IMAGINATION.

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

We call Imagination "the capability of the mind to produce within us images of objects; and we distinguish, (1) original imagination; (2) reproductive imagination; and (3) productive imagination—fancy, i.e., the capability of combining ideas of any kind, and of producing thereby new images."

What would human life be without imagination? It is the divine gift of the Creator, and no one is left without it; it was given to all—to the rich and the poor, to the king and the slave, to the child and the aged man; for no one is so wretched that he cannot invent, and delight in, beings, scenes, situations.

Imagination elevates us to heaven; it relieves us, for a while, of all burdens, cares and sorrows; it brings before our souls dreams of unknown happiness and delight; and these
dreams and moments are often the only silver threads drawn through a life dragged along in misery and weary drudgery. Imagination bursts open all the hemming feters of time and space; it facilitates the aspirations of the vigorous youth, by placing him in a period of time still far distant—he looks upon himself as a statesman, as a hero, as a scholar; it carries us in a moment over oceans and mountains to far off dear ones; it brings to many, whom Nature has wonderfully favored, those divine moments which Goethe describes so beautifully in his poem “My Goddess,” and Tiedge in his “Urania.” Truly great productions in science and art are mostly due to the imagination of great minds—and how insignificant is the apparatus imagination needs with which to operate! The blooming margin of a brook, the church spire of a little village, reminds us of the happy moments dreamed away, in times gone by, at a brook, in a village, and we live again with them, as it were, in those moments of imagination. The age-stricken man is, by imagination, carried back to the time of innocent childhood; he forgets the experiences, burdens, toil and cares, the disappointed hopes and expectations which caused his hair to turn gray, and rendered him weary of life. He sees himself again full of youthful vigor, the same light-haired boy, and as happy as then!

There is nothing too high, too sublime, too beautiful for imagination. Everything is accessible for it, and the endeavor to reach it has a salutary influence on man, and renders him reciprocally great and good. The imagination which engages itself only in the true, great and beautiful, will hardly ever bring danger on man, as long as it moves within reasonable limits, and does not err beyond the boundaries between Earth and Heaven, or dwells not too long behind the veil of the Goddess at Sais.

But dreadful are the consequences when imagination is nourished by voluptuousness, lying, and all sinfulness. As the Sirocco and the Simoom destroy the flowers and blossoms over which they sweep, and threaten the life of man, so operates but too soon a corrupt imagination. All the nobler feelings die away; man grows sick in body and mind; he dries up, as it were, and nothing remains of him, as long as he still
may breathe, but a miserable skeleton, a troubled or a wicked being. We might almost say that the desires and passions are less dangerous and of minor importance for life and value to man than such an imagination, breeding, as it were, the desire of vice.

A murderer, a robber, a seducer, a glutton, enjoys often long before the act, in the thought of the accomplished vengeance, great riches, unlawful love, satiated lust. Purity of the imagination, engaged in such a manner, is destroyed; virtue flees away, and now awakens rapidly the desire to possess, at any price, those things, the possession of which is sin. But desire and action, the first being awakened by imagination, generally follow each other so quickly, that we may safely assert that imagination leads originally to lying, murder, seduction; nay, it does more—while it holds before the eyes of the unfortunate the enjoyment of riches procured by murder, it shows him also the cruel penalty which might be inflicted upon him by offended Justice; but it often points out to him (as the psychological history of many criminals proves) all imaginable means and ways of escaping the punishments, and of enjoying, certainly and permanently, the coveted riches.

Although, happily, a corrupt imagination does not make every one a murderer, a robber, etc., it seduces many to faults, offences and vices of different kinds. It is, therefore, not sufficient to have pointed out that imagination is not always a "goddess," but we must also observe in what manner its development requires the utmost attention, how, and by what means, we must keep it under firm control.

An unsound imagination is based mainly upon a nervous temperament. Whatever excites the latter ought to be withdrawn from such individuals in which this temper predominates, such as wine, coffee, spices, excessive heat, long sleep, protracted occupation at night; frequent bodily exercise in the open air, simple, nourishing and strengthening diet exert a favorable influence.

The character of imagination is different at different periods. It is still pure and uncorrupt in the innocent world of childhood; it can elevate the mind to heaven and behold angels, but it cannot create an image of hell, for the child does not yet know vice and sin.
But the youth has already gathered so many experiences, seen life in so manifold forms and from so many sides, that imagination henceforth is never in want of an inexhaustible store, whether it soars to heaven or descends to hell. Imagination cannot be ruled, in this age, by reason and understanding, the latter being as yet unripe; but it is roused to the highest pitch by most powerful sensibilities, sweet anticipations, brave aspirations, and a consciousness of irresistible power and strength.

It is, indeed, a beautiful, but dangerous time, an important moment, decisive in the life of man; for it is this moment in which we turn, often irrevocably, either to virtue or vice—when we devote ourselves to the true, the beautiful, the sublime—or to lying, sin, sensuality; it is this moment that can render us happy or unhappy. It is a moment of temptation; it is the moment when Fancy, at its point of culmination, degenerates so easily and so frequently, and may poison our life. What, then, are the remedies against the degeneration of the imagination?

First. "Mens sana in corpore sano;" a sound mind must have a sound, vigorous bodily abode, the latter being essentially requisite for a proper development of imagination; physical illness, weakness, soon generate morbid sensibilities, the potent cause of unsound imagination. It should be a point of permanent importance to develop even the body of the child in vigor and health.

Secondly. The mind must be properly cultivated from early youth. The intellect which is to distinguish between reality and appearance, is, as it were, the contrast to imagination, and its natural regulator. As long as the intellect operates actively, it will keep imagination firmly in its proper sphere, within which no excess is to be apprehended. But, on the other hand, the more man gives himself up to the influence of imagination, the more intellect, its regulator, will yield, and becomes, like any other neglected faculty, more and more weakened, and unfit to judge correctly—the more Fancy will stray in mist and vagueness, until it is lost irretrievably with man himself.

Many systems of education do not admit of thorough application to subjects of study, whereby, alone, the intellect may
be solidly developed. In many instances we find, instead of real learning, a constant hurrying from one subject to another, a permanent dissipation, by which we but rarely obtain clear ideas of anything. Many a young man enters the world too soon, with a great accumulation of such indistinct ideas. — Weak in body, weak in mind, and, as is generally the case, with an imagination excessively excited, he fails to attain his proper sphere.

Thirdly. The heart ought early to be taught to delight only in images of the true, the beautiful, the sublime; imagination will then remain pure and uncorrupt.

Premature entrance into the so-called "world," which, as it is now-a-days, arouses us but too soon from childhood's innocence, early acquaintance with the world's views of purity of heart in general and certain views in particular, the example of and intercourse with corrupt men, are fruitful causes of corrupt imagination.

THE MIRRORED STARS.

How bright the scattered stars are strewn
Through river wide and lonely pool—
Till every thing that gathers light,
With heaven's face is full!

These are not stars, that glitter here—
That bathe the universe with light;
But each may light our eyes to find
Our prophets o'er the night.

Their light is true as any light,
Though hid by flying cloud or leaf—
And we may find the light they gleam—
Their gleam however brief.

High hopes that travel ever on!
Stars that journey ever o'er us!
We follow o'er the nightly sea—
Your lights are still before us!
THE VOICES.

They are but in the mirrors shown
That glitter whither we are bound,
From heavenly moving spheres that fill,
Their heavenly singing round.

All bright-faced feelings point to stars
From Life's wide sea or desert pool,
All mirrored down from stars afar,
That make the heavens full!

Ah! clouds may hide the heavenly face—
May hide the mirrored stars before—
Strong Soul! art thou the mirror then!
Fly all the cloud-land o'er.

THE VOICES.

There is mystery in mind, and in no respect more than in
its susceptibility to impressions. It is sensitive as the mercu-
rial thread that responds to the gentlest thermal change, or as
the nicely attuned harpstring that sighs with the softest breath.
The soul hath its ear, spiritual, like itself, whose delicately ad-
justed chambers vibrate to whispers as promptly as to the full
swelling chorus. And that ear is ever attent to catch every
sound, whether it be from without—one of the voices that stir
the great world—or from within, such as the soul alone can
hear. And wonderful are these for multitude, variety and
form. Without, Nature hath voices innumerable. Go forth
at the dawn; valley, woodland, and hilltops, are vocal. At
noon, at night, those voices still are heard; every hour their
accents are new.

Nature, indeed, has the gift of tongues. She can speak to
all lands, and to every condition. So, also, she addresses, in
turn, every emotion and sentiment of the human breast.—
When the soft shadows of twilight are gathering around, her
voice speaks of peace, and thankfulness, and joy; but when
the dark cloud hangs above us, and the thunder is heard, and
the tempest is abroad, how does the voice of the storm oppress the soul with inexpressible awe—expand and elevate it with a sense of the sublime! Even in her silence, Nature is eloquent. Who can look upon the sunset scene, or, in the edge of evening, gaze away among the stars "as they stand shining in order—a living hymn written in light," and not feel his inmost soul stirred, as no voice audible to the outward ear could stir it?

Not Nature only, but the ten thousand circumstances which link themselves around our mortal existence, speak to the soul. Prosperity, adversity, the turmoil of business, the gay scenes of pleasure, the quiet of repose, each has its own peculiar language, urging to noble resolve and effort, counselling negligence and sloth, or turning the soul to the paths of ignorance and crime.

Then what wonderful influence is exerted by man over his fellows! How his words enter into the soul, to blight its joy, or fill it with gladness! Nor are those that fall from the lips the only heart-words.

"Acts of kindness—deeds of love,
Gracious dew-drops from above—
Hearts of pity, gushing ever—
Founts of goodness, failing never—
Oil of gladness, sweetly shed,
On the sad and drooping head—
These, to spirits grieved and broken,
Are the words most fitly spoken."

