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A VISION.

BY W. J. L.

Only the beautiful is real;
All things whereof our life is full,
 All mysteries that life enwreathes,
 Birth, life, and death,
All that we dread or darkly feel,—
All are but shadows; and the Beautiful
 Alone is real.

Nothing but Love is true;
Earth's many lies, whirled upon Time's swift wheel,
 Shift and repeat their state,
 Birth, life, and death,
 And all that they bequeath
 Of hope or memory, thus do alternate
 Continually;
Love doth anneal,
Doth beautifully imbue,
 The wine-cups of the archetypal Fate.

Love, Truth, and Beauty—all are one;
 If life may expiate
The wanderings of its dimness, death be known
 But as the mighty ever-living gate
Into the Beautiful;—all things flow on
Into one Heart, into one Melody,
 Eternally.

FRANCISCO PIZARRO.

In the first half of the sixteenth century Spain reached the zenith of her glory. The power of Charles V, unequalled by that of any other monarch in Christendom, was acknowledged with obsequious ceremonies of loyalty by vassals on five continents. In addition to the viceroyal provinces and territories, directly under his sway, the Romish theocracy had granted him the sovereignty of unknown and unexplored regions, thus widening the stage for the display of Spanish ambition. In the reign of this emperor his subjects first boasted that the sun never set on his dominions. His realm was not only extensive but also prosperous. Magnificent argosies, bearing precious burdens from the Indies, and bullion-laden galleons from the Americas, floated proudly upon the Spanish main. Such was the flourishing state of the commerce of Spain that her mercantile marine could number a thousand vessels. Her navy was unrivalled by any in the world; holding undisputed supremacy on the sea until the ruin of the Invincible Armada. But this prosperity was far from being the result of quiet, persevering industry. This was a period of turbulence, of wild romance, of restless adventure.

Spanish, English and French seamen followed in the track of the great Genoese pioneer; Ponce de Leon, Miruelo, Fernandez, Grijalva, John and Sebastian Cabot, Frobisher and Drake, Verrazzini, Cartier and Roberval. Men left their homes to try their fortunes in the new world; lords, cavaliers, navigators, free-booters and fortune-seekers. Among his countrymen who came to the shores of the Western World the career of none forms, in the colonial history of Spain, a more brilliant chapter, with darker pages, than that of Francisco Pizarro.

This Castilian cavalier has carved his name in enduring characters upon the monuments of a nation's ruins. His happy hap-hazardness, his realization of the wildest dream, his wonderful feats of predatory valor, his superhuman endurance of hardships, his complete overthrow of the empire of the Incas, make his name immortal, and place it, with few lights and many shades, upon the page of history. Perhaps other men have been as adventurous, as brave, as persevering; perhaps other men have been as singularly devoid of the religious sentiment, as boundlessly avaricious, as unscrupulously perfidious, but their history is unwritten, their names moulder forgotten under the debris of time; and the moral world rolls on exhibiting no signs of conscious deflection from its orbit, because their deeds are unchronicled and their very names unremembered.

Being a foundling, the date of his birth is unknown. His early years

are shrouded in mystery. It is even said that, at one time, he was preserved similarly to the mythical Romulus. No one could have conjectured the future of this friendless, neglected, little vagabond as he wandered about the streets of Truxillo. And certainly, this unkempt, untutored urchin would never have been chosen for so high a destiny as the conquest of Peru; but would have been assigned the perpetual employment of swineherd, which vocation young Francisco stealthily abandoned to embark for the West. Instead of this unpromising specimen, we should rather have looked for some youthful hidalgo, polished, refined, of honorable birth and parentage; or some young marquess, with eyes beaming full of intelligence, equally skillful in the use of the spear, guitar and castanat, and accustomed to the prancing war horse.

That circumstances have much to do in moulding character he is proof. Had he lived at almost any other time and been less favored by fortune, his history might have found no recording pen; and his life, driveled away in obscurity, would not have been worth the space of a short paragraph in the great volume of human biography. As it is he stands forth somewhat resembling the Hebrew seer's image of gold, silver, brass, iron and clay, with a large preponderance, in more senses than one, of the two last mentioned materials. But he was not so much a prophecy of any coming age as the type and representative of his own. In this he differs from the prophetic vision. Beyond the waters there was an archipelago with many sunny isles, and a vast continent, which the flaming imagination filled with marvels of beauty, magnificent prodigies, unheard of wonders. Pizarro shared the extravagant conceptions of his countrymen concerning the fairy land. He abandoned his tame, dull employment, and escaped to Seville, where, without a lingering look of regret or a kindly farewell, he took his departure for the West, with no friend but his sword, and this, alas! too faithful and constant to leave an untarnished name.

His soldier life now began. He enlisted among Ojeda's followers in the expedition from Hispaniola to Uraba in Terra Firma; and acquired useful military information, and became even more fond of adventure. He is afterwards found with Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific; and again as a captain under Pedrarias.

He had already experienced many of the hardships of war but accumulated only a small fortune when the famous contract for the conquest of Peru was signed by himself, Almagro and De Luque. This was one of the most remarkable of documents. De Luque, the schoolmaster and ecclesiastic, was the only one who could sign his name; the other two made their marks. Not one of them had any assurance of the existence of the country to be conquered, much less any definite and

well defined knowledge of it. Religion seems to have been one of the ostensible if not real motives for the conquest—religion so strangely encumbered in those days. And as the uncompromising spirit of the Inquisitorial bigots of Castile showed their belief in the necessity of one religion, so the pious enthusiasm and blind devotion of the lucre-loving zealots in the colonies showed their conviction of the necessity of some religion, if they would impress the savage with a sense of their superiority, and possess some means of justifying their unwonted rapacity. So Cortes had his Olmedo, and Pizarro his Valverde. Though not quite as fanatic as the buccaneers of a more recent day, yet the Spaniards seemed to think that a priest was an indispensable accompaniment to a plundering expedition. Either in this spirit, or to secure heaven's blessing, or to obtain the intercession of Our Lady, the great contract assumed a religious tone.

After the necessary preparations were made, and the sacred rites performed, Pizarro set out from Panama on his first voyage. One small ship, two canoes, four horses and less than a hundred men constituted the armament with which to invade and conquer an empire of ten or twelve million inhabitants. Pizarro begins his search for the imaginary country, which, however, is so vividly pictured in his mind that he has no doubt of its real existence. Is he, like Ponce de Leon, in pursuit of some fancied object, ever flitting away as he approaches it? Will he, like De Soto, the wealthy and aged governor of the beautiful Queen of the Antilles, find, after a long and weary search for gold, only some splendid burial-place? It seemed likely for awhile that only disappointments awaited him. Inseparable barriers appeared to rise on every hand. But with the resolution of desperation he contended with the stern elements; and the little bark, tossed by the terrific storms of the tropics, drenched with torrent rains, dashed by tempestuous winds through the seething swirls and foamy maelstrums of the Southern Sea, bore one whose soul was constancy and fortitude, whose sombre, taciturn courage and gloomy inflexibility disdained so much as a momentary tremor of tergiversation, even amid the dense mangrove forests of the coast, battling with swarms of savages and mosquitoes, and the not more merciful foes, hunger and disease. His bold self-confidence and indomitableness in the wilds of America, as afterward at the proud, Castilian court, seemed based upon an inspired premonition of future success. He was wedded to his design.

The first and second voyages were little more than explorations. Many dangers were encountered. The number of the company was diminished by sickness. The natives were sometimes hostile, though more frequently inclined to be friendly. On the river San Juan a village was plundered; gold and silver trinkets were obtained to a

considerable amount. Some Peruvians were kidnapped. Rumors of the rich empire were confirmed. Much necessary information was obtained.

