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[We are glad to be able to publish for the first time the following graceful lines from the pen of a Virginia lady. The Lupercalia was an annual feast of the Romans in honor of the god Pan.—EDITORS.]

A SONG OF THE LUPERCALIA.

Oh Pan! Thou deathless god! beneath whose skies
My heart lies hushed, thou meet'st me everywhere!
The level glances of thy cool brown eyes,
Gaze on me softly through thy tangled hair.

I mark thy foot-prints on the furrowed hill,
And in the dewy twilight of the morn,
With long, strong limbs extended prone and still,
I find thee sleeping in the billowy corn.

And sometimes in the dusk of evening hours,
When strange, dim shadows play at hide and seek,
I pass thee loitering in the sleepy flowers,
With golden flower-dust on thy hair and cheek.

Thy silvery voice goes laughing down the brook,
Or whispers to the reeds in shivering sighs,
Or hid at noonday in some drowsy nook,
Thou soothest the still air with lullabies.

Thou art not dead great Pan! Nor canst thou die!
Thy step is as the young hind; and thy breath
Fresh as a morn in spring-time! shall these lie
Locked in the stony apathy of death?

The doated world, grown narrow in the brain,
And scant of heart-beats, knoweth thee no more,
Yet shall thou reign enthroned lordly Pan,
Whilst changeless seas sweep the unaltered shore.

A. S. G.

PLATO'S PHÆDO.

In reading Plato's Phædo, even in translation, we cannot help being delighted at the peculiar charm of the style in which the ideas are expressed. How much more delightful it must be to one who can fully appreciate the original. In this work Plato gives his ideas concerning the immortality of the soul. And though the question necessarily involves much abstract reasoning which is well calculated to make any work dull to the reader, yet, by the exquisite beauty and simplicity of his style, Plato has made attractive and pleasant what otherwise would have been dry and tiresome reading. The discussion is carried on in the form of a dialogue in which Socrates, as in nearly all of Plato's works, is the chief speaker. The time is the last day of Socrates' life while he is in prison awaiting the setting of the sun when he is to be put to death. There are in the prison with him, several of his friends who have come to have their last conversation with him. Of these, however, only Simmias and Cebes take an active part in the conversation. Plato puts his ideas of the immortality of the soul into the mouth of Socrates. During the conversation, Cebes alludes to the poet Evenus, whereupon Socrates bids Cebes tell Evenus to follow him, if he is a philosopher, as soon as he can. This led to the discussion. Cebes was surprised and assured Socrates that from what he knew of Evenus, he was certain that he would not follow him as long as he could avoid it. For Cebes considered it absurd that a philosopher should wish to die; for he is in the hands of the gods, and they take care of him as their property, and a philosopher should not be willing to leave masters who are so considerate of his wants. Socrates explains himself by showing that death is nothing but a separation of the soul from the body, and that in Hades also, the gods will be our masters and friends. He also shows that the body is a hindrance to any one who seeks to obtain wisdom; and that for this reason he who is a philosopher should desire to be freed from the body as from his greatest evil, and should look upon death as a deliverer from all his evils. Cebes is satisfied then, that a philosopher should desire to be freed from the encumbrance of the body, but still has his doubts as to whether the soul has any existence after death and requires Socrates to prove that it does. Socrates is confident of his ability to do it, and begins by laying down the proposition that all things are produced from their contraries, which, as is well known, was his belief. To establish this he enumerates great many instances in which it is true. He shows that for a thing to become greater it must necessarily have been previously

smaller; and if it becomes stronger, it must become so from having been previously weaker; worse from better; sleeping from waking and waking from sleeping, &c. He has no difficulty, then, in convincing Cebes and Simmias that all things are produced from their contraries. Having established this, he inquires of Cebes if he thinks life is contrary to death, and, if so, it must be true that death is produced from life and life from death. The argument was unanswerable, and Cebes was forced to confess that "it does seem so." Thus Socrates proved that our souls have life in Hades.

Next Socrates advances one of his favorite beliefs, namely: That all our knowledge is nothing else than reminiscence. By questioning Cebes and Simmias and leading them on he compels them to accede to this proposition also. From this he easily proves that our souls must have existed in some state before we were born, or else it could not be said that to know is to recall, for if they had not existed in a former state we would have nothing to recall. Simmias and Cebes, then, are persuaded that our souls existed before we were born. Now Socrates gives us his views as to what will be the condition of the souls of different men after death. He thinks that the souls of some who have not spent their lives aright, after wandering about for a long time, will take the shape of animals, having the habits which characterized them before death. For example, the souls of those who have been rapacious or cruel will take the form of wolves or hawks or some such animals; the souls of those who have been temperate in their habits will take the form of some of the domestic animals; but to the philosopher alone is it allotted to pass into the rank of the gods. Cebes and Simmias both agree that this is probable.

But, now, Simmias after reflection thinks he has discovered a flaw in Socrates' argument about the pre-existence of the soul and brings up his objection to it. The objection appears very strong to Cebes and the rest, but Socrates is equal to the emergency, and, after another long discussion, answers the objection in a manner which satisfies all present.