How often, too, when the tongue fails, does the wealth of the soul pour itself forth to its kindred soul, in the kindling eye, the beaming countenance, the sympathetic grasp of the hand! These are electric words that need not the heavy machinery of language to transmit them. But these all are voices from without. They can only penetrate to the soul by some of the senses, which, like so many windows, let in the knowledge of the outer world. Before these the spirit sits, like a prisoner at his grated window, eagerly straining to catch each sound that may be borne into its little resting-place. But can it be that the spark of divinity within us, is altogether dependant, in all its thoughts and conceptions, upon that gross mass of clay that imprisons it? Impossible! there are voices within
as well as without—voices that speak directly to the heart. I believe in a language of the heart, and in the "communion of souls." It is a pleasing fancy—perhaps not all a fancy—that two sympathetic hearts, brought unawares near each other, would soon become cognizant, by some mysterious, spiritual contact, of each others presence, even though bodily eyes were closed and every other avenue of sense completely stopped.—Yes, there is a still, small voice, that speaks to the spirit.—Reason suggests the pleasing thought—Revelation affirms it. The immortal part can lay aside, sometimes, its alliance with clay, and enter into converse, carried on within, and listen to voices that "mortal ear heareth not." Happy he who knows and loves to retire from the busy bustle without to that hidden sanctuary, and hearken to the gentle voices that speak to him "of all-glorious things." That man, be he king or beggar, is strong, and needs no patent to constitute him a nobleman.

Those inner voices are ever attending us. When youth, inexperienced and thoughtless, approaches the path of vice and shame, they whisper, "Beware!" As life advances and difficulties gather, and clouds grow dark, and hearts unused to trial begin to fail, something whispers again "Look up to Heaven—be strong!" And at night when lamps are extinguished, and the head laid upon the pillow, when the curtains of the eye have shut out all sublunary things, who but in that sober, honest hour, has heard in his soul, words it were not lawful for human tongue to try—voices from the present, the past, the future, from heaven, age, and from depths lower than the grave!

Such are the voices from within, gentle, sweet, sometimes

"Like the stealing
Of summer wind through some wreathed shell,
Each secret winding, each inmost feeling
Of all the soul, echoing to its spell."

Or "the soft murmur that whispers along the ground in a summer evening, of buzzing insects and the tiny plants growing."

But how seldom do we bend our ear to listen to them. So much louder is the voice of the winds that blow above us, so much more startling the sounds that echo and reëcho all around us. But give us still the voices within, for, when oth-
ers utter only harshness and discord, these may fill the soul with sweetness and melody, and when others shall have become silent, these shall, perchance, become the media of converse in the better world. They are some of the links that connect man with superior beings, an evidence to him, and an earnest of his immortality.

STANZAS.

"Blessed is the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may bloom forth."—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

O, give the children flowers!
Those hands that take, to-day,
Will plant their fragrance in the heart,
And keep the world in May!

O, give the children flowers!
Your brightest words and smiles,
Will sow Life's sea with memories—
Like sun-enchanted isles!

O, give the children flowers!
The gift though small nor rare—
The pebble may a diamond hide,
For memory to wear!

O, give the children flowers!
God makes them for their hands!
The flower—so far off from the man—
The child-heart understands!

O, give the children flowers!
Who knows when they may bloom?
Your sleep some day may sweeter be,
Those flowers upon your tomb!
THE BACONIAN PHILOSOPHY.

AN ORATION.

The voice of ages has accorded honor to the illustrious names of ancient Philosophy. The philanthropy of Socrates and Seneca, the science of Aristotle and Pythagoras, the metaphysics of the Academy and the Portico, have received the admiration of centuries. Even in our own times, they stand enveloped in an atmosphere of illusive merit, which the light of true philosophy cannot wholly dispel. But why should we yield such homage to this wisdom of bygone times? Doubtless, its professors were great men. They were possessed of intellects as powerful, of philanthropy as liberal, of aspirations as lofty, of industry as persevering, as the world has ever witnessed. But what have they ever done to improve the condition of mankind? What progress was made during three thousand years of speculation and controversy? Its chief defect lies here. It was too exclusively confined to speculation to be progressive, and its theories too fanciful and sublime to be useful. Thousands of years witnessed the fruitless discussion of the same metaphysical subtleties. Hypothesis upon hypothesis, more wild and fanciful than visions of hashish or the opium-eater, perplexed the votary of physical science. It scorned the degrading office of ministering to the improvement and happiness of mankind. Its flights were too sublime, its theories too ethereal, its schemes of moral perfection too refined, to be brought into contact with the vulgar exigencies of every-day life. To be wise was to be independent of social restraint, of mechanical art, of material substance. The fable of a golden age, when man lived in a state of nature, his food the spontaneous production of the soil, his clothing the skins of beasts, and his shelter the trees of the forest or caves in the earth, was longed for as the summa bonum of happiness. To be practical was the business of slaves. The office of philosophy was not to teach men how to use their hands, but to exercise the mind in the discovery and practice of virtue. But notwithstanding this pure and elevated aim, the conduct
of its disciples was often strangely inconsistent. From the magnificent villa of Seneca, to the tub of Diogenes, the philosopher proclaims the worthlessness of riches, the virtue of poverty, the debasing evils of luxury, the glory of liberty, the surpassing beauty of a life of moral purity; while, at the same time he possesses millions of gold at exorbitant interest, while courting the capricious favor of the titled slaves of a tyrant, or revelling in scenes of the grossest sensuality.

Scarcely more rational was the so-called Philosophy of the Dark Ages—that war of words, those puerile conceits, of the School-men.

But the time at length arrived when this cloud of error should rise from off the surface of the darkened earth. Old systems had been fully tested and found wanting. Mankind had been groping in darkness for sixty generations, but now appeared the dawn of a new era.

The Baconian Philosophy, both in doctrine and practice, was directly opposed to old systems. Its watch-word was utility and progress. It repudiated mere speculation, subjecting every subject of inquiry to a rigid process of induction. The works of the new philosophy were systems of positive knowledge; those of the old, hypothetical theories and utopian schemes of moral perfection. The one deduced its theories from known facts, the other by means of groundless hypotheses. The former investigated physical science with a view to its practical uses; the latter, that its disciples might learn to withdraw their thoughts from the ever-changing, gross, material world, and fix them on the immutable essence of things. The realm of the first was limited by the narrow boundaries of man's feeble, finite powers; that of the second was commensurate with the universe itself. The aim of the Platonic philosophy was pure and exalted, but unattainable; that of the Baconian was sometimes common-place and practical, but it ministered to the comfort and improvement of mankind.—Plato taught men to raise themselves above the wants and exigencies of life; Bacon endeavored to supply those wants and meet those exigencies. The speculative system ends where it began, moving in never-varying circles; the inductive possesses an expansive power, ever exploring new fields, enlarging the realms of knowledge, elevating and refining the mind.
A good reputation is a valuable and valued possession.—Man desires the respect or love, the honor or admiration of his fellows. The man of fashion spends his days in folly, his nights in dissipation, to gain the favoring notice of those as silly as himself. The avaricious man strives to add store to store, not that he believes the increased possession will afford happiness, but because wealth gives consequence, and gains at least the show of honor and respect. The warrior fights, not from love of war and bloodshed, but because he loves power; he seeks not so much war as victory, which may place him prominently before his fellow men, and exact from them either honor or fear. Every man desires to rule. Every man seeks either to bear sway over others, or to be enthroned in the hearts of his friends. The statesman labors for distinction, because it gives honor and power. Thousands have lived in self-denial, have spent their years in labor, have faced danger and death, have struggled against scorn and envy, in order to leave behind them a name. The desire of approbation or love is one of the strongest moving or restraining influences which operate on the human mind; it is right or wrong, as it is, or is not, confined within proper bounds; it is beneficial or injurious as its influence tends to right or wrong. Thousands are deceived by it, thinking themselves actuated by a laudable desire, when they are guided by selfishness. But with this I have not at present to do. They are influenced in their conduct by a desire, it matters not for my present purpose whether the source of that desire be pure or not, it exists to some extent in every man, exhibits itself in his conduct and aids to form his character. Neither does man limit his desires for approbation or distinction to his natural life. Hundreds have wept bitter tears when they thought that after death their very relations would forget that they had been. This, though a weakness, is an amiable one. I doubt whether the man lives, who does not experience a feeling of sadness when he realizes that after death his familiar friends will, in a short time, take part in the duties and pleasures of life forgetful of him. There was true
natural feeling in the wish of the Irishman, that he might see his own funeral. Who has not enjoyed hours of sad satisfaction, in picturing to himself his own death and burial? What calm satisfaction, I may almost say, melancholy pleasure, has he felt in the thought that he is regretted, and that for him many a tear of love and affection is shed. There can be no doubt but that this principle of our nature has a powerfully impelling or restraining influence on the characters and actions of men. Otherwise why are so many monuments raised to vanity? Why will man consent to subject himself to innumerable inconveniences merely to leave behind something which shall continually present to the minds of men the fact that he has lived. Nor is it sufficient that he is remembered. He yearns to be remembered as one good or great. Has he been guilty of meanness or crime, he wishes it washed from remembrance, and begs that the robe of charity may be extended over his failings. He urges that his faults are the necessary accompaniment of his human nature, but his virtues are all his own. Does he possess great military talents; to him belongs the honor, and he asks that the glory gained by their exercise may veil the use to which they were applied. Were the ends attained beneficent; he urges that you have no right to take his motives into account. The question then suggests itself, should we comply with these requirements? Is the maxim "De mortuis nihil nisi bonum," morally correct? I think not; its influence would be decidedly pernicious; the influence exciting to good actions would be materially lessened; but worse than that, the restraining power would be almost entirely destroyed. Let it be acknowledged as a principle, that whatever the defects in morality or virtue, death would throw a mantle over them. Let it be understood that none but the good, the noble points of character were considered as subject to remark after death, and what a flood-gate do you open to vice and sin. If this is true, have we the right to throw down such an obstruction to evil? This, however, would be but a small part of the wrong done. What would be the effect on others? Should they see that as were the virtues so was the man, they naturally would conclude that the presence of vice was of minor consideration; that it mattered little how low and debased was the general character; how contemptible the motives of action, provided
here existed some prominent redeeming quality, either moral or intellectual, which could be used as a veil. How common is it to find in the worst of characters some attractive charm; the libertine is generous and free; the gambler is well educated, polite and desirous to oblige his friends; the infidel, who destroys youth by hundreds, is polished in manner, has fine conversational powers, and is a gentleman in appearance and feeling; the politician, who makes it the business of his life to deceive, is a kind parent, an excellent neighbor, and a most eloquent speaker; the soldier, who fights at the call of ambition, has brilliant talents and a fine address.