It remained now to conquer the country. But the difficulties were still many and great. The Governor at Panama, Pedrarias, was hostile to the enterprise. He, himself, had ambitious schemes on foot, and charity begins at home. Pizarro must have men and means. So with an enticing golden bait,—the key in the national proverb, *no ay cerradura si es de ora la gansua*,—and knowing the force of this argument, from personal experience, he sailed for his native land. An arrest and a short imprisonment was his reception. He laid his request before the court, received his *capitulacion*, and with big stories, which were almost as true as they were large, induced a hundred and eighty of his countrymen to embark with him for the conquest of Peru.

The Spaniards were received not without some suspicion by the Peruvians. Had the latter known the true character of those greedy gold-harpies, had they known the cravings of their unpinioned avarice, had they known the sternness of cut-purse logic and the terror of cut-throat policy, had they known the fury of the steel-caparisoned war horse, had they known the treachery of those sinewy arms with hands glued to the hilts of hostile sabres, had they read their doom in the countenances of those hard-visaged veterans and danger-loving adventurers, had they known what sort of hearts beat beneath those shining cuirasses—hearts, perchance, at times as hard as the icy crags and the snow-capped crown of the Cordilleras that freeze with eternal winter—had they known the fatal effects of the death-dealing shot of the arquebuse, had they foreseen the impious despoliation of the Fane of the Sun, had they known, that in a few years, their dateless civilization and immemorial dynasty should be overthrown, had they foreseen the tragedy of Caxamalca and the devastation of Cuzco, had they known that the banner of Castile would soon wave in triumph over their magnificent metropolis, had they known that Charles V would usurp the throne of Atahualpa, the heaven-descended ruler, had they known that Pope Alexander VI would claim the spiritual dominion of the revered and divinely-honored Villac Vmu; then every hill had bristled with spears, the mutual feuds of Huascar and Atahualpa had been forgotten in a league for the suppression of the transmarine invaders, Pizarro would never have escaped destruction in the defiles of the Andes, and blood would have mingled with the clay to form mortar for the laying of the foundation of San Miguel.

But Pizarro concealed the object of his visit. Policy forbade as yet an immediate disclosure of the expedition. In imitation of Cortez he had conceived the bold plan of capturing his incarial majesty. This

would be a bold stroke. He could then dictate his own terms. Prescott observes that this plan left too much to chance to be called an act of policy. He, however, dared to trust to fortune. He left a small company at San Miguel, and proceeded to Caxamalca where the Inca lay encamped with a large army, still exulting in his recent victory over his brother Huascar. The circumstances of a civil war greatly favored the conquest. The last and most illustrious of the true Inca race, Huayna Capac, was already enthroned beside his ancestors, in the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco, a deified mummy. Had Pizarro invaded the country in his day the Spaniards might have conceived a higher opinion of Peruvian patriotism. But the country was quaking beneath the heavy and ominous tread of civil discord. Two princes, each claiming to be Inca, were contending for absolute dominion. The kingdom was divided against itself.

Pizarro, on his way to present himself before the great king, perceived that some of his followers were disaffected. Then, like Gideon, Israel's warrior, but in a far worse cause, he gives the fainthearted permission to return to San Miguel. Perhaps this was an act indicative of greater resolution than that upon the lone island of Gallo, where his course was similar to the legend of the choice of Hercules; and, when his address to his followers was not unlike the appeal of Joshua to the Israelites to choose whom they would serve. Pizarro knew that a few wavering, cowardly soldiers might ruin his design. A few took advantage of the offer and returned. The rest follow their intrepid leader, whose valor seemed ever to be contagious. What in the annals of knight-errantry exceeds the romantic bearing of that little band, who, notwithstanding the peril, as they emerge from the mountain ravine, beholding in the distance on the plateau the beautiful city and beyond it an innumerable host of Indian warriors encamped, yet are courageous enough to march down the slopes and enter the city with perfect concealment of their timidity as well as of their object?

By one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on record the Inca is made prisoner. Then the empire is ransacked for gold to redeem him. Such a ransom was never before given for the freedom of one individual. Considerably more than half enough gold was collected to pay our present State debt. But this did not purchase the monarch's liberty. He was condemned. One of the items of the accusation was that he was a heathen, an infidel; and so in the eyes of the pious Spaniards he deserved the death of the stake. This, however, was exchanged by his merciful executors for that of the garrote. The fate of the ill-starred monarch is such as to excite feelings of deepest sympathy. Even the iron-hearted Pizarro is said to have wept at his funeral. But nothing can justify the deed. Perhaps they supposed that

they had highly favored the down-fallen monarch, when their creed was expounded to him, the sentence of the stake was revoked, and John attached to his name—boons which the Inca scarcely appreciated.

Pass over the scenes of bloodshed, civil war and dark conspiracies among the proud, aspiring cavaliers and down-trodden natives, to another scene. Almagro has been executed. He has received the guerdon of his toil and warfare. De Luque is no more. Hernando Pizarro is languishing in the fortress of Medina del Campo, where he will remain until he is let out just in time to die a centenarian. In his time the country has suffered from the fierce ravages of the insatiable "gold-gluttons." Gonzala Pizarro has paid a visit to the land of Cinnamon and discovered the Amazon. The city of Lima has been founded, and in it there is a lordly mansion, the home of the governor of Peru. It is Sunday morning, but he does not attend the cathedral. He feigns sickness, because there are rumors in the wind that the death of Almagro wrankles as an incurable wound in the hearts of his followers. The streets suddenly resound with "death to the tyrant!" The entrance to the governor's house is forced. His attendants fall one after another. Soon he alone remains. "What, ho! traitors have you come to kill me in my own house?" His foes staggered back as three fell beneath his fiercely dealt blows. Already he had been wounded severely. "'Jesu!' exclaimed the dying man, and tracing a cross with his finger on the bloody floor, he bent down his head to kiss it, when a stroke, more friendly than the rest, put an end to his existence." "Such was the end of the conqueror of Peru!"

It is said that the genuine Spaniard is grave, proud, adventurous, romantic, generous and honorable. Pizarro was grave enough, excessively proud, adventurous even to temerity, generous enough in his way, romantic as any knight-errant of mediæval ages, but the climax is interrupted by the last epithet.

His swordsmanship was greater than his statesmanship. He was unlearned, and had not even so good a means of communication as the quipos of the people whom he conquered. He added a rich province to the crown of Spain. But it is doubtful whether Peru was in a better condition at his death than it was twelve years before. For, although the Inca's government was the most absolute despotism upon which the sun ever shone, yet there is little doubt but that it was also the mildest. The introduction of European civilization, such civilization as the Spanish was, was unfavorable to the unity of the people and to their national prosperity. The whole aspect of the country was changed. Time-honored institutions and sacred customs passed away. Pensive nuns displaced the virgins of the Sun, who once wove the delicate, gauze-like awnings and hangings for the dec-

oration of the palace of the Master of Ceremonies. Here and there a solitary vicuna browses along the slopes of the Andes, and flees at the approach of the stranger. Maize and lucerne now bloom on the spot which glowed with the golden harvests of the temple, and the friar chants his orisons within the consecrated precincts once occupied by the "Children of the Sun." The symposiarch of Raymi is seen no more; its joyous sounds of mirth are hushed forever; its splendid festivities are supplanted by the rites and solemnities of Easter and Lent. Peru's glory has departed, and so has Spain's. She, too, has descended from her lofty place among the nations. Her trans-Atlantic triumphs were not permanent. Her maritime supremacy was transient. The remains of the treasures of Montezuma and Atahualpa are seen only in curiously wrought fragments of Aztec and Peruvian skill in her national archives and museums. The Royal Fifth was squandered in European wars. The immense power of Charles V bequeathed to Phillip II, despite the firmness, perseverance, sagacity of the latter, was lost. Spain is among the poorest of the nations. Peru is no longer one of her dependents, but will probably continue throughout all time to feel the influence of the Spanish conquest in the sixteenth century. And Pizarro's name, linked with that of Peru, will descend to posterity. "The laurel of the hero—alas for humanity, that it should be so!—grows best on the battle-field."

