SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT THE NATURAL IN ITS RELATION TO ORATORY.

There are few positions less calculated to draw forth natural feeling and expression, than the one often occupied by the student on the public rostrum. To face an audience with a direct object to be gained, in view, is at once agreeable and inspiring. To know that upon a few words, well directed, may depend great issues, is fitted to stir the most lethargic blood. But on the other hand, to feel that a certain time is to be filled up with a prescribed duty, because of a rotating appointment, is in the very nature of the case a soul-dampener, and akin to mockery. Perhaps a few thoughts, suggested by this topic, (being well meant and hopefully deemed not altogether useless,) may find a target, though winged under such unpromising auspices. By one of the freaks which association sometimes plays, I am led by the very unnaturalness of the position mentioned, to consider some of the phases of its opposite quality, the natural.
Bear with me then in a few general remarks upon that often abused term.

Few minds are so devoid of taste as to question the exceeding beauty and enjoyableness of unadorned simplicity, as exhibited in the works of nature. And as these works rise in the scale towards grandeur and sublimity, a like pure enjoyment, in increased degree, is derived from their contemplation. The same may be said of not a few of the imitations of art. Who, with a spark of poetry in his soul, has ever stood before a pile of Gothic architecture without emotions of mingled pleasure and awe? The upreared spires, tapering in their approach heavenward; the windows, arched in graceful curves; the outjetting buttress, alternating with the deeply shaded niche; the blended massiveness and grace, irresistibly impressing and delighting the mind. Do we seek an explanation of the holy calm of these emotions, unmarred by jarring sensations? Simply, all is natural. The grandeur is natural grandeur. The principles lying at the base were drawn from the organon of nature. When God embodied the idea of a tree, gothic architecture had its archetype. So all through the province of art, whether in poetry, architecture, or painting, the chief excellence is derived from adherence to this same principle. Lovers of the agonistic in the one, of the fantastic and of the exaggerated in the others, will always be found, but he who looks with the eye of pure taste, turns gladly away from all such monstrosities. Festus Bailey, with his madly incoherent transcendentalisms, ginger-bread combinations of Swiss gables and oriental minarets, impossible landscapes with bold foregrounds and foggy perspective, will never need admirers of the intense school. Yet that does not make them true. Far from it. The true and beautiful are never divorced from nature, as the horrible and false always are. Would that every devotee of art might first sit at the feet of nature! To many she appears a dame of most rigid and proper deportment, the embodiment of chaste precision and linear correctness. But ah, how different the reality! The bloom of glowing health and beauty mantles her cheek, the winds toy with her loosened tresses, a step light and springing as
the fawn, grace rounding every motion, and withal a dignity of mien softened by the charm of genuine simplicity. Rightful sovereign, she sways by love; preceptress of art, she teaches by persuasion. Had the allegiance due, been yielded to her, how many perversions and monstrosities would the world have been spared! This truth they understood better in the earlier days, but now it appears the world hath grown wiser in its own conceit.

If the evil resulting from this neglect of nature was confined to art alone, the effects, though bad enough, would be less injurious. Not so, however. It pervades all classes, relations, businesses of life. Sham and artificiality lie at the root of most social customs and distinctions. They penetrate the secret chamber and the public hall. *Effect* is the general rule, *genuineness* the exception. Without seeking, however, to generalize farther, I would bring the principle adduced to bear upon a particular subject, nearly affecting ourselves as students, and strikingly exemplifying the truths asserted. I doubt not every reader will agree with me, that in nothing do we find more artificiality, and less naturalness, than in oratory. The causes and remedies of this let us briefly consider. And perhaps even now not a few are thinking what a capital illustration of the fact might be found in the writer! Granted, that it is easier to preach than to practice, yet let us take counsel together. Oratory is rather a grandiloquent term to express the matter in hand, but as including all minor degrees of public speaking, answers the purpose. The defects, I take it, may be embraced under the heads of *matter* and *manner*. Of the former, though palpably of primary importance, I have nothing now to say. No rules will supply either brains or education. No man can say anything well which is not well worth saying. And the man who imagines he can become an effective speaker without cultivating mind, is equally mistaken with him who neglects the cultivation of *manner*. This latter quite naturally divides into voice and gesture. If every man has been provided with a complete set of vocal organs, is there any inherent necessity that they should be less than fully effective? I take it for granted not. Is the source of the crying evil, that few speakers use a
natural voice, to be found, then, in nature or in education? Doubtless in defective education. From the cradle upwards, we are taught to talk naturally; from the alphabet upwards, we are taught to read and speak artificially. Our emotions play naturally and freely in conversation, when the proper vocal muscles are brought into action; but let occasion call for more vehement address, and our acquired tone returns, and we have to collar and drag our feelings up through strange channels, kicking for dear life all the way. No wonder they fail to impress and inspire our hearers! If the object of speaking be to influence an audience, and if natural tones go most directly to the heart, none will deny the importance of remedying all defects, if susceptible of remedy. Can, then, an artificial voice, fixed by habit, be restored to natural tone? I hold it can. The remedy is coextensive with the industry exerted in its application. No other limit can be placed to it. It may without hesitation be affirmed that practice and cultivation rightly directed, will correct and develop the most obstinate voice. The mind and the spirit are both moulded by persevering diligence, much more the bodily organs, whether muscular or vocal. If one ascertains his defects by enquiry and self-examination, and realizing the importance of correction, applies himself resolutely to the conquest, there need be no failure. Many persons have an idea that elocution is a beautiful native gift, and not to be acquired. All experience, however, contradicts the supposition. We need not refer to Demosthenes or to our own Henry Clay—the one seeking to rival the ocean's surge with his shoutings, the other making the lonely barn re-echo the frequent sound of his voice. By such practice they gained the oratorical power, which, combined with intellectual cultivation of equal diligence, won for them the victor's palm. We students have here every opportunity to make the hills re-echo, and the vales resound, to the notes of our vocal gymnastics. Shall it be done?

Not alone, however, is exercise of the voice sufficient; there must be combined with it an adherence to nature. The change from acquired habits of artificiality will of necessity be slow. The man who expects to speak with force and
power in a natural tone, must submit to a gradual breaking up of old modulations, and a grafting on of the tones of ordinary conversation. Some err on this point, in supposing familiarity synonymous with naturalness. But when conversing upon a solemn subject, the tones are solemn, not familiar; if upon one that is joyful, then are they joyful. So should be the inflections and tones of our animated oratory. And such may they be made by careful cultivation. These familiar suggestions are none the less valuable for their age, and if wisely applied, will surely effect the remedy. Without some such practice, the unhappy victim of a tone, will pass through life an artificial speaker, and in whatever degree artificial, just so far less pleasing and effective.

As to the manner of a public speaker, it would be idle to seek for definite rules. No two men are cast in the same moulds. No two express their varying emotions by the same action. Place a lively Frenchman, his whole body quivering in nervous sympathy with his emotions, along side of a stolid Hollander, with expression and action coextensive, and how could you apply the same rule as to the frequency of gesture? Yet, while leaving much to peculiar temperament, one rule may be applied universally—be natural. Neither on the one hand, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," nor on the other, calm and motionless as a vocal Memnon. One thing is certain. A man cannot be natural in manner, until he learns to forget himself, and to lose his individuality in his theme. This he can only do by frequent practice. Conceited action and studied expressions invariably betray themselves. Neither the language of voice, nor of manner, is intended, as the wily old courtier suggested, "to conceal the thoughts." Both are meant to express and enforce them. Experience will no doubt bear out the assertion that simplicity and earnestness, combined with power of voice and gesture, always command the attention and sympathy of an audience. It is a well known fact, that not the most learned, not the most intellectual, usually sway the masses, from either the forum or the pulpit. Far otherwise. The most cogent arguments and ornate composition, have often failed when matched against the appeals of unlettered eloquence. And,
while it does not therefore follow, that intellectual vigor and grace are to be neglected, or that in themselves they are not immeasurably superior to mere oratory, it does follow, that the power which at times outmatches them, is worthy of attainment.

And now what is the conclusion of the whole matter? What has been said not known before? Nothing, that I am aware of. My object has been simply to express the conviction that, although the poet may be born, not made, the orator, as a general rule, is almost entirely made by cultivation, and by cultivation having nature for its basis. However trite the thoughts may have been, if they were more diligently acted upon, we should have fewer burlesque speakers on our platforms, and more genuine orators; fewer automatons in our pulpits and more living men. There are chords in the human heart which will ever vibrate to the touch of nature. Avenues to the soul are ever opened through reason, imagination, the sensibilities. The first two wind circuitously to the centre of feeling, the last affect it more directly and powerfully. That influence which can be brought to bear vigorously upon all three, carries captive the heart. Such an influence is natural eloquence. Oh, for the days of Massillon and Bourdaloue, of Whitfield and Wesley, of Henry and Curran! How the dry bones would be stirred! How society and religion would be roused to increased activity in every good and holy cause!

Is not the position, let me ask, which every scholar is, with God’s help, one day to occupy, worthy of the most zealous preparation? Shall the opera singer spend years of labor in the careful cultivation of every tone, the clown of every grimace, the soldier of every evolution; shall the diligence of the business clerk and the mechanic’s apprentice, shame our neglect of what so nearly concerns our future usefulness? Far be it from us. Nay, fellow students, while attending to the weightier matters of preparation, let us not leave the other points unheeded. Give ear to the warnings and entreaties of our predecessors, and neglect not now to sow, in our Societies and out of them, the seed of effective oratory, that our messages to our fellow men, whether of warn-
ing, of instruction, or of argument, may hereafter be delivered in a worthy manner, and not in soporific monotones, lulling the auditors to pleasant and easy slumbers.

MORE LIGHT!

Weary, sad, and sick of the world,
Sat I and brooded day by day—
A ship becalmed with sails unfurled,
Watching, and waiting to sail away.

Troubled the sea of human life,
With rushing waves and whirling foam.
Now a wreck; and now a strife
Whether the bark shall reach its home.

Drifting away in utter night;
Thrust by fierce winds through waters dark;
Drenched and dead the binnacle light;
The man at the helm, frozen and stark.

Thine O light of an upper day!
Gleam on the heavy-heaving deep!
Guard with cloud and fire the way,
To havens where waters ever sleep!

"LEARN TO LABOR AND TO WAIT."

In the hurry, bustle, and progress of the age, when minds, like electric sparks, ignite each other, there seems to be more of a tendency to superficiality than solidity. The patient, plodding spirit of our puritan progenitors, seems to have died out, or to have changed its nature in the course of a century; or the mingling in one vast domain of the people of many nations, all suffering from penury, oppression or religious intolerance, has given such an impetus to the general spirit of the people, that, with headlong haste, everything seems to be commenced and ended.