The desire for approbation is, in itself, right, and productive of the highest benefit, but to preserve it uncorrupted, in order to obtain from its action the most beneficial results, it is essential that correct views of the actions and characters of men should be taken. It is necessary that man should feel that true interpretations will be put on all his deeds; that he should be assured that though dead, his character yet lived.—How incorrect, then, and how pernicious is the maxim, "De mortuis nihil nisi bonum." There is in man's nature a large amount of generosity and kindness, and from an unbounded exercise of the virtues the maxim arose. It is true that inclination would induce us to coincide with it. But when results so momentous to morality and religion are at stake, it becomes the duty of every man to consider whether the feelings of the heart shall be cherished in opposition to the calm decision of reason. If the desire for a fair reputation after death has an influence on the moral character of man, is it right to destroy results so admirable in kind, so mighty in amount. Yet we, in fact, destroy one of the most powerful agents for the reformation of the moral world, by acceding to and acting in accordance with the maxim, that whatever have been the immoralities and evils of any man's course, the voice, when he is dead, must be hushed in regard to them; that if the dead are mentioned, we must speak only of that virtue which, like the tiny flower in the desert, attracts the more attention by reason of the surrounding barrenness. Man is a moral being; hence, over him moral forces have a powerful influence. Every day's observation proves that he is materially affected by public opinion; example: The gay and happy child, who hitherto has
been almost a personification of innocence, when associated with bad companions, becomes a melancholy proof. The noble, open-hearted youth, when removed from the restraints of home and cast into the company of those less conscientious than himself, affords often, aye, by far too often, a sad instance of the influence of example. But is there no pleasanter view of the effects of such a mighty agent? Is man so debased that he can alone be led to evil? Has he by the fall become so utterly depraved? Has he so entirely lost the image of his Maker, that moral influences can do naught but injure? No! in this instance, that which is powerful to ruin is also mighty to save. Then let truth have its way; let not a well-meant but false delicacy cover the faults of the dead; let character have its due estimation; let the failings of the departed be mentioned, not in harshness, but in truth.

THE OPENING OF SPRING.

'Tis the first flush of Spring,
   After dreary showers,
Every growing, breathing thing
   Joys to greet the hours,
Brightening as the shadows flee
Off the land and past the sea,
   Lost in rich, descending glory,
   Over gardens, woodlands hoary,
Where the heavy leaves are lying.
   Where the lonely dove sits, sighing.
For the fragrant spring-tide balm,
   And the summer twilight calm.
Round the cottage twines the vine—
   There the birds are telling,
How, in silent, broad sun-shine,
   Primrose buds are swelling;
How the early lilies spread
   Wreaths above the rose's head;
   How the modest pansies circle
Round the foot-steps of the myrtle,
And the daisies quiet glory,—
Like a gleam in fairy story,
After faded evening light,
Lingers far into the night.

Voices heard above the rill—
Pure spring fountains gushing
From their sources in the hill,
Fringed with wild buds blushing;
These are notes of singers clear,
Taught to thrill in open air;
Now to swell the mountain's thunder,
"Winter's bands are burst asunder!"
Join the rivers' martial ranks,
"May and blossoms deck our banks!"

Ah! the memories now which rise
In secluded bosom;
Ah! the tears which fill our eyes,
Dreamlike, while we view 'em;
Yet, we tell them, with a smile,
Though forgotten for awhile,
'Twas thro' winter night of sorrow—
Now, we hail them on the morrow,
Risen more glorious from that sleeping—
Long delay makes sweeter meeting;
And so strong we love again,
Fancy says 'tis almost pain.

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IN THE SPRING.

Joyous morning, bright and breezy!
Filling all things with its breath;
All things seem to sing together—
Nothing tries to think of Death

In the music of the valley,
How the woodlands wear the breeze!
Shaking sunbeams through their branches,
Under all the glittering trees.
A HINT TO HOMESICK STUDENTS.

There are very few students who have not experienced homesickness in some form or other. If they have never suffered from a violent attack of the distemper, they have at least had unmistakeable symptoms. A student comes to College for the purpose of study. He comes, perhaps, with the firm resolution of wasting no time, but of devoting all his energies to the studies placed before him in the college course. Yet the experience of others will tell him that he is bound to suffer from a temporary fit of homesickness, as the peculiar and unavoidable initiation fee to college life. And such proves to be the case. For a while the new student cannot study, "though inclination be as strong as will." His thoughts are continually fixed on one all-engrossing subject,—home. There is an halo of associations cast around that one word which distracts the attention from all other topics. Home is the student's elysium; and is it any wonder that the depression of spirits arising from
absence should assume the form of a disease? Such is the case.

This disease is found discussed in medical works under the head of *Nostalgia*, which is the name with which physicians have christened the malady. Dr. Rush asserts that when carried to excess, it leads to that form of derangement denominat-

ed *hypochondriasis* or *tristimania*. Quite appalling, if long words mean anything!

But it is remarkable that the above-mentioned author says little or nothing in regard to the cure of homesickness. In his treatise on the diseases of the mind, every other form of derangement is discussed in full, and remedies specified, while *Nostalgia* is dismissed with a slight notice. Nevertheless, Dr. Rush has done the best he possibly could. The reason why he assigns no remedy, is because there is none. No drug in the whole *materia medica* can effect its cure. The skill of the chirurgeon and pharmacist will be exerted in vain. It is only an aggravated form of *ennui*;—and where can there be found a cure for that! Neither the experience of the regular practitioner, nor the panaceas and nostrums of the empiric, can avail against either of these diseases. Esculapius himself could devise no healing balm for it.

Now my object in presenting this subject to my fellow students is to suggest to them a probable cure. A single circumstance which occurred last summer, leads me to think that hydropathy might be employed with advantage in cases of this kind. The story I am about to relate, may, perhaps *smell of fisk*; but let me assure the reader that every word of it is as true as the Pentateuch. The hero was an acquaintance of the writer, and should any one desire further confirmation, I am ready to produce it, when he calls upon me privately.

To those who have never visited Cincinnati, it will be necessary to impart some information as to localities, before they will be able to understand all the allusions which will be made in the course of this narrative. Above all things let it be borne in mind, that the Miami Canal runs directly through the city, dividing the main portion of it from the northern suburbs. The latter portion, being the locality in which the Germans have, for the most part, fixed their habitations, is usually denomin-

ated "Dutchtown," while the canal itself is designated "the
Rhine.” It may seem a novel idea to call the dirty Miami canal after one of the most renowned rivers of Europe; but upon more mature consideration, it will be found that the name is pretty well applied. The canal is a disgrace to the city, a filthy and unseemly ditch; yet, notwithstanding, nearly all the male inhabitants of Dutchtown are wont to bathe in it every summer evening. But consult the works of European travelers, and you will find that the Rhine itself, in spite of its bewitching scenery, is a proverbially filthy stream. And the words of the English poet will testify to the same:

“The river Rhine, as all must own,

Doth wash the base of proud Cologne;

But, O, ye Gods! what power divine

Can purify the river Rhine!”

Of all the numerous bridges which span the canal, “Vine Street Bridge” is the most celebrated. That part of Vine Street which lies “over the Rhine,” forms a sort of umbilicus around which the Germans have fixed their habitations; and the bridge itself is the place where they, and the Low Dutch, “most do congregate.” On one of the sultry evenings of the past summer, this bridge was the scene of an accident which induces me to believe that hydropathy is the real cure for homesickness.

My friend, Marco Marcolini, was a Venetian by birth, and, according to his own account, of noble descent. At the time I became acquainted with him, which was within a month after his arrival in this country, he had reached the age of twenty-one. He was a promising young man, and an original genius from stem to stern. He was proud of his native city and of his ancestry. There had never lived a single magnifico in Venice to whom he was not in some way related. The families of Foscari, Dandolo, Gradenigo, and innumerable others were all his kinsmen, of course. He used to say his own family, the Marcolini, had given more than one Doge to the Queen of the Adriatic. But this I am inclined to doubt, having since then searched the records of the Venetian Republic, and found nothing of the kind contained therein. I recollect that on one occasion he showed me a roll of parchment thirty-four inches long, by twenty-one and three-quarters wide, by which he could trace his descent in a direct line from Vitali
Michieli, the thirty-eighth Doge of Venice, who flourished about the year 1182. Of this the proof was so positive that it could not well be doubted.

Marco was also somewhat of an egotist. He regarded his own countrymen as the most remarkable people in the world, and himself as a fair specimen of the national type. Nay, more, on one occasion he made a very broad insinuation that, if all the Venetians were like him, the Austrian empire would soon be a nonentity, and Venice the mistress of the world.

With all his failings, however, Marco was an estimable youth. I fear I have been too profuse in describing him; the story might have been told without all these preliminaries. But to the point.

Not more than a year ago his family emigrated to this country, being compelled to quit Venice on account of the tyranny of the Austrian government. They came to Cincinnati, where Signor Giovanni Marcolini, the pater familias, rented a domicil on Vine Street, near the Rhine—but not on the Dutch side, please to remember. How hard a trial it must have been for the whole family to leave their native city and settle among strangers! Nostalgia immediately seized upon poor Marco as its special victim. For the first few months after his arrival he seemed the most miserable wretch in existence. He could neither study nor work; it appeared to require all his energy to keep alive. In the daytime he would wander about the streets, like one distracted, thinking of his own dear fatherland. He would glance at the people around him, but could find no sympathy in their countenances. They were of a different race and spoke a different language, rough and uncouth compared with his mellifluous vernacular.