B.

TENNYSON.

Alfred Tennyson was born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, in 1810. His father, the Rev. G. C. Tennyson, was quite distinguished as a linguist. The future laureate received most of his education, preparatory to entering the University, at his father's house. Having entered Trinity college, Cambridge, he won the Chancellor's medal for a poem on Timbucto. Since then his career as a poet has been one of marked success. He is considered superior to any English poet of to-day. Many of his poems exhibit the workings of decided genius.

It is quite a relief to turn from the bewildering splendor of Shakespeare or Milton to the works of Alfred Tennyson. All here is smooth and even. I love to wander in a temple, but let me live in a cottage. Tennyson's strength is in painting quiet phases of life. His attempt at describing the pomp of royalty and chivalry are correct, but they often lack the coloring of genius.

Some girl is in love with one beyond her sphere. The world moves

on and forgets her. She desponds and often drops into melancholic reveries, while impossible longings throng through her brain. Such a sorrow has a slight touch of the poetical. This Tennyson is quick to discover. Hear him :—

“ The sparrow’s chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
 Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
 When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Was sloping toward his western bower.
 Then said she, I am very dreary,
 He will not come, she said;
 She wept, I am aweary, aweary,
 O God, that I were dead !”

This picture is perfect.

Although Tennyson’s surroundings are not favorable to the cultivation of that grandeur of feeling seen in Milton and other poets, yet at times he breaks their barriers. It is impossible to make man a mere automaton. Even the artificiality of the present age cannot do it. The energy of his primitive nature is too intense. Carry him to church and administer the most quieting moral opiates. Let his social relations be of the most approved kind. Make him a doctor of divinity or a poet laureate. After all, when the even course of human existence breaks over its bounds and displays itself in the shape of revolution, he will rush from his study or office and join his cries with those of the mob. It is in his “*In Memoriam*” that Tennyson departs at times from his usual custom and exhibits depth of feeling. Yet in this very poem, the introduction is unpropitious. The opening prayer in a divine service could not be more orthodox. His language is too smooth and pretty for the expression of grief. But as he proceeds, he evinces deep sorrow. His friend is dead. At first there comes a great shock. This shifts into a dull and abiding pain. At this stage he begins to write. For himself, he might prefer to cherish a silent grief, but a public man, his thoughts are pledged to the world. He must write, and before him is but one form of expression, that of smoothness and beauty—strange medium for grief—but the critics allow him no other. He burst into a passionate declamation in “*Maud*,” and they accused him of imitating Byron. Taine, in speaking of the too great accuracy of style, says, “ He goes into mourning, but like a correct gentleman with bran new gloves, wipes away his tears with a cambric handkerchief and displays throughout the religious service all the compunctions of a well-trained layman.” Yet, before the poem is concluded, the cambric handkerchief is wet with genuine tears. When one is sorrowful, all his relations to society and the world come before

him slightly disturbed, yet clearer than at any other time. Dark problems of life, mysterious questionings of the future, all make this one sorrow central to their movements, and are included in its description. Thus in "In Memoriam" we have metaphysical discussions mingled with pure sentiment. Now some beauty in the real or ideal world bursts upon the poet, and his verse falls upon the ear like music. Again the true condition of humanity stands out in frightful relief. Here Alfred de Musset or Byron would burst into a convulsive sob; Milton would explain it with a holy text; Shakespeare with his own melancholy Jacques would say, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." But Tennyson:—

"I stretch lame hands of faith and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

In summer after dawn, when the distant mountain tops are first tinged with golden sheen, such purity and calmness reign, that, while enjoying nature, we seem to be lifted above her. So in "In Memoriam," so orderly is the arrangement, and so spiritual the sentiment, that we are carried beyond the subject, and beyond ourselves.

THE LAWYER—A PLEA FOR THE PROSCRIBED.

"The lawyer is an odd-sort of fruit."—*Old Comedy*.
"Bring Zenas, the lawyer."—*Titus iii*, 13.

The late Mr. Warren, in one of his most-delightful novels, has limned a portrait of such life-like colors, that no man can gaze upon it without receiving a vivid and lasting impression. The character of Oily Gammon, his cold, calculating heart, but vigorous and powerful intellect, his calm self-possession and handsome person, and his lack of honesty and high purpose, have all been so distinctly and vividly thrown upon the literary canvass, that every reader, of ordinary sympathies, is absorbed in tracing the footsteps to the awful fate of one who, but for the absence of integrity, would have been an honor and an ornament to our common race. In the estimation of the unprofessional public, Oily Gammon is an elevated type of the most successful member of a craft, in which success is proportioned to flexible morality; Quirk and Snap, portrayed in the same readable book, conveying, in the estimation of the people, a correct and speaking photograph of the common herd of the legal profession, who are mediocre in ability, education, and social position, but vast in the resources of adjustable morals. The brow-

beating, grasping dishonesty of Quirk, and the contemptible technicalities and malignant littleness of Snap, constitute, in the mind of the people, qualities eminently lawyer-like. It is not unfrequently asked, "How is it possible for an honest man to be a lawyer?" and there are found persons who think it easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a lawyer to enter the kingdom of heaven. With such the profession is a legal Nazareth, and from that region they seem to expect no good. There be yet others better informed and less acrimonious, whose logic leads one way and charity another. They are willing and anxious to hope all things, believe all things, but daily exhibitions are not encouraging. They see the lawyers espouse causes that he knows are not right. Or if that be not evident, yet, forasmuch as the lawyer advertises to the world his abilities for the conduct of causes, he thus offers himself to whichever side comes first or pays the most. And, in the very nature of things, the lawyer cannot expect to be always on the right side; or, if he persists in always being so, at least the opposing counsel does not, and for the purposes of the argument, the last-mentioned will answer just as well. But what clinches the nail to their own depravity, is the open avowal, generally made by the profession, of willingness to defend the guilty. "How," triumphantly exclaim a superficial public, "how can a man be *honest* who lends his time and talents to the suppression of right; or *Christian*, who not casually or through human weakness, but habitually and designedly, offers his services to the enforcement of an iniquitous, or the denial of a righteous claim?"

As matter of aggravation to sins that already cry to heaven, it is urged against the lawyer that his charges are excessive, notoriously disproportioned to the work performed, and that his position gives him an impregnable vantage ground, of which he industriously avails himself. And passing from private to public weal, the people allege that the lawyer thrives on litigation, that it is his interest to promote it, and that so, his greatest success is opposed to the greatest peace and happiness of the Commonwealth. And besides all this, appealing from reason to authority, the unprofessional, with great unction and satisfaction, cite Holy Writ itself to show how pronounced and cordial is its denunciation of those who bind heavy burdens upon men, and grievous to be borne: "Woe unto you, lawyers!"

