. When you have done this to your entire satisfaction, you will have (provided you are not **too easily** satisfied) a "skeleton history," comprising the principal events from the time of Queen Boadicea up to the accession of Victoria. This skeleton is to
be filled up and rounded into the requisite proportions, by careful and judicious readings from other authors. He says: "Fine painters tell their pupils, first draw a correct outline—let your anatomy be correct first; it is easy to fill in, and to color afterwards. With this little history you have the figure—the bones; but we must galvanize this anatomy and add flesh, substance, vigour, and life; we must make these bones live. Let this outline history represent the long stem of a tree. How are we to fill it up? It looks hollow, at present, without leaves or branches. With this kind of drawing the pupil may begin to fill in just where he pleases, provided he takes care that the outline does not become erased, and that the whole figure of his tree is plainly before his eye from first to last. Every one, according to his taste or ability, may work out and bring into bolder relief and more substantial form any part he pleases. It is immaterial whether he proceeds up or down. Even the idle have a natural disposition to do even the most toilsome work, in order to complete and connect little blanks that disfigure their work. No one would finish head, limbs, and breast, and then leave the figure like Tityus, with vitals doomed never to heal. The straight-forward way to fill up your tree would be to take up another larger history; not Hume's, it is too big, as yet, but Goldsmith's first. The time required for learning these two will not be as long as would be required for Goldsmith's, without these smaller works as an introduction. The parts which are substantially the same in all will be taken in at a glance, and serve pleasantly to refresh the memory, rather than exhaust attention. We feel a secret pleasure in our studies when we meet with what we know; it shows we are improving, however gradually, to that state in which we may read whole volumes, rather to judge and pronounce, than merely to be taught without discretion.

Directions of a like character are given for studying the histories of Greece, Rome, India, and other countries, and for a course of reading in Poetry, Philosophy, and Literature generally. In all these, the general plan proposed is much the same, and in all, a sufficiently extended list of the best authorities is given. We most heartily commend Mr. Pyrcott's little book to the attention of our readers, assuring them that if they are not convinced, by the writer's ingenious argu-
ments and illustrations, and by his earnest, cheerful style and language, of the advantages of a systematic "course of reading;"—and, farther, if they are not convinced that the "course" proposed is not only the most agreeable, but, at the same time, the very **best** possible one,—why, we shall be ready to confess ourselves for once most egregiously mistaken. If they read the book, we are sure they will admire it, and assent to nearly everything the author says. But if many of them act in accordance with his suggestions, we shall hereafter, feel disposed to suspect, somewhat, our knowledge of human nature.

We have a single remark to offer, in conclusion, upon a point alluded to above, viz., the impossibility of mastering every branch of knowledge in a single life-time. Here, more than anywhere else, perhaps, young persons are apt to go astray. Too many strive for excellence in everything, and consequently excel in nothing. Some of our readers may remember the oft-repeated saying of one of our College Professors: "Better know everything about some one thing, than something about everything." This maxim is of great value in many things, but especially in the matter of reading. It is a mistake to read too many books. Select, with care, such books, and such only, as are really valuable, and when your selection is made, get patiently to work, reading, and re-reading again and again, if necessary, until you have perfectly "mastered, understood, and digested," every line. Do not become impatient, and think the work **slow**. One book thoroughly mastered, will profit you more than a hundred hastily read. Choose some standard author,—so Mr. Pycroft advises,—as **your** author. Whether it be Milton or Shakspeare, Burke, Bacon, or Butler, let it be your constant companion; and cultivate the acquaintance more and more, just as you would that of a dear friend. Be assured that one tried and faithful friend, in whom you can confide, will be of greater assistance to you in getting comfortably through life, than a score of mere passing, "how d'ye do?" acquaintances.
LITTLE THINGS.

The little rill
That trickles from the fount,
In dancing o'er its silent way
May rend the loftiest mount.

A little fault
A trifle you may deem,
Yet such a trivial check may turn
With power life's mighty stream.

A little spark
You scarce can give a name,
Might easily consume the world,
If nurst'd to a flame.

A little word
In jest perhaps 'twas spoken,
Has fell upon a tender heart
And left it bleeding, broken.

A moment lost
May un lamented be,
Yet golden moments form the chain
Which binds eternity.

O guard well then
Each little word and thought,
Since life with all its teats and cares
With little things is fraught.

A BLOTTED PAGE FROM THE BOOK OF MY LIFE.

A few hours more and I shall be at the judgment bar of God. What a thought! Oh! that I could recall my life; but I cannot. Oh! that I could rend from my soul the blackening sin that is to consign it to the torments of an eternal remorse; but my efforts would be vain. I shall die and leave the world the legacy of an honorable name. God alone knows what I am. But can I do thus? No. The fires that are burning my soul must burst forth. I cannot die with this terrible pressure on my brain. It will call around my last hours the horrible spectres of hell, grinning in fiendish sport at my agony, taunting me with the hope that has fled, waiting to bear my soul with them to their infernal home.
No! I must reveal it. Listen but a few short moments, and the secret of my life is yours.

I had a home once; yes, a happy home. In that far off time, upon which my memory yet lingers, I was a child. No cares, no troubles ruffled the calm waters of my innocent soul. A mother's love shed its sweet influence over my boyish heart. A father's kindness drew the ties of home affection strongly and firmly around my naturally wayward spirit. Everything was thrown around me to hold me to the family hearthstone, and I obeyed with willing heart the bent of my affections.

I had a pleasant home. Its memory now comes back to my fevered brain, shining like a bright spot in the desert of my life. There was a time when I wandered, a free and happy child, amid the forests and mountain glens of that wild homestead. The silver brook that bubbled over its stony bed, sang a continual song to my wayward steps. And when upon its fern-covered banks I would lie and watch the tiny fish that sported in its crystal waters, no dark or gloomy thought leaped into the arena of my mind. Oh! that I might recall those hours. They seem but a dream; they seem to be but shadowy and undefined forms flitting around me, to fix the iron sting of my remorse still deeper in my already black and God-forsaken soul.

But I must not give way. I must smother these rising, terrible feelings that are gaining the ascendancy in my heart. You want the secret that has been the hellish curse of my life, and it shall be yours. The remembrance of those days call up the remorse, blacker, deeper, that they are gone, they can never be recalled. Bear with me if I wander from the beaten path of my narrative; it is not in me to resist the spirit that is but just now to cross the threshold that leads into the terrible, the eternal future.

Day was added to day, year to year, and from the schoolboy I had grown to be the young man. I was sent away from home to a distant College. Here, things were different, but I easily adapted myself to the customs of College life. And now attend, for I am on the threshold of that event which makes me what I am. I tremble while I write. It freezes my already stagnant blood to pen these lines, but they must be written. The secret shall no longer be locked up within the
narrow cell of my own heart. The world must know it. I will die free.

While in College, I had formed many acquaintances, some among whom I can look to and call friends. Being naturally of a melancholy and revengeful temperamnet, I continually threw around myself a dark and gloomy cloud, through which the bright beams of a joyous nature scarcely ever shone. I lived in a dismal world of my own imagination. Threatening clouds ever seemed gathering over the horizon of my existence. No sun ever shone through them, tinting them with the gorgeous coloring of its own creation. No stars peered forth from the blackened night to point to that haven, which to me, seemed but a chimera of some over-heated brain. I longed to cast off the incubus that was weighing me down to earth, but I could not. It was there enveloping me as with a grave-like shroud, sitting upon my soul like the "Raven" upon the bust of Pallas, making my efforts vain to release myself from its influence, whispering in my ear the fiendish words, "nevermore, nevermore." Oh! that I could have been born anew; that my nature had been cast in a different mould. But I was as I was. No power could change the deadly hue that had stamped itself upon my soul, but one—and what was that? I knew, but to me a God was the creation of one's own brain. No mother's hand had pointed my childish heart to that fair realm above. Would that it had. I had not been what I am. Had the sweet words of a Savior's love been written on my heart by a mother's finger, the demons of melancholy and revenge had not passed the lintel of that door and found a home therein. There they sat, with all their hellish brood, and lived and fattened, banishing the sweet angels that would have made my life one of joy and pleasure.

I was naturally studious and buried myself in the dusty tomes of Latin and Greek, and the calculations of mathematics. I seldom mingled in the society of my college-mates. They thought it strange, but did not disturb me. I had engaged a room in a remote part of the old and antique building, when I first came to be an inmate of the institution. It accorded with my feelings to be alone. I needed no other company than my own spirit. I knew it was not congenial with the happy, joyous feelings of my classmates and I withdrew from
them almost altogether. In that grim, old room, with all its dilapidated furniture, I would sit for hours, while the wind circled around the corners of the building, and now and then forced its errant way through some broken pane, until the flickering flame of the candle dying in the socket, painted grotesque and hideous faces upon the bare walls, and I read in the pale dissolving embers, the fate of man's existence. The volumes of my study would glare from their shelves upon me, and the gilt letters, like the eyes of some fiend, would stare me in the face as I gazed.

In these wild reveries of my diseased fancy, I would revel in delight. When the midnight toll of the College bell would sound upon the dreary stillness of the night, I would wander forth from my room to hold communion with the shadows that came in the whistling storm or stalked abroad amid the calm of the witch-like moon-beam, among the shroud-white grave stones of the old church-yard. I would pause my footsteps, and while the breeze swayed the drooping tassels of the cypress, now hither, now thither, they people the darkness with shadowy outlines of some skeleton form crouching behind the whitened door of its narrow home, or gazing from its eyeless sockets into the dark and mystic void. The mysterious, the terrible, the supernatural, held a resistless power over my soul. I could not throw it away, I even courted it. My whole being seemed wrapped up in the folds of some vast mantle, bound round me by the hands of a myriad of demons. The world with all its pleasures, I knew naught of. That seemed a phantom which I could not reach. I tried, at times, to forsake my gloom, and join in the sports of the lawn, but some irresistible force would draw me back, still deeper and deeper into the shades of my own dismal spirit. I became a misanthropist. At the approach of a fellow-student I would retire within myself and hold intercourse with none.