It was, however, a great relief to wander at eve along the brink of the canal. The Rhine served to remind him of the canals of Venice, and the boats that ploughed its stagnant waters might, by a vigorous stretch of the imagination, be made to resemble the gondola. Happy thought! It was, however, long ere Marco perceived the resemblance. He would stand upon the edge of the canal with folded arms, and pass hour after hour in deep meditation. Those who passed by would stare and wonder, and not unfrequently would mutter over something about "lunatic asylum." But Marco would
still remain, pensive and melancholy, disdaining to notice anybody or anything. And sometimes,—I shudder to assert it,—a dark and fearful thought would cross his mind. He would cast a glance at the waters below him and mutter, "One plunge and all is well;" but upon a second consideration he would restrain himself from the rash deed.

As summer came on and the evenings became more pleasant, the recollection of Venice would come more vividly before his mind than ever. It was then he formed the regular habit of taking his post on Vine Street bridge, every evening at sunset, seating himself on the railing, and passing half the night dreaming of his native city. Balm naturally of an imaginative disposition, it was not very difficult for him to imagine that he was sitting on the Rialto, gazing at the beauties of Venice, the City of the Sea. Thus he would soon be lost in meditation. Time would pass away unneeded. It frequently happened that the hour of midnight would be tolled ere poor Marco started from his reverie; and on one occasion, he fell under suspicion of being a vagrant, and was threatened by a policeman that he would find quarters in the watch-house, if he did not betake himself home. But this did not deter the young Venetian from frequently taking his post on the railing of the bridge, and passing half the night in reverie.

One evening, toward the latter part of July, Marco went as usual to the bridge, and took his accustomed seat. In a few minutes he was lost to all that was passing around him, and began to soar high in the regions of fancy. Two hours flew rapidly by; nine o'clock was tolled by several town clocks at once. He started and looked up. The night was somewhat cloudy, and all things around obscure to the vision. "Alas!" sighed the disconsolate youth, "is this my lot? Am I doomed to live and die among strangers, in a strange land! Shall I never again behold the country that gave me birth! Cruel fate! There is no more happiness on earth for me, of all mortals the most miserable!" And then, almost abandoning himself to despair, he suffered his head to fall upon his breast. Another hour passed, and Marco, again starting, raised his head. By this time the clouds had almost entirely dispersed, and the moon shone clear, rendering all surrounding objects plainly visible. A sudden thrill passed through our hero,
agitating his whole frame. Was he influenced by enchantment, or was it the dream of an over-excited imagination? He was in Venice and before him was the Rialto, with its motley throng of joyous citizens. Many a gondolletta was ploughing the mirror-like waters of the Grand Canal and the Orfano. From a window in a neighboring mansion issued a strain of such sweet music as no one but an Italian signora could produce. Far in the distance loomed up the lofty spires of St. Marco and St. Geminiano. Every bystander wore an unmistakable Italian physiognomy. This was evidently no delusion, no obscure phantasia, as were all his previous visions. It was very conclusive to Marco that he had suddenly been transported to Venice by enchantment. Could he be mistaken? No; the heaven above, the balmy air, as well as all surrounding objects, afforded proof positive that it was no vision. Even as he gazed and marvilled, he felt creeping over him that delicious feeling of dolce far niente which only those who inhabit a more genial clime than ours ever experience. In a transport of delight he exclaimed "Venegia! nobilissima Venegia!" and then, overcome by the ecstasy of joy, he almost involuntarily leaped a foot from his seat. This caused him to lose his balance; he fell backwards and, after going through a variety of somersets and various other circumgyrations in the air, came down head foremost into the filthy waters of the Rhine.

His fall was not unperceived. A burly Dutchman, who happened to be passing over the bridge at the time, gave the alarm in a voice raised to a shrill Teutonic falsetto. Nearly a hundred persons came running to the rescue. But Marco needed no assistance. He instantly rose to the surface of the water and struck out for shore. His delightful vision was not yet dissolved. It was his firm impression that he had fallen from the Rialto into a bona fide Venetian canal; and consequently enjoyed the bath very much. Nor was this idea dispelled until he had gained the shore and found himself dripping with filthy water and surrounded by a crowd of inquisitive loafers. "Il diavolo!" exclaimed he in a paroxysm of disappointment, when he perceived his real situation. But a moment after, having reflected how ludicrous was his adventure, he gave vent to such repeated cachinnatory ebullitions that everybody around was alarmed, and one even ran away with
the intention of summoning the officers of the insane hospital; Marco, however, fortunately, went home before they arrived. This completely cured him of his homesickness, and from that time to the present hour he has not had the first symptoms of a relapse. Such is the event which has convinced me that hydropathy, if it is not a panacea, will yet be efficacious in the cure of all nostalgic affection.

It may be well to talk about diligent application to business or to study, and careful pains to avoid reverie. Such remedies sink into insignificance when compared with water cure. We have a stream meandering along the valley, at a very short distance from the College. Let some of my homesick friends try the effects of a plunge, and I venture to predict that ere long it will be published throughout the length and breadth of our land, that the waters of the Kokosing possess medicinal properties, not only surpassing those of all other streams in the world, but rivalling those of the fabulous rivers of antiquity.

The earliest case of homesickness on record is that of the Chinese princess, who must have lived some thousand or more years before the commencement of our era, or, by the testimony of some historians, several centuries before the Creation according to the Mosaic account.

It may not be out of place here to remark that the Chinese are evidently the most primeval people on earth, and in all probability the remnants of some former creation; for their annals date the foundation of their empire at a period long anterior to any of which geology itself takes cognizance. Well, this princess was married to a Tartar chieftain, and was, in consequence, obliged to leave the Imperial residence at Pekin and take up her abode among the deserts of Tartary. She then pours forth her complaint thus,—I am sorry I cannot present the reader with the original Chinese; but the book has been mislaid, so he must be content to have it in English, however much the beauty of the sentiments may be diminished by the translation. It is as follows: "A tent is my melancholy habitation; a palisade the wall of my new city; raw flesh is my food, and my daintiest drink is curdled milk!" Such a heart-melting appeal is enough to draw a tear of sympathy from the most indifferent reader. But had the princess been aware of
the medicinal virtues of water, she would have taken a plunge into the Amoer, and come out convalescent.

Having already occupied too much space in this discussion, I cannot conclude in a more appropriate manner than by again urging all homesick students to try the efficacy of hydropathy.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GREEK.

ADDRESS OF DEMOCRITUS ABDERITES TO THE EIDOLA.

Ye mighty shades of dreams and fons,
That lift your horrid fronts to heaven,
Whose brows with thunder-bolts are riven,
Whose eyes in anguish gush with tears.
That, falling on our wrinkled earth,
Shoot up in swaying stalk and flower;
Ye whose blue orbs in darkness lower
At daemon's joy, at misery's birth
Guard me, a supplicant for your grace,
And teach me of your fearful power,
So that when comes the dying hour
I may with courage, join your race.

LYRICS FOR THE CURIOUS.—A CRITIQUE.*

The volume before us, which bears the striking and, certainly, very unique title of "Songs and Ballads, having no Author," is destined to make a sensation in the literary world. It contains about two hundred of the most remarkable lyric productions ever issued from the press, and which, Mr. Goodale would have us believe, were written by "no author." Now,

*Songs and Ballads, having no Author. Collected and arranged by Samuel Goodale, M. D.: London, 1858.
who Mr. Goodale himself is, we know not, neither are we able
to say from whose pen the "Songs and Ballads" referred to
have emanated. But we are inclined to suspect that Mr. G.
being an extremely modest man, signs himself "no author," as
intimating that he makes no pretensions to authorship, and
that in point of fact, he has "edited" the book before us in the
same manner that Mr. Rogers edited the "Greyson Letters."
However this may be, he has certainly conferred no small ben-
efit upon the reading public, by their timely publication, and
we greatly mistake if henceforward his name does not hold a
very high place in the estimation of all lovers of lyric poetry.
The pieces he has given us are varied in their character, and
possess a far higher degree of merit, considered as poetry, than
do the great majority of poems with which, in these latter times,
we have been favored. We regret that our limits will not per-
mit us to enter upon an extended examination of their several peculiari-
ties, for it is seldom that we meet with a book which
we can so unhesitatingly and entirely recommend, and that,
consequently, the task of criticism is so easy and pleasant. As
it is, however, we must confine our attention to three or four
of the poems which, from their marked character, seem worthy
of special notice. The first of these, which is to be found on
page 17, our readers will thank us for quoting entire:—

"They fit and fit,
   And gouged and bit,
And struggled in the mud;
   Until the ground,
For ten miles round,
   Was kivered with their blood;
And a pile of noses, ears and eyes,
   Huge and massive, reached the skies."

We must confess that, to our own mind, there is an air of
mystery surrounding the above, which the most patient and
long continued investigation cannot entirely remove. There is
a seeming incompleteness about it, at the same time that the
reader is perfectly conscious that it is complete in all its parts,
which is extremely puzzling. Then, the obviously intentional
uncertainty as to the characters represented, as to the time and
place referred to, and as to the strange and apparently unac-
countable phenomena spoken of in the last two lines, is calen-
lated still further to increase our perplexity. For our own part, it was not until we had studied the piece for three entire days and nights, and had referred to all authorities in any degree likely to throw light upon the subject, that we could find any possible clue to the mystery. And even now we are far from being certain that the opinion we are about to advance is the correct one. We are, however, encouraged to advance our theory, by the thought that even if it be not correct, it may yet serve to guide others to more satisfactory conclusions.

The attentive reader will observe that no information is given us as to who were the characters engaged in the conflict which it is the design of the poem to describe. At first glance, the idea may present itself that the scene described is simply a hand-to-hand encounter between two modern prize fighters. The lines

"They fit and fit,
And gouged and bit,
And struggled in the mud,"

when taken by themselves, certainly do render this supposition not unreasonable. But this idea will be at once dismissed upon a perusal of the lines which follow, and in which we are distinctly informed that they “struggled in the mud,” &c., as above described,

"Until the ground,
For ten miles round,
Was kivered with their blood."