If so many weighty reasons were presented to a being suddenly translated to our sphere, who had not heard the other side, he would not be greatly surprised to see an indignant people take up arms to exterminate these obnoxious and vexatious tyrants. We may conceive how great would be his amazement when, instead of this, he sees these outraged people sally forth with smiles and blandishments, take off their

hats to this hated race, elect them to high places in the church, appeal to their liberality, learning, and acknowledged business-capacity and energy for the promotion of public schemes and charities, appoint them judges, legislators, state and national, ministers abroad, governors of States, and presidents of our common country ! How consummate, I say, would be the astonishment of such a creature, on seeing these people entrusting to dishonest hands the most valuable and delicate relations, confiding to unfaithful ears the most secret and trying circumstances, of which, if a breath got wind, the direst results would follow ; and calling in the offices of a vicious heart and an unscrupulous intellect to establish and maintain public welfare, and to reinstate the dearest and tenderest family affections. Without doubt our stranger would be impaled upon the horns of several dilemmas, and not a few quandaries. And I imagine he would hesitate between the ascription of sanity and knavery to the people, before he should lift his foot from earth and strike the air with his departing wing.

That there are bad men in the proession of law, as in every other, is conceded by all. That there are none but bad men, or that the majority are bad, can be maintained only by those whose glory as well as their excuse is found in their ignorance and prejudices. In thus proscribing the profession, men do not seem to be conscious of the lightness and insufficiency of the testimony upon which they base their conclusions. Without examining into the merits of a case, or viewing it through those scientific spectacles which a true lawyer never fails to employ, the unprofessional run off with hearsay and inaccurate statements, to pronounce, with the aid of the imagination, a scathing and conclusive condemnation against the lawyer unheard. He is daily subjected to covert attacks from which he has had no opportunity to defend himself. And he is almost hourly condemned by men who are incapable of forming an intelligent opinion on his case. When the Duke D'Enghien was seized by a troop of armed men and after the travesty of a trial at midnight, shuffled off to execution, the moral sense of mankind was shocked at the outrage. But when the lawyer is divested of his good name, which to an honorable man is dearer than life itself, by vague, uncertain suspicions and surmises, the community is in no wise disturbed. Let us be fair for once. Let us turn aside from the absorbing cares and duties of this busy life, and let us do a noble profession the justice to consider with impartiality the charges preferred against it.

It is a sweeping, a usual and a convenient accusation that lawyers advocate causes that are wrong. To this it is answered, in flat denial, that no respectable lawyer would seek or demand what was manifestly wrong. But the fallacy of the accusation is the supposing that what

appears wrong on a superficial examination or no examination at all, appears so to the lawyer who is paid to delve down deep into the mine of the law and bring to light all the rights to which a man, in any given case, is entitled by the constitutions under which he lives. It is a trite saying that every question has two sides. There is hardly any controversy ever likely to arise in which one side is totally right and the other totally wrong. And while a man may not be on the side to which, when the balance is struck, the scales of justice lean, yet he is at least entitled to have all, that can be, said in his favor, so that an enlightened judge may pronounce an enlightened judgment. It is the duty of the lawyer to present to the judge or the jury all the points in his case, and, if he fall short in this duty, he deprives the arbiters, so far of the light necessary to a full and free decision. It is true he does not, for the most part, feel any great anxiety about presenting the good points on the other side, for he has learnt from bitter experience that that side will be well enough attended to. A watchful adversary dogs his every step and to every *pro* presents a vexing *con*. Thousands of cases arise in which neither counsel knows exactly which, on the whole, is the right side. Thousands of cases arise which would ever remain uncertain until they were ventilated in court and passed upon by a competent judge or jury. Thousands of cases arise in which the lawyers have been completely deceived by their clients as to the true state of their case, and nothing could have undeceived them but the searching investigation of a trial or the humiliation of defeat. Thousands of cases arise in which, to the counsel employed, there is no moral question involved, but a pure question of construction of law; though the construction adopted by the court in accordance with legal analogies may, in individual cases, work a hardship, and thus, in the estimation of outsiders, throw the successful advocate on the wrong side. Thousands of cases arise in which the lawyer is appealed to, to secure to the citizens those rights and privileges which, however an individual may regard them, the law has seen fit from motives of public policy and in tenderness to human frailty to bestow upon every man, with conditions. Thousands of cases arise in which only the counsel employed, so delicate are the circumstances, can ever know how justifiable is a defense which the law indeed admits, but which, regardless of those circumstances, is hardly admissible by a code of the sublimest morality. Thousands of cases arise in which a man inexorably claims, it may be against the earnest protest of his counsel, the privileges solemnly guaranteed him by the law of the land, privileges which, however they may be abused, no good citizen would refuse to accord, and which far less could a lawyer, a sworn officer of the court and a minister, so far, of the law. And lastly, thousands of cases arise in which a law-

yer is called upon to secure to his clients the benefits of an unrighteous law with whose passage he had nothing to do, and whose existence is due to and controlled by the very people who pronounce anathema maranatha upon him for abiding by a law which themselves have instituted. It is such classes of cases as these that comprise the most of the litigation in our courts. It is in cases of these kinds that lawyers attract an unmerited odium from people that have not the leisure, from others that have not the capacity, to examine the questions, legal and moral involved, and all the circumstances of fact which are often new and peculiar to each case. And now I come back to that sweeping accusation, and ask the candid reader if it be fair to convict without a hearing, to decide without investigation, where hearing and investigation are so vital to establish the truth? But who of those making these charges against a useful, accomplished and necessary profession, ever make that calm and dispassionate and accurate investigation? Their impressions are drawn from a half hour's stay in the court room, from an incorrect or incomplete newspaper report, from the one-sided account of a friend who imagines himself aggrieved, or from an interest which blinds the eyes and warps the judgment. How is it possible that an enlightened opinion may be formed upon evidence fragmentary, uncertain and *ex parte*, conveyed thro' such media as these? The law is, of all others, just the profession to be misrepresented. It deals with men as no other does; it touches their property; it reaches forth its hand to take their life; it stirs up the liveliest emotions, and while it seeks to allay it too often—such is our human weakness—excites the worst passions. No ordinary mortal ever saw his cause go against him with any exalted affection for the opposing lawyer; and every case decided sends forth in the world at least two parties to damn or defame each the other's counsel.

“No thief e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law.”

But it is urged against the profession, that while there are many cases in which there is no question of morals involved, and in which a man might, with propriety, represent a side that ought, in the end, to fail, yet it is notorious that lawyers profess their willingness to defend those whom they know or believe to be guilty. The vulgar idea of defense is associated with an unscrupulous obtestation of the advocate's belief in the prisoner's innocence, together with the employment of every trick that eloquence and a fertile ingenuity can devise. It is commonly thought that when an advocate defends the prisoner at bar, he must interlard all that he says with copious and solemn asseverations of the prisoner's innocence. Persons who would be greatly outraged if food and clothing were refused a *convict*, find it difficult to understand how

a lawyer can concede to one *merely accused* those rights which, by the law of the land, are inalienably his, and which are more precious to him as an accused man, than food and clothing as a convict. The law guarantees to every man a fair trial in due forms. It requires, before conviction, that the evidence be conclusive, and that those forms be complied with. A flippant tyro, or an inexperienced spectator might not see the advantage of these forms, but the sages and the statesmen of the past have seen in them the potency and the promise of protection against tyranny; and the precious blood of patriots has freely flowed to secure and maintain them. Any conviction that overleaps or thrusts aside these forms, is contrary to the very law from which it professes to derive its authority. The imagined guilt of the accused does not justify the invasion of the law, and it may be, in the case of irregular conviction, had the invaded forms been observed, the innocence of the prisoner might have been triumphantly vindicated, or his guilt so palliated that, regarding our poor human nature, a light or nominal punishment would be all that justice should require. But however all this may be, whether the laws are good or not, they are the laws, and to refuse their protection would be to infringe that great unwritten pact which the State has solemnly made with the humblest, meanest, and most erring of her citizens. To counsel, assist, or secure the invasion of these rights, would be a great and unholy crime; and woeful is the state of that community where such invasions constitute—what bitter mockery!—the practice and the plea of speedy justice. Where a lawyer—and, of course, I mean a respectable lawyer—undertakes the defense of the guilty, his duty and agreement is to see the accused fairly tried, in accordance with the requirements of the law of the land. He engages to secure to the accused every right the law accords him, and in his dire distress to supply to him the resources of a cool head and a tongue trained to express clearly and forcibly what is to be said. He undertakes to stand between him and the passions, the prejudices, and the malice of an outraged community, and by the magic of a manly remonstrance, transform the howl of public execration into a dignified demand for the proper and usual remedies for the breaches of the law. These are the duties of a lawyer in undertaking the defense of the guilty. Beyond this he may not go. He is never called upon to express his own private opinion of the merits of the case. He may sometimes do it. It is never necessary, and is generally supererogatory. When he essays to do so, he will, of course, if he is an honest man, tell the truth, though he may be mistaken. The proper question for the advocate to ask, is not whether the accused is guilty, but has he been proven guilty. A man may be, in fact, guilty of a hundred murders, but if not one could be proved against him he

should go free. To execute a man on suspicion might well become the autocrat of all the Russias, but it is revolting to our Anglo-Saxon justice.