The merchant, no longer content with sure and steady gains, engages in no commerce which brings not a speedy revenue. The author pines in his closet if every gale wafts
not to him the adulation of an enraptured multitude. The student studies nothing which does not tend to confer on him immediate wealth and honor, and thus the future is sacrificed to the present. Few strive to look beyond their own little day—to fathom existing theories and labor for the good of ages yet to come. Those deep earnest thinking minds, whose pages have become our fire-side companions, belong to another age. They were minds of another mould, which have been crossed and recrossed until a new combination raised from the old leaven diluted, has taken its place. Prodigies arise, blaze in our system like comets, and then are lost to us forever.

In the language of Henry, “I know of no way of judging the future but by the past,” and that has ever brought the most sure and ample reward, which has been the result of patient thought and of earnest, persevering labor. That is not the noblest aim which seeks only present enjoyment, present good. He who refuses to plant the tree because he may not live to eat the fruit, or recline beneath its shade, is unworthy to enjoy the harvest which civilization for ages past has sown. It may be gratifying to human pride to do what the present generation will appreciate, but to work out great and noble results, which shall live through all coming time, is far more worthy. It was a noble remark of the painter who said, “I paint for eternity.” Far better to embody one glowing conception of his soul on canvas which, to every one who should gaze thereon, would lend a portion of his own inspiration, and live as a monument to his memory, than to spend his time in frivolous daubs which would perish with him. Who would not be a Bacon, a Shakspeare, a Milton, or a Newton, even though they were conscious that the grass would wave above their graves before the world had acknowledged their worth.

“To learn to labor and to wait,” seems to be a growing want of the age. Are there no self-sacrificing spirits in our day, no master minds, no lovers of science for its own sake, who can throw off the base and ignoble thoughts which fetter mind and spirit, and search for truth and wisdom for its own intrinsic value? When science, literature and the arts must be valued by dollars and cents, and the learned bow to the gratification of the sensual, the true genius of progress
must be dead. To Solomon was added riches and honor because he asked for wisdom. May not a similar result accrue to him who, in our day, studiously pursues a worldly object? It is not simply in the end that the compensation lies, for labor is its own exceeding great reward. The consciousness of a motive that soars above the narrow view of self, elevates the soul. He who would leave a waymark that the tide-wave shall not wash out, must carve it in the rock.

If it be true that there are but a few favored ones who can both conceive and execute a noble project, may it not be some defect in intellectual culture, some want of persevering energy, some lack of faith? Must a few leading minds ever control and direct the masses, survey the landmarks that others are to follow? Though sunshine, and rain, and dew there must needs be to quicken into life the tiny seed and cause it to spring from the soil, and days and weeks intervene ere it attains the perfection of its growth, yet who doubts the fulfillment of the promise of seed time and harvest? This, though an established law of nature, is only one of a profusion of truths, only a portion of that system of laws by which an all-wise Creator governs our universe. Truth ever grows brighter and brighter as the mists of prejudice wear away, and a noontide effulgence writes out for an admiring world the name of the discoverer. Genius is but a truth-lover who toils on unwearied in the pursuit of a demonstration of his favorite theory, regardless alike of praise or blame if nature but respond an affirmative to the question he has proposed, reaping his reward in the inward consciousness of his own success.

THE CLAIMS OF MATHEMATICS, AS A MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

We are often told, that “practice makes perfect,” so often, indeed, that the fact is regarded as a mere commonplace truism. But, hackneyed though it be, it contains as much truth, and is as universal in its application, as when first enunciated. The mechanic requires, not only a thorough
knowledge of the principles, but practical acquaintance with the details of his craft. The artist, by long and patient study of the old masters, and a life spent in becoming acquainted with the minutiae of his profession, carves for himself a name. And it is only by long preparatory discipline of the mental faculties, that "those dead but sceptered Sovereigns" of Literature, have acquired that power of thought, and felicity of expression, which have placed them among the few, "who were not born to die."

That the mind does require discipline, has never been denied; how this is best effected, is a question which has interested the learned, ever since education became what it is—a subject of legislative enactment—a "sine qua non," to the attainment of social respectability, or political influence.

The first object to be attained by the student, is, to learn how to study. We need not say that this is almost the extent of the knowledge gained by the American student. Then follows the attainment of that readiness, and tact, in the use of his knowledge, which shall render it available, which will fit him to become the teacher of others, for all literary men are teachers, or—nonentities.

The educational question which has arisen, is this:—Of the branches of human knowledge, which have been systematized and classified, which is the best adapted to prepare the mind for future usefulness; to implant in the mind, the germs of thought; to cultivate the reasoning faculties, and to give the reason fitting language, in which to clothe its skeleton formulas. That any one branch of knowledge can do all this, seems impossible, yet there are not wanting, those who maintain that Mathematics is omnipotent, as a preparatory study; that from the same fountain, may be made to flow, the clear, powerful arguments of the Logician; the eloquently worded thoughts, and smoothly rounded sentences of the Rhetorician; and, from the union of the two, the heart-moving power of the Orator. The advocates of this extreme doctrine, form a small class, among educated men, and a review of their theories, would not be general enough to be interesting.
But we are inclined, not only to deny the truth of the doctrine, as a whole, but to doubt the validity of the claim, so generally advanced, in favor of this study; that it is best calculated to produce a sound, healthful condition of the reasoning powers. Of this, we wish more particularly to speak, leaving its other claims to future discussion.

First, then, what is it "to reason?" It is defined, as "the process of inferring conclusions from premises, of justly deducing new, or unknown propositions, from those previously known, or evident." Are we to infer from this, that the process of reasoning consists in the mechanical application of every idea, as it is suggested, to a fixed, invariable standard? If this Procrustean operation constitutes reason—if nothing is demanded of the reasoner, but that his propositions shall conform to the arbitrary standard established by the authorities, we are willing to admit that the study of Mathematics will make reasoners of us all. But we regard reason, as something higher than this—as not limited to the comparison of the thinker's ideas, with the book-maker's formulas. The province of reason, is not alone to deduce conclusions from known premises. This is a mere mechanical operation, since the operator has the ground-work and material furnished, and the "modus operandi," laid down for him. It is also to invent, if we may so speak, new premises; that is, to present well known facts, in a novel and striking light; to alter their form, as he may do, without destroying their validity and soundness, and from these new premises—for such they really are—deduce hitherto unknown conclusions. Reason may, without intruding upon the ground of its sister faculties, inquire into the hidden causes of events, solve the problems of history, and make them the basis of future deductions.

Does the study of mathematics enable the student to do this? Does it make him a searcher after truth—a liberal, independent, unbiassed reasoner? We think not. What are the steps of a mathematical demonstration? The student begins with what are called, axiomatic, or self-evident truths. From these he deduces propositions, which then become the basis of other deductions. These conclusions, follow a fixed,
invariable law; are arrived at, by the combination of axioms, and previously demonstrated facts, and the student never goes outside the cover of his text book, and the assertions of its author, for proof. Now, does not this process lead him rather to look for novel results, from known causes, than to search for the hidden causes of known facts? He is taught that there do exist, certain facts, which he is not called upon to examine; behind which, he is not permitted to reason. Should he do so, perhaps no new developments would be made; but what we wish particularly noted, is this, it is none the less true, that, instead of searching for the cause, he demonstrates the effect. And which requires the greater depth of thought? In the one case, the reasoner begins with the cause, and, by the mechanical application of rules, deduces conclusions. In the other, he takes the conclusion as the basis of his reason ng, and by deep thought, and careful research, feels his way back to the moving principle. We think, then, it may be said, that this study does not make profound reasoners.

Again, does it not so bias, and prejudice the mind of the student, that he is incapable of reasoning justly? His mathematical formulas, and modes of procedure, become a part of himself; he reasons upon every subject mathematically. As a natural consequence, it is not applicable to the problems of actual life. When he attempts to apply it to the moral, social, and political questions of the day, it leads him into fallacies. And why? Because, first, he has not been taught, to search for the cause, when the effect is known; and this is what he is most frequently required to do, when he grapples with the world’s great problems. Again, he reasons too abstractly, too theoretically, to deduce just conclusions, from real premises. He has been taught, that all points in the circumference of a circle, are equally distant from the centre; but he does not reflect, that the circle nowhere exists in such perfection, as to verify this law; and that man can do nothing perfectly—can only approximate to the truth. therefore, when he applies this mathematical exactness of reasoning, to the relations between man and man, he is lead to absurd conclusions—he makes no al-
allowance for the variable nature of man—reasons upon the human mind, as though it were an accurately adjusted, and perfectly regulated machine, which performs its work the same to-day, as it did yesterday.

And in his cold, abstract calculations, he fails to take into account, the deeper emotions of the heart, whereas these are the very mainsprings of human action. In man’s nature, the mind is but the Judicial, while the heart is the Legislative function, and acts directly upon the will. Hence, he who fails to search for motives in the heart, where they fix their dwelling place, can never reason correctly, in regard to anything, in which man has an agency.

As an example of the inapplicability of this abstract reasoning to real subjects, we might refer to the chimerical theories of government, propounded by Clarendon and Locke. In mechanics, we say that a body in motion will acquire, or lose a certain velocity, if it meet with no resistance. Now, this is a condition, which we can, by no possibility produce. Yet we apply the rules which are based upon this principle, as though it were practically true. In the same way did these Philosophers apply to man, in his present condition, what might be true of man in a state of perfection. The result was not surprising—they failed. Thus has it been with many of the world’s theorists. They established laws, based upon their ideas of perfect mathematical exactness, which are true in the abstract, but never verified by the reality. They are deceived, and deceive others, because their views are too narrow. Their premises are often true, but do not contain the whole truth, and they are incapable of understanding this. They reason mathematically, i.e., in a straight line. They begin with axioms, and have not been taught to look for anything, subsidiary or collateral to them, which may modify their significance, or limit their applicability.

Enough has been said to remove, at least, some of the false impressions entertained in regard to the advantages of the study of mathematics. Its usefulness, in many respects is not denied; the extravagance of the praises bestowed upon it, by its votaries, is obvious.
ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.

The following is, in substance, an address to a graduating class of young ladies. After an introduction of rather a local nature, the poet proceeds—

I hope my sayings will be none the worse
For being strictly measured into verse,
So frequently "addresses to a maid,"
In rhyme (if not in poetry) are paid,
I know not why verse should not lend its aids
As properly to an address to maids.