Now we cannot conceive that, within the ordinary dimensions of two human frames, there is blood enough to cover the ground “for ten miles round.” Hence, we are convinced that the battle was no mere “fist-fight” between two individuals, no matter how ferocious they might have been. This conviction is strengthened when we further read,

"And a pile of noses, ears and eyes,
Huge and massive, reached the skies."

For can we possibly conceive of any two individuals possessing a sufficient quantity of “noses, ears and eyes,” to reach the skies? Preposterous! We must take a more comprehensive view of the matter, and must seek farther beneath the surface.
It is evident that the combatants, whoever they were, were unacquainted with the use of firearms, else they would not have

"— fit and fit,
And gouged and bit,
And struggled in the mud,"

as we are expressly informed they actually did. This point is so evident as to require no further elucidation. Taking it for granted, therefore, that those who participated in the conflict possessed no firearms, there are two suppositions which suggest themselves. The first is, that the battle occurred before the invention of gunpowder. To this there can lie urged no particular objection, beyond what arises from the fact that we are acquainted with no nation among the ancients whose custom it was to leave a battle-field in the condition in which we find the one in question. Neither Greeks, Romans, Egyptians or Persians, ever piled up the "noses, ears and eyes" of the slain, in the manner described.

The other supposition is that the combatants were uncivilized tribes of more modern times, who, as one may easily conceive, may not have become acquainted, as yet, with the warlike engines which we possess. If they were thus uncivilized, it is most probable that they were cannibals. Now we believe that upon this supposition all the difficulties in the case may be satisfactorily explained. For is it not entirely natural to suppose that a tribe of cannibal savages, after feasting upon the eatable parts of the slain, would collect the remaining parts, viz., the "noses, ears and eyes," into a huge pile which,

"Huge and massive, reached the skies?

We think there is strange internal evidence that the above suppositions are, in the main, correct. At any rate they are satisfactory to ourselves, and if they do not prove equally so to our readers, we hope that some one will be found capable of setting the matter in its proper light.

We come, now, to a brief examination of the poem, taken as a whole. The reader will not fail to be struck with the impetuosity and earnestness manifested in the opening of the piece. There is no finely drawn introduction; no silly, whining invocation of the muses, which, we are sorry to say, is too often
to be observed. The author was evidently too much in earnest to trifle, even at the opening of the grand scene. And, truly, the scene which we are called upon to contemplate, is a grand one. We behold the two armies marshalled in hostile array upon the open plain. It must have been in the early spring-time, for we are given to understand that the ground upon which the battle was fought was excessively muddy. "All at once and of a sudden," as we may suppose, the word was given, and with a terrific shout, the combatants

"— fit and fit,
And gouged and bit,
And struggled in the mud"

How long the battle lasted, we have no means of knowing. It is probable, however, that the work of destruction was rapid and terrible. That the passions of those who were engaged, were wrought up to the highest pitch, and that their number was very large, we may infer from the effects of the fight:

"— the ground,
For ten miles round,
Was kivered with their blood;
And a pile of noses, ears and eyes,
Huge and massive, reached the skies."

The details of the scene are too shocking to contemplate, and we gladly draw the curtain over the mournful spectacle.

The next poem to which we invite attention is found on page 22, and is of a far less sanguinary character. It reads as follows:

"Peter, Peter,
Pumpkin eater,
Had a wife
And couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well."

We regard this piece as altogether fabulous in its character, and shall pass it with a very brief notice. Our reasons for thus considering the poem, are that it is wholly inconceivable that any man should put his wife in a pumpkin shell. Such a thing we have never heard of, and we do not believe could possibly occur. Most certainly, if the Peter alluded to found
it impossible, by the use of ordinary means, to "keep" his wife, and at the same time deemed it necessary to put her anywhere, we do not believe he would have adopted the silly expedient of putting her into the place asserted. There may be a meaning attached to the lines, which does not appear upon the surface, and which involves interests of great moment to all married people, and to husbands in particular. If so, we doubt not that any of our readers who feel sufficient interest in the matter, may easily discover the same for their own satisfaction.

We had intended to quote one or two additional pieces, but we find that so much space has been taken up with the foregoing, that we cannot carry our intention into effect. Enough has been given, however, to inform the reader, to some extent, at least, in regard to the merits of the book we have been examining, and to present a fair sample of the author's general style of writing. "Songs and Ballads having no Author," is well worth reading, and we do most sincerely hope that all our readers will secure an early copy.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON WORDS.

Dean Trench, in his very interesting works, "The Study of Words," and "The Past and Present of the English Language," has shown very beautifully, how great an amount of history as well as poetry has been preserved and handed down to us in the words which compose our language—fossilized, as he very aptly calls it. An article representing this view appeared in the *Collegian* some months since.

We think, however, that some of the inferences drawn are susceptible of considerable modification, and it may not be altogether useless or uninteresting to give them a brief consideration.

One of these inferences is, of course, that much of the
history, manners, customs, and character of a nation which has long since ceased to exist, may be ascertained by means of its language, if this should be preserved, as are those of the ancient Greeks and Romans. And very much of the history which we now possess, of those great peoples of antiquity, has actually been ascertained in this way. A still greater proportion of what we know, or suppose we know, of their manners, customs and character, has also been obtained from this source. Still, so imperfect is our knowledge of the precise signification of the words of a dead language, and the remoteness of the period when such language was a living, spoken one, that information of this kind can by no means be relied on with confidence, at least in a large proportion of cases. The great difference between the Greeks or Romans and ourselves, in government, religion, manners and customs; in natural characteristics, in opinions and modes of thinking, must also very much increase the difficulty. And even in thus tracing the history of a people with whom we are so intimately connected as we are with the ancient Saxons and other German tribes, from whom we derive the greater part of what is valuable in our language and institutions, and whom we closely resemble in most of our national characteristics, there is very great liability to err, as we shall see.

In the first place, there is a large number of words which have had a place in the language but a comparatively short time, whose origin it is already impossible to trace. As the language becomes older, this class of words must constantly increase, and should it cease to be a living tongue, the proportion must become very much greater.

Again, Trench gives detailed accounts of the history of many words, by way of example and illustration, in which it appears that large numbers have been formed under accidental and anomalous circumstances, and that these circumstances are such that they never could have been inferred from the nature of the words alone. And the greater number of the words in which history is preserved are of this character. We quote a few examples to illustrate this point, as well as on account of the interest which attaches to the passages themselves.

"Let me illustrate that which I have been saying somewhat more at length by the word 'tribulation.' We all know in a
general way that this word, which occurs not seldom in scripture and in the liturgy, means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know how it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin 'tribulium'—which was the thrashing instrument or roller, whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and 'tribulatio,' in its primary significance, was the act of this separation. But some Latin writer in the Christian church appropriated the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity, being the appointed means for the separating in men of their chaff from the wheat, of whatever in them was light, and trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true, therefore he called these sorrows and grief 'tribulation'—thrashing, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there would be no fitting him for the heavenly garden.” (Study of Words, page 15.)

“A curious piece of history is wrapped up in the word 'poltroon,' supposing it to be indeed derived, as many excellent etymologists have considered, from the Latin 'pollice truncus'; one that is deprived, or has deprived himself, of his thumb. We know that in the old times a self-mutilation of this description was not unfrequent on the part of some cowardly, shirking fellow who wished to escape his share in the defence of his country; he would cut off his right thumb, and at once become incapable of drawing the bow, and thus useless for the wars. It was not to be wondered at that Englishmen—the men of Crecy and Agincourt—who, with those very bows which he had disabled himself from drawing, had quelled the mailed chivalry of Europe, should look with extreme disdain on one who had so basely exempted himself from service, nor that the 'pollice truncus,' the poltroon, first applied to a coward of this sort, should afterward become a name of scorn affixed to every base and cowardly evader of the duties and dangers of life.” (Ibid. page 88.)

“Nor is the true derivation of 'tariff' unworthy to be traced. We all know what it means, namely, a fixed scale of duties levied upon imports. If you turn to the map of Spain, you will take note at its southern point, and running out into the Straits of Gibraltar, of a promontory, which, from its position, is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance to
the Mediterranean Sea, and watching the entrance of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called at the time of the Moorish domination in Spain, 'Tarifa;' the name indeed is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors, to watch from this point all merchant ships going into, or coming out of, the Midland Sea; and issuing from this stronghold, to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out of the Straits; and this was called from the place where it was levied, 'tarifa,' or 'tariff;' and in this way we have acquired the word." (Ibid. page 92.)

Now, should our language ever cease to be a living one, it is evident that the origin of this class of words, which involve historical points, could be ascertained with accuracy in but very few instances, unless much more light should be thrown upon them from other sources, than we have in the case of the nations of antiquity.

Furthermore, our author shews that the signification of a large number of words has very materially changed, in the course of years, and indeed, that the whole language is in a state of mutation. These changes take place in two ways—by adoption from other languages, and by the influence of adventitious circumstances after they have obtained a place in the language. For example, "in the German, 'tapfer' is brave, courageous, while in English it degenerates into 'dapper,' which is only spruce, or smart; 'prachtig,' which means proud, magnificent, has dwindled into 'pretty;' 'weinen,' is honest weeping, in German, but it is only 'whining' with us; 'dach' is any roof whatever, but 'thatch' is only a straw roof for us; 'haut' is skin, but its English representative is 'hide,' that is, the skin of a beast. 'Stuhl,' a seat or chair, is degrade 'dinto stool;' while 'graben' is no longer to dig, but only 'to grub.' And this list might be largely increased." (Past and Present of the Eng. Lang., page 43.)

"When Shakspeare, in Henry VI., makes the noble Talbot address Joan of Arc as a 'miserant,' how unlike to that which the chivalrous soldier would have uttered; or to that which Shakspeare, even with his unworthy estimate of the noble warrior Maid, would have put into Talbot's mouth. But a 'miserant,' in Shakspeare's time, had nothing of the meaning
which it now has. A ‘miscreant,’ in agreement with its etymology, was a misbeliever, one who did believe rightly the articles of the Catholic Faith.” (Ibid. page 138.)