Having satisfied them on this point, Socrates proceeds to prove that the soul not only exists after death, but also that it is absolutely immortal. His starting point is the proposition that a thing can never become contrary to itself. Thus snow can never become hot nor fire cold. The number three can never become even, but must always remain odd. Now, it is the soul, he reasons, which always brings life unto whatever it occupies. The contrary of life is death. And Cebes has just granted that a thing can never admit its contrary. The soul, then, says Socrates, cannot admit death, and is, therefore,

immortal. Timmias and Cebes have admitted the premises and cannot deny the conclusion. They are fully satisfied that the soul is immortal and Socrates has accomplished the purpose of his discussion. After this the conversation assumes another aspect, and by some remark to inquire about the form and size of the earth. Socrates then gives his views on this question, but by what manner of reasoning he got some of them is indeed a mystery. He was fully persuaded that the earth was in no danger of falling, being in the middle of the heavens and attracted equally on all sides. Further, it is very large, and those who lived around the shores of the Mediterranean Sea were wrong in thinking that that portion of the earth which they knew was all. They were like frogs dwelling around some marsh. He thought there were many rivers on the surface of the earth and many within the earth. There were four, however, that were larger and more important than the rest. Of these, one flows around the earth and is called Ocean. Another is Acheron which passes under the earth and reaches the Acherusian lake, where the souls of the dead go and remain a certain time. The third is a river of fire which folds itself about under the surface of the earth and discharges itself into Tartarus. The fourth is the Stygian river, whose water does not mingle with any other, but, after winding around in a circle, discharges itself also into Tartarus. On these rivers are borne the souls of the dead, some to Acheron where they are purified and afterwards set free, and others, guilty of incurable sins, to Tartarus, whence they never come out. These are strange ideas for Socrates, but not more so than many others which were held by the ancients.

Socrates had now been talking to his friends for a considerable time, and nearly time for him to take the hemlock. After asking if he wished to leave any messages for his family, one of those present asked Socrates how he wished them to bury him. To this he replied that they might bury him in any way that pleased them, provided they could catch him, for the Socrates who was now talking to them would be out of their reach as soon as the poison had had its effect; and that they would not have to bury him, but only his body. The officer then came in with the drug and bade him drink it. He took it, and having made libations, drank it off calmly and deliberately. He did not speak often after this, but after urging his weeping friends to bear up and not to grieve over him, he lay down and let the poison do its work. In a few minutes he was dead.

“This, Echreates, was the end of our friend—a man, as we may say, the best of all his time that we have known; and, moreover, the most wise and just.”

AUGUSTUS.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF MR. HAYES.

The 4th of March has come and gone, and another administration has taken charge of affairs. Mr. Hayes has left for his quiet home in Fremont, Ohio, and another President from that neglected State has taken his place. In the hurry and confusion of the bustling present, it is often profitable as well as pleasant to glance at our recent history, and to form our opinions of the events and actors composing it. It is our intention to consider in this article only one of these actors, for and against whom much has been said, and to form our opinion according to the evidence adduced. And, we may add, we propose to discuss the question from a liberal Democratic standpoint. We recognize the inherent equity of the advice that we should give even his Satanic Majesty what is justly his own, and therefore, *a fortiori*, Mr. Hayes can safely claim at our hands fair play.

In the outset it is necessary to the formation of a just opinion of Mr. Hayes' administration, that we bear in mind the condition of the country at the time of his inauguration. The Electoral Commission had decided in favor of the Republicans. Excitement was at fever heat. Rage and disappointment among the Democrats on the one hand, the flush of triumph and the characteristic insolence of the Republicans on the other. Never before had such an extraordinary tribunal presided over the rights of the people. A quarter of a million popular majority for one candidate, but the other one seated. It needed but a word to plunge the nation into a terrible war, which would have surpassed anything of the kind in the world's history, owing to the circumstances and relations of the opposing parties. That word was not given. The Democrats submitted to the decision of the tribunal. But the feelings which had been aroused were long in quieting, and when Mr. Hayes assumed the reins of government, the country was still turbulent, as the swell of the ocean after a great storm is fraught with danger to mariners, though the sky above is clear.

The first efforts of the President were devoted to bringing about a better condition of affairs in the Southern States. They had been deeply moved by their own complications as well as the Electoral excitement. Double care was thus necessary in handling the nice questions which were presented. Mr. Hayes, with great magnanimity and far-sightedness, recognized the Hampton Government in South Carolina, and the Nicholls Government in Louisiana, thus dealing a death-blow to radicalism and the carpet-bag system in those States. For this he has been censured by the ultra members of his own party,

but the more enlightened of the American people upheld him, and history will give him his just meed of praise for recognizing, at that critical moment, the necessity of a local self-government in those sections.

Mr. Hayes, in his letter of acceptance, enunciated several ideas as to the necessities of government, of which we will notice only two. The first, his civil-service reform plan, was a truly excellent one, for which there was ample cause, but which, unfortunately, was not based on an intimate acquaintance with the average U. S. official or on a knowledge of the necessities of the Ring. We are compelled to say that it was a decided failure. His plan of changing the length of the presidential term of office to six years, and making the incumbent ineligible for a second term, though not acted upon as yet, was more practical, and may yet receive the sanction of the American people.

Mr. Hayes has been associated with a Congress of a different political complexion during his whole term. It is very natural, therefore, that complications of a very serious nature have resulted. One of the most noticeable of these was that arising from the Federal Marshals bill, which he vetoed. It was then passed in another shape, but again vetoed. A third attempt was made by Congress with a bill in still another shape, but this also failed to meet the Executive approval. Congress then became obstinate, and there was some talk of refusing to make the necessary appropriations to the expenses of government. But this was not done, very fortunately, we think, for the Democrats, as they would, in all probability, have been "hoist on their own petard." We do not propose to discuss the merits of this bill, but only quote this instance to show a point in Mr. Hayes' character. He has been very much abused both by Democrats and Republicans for his so-called weakness. Judging, however, from this instance and others of like character, and remembering the fearful pressure brought to bear on our public men, we think this opinion harsh and ill-founded.

