A CHAPTER ON WORDS.*

It were perhaps right and proper to offer a word of apology for attempting, at this time, the review of a book which has been for more than six years before the public, and whose merits have already been generally acknowledged. For it would seem to be the duty of the Reviewer to speak more particularly concerning new books. His glorious prerogative it is, as each successive publication comes from the press, to pronounce once for all as to its destiny,—to determine the exact number of its readers, to designate its particular niche in libraries and upon book shelves, or, with a dash of the pen, and regardless of the author's feelings, impoverished and out at the elbows though he be, to condemn it to some place of perpetual darkness in the lumber-room of the printer. And hence to "review" a book in the received acceptation of the term, after its merits have been pronounced upon, and its rank among the literary productions of the age finally adjudged, would be only to re-enact the part of the old "weather prophet."

of whom certain German Chroniclers speak, who was accustomed to "predict" changes in the weather after such changes had already taken place. But be it understood that in our examination of "Trench on Words," our object is not to criticise its learned author. We purpose speaking not so much of the book itself as of the subject of which it treats. We wish simply to write somewhat about words, and the better to accomplish our purpose, we take the work before us as a text book, or as a foundation, so to speak, upon which to base our own remarks and observations.

"The Study of Words" comprises six lectures, delivered before the pupils of the Diocesan Training School at Winchester, of which the first is an Introductory one, the rest being devoted to a consideration respectively, of The Morality in Words, The History in Words, The Rise of New Words, The Distinction of Words, and The Schoolmaster's Use of Words. Our limits will not permit us to go into so detailed an examination of the subject as this division would call for, and hence we shall confine ourselves to a notice of the Origin and Rise of Words, and a brief consideration of the History in Words.

1. Respecting the origin of Language "there are" says Mr. Trench, "or rather there have been, two theories. The first is, that it was invented by man, and to this view of the case, our author objects, as putting "language on the same level with the various arts with which man has gradually adorned and enriched his life," and for the reason that "language would then be only an accident." in which case we should certainly somewhere find tribes sunken so low as not to possess it, just as we meet with those who have no knowledge of the simplest of the other arts. Mr. Trench states his own theory thus:

"But the true answer to the inquiry how language arose, is this, that God gave man language, just as he gave him reason, and just because he gave him reason, (for what is man's word but his reason coming forth, that it may behold itself?) he gave it to him, because he could not be a man, that is, a social being, without it."

A writer in Fraser's Magazine comments with some severity, and with a good show of reason we think, upon Mr. Trench's "inexactitude in the choice and use of terms," as to this point. For what, we may be permitted to inquire, is the evident meaning of the passage above quoted? Are we to
understand that man was created with a language already formed, and with a full supply of words awaiting his disposal? Such would seem to be a fair interpretation of the language itself, but that this is not the meaning which the writer intended to convey is made evident from what follows, where we are told that man did *not* start out with his dictionary and grammar ready-made to his hands, but that God gave him, *not names* but the *capacity of naming*. The amount of the whole then, is just this, that God bestowed upon man the power of inventing words, and accordingly, as his necessities required, he did, to all intents, *invent* them. So that in our opinion, with regard to the "two theories" Mr. Trench makes a "distinction without a difference," and we are inclined to think that making due allowance for the different meanings which may be attached to the terms used, writers, after all, pretty nearly agree in believing that, in bestowing reason upon man, God gave him also the power of *speech*, which, as the writer before referred to has it, "is the sign and evidence and organ of reason, and the faculty which marks and separates our higher nature from that of the brute," but that *language*, or the use of words, is an "invention" of men. We are very willing, at the same time, to believe, with Mr. Trench, that while man makes the words which he uses, he makes them in obedience to some "high and mysterious law," as the bee makes its cells, or the bird its nest.

Man, then, having been endowed with the faculty of speech, words were gradually formed and brought into use as his necessities required. Mr. Trench introduces a fine illustration explanatory of what he is pleased to term "this spontaneous generation of speech," likening it to the "growth of a tree springing out of and unfolding itself from a root, and according to a necessary law,—that root being the divine capacity of language with which man was created, that law being the law of highest reason with which he was endowed." He objects at the same time, to comparing the growth of language to the building of a house, "which little by little improves in shape material and size, being first but a log house answering his barest needs, and only after centuries of toil and pain, growing for his sons' sons into a stately palace for pleasure and delight." This latter illustration we cannot but consider.
the better of the two, for the reason that, to use the words of another, it recognizes "more of the principle of adaptation to new wants and luxuries, and enlarging necessities of every kind," and we believe that it is just as much in obedience to a "necessary law" that a palace thus grows up, as that the tree unfolds itself from the root, as above stated. But this only by the way.

New words, it may safely be taken for granted, will never be introduced into any language unless there is a need of them, or some deficiency which they will supply. Men very often discover a deficiency of this kind from a comparison of their own language with another and a richer. As an example—and it is but fair to say that this illustration, as well as most of those which follow, is taken from the book before us—when the Romans attempted to transfer the philosophy of Greece into Italy, they found many Greek words which had no corresponding Latin ones, and such corresponding words they proceeded to manufacture for themselves. Thus, they found a word denoting the absence of all passion or pain, and as there must of necessity be an equivalent for this, Cicero invented the word "idolentia," to express the same idea. Thus also in the English, and in all other languages, new words are introduced to supply the deficiencies which the gradual advancement of a people makes known, and words coined without there being such necessity for them, seldom come into notice. It was Ben Jonson, we believe, who said that "a man coins not a new word without peril," and examples almost innumerable might be cited, of words which no one ever thought of using except their inventors. Even Cicero himself, that "verborum vigilantissimus appenser ac mensor," as Augustine terms him, sometimes failed in his attempts to enrich the language in which he wrote. His "indolentia," "vitositas," "beatitas" and "beatitude," were never received with any degree of favor. "The words of Jeremy Taylor," says Mr. Trench, "and of such Latinists as Sir Thomas Browne, and of others, that were born only to die, are multitudinous as the leaves of autumn."

It is not difficult to trace most new words back directly to their origin. Sometimes, however, a word creeps into a language unawares. Thus, Baxter tells us that already in his
time, the origin of the term "round-head" was a matter of dispute. So also, the term "huguenot" was a subject for debate before those to whom it was first applied were in their graves. The word "caucus," with which every body in this country is familiar, Mr. Trench gives as one whose origin is unknown, though we believe it was first applied to a meeting of "calkers," sometime during our revolutionary struggle.

2. The History in Words presents a wide field for interesting investigation. The mere assemblage of certain arbitrary signs, which we denominate letters, may, apart from the ideas which they, in the shape of sentences or periods, are intended to convey, appear insignificant enough; and yet the truth is that "very often more valuable information may be derived from the history of a single word than from the history of a campaign." A late writer compares the words used in ordinary conversation to the pearls which certain diminutive personages who figure in Eastern fairy tales, drop every time they open their mouths, and adds further, that "we cannot utter a single sentence without recalling, by an unconscious sign or symbol, some historical memory, some ancient custom, some scrap of the early poetry of the world, or some ethical divination that lost its charm long ago, and has passed into sheer common-place in our degenerate days." To those who have never attempted to "study" words, this language will doubtless seem somewhat extravagant, but a very little attention to the subject, we venture to say, will make it appear less so. We regret exceedingly that we have no room for examples and illustrations, but if any of our readers are in the least incredulous as to the wonderful store of history which is oftentimes garnered up in a single word, we would advise them to investigate, for themselves, the words "frank," "church," "pagan," "sacrament," "cardinal," "bigot," which we take at random from those whose history Mr. Trench has given us.