“The present meaning of ‘bombast’ is well known to us, namely, inflated words, ‘full of sound and fury,’ but ‘signifying nothing.’ This, which is now its sole meaning, was once only the secondary and superinduced; ‘bombast’ being properly cotton or the cotton plant, and then the cotton wadding with which garments were stuffed out and lined. You remember how Prince Hal addresses Falstaff, ‘How now, my sweet creature of bombast.’ Here the word is used in its literal sense; and another early poet has this line:

"‘Thy body’s bolstered out with bombast and with bags.’

“It was then transferred in a vigorous image to the big words without strength or solidity wherewith the discourses of some were stuffed out, and has now quite foregone any other meaning.” (Ibid. page 156.)

Suppose now, that the English language should become lost for a long period, like the ancient Greek and Latin, and some two or three thousand years hence, should be revived by a people differing in race, language, political institutions, religion, manners and customs, as much as we do from the ancient Greeks and Romans.

Suppose also, that the means for obtaining correct information as to these particulars were as defective as are those which we possess respecting the history and character of those peoples. In the first place, it would be impossible to decipher the records preserved by the greater portion of this class of words. In the the endeavor to trace their derivation, mistakes as great and amusing would probably occur, as have been made in our own day, with respect to some of the words in our own language.

As, for instance, it was the grave opinion of a learned man, that the Caledonian tribe called the Piets, received this appellation from the Romans, on account of their custom of staining or painting their bodies; assuming, of course that “Piets” means “the painted”—derived from the Latin pingō; supine, punctum. This supposition is, however, extremely improbable, since this practice was common with the tribes of Southern
Britain, with whom the Romans were familiar long before they became acquainted with those in Caledonia. It is, therefore, quite incredible that they should have given this name to a northern tribe, which they met for the first time so long after they had become familiarized with the painted savages of the south. And the name is now acknowledged to be the original Celtic one, probably somewhat altered by adoption into the less guttural and more euphonious Latin.

The supposed derivation of "hurricane" is still more amusing. It was conjectured, and for a long time generally believed, that the word came from the tearing up and hurrying away of the canes on the West India plantations, by the tornados of that latitude. The true derivation is, however, from the Spanish huracan, a corruption of furacan, from the Latin furio.

It might happen then, in such a case as we have supposed, that the German Kraut, for instance, would be met with, and that the almost exclusive application of it was to the vegetable cabbage, prepared for the table in a peculiar way. It would also be found that unkraut, compounded of kraut, and the negative particle un, (like the English un, or in,) signified all kinds of useless plants,—equivalent to our "weeds." Would it not be a very natural, and, as far as the data were concerned, a very just conclusion, that the Germans at that time cultivated no other vegetable than cabbage?

On the coast of New England, in the high, abrupt cliffs of solid rock, which occur in many localities often rising hundreds of feet from the very margin of the water, are frequently found long, deep fissures, sometimes so narrow that to leap across would be no remarkable feat. Into these, especially after a storm at sea, the waves roll and dash with tremendous violence, their hollow roaring suggesting to the superstitious, the moans of lost and despairing spirits. To these has been given the significant name of "Purgatories." Suppose this circumstance to be met with by some antiquarian, long after the English had ceased to be a spoken language, would he not very naturally infer, that the early settlers of New England were Romanists, or at least believed in the Romish superstition of a place of temporary punishment and expiation?

These supposed cases are but little, if at all, more absurd
than the two actual ones noticed above. Of course, it is very improbable but that collateral circumstances would be met with, such as to prevent such ridiculous conclusions, in these particular instances; but still, cases of this kind certainly would frequently occur. And we think it not improbable, that we often fall into errors quite as absurd respecting the Greeks and Romans.

The changes which are constantly taking place in the meaning of words must also be a fruitful source of error. Suppose an attempt were made (as there naturally would be) to ascertain the true meaning of many of our English words, by referring to their derivation. An almost endless list of puzzles would be met with in such words as "duke," the meaning of which is now restricted to a nobleman's title, but originally meant any kind of a leader, (dux); "to starve," (from the German sterben, equivalent to the English "to die," ) which is now confined to dying by hunger; "acre," which means in English an exact and fixed portion of land, comes from the German "acker," which signifies any field, or cultivated land; and so of a host of our most ordinary words.

Again, the different meanings attached to words in different periods of a nation's existence, would lead to error still oftener and in greater degree. Following, still, the supposition proposed above—a future philosophical antiquarian would take as his authority for the signification of words, the usage of the best writers in the most polished age,—just as we now select as standard authorities, those of the Augustan age of Rome. A very large number of words, however, would have reached the signification attached to them at that time, by a succession of changes, the original meaning often being altogether different. It is true, that the meaning of such words at any previous time, might generally be ascertained with considerable accuracy, by studying the literature and customs of that period, but if, as is usually the case, exclusive attention was given to the period in which literature attained its highest development and purity, the use of these words in a ruder age, when, moreover, literature and historical records are scanty—like those of Europe in the Middle Ages—would be very imperfectly understood, and many errors would inevitably be made. Let us illustrate by a few examples from Mr. Trench:

"No word would illustrate this process better," (the change
in the meaning words.) "than that old familiar example of 'villain.' The 'villain' is, first, the serf or peasant, 'villanus,' because attached to the 'villa,' or farm. He is, secondly, the peasant who, it is taken for granted, will be churlish, selfish, dishonest, and generally of evil moral conditions, these having come to be assumed as always belonging to him, and to be permanently associated with his name, by those who were at the springs of language. At the third step, nothing of the meaning which the etymology suggests, nothing of 'villa' remains any longer; the peasant is quite dismissed, and the evil conditions of him who is called by this name alone remain. That they do so is witnessed by the fact that the name would now in this, its final stage, be applied as freely, if he deserved it, to peer as to peasant." (Past and Present of the Eng. Lang., page 158.)

If any were to speak now of "royal imps," it would sound, and with our present use of the word would be, impertinent and unbecoming enough; and yet "imp" was once a name of dignity and honor, and not of slight, or of undue familiarity. Thus Spenser addresses the Muse in this language,—

"Ye sacred imps that on Parnasso dwell;"

and "imp" was especially used of the scions of royal or illustrious houses. More than one epitaph, still existing, of our ancient nobility, might be quoted, beginning in such language as this: "Here lies that noble imp."

"Or what should we say of a poet who should commence a solemn poem in this fashion:

"Oh Israel, oh household of the Lord,
Oh Abraham's brats, oh brood of blessed seed;"

what should we consider, but that he meant by using low words to turn sacred things into ridicule? Yet this was very far from the intention of Gascoigne, the poet whose lines I have just quoted. 'Abraham's brats' was used by him in perfect good faith, and without the slightest feeling that anything ludicrous or contemptuous adhered to the word 'brats,' as indeed in his time there did not." (Ibid, page 162.)

From these hasty remarks, it will appear, in some measure, that the "history in words" cannot be relied upon for accuracy,
to any great degree, excepting while the language is a spoken one, and collateral historical materials are sufficiently abundant to furnish the information without the assistance of words.

Upon the whole, then, although we perfectly agree with Mr. Trench in his general principle, as to the fact that there is much history preserved in words, which would otherwise be lost; we think that the record is reliable only under the conditions above-mentioned, and that even in this case, great mistakes must be made in words of a period which is remote, or whose history is imperfectly known, and that, in the case of a dead language, the liability to err is greatly increased.

THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D.D.

[Continued from page 119.]

But before the Bishop was favored with the generous friendship and coöperation of these and other eminent people of the Protestant Episcopal Church of England and Ireland, he had to endure much from the powerful opposition to which we have already sufficiently adverted. He had been long shunned and neglected, his object misrepresented, and his motives impugned. While Bishop Hobart was, from the first, waited upon and honored, he had been left unvisited by scarcely any one for weeks. But though at first most painfully neglected, his faith in his ultimate success never failed him. He still hoped that a part of the tide of England's church charity and justice would reach him, and yet bear him on to victory. While patiently waiting for this tide, in his lonely lodgings, the intelligence of the death of his beloved son Philander, in a condolatory letter from Bishop Bowen, arrived on the eve of Good Friday. But in this, as in all his trials, he enjoyed the blessed privilege of finding support and comfort in the Shadow of the Rock of Ages. We copy from his diary the following notice of this sad event:

"Good Friday, 1824.—Psalm xcix: 8. 'Thou wast a God that forgavest them, though thou tookest vengeance of their inventions.'
"By this text it appears that God can forgive, though he punishes for sins. He hath taken my dear son from me, and thus brought my manifold sins to remembrance. Wash them away, O, blessed Jesus! with thy blood this day shed on the cross for the sins of the world; and thus sanctify this, the second heaviest affliction of my life, to my soul’s benefit.

"But yesterday my dear Philander was an infant. I have lived to see him pass through the years of childhood and youth. I have lived to be the instrument of his ordination to the work of the Christian ministry. I have seen him a husband and a father. He is now gone. Having finished his course—short indeed—he is now entered into his rest, leaving me to travel the rest of the journey of life alone. *It is God’s will.* I am content. Confident that he is happy in Abraham’s bosom, I wish him not back again in this troublesome world. Amen and amen."