During my stay at college I had no society. I wanted none. Yet I had opinions seared deeply into my heart, of every one who called me classmate. Among them there was one to whom I had from first acquaintance taken a dislike. It was always his greatest delight to make a sarcastic rejoinder to every word I might chance to say; and as term after term rolled by, although I held but little intercourse with any one,
still this dislike ripened into a firm and lasting hatred. Many
trivial insults I had passed by, without deigning a reply. I
had a sense of honor welling up from my strangely compli-
cated heart, which restrained me from disgracing myself in
the sight of my fellow-students by giving back an answering
word to his remark, which I knew could find birth only in a
miserable grovelling mind, such as he possessed. But hush
my angry soul, chide not his misfortune, rather, his fault.

"Sacred be the memory of the dead." O irreconcilable
thought.

But let me not anticipate. Although I was cold and dis-
tant, yet my college mates ever treated me with kindness, and
upon no occasion, by word or action, did they seek to wound
my feelings. But this one whom I have just mentioned
seemed to me at least to be characterized with a mean and
contemptible spirit. He could not look beyond the boundaries
of his own weak brain. He found no place in his shrivelled
soul for that high virtue, magnanimity. Bound up in himself
alone, for others unlike him he found no word of praise, no
feeling of reciprocity. He was a fine scholar, however, and
ranked high in his class. I was also, (and I do not say this
as bestowing a meed of praise on myself,) and perhaps for this
alone, the deadly hatred, tinged with the bitter pangs of envy,
grew up between us. In the class-room he would look upon
me with the eye of scorn; perhaps no others noticed it, but
every glance sank deeper and deeper into my soul, until they
waked into life the morbid passions that nestled there. Re-
venge struggled to be heard, but I resisted to my utmost, to
quench the flame that was consuming my very soul. No
tangible cause had as yet come before me upon which I could
with justice inflict the longed-for blow. I only waited an
opportunity to call forth the desired revenge; and waited not
long:

Woe, woe to that hour, and woe, woe to the spirit that
fired me.

I was returning from the room immediately after a recita-
tion, one day, when some dispute arose between two of my
classmates in respect to something which had been said during
recitation. The conversation began to wax warm. One after
another was drawn into the dispute, and a tide of feeling was
aroused upon both sides, which overflowed the banks of reason. I stood for sometime a silent but interested witness of the scene, weighing in my mind the mental calibre of my classmates, when suddenly one of them turned to me for a corroboration of his opinion. I gave it without a moment's hesitancy, considering that his views coincided with my own. The words had but escaped my lips when the answer "it's a lie," was thrown into my teeth. I raised my eye. It was that of my enemy. The sneering tone of his words stung my soul to the very quick. His exulting look fired into a flame the smothered embers of hatred that lay upon the hearthstone of my heart. My first impulse was to strike. I rushed through the crowd and stood before him. My arm was uplifted for the consummation of the deed, but a noble spirit restrained it. I would not honor him with a blow; I would not satisfy the desire of his miserable heart, to call me into a personal contest. My clenched hand relaxed its muscles, my arm dropped to my side, and with a withering look of scorn I turned to seek my room. He could not bear that look; it sank him below his much-loved position among his classmates. He would not be foiled in his attempt. I had barely advanced a step towards the door when a stunning blow upon the head felled me to the floor. I recovered myself in an instant, and with the fury of a tiger tore through the crowd to reach the object of my vengeance. No spirit of forgiveness then breathed from my soul, the waves of hatred and revenge rolled tumultuously, bearing down every barrier in their way. I was blind with passion, deadly passion; and if the force of my companions had not bound me, this hand had then been bathed in blood. O that that blow had never been struck, that my soul would now be pure. But it was; and it has given one blackened soul to the torments of endless despair, and will soon send another across the threshold of the grave, to the horrible shades of hell, to live forever with the grizzly phantoms which people its fire-washed shores. It cannot be recalled. The deed is done. Hope has fled. All that I ask now is that these hurried lines, written upon the very verge of the grave, with the palsied hand of death upon my arm, may be read their moral in the ears of all, especially of young and reckless students. But to return to my tale. I was taken by
some of my companions to my room, where they hoped the fever of excitement would be allayed. They attempted with all their power to draw a promise from me that the matter should be amicably adjusted, but I remained sullen and silent. They rose to leave; I thanked them for their kindness, and we separated. Then the dreadful tumult raged in my heart. Could I pass this by without a word? Every fell passion rang their answer in my soul—No! Memory called to mind the high-heaped insults cast upon me in times past, and reéchoed the answer—No! The burning temple, where the full force of the blow fell, fired my whole being. I paced the narrow room in an agony of spirit, and at last the final answer came struggling up from the depths of my soul; reason cried—No! I will be revenged. This fatal vow took a weight from off me. I immediately became calm. My determination was made. He should suffer at my hand the punishment for the blow which he had inflicted. Although the troubled waters had subsided, yet deep down, invisible to the eye, they boiled and lashed my very soul to desperation. Urged on by the demon spirit which had been aroused into new life within me, I deliberately planned the murder of my enemy. I knew he had expressed his intention some days before of leaving the institution, giving as his reason a dissatisfaction with the character of the college, and his determination to pursue his education elsewhere. I was well aware that his departure would be a source of pleasure to his companions, and that they would never inquire how or why he would leave them, but that they would rather hail it as a joyful day when he had separated himself from them. Confident in my belief, I cast aside as visionary every rising fear of discovery, and carefully and subtilely laid my net to ensnare him. It was his custom every summer evening to wander alone by the river's side, and while the wavelets of the stream danced with merry feet over the pebbled floor, as if to bid the stranger welcome, he would lie upon the banks and think,—perhaps upon his life, perhaps not. What was that to me? Well it were if he did dwell upon that life, for soon it would be no more.

I would then conceal myself in the clumps of willows that lined the stream, and as he passed give him back the answering blow. Yes, this shall be my revenge. Oh! how my very
being glowed with fiendish delight as I portrayed to my insane imagination the consummation of the deed. The red blood of my victim seemed then trickling over my hand. The death-rattle in his throat seemed then like sweet music in my ear; and it should not be a dream. No, I should realize it in all its horrible pleasure. My plan was settled; I could carry it out when the opportunity presented itself. I determined to suppress to all outward appearances any sign of my inward feelings, and attempt to my utmost to blind my fellow-students as to the emotions which held sway within my breast. I attended evening prayers at the college chapel. I heard the venerable president as he poured forth his earnest supplication to God to bless the institution, and wrest from the darkness of sin the soul of those especially committed to his care. Would that prayer had found a home in my heart! I should be now not the self-condemned criminal, but perhaps the simple child of Jesus.

Days passed, and all supposed that the difficulty had been settled. I maintained a cold reserve, and stood aloof from holding any conversation with any one upon the subject, only awaiting the time when a favorable opportunity should throw my victim into my hands. I frequently saw him, and the dark scowl that distorted his features when look met look, seared my conscience deeper and deeper, to the deed which was to consign my soul to the blackest shades of hell. Melancholy hovered over my spirit, breathing into it singularly wild and grim teachings, beclouding it with its shadows, fixing the resolve more firmly and more firmly—never to be relinquished until hatred had been exsanguined in blood. The fatal hour came, fatal to him, fatal to me. Armed with a dagger I lay concealed close by the path over which I knew he would pass. The peaceful quiet of the hour, disturbed only by the rippling of the waters, dreamt not of the bloody scene which was soon to desecrate its holy calmness. I half relented my atrocious purpose, but it was the emotion of a moment. For as I raised my eye to discover the cause of a noise which had attracted my attention in a thicket of alder close by, it rested upon the form of my foe, slowly, unsuspectingly sauntering towards me. The very sight hurled back the rising qualms of conscience, and with stolid calmness I expected his approach.
He was within a few paces of my ambush, a moment more and he would have passed. I leaped into the path and con-
fronted him. "Recall that insult, make reparation for that blow," I demanded, with the fury of passion flashing from my
eye. He started back as if an apparition were before him, but in an instant recovering his possession he gave back the an-
swer, "never;" while the mortal hatred of his soul fairly
hissed through his teeth. "Never?" I cried, "then meet your
doorn." With the superhuman strength which rage imparts, I
grasped his livid throat with my left hand, and with the right
plunged the glittering steel into his heart's blood and flung his
loathsome body from me. He staggered back, reeled and fell.
But the demon within me was not satiated. The dripping
weapon thirsted for blood. I threw myself upon him, and
with the foaming rage of the maniac, buried the dagger again
and again in his quivering body. Death with icy fingers
ditched his pierced and mangled heart, but with the strength
of despair he writhed himself from my grasp, and sprang upon
his feet. With a horrible, unearthly expression upon his
countenance, with arm and clenched hand upraised, he would
have cast himself upon me, but could not. With the words
rattling in his throat, "We shall meet again," he fell a blood-
stained corpse upon the sod. The deed was done. Honor
had been retrieved. I hastily dug a grave with a shovel which
I had brought with me for the purpose, and deposited the
body. The glaring, glassy eye-balls of the dead stared at me
from the bottom of the grave, and with furious impatience I
heaped the earth upon it to bury it from my sight. Lest the
fresh dug ground might excite suspicion, I rolled a huge log
over the place, and thus effectually concealed it from every
eye. I returned to the spot where the struggle had taken
place, and carefully effaced every sign which might lead to
detection. I was safe. No one had seen me, and in fancied
security I returned to my room under cover of night. I im-
mEDIATELY burned my clothes, lest there might be stains of
blood upon them which would reveal the secret of the assassin,
and then threw myself upon my bed to seek that rest to body
and spirit I so much needed. I slept, but what visions hovered
over me in my dreams. That fiendish face—those fixed eyes
glared constantly at me—those awful words, "We shall meet
again,” incessantly rang in my ears. I shrieked in terror, but no veil was dropped to shut them from my sight. I awoke. The morning light was streaming in through my window as if to banish the recollections of the night from my mind and invite me forth to revel in its beauty; but still that face, those eyes, those words, were before me. They were stamped upon my heart,—sealed with the blood of my victim,—never to be effaced. I arose as usual, attended my recitations. As I expected, no inquiry was made as to the sudden departure of our classmate. All were but too glad that he had gone. To be sure it seemed rather strange that he should have left all his effects behind him; but this impression soon passed away. His books and furniture were sold at auction, and his remembrance soon faded from the careless student mind. But not so with me. Would that it had! ... Years rolled by, I left college. I wandered through the world. My melancholy spirit called into life, and has nourished within my breast the rankling feelings of remorse. Its venom has stung me through life. I have plunged into every dissipation to smother its voice, but I cannot. Those ghastly features, those goblin eyes, still stare at me—they are glaring at me now. Those weird words are sounding in my ears even while I write. I am dying; I feel the damp gathering upon my brow.