But it is not only in single words that a vast amount of "historic lore" is contained. The words which constitute a language, have, taken together, a still greater depth of meaning. Thus, "from the proofs which are daily accumulating, of the tendency of all languages, however widely they may differ now, to refer themselves to a common stock and single
fountain-head," we may successfully argue the unity of the human race. Again, Mr. Trench asserts, and with no small degree of plausibleness, that, from a careful study of the different words of which our language is composed, we might, supposing all other records to have perished, still work out, and almost reconstitute, the history of the English nation, so far as it turned upon the Norman Conquest. He says:—

"Take, for example, the relation in which the Saxon and Norman occupants of this land stood to one another. I doubt not that an account of this, in the main as accurate as it would be certainly instructive, might be drawn from an intelligent study of the contributions which they have severally made to the English language, as bequeathed to us jointly by them both. . . . Nor, indeed, is it hard to see why the language must contain such instruction as this, when we a little realize to ourselves the stages by which it has come down to us in its present shape. There was a time when the languages which the Saxon and the Norman severally spoke, existed each by the side of, but unmingled with, the other; one, that of the small dominant class, the other that of the great body of the people. By degrees, however, with the fusion of the two races, the two languages also fused into a third. At once there would exist duplicates for many things. But as in popular speech two words will not long exist side by side to designate the same thing, it became a question how the relative claims of the Saxon and Norman word should adjust themselves, which should remain, which should be dropped; or, if not dropped, should be transferred to some other object, or express some other relation. . . . Evidently, when a word was often on the lips of one race, its equivalent seldom on those of the other, where it intimately cohered with the manner of life of the one, was only remotely in contact with that of the other, where it laid strong hold on one, but slight on the other, the issue could not be doubtful. . . . Here is the explanation of the assertion just now made—namely, that we might almost reconstruct our history, so far as it turned upon the Norman Conquest, by an analysis of our present language, or mustering of its words in groups, and a close observation of the nature and character of those which the two races have severally contributed to it. Thus, we should confidently conclude that the Norman was the ruling race, from the noticeable fact that all the words of dignity, state, honor, and pre-eminence descend upon us from them—sovereign, sceptre, throne, realm, royalty, homage, prince, duke, count, ("earl" indeed is Scandinavian, though he must borrow his "countess" from the Norman,) chancellor, treasurer, palace, castle, hall, dome, and a multitude more."

He goes on to remark, as an evidence of the Saxon having been for a season an inferior and even an oppressed race, that the instruments for cultivating the earth, and the main products of the earth, are Saxon. The names of almost all animals, so long as they are alive, are also Saxon, but when killed and prepared for food, they become Norman, "a fact indeed," says Mr. Trench, "which we might have expected beforehand; for the Saxon hind had the charge and labor of tending and feeding them, but only that they might appear on the table of his Norman lord." Thus, the Saxon ox, steer, and cow, are changed into the Norman beef; calf and sheep are Saxon, but veal and mutton are Norman. So also the Saxon
swine and deer are changed into the Norman pork and venison. Bacon, the only flesh, it may be, which ever came within the reach of the "poor Saxon hind," forms the only exception to the general rule.

The object which Mr. Trench had in view in the preparation of these lectures on the "Study of Words," was, as he tells us, to excite a more general interest in the subjects of which they treat. We think he has, to a very great extent, succeeded in effecting his object. No one, we are sure, can read the book he has given us without admiring the sound learning and patient research displayed upon almost every page; no one, most certainly, can read it without realizing the fact that words are indeed "living powers," and this realization will be to many like "the dropping of scales from their eyes, like the acquiring of a new sense, or the introduction into a new world."

UNCERTAINTY.

Uncertainty is written high
And low, on Nature's scroll;—
Yet, e'er, sublime Philosophy
Decrees unto the soul,
Thy bourn is far above the sky,
Where nameless glories roll:
Blest heir of all eternity—
The end is not uncertainty,
'Tis the celestial goal.

Uncertain, as a fitful dream,
Are fortune, fame and power,
Whose hollow honors flaunt, and gleam,
And fade each passing hour.
Uncertain every human scheme;
But then immortal flower,
Shalt bloom throughout eternity,
The soul knows no uncertainty,
Though, rude, time's tempests lower.

When Time itself its race hath run,
And, o'er the earth, shall fall
No more the sheen of Star or Sun,—
Blind ruin spreads its pall;
Thou, seraph soul, loved lingering one,
Shalt spurn earth's hated thrall,
Exultant, and eternally
Triumphant o'er uncertainty,
Where spirit voices call.
OUR SAY ABOUT LOVERS.

Alas that the age of Chivalry is gone! No longer may ardent lovers win ‘fayre ladyes’ by grace and skill in tourna ment, or by rescuing from the shaggy lion’s den a mistress’ kerchief. Oh, those were golden times! How the heart thrills at even the recital of knightly deeds. Now the prosaic days are come, the saddest of them all. The massive steel plates of ancient armor have been replaced by the stiffly stuffed uniform of modern soldiery. The brawny strength that wielded the two-handed battle axe is no longer needed to carry the musket. The storming of feudal castles with portcullis and moat, and face to face combats with the sinewy Saracen, have given way to fighting from sandy trenches with belching mortars. The thronged amphitheatre, the lordly banner proudly waving over silken tents, the encounter of friendly though opposing hosts, all embodied in the gay tournament, are now represented by the marching of military processions, preceded by brazen bands. Memory loves to linger on the olden scenes gilded by the halo of traditional glory. There were true lovers in those days, as well as noble knights; love-knots and keepsakes were bound closely to the heart; death alone could part the lover from his guerdon of affection; blood only could wash out the slight offered to her fame. And we too have lovers in these latter days; strange if we had not. In peaceful Eden, before of necessity “Adam delved and Eve span,” they existed, nor ever since has earth been without them. But we need not turn to Paradisaical times, the present is fruitful of examples. Nor is the theme unworthy of attention, appealing as it does to the heart of humanity. Are you young, O reader? Then perchance sweet strains are even now vibrating over your heart-strings. Have you snowy locks? Do not visions come floating from the dreamy past, visions of joy? Join then in seeking to examine the nature of that mystery, a lover, who of all things is the most incomprehensible to both himself and others. At the very outset an obstacle presents itself, precur sor of many successors. It is the turbulence of the subject. For how can we analyze with calm calculation that which is
all whirl and fervor. The heart in active exercise will not submit to investigation; when you seek after the emotion it has passed away; even as an artist sketching the fading tints of sunset, finds them vanished before they can be transferred to his canvas. To speak of analysis under the circumstances seems absurd, the little god shakes his bow in defiance, and laughs at all attempts to pin him down as if he were a butterfly. Only from memory therefore, could inward experience be drawn; or, from observing the outward actions of the victims to tender passion, we may make deductions. Now, to attempt dragging from the halls of memory the cherished impressions made in years gone by, appears almost sacrilegious. Besides, it is an acknowledgment that one has been in love! It were safer, then, to rely entirely upon observation, in seeking to sketch the lover in a true and impartial light.