But for a theme—what should it be? If human,
What better subject could I choose than "Woman"?
But one of you has really made it seem
Impossible to speak on that trite theme:
"Don't speak on 'Woman,'" was her prayer; "pray don't."
I yield at once, and say, No, ma'am, I won't.
I then thot, I can write of Mother Eve,
With satire, yet no near relation grieve;
And making her a sample of her kind,
Over her shoulder shoot—and free my mind;
A beacon make her to the female race,
A warning to the fair who take her place.
But when I named this to a clerkly friend,
He quickly brought my purpose to an end:
"I see in Eve," said he, "I've conned her o'er,
"Just a fine animal, and nothing more."
And so our Mother in that view became,
For all my purposes, quite useless game—
Not high enough for an example's place,
Nor yet to be a warning to the race.
My hope then fixed on certain of Eve's daughters
Whom I might hook up out of History's waters,
And serve them for a lesson: Ruth, Naomi,
Joan of Arc, Job's wife, Jezebel, Salome,
Sweet Mary Queen of Scots, or sharp Zantippe—
Now, what will rhyme with this but—Mississippi?
Lot's wife, Queen Bess, and Zebedee's sons' proud mother.
From these I struggled at some rate or other,
Or from their noted sisters, who do now
Covet the crown of manhood for their brow,
The tribe of Bloomers, Lucy Stones, or Wrights;
Among all these, I sought one who unites
Such noted qualities as may make her seem
A subject suited for my wanting theme.
But none such have I found. Too good, too evil
They are, too smart or silly, sad or civil—
Something so excellent or so deficient
Marks every one. I have declared that I shan't
Attempt to serve you such a theme to-day,
And, therefore, I am not yet under way.

But this one thing I can do. I'll speak on
About some matters worth your while to con,
So that you'll be, when "finished off" from school,
Neither a ninny nor "made up by rule,"
If aught 's a bore (excepting sage advice),
It is a woman artificial—nice.
Her nature all "fixed" out of her—so checked,
So regular, so perfect, so correct,
That when you feel the movements of her soul,
As Lowell says "you're stirred with the North Pole!"
I love pure nature. Chinese trees all trimmed
To certain shapes, that nature never limned
Upon the azure canvass of the sky,
Most painfully affect a Western eye
That loves to trace the forest's outline rough,
And ne'er of billowy verdure sees enough:
And Chinese gardens are so dreadful stiff,
They 'mind you of the fixedness of grief,
Or of the man whose serious, sober laughter
Comes in, if jokes are cracked, ten minutes after!
Precision and preciseness, all should know,
Differ as sky above from earth below.
Precision simply cares that what is done
Shall be as well completed as begun.
Preciseness takes you by the finger tip
Instead of giving you a hearty grip.
Preciseness kissing even, by rule must go;
Whate'er it says, must speak to you, just so;
Too high or low, too soft or loud is impolite,
Preciseness seeks to do it all just right;
But somehow it can never make you easy,
Its touch (I coin a word) is almost freezy.
You're smoothly carried on a straight cold stream,
Which has no generous open harbor gleam—
While neither hidden rocks, sharp angles, firm,
With jagged points, may make you squirm.
Preciseness is, of all things, to be dreaded
When in a woman 'tis with wisdom wedded;
For wisdom is so apt to be obtained
By giving Solomon a meaning feigned,
Instead of following him with aimed zest
And holding it of gettings but the best.
Too many have, in all the ages yet,
Forgotten other things to learning get.
These have supposed that wisdom lay in learning,
No difference between wise and stuffed discerning.
They've failed that other wise saw to perpend
"Of making many books there is no end."
Though study is sad weariness to flesh,
They've nothing done but feed on learned hash.
Good bread is good, and golden butter too,
At times, in quantities that don't surfeit you;
But who would wish his hunger to relieve
With bread and butter only—morn till eve;
To-day with store of bread and butter fed;
To-morrow feeding still on buttered bread;
To all the year round, from the wheat and cow
Deriving naught but that which feeds him now.
Variety the spice of life—I recommend—
But from mere varied learning, oh, defend!
Not learning mixed with learning is your need—
But self-hood, giving life to all you read;
True nature's life in fresh ebullient flow,
Giving the cheek and eye a healthy glow;
The heart a love for home and Africa,
And not alone for *Borrio bula gha*.
Of all the objects that (twixt me and you)
I hate to encounter, is a female "blue;"
I like intelligence—but indigo
Is awful!—though all things you know.
Don't be cerulean, girls. 'Tis sad to see
A maid who can a bookish mummy be.
The light of life, save book life, all put out,
Or good for nothing, save to solve a doubt.
I don't disparage learning, in its place,
But I do love to see it worn with grace;
Not like a monk's all-over-covering cowl;
Not like the bristling feathers of an owl;
Not like the every-which-way hedge hog's quills;
Not like some doctor's, who sets bones with pills,
Draws teeth with pills, with pills does everything
That people ask for, when they money bring;
Not like some lawyer's who should all things reck,
And be defending but his client's neck;
Not like the preacher's who has so discussed
Free will and fate, from tomes thick laid with dust,
That while his ghostly physic was "a brewin',"
Men's souls have traveled post-wise down to ruin.
Don't wear your learning so, but put it on
Just like an easy habit, quick to don;
And when it is not needed, quick to doff,
Leaving you quite at home, or on or off.
In a word, when you've your wisdom all imported,
Unpacked and inventoried, and assorted,
And neatly laid away on mental shelves,
With all your cultivation, be yourselves.
Meanwhile, however, there's another theme
That wise-heads may, for school girls, proper deem—
Nay, more appropriate (they're so wild and antic),
While not mere matter-of-fact, don't be romantic.

A word here, ladies: I'm not one of those
So foolish as 't implicitly suppose
That when I sagely utter "do" or "don't,"
You'll, in submission, say we "will" or "won't,"
No, no! Since Mother Eve, I named before,
Would eat that apple—and would pass it o'er
To obedient Adam—sadly willful deed,
The safest way is that stern truth to heed,
That when "she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And when she won't, she won't, and that's the end on 't!"
And so, with deference to your wills, young ladies,
The advisory word I have already said is,
While not mere matter-of-fact, don't be romantic,
For some folks think this worse than being pedantic.

Romantic maiden! in her view what visions!
Of lovers held in hand by her decisions;
Of billets-doux, of conquests, all her talk;
Her food slate pencils, glove tips, pins, or chalk;
Her favorite reading, novels and romances;
For light, the pale beams of the moon she fancies.
But why should I describe the maid—if here
And you've ne'er seen, I can't make you see her—
I only wished to hint the question whether
Than such a wish-wash thing, you had not rather
Be blue—enslaved to Greek and X, Y, Z,
If this, or a soft ninny, you must be.
You know that you and I both have our hobbies
And their possessors it too bad to rob is:
I'd sadly hate to be set off from mine
As you do yours—I think it very fine.
I know not what the nag you ride may be—
Perhaps, you e'en would run a tilt at me:
But I will name my own, and let the test
Result as circumstances shall make best:—
I name him moderation—"Shun extremes"
Is quite a favorite among my themes;
And so I will ride it in on this occasion,
And on its back, to speak I take my station.
"This moderate course is hard," I hear you say?
Still my advice is, Walk that narrow way.
Between the courses I have been reviewing—
The book devouring or the pencil chewing,
The blue, the artificial, the pedantic,
Or the natural, but silly, the romantic—
Between these two there lies a mean, which choosing
You will escape the danger sad of loosing
Either affection you should surely claim,
Or that respect towards which should be your aim.
I do not tell you what that medium is,
I tell you what 'tis not, that seeing this,
By your own judgment, you may seek to steer
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis, and go clear.

This my promised rhyme mosaic
Will contain another lesson,
Of the present and the future;
Minding you, we stand between them,
And that we are each uniting
Time to come and time now present,
By this bond of life now passing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RELATION OF SCIENCE TO INDUSTRY AND
THE MECHANIC ARTS.

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? a bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags."

The impulse given to mechanical skill, forms a striking characteristic of the present age. The ancient plow of triangular shape, with sharpened edge, was dragged through
the ground, and, answering a good purpose, was considered a wonder of inventive ingenuity. But this instrument, long since laid aside, now constitutes merely an ancient curiosity. Steam has been harnessed to the plow, and the cattle turned loose to graze. The simple distaff and spinning wheel, at which our grandmothers toiled so patiently, have given place to machinery and immense weaving-loom, by which thousands of yards are manufactured daily. Thus domestic industry and public labor witness the rapidity with which manual exertion has been relieved by mechanical improvement.

But, notwithstanding the advancement in the industrial arts, doubts have been entertained as to its results and influence upon the laboring classes. The old idea, which assumes that the large portion of mankind were born and doomed to labor for the few, has its advocates. Others contend that machinery renders individual labor in a great measure unnecessary, and thus removing that which provides food and sustenance for those who are suited to nothing but labor, we bring misery upon them and upon ourselves a host of paupers.

That these are erroneous views, is shown from man's intelligent nature. Formed in the image of his Maker, endowed with reason and the numberless attributes which distinguish him from the brute, God seems to have designed him as a being of thought, one to whom the forces of nature are to be subject, the beasts of the field as well as those hidden and mysterious laws of the natural world, which as he increased in intelligence, were to be committed to his trust, and by him directed in appropriate channels. This very attribute of intelligence appears to be the dividing line between the controller and the controlled—between physical force and the director of that force—between mental power and muscular strength. Each has its peculiar sphere; the one plans, the other executes. Thus does man, when he passes this limit, and attempts to accomplish that which was assigned to mere animal or mechanical force, misapply his energies, and endeavors to accomplish that which has been
assigned to other agencies, perfectly adapted to fulfil their own offices.

The comparative civilization of the human races, moreover, is marked by their progress in industrial skill. In savage nations there is comparatively none. The savage leads a life of indolence, and is only roused by the cravings of hunger or warnings of danger, to become a hunter or warrior, and is in the lowest degree a mechanic or artizan. The comparative advancement in the mechanic arts, constitutes the advancement of the nation. Just so far as the people are devoted to the invention and construction of mechanical implements for the accomplishment of labor, so far do they advance in prosperity and happiness. In most countries, the laborer is a mere tool—an instrumentality by which the life of kings and nobles is rendered more agreeable. After the Norman conquest, the laborer was a serf. "Gurth," with the collar around his neck, collecting the swine of "Cedric the Saxon," is a fair type of his class. The efforts that are being made at the present day to relieve this unfortunate race in Russia, may be justly attributed to the introduction of mechanic arts. Remove her railroads, steam power, and modern improvements, and she relapses to her former degraded servitude. The abolished slavery of South America exists but in name; industrial skill has never lent its vitalizing influence. The laborers of Mexico are but the dumb agents of the rich. And thus throughout the world, where the laboring many are the instruments of the cunning few, does enterprise fail and intelligent industry become an impossibility.