When the news of Philander’s death reached Ohio, the gloom of sadness and mourning fell upon all the scattered members of the infant diocese; and all our older members still fondly cherish his memory. When the news of the evangelical purity of his faith, of the noble sacrifice he had made for Ohio, and of his saintly death reached England, a new sympathy was awakened for his afflicted father, and a new interest existed in his mission. The Lord remarkably overruled his early death to this happy end. Among the church people of Ohio his talents were regarded as being of quite a superior order, and all loved him for his meekness, purity, and devotion in all the duties of life, and especially in his ministerial capacity. In Ohio his death was long deeply lamented. Even at this day, the older people who sat under his ministry never mention his name but with affection and regret; and his short ministerial life had been so remarkably devoted to missions in the wilderness,—his end so peaceful and happy in Jesus, and such a striking exemplification of the power of the truth as it is in Jesus, that the Rev. Mr. Pratt published an interesting sketch of his life and early death in the Church Missionary Register, and in this way evoked for the father the fraternal affection and beneficence of the evangelical portion of the church. Thus noticed, though dead, he spake with power for his father’s mission.
Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

SECOND JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

The winter term closed with the performances of the second division of the Junior Class. At 9 1/2 o'clock A. M., on the 25th of March, a goodly audience having assembled in Rosse Chapel, the following programme was presented for their entertainment:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

"MENS AGITAT MOLEM."

MUSIC—PRAYER—MUSIC.

Latin Salutatory.  
The Doctrines of Mahomet,  
Florence Nightingale,  
G. D. Stroud, Philadelphia.  
C. O. Little, Delaware, O.  
B. F. Strader, Cincinnati, O.  
G. H. Fay, Columbus, O.  
E. H. Mayo, Troy, O.  
E. Starb, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.  
C. H. Young, New Haven, Ct.  
J. G. Mitchell, Piqua, O.  
W. McCarty, Cork, Ireland.  
J. K. Hamilton, Milan, O.  

MUSIC—BENEDICTION.

The speeches generally evinced deep preparation, and were delivered in a manner satisfactory to the audience. Of course it would be invidious to make any comparisons in regard to the merits of the respective performers, or to offer any criticisms. Like other orations they all possessed many virtues, and some faults, and it would be ungenerous as well as hurtful to color the one and hide the other. Exhibitions of this nature are too apt to be made a subject of general conversation, and too often bad consequences follow unjust remarks and criticisms. It is too apt to run into society jealousy. Sometimes critics are always ready to laud the talents of their own association, and to depreciate that of others. We heartily despise such mean, unmanly prejudices that can see nothing praiseworthy in a mind, merely because that mind labors for another association and moves in a different
sphere. We should remember that we are members of the same common household, and if we labor for our own good we indirectly advance the welfare of our institution. We do not mean to assert, by any means, that such a state of things exists here. Kenyonians are far too sensible to encourage such jealousies. We believe they regard with brotherly sympathy, the struggles of others, and hail every successful effort as contributing to the entire mental advancement. Our exhibitions, as a general thing, show it, and where such a feeling does not exist, they are successful, as in the present instance.

But to speak more particularly of this literary entertainment. The weather on the eventful day was very pleasant; it could not have been more favorable. The audience was good; much better than the last, though the house was by no means crowded. It may, perhaps, seem discouraging, after all the trouble and labor bestowed on proper preparation, to be compelled to appear before a small audience; but when the circumstances attendant on this and the last exhibition are taken into consideration, we must say there was a greater number present than could otherwise have been expected. The good people have not yet got into the way of attending exhibitions in the morning, and it seems like an innovation on old established customs. But, doubtless, it will succeed, and will eventually be preferred. The music on this occasion was both vocal and instrumental, as the last, though the performers did not acquit themselves in quite so superior a manner as before; perhaps the ladies can tell the reason. But we wish not to depreciate; all present were much gratified with every event of the day, and many expressed decided pleasure. The class of '59 have undoubtedly won a name by these efforts, and we hope success may attend them.

Editors’ Table.

Have you, O, reader, most magnanimous, ever experienced aught of what some one has called “the sweet romance of College life?” Have you ever heard, in the music of the “Chapel bell,” other voices than those which, on a winter’s morning, thundered in your ears the inexorable summons to morning prayers, or the dread call to meet your stern-visaged Professor in the chilly recitation room? And have you ever, as you stood before the huge blackboard, and for a moment closed your eyes to the diagram—an indescribable
rectangle, for instance, or a very rickety parallelopipedon—which your trembling hand had just executed, seen fairy forms dancing around you in mid air, and felt that even in all this there was an "inner life," whose associations might, in the distant future, cause you sometimes to weep for the days of "Auld lang syne?" If not, O reader, if your thoughts have only rested with the "outside reality," and have never once carried you into the land of bright visions which are the student's peculiar heirloom—then permit me in sadness to assure you that you have no soul; that you are cold-hearted and miserable, and that it would have been well for you never to have ventured within these sacred "academic shades."

We have often heard of the "dull monotony of College life." Motony! Treason! Conspiracy! Fiddlesticks! Our word for it, the men who complain thus of the short and swiftly passing years which they are permitted to spend at College, are poor, wretched creatures, who are unable to appreciate a pleasant thing, and who don't know when they are fortunate, or when they are not. Such persons always remind us of the stupid boy, in the story of "Eyes and no Eyes," who could take the longest and, to others, most interesting walks, without having his attention drawn to anything but the soft places in the road, which soiled his boots, and the mosquitoes which bit his nose. For our own part, we never tire of living over again the various episodes in our College life, now, alas! so near its close. Our course has not been marked by any occurrences of special importance, and yet we often wonder at the number of memorable events which it contains. We have various thoughts of writing a book on the subject. In case we do so, we shall commence, of course, with our entrance upon our course in College. And this takes us back to our Freshman year. Freshman! How curiously the name sounds! We wish we were a Freshman now; it was so pleasant to plan large things for the future, and to look forward to the dignities which Junior and Senior would confer upon us. And then our brief attacks of homesickness! We wish we could feel so again, for a little while! Certainly a whole chapter must be devoted to homesickness.

Nor would we omit a full account of the grievances we suffered at the hands of the Sophs. Saney, tyrannical fellows! How very angry we were sometimes, and what flaming speeches we did make at our midnight class-meetings, when we talked the matter over! Some of us were eager to "March against Philips," but more prudent counsel, we believe, always prevailed.

We remember, too,—now that the subject is before our mind,—that once, and only once, the Faculty granted us a "sugar day." We recollect distinctly how we marched to the sugar camp, and how, finding that there was no possibility of obtaining any sugar, we resolved to have a grand dinner there in the woods. We soon obtained an abundance of things necessary, among which we reckoned a large supply of cider, and numerous chickens,—which last, we have since begun to fear, were not procured in the most honest way possible. It was great fun, though, we must confess, we were not very favorably impressed with our own skill in the culinary department.

Time would fail us, should we attempt now to tell of "cave day," "bedbug day," or of those long to be remembered German Serenades. These and a hundred other performances of various kinds, in which our class engaged, will not soon be forgotten. We must, however, say one word concerning our "Geological excursions" during the last term. It was not until near the end of the session that the weather was such as to permit us to visit "Gravel
Island," in search of "specimens." At last, just when we had given up all hope of enriching our private "cabinets," as well as that belonging to the College, our worthy and most obliging Professor announced that he was ready to accompany us to the Island. Hatchets and hammers, for breaking the "boulders," were in instant demand, and as we started, we were as enthusiastic a party of Geologists as was ever seen. When we arrived near the place of our destination we found the river so swollen with recent rains, as to present what seemed at first an impassable barrier to our further progress. But under the direction of the Professor we at once set about constructing a bridge. This was no light task, but after laboring like very Trojans, for an hour and a-half, we effected a triumphant passage across to the Island. In the course of another hour several valuable additions were made to the College Cabinet by the Professor. The rest of the party also made sundry discoveries, consisting, for the most part, of indifferent specimens of Clam-shell, and Old Red Sandstone.

On the following day, another expedition was planned and carried into effect. On this occasion, however, the Professor kindly offered to take with him his "Photographing apparatus," and to take a picture of the class in one large group. Nothing, surely, could be more pleasing to the class, each member of which exerted himself to the utmost of his ability, in assisting to perfect all necessary arrangements for the picture-taking. We cannot give the details, but it will be sufficient to say that in due time we all found ourselves standing upon the rude bridge we had the day before constructed, gazing fixedly at the instrument which the Professor was pointing towards us. We should state, however, that before this, our friend B., in attempting to carry a large bundle across a log which served as a bridge over a branch of the Kokosing, lost his balance, and much to the amusement of all parties except himself, tipped off quietly into the water. After floundering about for half a minute, he succeeded in making his way to shore.

The "picture" was taken with due form and ceremony, and proved a good one. We have a copy before us as we write, and at a glance take in the whole group, beginning with the "Doctor," who appears in the foreground in company with his famous stripped "inexpressibles," and that white hat, and ending with our "Big Brother," who, with a huge staff in his hand, towers above the rest like a second "Agamemnon, King of Men."

Thus, reader, has passed our College life. May yours prove as pleasant!

Our readers will thank us for presenting them with the annexed poem, which has, for some time, been going the newspaper rounds. The author was, not long ago, a member of the illustrious "brotherhood Kenyonian," and has more than once enriched the Collegian with the productions of his gifted pen. In copying "The Forgotten Street" into his paper, the Editor of the Philadelphia Sunday Transcript says: "Let no lover of poetry fail to read these stanzas at least twice. They are the breathings of one most rich and subtle spirits of our time."

"THE FORGOTTEN STREET."

"Through Midnight's holy hush, with hushing feet,
Seeming to hear the sleeping heart-beat plain,
I wander slowly through the forgotten street,
Toll's weary tread-mill—Traffic's noisy brain—"
Where flashed the wheels—the busy dust was blown—
Where all went masked—Life lost his brother death—
Where sat the God Gold on his golden throne

Last noon, last eve—and through the crowded breath,
Mocking the Babel, crept the funerals through;
Lo! all the dust lies down in heaven's dew!

The holy Crown of every weary Day—
The Night—the Rest, the Sleep, the Dream—is here;
The starlight glitters, the pure dew-winds play,
Where swarmed the myriad feet—the smile, the tear—
The bride’s rose-wreath of joy-lit girls—the train
Funereal, hushing through the singing hours—
The waking dream of Life and Death—again
The seeds of Sleep sow all the dark with flowers,
Blooming in some returning Paradise:
The World, a Child, pulls them with loving eyes!