All experience unites in calling youth the heyday of love. Nature peculiarly adapts that period, by its bestowment of quick perceptions, and a warm, susceptible heart, through which the life blood courses boundingly. Having passed through the little attachments of childhood, which seem almost as necessary as its accompanying ailments, the heart and mind emerge from the shallow though pure brooklet of such affection, into the wider and deeper stream of youthful love. Memory treasures many an hour of unalloyed pleasure, spent in rambling over hill and meadow with diminutive sweethearts, chasing butterflies, gathering blue bells, or, hand-in-hand, walking by the brook-side, prattling merrily on the way. But when a few more years have passed, a change steals over the spirit, which pervades the whole being. No longer can the heart take repose in the unconscious delight of infancy, for its inner depths are stirred, its surface often ruffled. An intense consciousness seizes upon every faculty. Love has been fittingly termed a disease baffling the skill of the most experienced physician. It approaches at times as subtly as the fever of tropical coast, breathing aromatic odors in the air, which inhaled, spread a delicious languor over the spirit, forerunner of the burning malady soon to seize upon the frame. Again, swifter than the electric fluid it flies into the unsuspecting heart; a glance, a touch, may change the calm quietude of existence into a boisterous storm. When the youth becomes
transformed into the lover, behold soon he knoweth not his former self. The chase, the fishing jaunt, the manly sports of every degree, where are they now? Exchanged for other and curiously unlike occupations. Astronomy, once so irksome, becomes of intense interest; its practical teachings regarding starry constellations, and lunarchanges yield unending delight, especially when the new moon shows its crescent above the shadowy woods, oh, the entrancement its beauty then occasions! Nightly its growth is watched by the enamored youth, as he walks abroad to muse upon Astronomy. Retired haunts soon become places of resort: the mossy bank, where the gentle stream is thickly overshadowed, and the cool retreats in woody coverts, where reclining at the foot of an out-branching tree, the dreamer may enjoy his book in solitude. Now is the reign of poetry; away dull prose, thou telllest not of "sweet Jessica" or Desdemona's charms: the tuneful spirit calls for the accordant melody of verse. This is the period at which stony-hearted satirists delight to depict a youth with wavy, uncombed locks, disordered attire, eyes now musingly drooped, anon wildly seeking the "stars unutterably bright" and with clasped hands, pacing swiftly to and fro. Even kindly Will Shakespeare could not withhold his say about

"The lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

But we should deal kindly, for certainly whom the Gods make lovers they first make mad. A gentle kind of insanity it may be, and harmless, excepting to the reasoning faculties, over which it casts a most bewildering mist. Of all sightless mortals none is more to be commiserated than the lover when his Dulcinea is in question. Blinder than a bat, he sees neither by night nor day.

"Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind" and there imagination holds supreme dominion. Every charm of the fair one is heightened by fancy, each trait enobled, each feature idealized, and all gilded with a halo peculiarly their own. This is a sagacious provision of nature, otherwise it is to be feared fewer marriages would be consummated in this uncharitable world. For the "power" which seldom gives us,

"To see ourselves as others see us!"
often grants preternatural keenness to our sight when detecting the frailties of our neighbors of either sex. "And therefore," says the poet, "is winged Cupid painted blind."

Another noticeable feature of the true lover is his silence. The continual proclaimer of his preference, or even the eager confider is in no imminent danger of being carried away. But when the thoughts turn in upon themselves to chew the sweet cud of contemplation; when the vacant eye, once bright, betokens that the wits are wool-gathering: when the cheek flushes, and the lip trembles at a rallying thrust, be sure there is danger nigh. "Silence in love betrays more love," and affords a readier token of its existence than any other. Remember of whom it was said,

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

It is strange what absolute possession of the lover his passion very soon obtains. Reason hoodwinked; Judgment laid on the shelf; Imagination quickened; Memory, O how carefully is it compelled to treasure every trifling incident! The senses are made more keen, so that the lowest whispered syllable is heard, the gentlest pressure thrills the frame and each passing glance is daguerreotyped upon the retina. What tyranny could be more complete? Mysteries too, surround him in the magnetic attraction which exists between two loving hearts, and the clairvoyant perception that reads the thoughts long before expressed in words. Surely this is a marvellous state of being!

But the peaceful calm which does fill the heart assured of responsive affection, is at times broken by lurid storms. Is the tornado a fearful visiter amid the repose of tropical regions, with destruction in its breath, uprooting the towering palms, and crashing through the tangled jungles? It is a fitting type of the progress of jealousy. An envious man often becomes a knave, but a jealous man more frequently a fool. When the odious green passion first enters the system its influence is scarcely felt, causing only an occasional twinge; but let it have free course, and soon madly rushing through the veins, it will taint the whole body with a deadly venom. Suspicion with its vile brood takes lodgment in the brain. Doubts arise, envy
fixes its serpents fang, and trembling fears oppress. Then begins a series of anxious watches in which every look is exaggerated, every word distorted, every rumor readily credited. Alas! what a wretched mortal is the jealous lover, who with lack-lustre eyes, and clenched fists, curses the day of his birth, and the stars whose horoscope was so unpropitious. Jealousy is one of the roughest obstacles that impedes the by no means smooth way of love. How sad, yet instructive the narrative of its progress and terrible denouement in the case of the swarthy Moor. The victim so lovely, so innocent, so pure, then cruelly sacrificed upon the altar of vile passion, may justly be held up as a warning to every generation of lovers. "O beware, my lord, of jealousy."

But there is a sunny side full of bright gleamings to the picture we are contemplating. Life in any phase is never all shadow. The foreground may show rough crags frowning upon dark abysses, with grim old castles fluming banners from their embattled fronts, crowning the rocky summit; yet it would be strange if no sweetly smelling meadows, and light-flecked slopes appeared in the perspective. The trembling joyousness of love's young dream, who can portray. Its cherished memories linger longest in the mind, of all earthly pleasures. That which characterizes it as indeed a dream, is the unreality of all things; or rather the heightened intensity thrown about the commonest occurrences. A halo seems to surround every thing connected however slightly with the beloved one. Words sounding simple enough to other ears become music when uttered by her lips. The very scenes of nature are envied the admiring glances bestowed upon them. The ground pressed by her feet is sacred; to him it appears as though,

"Her angel face
As the great eye of Heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place."

Thus where innocence combines with beauty and intelligence to throw a charm over an object of affection, adoration is not too strong a term to express the regard of true love. "Stuff" says some cold hearted creature, "what nonsense!" Be it known to thee, O withered and sapless mortal, we are not addressing such as thou. Because thou wert never in such a
case, therefore do no such feelings exist? Away from us, out of our sight, thou blot upon humanity. Ah think, thou once fond lover of those primal days; think of that arm oncenestling so confidingly on thine, those eyes once gazing brimful of affection into eyes that spake again, that dear hand once clasped in thine! What sweet draughts of love were then quaffed by the thirsty soul! With what a gorgeous rainbow of hope the future seemed overspanned. All the energy that can inspire man to do and dare, to be worthy of a treasured prize, and to win distinction in the arena of life swelled in thy breast at such a moment. The cup of happiness never seems so filled to overflowing as when young love first feels a responsive throb. A perpetual delight takes up its residence in the confiding and adoring heart.