Reference has been made to the old idea, that the greater portion of mankind are intended to toil for the few. The Brahminist division of "castes," with its priests, soldiers, merchants, laborers and outcasts, was a faithful type of the old idea of society. But our own age, with a better understanding of the laws of God and humanity, proclaims that "all useful labor is honorable—the greater honor where there is the greater proficiency." It has been justly said, that "the digger who makes the thousandth part of a canal, is not of honor equal to the scientific engineer who accomplishes the work of its construction." Simply manual labor can never claim
the reward of the thoughtful investigation, which conceives, develops and brings to perfection a work which his hands may never have touched, but whose mind moulded the whole before the spade had disturbed the first sod, or hammer struck the first nail. Head and hand must work together. The laborer must be educated—his arm must be guided by his own brain, not another's. Machinery ought, in a great measure, to supercede muscular exertion, and raise the laborer from the executive to the directory. The lowest menial possesses faculties which ought to be developed, and ascending step by step in the scale of intelligence, he may throw aside the offices which were intended to be executed by inanimate material, under his guidance, and instead of their substitute let him become their controller and director.

Thus does the outcry of depriving the laborer of his only means of subsistence, become feeble in its tones—an unnecessary alarm. The consideration of man's intelligent nature, has shown him a being designed for something higher and better than a mere tool, a machine. The testimony of history has also been adduced, exhibiting on the one side the laborer's sad condition in those countries where industrial skill is not encouraged; while on the other, the high position which he may attain where it is nourished and strengthened. Instead, therefore, of starving, it feeds him bountifully; instead of impoverishing, it enriches. But not as formerly; then, bodily sustenance was the only care; now he is raised to a higher sphere, and taught that he has a mind to feed as well as body. Socially considered, he is also the gainer. Education and intelligence claim for him a new position in society. His views are enlarged, his feelings changed, delicate chords heretofore inaudible mid the coarser and unmusical notes of ignorance, now sweetly respond to the gentler touches of a refined nature. And finally, as a moral being, does he rise from the discontentment of degradation to satisfaction and thankfulness for an elevated condition; and viewing his relation as subject to God, as sovereign, he more freely realizes his own dependence and need of Divine support.
STRAY THOUGHTS ON COLLEGE LIFE.

Think not, indulgent reader, if there be any kind enough to follow me in my wanderings, that your patience and good nature shall be tried by a long article. Three years of college life give one a great insight into its pleasures and its pains; and a few thoughts just as they chanced to occur to me, are all the pretensions to which I aspire. All have heard the expression, the "little world of Kenyon," made use of, but few perhaps have caught and appreciated its true significance. It is, indeed, pregnant with meaning. The collegian lives in an atmosphere essentially different from that of the outside world. All, or the majority, of his hopes, fears, joys and griefs, emanate from his Alma Mater, and her associations. A strong line of demarcation is drawn, which completely shuts him out from the scenes of business life, and throws him upon his own resources, and those connected with the institution of which he is a member. Secluded and protected, particularly in our own case, from the deleterious influences which are thrown around a young man in our cities; incentives to the performance of duty are presented upon every side. Here he has an opportunity of exercising his mental, moral, and social qualities, and of cultivating them to a great extent. It is not, as it is often, yes too often, supposed, the mere College duties that constitute the advantages which we enjoy; there are other benefits accruing from a collegiate education, just as important as these. The opportunities afforded for studying human nature; the acquaintances formed; friendships cemented; literary efforts made in the Societies, are valuable teachers for after life. These are the influences which draw out the nobler qualities in our natures, and which make the men, to whom, in years to come we may point as graduates worthy of Kenyon. The mere book worm, however well he may discipline his mind, cannot hope to take the stand in public life, which he who has cultivated the other qualities of his nature as well as his intellectual, cannot but assume. The purely intellectual man is truly to be pitied. Mind cannot take the place of, and supply the deficiency, in heart. And one who has devoted himself
exclusively to the development of his mental faculties, must necessarily, eventually merge his whole being in this one element. As much to be pitied, and deserving as much censure as the miser, is he who sacrifices heart and soul to cold, passive mind.

Let me not be understood to disparage, in the least, the cultivation of the intellect; not that less attention should be paid to the mental, but more to the physical and social qualities of our natures. Such an intimate relation exists between these, that a neglect of the one, is virtually a neglect of the other; and in order that the mind should shine forth in its full brilliancy, the heart should gush forth with the "milk of human kindness." The heart is the secret spring, in which are those emotions which must be touched to accomplish the true end in life. Thus is it in religion: Few there are who are not convinced of the truth of the precepts which it teaches, and the everlasting benefits resulting from an acceptance, and a compliance with the doctrines set forth in the Christian Religion. It is the heart which refuses to yield; its avenues are not opened to the admission of its own humility, and the degraded state of man's fallen nature. However, I am somewhat off the subject. Pardon the digression, kind reader, and take a peep with me, into the social life of the student. Undoubtedly one of the pleasantly phases in which our colleges may be viewed, is its social life. The songs, the games, the pastimes in which we participate, are peculiar to the collegian, and indulged in to such an extent by no other class of people. The games of "foot ball," in which the contending parties arrange themselves like two armies on the eve of battle; the most skillful player taking his position as "camper," in front of his respective side; the general rush for the ball, and the grand melee that takes place for its possession, from which the injured retire with honor; the manoeuvres to place it beyond the prescribed limits, and the shouts of victory, and acknowledgments of defeat, can be witnessed scarcely anywhere else. And there the quiet game of chess, in which the less energetic indulge, seated, perhaps, upon the comfortable "window seat," and watching with breathless interest each other's moves, give variety to the scene. While, at another time,
the park is alive with students, watching with eager eyes the "rope pulling," in which the Seniors and Sophomores are so invariably beaten. Here a little knot of Sops, discussing the propriety of "putting through" certain verdant Freshmen, or of "smoking out" the unsophisticated; and there a group reading the latest papers, or debating the various political topics of the day, with a determination of showing themselves posted in these particulars.

Not the least of the pleasures with which the student is blest, is the regular "after tea smoke." Encircling the stove or what is a still greater luxury, an open grate, some with pipes, others puffing the more genteel cigar; fun and good humor abounding; every thought of study or mental labor given up to the more enticing influence of the hour. Can anything be more light-hearted than the student viewed in this light? In these moments of social enjoyment, nothing like meanness or selfishness can find a foothold. There is no place like this; or any circumstances under which the heart pulsates with more generous emotions. A man destitute of principle, or wrapped up in self, can not be tolerated an instant. Where can be found better advantages for the study of human nature, than are the concomitants of student life? Every variety and shade of character, from the most pusillanimous to the noblest; every motive which impels men to action, whether that motive be for the sake of advancement and preferment, or actuated by pure disinterestedness, these, and more than these, are crowded into four short years. And what a teacher is this miniature world for that large but infinitely more unpleasant one into which we are so soon thrown.

Yet with all the experience we may derive from college life, how totally unfitted are we for entrance into the "bustling world." What ideas are formed of political honors and ministerial dignities; and what resolutions formed to "act well our parts." What a difference between the ideal and the real; and how far, immeasurably far short does the reality fall from our expectations. Before we are hardened to suffering and distress, and our faith in human nature is yet unshaken, ere the "vile blows and buffets of the world," have soured, and tinged our character with misanthropy, how in-
capable are we of judging mankind rightly. Let those who will, exclaim upon the evils of a collegiate education; of time misspent, worse than wasted; of habits of vice and intemperance formed, which retain a tenacious hold upon us in after life; and of the theoretical tendencies of such an education, which it takes years of active unremitting toil to reduce to the actualities of practical life; we have no sympathy with such doctrines, and iterate the sentiments of the song,

“Old Kenyon dear, bring myrtle boughs and wreathe her,
Let music ring adown the sloping glade;
For now she spreads her mantle here around us,
To soothe our journey o’er life’s ocean wide;
Draw close the ties that through the past hath bound us,
And launch our bark upon the flashing tide.”

OUR NATIONAL COSTUME.

Americans are noted the world over, for their peculiarities of private as well as public life. A Yankee, it is said, in whatever country he may be, never loses his individuality; but by reason of certain peculiarities which always exhibit themselves in him, may easily be known. Not the least among these habits by which he may be distinguished, is the universal habit of wearing black broadcloth.

To the traveler in certain portions of Europe, a visit to, and examination of, the immense cloth mills scattered through the different manufacturing districts of those countries, will afford much pleasure. But great will be his surprise when he learns that many of these, the largest as well as those engaged in manufacturing the finer qualities, are devoted exclusively to the American trade.

Yet great as his surprise may be at this fact, it will be much increased should he visit the importing and wholesale cloth houses of our Atlantic cities, wherein are collected the united products of both the foreign and domestic manufactories. There will be shown to him immense warehouses, five and six stories high, stocked with the one article—broadcloth. He will listen with incredulity when told that all this, and even more, is sold and worn in the United States.
This wearing of black broadcloth, has become among Americans a "mania;" not among fashionable people alone, as we would naturally suppose, but universal throughout the length and breadth of this Yankee nation. Clergymen, from venerable Bishops, learned "D. D.'s," and wise Professors of Theology, down to the country parson, with one assenting voice adopt it. Disciples of Æsculapius must needs heighten the almost deathly pallor usually exhibited in their faces, by bringing it in contact with garments of black cloth; thereby, in their own persons—when coupled with bitter medicines—giving children a very good idea of the monster Death. Members of the legal profession, politicians of all parties and sects, and office-holders, all with scarce an exception thus clothe themselves. Mechanics and laboring men follow suit. On Sundays and holidays they turn out en masse, and form the chorus, as it were, to the national song of "Broadcloth."

As a material for clothing, broadcloth falls far short of what we would expect from this universal adoption of it. At the outset it is expensive; costing treble the amount at which other equally handsome and more substantial woolen goods may be purchased. For winter wear it is entirely too thin, affording little protection against the cold. For summer, it is, on account of its color, one of the warmest fabrics that can be worn. The readers of the Collegian have all, we venture to say, experienced its uncomfortableness in the warm season, as, attired from crown to toe in this fashionable fabric, they have been compelled to walk for any distance beneath the scorching rays of an August sun.

The inadequate protection which it affords to the body in winter, its heat-attracting qualities when worn in summer, and consequent weakening influence upon the body, are alike productive of ill health. Or, to consider it in another view, the lightness of the texture of broadcloth, and hence the ease with which it may be torn, prevents, to a great degree, those who wear it from engaging in any of those exercises tending to develop the physical man. This is no exaggeration. We ask any of you who read this, to examine and say if it is not true. See if those among your acquaintances who habitually wear broadcloth, are not lacking in that full and healthy de-
velopment of the body, which every one ought to have; which is, moreover, essential to the enjoyment of good health.

Did we pursue the argument still further, and apply to it the saying, "Sana meres in sano corpore," what a host of evil results to man might we not discover, as springing from this wearing of broadcloth.