Another prominent event in the history of the last administration is the veto of the Chinese bill. This was supported with great zeal by the Pacific States. It met with favor in the Central-Western States, and also among the laboring classes of the East. Mr. Blaine espoused it with his usual enthusiasm, hoping to get up a little presidential wave in his own interest. The bill was past and went to the President. Before he announced his decision, he received numerous telegrams urging him to sign the bill, committees called on him in favor of it, and in other ways attempts were made to influence his opinion. But his convictions as to the injustice of the bill were superior to all these influences. The Chinese had allowed us to enter their ports, and had

the bill become a law, the spirit of the Burlingame treaty would have been violated, and the good faith which should exist between the two countries would have been broken. The bill was returned without his approval, and the opinion of the country has since ratified his action.

The foreign policy of the country for the last four years has been rather negative, that is, there has been no policy to speak of. Our relations with foreign nations have been in the main quiet, although the seizure and search of American vessels by Spanish cruisers rather disturbed the complacency of the people. The meekness with which the administration swallowed this affront was marvellous, although an exceedingly wry face followed the dose.

Perhaps, in the record of Mr. Hayes' administration, nothing will be more noticeable than the resumption of specie payments and the refunding of the national debt. Of course we do not pretend to attribute the credit of these great results to him. But Mr. Secretary Sherman, under whose auspices the incidental labor was carried onr was a member of Mr. Hayes' cabinet, and as historical facts, their accomplishment will hereafter be mentioned in connection with his administration.

We have thus gone over some of the leading events of the last four years. It has not been a brilliant period; we have to record no great accessions to our territory, nor any important diplomatic victories. But, on the other hand, we have had no blighting wars, no financial crises, no serious insurrections to impede our progress. Under such circumstances we have made real progress. If we had a temple of Janus it would have been closed during the whole of the last administration, as we have been at peace with all nations, with the exception of a few turbulent Indians, whose normal condition is one of warfare. United States bonds are at a high figure; the premium on gold has disappeared; the West is pouring its surplus bread-stuffs into hungry Europe; prices are good and trade is active. These are considerations which we cannot reject. Why should we not, therefore, conclude that we have had an excellent administration, and settle down to consult the material interests of the country, instead of vainly beating the air in furtherance of impossible schemes?

We firmly believe that Mr. Hayes has had the best interests of the country at heart, that he has conscientiously striven to do right, that he will be rewarded by the approbation of his countrymen irrespective of party, and that, to use the language of another, his administration will receive that rare and flattering tribute, "not splendid, but clean."

R. G. E.

SELF-RELIANCE.

It was Dr. Samuel Johnson who said that he owed all his success in life to the fact that he had confidence in his own powers. He thought for himself, acted for himself, and thus fought successfully the battles of life. Although he was forced, by want of means, to leave college without taking his degree, he did not give up in despair and act as if he thought that all was lost, but rather toiled on; feeling that he had the germ of a noble life within him, he was determined to develop it at any cost.

It was due to their self-reliance, as much as to anything else, that men have risen from the humble walks of life to positions of honor and influence. Such master minds as Hugh Miller, Ben Jonson, Robert Burns, and a host of others like them, worked their way up the hill of fame by fighting manfully alone. Feeling the fire of genius burning in their bosoms, they did not try to smother it, but trusting in their own strength they fanned it until it became a mighty flame. Though poor and unaided, with no friendly hand and encouraging smile, they accomplished what others with equal endowments and under far more propitious circumstances shrink from as an insuperable task. Sir Humphrey Davy said, "What I am I have made myself. I say this without vanity and in pure simplicity of heart." John Randolph said that while in college he was excelled in declamation, but at the same time he felt that he could excel his competitors in oratory, and hence this confidence in himself led him to cultivate that art for which he was afterwards so eminent. So great was Calhoun's self-reliance that he was heard to say while in college, that if he thought he would never be a member of Congress, he would leave college immediately. By which he clearly showed that he thought that it depends upon the man, and not circumstances, whether he succeeds or not. And it does not take a wise critic to detect self-reliance as a leading element of his nature in all after life.

It is nothing more than the lack of self-reliance that makes the school-boy say, when he meets with a problem somewhat tough, "I can't do it;" and if he yields to this unmanly quality, now that he is a boy, when a man the same cry will be heard, although he may be facing the most important problems of life. Thus he falls a victim to his weakness, falls with the complaint that he never was designed for such undertakings, that some one with richer endowments must perform the task. These are the men that are afraid to utter a new thought or advance a new idea, but pin their thoughts and opinions to those of others.

Leaders of thought and action, in all ages of the world, have been the men who did with their might what their hands found to do, without calling on Hercules for assistance. They believed that they could perform certain things, and this was almost a surety of success. A man must realize his ability to command an army before he can be a successful general, and in every pursuit of life a man must feel that he is master of the situation before he can succeed. The very fact that a man feels incompetent to perform a certain action, renders him incompetent. If a man cannot trust himself, he may be sure that no one else will trust him.

The distinguished Dr. Arnold strove to teach his pupils to rely upon themselves and develop their own powers. And in doing this he simply carried out the principle inculcated by every wise instructor. Every student should realize the value of independent thought. His education is incomplete without it.

Furthermore, the want of self-reliance gives rise to impromptitude in action. Men are afraid to advance, for fear they might fail. Gold is useless shut up in the bowels of the earth, and serviceable only when dug and refined. Just so it is with mental gifts. They will never profit the possessor if allowed to lie dormant. They are profitable to him only when he is conscious of their presence and uses them for some worthy purpose. Genius is useless, education vain, and talents thrown away unless the man who possesses them has the one thing needful—self-reliance. The man who feels that he can be something, accomplish something, is the very man that will have success. Of course a certain amount of brains is necessary under any circumstances in order for success, but it is a popular mistake to think that about two-thirds of mankind are born fools. It is not so much for lack of brains that a man does not become successful, but rather the lack of that confidence that will insure application. Men with brains is the rule, fools the exception. It must be borne in mind that extremes meet. There are about as many geniuses as there are fools. Self-reliance, with brains, makes a *genius*; self-reliance, without brains, makes a fool, or, in other words, *brass* and brains, make a *man*; *brass*, without brains, makes an ass. It bespeaks ruin for a young man when he forgets that "what man has done man can do," and disregards that best of maxims, "Every man is the architect of his own fortunes." CLICK.