We may easily discern stages of progression in the flowery vale of cupid-dom. There is not only the young and ardent, but the mature and reasoning swain. The love of the latter is a plant of gradual growth. First esteem shoots out, then admiration buds, and lastly affection blossoms. The peculiarities vary but little however in either case when fairly entranced, barring the greater moderation of the older lover, to which also there are exceptions. The variety of swains is as great as their individual shades of character. Some all fire and ardo at the outset do "rise like a rocket and fall like the stick." The light of their affection rivals not the flame of the vestal lamps. Some beneath a calm exterior carry a fervent heart; their whole being becomes absorbed in one passion, and should disappointment blast their cherished hopes, a molten stream of anguish scars the soul for life. Thus the fickle, and the constant, the shallow and the profound, the trifler and the sincere, each plays his part in the great drama of love.

National peculiarities give a tinge, and sometimes a decided cast to the lover's nature. This is exhibited in the several ways of manifesting devotion in different lands. The Spaniard tunes his light guitar, and sings a midnight rondo beneath the Signorettas's balcony. The Venetian sighs beside his mistress in the swiftly gliding gondola. The Frenchman leans admiringly over the back of his lady's velvet cushioned lounge in the brilliant opera box. The English and Americans, well, they take occasional morning drives and go on moonlight
pleasure parties. As for the phlegmatic German, the grave and placid Turk, the African native, and all the rest, we leave their love tactics to imagination.

But vain would be the endeavor to canvass the various phases and peculiarities that lovers shew forth. And it must be acknowledged in all candor, that notwithstanding the romantic features they exhibit, loving swains are by no means agreeable companions to those outside the magic circle. Absorbed, absent minded, given to day dreaming, they care little to partake of, or contribute to social enjoyments. Save from a long ride in a stage coach with an ardent lover! Speak to him of the beauties of landscape, and the rare glimpses here and there; he rouses himself with a sigh, and with mind evidently wandering amid more congenial scenes, idly scans the view. Attempt to broach current topics of interest, what cares he for them? His thoughts dwell only upon the joys of the past, or anticipations of the future, the present is a blank indeed. Hence it arises that lovers are regarded as social pests, hence are hung up in effigy and posted as targets for every arrowy witticism. That this is most unkind no one of genial sympathies may deny. And that lovers as a class, take them "all in all," are heartily worthy of esteem, we do most stoutly hold. That they are inevitable "institutions" requires little demonstration. So our parting advice is that all who have been or hope to be lovers, cherish a fellow feeling to make them "wondrous kind" toward the whole world-distributed band. While to such as never have loved, nor been loved, nor ever expect or care to be loved; we say, seek not as you value your good for nothing lives, to cast your chill-breathing shadow between two hearts lighted with a sacred flame off the altar of affection.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know what he doth not. — Bacon.
“Do ye not know,” said the apostle to the Corinthian Christians, “Do ye not know that they which minister about holy things, live of the things of the temple? And they which wait at the altar, are partakers with the altar? Even so the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel.” This point, then, is clear beyond all dispute; and if it be stated to you under circumstances which admit no possibility of any sinister or selfish motive, it ought to be urged with a manly ardor becoming its importance. That these are the circumstances of the person now addressing you, is known unto you all. Having through the long course of twenty-two years’ ministry, procured more than one-half of his subsistence, and that of his family, from the arduous employment of educating youth; having left situations much more lucrative than his present one, and come among you under the aid of no charitable institution, and when here, with his own hands having ministered and still ministering to his own necessities; if he cannot urge this with a becoming freedom, for the benefit of God’s Church, for the love of his dear brethren in the ministry, and for the good of souls, it is hard to say, who can.

Time there was when the ministers of Christ were maintained by the gifts and offerings at the Christian altar; when churches were richly endowed, and institutions of learning were founded by the pious obligations at the altar of Christ; and from these holy fountains have issued nearly all the streams of religious and moral science which now fertilize the Christian world. These sources, as respects this country, are dried up; and not only institutions of learning, but the clergy themselves, are dependent on the personal and immediate munificence of each individual Christian. What will be the result time will show. If the laity had reason to complain that the clergy made a bad use of their privileges, let them now show that they fall not into like error themselves. God is as much the proprietor of the wealth of the world, when in the hands of the laity, as when in those of the clergy. In
both cases, the possessors are but *stewards*; the use of that wealth for the purposes of virtue and religion, God will require of both."

Little as the diocese yet contributed to the relief of his temporal wants, still he was abundant in toil and labor in all its borders. This year he visited every place in the diocese where there was any hope of building up or planting the church, and the confirmations amounted to the encouraging number of two hundred and forty. In his visitation at Portsmouth, he met with a pleasing and peculiar instance of the value of Tracts upon the peculiarities of the Protestant Episcopal Church. A man from a neighboring settlement practically ignorant of the church, sought an interview with the Bishop as a candidate for baptism and confirmation. In the course of the interview the Bishop learned the interesting fact that a "little square book," without a title page, was this person's only instructor and guide. It proved to be a copy of an Essay on the Church by Jones, of Nayland, England, and republished in Vermont years before, by one of our Missionaries there, the Rev. Mr. Ogden. It had casually fallen into the possession of this individual, and, under God, been the means of his conversion to Christ and his church. Earnest as the appeal was to the diocese in behalf of aid in defraying the expenses of the Episcopate, there was nothing, or but little done, for his relief. The diocese, it was true, was in infantile feebleness, and yet doubtless something might have been done if the few Episcopalians that were, had a mind for the work, to save the Bishop from downright pecuniary suffering. But few men, as he, could have met the pecuniary embarrassments to which by reason of his Episcopal and ministerial position, he was now subject. We are furnished by his own pen with the following affecting narrative of his trials and sufferings at this period of his life.

"It was in the fall of 1820, or the winter of 1821, when his son had gone to the Atlantic States, that the writer experienced some of the most painful hours in his life; and yet those hours, strange to tell, as he now looks back upon them, were most prolific of future good.

"Returning home from diocesan visitations, his voice nearly failing him from much speaking, he found little ease to
his body or mind. Three parishes were to be supplied, two of them nearly fifteen miles distant from Worthington, his place of residence. At home, though thus far well conducted, things had but a poor prospect in regard to the coming winter; for there was not a dollar left, after satisfying the hired man for the past, wherewithall to engage him for the future; and as for making promises when there was no prospect of making payment, such had ever been regarded in the writer's family as a sin. The hired man was then, from a principle of duty discharged. The result was inevitable; the writer must do what the man would if retained, have done; i.e., thresh the grain, haul and cut the wood, build the fires, and feed the stock; all this must be done, besides the care of the churches. The whole was deemed a part of the christian warfare, from which there was no discharge. And had this been all, the burden which it imposed would have been tolerable indeed, compared with what the writer suffered in his mind.

THE STUDENT TO HIS HEART.

O! my tumultuous heart,
Bearing thy heavy part,
Speak thy complaint!
I know thy struggle long,
Silent—but O, how strong!
Art thou grown faint?
I hear thy stifled sigh—
Read thou this tearful eye,
Mark this decaying form,
Bowed by the inward storm—
Bowed, but not rent.