But Fashion, than whom a greater or more cruel despot never lived, has set her seal upon it; and all who would be "respectable," must obey the command. Notwithstanding the expense of broadcloth, the uncomfortableness attendant upon wearing it in summer, the ill health which it, directly and indirectly, produces, we still persist in wearing it, and in considering it the only respectable dress. Woe unto him who dares to disobey Madame Fashion in this respect, and appear at one of her levees in garments of a material and color more to his taste; or, if it be summer, better adapted to the season—

"For he's a gawk they're sure to geck at."

As a consequence of this pseudo-respectability attached to it, broadcloth, like charity, "covers a multitude of sins." Take one of these palatial steamers which ply our western rivers, and we shall observe that he whose broadcloth is of the finest texture and most glossy finish, is, generally speaking, the professional gambler, constantly watching for an opportunity to fleece some unsuspecting passenger. In the large cities and towns, the sharpers of all classes are clothed in the same garb; from the rusty suit of the "thimble" or "pocket book" operator, up to the "la mode" of the gentlemanly pickpocket. Quack doctors, Peter Funk auctioneers, and all the various kinds of swindlers which beset the unwary and inexperienced, endeavor to hide their professions beneath garments of black. To say nothing of those in the higher classes of society, whose operations are carried on in a scientific manner—samples of which we have before our eyes every day—vice and crime thrive wonderfully under this robe of "respectability."

Foreigners laugh at, and even ridicule this "idiosyncrasy," as they term it, "of the Americans." In nearly all the works
of those who have traveled through our country, it has been noticed and commented upon at length. Apt as they are to form wrong opinions in regard to our peculiar institutions and customs, they utter truth when they speak of this “national costume” as “one unhealthy and uncomfortable; and in the extreme ridiculous.”

But not even ridicule, to which Americans are said to be peculiarly sensitive, is sufficient to persuade us to abandon this pet costume, or confine it within moderate limits. A, and B, and C wear it; hence all wear it. Fashion has pronounced it “good,” and it therefore rules supreme.

“Braid-claith lends fouk an unca heeze;
Makes mony pail-worms butterflees;
Gies mony a doctor his degrees,
For little spaith:
In short you may be what you please,
Wi’ guid braid-claith.

“For though ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakspeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,
I’ll take my aith,
Till they could see ye wi’ a suit on
O’ guid braid-claith.”

Ferguson has thus humorously described the influence of “guid braid-claith” in his day, fifty years ago; and however true it may have been at that period, it is admirably adapted to the present.

TO JULIA.

Nor gold, nor lands, nor high estate,
Upon my wish and pleasure wait;
My only wealth, and great to me,
Fair Julia, is my love for thee.

And yet no treasure-house have I,
To guard my wealth:—and ever sigh,
That in thy heart, that little shrine,
Thou dost not hide this wealth of mine.
THE BIBLE.

The Bible, like the Sabbath, was made for man. It suits his condition and character; it meets his largest wants; it exhibits prospects and hopes which are equal to the intensest cravings of his immortal spirit. It is a radiation from the great source and centre of light, designed to dissipate the darkness with which sin has enshrouded our world. It is a book of moral instruction and discipline, a full and perfect guide-book, given by inspiration of the Holy Spirit, for the direction of those who are estranged from God, and duty, and happiness, and need just such an agency to bring them back. The obligations of the world to the Bible are great beyond conception. Trace the records of history, and you will find at every step increasing evidence of the fact, that the Bible, and that alone, has prevented the entire earth from becoming a scene of idolatry, as gross and degrading as that which prevails in Hindostan or China. From the days of Abraham down to Malachi, the last of the prophets, nay, even down to the coming of Christ, the worship of the true God and the blessings of the true religion were confined to the Jews, and all surrounding nations were sunk in the grossest paganism, so that, if we ask in the language of Paul, "What advantage had the Jews?"—we may answer in his language, "Much every way; chiefly because that unto them were committed the oracles of God." Renowned and pagan philosophers had lived in various ages, but their wisest teachings were but a meagre and futile substitute for the words of inspiration. Indeed, they themselves were as much in the dark respecting the true character of God, the mode of rendering him an acceptable worship, the way of pardon, and the destinies of eternity, as their disciples. They could shed no clear and satisfactory light upon these themes, and in their palmiest days as philosophers, they either supported or winked at the most absurd and debasing system of religious belief and worship. And so it is at the present day. Take the map of the world, and carefully trace the lines of light that are drawn, or the surfaces of light that are spread, here and there amidst a vast expanse of darkness, and you will find that every bright spot has been illuminated by the Bible.

Among those bright spots that adorn and beautify the world, we justly place our own beloved country. And what is it that has given us such a lofty elevation above the darkness and debasement of the heathen? Why does not some colossal system of idolatry enslave the mind, and shed the
blood, and waste the energy of this nation? Why are not our beautiful rivers crimsoned, like the Ganges, with human gore? Why does the return of the Sabbath bring with it the sound of earnest prayer and sacred song ascending from our dwellings and sanctuaries to Him who "created the heaven and the earth?" Why are our streets, houses, highways, and places of public resort, not filled with senseless idols? Why have we the true religion? Why is our intellectual, civil, social, moral elevation so high? Why is our heritage, in all respects, so goodly? To these inquiries but one true answer can be given, and that answer is, We have the Bible. This solves the whole problem and tells the whole story of our felicity and our greatness. Indeed, we may say, wherever the Bible has been circulated and read, wherever it has become the every-day-book of the people, there the highest civil, social, and religious benefits have been realized. A Bible-reverencing, Bible-reading community, is always a moral, orderly and prosperous community. And on the contrary, neglect of the Bible, or withholding it from the people, is the sure precursor of intemperance, indolence, pauperism, and crime.

A gentleman of New York found Thomas Paine one evening haranguing a company of his disciples, on the great mischief done to mankind by the introduction of the Bible and Christianity. When he paused, the gentleman addressed him thus: "Mr. Paine, you have been in Scotland; you know there is not a more rigid set of men in the world than they are in their attachment to the Bible; it is their school-book, and their churches are full of Bibles. When a young man leaves his father's house, his mother always, in packing his chest, puts a Bible on the top of his clothes," Mr. Paine assented, and the gentleman continued: "You have been in Spain, where the people are destitute of the Bible, and where you can hire a man for a dollar to murder his neighbor who never gave him any offence." Mr. Paine assented, and the gentleman continued again: "You have seen the manufacturing districts in England, where not one man in fifty can read; and you have been in Ireland, where the majority never saw a Bible. Now, you know it is a historical fact, that in one county in England or Ireland there are many more capital convictions in six months, than there are in the whole population of Scotland in twelve. Besides, this day there is not one Scotchman in the almhouse, State-prison, bridewell, or penitentiary of New York. Now, then, if the Bible were so bad a book as you represent it to be, those who use it would be the worst members of society; but the contrary is the fact; for our prisons, almhouses, and peni-
tentiaries are filled with men and women, whose ignorance or unbelief prevented them from reading the Bible. It was ten o'clock at night, Paine answered not a word, but, taking a candle from the table, silently retired to his chamber.

Such is the testimony of facts everywhere and without number respecting the influence exerted by the Bible upon the hearts and lives of men. It gives an upward direction to their thoughts and aspirations; it elevates their motives, enlarges their views, and rectifies their moral judgments; it deepens their natural sense of responsibility, by bringing God and eternity very near; it urges to virtue and dissuades from vice by considerations as momentous as the eternal life or death of the soul; it promotes truth, honesty, and benevolence; it is the strongest conceivable bond of union between the different grades and branches of society, allaying selfishness, harmonizing divided interests, subduing deep-rooted prejudices, curbing rampant passions, and blending "all sorts and conditions of men" in one common brotherhood, as sprung from the same parentage, made of the same blood, involved in the same apostasy, in need of the same redemption, amenable to the same tribunal, and destined to the same immortality. The feelings inspired by these views are the cement of society, the safeguard of life, property, and happiness, and the only sure and effectual barrier against universal anarchy and violence. And a book which presents these views and produces these feelings, with the sanctioning impress of Divinity upon it, is most emphatically the book for the people.

Moreover, the Bible is in a high and peculiar sense a book for the family and school. In the training of the rising generation, the youth of our land, nothing can supply the want of the Bible; nothing can be successfully substituted in its place. Indeed, it is the grossest presumption, not to say profanity, to attempt such a substitution. In the great matter of our moral relations and moral duties shall we prefer the teachings of men to the teachings of God? Shall we put aside the great light from heaven, and use in its stead the feeble, flickering, uncertain tapers of human wisdom and human philosophy? Shall we leave that which is pure and perfect for that which is impure and fallible? In the business of education, shall we close the volume of God, lay it aside as useless, and put something else in its place? Nay, shall we be satisfied to use it merely as a book of occasional reference, or shall we keep it in constant contact with the youthful mind and heart? The training which American children need, not only to fit them for heaven, but to act well their part as the inheritors and guardians of
liberty, is moral as well as intellectual. They have hearts to be cultivated as well as heads. They can not only reason, and investigate, and increase in knowledge, but they can love and hate; they can have moral predilections and sympathies which will bind them to freedom, and virtue, and purity, and heaven; or to oppression and vice, and impurity, and hell. Their moral natures receive as early a development as their intellectual, and will be far more effective in determining what shall be their influence upon society and upon the destiny of their country. If, then, we would make these future sovereigns of our land good republicans; if we would foster in them a genuine and an enlightened patriotism; and enlist their strongest, earliest moral sympathies on the side of liberty; let us put a Bible into every family, where they are growing up; let us place it in their hands as soon as they can lisp its words, or be made to catch the least vague, shadowy notion of its meaning; let us keep it in warm, daily, animating contact with the expanding heart: under the divine light which it sheds upon man's rights, relations, duties, and destiny, let character receive its earliest impress; there let lessons be learned and principles fixed which shall give shape and coloring to the life; and then the children of our land will be worthy of their blood-bought legacy, and in their keeping our liberties will be safe.
Memorabilia Kenyonensia.

In our position as recorders for Kenyon's little world, it becomes a pleasant duty to chronicle the advent of our new Bishop. The news of his choice at the last Diocesan Convention, was received with joy and thankfulness; and all seemed to regard it as a wise and Providential selection.

The summer months wore on, and near their close came the intelligence—sorrowful to his flock at the Ascension, but welcome to Ohio—of his acceptance. Immediately upon his consecration and the adjournment of the General Convention, Bishop Bedell started for his new field of labor. We had hoped that Gambier was his immediate destination; but a somewhat peculiar, yet interesting circumstance prevented. Both Bishops Chase and McIlvaine passed their first Sunday in Ohio, at Zanesville; and so our third Bishop was pleased to follow the precedent established by his illustrious predecessors, and decided to make this his starting point also. The following day, however, brought him among us.