Lost, lost forever. The spirits of demons are gathering around me, eager to snatch my soul. What is that I see? Hell’s gate yawning before me. Yes, he stands there to fulfil his vow. We shall meet again.

My secret is yours.

DIRGE.

Toll the bell! toll the bell!
List its sad tone;
Know that the soul has hushed
Its earthly moan.

Spirit bound! Spirit bound!
To the cold clay,
Rise on the wings of light
To endless day.
It was decided in the friendly conferences held with Mr. Wiggins and the Manchester clergy, to whom the Bishop had been introduced, that the success of his mission would depend upon his reception in, and introduction to the church from, London; therefore, at the earliest day after recovering from the fatigues of the voyage, he set off for London, taking Birmingham and Oxford on his way. At Oxford he learned that his mission had already been anticipated, and that a systematic and most influential opposition against him was being organized. With a heavy heart he entered London, and by the first clergyman to whom he presented himself he was met with a most chilling, repulsive, and offensive reception. This clergyman afterwards boasted that he had turned Bishop Chase from his doors. He talked to the Bishop, with great severity, of another party or faction in England who might help the Bishop of Ohio, but from whom no correct churchman would accept relief. The Bishop writes that with this class of churchman
he everywhere found party spirit running very high. Wherever the Bishop went he found himself preceded by hostile publications from Bishop Hobart or his agent, and that high churchmen were everywhere arrayed against him. In his interview with the London clergyman referred to, the Bishop "took the liberty of assuring him that he knew no party, in seeking relief for a suffering branch of the Episcopal Church, and hoped not to know any; that what he was doing he humbly conceived was consistent with the laws of God, and in fulfillment of the sacred precepts of the Gospel, and in perfect harmony with the constitution and canons of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States." It was, however, to no purpose. He had read Bishop Hobart's view of the subject, and he regretted that Bishop Chase had come to England. He pulled out his watch, abruptly informed the Bishop that he had an engagement, and bowed him into the street.—The Bishop's own sympathies had always been deeply imbued with the High Church element, and it was very natural that in his first efforts to introduce himself to the Church of England, he should seek the introduction from high churchmen; but as the proclaimed leader of that party in the United States, was opposed to the Bishop's mission, he was everywhere repulsed. That our readers may be able to understand why this opposition met Bishop Chase at the threshold of his mission, and how it came to pass that Bishop Hobart had so much influence in England, it will be necessary to notice, briefly, the peculiar features and relative positions of the two parties—the High and the Low Church in England, at that time. As to the Apostolic origin of Episcopacy, and the necessity of a Liturgy, there was scarcely a shade of difference between the parties; but as to the nature of true religion, and as to the means by which the prosperity of the church could be best promoted, the difference between them was radical and entire. In the opinion of the low churchman, true and saving religion consisted in the reception, into the heart, of the truth as it is in Jesus by faith, implanted in the heart by the Spirit of God: in the opinion of the high churchman, it consisted in a faithful reception of the sacraments, and strict observance of the ceremonies of the church: in the opinion of the low churchman, it comes from within, from the simple truth as it
is in Christ, received into the believer's own heart through the
enlightening and sanctifying influences of God's Spirit: in the
opinion of the high churchman, it comes from the church,
without, from her ministry, and through the sacraments. For
the prosperity of the church, therefore, the low churchman
depended upon the faithful preaching of the Gospel, as ex-
pounded in the Articles and Homilies of the church, and taught
in the prayers of the Liturgy; the high churchman upon the
strict administration and observance of her rites, ceremonies
and sacraments. There was another leading feature in the
parties, which it is necessary to mention. As Dissenters from
the Established church held, with low churchmen, the same
views as to the nature and origin of true and saving religion,
low churchmen very generally and cordially affiliated with
them in benevolent enterprises, based upon their common
principles, such as the circulation of the Bible without note or
comment, of religious tracts of a general nature, the suppress-
on of the slave trade, the erection and support of asylums,
hospitals, &c.; but as there was nothing in common between
high churchmen and Dissenters, the former kept the latter at
an unapproachable distance, and generally treated them as
schismatics and the enemies of religion, and because of the
affiliation just mentioned, looked upon low churchmen in
pretty much the same light. Low churchism was the church-
ism of the Reformers—the only churchism of the early times
of the church—the oldest churchism; but in consequence of
the civil wars, and particularly from the times of Queen Anne,
the churchman's religion was taught to consist in loyalty to
the crown, and fidelity to the rites, ceremonies, and sacra-
ments of the church. This churchism was par excellence,
styled high churchism, and finally greatly consisted in an utter
abnegation of the doctrines of the church, as stated in her
Articles and expounded in her Homilies, and by its influences,
vital godliness was well-nigh crushed out of her communion.
Low churchmen there were, even in those days, who toiled for
the preservation of the faith once delivered to the Saints, and
for some years before Bishop Chase's visit, they had been grad-
ually on the increase, but they met everywhere with the most
violent opposition. Opprobrious epithets, such as New Lights,
&c., were heaped upon them from all quarters, and by the
whole body of high churchmen they were regarded as no churchmen, or at best but as very incorrect and mistaken churchmen. They were in possession of but few stations of high respectability and influence. Lords Gambier and Kenyon were low churchmen, and to the former Bishop Chase had, as we have seen, an introduction from Henry Clay.—This he mailed; and received a very courteous reply, and an invitation to Lord Gambier's residence at Ives, near Uxbridge, and to meet him on the 4th of December at the anniversary of one of the London local Bible Societies, at which he was to preside. According to this appointment, the Bishop did attend this association of low churchmen, and had his first interview with Lord Gambier at the anniversary of this Bible Society, held at London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, and after the meeting his Lordship took the Bishop in his carriage out to Ives. The same hostile agency to the Bishop had reached Lord Gambier, and produced in him, towards his mission, an unfavorable impression; but after hearing the Bishop, and a careful study of his documents and plans, he became the Bishop's fast friend, and deeply interested in his mission.—The Bishop returned to London with a letter of introduction from Lord Gambier to the Rev. Mr. Pratt, the able, efficient, honored and beloved Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, the great missionary association of the low churchmen of England and Ireland. Like Lord Gambier, Mr. Pratt had been prejudiced against Bishop Chase by the same untiring and powerful agency, but after a calm examination of the whole matter, entered with all his soul into the Bishop's mission. He invited all the leading low church clergy of London to meet the Bishop at his house; they heard his statements, received from him satisfactory replies to every point of opposition urged by Bishop Hobart and his agent, passed a series of resolutions in his favor, and appointed a committee to draw up and publish an an appeal to the church in behalf of his mission. In this appeal was incorporated his touching narrative of his visit to the Finleys. A large edition was issued and extensively circulated. The Church Missionary Register and London Christian Observer came out warm advocates of his cause, and in a few weeks the religious mind of the church began to turn in favor of Ohio. Bishop Hobart became
alarmed and hastened over to London, but the tide had turned in favor of Bishop Chase, and nothing he could do could check it much. It was flowing from the depths of the low church influence, and lay entirely beyond his reach. He proposed a division of the flood in favor of New York—but the claims which had previously put forth were found to be so arrogant and laudanum, that a deep opposition had swelled up against him, and he quitted England indignant and in disgust. What he had battled against was about to be accomplished: the low churchmen of England had taken Bishop Chase under their patronage, and a Theological School and College would be founded in Ohio, over which he could exercise no commanding control, and nothing now could prevent the introduction, on an extensive scale, of low churchism into the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. This, in Bishop Hobart's estimation, was one of the greatest catastrophes which could befall the Church in America, and he had endeavored to thwart it by means which, I doubt not, in his calmer moments he could not approve. * * * * *