They talked astronomy: "I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said, dreamingly. His heart beat tumultuously, and he asked, "and why?" "Oh," she said, with earnestness, "because then you would only come around once every fifteen hundred years."

ITALY.

No country on the globe offers so many and varied attractions as does Italy, the garden of the world, where Spring is eternal, where the violets and roses ever blossom, and where the brightness of a southern sun and the beauty of a cloudless sky never cease to charm. This is preëminently the land of passionate love and romantic adventures, of poetry, music and art. Here the untutored shepherd boy traces forms of beauty on the smooth stones as he tends his flock, and the peasant girl while winnowing the golden grain in the wind, sings with an almost angelic sweetness. Some one has well said that ruins form a link between God's works and man's, being in some sort likened to rocks and picturesque objects in nature, whilst retaining the associations of former animate life. All the hard lines are gone, and the roof of open heaven seems to connect the perishing materials of earth with the hopes of heaven. The fancy is suggestive, and nowhere do we see more beautiful illustrations of it than in Italy. Italy is a land of memories. The huge hull of many an amphitheatre takes us back to the days when Rome was in her grandeur, and a Cæsar or a Pompey led her legions, conquering and to conquer, far to the west and east. Many a moss covered tower which

"Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of the purple Apennine,"

tells of the day when every city and village was an independent state, and each petty prince an Ishmael. From the Waldensian valleys in the west, where in the midnight darkness of the middle ages, the pure light of gospel truth and faith never died out, to Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic" in the east, and from the snow tipped Alps in the north, to Mt. Etna, lightening "the deep Levantine sea" in the south, every town and hamlet, and each majestic river and silent woodland dell is the site of some great battle, the birth-place of some great man, or the possessor of the bones and relics of some great saint. Language is far too weak to describe the scenery of Italy, which has made the poets of all ages and climes burst forth in beautiful songs. The traveller reaching Italy from Switzerland, enjoys a most delightful transition. In the early morning he is surrounded by eternal snow and ice, and shudders as the Alpine winds howl through the deep ravines. By evening the vegetation is almost tropical, and the air, like that of balmy spring. The tall mountains rise from a beautiful lake whose deep placid waters ripple round green islets. The villas and villages on its shores glisten through the thick umbrage, and grapes, and figs, and oranges, and lemons, grow luxuriantly up the

hill-side, while from the distant campanile, there comes, as the day begins to fall, the sweet chiming of the vesper bells. Borne upward by the soft strains, a wandering wind catches and wafts us away to Venice. Venice,

“I loved her from my boyhood, she to me
Was a fairy city of the heart,
Rising like water columns from the sea,
Of joy the sojourn and of wealth the mart.”

This is the city without a counterpart, where repose and beauty hold eternal sway. The poetic gondola glides along like a thing of life, through streets of marble palaces, by churches with gilded domes and tall towers, under the Rialto where old Shylock trafficked, and the “Bridge of Sighs” leading from palace halls to dungeon cells. Her Council of Ten and her doges are gone; her argosies and her fleets; her days of festivity and carnival, but Venice is still the “pearl of Italy” and even to-day, in the evening of her splendor and glory, delights and fascinates by a mysterious but all prevading charm.

Far down in the peninsula is Naples, so rich in wonderful momories and surrounded by Nature’s most beautiful workmanship. Stern Vesuvius, always smoking, keeps guard over the great city, the blue bay, the pretty islands, but Herculaneum and Pompei from under their winding sheet of lava forever upbraid him for his treachery. Sorrento and the Blue Grotto delight us, and Pozzuoli and Lake Avernus remind us of St. Paul and Virgil and Æneas. Through the magic influence of a pellucid atmosphere and a warm southern sun, prevading all objects of nature and art.

“There’s a beauty forever unchangingly bright,
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer day’s light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
’Till love falls asleep, in the sameness of splendor.”

Italy has given to the world a host of great men, who have in their several spheres been leaders, and who have left monuments more lasting than those of wood and stone. We can only mention a few, Genoa, “the Proud,” send forth the dauntless and intrepid Columbus to convince Kings and Queens, to overcome difficulties, to venture out into the mysterious and unknown expanse of Western waters, and at last to discover a great continent. The world must thank Italy for Galileo, who wandering in the old Pisan cathedrel discovered the principle of the pendulum, who invented the telescope, thus opening a world of wonders in the galaxy of twinkling stars, and who in his old age appeared before the Roman Inquisition to demonstrate the truth of the system of Copernicus, and to suffer imprisonment and chains because of his belief. In the very year that Galileo died, Newton was

born, upon whom the "prophet's mantle" fell, but I fear that the ghost of the great Pisan astronomer must wander restlessly around our city, when one of our fellow-citizens with thundering eloquence declares and with undoubted logic *proves* that the "sun do move."

Can we think of Italy without remembering the graceful youth with girlish face and long ringlets, whom the world has united in crowning king over all the painters of the ages? All the pictures of Raphael are so full of warm sympathetic love that they touch a common chord in every heart, and remain the glory and delight of a lifetime. His female faces are especially beautiful. Study his celebrated picture in the gallery of the old famous University town of Bologna. See St. Cecilia as with her holy friends she listens to music from a heavenly choir. Their poor earthly instruments lie broken at their feet, and with upturned faces, all radiant with rapture and joy, they hear the songs of seraphim and cherubim. To all of us there come sometimes like the sweet songs of angels, divine inspirations and God given resolves, and oh how blessed if we can but make real these purposes and desires, which are indeed whisperings from heaven. Almost every collection in Europe has some painting by Raphael, and with here and there an exception, they are fit for the abode of angels, and yet he died at the early age of 37. His genius was great, but his industry was greater. Let us but imitate his example and work, work faithfully and perseveringly, and our lives will, *must* end in success, no less certainly than did his.