The conduct of the lawyer in defending the guilty, when thus viewed, so far from affording suspicions against his sincerity and honor, seems to give him a right to the admiration and respect of the community. And it does not lessen his title to kindly regard that his services are paid for, and often liberally. The physician, who deserves and receives our gratitude for restoring our health, is more liberally paid. The minister of the Gospel, who directs us in the paths of peace and virtue, receiving for his offices, as is meet, our tenderest considerations, also accepts and requires the stipend due a faithful laborer. It would be a sad day in the history of our country, when a man may not enjoy the reward of his labor without discredit.

But of all the unkind insinuations against the lawyer, that which excludes him from the Christian fold is the most distressing, because the hardest to answer. A man will vigorously defend his honor, his courage, and even his ability, but he is at loss what to say when his Christianity is attacked. His own conscience tells him he has fallen far short of what he ought to have been, and it occurs to him on the very threshold of rising indignation that the first principles of his faith inculcate patience under tribulation, meekness and humility. Would he repel with scorn the imputation of hypocrisy? The wail and the tear of many a secret hour over his unfaithfulness, pierce and burn as of yore. Would he fell to the ground the man that dared to impeach his integrity? Slowly and reproachfully rises from the memory of the past the example of his Lord and Master, who, when He was reviled, reviled not again. And thus conscience and precept combine to seal his lips, and the challenge of his personal piety is referred to Him that tryeth all men wisely and well. We cannot assert rashly of these matters, for of a truth appearances are often deceptive. But surely there seems nothing unchristian in a character which the Master himself assumes, to express to our mortal ken the unfailing love and the tender solicitude of Christ, the *Advocate*.

It is too well known to need statement here, that the lawyer, against whom our Saviour pronounced his withering condemnation, were the doctors of divine law, the D. D.'s of to-day.

The lawyer is accused of demanding and enforcing an exorbitant remuneration for his services. Professional work being for the most part intellectual work, should always command a higher reward than the labor of the hands. Men of mechanical occupations find it difficult to appreciate the true value of intellectual work. Hence the objection here made against the lawyer is preferred against all the pro-

fessions. The gentlemen of the bar have fixed rates for the exact and common services. But there are cases which require unusual labor and responsibility, for the solution of the questions presented. It is such cases as these wherein the fees seem unreasonable, but they are generally fixed after long and careful consideration of the services rendered, and in many instances after a full conference with other disinterested lawyers. The determination of the right fee to charge in a perplexing case, is one of the most trying things a lawyer has to do. If you, kind reader, ever have occasion to entrust such a case to your counsel, do not question the propriety of his charge. You cannot measure the anxiety he has gone through, the responsibility he has felt, the work and study he has done in your case. You can never thoroughly appreciate his position, but as your intimate adviser, he is entitled to your confidence. Do not withhold it, or consider it misplaced, because your impressions of your case differ from his.

We are sometimes told that the lawyer promotes litigation to further his own interest. To this false accusation the profession gives way, no, not for an hour. No lawyer respectable for his honesty and abilities, would so far compromise the law or his own reputation. On the contrary whatever a pettifogger may do, the lawyer, of even average practice, dissuades men every week from resorting to litigation, though their passions at times so lust after it, that they cannot be withstood. It is a common experience of lawyers that they avoid more suits than they institute, and recourse to the courthouse is advised only where every available means have been exhausted to secure otherwise what appears the client's rights. A fair knowledge of the profession would attribute to them an all-absorbing desire to look first to their client's interests, and to make them the criterion of litigation, or of compromise, or peace undisturbed.

I confess to a feeling of gratification, on turning from the monstrous creature the lawyer is too often represented to be, to the lawyer as he is.

His profession disciplines his intellect, quickens his perceptions, moderates his passions. The partial success or total failure of many a case rise up with the finger of admonition in his memory, to attest the baleful effects of passions unchecked. His daily investigations reveal to him the perversions and the contortions that interest and passion create. He learns to hear with a distrustful but sympathetic ear, the recital of the fancied wrongs of injured clients. He is trained to look at both sides of the case, to sift the testimony, to extract the gist of the matter, to decide quickly and promptly what course to take, what to advise. He looks, not simply at the letter of the law, but its spirit and equity as well. He views the question from every standpoint, am-

icable and hostile, interested and disinterested, theoretical and practical, professional, and as a business-man on 'Change. He often offends, because he is too faithful a friend. He deals with every kind of men, the just and the unjust, the good, the bad, the indifferent, the young and inexperienced, the old, the cold, the calculating. He sees the worst and best of human nature; he learns and knows men at their business, in their parlors, in the counting-room, at the workshop; he learns and knows them, not as heroes, nor yet as demons, but as men, with all their contradictions, foibles, and faults. There come to him, in rapid succession the client hard and the client soft, the client irate and the client yielding, the client cautious, the client litigious, the client revengeful, the client adventurous, the client unreasonable, the client gushing, the client emotional, the client unreliable, the client unconfiding, the client volatile, the client steadfast, the client melancholy, the client fanatic, the client male and female, the client rich, poor, uneducated, cultured, the client erring, and client unfortunate. He turns from one to confer with another. Would the lawyer not be blind, indeed, if he failed to know men as they do not know themselves?

Our lawyer looks out upon this maddened world and sees fraud triumphant because the men who make, are not so ingenious as the men who break, the law. He sees calamities descend with the speed of lightning upon the most deserving of men. He hears the unavailing cry of the widow and orphan against the close-fisted creditor. He witnesses the estrangement of the dearest friends, the holiest ties severed, the kindest affections limp and broken, when the wedge of self-interest enters in. And in cheering contrast to these, he gazes with interest upon magnanimity shown to the undeserving, misfortune courageously and hopefully struggling, distress uncomplainingly borne, the rich kind and generous, the poor honest and noble-hearted. And thus the lawyer's confidence, in human nature, is more individual than general. Learning to judge each man, as he meets and knows him, he attributes not even to his friends all the good, nor to his enemies, all the evil of their kind.

But that quality, which of all that are purely human, is productive of the greatest philosophy in life—self-control—is found best developed in the lawyer. He has constantly to bow with respectful acquiescence to the most aggravating disappointments, and the discipline of his life teaches him to yield with a good grace when defeated, to submit with patience to the inevitable, and to conceal petty vexations under the cloak of quiet self-possession.

All his opinions are formed with a view to their rigid inspection by one higher than he, and his course is fashioned that it may abide the

closet scrutiny of the judge, assisted by an unslumbering adversary, ready to detect and expose, unmercifully, every discrepancy of fact, of logic, of law. "Oh well divided disposition!" Fit it is and becoming that his profession should prefigure the moral government of the world, that his accountability to the human tribunal should render his confession all the more easy and natural and hopeful when he shall come to see the King in His beauty.