Ah! 'tis a lonely way,
Lit by a single ray
Pale as the morn,
Where thou dost seek to gain
Honor at learning's fane,
Heedless of scorn:
Night finds thee bending there,
Purseless, yet free from care;
While half the world at rest,
Counts him the only blest,
To fortune born.
What is man? what is the soul? what is life? curiously indeed, and often profoundly and sublimity even, have the ancient schools of philosophy reasoned upon these questions. Some have pursued their investigations in the line of truth, while others have wandered widely astray in the mazes of error. Many who imagined they were diving deep into the mysteries of man's nature and defining the limits of profound philosophy were in reality only pursuing their own brain-
wrought phantoms, and consequently sent forth into the world a cold, speculative philosophy, clothed in the tattered garb of conjecture. Age after age has achieved no more than the explosion of old systems and doctrines and the establishment of new; farther removed from the truth it may be than those they supplanted. We are not to suppose, however, that they made known nothing of truth or merit concerning his nature to man. Admirable indeed is the close investigation and research, the keen acumen and indomitable mental perseverance exhibited in those inquiries which have distinguished antiquity, and from them have arisen innumerable questions, involving sublime conceptions, noble reflections and invaluable truths. True they left to us the mysterious phenomena of life, the soul and man, still unexplained, but their investigations brought together the material in its rough, unpolished state and at the command pure Philosophy put forth her power and erected a superstructure which towers to the heavens for very greatness and merges in the infinite. Upon its threshold let us pause for a moment to consider its greatness. Stretching far down the future, beyond the bound of our psychical vision, based upon the essence of divinity, unlimited by space and unknown by time, it stands before us the grandest monument of intellectual effort. As we thread its dim aisles and wander through its darkened crypts and hidden mysterious labyrinths, as we gaze upon its massive columns, lofty arches, its fretted roof, and as we peer into its recesses, where only a dim taper contends with the visible gloom, its stupendousness bursts upon us and a mysteriously fascinating influence leads us through its successive apartments wondering and admiring.

Life in its general application implies that mysterious agent or principle that imparts vivifying energy to matter; but considered in a less restricted view it comprehends, in addition, a union of spirit with that matter; a blending of the human and divine in an unknown and secret manner. Its phenomena are more wonderful than all the mysteries of the universe; its union, its limits, the manner in which it is accomplished, the causes which produce its rupture and its destiny, are all problems defying searching curiosity and setting to naught profound philosophical analysis. We shall not presume to explicate these mysteries, nor unfold any investigation of what
has been the aim of universal thought, but shall merely follow out a train of reflection suggested by life, considered in this extended view, its nature, its object, and its final destiny.

The question naturally arises what is the soul? It is here as elsewhere where man has sought to enter the penetralia of nature and striven to contemplate the spiritual rather than the material world, here that investigation on philosophical agency meets with a total failure. True speculative conjectures may be hazarded, hypothesis framed, doctrines advanced and systems founded, but with no degree of truth or positive certainty. Mind is lost in the contemplation of mind and the very principle of our entity is to us unknown. We cannot comprehend our nature, and hence our inability obliges us to refuse obedience to the mandate of ancient philosophy. Even the wildest and most wayward creeds allow the presence of mind, and acknowledge its supremacy over matter. Matter is temporal obstruction; Divinity is eternal omnipotence; mind descends to the one and ascends to the other. "Omnipotence is to mind as mind is to obstruction." Might it not be that life, mind is but the essence of divinity in a modified form, fitted and capacitated for an earthy, material tabernacle? Might it not be that this union, this blending together of elements so incongruous, is but the endowment of the spiritual with eyes to see, ears to hear, and a staff to lean upon? Such a supposition cannot war with the universal belief that mind is eternal. But here the subject enlarges and divides. There is animal life and there is mental life; opposite elements, distinctive in their individual character, and the attributes of entirely different creatures, yet beautifully harmonizing in the "masterpiece of creation." One, subject to time and decay, the other, eternal and indestructible. Animal life then is the connecting link between mind and matter. Destroy it and the tabernacle dissolves, the elements resolve themselves into their component parts. How intimate this connection is, it is not in our power to say; investigation again yields to speculation. In brutes possessing only animal life, there seems to be, in some more and in others less, a degree of mental activity denominated instinct. This position if true would overthrow the doctrine of their being two distinctive elements, but revelation comes to our aid and rejects the idea of animal and spir-
itual life involving unity. The brute may have an instinct, it may have the inferior powers of the mind in a feeble degree, it may know how to provide its sustenance, may shun dangers and perhaps possess some degree of remembrance, but it cannot think, it cannot reason, it cannot evolve ideas from the principle of perception or of association. This his prerogative asserts man's supremacy. Animal life may be so developed and quickened in the brute as to possess qualities resembling somewhat those of the mind, but they are far inferior to it, being subject to decay. The intrinsic nature of the soul we cannot understand. It is veiled with the brightness of the infinite and our feeble vision cannot penetrate its radiant glory. Revelation informs us that is the breath of the spirit whose influence is imparted to all visible forms. Investigation cannot discover this, it cannot pierce into the occult workings of that "God who moves in a mysterious way." Psychological speculation unaided by reason and not conducted upon the stringent principles of induction, can never lead to any definite truth; it must necessarily involve us in the errors of mysticism far more perplexing than the obscuring folds of ancient philosophy through which some faint rays of erudition have gleamed. The eye of faith alone looking through eternity can perceive the true nature of the soul, but not until the immortal spark has become incorporated with its original essence, can it realize its nature and the nature of its connection with matter.