Florence, the city of flowers, the capitol of smiling Tuscany, and the abode of the proud Medici, claims great Dante as her son. He sung of the unseen world, and in verses that can never die minutely described the things in hell, purgatory and paradise, which his wonderful imagination made so real to him. He opposed the errors of the times, and sought to give liberty to his native city, only to be ungratefully banished. Dante,

"Thy sacred song is like the trump of doom,
Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows, as in the skies
The tender stars their clouded lamps relume."

"Italy was still abandoned to its passions," and Lorenzo de Medici was at the height of his tyrannical rule, when Savonarola, the priest and patriot, the preacher and reformer, appeared in Florence. His soul reminding us by his boldness, his ascetic life and his impassionate eloquence, of John the Baptist, burned with holy wrath and indignation as he saw corruption and oppression everywhere. With the Bible as his authority, he poured out lava-like streams of fearful truth, making his vast audiences tremble and quake as they heard their sins

denounced. "He smote vice with whips of steel," and caused Lorenzo and the Pope to shudder on their thrones. He succeeded in bringing about many valuable revolutions, but, as often happened in the days of old Rome, the people rose up against their benefactor and demanded his death. He was excommunicated, tortured and burned, for having been a pious patriot seeking to bring to his native land the priceless boon of religious and political liberty.

But is the glory of Italy only of the past? In this last quarter of the Nineteenth Century we care not for dreamy fancies and poetic memories; give us stern prosaic facts of to-day. Alas, Italy is not now what she has been. For centuries Catholicism has been destroying those vital principles of true manhood and patriotism which form the basis of every country's greatness. She has been under a foreign rule, and her power has been lessened by want of unity of government. A bright day began to dawn, however, both as regards politics and religion, when Mazzini and Garibaldi commenced to labor for liberty, and when the great masses of the people began to realize the importance and value of that blessing so long withheld. In 1859, the oppressive Austrian yoke was thrown off after years of bloody conflict, and Victor Emmanuel became King of all the Italian States save Rome and Naples. During the next year, Naples and Sicily revolted and became parts of the kingdom of Italy, and in September, 1870, Garibaldi overcame the last obstacle to the unification of Italy, as he battered down the walls of papal Rome and entered "Parta Pia" at the head of an army of patriots. Thus once more the "city of the Cæsars" is the capital of Italy, and religious liberty and freedom, the very thing for which Dante contended and Savonarola died are obtained at last. The light is coming in fast, and soon the noontide glory of the day of liberty will be at hand, and beautiful Italy, rich in resources and strong in brave men, will retake her place in the sisterhood of nations, and from the whole people will go up a prayer to the God of truth and right:—

"Oh make thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, and justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw,
The safe guards of thy righteous law,
And cast in some diviner mold,
Let the new cycle shame the old."

THETA.

"I say, ma'am," said a man on a country road, "did you see a bicycle pass here just now?" "No, I didn't see any kind of a sickle, mister; but just now I seed a wagon-wheel runnin' away with a pair of legs and a linen collar. You can believe it or not. I wouldn't if I hadn't seed it myself."—*Ex.*

“UNSTABLE AS WATER, THOU SHALT NOT EXCEL.”

Leaving out the considerations of its spiritual nature and divine origin, the Bible is acknowledged to be the best book that was ever written. The truth of its teachings forces itself upon the conviction of the infidel, as well as upon the heart of the Christian. Nor is it limited in its application. It is not a guide exclusively for the rich, nor exclusively for the poor, but for all men, alike for the prince and peasant. This being so, I cannot be accused of affectation or impropriety in drawing from this great storehouse, the words that head this article, “Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.”

The circumstances, as related in the Bible, under which they were uttered, are so interesting, that they are remembered by all. When the old patriarch, Jacob, felt that his end was approaching, he called his sons to him, to bless them. These are the words that he spoke to Reuben, his eldest born. The simile is a beautiful one. Unstable as water. What could better express instability, what more changeable than water? We often see a lake, with its surface so smooth and even, that it seems a sheet of glass reflecting the sunlight. Soon a breeze springs up, so light that we would not know of it, did we not see the ripples ruffling what was just then the glassy surface of the lake, or did we not hear the wavelets playing along the shore. But the breeze grows stronger and soon a storm is raging. The little wavelets become mighty billows, and woe to the fisherman who, tempted by the quiet water, has his craft a long way from shore! The simile then means, like water, changeable, without fixedness, unstable thou shalt not excel.

These words were addressed to Reuben, and be it said, the history of Reuben verified their truth. But we need not go back to the days of Reuben to find an illustration of them. All along, men of talent have been repeating the same truth by the examples of their failures.

We see in our own day many of whom great expectations are formed, never to be realized, not because they are wanting in eminent abilities, but because like Reuben they are “unstable as water.” I do not mean to disdain genius, or natural gifts of any kind, for every great movement of civilization, every great event in the history of the world, has been by the direct workings of genius, but I mean to say that such qualities, genius and talent as they are usually termed, unless they are coupled with energy, can do nothing that will result in any permanent good. The talent that is not employed, or only shows itself in spasmodic efforts, or is first turned in this direction and then in that, is worse than no talent at all. It is strange, yet true, that

many, and especially many among college students, seem to despise the resolution and determination of some who are not willing to turn aside from work because it is hard. Their only commendation of success that is acquired by unremitted energy is, "well they had to work hard for it," and this is meant more for a sneer than praise. Talent may dazzle us, like the meteor that darts across the sky, or like the electric flash, that suddenly makes night as bright as day and then as suddenly disappears, leaving the darkness darker still. It may furnish us an object of wonder, but we should remember that after all, the determination that turns the tread-mill of our daily existence is probably more worthy of our admiration. Better with a mind that knows not to wander, with horned hands and sunburnt face, dig in mother earth for a living, than waste in fitful efforts, or glorious though useless achievements, the brightest talent with which nature ever endowed man.