Sunday, the 6th of November, will long be remembered as an occasion of unusual interest. The congregation of Rosse Chapel, at all times large, was considerably increased upon the present occasion. The Service was read by Rev. Dr. Smith, of the Theological Seminary, who also assisted the Bishop in the administration of the Communion. Before the announcement of his text, the Bishop offered some introductory remarks, touching upon the new position which Divine Providence had called him to assume—the sacred associations of the past—the solemnity of the present occasion, and the weighty responsibility of the future. To give a just idea of the thoughts thus expressed, would be impossible. We therefore, with pleasure lay before our readers the entire address, which the Bishop, at the earnest solicitation of friends, kindly consented to furnish us.

BISHOP BEDELL'S INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

Brethren and Friends:—I seize the first opportunity of our public and general gathering to give utterance to the feelings
with which I meet you to-day in the new relations which Divine Providence has established between us.

A peculiar solemnity chastens my spirit to-day. For the third time in my ministry, I have sought a new home and new associates; I have ventured upon new duties, and embraced new opportunities for glorifying my Master. But the third change is the last. I have already entered upon that stage of the journey which is to end only at the grave. I stand here in the place of venerable men. One has gone to his reward. The impaired health of the other has laid on me the pleasant but weighty burden which I am to bear in your midst. As I look out from this spot to-day, I see footsteps on the sands of time: deep footsteps—footsteps of great men—tracing a path wherein I am to follow. At every point on this Hill, I meet those footsteps; but they are all tending towards the tomb.

The Father of this Diocese and of these noble Institutions, has gone to his rest. The ring of his axe may possibly have been heard by one or two who listen to me this morning, when he struck the first blow in the first tree levelled in the primeval forest which then adorned this Park. That venerable Missionary, Chase, now rests from his labors; and across the grave, year by year, in constant procession, his works of eminent faith do follow him, deepening the footprints of his vigorous, far-seeing energy. Our own beloved Bishop McIlvaine, who found this place almost a wilderness, and has made it what it is, in building wisely on the well laid foundations, has also implanted footprints on this Hill as deep and lasting as those of his predecessors.

And now I follow them, the third Bishop of the Diocese, and assistant to one whose strength never before has needed a staff. The very position makes me feel as a man who sees clearly that the portion of the journey of life upon which he has entered, ends only at the grave. These new obligations can never be laid aside until God shall summon me, with them, to lay down my Pastoral staff, and give account to Him of this stewardship. You will not wonder, then, that a very peculiar sobriety chastens my spirit this morning. But another reflection deepens this feeling. For nearly twenty years it has been my privilege to engage in the quiet routine of Parish duty. I have lived, in a great measure, secluded from the public life of the Church. I have been devoted almost entirely to the pleasant rounds of Christian instruction and Christian consolation, and Christian communion with individual souls, bound to mine by the closest Pastoral
relationship. Suddenly I find myself at a distance from the home of sixteen years, and the people who have ever sustained me by sympathy and love, thrown into public life, amidst a class of responsibilities to which I have been wholly unaccustomed.

Brethren! Gambier Hill must be to me the blessed link between a happy past and a hopeful future. And foremost, here I must find a band of praying people, who will be to me what my beloved people in the Church of the Ascension were, a constant support by prayer. All the interests of this Diocese, and prominently—for they are foremost of all its interests—the welfare of these Institutions are laid close to the hearts of its Bishops—must press upon mine. The doctrinal fidelity, the practical efficiency, the experimental purity of life and manners, the spiritual mindedness of the Diocese, will take its tone, in a great measure, from what of these graces shall be granted of God to your Bishops. Need I say that we must have the helping prayers of Christ's people in the Diocese?

I may say to you, dear brethren, for with you it will be my privilege to be more closely united than with any other Parish in Ohio, that in entire confidence I shall look to you to make the usefulness of my ministry a constant and habitual theme of supplication to God. I am speaking especially to those of you who have an interest at the Throne of Grace; those to whom it has been promised that He will give "whatsoever ye ask, believing." Nor do I speak only to elder Christians. I speak to even the children of this fold of Christ; those who have learned in simple faith to say, "Our Father who art in Heaven;" who are accustomed each day to ask that Heavenly Father for just what they want, and to expect Him to send it. Brethren, pray for your Bishop. No man needs more grace than he. Pray that he may be filled with all the fullness of the knowledge of God's grace in Christ, and all the fullness of the love of Christ, that he may be a true shepherd of the flock, binding the broken, gathering the outcast, seeking the lost—and that under him, as under his predecessors, every truth may be established in Apostolic order; that all the churches may be built up in their most holy faith; and that all Christ's flock within our bounds, may "hold the faith in unity of spirit, in the bond of peace, and in righteousness of life, until we all come to the measure of the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus."

But there are other respects in which I look to Gambier Hill to be for me a blessed link between the past and future.
You can hardly appreciate the emotions with which I stand this morning within the bounds of my future home, and feel myself surrounded by those with whom I am to be associated in the most pregnant duties of my future ministry. Nor can you fully comprehend the exceeding pleasure with which I preach today in this pulpit and to this congregation. It is not merely because the privilege of preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ to man, whom He came to save, is the highest privilege of the ministry, and that in which I most delight. There is indeed nothing to compare to it. It is the employment most angelic, most like angels' work, this side Heaven. Do not your hearts burn for it, Young Men, whose souls the love of Christ has touched. Oh! there is no life so full of joy, none which so rewards us as we go along the pilgrimage, none which finds so blissful a crown as that whose business it is to open the path, and lead the way for unpardoned sinners to the fountain of redeeming love which bursts from the foot of the Cross. Yes!

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

It is the true Fountain of Youth. New life clothes every soul which, in penitence, humility, and self-renouncing faith in that dear sacrifice for sin, washes there. New life! Life forever! It is a very Pool of Siloam. Within it, every day, are gathering the spiritually deaf and blind and lame and leprous, finding there health and peace. May I not be speaking to some such to-day? To you, dear brethren, who until this moment have never been pardoned of sin? Are you not blind to your ruined condition, yet it may be, conscious of that blindness? Deaf to the calls of the Master's love, yet conscious that He is bidding you to come, and conscious enough of the misery to which this spiritual deafness binds you? Lame—you cannot walk in the straight paths of His commandments, yet conscious of your crooked ways, and earnestly desirous to follow Him in the steady, even, right-lined way of Righteousness? Leprous with sin—does it not disease your body and weaken your mind, and defile your soul? Do you not hate yourself on account of its dominion, and long for a Physician who could give you rest? That blood of Jesus is a very Pool of Siloam. Wash there—and lo! miracle of grace! the blind man sees his Savior, the deaf man hears His voice, the lame man leaps to do Him service, and the leper walks.
beside Him in the closest, holiest intimacy. It is the figure of the True. It is what the Gospel guarantees when it declares—
“The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.” It is what the Gospel can do for you, my brethren, if you will only tell that Jesus how wretched a sinner you know yourself to be; how utterly without help you are, unless he will save you; how entirely you depend upon his all-prevailing voice to plead your cause before the Throne of God, whom you have offended. To do that, is to have and to exercise faith in Christ. Just that simple act of communion between your soul and the Savior, is the act of saving faith, and to it is promised—was ever promise so free and so gracious—“Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” The privilege of preaching this Gospel is the highest and the holiest which ever falls to the lot of man.

Yet it is not for this merely, nor in its ordinary sense, that I thank God for placing me in the relation which I sustain to this congregation. Nor is it wholly because among this community I shall make new friends. No man appreciates more highly the privilege of warm and lasting friendships. They have been granted to me all my life through to this day; and with good reason I praise God for this merciful ingredient in a cup which, like other men’s, has had its sorrows. The prospect of enjoying real friendship on this Hill, and of making friendships here which will ripen in coming years as I meet you in your homes throughout the Diocese, tends largely to the interest of the present hour. Indeed, I have not been left to this hour to learn, as a new lesson, that there are warm hearts on this Western side of the Mountains. Nor is it because I shall be permitted here occasionally to renew the pleasure of Pastoral labor, at least in a modified form, among a people with whose faces I shall become familiar, and in whose hearts I feel sure that a place will be found for me. It will, indeed, be a great satisfaction to aid your Pastor frequently, in duties which have become to me almost a necessity of life. Whilst I have conscientiously denied myself the pleasure of Parish work, in order that I might become more efficient in Diocesan, still ROSSE CHAPEL, I may hope, will often furnish opportunities for reviving my recollections of Pastoral life, and that with a congregation, every member of which, children and all, I trust will call me friend.

But not for these reasons alone am I rejoicing in the privilege of standing in this pulpit to-day under circumstances which make this case peculiar. It is because all these reasons com-
bine in the fact that I am now to be brought into intimate relationship with these valued Institutions, and with you, my young friends, to whom their honor is for the present confided.  

As I know of no position more noble than to be the friend and guide and spiritual counsellor of young men, so I desire nothing more earnestly than to be received by you in those relationships, and trusted in them. Whatever ability to aid you experience may have given, will also be freely and frankly at your disposal. Counsel, advice, friendly sympathy, you may always command from me. I covet the title of Spiritual Father, not in the cold, ecclesiastical sense, which reminds one more of authority and discipline, than of parental love on one side and filial regard on the other, but in the highest Apostolic sense. In that sense the title tells of a relationship formed when the Holy Spirit in mercy begat a soul to a new life in Christ Jesus, which is afterwards cemented by those kindly offices through which the Spirit allows us to be co-workers with Him in bringing many souls unto glory. God shall have all the praise, if He will permit me to become such a Spiritual Father to any dear young soul in these Institutions.

Be assured, that especially in what relates to your eternal salvation, you can never seek me too often, nor ever find my ear closed. I do not wish you to suppose that this offer of the best uses of friendship is made with any limitation. The deciding weight in the scale which determined me to accept the Bishopric, was the opportunity of serving you; the hope that my experience as a Minister might be made of use to you, my young brethren of the Seminary, and my experience as a Christian man might be serviceable to you, my young friends of the College and Grammar School. I shall be grievously disappointed if you do not use this friendship in the same honest spirit, and with the freedom with which it is offered. You will find a heart ever open. I have forgotten neither my College nor my Seminary days; and it will be strange, indeed, if my sympathies should not be ready to meet your own, as well in your trials, temptations or griefs, as in your enjoyments and hours of relaxation.

With no hesitation then, with entire trust in God, who has ever been my stay, and in you, with whom His Providence has now cast my lot, I throw myself upon your confidence and affection. My hopefulness is chastened and sobered by experience, but it has not yet lost a feather from its wings, nor a nerve from the strength by which it is accustomed to make the future its
own. I feel that we shall understand each other; that we shall work together; that we shall be moved by common impulses, and labor for common ends. I see before me those who in future years will be my right arm, as they shall be scattered throughout the Diocese, in different spheres, in various professions, but united in love for our dear Church. May it be my privilege, whilst we are associated here, to lead you on—not by preaching merely, nor by exhortation merely, but by an example full of the sympathy I feel—to the highest walks of holy fellowship with Jesus.