Where are they vanished? Here an hour ago!
The hiving purposes that hum no more!
Napoleon wills that made the Alps seem low?
To Dreamland!—what far sunrise find that shore?
To that New World—who but Columbus knows?
Where are the homeless exiles? Gone to dreams!
To the green lands the love of heaven blows;
Laugh in their eyes green England’s village gleams;
The German all forgets he left the Rhine—
Sings in the Past—the golden hills of wine!

Hope, bee-like, cradled in the Morrow Rose,
Dreams on the dead, cold bosom of to-day;
Despair at Morning’s threshold finds repose—
Wearing the face of Hope and heart of May;
The young, the old—rich, poor—the evil, good—
Take God’s rich alms alive in blinded eyes
To beggar hearts, sweet sleep in gratitude;
The Eve with Adam still in Eden lies;
The fallen from the heaven of human love,
Rise from the scornful flame—singing above!

Where yonder vine-top in the moonshine gleams
To some bright breeze’s fingering, sleeps a girl—
Clasping the white dove of her bosom, dreams;
The silver moonlight clasps the golden curl,
And the leaf’s shadow plays o’er her pure eyes.
She sleeps—she dreams; the morn to wake her joy!
The dream is there. The gate of Paradise
(Those angels have forgot their old employ)
To-morrow opes. To-morrow clasps to-day!
The lark sings up into her heaven of May!
There haunts a prison. White, pure, holy stars!  
Through all the dark, reach ye the darkness there?  
Rain your sweet influence through the ghastly bars—  
The grated soul? Sleep opes the prison air;  
God's sweetest human angel, loving all,  
Kisses the lips and hovers happy wings;  
A child sings forth from some rose-clasping hall,  
Dancing his song into all living things!  
And who is she that keeps his hand?—the gleam  
Losing his dark? That angel leaves his dream!

Pleasure lies in the rose's heart, asleep,  
And Sorrow falls asleep in Pleasure's arms;  
The mighty torrent, Life, seems slumbering deep  
O'er the precipice. Time's hive no more swarms.  
In the charmed palace of the Soul's distress  
All dream their dream, and wait the morrow's kiss  
To sing the sunshine from their happiness,  
And give the trees, the flowers, the clouds their bliss!  
The Ixion world wakes in To-morrow's ray,  
Turning the ever turning wheel To-day!

Emerson's nonsensical poem entitled "Brahma," has been ridiculed and parodied most unmercifully. The St. Louis Republican is responsible for the following, which we think "takes it off" rather better than anything we have seen:

"If the scarlet murderou individual conceive he kill, or if the assassinated victim imagine he be slaughtered, their knowledge is exceedingly limited of the artful and cunningly devised methods I maintain and vanish, and again change my direction. Remote or unremembered, to me, is contiguous; darkness of the sun's intercepted beams and the luminous rays of the god of day are identical; to me, the annihilated deities are obviously visible, and consciousness of guilt and exaltation of rumor are synonymous. They do not compute accurately who omit to leave me in; I am the means of their acceleration when they move swiftly through the air; I am the fluctuating state of opinion and the dubious individual, and I the sacred musical composition rehearsed in numbers by the Pagan Hindoo. The powerful and cogent mythological deities long for my habitation, and the consecrated six plus one languish ineffectually; but thou, humble and mild-tempered devotee of benificence, discover me and reverse thy rear on the residence of the celestial gods."

A friend has sent us quite a curiosity in the shape of a copy of the Ulster County Gazette, "published at Kingston, Ulster County, N. Y., by Samuel Freer & Son." dated January 4, 1800,—being, as our readers will recollect, only a few days after the death of George Washington.

Kingston was one of the old Dutch settlements on the North River, about
forty miles above New York, and at that time, a place of considerable importance.

The inside of the paper is nearly filled with the proceedings of Congress and other demonstrations consequent upon the death of the first President, and a brief account of his funeral. The outside contains the reply of Congress to the President's Message at the opening of their session, and the President's acknowledgment; several columns of foreign news, among which is a detailed account of the battles of Zurich, Savigianu Jano, and the recapture of Manheim and Frankfort, by the French army of the Rhine and the evacuation of Holland by the Russians, besides a few local items and quite a number of advertisements.

The sheet is a little more than half as large as the Western Episcopalian, having four columns on a page. The paper is very coarse, but otherwise of good quality, and the type of that beautiful old-fashioned kind, which has been so much in vogue the last two or three years for fancy editions of the poets, gift books, &c. The columns are separated, and each page surrounded, by broad black lines of mourning, about one-fourth of an inch in width, evidently made hastily for the occasion, of rather roughly fashioned strips of wood.

The advertisements are much the most interesting portion of its contents, giving considerable information as to the history and customs of the day. Nearly all the names which occur are Low Dutch, such as Van Voorhis, Van Keuren, Brinkerhof, Ten Broeck, Elmendorf, De Witt, Terwilleger, Hasbrouck, Wynkoop, and so on through a long catalogue of jaw-breakers. A large number of the advertisements are of farms for sale, in all of which it is specified as being quite an inducement to purchasers, that there are ten, twenty, or sometimes even fifty acres cleared;—one indignant Dutchman, named Matthys Van Steenberg, residing in Saugerties, Kingston Precinct, gives a second notice that his wife Hannah, has left her liege lord without pretext or provocation, and warns the public against keeping or trusting her on his account. But the one which strikes one the most strangely as occurring in a New York State paper, is the following:

"For Sale: the one-half of a Saw Mill, with a convenient place for building, lying in the Town of Rochester. By the Mill is an inexhaustible supply of Pine wood. And also, a stout, healthy, active, Negro Wench."

We have also two poetical effusions, the beauty and true poetical genius displayed in which, cannot fail to arrest the attention of even the most careless reader. We copy them entire, and verbatim, literatim et punctutam—with exception of the italics, which are our own. The first is a patriotic piece, and a fitting tribute to the memory of the great hero-statesman, by whose death it was inspired:—


"What means that solemn dirge, that strikes my ear? What mean those mournful sounds—why shines the tear? Why toll the bells the awful knell of fate? Ah!—why those sights that do my fancy sale?"
"Where'er I turn, the general gloom appears,
Those mourning badges fill my soul with fears;
Hark!—yonder rueful noise!—'tis done!—'tis done!—
The silent tomb invade our WASHINGTON!

"Most virtues so exalted, yield their breath?
Most bright perfection find relief in death?
Must mortal greatness fall!—a glorious name!—
What then is honor, riches, and true fame?

"The august chief, the father and the friend,
The generous patriot—let the muse commend;
Columbia's glory, and Mount Vernon's pride,
There lies enshrined with numbers at his side—

"There let the sigh respondent from the breast,
Heave in rich numbers!—let the glowing zest,
Of tears refulgent, beam with grateful love;
And sable mourning our affection prove.

"Weep!—kindred mortal,—weep!—no more you'll find,
A man so just, so pure, so firm in mind;
Rejoicing Angels, hail the heavenly sage!
Celestial Spirits, greet the wonder of the AGE!"

Our readers will not fail to be impressed with the metaphorical beauty and felicity of expression of the passages we have italicised. The second is an Advertisement, and quite humorous in its character.

"LUTHER ANDRESS & CO. have this day
Been offering goods both fresh and gay.
He has received near every kind,
That you in any store may find,
And as I purchase by the Bale,
I am determined to retail
For Ready Pay a little lower
Than ever have been had before.
I with my brethren mean to live;
But as for credit shall not give
I would not lie to rouse your passions,
For credit here is out of fashion.
My friends and buyers one and all
It will pay you well to give me a call.
You always may find me by my sign,
A few rods from the house divine."

We infer from the remainder of the advertisement, which is not in verse, that the "circulating medium" was rather scarce in that part of the country, for Messrs. Andress & Co. offer to take in payment, Wheat, Rye, Buckwheat, Oats, Corn, Butter, Flax, Ashes and Raw Hides. They intimate, however, with characteristic waggishness, that "Cash" will not be refused.
THE DOMICILE ERECTED BY JOHN.

[Not translated into English by Carlyle, Emerson, or Company.]

Behold the mansion reared by daedal Jack,
See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.
Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides;
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce rodent,
Whose tooth insidious Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt,
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbating hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat predacious, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibres that involved the grain
That lay in Han's inviolate domain.

Here walks the forlorn damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine ducts who drew,
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce vindictive scorn,
The baying hound whose bragart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and reared the indignant fur
Of Puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the weird rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reeking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb, that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' oculative sign,
To the lorn maiden, whose lac-albic hands
Drew albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine, by whose horn
Distort, to realms ethereal was borne
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old mordacious rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.
Lo! here, with bursute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the Priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the swain unthrifty,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
Even as he kissed the virgin all forlorn,
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fierce wrath the canine torturer skied
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of that sly rat that robbed the palace that Jack built.

The loud cantankerous shanghai comes at last,
Whose shouts aroosed the shorn ecclesiast,
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament,
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulogator of the horned brute morose
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that kilt
The rat that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

Our Readers will observe by the date of this number, that no Collegian for April is published. We have thought it better to make this omission, in order to publish our last number at Commencement, instead of on the first of June, in view of the large number of Graduates and other friends of the Institution, who will visit us at that time.

It will be recollected that an urgent appeal was made to our subscribers, in our February number, on the subject of their unpaid subscriptions. We are sorry to be obliged to say, however, that with a few exceptions, our call has been unheeded.

We repeat the statement made at that time, that it will be impossible for the Collegian to be continued, unless our friends "pay up." There is about $150 due us from students at present in College, in such small sums that this negligence seems quite inexusable.

We also receive frequent complaints from subscribers residing at a distance, that their Magazines are not received. We are quite at a loss to account for this irregularity. We can say from personal observation, that the mailing department in our Publisher's office is attended to with scrupulous care, and are confident that the fault does not lie within our control. Several cases have come to our notice, where subscribers have repeatedly enquired at the Post Office for their numbers, without receiving them, and a short time afterwards we have received notices from the P. M. that the Magazine is not taken out.