ANTHROPOSTIS.

LITERATURE.

It is not our purpose to dwell on the development of literature, or to trace out the intricacies of its gradual progress, but only to bring forth one or two hastily drawn sketches of persons who have figured in the circle of English literature, and to dwell for a moment on its civilizing influence. The conquest of the Normans brought into the English language a foreign element and a fresh chain of events by filling the bishoprics of England with learned men; by the building of convents and abbeys, where the monks spent a literary life in the increase of books and libraries, and in the multiplication of schools and colleges—the most celebrated of which were Oxford and Cambridge, surpassed only by that of Paris, then called the "City of Letters."

The fourteenth century has produced some poems, a few of which were drawn from an Italian source, and tending to a moral character. The ancient song of "Piers, the Ploughman," sets before us in almost living reality the temptations and trials of life. Chaucer, who has given us a great insight into human character, produced a rival to "Piers, the Ploughman," in his *Canterbury Tales*, in which he describes the manners and customs of chivalry, and gives us a vivid representation of pictures of nature. He is, indeed, the great reformer of our language and poetry, and well was he called by Occleve "the first founder of our fair language;" by Lydgate, "the chief poet of Britain," and by Leland, "the writer to whom our country's tongue owes all its beauties." His poetry is the key-note, and succeeding poets, through necessity, have imitated him, but only as faintly as the tributary echoes the musical murmur of the parent stream. His genius displays itself in all kinds of poetry, and in each obtaining a high degree of excellence, now showing his great insight into character, now displaying itself in the sharpness of satire, or in describing, with all a poet's love for nature, the onward course of some rill, keeping time to its own simple music; or the whisper of the wind through the tree tops, as they bend and bow in their tremulous motion.

The reign of Henry VIII was, perhaps, the most unsettled in English history. Numerous and varied were the scenes of this stormy period. The quarrels between Church and State, the suppression, desecration, and plundering of the monasteries, accompanied with their scenes of bloodshed and murder—all these were most unfavorable to literary advancement. Yet, in spite of these obstacles and hindrances, we find new names, of which those of Wyatt, and Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Thomas More are the most familiar to us. The reign of Elizabeth is renowned in English literature for the rise of new productions and for promoting the English drama, of which that of the Greeks served as a model, many of them based on some old romantic legend. Spencer, Shakespeare, and Bacon, took a prominent stand in the literary circle. Bacon we might consider as the first great English essayist, and in examining his works we would find him distinguished as being a profound thinker. He understood human nature and practical life. He condensed his thoughts and expressed them in few words. He employed some words that are now obsolete, using those of Latin origin in a literal sense, or giving them a Latin meaning. Introducing nothing foreign to the subject, he omitted nothing that belonged to it, and arranged the whole in proper order.

In Queen Anne's time we might consider Addison as the most elegant and popular prose writer. We admire his serene character, the kindness of his wisdom, his gentle spirit of sarcasm, and the genuine character of his piety. Although his works abound in pure and elevated thought, playful humor and elegant diction, he is now but little read. The follies which he criticised no longer exist. The style of literature has changed. Yet, by reading his works, we would acquire a quiet, easy, natural, and elegant style, and experience a pleasure of a far higher order than to gaze upon some noted cathedral or representation of a beautiful landscape—the one displaying all the varied conceptions of the architect, the other all the rich coloring of the painter. Well could his literary career be compared to the daily course of the sun. Steadily, like his genius, it rises in the eastern sky; long, like the outflow of his talents, it lingers at the zenith; still more slowly it sinks in the west. The hand that penned his thoughts is gone, but they remain as pure as ever, and as firmly fixed as a lotus flower embosomed by reeds on the margin of a stream.

Let us, before closing, leave these hastily-drawn sketches of literary men, and dwell for a moment on the civilizing influence of literature. It shows the spirit and character of a people better than history; for it places before us their very thoughts and feelings, as well as their manners and customs, forming, with great precision and clearness, a kind of photograph of the mind of a people. It incites the reader to

study and understand their ideas and language. It contains their best thoughts and sentiments. It acquaints us with the varied kinds of style and composition, both in prose and poetry. It furnishes material for the rules of art and criticism. It forms an elevated and pure source of mental recreation, giving us a great amount of information in regard to facts and scenes.

Perhaps in no way could we more effectually prove the endurance of its civilizing influence than by comparing it to commerce. Literature civilizes by ennobling the mind, refining the taste, and increasing our knowledge, while its influence is intellectual and moral. Commerce civilizes by producing wealth and luxury, and promoting industry and the useful arts. Thus we see that the former is of a far higher order, and its influence more lasting, even though the latter may be more attractive to persons whose tastes are more sensual. Let us take one or two examples. In the middle ages Venice and Genoa excelled in commerce, and their merchant ships kept up communication with many parts of the world. After the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, Portugal, Spain, and the Netherlands were, for a long time, the principal commercial nations. The Italians and French the most literary. England excelled in both; Germany in literature only. In all these cases we see that literary nations have the widest and most lasting influence. Venice, Genoa, Spain, and the Netherlands had a great temporary power, but it has all passed away like a vapor. Athens and Rome still have a civilizing influence, while Babylon and Carthage, commercial cities, do nothing for modern civilization.

The civilization of literature cannot be wholly destroyed. The languages and the books still remain to tell of the creations of man, both what he has done in the past and what he is likely to do in the future. The beautiful song of the *Illiad*, the travels of Heroditus, the stories of the Olympian games, their victors and their laurel crowns—all these have come down to us and have exerted a far more enduring influence than riches. Carthage, Tyre, and countless stately cities once stood preëminent as fountain heads of wealth and luxury. Their wealth once gone down became entirely lost, so entirely lost, that only a few shattered columns remains to tell of their former site.

States fall, art fades, riches perish, but literature never dies. The one lasts forever, the other fades away.

MARSHALL.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

To complain of a custom well established and heartily endorsed by men too sensible to err, to meditate an innovation, is futile and even presumptuous. Therefore, it is sincerely to be hoped that all wise and prudent persons will beware of railing at the usage found at many of our literary institutions of calling new students *rats*. This custom, though not time-honored, yet is timely and honorable; and though it cannot vaunt the hoary brow of an immemorial antiquity, yet it can display the almond blossoms of a worshipful gravity and supreme veneration. In the first place it supplies a felt want, viz: An opportunity to express feelings, the deepest and most amiable, as well as most sacred which well up from the heart's fountain of goodness and yearn for utterance. In fact, so profound are the principles involved in it, so sublimely transcendental in its moral nature, that many, especially students of the first year, are wholly unable to grasp the great idea. But while it requires a goodly degree of intellectual refinement and classical cultivation, and, perhaps, thorough acquaintance with the rules of etiquette, to appreciate its most subtle delicacy, yet inexcusable obtuseness is no reasonable ground for opposition to, much less discontinuance of such an admirable contrivance for producing an abundance of pleasure of the most exalted kind. To make a new-comer feel comfortable and welcome by suggesting pleasing and appropriate analogies is to accomplish an important end. To do this in any way is indicative of great consideration and respect, but especially does it deserve an encomium when done publicly, by reverberated echoes through hall and campus. Now how can this noble end be better attained than by persevering in this custom? It commends itself to all thinking persons (for no other can be convinced) for another consideration. There is evidently no old fogysm in it, like there is in the Decalogue and in the Golden Rule, things rather antiquated and obsolete, especially the latter, in these days of growing intelligence. It is fully up to the times. The everlasting disgrace of other ages is that scholars and wise men did not discover this great source of happiness. It was worthy of years of toilsome research and arduous labor. Where were your Newtons? Forsooth, studying mathematics and looking at the stars. Where your Miltons? Wasting their time writing dull, blank verse. And your Bentleys, Grotiuses, Erasmuses? Pouring over musty manuscripts of the dead languages and such like employments. Why did not Oxford and Cambridge discover and publish to the world this social and moral talisman? All honor to the geniuses of the nineteenth century! Let thanks be returned to their progressive and all-discove-