New Publications.


We have been much pleased with this little volume. Perhaps the most intrinsic difficulties to the new beginner in Algebra, arise at the very portal of the study, from the discussion of the Positive and Negative signs, in the four fundamental rules, especially in those of Subtraction and Multiplication. From the very nature of the science, if the perception of these be cloudy and imperfect, the student will make little satisfactory progress in their higher application; hence arises the necessity of an especial attention in Text-Books upon this subject, to a clear and easily understood exposition of these points.

Dr. Robinson has been, we think, unusually happy in this respect. We do not remember to have seen more satisfactory explanations of the nature and conditions of the Plus and Minus signs, in connexion with the fundamental rules; and they are withal, brief and unlabored. Another good point in the book, is the algebraic discussion of proportional quantities, which, it seems to us, finds a much more appropriate place in a book of this nature, than in treatises on Geometry, in which they are often placed. The typography of the volume is neat and clear, and the paper of good quality.


The natural sciences are continually progressing. New discoveries; phenomena hitherto unaccounted for, but now understood; developments
of relations between physical laws before considered entirely isolated;—
all these mark the history of Natural Science from year to year. Mr.
Wells' work on Natural Philosophy is especially praiseworthy from the
fidelity with which it is brought up to the latest results in scientific inves-
tigation and discovery. It is this want which so often renders it necessary
to change text-books in this branch of study. This book is also unusually
excellent in its application of abstract principles to the every-day occur-
dences of common life. Tell a school-boy that the proportional velocities
of Sound and Light are about as 1 to 886153, and he may possibly
remember the numbers, but his ideas about the matter, ninety-nine
chances out of a hundred, are decidedly muddy. Tell him, however,
that from this it happens that he sees the fall of the wood-cutter's axe at
a distance, long before he hears its ring, and it immediately becomes of
living reality and interest to him.

The volume is profusely illustrated, and is neatly and substantially
gotten up.

SANDERS' ANALYSIS OF ENGLISH WORDS; designed for the Higher
Classes in Schools and Academies. By Charles W. Sanders, A.M.
12mo., pp. 240. Published by same Houses as above.

It is the aim of this volume to place before the scholar, in a compre-
hensive and instructive form, various compound words of our language, in
connection with the two or more root-words of which they are formed;
and to give the definitions of these root-words, and also of the resulting
compound words, together with rules and exceptions in orthography. The
idea strikes us as an excellent one, and much superior to the old fashioned
spelling-book method whereby we cultivated our visual acquaintance with
words and syllables in the long-ago.

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE. November, 1859. Published by Har-
per & Brothers, Franklin Square, New York.

This old favorite with the reading public retains the excellent features
which have made it so. The articles in the November number are spirited
and interesting. The illustrated ones are—The Rice Lands of the South,
The Volcanoes of Central America, and Tea Culture in the United States;
the two latter of especial interest at this time. W. M. Thackeray con-
cludes in this number his novel, "The Virginians," which has attracted
so much attention in the literary world. The remaining articles are—
Match Making, The Fall of Maubilia, That Disagreeable Biggs, One of the
N un ns, Proposal, A Man of Letters, The Phial of Dread, The Virginians,
Effie Campbell, Monthly Record of Current Events, Literary Notices,
Editor's Table, Editor's Easy Chair, Foreign Bureau, Entomological Ex-
periences, Fashions for November.

HARPER'S WEEKLY. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York
City.

This mammoth weekly—mammoth we mean in circulation—issues the
enormous number of from eighty to ninety-three thousand copies per week. Illustrated papers have become almost a necessity in our age, and we consider Harper's Weekly at the head of such publications in this country. With such contributors as Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and "Howadj" Curtis, the literary department of the paper cannot but be very attractive.


This pamphlet contains an eloquent plea for the proper recognition and encouragement by the West of a Home Literature. Mr. Coggeshall has, from past experience and present position, unusual facilities for observation upon this subject, and while the style alone attracts to a perusal, the thoughts and arguments advanced will be found well worthy careful attention.


"Old" Harvard's age is certainly a vigorous one. The various Classes have the following number of members:—*Freshman*, 128; *Sophomore*, 112; *Junior*, 84; *Senior*, 107; Total, 431. The number of Resident Graduates is 15; of Divinity Students, 21; of Law Students, 242; of Students in Scientific School, 75; Medical Students, 140;—making the total number of students connected with this venerable Institution, 924.

A respectable number that.

**Editors' Table.**

Before this shall have been put in type the cheer and gladsomeness of another year’s "Thanksgiving Day" will have passed away. There will be remembrances of "assembling together" in the morning to

"hear the Parson pray and preach."

The solemn tones of "Praise ye the Lord," will linger in the memory, and the recountal of mercies enjoyed, and blessings received, will yet be fresh in the heart.

There will rise up in ruddy reminiscence, the later experience of this day. The "Thanksgiving Dinner," which although it be not superior to many other meals you may have eaten, yet which wears *par excellence* the laurel-wreath of repasts, comes up before the imagination like some vivid picture, with its fore-ground of soups, its middle distance of fish and flesh.
and fowl, and its back-ground and mellow perspective of luscious pastry
and of puddings, which, unlike the apocryphal one of "Jack Horner," would
give employment not only to a thumb, but to the whole eight fingers beside.
Ah! do not we again behold the brown proportions of the Oriental Bird, and
see like a great golden sun, the mammoth pumpkin pie, and inhale the fra-
grance of the amber Mocha.

Oh! the hights, the depths, of a Thanksgiving Dinner.

Then, too, are the historical associations of this ambassador of the
Christmas holidays. We see old Miles Standish, stirring up and compounding
the mysterious ingredients which seethe and smoke in the quaint English
punch-bowl, redolent of many a wassail in the "Flanders land," or bout in
the oak-panned parlors of English country inns,—and truly the little
man's bronzed face relaxes as it peers, mellowed and genial, through the
fragrant steam. We see the old-time family gatherings around the broad
fire-place. The faggots of hickory and birch glow out again upon grandsire
and infant, blushing bride and becapped and grizzly age.

Then come the remembrances of the Thanksgiving evening, the very
golden crown of the royal day. We sat before our crooning fire of seasoned
wood.

"Old wood to burn!—
Ay, bring the hill-side beech
From where the owlets meet and screech,
And ravens croak;
The crackling pine, and cedar sweet;
Bring too a clump of fragrant peat,
Dug 'neath the fern;
The knotted oak,
A faggot, too, perhaps,
Whose bright flame, dancing, winking,
Shall light us at our thinking;
Or the oozing sap
Shall make sweet music to our blinking."

We gazed into its depths and lay in revery. We builded to ourselves castles
of gorgeous splendor. Then, as the stars came out and the moon rose clear
upon the frosty sky, we read quaint stories of the ancient time.

"Old books to read!—
Ay, bring those nodes of wit,
The brazen-clasped, the vellum-writ,
Time-honored tomes!
The same my sire scanned before,
The same my grandsire thumbed o'er,
The same his sire from college bore,
The well-earned meed
Of cloistered domes:
Old Homer blind,
Old Horace, take Anacreon, by
Old Tully, Plautus, Terence lie;
Morb Arthur's olden minstrelsy,
Quaint Burton, quaintier Spencer, ay!
And Gervaise Markham's venerie—
Nor leave behind
The Holye Book by which we live and die."
Truly have we pleasant memories of "Thanksgiving Day."

Reading Room.—The projectors of the "reading room," would report "progress"—a healthy progress, however, amounting to a contribution of sundry newspapers and periodicals, together with funds sufficient to defray the expense necessary in converting a dingy recitation room into a clean and cheerful apartment, in every way adapted for the useful office to which it has been devoted. We are not, however, as yet oppressed with opulence, and trust that the liberality which has thus far rewarded our exertions, is only the beginning of what we are yet to receive. The fact that the room will be open to all, whether contributors or not, renders it necessary that those who can give, do so with the greater liberality. In addition to the amount in money already collected, a much larger sum will be requisite, to enable us to place upon our tables New York, Philadelphia and Washington dailies, besides a few of the more important weeklies. We shall therefore be thankful for further assistance, pecuniary or otherwise; and when arrangements are complete, shall be happy to see our friends on the first floor, Middle Division, of the old College, in the room formerly occupied by Prof. Lang, and at present by Prof. Trimble. It may also be a pleasing assurance to be informed, that the apartment has been thoroughly cleansed of X. Y. Z. and 67r6 The Freshmens' finger-marks, have also been washed from the doors and, casements!

Worthington Grammar School of Kenyon College.—As a sign of our Institution's increasing prosperity, we are happy to notice the establishment of a second preparatory school at Worthington, in this State. Kenyon's dark days are now remembered rather with compassion; and with immense satisfaction we look upon our present healthy condition, and thank our stars that we are not subjected to the hardships and inconveniences which our less favored predecessors experienced. The sorrowful tales of those old pioneers in education, are now regarded as quite funny, and furnish considerable amusement; and we probably look upon our Rt. Rev. Father, Bp. Chase, with his cowhide boots and axe upon his shoulder, in a rather more picturesque and romantic light, than he did his own trying position, in the forest wilds of Ohio.

But we commenced to speak of the action of the Board of Trustees at their last meeting, with regard to the founding of another Grammar school, in addition to the one of Milnor Hall. The circular lately issued, gives a better idea of the character and design of the school, together with the course of instruction than we should be able to furnish. We therefore, without further comment, insert it for the benefit of our readers.

Worthington Grammar School of Kenyon College—A Diocesan School for Boys.

Principal—Rev. Peter S. Ruth, A. M.
Trustees—C. E. Burr, Esq., M. S. Wilkinson, G. H. Griswold, Orange Johnson, Geo. Taylor, Esq., Flavel Tuller, Wm. Bishop, Ezra Gilbert and Chester Pinney, of Worthington; I. N. Whiting, and Thomas
Sparrow, Esq., of Columbus; and Lorin Andrews, LL.D., President of Kenyon College, Gambier.


Examining Committee—The Faculty of Kenyon College.

Visitors—The Bishop and Assistant Bishop of the Diocese.

Objects—The objects of this Institution are to thoroughly prepare boys for entering the Freshman Class of Kenyon College; and also to offer to young men, not intending to enter college, facilities for attaining a thorough, practical, business education.

Time.—The Scholastic Year will be divided into two terms of five months each. The first term will commence on the third Wednesday of Nov., 1859, and end on the 16th of April; with a recess of a few days at Christmas.

Terms.—Boys will be received into the family of the Principal at $225 per annum. This includes tuition, board, washing, mending, fuel and lights. Each pupil to furnish his own books, stationery, towels and table-napkins.

Other pupils accommodated with board, unfurnished lodging rooms, stove and fuel, at $75 per term.

Board can also be procured in private families at reasonable rates.