Bishop Chase had, for the sake of the Church in the United States, and of religion itself, refrained from noticing the attacks made upon him by the opposition, and was determined that the war should be wholly on their part. He felt that the honor and dignity of his country and Church were involved, and that it was most unseemly that two American Bishops should be in hostile array before the British Church; and he, therefore, left the whole war to his opponent, and, lest he might not be able to pursue this christian and dignified course when Bishop Hobart should invite a contest face to face, soon after Bishop Hobart arrived in London, Bishop Chase left the city upon a visit to Oxford, Derby and Yorkshire. The appeal had preceded him, and wherever he went he was received with the kindest sympathy and most cordial co-operation. Among the most active friends whom he ultimately gained in London, in addition to Gambier and Rev. Mr. Pratt, were Rev. Hartwell Horne, Rev. Mr. Wilks, Editor of the Christian Observer, G. W. Marriott, Esq., Lord Kenyon and Lady Ross. To the kindness of Mr. Marriott he was indebted for his introduction to Lord Kenyon. The introduction took place at Mr. Marriott's house, in London, and from this interview a reciprocal
and devoted attachment sprang and grew up between them, of the most tender and lasting nature. The letter which he had written to his Boston friend, detailing the condition of the Church in the Wilderness, and an account of his own trials, met him at this time in London. It had been transmitted to Bishop McFarland, of Scotland, and by him to his daughter, then on a visit in London, and an intimate acquaintance of the Marriotts and Kenyons. The letter had prepared these families to take the Bishop to their hearts and give him their warm sympathy and friendship. About the same time Dr. Dow, the Bishop's former friend in New Orleans, happened to pass through London, and was inquired of, by Mr. Butterworth, about Bishop Chase. He told the story of the emancipation, by Bishop Chase, of his slave Jack. This also created a great sensation in his favor, and prepared all who heard it to extend to him their sympathies, friendship and cordial co-operation. The story of Jack, the emancipated run-away slave, and the letter from Worthington, both made their appearance in London about the time of the Bishop's first arrival, and under God, accomplished much to prepare the way for his subsequent success. The former won for him the hearty co-operation of Mr. Butterworth, and all the leading friends of the abolition of the slave trade, and the latter made warm friends for him of all Miss McFarland's distinguished circle of acquaintances, among the most hearty and influential of whom were Lady Ross, of Ireland, Mr. Marriott and Lord Kenyon.


MY WEDDING-DAY.

'Twas a summer's morn, as I sauntered through the green meadows of one of those beautiful country retreats for which the old world is so remarkable, the sun rose high and all nature glistened in its glorious rays. Those merry songsters, the birds, were vying with each other for the loudest notes, and nature teemed with what should make the heart of man joyous and gay. But the beauties of nature were not all that, on this lovely morn, was calculated to drive away dull care from the
mind. Music was floating thro’ the air. The village bells, which for ages had hung in the tower of the ivy-covered church, were sounding their clearest and most merry peal, for it was a wedding-day; and to the call of the cheering notes, were to be seen in all directions, men, women, and children wending their way to the old-fashioned edifice whose interior, unsought by evil doers, had for centuries witnessed many and varied scenes of grief and joy. But the occasion to-day was one of gladness; two hearts were to be united in that bond which is separable only by death.

The simplicity of a country wedding, under such propitious circumstances as nature offered on the present occasion, always carries with it a charm which, to my mind, is perfectly fascinating. The gaudy pomp, and the artificial conventionalism of the city, at such times are full of emptiness, and leave a vacancy in the heart; while the festivities of the country always impress the mind with the reality of pleasure and, at a marriage scene in particularly, that love pure, and gentle, is the source from which it springs. But not to digress. A marriage scene had always been associated, in my mind, with everything that was pleasant and agreeable; perhaps, amongst other reasons, which is excusable in a young bachelor, from anticipation that some day or other on such an occasion I should be one of the chief performers. I, therefore, moved slowly on towards the village, by the side of which stood the ancient church, wondering as I went, who those were whose bliss was so soon to be consummated; for, strange to say, although it was the place which had witnessed my birth, and in which my boyhood’s days had been passed, and with whose gossip and news I was intimately acquainted, I was altogether in the dark with respect to the present cause of rejoicing. As these enquiries passed through my mind, and as I was musing over some pleasant personal reminiscences, and wondering when my own time should come, it suddenly flashed across me that this was my turn, that all this excitement was for me, that it was nothing else than my own wedding-day, that I was actually to be the first actor in this present scene. Strange again was it, that this new consciousness neither disturbed me, nor even suggested a thought of any previous absent-mindedness. I therefore continued my course towards the
place, where I was to become one of the objects upon which the eyes of the assembled village were to be fastened. But whoever heard of a marriage without a bride, or of a man about to be married, ignorant of the lady who was to take the second part in the tragedy? Some marriages take place after a wearisome courtship of five, ten, or fifteen years; some after a courtship of a few months, a few weeks, or even of only a few days. Others, again, are done by proxy. The judicious, or rather, in this respect, the injudicious Hooker, lest he should waste his valuable time, authorized an intimate lady friend to select for him an eligible damsels, which was done, and an engagement made, without the intended parties seeing each other. But whoever heard of a marriage without a bride? Yet as far as my own knowledge was concerned, the one to-day was likely to be of that character.—The singularity of my blissful ignorance, however, never struck me. I was now only conscious that my wedding-day had arrived, that I was to be married, and as a matter of course supposed the lady would be forthcoming at the proper place.

As I made my way towards the church, now somewhat elated at the idea that I was the chief cause of all this village commotion, and wondering what might be the semblance of her who was to become my better half, my arm was suddenly, but gently taken by a damsels of modest dress, and lovely features, whom I at once realized was she of whom I was thinking. What my sensations were as her beautiful blue eyes were lifted to my face, speaking volumes of future happiness, and on finding her as intelligent as she was beautiful, could only be known by experience, baffling, as they did, all my powers of description.

As we walked towards the church, our way led us over a small stream, which was crossed by a foot-bridge, the width of which did not permit two to pass together—as my fair companion preceded me over this narrow pass, I was most unfavorably struck with her singular carriage and appearance.—No longer was she the same graceful creature which the moment before hung on my arm, but was transformed into an awkward, thickset, cotton-bale sort of a being, such as one might easily imagine could be found in a crowd of female Dutch emigrants. All my love went like a breath; my heart
was sick within me. Could I have had my wish, I should have immediately sunk into the earth, but now I was spell-bound. The face which, as it beamed upon me before, had filled me with rapture, now, fiendlike and horribly deformed, turned upon me and silently commanded obedience, and with a consciousness that escape was impossible, as I stepped off the bridge, my arm was reluctantly offered, and as it was taken a thrill of horror ran through me. The gentle hand which had before rested upon it, was now changed into a huge claw, which, as it hung heavily upon me, chilled my very heart's blood.

Gloomy and dismal thoughts ran with rapidity through my mind. Could it be possible that I was about to do that which would compel me to pass away my life with this she monster? Were all my anticipations of the future to be blasted—all my speculations on the blessedness of married life, to be realized in dragging out a miserable existence with this hag, who surpassed in ugliness the worst of the witches in Macbeth?—"No," in agony I groaned, "it must not be; life would be ten times death in such a union!"

"I must begone and live, or stay and die."

But how was I to accomplish this? 'T were vain to try and release myself from her deathlike grasp. I felt that I was in her hateful power, and that such an effort would be worse than foolish. In this horrible condition we came to the gate, which opened from the fields into the avenue leading to the church. The bells rang Merrily. The gathering crowd of villagers seemed to be as happy as the sunbeams. I alone was in agony. As I touched the gate a ray of hope burst upon me. Here was my last and only chance. I determined to make use of it, yet I trembled as I thought of it. In passing through it was again necessary for my bride to pass before. As I opened the gate and my arm was unloosed, new life seemed to flow into my veins. "Now or never," thought I, and as she passed through, I closed the gate suddenly, and then, with a farewell glance at my tormentor, turned my back on the village and took to my heels thro' the meadows again, with a speed I had never known before. But Juliet, who had no idea of losing her Romeo thus, gave chase. I had supposed that could I once once get released from the creature, I could make
good my escape. But I was mistaken; her past awkwardness seemed only to be surpassed by her present agility. How she got into the field again I could not tell; all I knew was, that almost immediately she was close behind me. On I went through fields and plains, o'er hill and dale, hedges and ditches, my pursuer continually gaining on me, till at last I could hold out no longer, and with a groan sank down with exhaustion. As I fell, my would-be-wife rent the air with her triumphant shriek, and the next instant was upon me, and howling and shrieking alternately—with face flashing forth malignant fury, and with her bony claws clenched and upraised was about to annihilate me at a blow, when my room-mate, as the College bell commenced to ring, shook me as he shouted, "If you don't want to be late for prayers you had better get up!" and I awoke to the blissful consciousness that it was all a dream; and having completed my toilet with an alacrity only known to students, I rushed to the prayer-room to render thanks for my timely deliverance.

THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS OF LA PLACE.

I.

An observer of the heavens, on a clear, calm night, when the light of the moon is withdrawn, can detect even with the unassisted eye, luminous, cloud-like objects, interspersed among the starry hosts. Apply the telescope to the more distinctly visible of these nebulae, and a cluster of distinct stars, in countless numbers, and crowded closely together in the field of vision, dazzles the eye with its glorious brilliancy. Multitudes of others are also revealed, of various brightness and apparent magnitudes. Some are well defined patches of milky light, many of which, on the application of instruments of extraordinary power, are resolved into myriads of stars. Others are scarcely discernible luminous objects, which the utmost penetration of the telescope has failed to resolve.