The object of life, the end to be attained by this blending of divinity and humanity next comes under our consideration. Throughout the whole empire of universal existence we find an admirable adaptation of physical structure to physical condition. We look in vain for an anomaly from the beautiful and complicated mechanism of the human frame, downward through the scale of beings to that of the scarcely animate insect of an hour. Let any one imagine a being placed in a state of probation preparatory to his entrance into a higher existence: a beautiful home is fitted for his reception, a world arranged and capacitated for the supply of his every want: and blessings and benefits are showered upon him in countless numbers. Endowed with life, animal life, for the support of his material frame, quickened into intellectuality, by the soul, the breath of the living God, harmonizing with the earthy and
assimilated to the circumstances thrown around him, he walks abroad a worm before God, a king before animals. The Creator doubtless for the best of purposes laid the foundation of our world and adapted it both in the moral and physical organization to the wants of man exclusively. True not a sparrow falls to the ground without His knowledge, but looking farther along in the grand scheme of designing providence, man is the ultimate object of his care. It is absurd to imagine a world like this built for the support of animal life alone, and still more so to suppose that vegetable life comprises universal existence. There is a beauty, a design, a power, strongly evidenced in every object of creation which nothing but mind assisted by external sense can comprehend, form ideas of, or even perceive. The well-being of the soul is the aim of creation's design. It must pass a state of probation in a terrestrial frame before it can enter eternity and be clothed with a celestial body. Metaphysicians may, and they have, by philosophical inquiry and by deductions drawn from substantiated hypotheses succeeded, in a measure, in analyzing the mind, and the inference drawn from testimony of numbers, is that it is based upon truth. Their discrepancies, arising from a poverty of language, may be traced to their different methods of naming the several departments. They ascribe to it the intellectual, sentient and volitional powers, all combining with animal life in a wonderful manner. These, the foundation principles of human life are delicately encased in a material frame, moulded with architectural design by the rules of utility, power and beauty. Without any one of these, man would be no man, and life no life. If he had no intellect, spiritual life would be but a powerful instinct, animal life would preponderate and man would sink to the level of brutes. Deprive him of sensibility and he would relapse into a "cold, unimpassioned perceptivity," comparing, associating and reasoning, without a motive to prompt him, without a spur to render him restless and active, necessary qualifications to the existence of probation. Without volition or the putting forth of power and motion, he would be but a degree above vegetable life, perceiving, reasoning, deciding and desiring, without the power to execute. Life would indeed be wretched with the full powers of the mind; the intellect to reason, the sensibilities to prompt
and the will to execute; and yet how necessary are they to a state of probation. A merciful God has connected with life innumerable evils and temptations to try man, but he has not left him without a shield from even the direst. His moral and mental constitution is such that he is left a free agent. He may yield to the temptations by which he is assailed, but strength enough is with him to repel them if he wisely exercises his faculties. If there is no risk of failure there is no honor in success; if the moral capacities were so vigorous and active as to impel him in the right path without any hazard of deviation, there would be no value in moral rectitude. Such a constitution would not have been adapted to a state where beings are to advance towards perfection and triumph, by steady perseverance and vigorous exertions, amid scenes of discipline, difficulty and trial. The body is increased and strengthened by proper exercise and care, to an extent that rests solely with its possessor, and still more completely subject to his dominion is the mind. He may stamp upon it whatever impression he may please, and may cultivate it as inclination directs; for it depends entirely on him, to effect that the moral germ planted within him by the finger of his Creator, shall become a lovely plant or a crooked and stunted shrub. Without the trials and sufferings which encompass life, the best and purest affections of the heart would lie dormant and the noblest energies of man's nature would have no room for action. Where can courage and fortitude and patience be acquired and displayed, but in the refining fire of difficulties and under the pressure of afflictions? The skillful and intrepid mariner does not acquire his knowledge, dexterity and courage on the bosom of the sleeping lake, but upon the warring waves of the ocean, beneath the driving tempest; there must he encounter hardships and perils and there must be school his faculties for perfection. So the candidate for moral and intellectual excellence must not slumber away his life among flowers, but must trample upon thorns and submit to laborious exertions, severe and painful trials. Nature does not spontaneously supply his wants and gratify his desires, but she yields to his ingenuity and dilligence. A succession of wants and desires prompts to a repetition of exertions and promotes progressive improvement. Difficulties may occur, but they are
not insuperable, they but awaken his energies and exercise his talents. The prize is within his reach but he must vigorously run to obtain it. He must not murmur and rebel against this constitution of things, for "crowns are not given to sluggards" unqualified as yet to wear them. If he were placed in a scene where every want was easily and instantaneously supplied, and every wish gratified at once, without contrivance or exertion; where there was no room for hope or fear, for ingenuity or activity, for the operations of the affections of the heart or the powers of the understanding, he would be a torpid creature, overwhelmed with melancholy, languor, and scarcely able to support the burden of life. But trials and vicissitudes make it far different. This world is not his place of everlasting residence and he cannot here attain the perfections of his nature. His body is a natural fabric and must be subject to the general laws by which matter is governed, change and decay. Change unavoidably exposes him to pain, sorrow and disease, and death separates the earthy and heavenly. Probation then is over and destiny is begun. Death opens the volume and the soul gazes upon page after page, onward and onward throughout eternity. Decay grasps the material when the last pang is past. The windows of the soul are closed for it no longer peers from its house of clay. The grinding of the mill is hushed, for the current courses not through the heart. All is cold, calm, silent and motionless, for the dead work not, but journey to the narrow house for corruption and the worm. Unpent from its poor prison of clay that held it down to mortality and earth,—thoughts and cares of life,—the soul bounds away in search of its eternal, deathless home. By separation from the mechanism with which it was incarnate, no knowledge is lost, or faculty destroyed; upwards it darts, thoughts and emotions quick heaving it, amazement, joy, gratitude and love, heightened to an ecstasy unfelt before. The universe and all the varied secrets of creation burst upon the soul, for it does not now depend upon the dulled ear or dimmed eye. It grasps with vigor the essential qualities of things—The star measurer who with clouded eye and contracted and limited vision gazes upon the universe, the planets rolling in their courses in intricate complexity and the worlds radiant in glory, as they traverse the vast amphitheatre of the universe,
does he look on in dull apathy, feeling no kindling of his earthly ardor? There they still move sublime as when the "Ancient of Days" first bade them write out the cycles of eternity and their mysteries were food for long, deep and earnest thought. And now with nought to hinder full knowledge, can he gaze upon them cold and unmoved? Not so, he flies from star to star, and solves the hidden problems on which he here worked with all intensity of thought. He realizes his own nature, how he united with matter and how he shall endure for endless years. This is heaven; that the soul to all eternity shall improve and yet not be God.

Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

KENYON SONGS.

The learned Dr. Cornelius, from whose "unpublished MSS," Mr. Howitt compiled his "Student-life of Germany" says: "The young sing much, the care-free young still more, and the Students perhaps most of all." This assertion, based upon attentive and long continued observation of the manners and customs of the German people generally and of the German Students in particular, holds good, though perhaps not to so great an extent, with regard to the numerous class of American Students. Here, as in "Faderland,"

"'Tis song which gives life to the student,"

and it is almost as natural for the College boys to sing, as to eat or sleep or study. Moreover, any one who will take the trouble to station himself at some point within the Park, for half an hour, before the seven o'clock bell rings, on almost any evening of the week, will have no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that the Students of "Old Kenyon," form no exception to the general rule, that whatever may be their standing in other respects, they are anything but remiss in the discharge of their duty, so far as singing is concerned. He may experience some difficulty however, in convincing himself that the great body of the songs which he hears are of the precise kind one would naturally ex-
pect from College Students, and this has to do with the point
upon which we took up our pen to comment, namely, the want of
a good collection of distinctive "Kenyon Songs."

As before remarked, we have singing, and in great abundance.
But we have no Student's songs, at least none which we can claim
as our own. With the exception of "Gaudeamus," and "Lauri-
ger," which may be heard occasionally, our singing consists
chiefly of such pieces as "Old Dog Tray," "Annie Laurie," and
others of the same class, which, though undoubtedly good enough
in their place, are certainly very much out of place in the mouths
of Students. Then again we have the chest-expanding chorus of
"Bango," and this, as sung here occasionally, is itself a crying
appeal for something distinctive, something peculiar to Kenyon.
For our young friends, feeling, no doubt, an instinctive desire to
do honor, in some way, to the institution with which they are
connected, are in the habit of changing Bango into Basco, and of
singing lustily about the great shaggy mastiff which seems, at all
hours of the day, to be reposing serenely upon the door-step of
the Presidential Mansion. Finally, we very much regret to say,
we hear occasionally songs which are unsuited alike for Students
and for every body else, which are apparently picked up among
the lowest street-rowdies of our cities. Very different is the
state of feeling among the German Students, who not only sing
no songs but such as are their own appropriate ones, but who are
wont to inflict summary vengeance, in the shape of a sound cud-
geling, upon the luckless "outsider," who presumes to sing one
of these.