Tuition alone, $14 per term.

All bills payable Semi-annually in advance.

Extra Charges per 11 weeks.

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Location.—The Institution is situated in the village of Worthington, 8 miles north of Columbus, Ohio, and is connected with the Capital by a plank road. It lies on the Whetstone River, and in elevation is about 150 ft. above Columbus. The Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati R. R. passes its immediate vicinity. The place is remarkably healthy, beautifully situated, and admirably adapted to a school.

History.—It was at this place, in 1825, through the influence of the Rt. Rev. Philander Chase, D.D., a seminary was incorporated by the name of the "Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ohio."

Subsequently, in 1826, by an act of the Legislature, this Seminary became a College, under the name of Kenyon College; and by a concurrent act of the Convention of 1826, this College was transferred to Gambier, its present site.

In the year 1803 certain lands, by the early settlers, were set apart for a school at this place. In 1819 this school was incorporated as Worthington College. Since the removal of Kenyon College, this Institution has been comparatively dead. During the last Convention of the Prot. Epis. Church of this Diocese, a proposition of the Trustees was laid before that body, proposing to make the Institution auxiliary to Kenyon College. This proposition resulted in appointing the Executive Committee above named, who
elected the Rev. P. S. Ruth, A. M., as Principal of the Institution, under the name of "Worthington Grammar School of Kenyon College."

There is a parish of the Episcopal Church here, in active operation.

Thus, being the child of the Convention, and intended to forward the interests of both Kenyon College and of the Diocese, this Institution is commended to the good will and influence of the Church at large.

By order of the Executive Committee.

Worthington, Oct. 28, 1859.

We are in receipt of a letter from a Granville friend, enclosing the programme of the funeral obsequies of the Denisonian, a monthly published by the students of Denison University. This magazine, after completing the seventh number only, of its first volume, fell a sacrifice to unappreciated merit, and in the most liberal signification of the term, "died a natural death," and was interred by its grief-stricken friends—(these must have been the editors, as the pamphlet did not probably put much money in their pockets). We should infer from the tenor of the letter of our correspondent, that the Denisonian encountered many difficulties, and struggled hard for its ephemeral existence. He says, "I think from the appearance of the procession (torch-light) last night, that its funeral was a more brilliant affair than its career. Here is the programme:

The friends and acquaintances of "DENISONIAN,"

Are requested to attend his funeral obsequies, at twelve o'clock this night, on Mount Parnassus. Procession to form on College Hill.

PALL - - - - BEARERS.

PRINTERS - - - DEVILS.

ORDER OF PROCESSION:

CHIEF MOURNERS,
ORATORS,
FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES,
TOWN COUNCIL,
FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY,
POST MASTER,
DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS,
YOUTH OF GRANVILLE,
TRUSTEES OF BAPTIST CHURCH.
BURIAL SERVICE.
MUSIC.

ORATION—Subministro.

ORATION—Mortu morio tristis dictio.

ORATION—In Pulverem resolvus est.

SERMON—Text: "By this time he stinketh."

V. HOMUNCLO.

Q. OPPRESSUS MOERORE.

HON. ROSCIUS TRISTISIMUS.

REV. LOGUBRIUS LACHRYMOSE.
Opportunity will now be given to the friends of the deceased to step up to the Beer.

Ab Inferis Nultus est Reditus.

We admire the admirable indifference with which Denison students treated the premature death of their pet, and the manner in which they solemnized his funeral rites; but the laugh is decidedly against them. The following communication, upon the most diminutive sheet of paper, and written in the most delicate hand imaginable, reached us a short time since:

Cliff Hall, Oct. 24, 1859.

Messrs. Editors:—You have, doubtless, ere this, heard of the funeral of "Denisonian," that took place on Friday night, with great solemnity. However, a number of the friends of the deceased conceived the idea that he had been interred alive, and concluded to investigate the matter. On raising the coffin this evening, our suspicions were confirmed by a piercing scream, which fairly shook the ancient mountain in which he had been deposited. Knowing that the announcement of his death would cause you the most intense anguish, we concluded to alleviate your sorrows, by communicating this fact to you immediately; and in order that you may not doubt the veracity of our statement, we send him—"Denisonian"—to you, hoping that he will receive the best of care till called for. Regards of "Friends."

Such was the letter from our fair friend. The resurrected number of the "Denisonian" which accompanied this epistle, is in the museum of the Collegian, where it shall be carefully preserved until called for. And in the meantime, we would extend our most heartfelt sympathies to our fellow students of Denison University, and beg of them in future to beware of the female sex in general, and of boarding misses in particular.

Upon Friday, the 4th inst., The Phi Delta Society presented Milner Hall with a fine lithograph of Daniel Webster. This picture, among its other beauties, is doubtless a very correct likeness of that eminent statesman and orator. It was procured by the Society at a very considerable expense, to adorn the Recitation Room at the Grammar School, and is one of the most beautiful pictures of the kind we have ever seen. The dark background admirably places in bold relief, the deep-cut features of Webster, and the very appropriate and tasty frame affords a fine surrounding to the otherwise rather sombre portrait. But one circumstance detracts from the effect of this picture, and that is the contrast between it and the room in which it is hung.

The increase in the number of Literary Societies at "the Hall," although productive of rivalry and petty jealousies, has increased the interest in the performance of literary duties. So long as a generous emulation only exists, the students and Societies will be improved. This, as one of its first fruits, is certainly very commendable, and the Phi Delta Society deserves the thanks of the Institution for its public spirit.

Our College is sadly deficient in specimens of painting, the only one, we believe, of any value as a work of art, being the oil painting representing the "Healing of Blind Bartimeus," presented not long since to the Nu Pi Kappa Society.
Nothing sets off to better advantage the walls of an institution of learning than paintings, statuary, and other works of art; and strangers visiting us, appreciate nothing more. We regard this novel enterprise of the Phi Delta as indicative of an improvement in this respect, and hope its example will be followed up by the Societies and private individuals.

We are prepared on application, to furnish back numbers of the Collegian since its establishment in 1856. This will afford a favorable opportunity for those who wish an unbroken copy of the Collegian from its birth-day until now, to procure back numbers.

As giving a record of present events in our College History, which will be exceedingly interesting in the future, we would recommend to all students who take the Collegian, to preserve the numbers and have them bound. The expense is trifling; and in years to come,

"Post jucundam juventutem,"
when in an interval of sterner cares the now man looks over the old pages; the gleams of feeling and flashes of memory, which will be struck out by the sight of names of classmates and associates, perhaps long forgotten, and of incidents of College life in which he too took a part, will well repay the little trouble of preserving and binding them; and if College days be, as they say, the brightest of a life-time, he will thank his stars that he has preserved a memorial of them, and will place it on his book-shelf, perhaps with Horace, and Shakspeare, and his Bible.

We are happy to call attention to the fact, that persons desirous of so doing, have now a rare opportunity for taking lessons in the Modern Languages and Music.

Mr. Messner, our new Instructor in Modern Languages, has already proved himself eminently qualified, both as a scholar and as a teacher, to fill the position which he holds in the Institution, and we hesitate not to recommend him to the patronage of any and all who may desire private instruction in German, French, or Music.

We must again urge upon our contributors the necessity of sending in their contributions promptly, by the fifteenth of each month; otherwise they will be likely to lay over.

We have to request further, that contributions be written on one side of the paper, in a legible hand, and carefully punctuated. An attention to these particulars will go far towards preserving equanimity of temper in our printer, and insuring accuracy in the execution.

Our EXCHANGES, for the current month, have been numerous and interesting. The College Literature of America is, at least in quantity, of very respectable importance; and we cannot but think—the inexperience and youth of those who contribute most to it, being kept in mind—that it is in quality also, a credit to our Colleges and our land. Sophomorical, to be sure, has become by usage a fixed term in our language of criticism, yet we doubt whether the somewhat florid style of students as a class, is not like the ruddy cheek of youth, the token and promise of a vigorous and energetic maturity.

THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, from Princeton, for October, is a good number. The articles are—Kingship; Is Man a Creator? Thought; Art; Truth and Error; Ye Rime of Ye Ancient Sophomore; Oliver Wendell
Holmes, (Mr. Holmes is certainly a favorite with students,) The Humility of Genius; Individuality; The Needful "Tin;" Rakes; Self-Interest; Autumn Leaves; Editors' Table.

The Harvard Magazine, for October, treats learnedly of Education; has an interesting reminiscence of Horace Mann, a poetico-historical sketch on Hats, an article on Our Future Responsibility as Citizens, and a pleasant remembrance of a vacation excursion On the Wave, and closes with Editors' Table, Book Notices, College Record, etc.

The Collegiate Record, for October, from Western Reserve College, Ohio, makes its first visit for this College year. The articles are upon Insanity, Effects of Revolutions upon Literature, The Moral Hero, Cultivation of Memory, Editors' Table. The "Record" has our best wishes for prosperity.

The Ichonolite, for October, presents the following list of articles: Inspiration of the Great Writer; Statement of Facts—a great expenditure of breath and gesture, we should judge; The Boston Patriots; The Utility of Freshman Discipline—a very sensible view, especially from the "stand punkt" of the higher classes; Evangeline; The Fifth Ode of Horace; The Power of Association; Individual Monuments; Miantona; Alfred the Great; the Martyr Spirit; The Higher Education; Home; Song, in which the writer expresses the innocent belief that "the most approved mixture for a College song is seventy-five parts women and seventy-five parts rum;" A Noble Lawyer; Collegiana; Editors' Table; Obituary. The Number is a very creditable one.

The Beloit College Monthly, for October, has as articles—Original Men, Extract from a Commencement Poem, An Epistle to Celerissies, Blackberries and Bliss, High-Pressure Education, Whiskers, and closes with Editors' Sanctum, and Collegiana.


The Yale Literary Magazine, for November, is a capital number. The articles are—How we Talk, a reply to somebody who is "down" on student-slang;" College Laws and College Codes; "Where do You Room?" Eliege; Flirtations; Haughty-crat of the Breakfast Table—poor Oliver Wendell will certainly lose his individuality in such a throng of disciples; Our old College Buildings; My Closet Door; Books worth Reading; Book Notices; Memoria-bilia Yalensis; Editors' Table.

We are also in receipt of The Western Churchman, The Mt. Vernon Banner, Bradley's Home Gazette, and The Ohio Cultivator—all edited with their usual ability. Bro. Harris' title-page in a late number of the "Cultivator," was certainly unique in its way. The "Cultivator" is a good paper, however, and we wish it success, and all the more from knowing that Col. Harris goes on the principle—not carried to extremes of course—of "The more brains the better the Farmer," which principle our "bone and sinew" are often, we fear, too liable to ignore. Messrs. Ivison & Phinney's Catalogue of Text-Books, and Educational News, are also received.