These mysterious bodies assume a great variety of shapes. The great cluster in Hercules is spherical, presenting to the
eye a central mass of stars crowded together in an undistinguishable blaze of light, becoming fainter and fainter towards the exterior, until it vanishes against the dark back-ground of space—the whole thickly studded with stars of various magnitudes. Others appear to be single stars, surrounded by a nebulous envelope, and are designated Nebulous Stars. Another class appear to be circular, without concentration of light at their centres, the whole disc shining with an equal brightness, resembling somewhat the faintly illuminated orb of a planet. These have been termed Planetary Nebula. Between the stars \(\alpha\) and \(\nu\) Lyra, appears a perfectly formed nebular ring, and the greater number of these circular discs, when viewed with powerful telescopes, assume a similar form. Still another class are spiral in figure, consisting of irregular curved lines of light proceeding from a common centre. Others still are of strange fantastic shapes, of the Crab Nebula in Taurus, the Dumb Bell Nebula in Valpecola, and that surrounding the star Theta, in the Sword Hilt of Orion.

Among the brilliant constellations which surround the Southern Pole, easily distinguished by the naked eye, excepting under the light of the full Moon, lie two remarkable nebulae, which have been named the Magellanic Clouds, in honor of a distinguished explorer of the Southern Ocean. The larger of these, (Nubecala Major,) is slightly oval in shape, and more than five degrees in extent, appearing like a faint milky cloud, floating in the dark expanse of the heavens. It is marked by two peculiarities. It lies quite isolated in space. In sweeping across it with the telescope, the field of view changes instantly from its glorious clusters to the blackness of a sky totally devoid of stars. It is not a single cluster, but made up of a vast number of distinct nebula, of various form and resolvability. More than three hundred have already been enumerated.

An object more remarkable still, lies in the constellation Argo. Unlike all other nebulae, no distinct stars can be distinguished, and no indications of separate clusters. Its whole extent appears to be a dense nebulous mass.

It has been conjectured, that these bodies are passing through successive stages of development, by condensation from lumin-
ous vapor of great tenuity. They are observed in every possible stage of this supposed process. Some are scarcely discernible patches of hazy light, others are brighter and more distinctly defined. Another class exhibit a mottled or curdled appearance, as though the nebulous fluid had reached a state of partial condensation, around numerous centres. In others, distinct stars are interspersed throughout the whole mass, or certain portions of the nebula itself are found to be composed of multitudes of minute stars. Others still can be fully resolved into brilliant galaxies, like that of which our own system is supposed to be a member.

It is true, that the principal direct support of this hypothesis has lost much of its strength through the result of recent improvements in the telescope. The great Reflectors of Herschell and the Earl of Rosse, and more recently the great Refractor at Harvard University, have shown a great number of nebulae, formerly supposed to be unresolvable, to be composed of myriads of distinct stars. This affords a strong probability to the supposition that all are of the same character; and that nothing but the limited power of the telescope prevents the establishment of its truth. Many Astronomers of eminence, however, are still of opinion that true nebulae actually exist, and that others are in various stages of condensation.

There are certain peculiarities observable in the Magellanic Clouds, already mentioned, which it seems impossible to explain upon any other supposition. The Nubeculae are nearly circular in apparent form, as are also that numerous class of similar objects called globular nebulae. All these appear to be nearly spherical in figure. If they are not, they must be elongated, egg-shaped bodies, with their ends turned towards us, so they appear to be spherical, just as an egg would at a considerable distance, with one end turned toward the observer. Upon the latter supposition, their larger axes must invariably be pointed toward the earth as a centre, although situated in every possible point of the sphere of the heavens. The probabilities that such is the case, are of course too slight to be worth consideration. We may therefore conclude, that all this class of nebulae are globular, and by analogy, that the two nubeculae are so likewise. Assuming that such is the
fact, it has been computed that the nearest and most distant parts of the larger nubeculae differ in their remoteness from our earth about one-tenth part of our distance from its centre. The appearance of objects of equal magnitude and brightness, therefore, would be but slightly modified, whether situated in its nearest or most distant portions. Yet, according to Sir John Herschell, "within this globular space, we have collected upwards of six hundred stars of the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th magnitudes, nearly three hundred nebulae, and globular and other clusters, of all degrees of resolvability, and smaller stars innumerable, of every inferior magnitude."

Other phenomena lend the hypothesis of a nebular fluid strong analogical confirmation:

1. The nebulous appearance surrounding the nucleus, and forming the tail of comets. Astronomers are generally agreed that this matter is exceedingly attenuated gaseous vapor.---Stars of the lowest magnitudes are distinctly visible through its densest portions, and their light suffers no apparent refraction. This nebulous substance is also actually observed undergoing a process of condensation and expansion. As a comet approaches its perihelion, its tail increases in length and magnitude with astonishing rapidity, diminishing again as it recedes from the sun, and sometimes disappearing entirely.---The envelope, also, and even the nucleus itself, sometimes increases and diminishes in size and brilliancy, as the comet approaches or departs from the sun. In one instance, at least, (that of Bich's comet, in 1835,) a comet has been seen to divide itself into two distinct portions, which traveled side by side through 70° of their apparent orbit, undergoing various changes of relative brightness.*

2. The singular phenomenon of meteors, or falling stars.

On almost every clear night, the observer may notice luminous appearances proceeding from the upper regions of the atmosphere, and moving in curved lines across the heavens, leaving in their path a luminous train. On many occasions, these meteors have fallen in such numbers as to convey the idea of a shower of stars. They are not limited to particular localities, but extend over wide tracts of country, and sometimes over whole continents. They always proceed from a

* This Comet has since reappeared and was observed to be still double.
fixed point in the heavens, and recur at particular periods, usually on the 12th and 13th of November. These circumstances are considered to determine the fact that these bodies are not connected with our own planet, but constitute a distinct part of our solar system. It has been supposed that they proceed from a ring or zone of small nebulous bodies, revolving around the sun, which is intersected by the earth's orbit, at the point which it reaches on the 12th or 13th of November. Coming in contact with our atmosphere, they either become spontaneously inflammable by mixture with the air, or are set on fire by the friction produced by the immense velocity with which they enter it.

3. The Zodiakal Light. We have seen that there are indications of the existence of a nebulous fluid in the boundless regions of space, exterior to our solar system, that ghost-like, erratic substances of the same nature frequently visit us, and that there probably exists within our limits an assemblage of small nebulous bodies. There is also a nebulous appearance apparently surrounding the sun itself. In the months of February and March, it can be seen in the western sky soon after sunset, having the appearance of a luminous cone, extending from the horizon obliquely upwards in the direction of the sun's equator, sometimes reaching to an angular distance of 90°. It is also seen in October and November, in the east, before sunrise. It has been supposed to be a nebulous ring or zone revolving around the sun's equator, extending beyond the orbit of Venus, and perhaps as far as that of the Earth. It is also supposed by some to be identical with the substance from which are derived the meteoric showers, described above.*

II.

The evidence presented in the preceding pages, concerning the existence of a nebulous fluid and its condensation into stars, offers strong a priori probability to the celebrated theory of the original condition and development of our solar system, known as the Nebular Hypothesis of La Place.

* Recent observations, however, have rendered it probable, that the remarkable appearance is a ring surrounding the Earth, with the orbit of the Moon. It is apparently not so dense, at present, to form a reliable opinion either upon this point, or as to its dimensions or exact distance from the Earth.
It occurred to that illustrious Philosopher, that certain remarkable phenomena in the economy of our system cannot be accounted for by the principle of gravitation alone, as investigated by Newton and Kepler. That principle embraces but little more than the three laws determined by Kepler, respecting the orbits and motions of the planetary bodies, and these laws can have been in operation only during the period in which they have held their present form and condition.—It affords no explanation of the following facts:

i. That all the planets, primary and secondary, move in orbits nearly circular.

ii. That the planets all move in the same direction around the Sun.

iii. That the secondary planets all revolve around their primaries in the same direction also, excepting the satellites of Uranus.

iv. That both the primary planets and their satellites, rotate upon their axes in one direction, and in the same direction in which they revolve around the Sun.

v. That all their orbits very nearly coincide with the plane of the Sun’s equator.

The theory of La Place, in its fundamental character, is purely hypothetical. It rests on two assumptions, which, however, are not in the least degree forced or unnatural, and the probability of the first derives much strength from the probable existence of a nebulous fluid in distant regions of space.

First, he supposes all the matter which composes the solar system, to have existed as an immense chaotic mass of gasous vapor, resting somewhere in space, or perhaps moving onward in obedience to some great law of the universe, about some grand central point.

Secondly, that a vortical or whirlpool motion, by some agency or other, was generated in the nebulous mass. At the same time, all its particles of matter, by their inherent power of natural attraction, would gravitate toward a common centre. Now, by a simple principle of Mechanics, which, however, is too long and too intricate for introduction here, it can be demonstrated, that these two conditions would cause the whole
mass to rotate upon a fixed axis, and as a result of this, to assume a spheroidal form. These two points—that the system originally existed as a nebulous fluid, and the gyratory motion among its particles—as stated above, are purely hypothetical; but the remainder of the theory is a process of the most rigid deduction. It can be derived from the above premises by the strictest mathematical demonstration, and has been illustrated to a certain extent, by actual experiment.*

Suppose, now, that the nebulous mass has begun to rotate upon its axis. It is evident that the particles composing its exterior portions will have a higher velocity than those nearer its centre. As these gravitate towards the centre, none of their original velocity is lost. When the nebula, therefore, has become smaller, the particles at its surface, for example, will have the same absolute velocity as before, but a shorter distance to travel over, in performing a revolution. As the same is true of all the particles composing it, the whole nebula will of course rotate with increased velocity as its mass becomes smaller. The revolving mass will assume the figure of a very oblate spheroid, the oblateness becoming greater and greater as the velocity increases. At length, when the centrifugal force at the exterior portion of the equator exactly balances the attractive force of the mass of the nebula, it acquires, as it were, a self-sustaining power, and as the nebula continues to contract, a ring of this matter is left behind, which will continue to revolve around the main mass, in some form or other, as an independent body.†

* I refer to the ingenious experiment of M. Plateau, of the University of Ghent.