But although stability is so necessary in sustaining the courage of man in the performance of duty, although without stability of purpose success is not attainable, there is a respect in which stability is still more necessary. It is stability in adhering to convictions of right, however trying the circumstances may be. This is hard to be appreciated in these days, when the utilitarian principles of Franklin are so deeply imbedded in the popular mind. The old proverb "right is might," is transferred to "might is right," and whatever means are employed with might as its end are sanctioned without hesitation. Wherever riches or power are, approbation of the world is bestowed. If a concurrence of fortuitous circumstances attend a man, his actions are not questioned, but let some man fall in unselfish devotion to right and the vultures of suspicion are at once set upon him. It need not be said that success should not be the standard by which to direct our actions. If it were true that considerations of expediency might withdraw our allegiance from the right and our interests be promoted thereby, we would not be justified in doing so. But it is not true that such withdrawal can promote our interests. The instructive principle, of right implanted in our bosoms by Divine goodness, affords us the best guide, both from a practical and moral standpoint. It is strange that one or two specious examples of success gained by cunning and craftiness, should have more weight than the whole history of the world.

A traveller, in a country with which he is unacquainted, when night begins to fall, in order to save time, often leaves the safe road for a short cut. For his imprudence he is soon led into some marsh, or lost in the darkness of the forest. So many men seeing any object to be gained, or any pleasure to be gratified will resort to means that do

not lie in the path of right. It may be pleasant for awhile, but the way will soon become uncertain. The paths seem to lead in every direction. He has no longer anything to guide him. Let us then take right for our guide, "turning neither to the right nor to the left." Amos Lawrence said, when asked for advice. "Young man, base all your actions on a principle of right, preserve your integrity of character, and in doing so never reckon the cost." We should not at any cost sacrifice our integrity. That virtue is rewarded we have the strongest reasons for believing, but that there are times when deviation from virtue secures any permanent advantage is entirely conjectural.

However wise we cannot pry into the future, we cannot measure the results of our actions. Our character then is worth too much to be hazarded.

What by duty's voice is bidden, there where duty's star may guide,
Thither follow, that accomplish, whatsoever else betide.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The editors were informed a few days since that the *Messenger* was dead, but after holding their inquest found that it was only "dangerously ill." It needs attention and better nursing. We have, therefore, thought it best to ask the attention and seek the assistance of our fellow-students, and hence these remarks. The students either failed to read our last editorial, or have forgotten we said "that the *Messenger* was exactly what the students make it." As things are at present, we can safely judge that they would make it *nothing whatever*, and that they rely upon the editors to make it just what they can or may. We expected to receive the aid and assistance of the students, but we have failed in our expectations. We had no idea that we would have the burdens to bear. Our college duties will not allow us to give the paper our undivided attention, and if they did, are we expected to give the same? Have we not the right to expect and demand the assistance of our fellow-students? To a few the burden is heavy; to all it would be comparatively light and easy. We are willing to do our duty. Is more expected? We are pained to know that the average student manifests such little interest in the paper. We are surprised that all are neither willing to aid in supporting nor in conducting the paper. The societies give a prize for the best contribution to the paper during the session. Where are the contestants? Are

there none? If there is, why remain longer idle? The *Messenger* needs your contributions. Why keep it longer waiting? It is not our part, but the students, to write the articles for the literary department. We have other duties. Students, this is a serious subject. The existence or non-existence of the *Messenger* depends upon your efforts. If the *Messenger* fails, if it is even issued later than it should be, remember you have no right to complain. Censure yourselves, and remember that the fault is yours. We do not wish to say more. We have given you warning. We notify you that you must come to the rescue, or else when we hold our next inquest we will find that the *Messenger* has actually died in want, and for lack of attention. Be inactive no longer. Manifest due interest in the paper, do your duty and the *Messenger* will prosper.

Alas for the transitory character of earthly glory! The brutal assassination of our esteemed friend, the Czar, fills us with apprehension. The feelings which actuated this direful deed are, sad to say, common to men everywhere. We are painfully conscious that we, too, have enemies who are jealous of the heights of fame to which we have attained, and would gladly hurl us from the dizzy eminence of the editorial chair. And then, to add to our misfortunes, our "fighting editor," for reasons best known to himself, suddenly sought the shelter of his bed and cannot be persuaded to leave it. We have, however, engaged the services of "Zulu" for our defence, and woe to the unlucky wight who dares to touch us.

We wish, with all the emphasis we are capable of, to propound a question, which has been asked us three hundred and forty-seven times since the first of March. *What has become of the Richmond College base-ball club?* As we go down town we are besieged by every boy who has ever seen a match—from the little urchin, who smites your shin with his five-cent ball, to the ambitious catcher, who "muffs" his foul "tip." The season is already far advanced and nothing has yet been done towards organizing the College club. True it is rather discouraging that nearly all of our first nine, of last session, failed to return, yet we believe that we have men who, with sufficient practice, will be able to take the vacant places. At any rate let the effort be made. Let a meeting of the students be called at once, and measures inaugurated which will give us a nine worthy to represent us in our annual contests with the Randolph-Macon boys. We hear that our neighbors have every prospect for a fine nine, and we beg the students of '80-'81, by the memory of our decisive victory last session, to be up and doing.