ring minds and souls, especially to the "grave and *reverend seniors*" of our renowned institutions for their aid in the perpetuity of this custom, and to some of the very *noble* and approved *good masters*, who by spicy allusions and graceful mincings, encouragingly wink and connive rather too surreptitiously at the practice from the unapproachable *chair*. The cause, though it is helped amazingly by his patronage, yet deserves greater moral courage. What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Again, there is something eminently unselfish in this custom, because it is so reciprocal in its benefits. It is twice blessed; it blesses him who gives and him who takes. Its quality is not strained, but drops like the gentle rain from heaven. And it demands of its followers no stern, acetic self-abnegation; but it is the genial, generous, spontaneity of a heart brimful of charity and fellow-feeling, which makes us wondrous kind. Now we confess that this is one of our humanitarian schemes, and would not like to see it fail. We believe that man's intellectual redemption and social salvation hinges upon the preservation of this custom. Therefore we earnestly appeal to all educators, to principals, professors, teachers of high schools, academies, colleges, seminaries, to faculties, trustees, presidents of universities, (female schools not being excepted,) to see to it that this custom be diligently observed, and if not introduced that it be introduced immediately, so that it may have free course and be glorified.

It is pleasant to know that our college ranks among the first in the land; that all its professors are admitted to be most able men, and that such a high standard is maintained, and yet there are some things about our college which the most unfault-finding of us grumble at and lament. The external appearance of the college is not at all prepossessing, and the grounds are no better. The approach from Grace street, though better than last year, is far from imposing. Those piles of brick are very unsightly, though we have become accustomed to them. The drive (or circle) is only known as such from the fact that the grass is in the place where the gravel ought to be. Could not this "howling wilderness" be made to "blossom as the rose" by the expenditure of a comparatively small amount? Situated as the college is, the grounds could and should be made attractive. We wish something could be done in this direction. The grounds of Dartmouth college are going to be improved by making carriage ways, terraces, rustic seats, &c. The students are going to do the work, the teams being furnished by the citizens of the town.

It is time, we think, for some action to be taken by the students in regard to the Jollification for this year. The first question to be decided is whether we shall have it or not. In years gone by one of

the most popular features of the commencement exercises has been the Jollification celebration. The audiences have always been large and appreciative on that night. If we can this year do as well as in former years, let us have it by all means, and go to work at once to make the Jollification of '80 a grand success; but if there is any danger of failure, we had better discontinue it for a year or so than to let it run down and die a miserable death. Let us discuss the matter and early in the new year come together and take some action. Last year it was found that a few men had to do all the *work*, while every student claimed *credit* for the good parts and disclaimed all connection with what was poor. Whatever we do let us do it in unison.

Christmas has come again. How we wish that our belief in Santa Claus had never been destroyed. Yet we are sadly conscious that an attempt to fill our stocking would exhaust the patience and resources of even a kinder saint than St. Nicholas. At any rate Christmas has come, and the joyous faces that throng the streets argue merriment to all except the waif, who flattens his nose against the window of the confection shop, or the beggar who extends his trembling hand to the passer-by, or the editor who tears his hair in the vain endeavor to be pathetic or witty, or something. Now, after so extraordinary an outburst on our part, we feel assured that any trustee who reads this will be inclined to continue until he can hear a request, which embodies the sentiment of all the students. We want a gymnasium. It might be well to state, that according to the best authority there are several colleges throughout the land which have gymnasiums. Indeed, some have gone so far as to state that healthful exercise is necessary to a student. As for this statement, while, of course, it is liable to error, we do beg that the inquisitive among us be given the opportunity of testing it.

It may be argued that we already have a gymnasium. While such an argument exhibits great play of the imagination, yet a fair and candid mind would certainly consider before declaring that a parallel bar, without the bar, and a fine location for putting up a few swings, is a gymnasium. We very timidly, and with the humility becoming us, when addressing those to whom we are peculiarly indebted, request that an appropriation sufficient to erect a gymnasium be made.

Before ending these delightful Christmas musings, we can but comment on the magnanimity and discretion exhibited by the action of the college powers toward the mess-hall. Each member of the mess pays four dollars yearly, to keep the hall in repair. Now, as the number of students belonging to the mess have, for the last two years, averaged nearly fifty per year, there are on hand funds sufficient to warrant immense repairs. It is only this fact that gives us the courage to ask that a few iron bars be put on the windows, so that the store-room may be safe from thieves and our wothy matron from uneasiness.

LOCALS.

A student of English being asked by the professor what is meant by the phrase "chronic affection," said, "it means a pain in the stomach."

A member of the Philologian Society who had been rebuked by his friends for reading such a long and uninteresting piece, and whose turn to read having come around again read the following:

It is so hard to read with ease,
It makes me tremble in my knees;
For it is now my time to read,
And I have cause to fear indeed,—
That if I get a bit confused,
You will be a bit amused;
But I am throwing words away,
So, closing, I will plainly say,
That, after all, my main design
Is not to have to pay a fine.

A student left college early last Saturday morning, stating that he was going to Petersburg and would return on Sunday evening. Accordingly, his room-mate was much surprised, when about ten o'clock at night on the same day, the door which had been carefully locked, sprung open, and in walked the "beloved companion." And it came to pass that curious men sought an explanation for this unexpected return, which is as follows: It seems this student was to be accompanied by his intended, and, reaching the depot, this youth (I say youth because in shaving the other day he left *siders* on his *right* without being sensible of the fact), led the *object* of his care and the *subject* of his affections to a new car standing under the car-house, asking, if that train was going to Petersburg, he was answered, by a tramp standing near, that it was. So, to use the language of another, "four immortal hours, which being added all together did not appear ten minutes, were consumed *in* the carr *by* a *discourse* that will tell in time to come."

The following notice, found posted in room No. 40, suggests that the inmates have been profoundly engaged in the study of economy and (il) legitimately carrying it out in its practical application; and this, too, maugre the extravagance of many of their fellow-students who purchase the articles referred to. They seem to be reminded that the priority of the existence of hands to mechanical implements, though an indisputable fact, furnishes no ground for the exclusive use of the former; and that adherence to this current saying is no longer consistent with certain, though not inalienable, comforts of college life. Let us venture to predict a visit to the hardware store, and a prosperous future for the young economists:

A PROCLAMATION.

Unless you get a shovel and some matches I shall make no more fire. My hands have entered a protest against being used in the place of shovels.

Given under my hand and seal this 18th day of December, *anno domini*, 1879.

CHRISTOPHER X.

P. S.—Please take heed and act accordingly.

PERSONAL.

Jos. E. Ficklen, Esq., '57, is engaged in opening some gold mines up in Spotsylvania.

W. H. Ryals, '79, is teaching school and preaching to several churches in Fluvanna.

W. T. Cheney, '78, bore off a medal for composition last year at Mercer University, Ga.

We would be glad if old students would drop us a postal, telling us how they are getting along.—*Eds.*

G. W. Cone, '78, is now occupying an important position in a railroad office in Galveston, Texas.

Ashby Jones, '79, is at Hanover Academy. He is in the city quite often, and says he is studying very hard.

Charles E. Wortham, '79, is now in business in the city. Can't you come out and see us some time, Charlie?