Alcohol and water are mixed together in such proportions, that the specific gravity of the fluid is the same as that of olive oil. A drop of the oil is then introduced. The effect of gravitation being neutralized, it will assume a spherical form and remain suspended in the fluid. If now a wire is passed through the drop and made to revolve, imitating the motion of a planet upon its axis, the equator protrudes and the poles become flattened, illustrating the spheroidal figure of the Earth. Increase the rapidity of revolution, and a ring separates, and revolves independently, like the ring of Saturn, around the central drop.

The resistance of so dense a medium as the alcohol and water, of course confines the success of the experiment within very narrow limits; but the above sufficiently and beautifully illustrates the general principle.

† As the character and limits of this article forbid the introduction of the mathematical demonstration of each point which comes under consideration in
advances, successive rings will be thrown off at intervals, until an equilibrium is restored by the nucleus ceasing to contract.

Let us now see what form these revolving rings would probably assume.

1. If all portions of the ring were of precisely the same density, it is possible that its original form might be preserved, and that it might condense into a permanent planetary ring. And we actually find a solitary example of this kind in the ring of Saturn.

2. It is more probable, however, that the constitution of the ring would be such as to cause it to break up into a number of fragments, which would continue their revolution, for a time at least, independently of one another, but in the orbit determined by the former position of the ring. And it might happen that these fragment would be so nearly of a size, that they would remain permanently separated from one another, and form a zone of small bodies revolving in orbits which would nearly coincide. And we accordingly find a single case of this kind in the group of Asteroids, of which fifty-two have been discovered, revolving between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

3. In by far the greater proportion of cases, however, the fragments would be of irregular size; the result of which would be, that all would gradually coalesce into a single mass. Thus we find eight large planets, — Mercury, Venus, Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune,— as single bodies, revolving in distinct and widely separated orbits.

It will readily be seen that this hypothesis furnishes a complete explanation of the five phenomena stated at the head of this section:

1. The form of the planetary orbits, nearly circular, is determined by that of the original ring; and the secondary planets were of course formed by a repetition of the same process, on a smaller scale, which produced their primaries.

2. As the rotation of the original nebula was constant, a motion in the same direction would be imparted to all the discussion of this theory, the reader is referred to an elaborate discussion of the subject in Herschell's Astronomy and Nichol's Planetary System.
successive portions thrown off, which motion would be retained under all the modifications of form which these rings might undergo.

3. It will be readily comprehended, that the outer edge of a revolving ring, being the most remote from its centre, will move faster than the inner portions. It is equally easy to conceive, that at the instant when the ring breaks up, the higher velocity of the outer portion of each fragment will generate in it a rotary motion in the same direction with that of the original mass—on the same principle that a force applied to the rope around a hoisting-wheel or windlass will make it turn upon its axis.

4. The same circumstance, namely, that the rotation of the original mass is constantly in the same direction, would account for the fifth peculiarity noticed,—that the planes of the planetary orbits nearly coincide with each other, and with that of the Sun's equator,—since the rings are all thrown off from the equator of the revolving nebula.

But the resources of this remarkable hypothesis are not yet exhausted. There are several phenomena of minor importance, which it explains with equal clearness and beauty;

1. It is evident that each successive ring thrown off by the contracting nebula, would be smaller than its predecessor, and the relative magnitude of the resulting planet would correspond. And this is found to be a law of the system, in its general features. The planets are of various magnitudes, the smaller being nearest to the Sun.

2. The rings which were first detached would be of much less density than those of a later period, since the mass is continually condensing. This also is verified by fact. Mercury is of somewhat greater density than the Earth, Venus and Mars of nearly the same, that of Jupiter about one-fourth, and Saturn one-eighth as great. Jupiter is about as dense as a globe of the same size, homogeneous throughout, composed entirely of water; Saturn is lighter than cork.

3. It is also evident that the rings first thrown off, would be of much greater breadth than the later ones. Now, it can be easily demonstrated, that this greater breadth would give the resulting planet a higher velocity of rotation. The wider
the ring, the greater is the difference between the respective velocities of its outer and inner portions, and it will be readily comprehended, that the velocity of the planet’s rotation will be in an exact ratio to this difference.* It would be more natural to suppose that the smaller planets would spin swiftly upon their axes, while the magnificent orbs of Jupiter and Saturn would turn with a slow, majestic motion; but we find the contrary to be the fact, in perfect conformity with the deductions of our theory. Mercury and Venus revolve in a little less time than the Earth, Mars in about the same time, Jupiter and Saturn in about ten and a-half hours. The period of rotation of Uranus and Neptune has not been determined.

It will be seen that this hypothesis affords only a general explanation of the phenomena which characterize our solar system. It is not pretended that it meets all the difficulties of each particular case. The relative magnitudes, densities, and periods of rotation of the several planets are not in that regular ratio which we might be led to expect. The satellites of Uranus also present an anomalous case—the position of their orbits being nearly at right angles to the ecliptic, and the direction of their motion reversed. These slight discrepancies, however, are of but very little weight as an objection to the hypothesis as a whole. They are not contradictory to it, but are simply a few particular cases, which it does not explain; and may have resulted from elements in the process of development, which man has not been able to discover or conceive, or from influences exterior to our system.

* This point has been very ingeniously elaborated by Mr. Kirkwood, of Pennsylvania.

Each one of the heavenly bodies exerts an attractive force in every direction around it, which varies in intensity directly as the mass of the body and inversely as the square of the distance. There must be a point, therefore, between the orbits of Venus and the Earth, and also one between Mars and the Earth, where the attractive forces of these bodies is exactly balanced. Each planet, then, may be considered to have a sphere of attraction, which meets those of its neighbors at points somewhere between their respective orbits.—Mr. Kirkwood supposes that the breadth of the original formative rings coincided with these spheres of attraction; and on this supposition has demonstrated, that the square of the number of times that each planet rotates during one revolution in its orbit, is proportional to the cube of the breadth or diameter of the sphere of its attraction.
III.

But the speculation does not stop even here. It not only unfolds the mysterious origin of this magnificent machinery, but penetrates the future also, with prophetic vision discerning the outlines, though vague and uncertain, of its future course and final catastrophe.

It has been conjectured that the whole space occupied by our system is still pervaded by nebulous matter of such extreme tenuity, that its retarding influence upon the motions of the planets is not appreciable during the brief period in which they have been observed. It does not seem to be improbable that a mass such as has been supposed, in contracting, would leave behind in the space which it formerly occupied, a portion of its matter too volatile to be condensed, forming an atmosphere such as we see surrounding our own planet, and some others. It also affords a probable explanation of the Zodiacal Light, on the supposition that it is a ring of the denser portions of this matter, accumulated about the Sun’s equator. But the strongest evidence of its existence is afforded by the motion of Encke’s Comet. This is one of the smallest of these remarkable bodies, and is composed of matter so ethereal that the faintest cloud which floats in the summer sky, is gross and heavy in comparison. It traverses its orbit in about three and a third years, and with each successive revolution, is seen to be slowly but steadily approaching the Sun. Astronomers have demonstrated that its fall must be constantly accelerated, until it is at length absorbed or wholly dissipated by his heat.

Should this indeed be true—should future researches prove beyond a doubt the existence of this nebulous solar atmosphere—startling, indeed, are the suggestions to which it gives rise. However ethereal this atmosphere may be—however slight the resistance it opposes to the mighty momentum of the planetary bodies—not more surely does the apple, loosened from its parent stem, fall toward the Earth, than will those majestic spheres, in obedience to the same immutable law, sweep onward in ever contracting circles, and return at last to their original source.
Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

THE STORY OF OUR CHOIR.

PROLOGUE.

What Mrs. Grundy Said.

Mrs. Grundy gravely made the following assertions:—

Generally speaking, that Choirs are a nuisance;

That singing is worship, and where Choirs monopolize the singing they do, in effect, prevent the congregation from worshipping;

More particularly that the young gentlemen and ladies who sit in the organ-loft only scandalize the pious worshippers below, by their continual giggling and unsanctified talk during prayers;

That they are continually quarreling among themselves, or else;

Quarreling with the minister of the parish;

That Choir meetings are the cause of no small part of that gossip which she always so much lamented;

That the young ladies who sing in the Choir are given to watching the young gentlemen in the congregation below stairs;

That the said young gentlemen, instead of attending to the service, turn their backs to the minister to stare at the young ladies before mentioned;

That Choirs always sing the verse,

"True love is like that precious oil,
Which poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed."

In the following barbarous manner:

"Ran down his beard and o'er his head —
Ran down his beard — his robes —
And o'er his robes
Ran down his beard — ran down his
—— — — — o'er his robes
His robes, his robes, ran down his beard
Ran down his
—— — — o'er his robes
Ran down his beard
h-i-a b e-a-r-d
Its costly moisture—beard—his beard—his shed
Ran down his beard—his down
his robes—its costly moist—his beard
ure shed—his—cess—his robes—ure shed
1-t's e-o-s-t-l-i-e moist—ure—shed."