We beg the indulgence of our readers for the late appearance of the *Messenger* this month, but two of our colleagues, Messrs. Holland and Powers, have been quite sick, thus throwing their work upon us. We promise to do better next month, but unless our fellow-students will support us by contributions, promptly handed in, we will be voted "repudiators" of our promises.

We are always loth to criticise the conduct of a fellow-student, but "necessity knows no law," and we must yield to the inevitable.

We will first state the case, and then leave it to the unbiased judgment of our readers.

One of the greatest sources of pleasure in our student life, is to gaze with rapture upon the young ladies who come out to visit the college, the museum, and the—*professors, of course*. The English language, with all of its wealth of vocabulary, is inadequate to express the feelings inspired by the presence of these fair ones. We greet them as they break in upon the dull monotony of our college world, as do the thirsty travelers when they see oases in the desert. We summon the young ladies of Richmond as witnesses to the above. Well, then, be it known, that a certain student (we will not publish his name now) has been crossed in love, in common parlance "his girl has gone back on him." Taking a solitary walk towards Keil's, he meditated upon the mutability of terrestrial affairs, and had about resolved to commit suicide, but just then a wave of patriotism swept over his breast and he realized what an irreparable loss his death would be to his country; he saw the Palmetto trees of his native State sadly bow, dreading the misfortune which was threatening the land. Filled with pity for his native land, he sadly relinquished his purpose and resolved that he would free his State from oppression and bad government, and returning, would run for the position of *county jailer!* But then he remembered the terrible shock given him by the dainty pedal of his sweetheart, and moved by a spirit from below, swore that every student should experience the feeling which filled his soul with sorrow and robbed his classic features of their wonted sweetness. And so, knowing that our city was already stirred up on the subject of small-pox, he wickedly hung from his window a conventional small-pox flag; of course the students paid no attention to it, for since his misfortune they have long ceased to regard with wonder anything that —— did, and only supposed that his disease had broken out in a fresh place. But there were not wanting people in town to exaggerate the truth, and so need we tell the result? Need we harrow up our souls by depicting our misery? The young ladies have ceased to come, and though we watch these beautiful evenings to their close, no refreshing

view of smiling "*Calico*" greets our weary optics. True, the College Postman is now weighed down with his load, like Bunyan's pilgrim, but

"O for the touch of a vanished hand."

We leave the case now with our readers. What shall we do with the wretch who is gloating over our misery?

We take the following from *The College Mirror*, published by the young ladies of Greenville (S. C.) Female College (the motto of this paper is "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear"):

"It is indeed with sadness that we pen it, unutterable sorrow wells up in our soul as we think of it, but the truth must be told *Our Poet Laureate has the measles!* Oh! most unpoetic of diseases, why did you attack our nascent Byron just as he was endeavoring to get in the first 'Ode to Spring?' But our P. L.'s greatest annoyance is, that though he earnestly desires to relate his misfortunes to his 'Angelina,' he has not yet succeeded in getting a word to rhyme with *measles*. He has laboriously scanned Webster, Leverett, Liddell and Scott, Spiers and Surene, and Addler, but in vain. Any reader who has 'the quality of mercy' in his heart will please forward the desired word to us C. O. D., and our genius may recover.

"P. S.—Since writing the above, *weasels* has been suggested."—*Richmond College Messenger*.

"We would suggest the following as the opening stanza of his poem:

Dear Angelina, I've the measles!
Your sympathy I do implore;
If laid upon a bed of teasels,
I'd surely not be tortured more.

Or perhaps he would find the following form more poetic and expressive:

Dear Angelina, I've the measles,
As thick as prickles upon teasels
Or scales on fish, they spread me o'er,
Your sympathy I do implore.

We think *teasels* a decidedly better word than *weasels*. The analogy between *measles* and *teasels* is far more striking than between *measles* and *weasels*.

We make no charge for this aid; our deep sympathy for the young man has so enlarged our generosity that we offer it gratis."

After reading the above our Poet Laureate handed us the following:

POETRY AND THE MEASLES.

Oh thou, to whom my sickness gave
 "Unutterable" pain,
 Go tell my sympathetic friends
 That I am well again.

Yes, I can say that I am well,
 Although I was amazed
 At how I looked when first mine eyes
 Into the *Mirror* gazed.

I first beheld a shining "*Blade*,"
 It smote me on the "*Ear*,"
 And by its gentle stroke it made,
 This brief reply appear.

Due to that graceful "gratis" stroke,
 My Angelina's eyes
 Will on a little poem rest
 With gratified surprise.

That cultivated Editress,
 Does not admire "*weasles*,"
 But kindly sends another word,
 Quite similar to measles.

I thank the *Mirror* for the aid,
 Afforded by the "*teasels*,"
 And for the matchless skill displayed
 In rhyming it with measles.

P. L.

LOCALS.

Gough.

Been vaccinated?

Did it take?

Our P. L. is well again—see poem.

Sen. Math. men have had their examination. Our congratulations.

Mr. X. (with cane and gloves): "Say, boys, '*by faith*' let's go walking down Broad."

Y: "All right, '*by gun*,' I'll set up to caramels."

Z: "Come on, then, if that's the case, I'll go, too, *I grab*."

Required X., Y. and Z. Solutions received till our next issue.

Mr. Washington, after recovering from the measles, has gone home to recuperate. We hope he will soon be entirely well.

During the session of the Mu Sig. society the other night, while Mr. R., of Richmond, was midway in a brilliant "Curl," the gas suddenly lowered and then went entirely out, thus leaving the society in total darkness. A committee immediately went out and gave us light again, and when order was restored, a gentleman wishing to provide for future exigencies, moved that if our light again fails us, that the society request M. R., of S. C., to furnish us with *gas*. The chair, however, fearing a superfluity of the article, promptly ruled the motion out of order.