Now we have both poets and musicians among our number,
and we can discover no reason why we should not have a fine col-
lection of good soul-stirring Kenyon songs, and that too, of a
high character. Will not some of our poets exercise their gifts
on behalf of their College brethren? We are glad to know that
a beginning has been made, and we take pleasure in laying before
our readers the annexed-song which has been sent us, hoping that
the example thus set will not be lost upon others, but that every
month we shall have for our "Memorabilia," at least one good
high-toned original "Kenyon song."

SONG.

Air—"Benny Havens, O!"

October's leaves are falling, boys,
And o'er each stately tree
Brown Autumn flings her scarlet robe,  
That flutters light and free.
The sunset's golden, mellow light,  
Is blushing on each tower,  
And tells of summer past and gone,  
With each bright, happy hour.  
Oh, long may Kenyon's portals  
Withstand the shock of age,  
And long live all her numerous throng,  
From Fresh to honored Sage.

There is no sorrow in our path,  
No cloud obscures our sky,  
We need no thought for morrow's wants,  
No cause have we to sigh,  
The wind that whistles through our halls,  
To us no chill can bring,  
We puff the curling wreaths of smoke,  
While joyously we sing,  
With gay hurrah and ringing voice,  
We pledge the Gambier lass,  
And lift the goblet high in air  
In honor of our class;  
We care but little for the cup  
That fickle Fame presents,  
And Future Greatness lightly holds  
Our happy hearts' intents.

Editors' Table.

As we look over our lovely hill, clothed in the rich garment of Autumn's foliage, the browned hue of the oak, the gentle tints of the dying maple leaf, stand in beautiful contrast amid the forests which embosom us upon every side. Beautiful as they appear, yet they bear with them the look of sadness. All nature looks mournful as she declares the approach of drear winter. The rippling wavelets of the Kokosing seem to sing a sadder welcome to the leafless branch that laves itself in her waters. The winds touch a more mournful string as they chant the requiem of the dying year, soon to be buried in the silent grave-yard of the past. The notes of the bird strike melancholy upon the ear, as they sound the farewell song to the departed beauty of summer. The colored leaves, which carpet the earth, seem to sigh over the fate to which nature has called them.

These beautiful, yet sad mementoes of decaying nature, teach a moral,  
over which the student may well ponder, for he can read his own history.

"For him the wind, ay, and the yellow-leaves  
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teaching."
Like the fading beauties of Autumn are his joyous College days, passing away forever. Like the fallen leaf, that has left the parent stem, to nestle upon the earth, so will he, ere long, bid a sad adieu to his "Alma Mater," the parent of his mind. The tolling College bell will soon sound its last summons, and he will be ushered into the real world, there to play the third scene in the drama of his life.

As the tree, divested of its foliage, stands like a weird sentinel to warn us of the approach of the ice-clad legions of the Storm-king of the North, so do his little disappointments and misfortunes stand by the wayside of his path, to tell him of those severer trials, which will hang their shadows over him in days to come.

But Autumn teaches him another lesson. The "life in earnest" is passing away. Soon his hopes will fall like the leaf, and be bruised beneath the wintry snows of death. Let him take the moral to himself who may, that his old age may not be rendered drear and dark by the sad recollections of youth, but, like the Christian, may he live, that

"He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death Has lifted up for all, that he shall go To his long resting-place without a tear."

We think the following lines will be new to many of our readers. They were originally published in the Memoirs of the late Rev. Dr. Croswell, of New Haven, and are now out of print.

THE CHAPEL BELL.

"The chapel bell with grief they heard, The dinner bell with glee."

Dan Chaucer, in my dreaming ear,
Methinks thou reasonest well—
"What jingleth in the wind so clear, As doth a chapel bell?"
The tongue, that once roused holy clerk To lauds and primes, is still, In college towers, as hard at work— As lively and as shrill.

The chapel bell no ear forgets That once its voice has known, And way of turning somersets, Peculiarly its own:
Hark! how they follow round and round, And oft in silence dance, As if, for very joy, the sound Had lost its utterance!

Alas! old chapel bell, to me, Whose precious dreams are broke By these remains of Popery, Thy jargon is no joke!
I've mixed too much with Protestants, And I trust I ever shall,
To relish these monastic haunts,
And hours canonical.

No hooded monks, 'tis true, meet there,
O'er shrine of martyred saint;
But martyrs we to drowsy prayer,
As lamps burn dim and faint,
As prayers grow dull and lights grow dim,
More dull and faint grow we,
Till we might well recite the hymn,
"Usque quo, Domine."

And duller yet that scene of gloom
Where students stretch and yawn,
Pent up in recitation room
An hour before the dawn;
Well may the cheek with blushes glow,
To think of wrongs then done
Thy injured shade, O Cicero!
And thine, O Xenophon!

A fig for all the silly talk
Of early matin prayers,
Of long and lone suburban walk,
And bracing morning airs;
If stomachs are unbreakfasted,
The case can scarce be worse;
And if as empty is the head,
'Tis sure a double curse.

I'll bless my stars, which shine so bright,
When I shall be no more
Compelled to rise by candle-light,
But vote it all a bore.
I'll laugh as I have never laughed,
Nor dread the coming ill
Of meeting some protested draft
Or monitional bill.

O, how I grudge that graduate's luck
Who has of sleep his fill,
And snores like Captain Clutterbuck,
Released from morning drill.
He rises not at touch of drum,
Nor with the day-break gun,
Nor always, it is said by some,
With winter's tardy sun.

Like him, these summons I'll deride,
Draw closer down my cap,
And, turning on my other side,
RESUME MY MORNING NAP.
I’LL LINGER FOR A RICHER TONE,
TILL IN THE BREAKFAST BELL
I FEEL, AND WITH THE POET OWN,
THY TOUCH, ITHURIEL!*

* "ITHURIEL’S WHISPERS IN THE BREAKFAST BELL."—N. P. WILLI.

It is a pity that all the amusing incidents and scintillations of wit which enliven the dry routine of College duties, should never find their way beyond the precincts of College. Could they be collected and "printed in a book," MORGAN O’DOHERTY and PUNCH would doubtless "hide their diminished heads," and even the humorous Editor who caters for the "Table" of the KNICKERBOCKER, would probably resign in a paroxysm of envy and despair. WE SUBJOIN A FEW.