(The good old lady—had she studied logic—might have reflected that the matters complained of are separable accidents, and by no means belong to all Choirs. Farther, the thought might possibly have occurred to her mind that her reasoning with respect to the monopoly of worship, if it proves anything, proves entirely too much, for if the congregation cannot "sing with the spirit," without singing audibly, can they pray with the spirit without praying audibly? Is there not as much monopoly on the part of the officiating clergyman, as on that of the Choir? However, being a grave historian, I shall not stop to argue the question, pro or con; nor shall I pretend to say whether Mrs. Grundy was right or wrong in her assertions, but propose to confine myself to such matters as come within the legitimate province of my pen.)

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

"—rose, reigned,—"

The historian is like Mr. GrabGrind, in that he deals entirely in facts. Now "facts are stubborn things," and he who undertakes to record events as they actually occur, finds himself hampered at every step by laws as binding as were those of the Medes and Persians in the olden time. Hence he must necessarily relinquish all thought of ornamenting his narrative by play of fancy, and, in most cases, even of indulging in ingenious speculations and harmless pleasantry which, under ordinary circumstances, give such an impulse to the reader's mind in following the line of argument laid down. In the present instance, I feel this to be a sore grievance. I have to do with a subject rather suited to the pen of the story-writer than to that of the historian, and find myself tempted at every step to give loose reins to the imagination. Were I to do this, I should, no doubt, be able to make a more entertaining story, but the story, in that case, would most likely lose all character of a history, and be set down as a fiction. Rather than lose sight of my primary object in writing,
I shall willingly face the danger of being thought bald and uninteresting by those who ask for romance, and shall content myself, by keeping strictly to the truth, with pleasing those only, who, with Mr. Gradgrind, cry for facts.

The winter of 1857–58 forms a memorable epoch in the ecclesiastical history of Gambier. Events occurred during that period, which were not only important in themselves, but which exercise no small degree of influence upon the destinies of our citizens individually and collectively. These somewhat in detail—

After the resignation of our last incumbent, an interregnum of several months occurred in “Harcourt Parish,” and so long as this continued, the reins of government were held by the Vestry, and other officers of the Church. These were gentlemen of respectability and good standing in society, and who, while content to occupy a subordinate position in the management of affairs, possessed the confidence of all around them. The event, however, proved them to be incapable of guiding the ship of government in safety through tempestuous seas, and verified the saying of Shakespeare, concerning

“——— proud man, drest in a little brief authority.”

as well as that other famous apothegm about

“Pigmies, though perched on Alps,” &c.

But I anticipate.

Great men come into notice during times either of remarkable action, or of remarkable inaction. When the common order of people become excited and run into excesses, some “Agamemnon, King of men,” is seen to arise, commissioned, apparently, to prevent the destruction which would otherwise occur. And where, on the other hand, the many become sluggish, and are in danger of going to sleep, some leading spirits are just as certain to rouse them to a sense of their duty. The history of the rise and fall of our late Choir, will furnish an example of the latter class of phenomena. In no particular was the inefficiency of the Vestry more strikingly exhibited, than in the matter of Church music. The singing was horrid; at least so it was currently reported. Public sentiment called loudly for a reform, but the persons in power seemed to be reposing in supine indifference.— But “the darkest hour immediately precedes the dawn.” Individual magnanimity and energy accomplished what an imbecile government could not even attempt. A few leading spirits among the congregation, came to the rescue, and without waiting to
consult their superiors in authority, formed themselves into a Choir, and with a self-sacrificing zeal worthy of all admiration, consented to make martyrs of themselves, and do the singing for the rest of the people. The moment chosen for such action was propitious. A Choir composed of ladies and students had sung with great eclat at the Junior Exhibition a short time before.—Everybody had seemed delighted with the effort. The Editors of the Collegian had spoken approvingly of it, in private circles, and Mrs. Grundy, even, uttered no positive sentence of condemnation.

Great minds dislike and avoid unnecessary display. The action of our late Choir afford a striking illustration of this truth. They not only avoided the fruitless controversy which must have ensued had they ostentatiously consulted the Vestry in regard to the necessity and propriety of the step they contemplated taking, but further than this, they did their work so quietly and modestly that very few among the congregation were aware of what had taken place, until the very Sunday morning when they commenced operations in a public manner. As might have been expected, some very blank faces were turned towards the gallery, when the "I will arise!" broke upon the stillness of the sanctuary; but the students were delighted, and after church were sufficiently profuse in their compliments to the sweet voices of the young ladies, and the courage and musical talents of the gentlemen concerned.

Thus a complete reformation was quietly effected in our Church singing, and all things "went merry as a marriage bell."

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"Leaves have their time to fall."

To show upon what broad and liberal principles our Choir was established, and how carefully and deliberately each step was taken, by its members, I give the "Laws and Regulations" which were binding upon all concerned, omitting only such portions as are private in their character, or which possess no particular interest to the general reader:

"Gambier, January 9th, 1858.

"Inasmuch as it is generally conceded that misfortunes and trouble will happen in the best of families, and that the frequency of such catastrophes are in proportion to the good or bad discip-
line of such families; and farther, that humanity is subject to frailty, and that an undue amount of this infirmity is universally acknowledged to be a distinguishing characteristic of singers in general, and Church Choirs in particular—

"We, the undersigned, in forming ourselves into a Choir, and with a desire to avoid those rocks and quicksands, against which, running, such organizations are usually brought to destruction, do hereby severally agree to observe and abide by the following resolutions:

"Resolved, First, That

"Resolved, Secondly, That

"Resolved, Thirdly, That

"Resolved, Fourthly, That

"Resolved, Fifthly, That

"Resolved, Sixthly, That we allow the natural sweetness of our dispositions to manifest itself towards each other at all times and in all places; that we allow no room for Slander, or any other hateful daughter of Envy, in our midst. So shall we disappoint the expectations of Mrs. Grundy, who would be only too glad to stir up discord amongst us, and to glory in our shame.

(Signed)

A. B.
C. D.
E. F.
G. H.
I. J.
K. L.
M. N."

By the foregoing regulations all internal difficulties with which the Choir might otherwise have had to contend were prevented. Secure in this respect, its members seem not to have anticipated the possibility of danger from any other quarter.—But the blow came quickly and with stunning force.

The little company of singers were in the habit of meeting, on Saturday evenings, for the purpose of practicing the tunes they were to sing on the following Sabbath. About two months after their organization, they assembled, as usual, for the purpose just designated, and conducted their exercises as they had hitherto done. Two hours before midnight they separated, all in the best humor possible, and full of bright anticipations for the morrow.
The Dream of the Soprano Singer.

They were in Church, and the morning service was about to commence. Suddenly a slight commotion among the congregation below arrested the dreamer’s attention. She peered cautiously over the balustrade, and saw the Vestry, one by one, leave their seats and range themselves, in single file, behind one of their number—the man with the great bushy hair and whiskers—who aspired to the leadership of their most reverend body. * * * * They (the Vestry) were in the gallery, and the whiskered man politely offered his arm to the dreamer, saying, "Miss A. B., allow me to conduct you down."

How quiet the congregation were as the procession entered, and marched up the middle aisle! * * * * * The Vestry were very polite, and handed the ladies quite gracefully into their several pews. * * * * * * * * * * * 

The fair sleeper awoke rejoicing to know that it was only a dream. * * * * * * * * * * * 

At the very hour when the Choir were practicing their music, as related above, the Vestry held a meeting and resolved that the said Choir should be requested immediately to disband. One of their number was appointed to communicate this request to the parties concerned, and a paper was posted upon the Church door, giving notice that three gentlemen whose names were specified, had been appointed to "lead the congregational singing."

The next day the gallery wore a very deserted appearance, and some of the students were rude enough to laugh, and to cast meaning glances across the Church towards the several pews which the late young lady singers occupied.
Our readers, no doubt, remember that the Table of our October number contained some very unfeeling stanzas, in the shape of a parody on "Tell me, ye winged winds, &c.," on the subject of the gentler sex. It will also be recollected that in a subsequent issue, we published an effusion entitled "Woman," and which was designed to set forth the utter heartlessness and systematic cruelty of the fair daughters of Adam. Now, although at the time we published these pieces, we distinctly and emphatically denied having any sympathy whatever with the principles they were intended to inculcate, we have been accused of being "a woman-hater," and a dozen other things, and we now hasten indignantly to repel the "insinuation." We are not a "woman-hater," neither are we, in the slightest degree, opposed to matrimony.—We are perfectly neutral on the subject; and in proof this assertion, and by way of making all possible reparation to certain of our readers, we gladly insert the following verses, taken from a newspaper which one of our obliging college friends has just handed us. The piece is entitled "The Bachelor's Burial," and is worthy of more than a passing perusal, in these days when real pathos is so seldom to be met with:

"The old maids, at break of day,
A bachelor's carcass bore away,
With wrinkled brow and matted hair,
And heart that never loved the fair.

"Bring briars!" they cried, "bring whees unblown,
Bring rankest weeds of name unknown;
Bring withered boughs from dreary wild
To strew the bier of Error's child.

"And make his grave where lizards hide,
Where night-shade strews the swamp creek side,
Far out of sight, where genial Spring
Shall send no gentle birds to sing.

"His old jack-knife lay with him low,
To cut the strings of Cupid's bow;
The sad house-cat shall whine around
His lonely grave, in grief profound.

"Here lay him who was often high;
Here where shall fall no pitying eye.
For him, for him, no loving heart
Shall ache—for him no tear shall start.

"His bloodless lips shall fall to dust;
His old jack-knife shall waste with rust;
He whom we hide from sight of men
Shall never fright the babes again."
"'For we have laid him from the light,  
Beneath the ground, and out of sight;  
But this rude epitaph shall stand—  
'This wretch to no one gave his hand.'"