C. W. Coleman, who took the Frances Gwin medal in '78, is teaching successfully in Isle of Wight County.

C. E. Jones, '79, is living in the city. He spent a week or so in New York not long ago, and had a splendid time he says.

C. H. Chalkley, '78, who will graduate this session at the Medical College, has been elected Valedictorian, the next commencement.

Hon. Jno. E. Massey, who has just been elected State Auditor, was a student at the Seminary which afterwards became Richmond College.

J. Taylor Ellyson, Esq., '66, has just become the business manager of the *Religious Herald*. He was President of the Mu Sigma Rho the first session after the war.

J. H. Miller, session 1874-5, is now practicing law in San Francisco, Cal., "on his own hook." If talent meets her reward we shall hear good tidings from Miller.

C. E. Thomas, '79, (*alias* Mrs. Bouncer,) was with us a few days ago. He expects to take out his license, hang out his sign and commence to practice in January.

W. O. Hardaway, '78, is doing well in Amelia as a lawyer. He was in the city the other day. We are sorry to say he is a Readjuster, but true to his convictions he has worked like a Trojan.

P. H. Carpenter, Esq., '49, is now living at Halifax, C. H. Besides being editor of *The Halifax Record*, he is the Superintendent of Public Schools in that county. He is an old Mu Sigma Rhonian.

S. D. Jones, '79, is teaching school and reading law in Campbell. We pity urchins who receive floggings from lawyer Jones. The "three giants," (Mr. J. was one of them,) are missed by many in Richmond.

Rev. R. B. Boatwright, session 1855-6 and 1856-7, is living in Marion, Va., in the eleventh year of his pastorate there. There are few purer and more useful men; few more steadfast friends of our college.

Rev. L. R. Steele, '70, is pastor at Front Royal. He has paid \$20 to the Decoration Committee of the Mu Sigma Rho Society. The committee wishes others would pay their subscriptions without further invitation.

David P. Miller, a younger brother, one of the most interesting and promising of his class (1874), is in poor health and residing in Lynchburg. "Brother" David has our sympathies, and we bespeak a line from his pen while he is laid aside from active work.

George T. Prichard, '76, has been in the city for a week or so visiting friends. He took the decree of Master of Arts last June at Wake Forest College, N. C. He has not yet decided what his "life work" shall be. We wish him success in whatever he may undertake.

Among the members of the Legislature we notice that there are several who were formerly students at Richmond College: Jas. Lyons, S. B. Witt and C. E. Nicol are Funders, and R. H. Rawles is a Readjuster. Mr. Lyons is the youngest representative in the House, we hear.

Rev. C. F. James was in the city the other day. He is now pastor at Buchanan, and they say that his church is the prettiest country church in Virginia. Mr. James was the first president of the Mu Sigma Rho after the war. He tells us that J. W. Boyd, '78, is reading law in Buchanan.

J. Howard Gore, '77, is now Assistant Professor in Columbian College. We were glad to hear of his prosperity and success. He evidently is acting upon the homely but sensible advice which he gave to us when we entered college an unsophisticated youth: "Put on a stiff upper-lip and drive ahead." Petty cares and annoyances may come, but if we plod on, only mindful of duty, we can at last exclaim, as "Sir Peter" now does, "*Perseverando vinces.*"

EXCHANGES.

The Philomathean is decidedly unprepossessing in its externals.

The Reveille has little to interest those outside its own academy walls.

The Seminary Guard thinks the "spelling reform" "a move in the right direction."

The College Herald, in an editorial, opposes the study of the Classics. We cannot enter the discussion, but we think the arguments used are by no means conclusive.

We have missed, this session, the familiar face of the *Southern Col-
legian*. For some unknown reason it has not honored us with its pres-
ence. Why is this, friend?

The *University Magazine* comes to us with some well written articles. The numerous typographical errors are unpleasant to the reader and do injustice to the contributors.

We return thanks for "Twenty-Fourth Annual Announcement of the Kentucky School of Medicine." This school is situated at Louisville. We see the name of our class-mate, Paul Tupper, in catalogue, and we have been glad to hear of his success.

The Rochester Campus is one of our best exchanges. It is gotten up in very nice style. The article on Greek Colonies is quite good. We hope the writer of "guessing" will some day be blessed with the "rarest maid" in all the country around, for his "better half."

We extend a friendly greeting to the new-comers into the college newspaper world. They are the "College Souvenir," from Marion, Va., and the "Collegiate Index," from Culloden, Ga. The latter apologises for its appearance and promises to be better next month. There is certainly room for improvement!

The Album came to hand just as we were going to press last month, and though late, we want to say how much we were pleased with it. May its history and that of Hollin's form a succession of pretty pictures. The *faces* of the students already do. Since writing the above the November number has come and is full of good articles.

We are glad to welcome to our list again our neighbor *The Ran-
dolph Macon Monthly*. It appears in a new dress in which it looks well. We think, however, that whoever drew that picture of the college was either a novice as an artist, or was making heavy drafts upon this imagination. Save this we would most loudly sound the praises of the *Monthly*.

The Portfolio comes to us from far off Ontario—"Snow Fancies" is quite good. It makes us realize that snow storms will soon be upon us, but we fear that our Muse will not be able to produce any better poetry than "Snow Fancies." We think young ladies' names look so much prettier written out than with the mere initials, and make this hint to the editors of the *Portfolio*.

Scribner's Magazine for December presents a varied and rich table of contents. The articles on "The Capitol of New York" and "The John Hopkin's University" are interesting and beautifully illustrated. An attractive feature of this number is found in a collection of short poems by American women. We note the name of Margaret J. Preston among the rest. "The Grandissimes" and "Confidence" are continued, and the article on Bayard Taylor concluded. There are several very good short stories, while "Home and Society," "Culture and Progress," "World's Work," "Topics of the Time" and "Bric-a-Brac" contain, as usual, much of interest and instruction. Scribner meets the wants of almost every class of readers. The scientific man and the plain farmer alike are pleased with it. Subscribe at once. Address Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New York.

We have also received the following exchanges and have found many good papers among them. We would notice them if we had space :

Virginia Educational Monthly, The Vidette, University Courier, The Campus, Hagerstown Seminary Monthly, The Students Journal, The Academy Journal, The Beacon, Yale Courant, The Home Journal, Roanoke Collegian, Lasell Leaves, Central Collegian, The Critic, The People's Magazine, The Archangel, The Aurora, The Ariel, The Va. University Magazine, Queen's College Journal, Emory and Henry Clarion, The Earlhamite, The Sibyl, Maryland Collegian, Missouri University Magazine, College Record, The College Message, Pennsylvania College Monthly, The Canadian Spectator, The Wabash, The Undergraduate, The Oracle, The Virginia Star, The Mississippi University Magazine.

Pedagogue : "First boy, what's your name?"

Bby : "Jule."

Ped. : "No, sir ; Julius is your name."

Ped. : "Next boy—what's your name?"

Boy : "Billious, sir."

Sometime since a gentleman died in the town of W—, who, during life, refused to believe in another world. Two or three weeks after his death, his wife received a communication as follows : "Dear Wife,—I now believe ; please send me my thin clothes."

"Go, my son, and shut the shutter,"

This I heard a mother utter,

"Shutter's shut," the boy did mutter,

"I can't shut it any shutter."—*Ex.*

Lives of seniors all remind us,

We can make our lives sublime ;

And departing, leave behind us

Unpaid wash-bills every time!—*Ex.*

Elderly gentleman to a freshman on the train : "You don't have no ticket?" "No, I travel on my good looks." "Then," after looking him over, "probably you ain't goin' very far." Smiles.—*Ex.*

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