ONE NIGHT LAST SUMMER A CERTAIN STUDENT, WELL KNOWN FOR HIS BIBULOUS PROPENSITIES, ALTHOUGH IN OTHER RESPECTS VERY SCRPULOUS IN HIS OBSERVANCE OF COLLEGE REGULATIONS, WAS VISITED BY A COUPLE OF CLASSMATES, WHO INFORMED HIM THAT THEY HAD PROCURED A KEG OF BEER FROM "TOWN," AND ASKED HIM TO ASSIST THEM IN BRINGING IT DOWN TO THE COLLEGE. HE ACCOMPANIED THEM WITH GREAT ALACRITY, AND SURE ENOUGH, THERE WAS THE KEG, SAFELY SECURED IN THE CORNER OF THE BACK PORIOCO OF THE RILEY HOUSE. SEIZING UPON THEIR DELECTABLE PRIZE, THEY CONVEYED IT TO COLLEGE, AND CONCEALED IT AS BEST THEY MIGHT, FROM THE SHARP EYES AND OLFACATORIES OF INQUISITIVE TUTORS, IN THE ROOM OF THE AFORESAID STUDENT. ALL THE NEXT DAY IT WAS SURPRISING HOW POPULAR OUR FRIEND HAD SUDDENLY BECOME. HIS ROOM WAS CONSTANTLY THRONGED WITH VISITORS, AND BEFORE NIGHT NOT A DROP OF THE "BARLEY JUICE" REMAINED. THE NEXT DAY THE THREE WERE CONGRATULATING THEMSELVES UPON THE SUCCESSFUL ISSUE OF THEIR ADVENTURE. OUR HERO REMARKED WITH GREAT COMPLACENCY THAT HE HAD HAD HIS SHARE—that he had drank something over a gallon, and was satisfied. HIS SATISFACTION WAS SOMewhat DISTURBED, HOWEVER, WHEN ONE OF HIS COMPANIONS COOLLY INFORMED HIM THAT THE BEER WHICH HE HAD ENJOYED SO HIGHLY WAS THE LAWFUL PROPERTY OF THE LANDLORD OF THE "RILEY HOUSE."


ON ANOTHER OCCASION THE PROFESSOR WAS LECTURING ON THE ABERRATION OF LIGHT, AND REMARKED, BY WAY OF ILLUSTRATION, THAT THE PRINCIPLE WAS THE SAME AS THAT BY WHICH A BALL FIRED FROM A GUN ON BOARD A VESSEL IN MOTION, WOULD DEVIATE FROM ITS PROPER DIRECTION, AND STRIKE AHEAD OF THE POINT AT WHICH IT WAS AIMED. HE PROCEEDED TO SAY, THAT IT WAS UPON THIS PRINCIPLE THAT THE MAN SUPPOSED HE COULD SHOOT ROUND A HAY-STACK WITH A CROOKED GUN. A MEMBER OF THE CLASS, WHO WAS JUST THEN INDULGING IN A BRIEF REVERIE, AND IN CONSEQUENCE HAD HEARD ONLY THE CLOSING WORDS OF THE LAST SENTENCE, AND WAS
somewhat startled, by the proposition contained in them; gravely asked, whether it was really a fact, that a crooked gun would shoot in a curve. Peal after peal of the most obstreperous laughter followed the query. The story soon became current on the "Hill," and the poor student scarcely dared show his head for fear of being met with enquiries about his performances with a crooked gun.

We heard a student some time since speaking of a passage in Shakspeare, which he declared was a plagiarism. One of his companions smiled rather incredulously, and remarked that he must be mistaken. "Oh!" said he, "I know Shakspeare stole it. I found it myself in one of Moore's poems, only two or three days ago!"

And this reminds us of a classmate, (who was big enough to know better) who, when we were Freshmen, once asked the Professor, whether the Iliad was not an imitation of the Æneid.

The present Junior Class will give two exhibitions, one at the close of the present Term and another at the end of the Spring Term. For the past two years, we have not had Junior Exhibitions for the want of a suitable room. Rossie Chapel has been given for such purposes and hereafter we may expect the Juniors to exhibit themselves yearly. Already the class begin to look important, and really we anticipate a fine treat. We are pleased to learn that the duties will be varied and not confined to Orations as heretofore; this, we think, will prove to be a great improvement. The exhibition has drawn forth many witty remarks, from different members of the class, as a sample we present the following: The two members of the class that are favored with the largest nassal organs will perform in the same division, whereupon, one of the Juniors remarked, that these two ought to debate, giving as a reason, because they made the most.

The following story is told by a gentleman who was a witness, and declares it to be true. It is a ludicrous instance of the different associations which the same subject will often call up in the minds of different individuals.

A party of American tourists in Palestine had just descended from Mount Nebo into the beautiful valley of the Jordan. Filled with reverence by the sacred associations of these localities, they passed along its lovely plain in silence, thinking of the time when the Jews, after their long wanderings, had stood upon the very spot over which they were then passing, and gazed upon their promised land. But as they approached the river, their reverie was abruptly broken. A fellow-countryman, of the genus Young America, and species Yankee, who was seated upon a stone near the waters edge, greeted their astonished ears by vociferating in stentorian tones, the popular refrain, "Jordan am a hard road to travel, I believe."

Among the many pleasant recollections of the past month, is a holiday given us, to attend our County Fair. Many of the Students were on the grounds. The principal attractions of the day, were the ladies riding, and a horse climbing a tree, which were witnessed by thousands of persons. There is a circumstance connected with the students on that day, which we think worthy of a place in the Table.
Two of Kenyon's sons were particularly attracted by the appearance of a beautiful female in Floral Hall, many were the times they passed the grape stand to gaze, not on the grapes, banish the thought—but on the fair one who stood behind it. After repeated glances they were emboldened to speak to her, she returned the salutation, and to their great delight entered into a pleasant conversation. The Kenyonians were overjoyed, they thought a conquest had been gained, and they gave the young lady their cards. For a long time everything passed along nicely, but judge of the disappointment depicted on their countenances, of the hopes that were blasted, when they ascertained the lady to be married. They acknowledge, in the emphatic language of the student, that they were completely sold.

In our "Memorabilia" for this month will be found some observations relating to College Songs. Since this was written we have received the Harvard Magazine for October, in which we are glad to find a couple of excellent articles on the same subject. We trust that the movement thus made will be seconded by our Colleges generally, and that our songs will henceforward receive the attention which they certainly deserve.

Money! Money! Banks! Banks! Every day or so we hear, not by Telegraph, but through the medium of Uncle Sam's Mail, of some suspension, failure, or assignment, but this financial crisis does not materially affect us, for we, in common with all Editors, have nothing to lose. Even our publisher looks happy now, because he has no worthless bills in his possession, however we sincerely believe he would not object to receiving that little balance due him from some of our subscribers. The Students are as merry as ever. Our business men look upon the crisis and "laugh in their sleeve" to think that they are so firmly established that it will not affect them. Truly Gambier is favored, and we would suggest to all who wish to flee monetary troubles and to enjoy themselves as a Kenyon Student only knows how, to come to Gambier, when they will be ready to exclaim,

"O! if there be an Elysium on earth
It is this; it is this."

We have on our table "Harvard" for October, with the September numbers of "Nassau Literary" and "Denisonian." We welcome to our literary circle the latter periodical. This, the first number, presents a promising appearance and augurs a glorious career.

Contributions must be received by the fifteenth of the month preceding publication in order to secure insertion. We thank our friends for the articles we have received and hope they will repeat their favors. And perhaps in respect to further contributions prepared expressly for our pages, it may be well to state what kind of articles we consider suitable. Many do not seem to understand that a Magazine article should be entirely distinct in character from an Oration or Essay. Each is intended for a distinct and separate purpose, and of course, should be suited to that purpose, both in style and subject. What we want then, are articles written in a popular, easy style, upon subjects of general interest—such as would be recognized at once as intended to be read, and not to be criticised as literary exercises, or to be spoken in public. A want of attention in this particular has caused the rejection of many an article, excellent as an Essay or an Oration, but for this very reason not suitable for our pages.