We insert the annexed extract from Todd's Students' Manual, for the purpose of filling out the Table, and also, of impressing the truths which it contains, upon the minds of such of our brethren in college, as appear to have forgotten them:

"Be particularly attentive to your behavior at table, for, from his situation, the student is peculiarly tempted to err therein. There is an abruptness and bluntness in the manner of some professional men—a complete treading under foot of all politeness. It may be attributed to the fact that they probably associate very little with refined society while students; and when they came out into the world, not knowing how to behave, they put on the blunt, hair-cloth mode, as if conscious of abilities which would suffer them to despise form and politeness. But a man is never more mistaken than when he supposes that any strength of mind or attainments will render his company agreeable, while his manners are rude. If you are accustomed to society, behave as you know bow; if not accustomed to it, behave modestly, and you will behave well; so that in all your intercourse with your fellow-students, always maintain the appearance and character of a gentleman—never that of a buffoon or sloven. And as your character now is, in these respects, so it is to be through life. I have known students whose wash-stand and establishment shows that they were slovens, and they were never known to improve in these respects. Keep your room and person, at all times, just as you would leave it, if you expected your mother or sister to make you a visit. Neatness is the word by which to designate all that is meant in regard to your personal appearance.

"Cleanliness is the first mark of politeness; it is agreeable to others, and is a very pleasant sensation to ourselves. The humor of Swift was not misapplied when he describes himself as recovering from sickness by changing his linen. A clean, neat appearance is always a good letter of introduction. May I request my readers to gather the application and moral of the following beautiful story:—'A dervise of great sanctity one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a crystal cup, which was consecrated to the Prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and dash it to pieces. His son coming in some time after, he stretched out his hand to bless him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth, going out, stumbled over the threshold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at these events, a caravan passed by in its way to Mecca; the Dervise approached it to beg a blessing; but as he stroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beast, which sorely bruised him! His sorrow and amazement increased upon him, until he recollected that, through hurry and inadvertancy, he had that morning come about without washing his hands."
It has been some time since we had the pleasure of hearing from the venerable Mrs. Grundy, and our fears were aroused last we had lost so valuable a contributor. But folks are liable to be mistaken, editors as well as others, and it seems that with the increasing prosperity of our Maga, the old lady has renewed her literary efforts. We present her claim to our readers, expressing the hope that they, as well as we, may be more frequently favored with her counsel-bearing epistles.

Gambier, February 9, 1858.

Messrs. Editors: It has been a long time since I wrote my last epistle to you, but during that time there have been great things going on in our little village. In the first place, we had a great time dressing our Church for Christmas. I went up to see them the second night, and, my stars! you never heard tell of such a time as they were having. There were persons there of all ages, tying and picking greens to make wreaths, and soon as ever one wreath was done there was two or three young men and ladies there waiting to take them right up stairs and hang them up. The young gentlemen seemed very attentive to the young ladies, and seemed to enjoy themselves very much, but if they had been separated, I think they would done more work. But as my departed John used to tell me, I must not meddle in other people's business, and, above all things, never to gossip. Nevertheless I must tell you of something that these wicked students have been doing, since I wrote to you last, which very nearly scared me to death. I declare, I never had such a fright since I was born. It was just this way. One night I thought that I would take a little walk for my health, as I had not felt very well for a few days. I was very innocently walking along, thinking about my lamented John, when I thought I saw something, in white, moving down the path; but I thought it might be a cow or some other kind of an animal, and didn't pay much attention to it, but when I got a little nearer, I saw a great crowd of figures, whether heavenly or earthly I couldn't tell.—dressed in every kind of way a person could think of, and right in the midst, dressed all in white, I thought I recognized my dear John. You better believe I was scared. I shook all over, and came very near fainting, but I thought I had better not, as I had forgotten my smelling-bottle. After I had revived a little, I found that it was nothing but those bad students, up to some of their tricks. I was relieved, but I was mad that they should have scared me so, and was just going up to them to give them a good lecture for being out so late at night and scaring honest folks half out of their wits, when the thought struck me to watch and see what students would do; not that I was curious, for, as I said in another letter to you, I am entirely free from that weakness which is so peculiar to my sex—but just that I might see if students were as bad as people make them out to be. But as I was going on to say, I thought I would watch and see what they were up to, so I followed them, taking good care that they should not see me, and I saw that they were about to initiate some poor student in one of those dreadful secret societies. I did pity him. There he was, "like Noah's weary dove," in their midst,—pale and frightened,—surrounded by about a dozen of students, yelling and screeching like so many wild Indians. They took him up to the chapel and after going through some mysterious performances which I did not understand, they laid him down on a bench and left him blindfolded in the dark. I was so overcome at such cruelty that I had to leave and go home. 'Tis dreadful the way these students will carry on. I don't know what
society it was they were initiating him in, but I guess it was the "Skull and Bones." I think there ought to be a stop put to such doings. But I must stop as it is supper time, and I must go and get tea. Yours Truly,

Polly Ann Grundy.

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A GREEK LOVE SONG.

O mazi με τε φης η μισω λυπον φοιτε
Εδου τη κεφα αυτη αυ φης στοι ποη λυς,
Ειμι κιλας αγις η ταν ι και τιλιν δι δις ις
Μ' τις πασι ση χει να σιν αφιερωμεν.
Βα φωνας με τα φαν' αν δι φοιτητες,
Ου δι και και μεναι αφει αλλες φαλασ.
Νω μαη τε καν αφιερωμεν ις Πειλλας και Κεφες
Μ' ιμ' κει και αλλων αφιερω μι αφεῖ αλλιμ.


This book is intended, not as a review of Dr. Kane's writings, but rather as a memoir of his life. It is the author's aim to depict the various elements that entered into the mental constitution of this courageous adventurer and true-hearted philanthropist, and not to give critical comments on his works.—How well he has succeeded, it is our pleasure, as well as that of others who have perused the work, to attest. The scenes and events of Kane's younger days, as set forth by the author, are not only interesting and entertaining to a high degree, but they are equally instructive, as they lead to a full development of a manly character. "His child history is full and comprehensive.—Through every incident runs the one character of physical hardihood, and steady, teneb endeavor to do everything that seemed difficult of accomplishment, without other aim, or any aim at all, beyond the mere doing." His after-life is full of incidents of travel, of danger, of peril, and of manly, noble suffering. The author has succeeded in collecting and arranging memoranda and in drawing from them, features true to life, all evincing historical and scientific research. The "Funeral Obsequies of Dr. Elisha Kent Kane," appended to the biography proper, make the volume complete.

We do not pretend to criticize the work, nor to comment upon its merit, but merely to give our opinion after a careful perusal. The book is undoubtedly one of rare interest and attraction, and the great simplicity and earnestness of its style is such as will easily recommend it to our reading community. It needs no other word of commendation than the great name it bears. Elisha Kent Kane has endeared himself to a people—so will the record of his life be to them a source of fond recollection and reflection.

Messrs. Editors:—Freshmen, taken under any circumstances whatever, are indeed a wonderful collection of fellows.

I happened to be walking down the college path, a day or two since, when I picked up a piece of paper, covered with dirt, and succeeded in deciphering the following half-finished "Warning to a Blackboard." It is too good to be lost, and I hope it will be preserved in the pages of the Collegian, for the
perusal of those who may inherit the enviable title of Freshmen. I give it exactly as it was written upon the paper.

"WARNING TO A BLACK-BOARD.

BY A FRESHMAN.

"Oh! ye blackened specimen of a flattened log,
That corruscates like a nigger's heel in the noon-day sun,
Why stands ye there upon straddled rectangular legs
Like some evil genius, to bore us poor Freshmen.
Knewest thou not that thy nigrescent visage is odious?
Perceiveth ye not, from the expression of our physiognomies,
That thy stay upon this sublunary sphere should be short?
Then why do you not take the legs of the morning and perambulate?
We do beseech and implore that ye will take this warning.
For we have respect unto thy age, if not unto thy character.
Already thy bald scalp has begun to make its appearance,
Where the capillary covering has been triturated,
And thy few remaining gray hairs! be it far from us
To bring in sorrow to the grave.
But it is with profound regret that I say that thy departure is nigh at hand.
Then, let me pray you, by the honored respect
That has been paid you in cycles of time that are passed;
By the despair which would gather on the countenances of
Your old acquaintances, at the tale of your fate;
By the recollections of those who have tattooed your face with chalk;
By the consequences which may result from one being forced
To carry you "vi et armis" from these hallowed precincts,
To make yourself scarce.
If you don't, I tell you that your life is in danger.
Perhaps you may be burned, or sawed in two, as the martyrs of old;
Or perhaps you may be consigned to a watery grave;
Or perhaps you may catch the fever and ague by exposure to the night air,
I cannot tell, alas! what may be thy fate."

Here the manuscript ceased. It is to be hoped the author will come forth and claim the parentage of this effusion, and tell us, in the same style, what became of the poor old Black-board—whether it listened to the warning, or through obstinacy, suffered the horrible death which was the alternative.

Yours, &c.,

We are happy to acknowledge the receipt of numerous exchanges, since our last issue; some old friends, who are always welcome, and others to whom we extend the hand of friendship. Our table contains the Kentucky Military Institute Magazine and Collegiate Record, a new magazine by the students of Western Reserve College, both for Jan. and Feb.; Oakland Magazine and Dennisonian for Feb. and March; Knox Collegiate, Williams Quarterly, Harvard Magazine and Students' Miscellany for March. We have also received the Western Churchman, a new monthly paper issued at Chicago, weekly numbers of the Sandusky Register and Mt. Vernon Banner. Some of our old exchanges are still missing, and there are a few from whom we have not heard for some time.