We tender our unfeigned sympathy to "*Baby*" in his trouble. We have noticed with concern how he has been wasting away for the past week, and hope that he may be relieved.

We will state for the benefit of our readers, that "*Baby* came across the name of a gentleman in Plautus and attempted to pronounce it, hence his indisposition. Here it is, but we warn our readers against a similar indiscretion, lest they pay the penalty with a case of lock-jaw.

Thesaurochrysonicochrysidēs.

At the last meeting of the Philologian society, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term :

Final President,	-	E. E. HOLLAND, Nansemond county.
Term President,	-	J. E. COURTNEY, King and Queen county.
Vice-President,	-	C. W. BROOKS, Fauquier county.
Recording Secretary,		J. B. WILLIAMS, Campbell county.
Corresponding Secretary,		J. L. KING, Halifax county.
Treasurer,	-	A. J. MONTAGUE, Middlesex county.
Librarian,	-	J. H. PEARCY, Pittsylvania county.
Critic,	-	E. F. SETTLE, Culpeper county.
Censor,	-	V. LEE FOWKES, Nottaway county.
Chaplain,	-	G. W. QUICK, Loudoun county.
Sergeant-at-Arms,	-	J. CAMPBELL SPOTTS, Richmond.
Editors <i>Messenger</i> ,	-	{ R. H. GARNETT, King and Queen. W. J. E. COX, Richmond city.

Board of Publication of *Messenger*, Messrs. J. B. WILLIAMS, R. L. TRAYLOR, and J. C. SPOTTS.

Our distinguished Professor of Physics, Prof. Chas. H. Winston, has been delivering during the past month a series of lectures, at Mozart Hall, on "Geology at Home or Rocks Around Richmond."

The pleasure which the people of Richmond derived from these lectures, is attested by the large audiences always in attendance. The Professor has a great talent for making his lectures highly enjoyable, and at the same time very instructive. The subject of the first lecture after the introductory one was "Quartz," and the next was on "Old King Coal." Many of our students have availed themselves of the privilege of attending the course, and express themselves as delighted. This series is considered as even equal to that which the Professor delivered last year on "Astronomy." We look forward with pleasure to the lectures which are yet to follow.

We are constantly boasting that we live in the "full blaze of the Nineteenth Century," that knowledge is more widely diffused than ever before, that our college is radiating her benign influences in every direction &c., &c., but hide your diminished heads, oh! ye boasters! and mark the following:

One of the most intelligent ladies of our acquaintance after reading an ode dedicated to "*Jack*" in a certain college paper, innocently asked which one of the Professors was called "*Jack*." She was duly informed that "*Jack*" was the name of a "*Pony*," whereupon a Richmond youth near by, brightening up, remembered that he had often seen "*Jack*" cropping the grass on the Campus. We were about to organize "a Society for the Spread of Useful Information," but remembering the old adage "where ignorance is bliss" &c., we desisted.

PERSONALS.

Hon. S. B. Witt has recently been chosen by Judge Geo. L. Christian to fill the unexpired term of Commonwealth's Attorney, for the City of Richmond. We congratulate our distinguished alumnus on this new distinction he has won.

Tim Rives, B. L., '78-'79, is superintendent of public schools of Prince George county, Va. We were glad to see him on our Campus a day or two since.

W. C. Biting, M. A., '76-'77, has just accepted the call to the Luray Baptist church, Va. We hear glowing reports of his ability and prosperity as a preacher, and we congratulate him on the wide field of usefulness which he is now entering.

Wm. G. Carpenter, '76-'77, is with A. W. Garber, of this city.

Jno. J. Clopton, '78-'79, is at the Episcopal Theological Seminary, near Alexandria, Va.

Jno. M. Price, ("Boreas") '76-'77, is selling overcoats, collar-buttons, &c., at McAdams & Berry's fine establishment in this city.

Walter D. McCaw, '79-'80, is attending lectures at the Richmond Medical College. May his success be as marked as that of his distinguished father.

J. Henning Nelms, B. L., '79-'80, gratified his many Richmond friends by a visit a few days ago. He is practicing his profession at his home in Smithfield, Va.

Old fellow have you forgotten that Q. Z.?

W. Wallace Woodward, '73-'74, is succeeding admirably at the law, at his home in Middlesex county, Va.

We retain grateful recollections of his kindness to us last Summer.

R. R. Acree, '73-'74, is pastor of the Second Baptist church, Lynchburg, Va.

EXCHANGES.

The *North-Western* for February is a good number. We enjoyed reading the article on Enthusiasm, which is written in a clear and impressive style. The local column also is quite full and is well conducted.

On taking up the *Belatrasco* and noticing an article headed "Christopher Marlowe, Dramatist and Poet," we looked for a literary treat, but alas! we were disappointed. The writer begins by attacking Dr. Samuel Johnson for his "dogmatic assertion" about the neglected condition in which Shakspeare found the stage when he began to write. But unprofited by the error of the lexicographer, he soon becomes as "dogmatic" in his assertions as Dr. Johnson. And, with the greatest confidence in himself, tells us which is the best of Marlowe's works, adding however, that he "can only point the way to a comparatively unknown field of literature, with the assurance that it will amply repay the student."

We are glad to see the *Hanoverian* again. It contains several good articles, but we infer from one of its editorials that its literary column is given up to the alumni. We do not approve of this, for although the paper might be improved by this means, yet, at the same time the main object of the paper is to some extent defeated, for we think that the main object of a College journal

should be to furnish to the students of the College, a means of improvement in composition, though, of course letters from alumni ought to find a place sometimes. The *Hanoverian* has an editorial on the plan of coeducation which has recently been adopted in Hanover College. After its observation of the workings of the system thus far, it is well pleased and heartily approves of it.

We have received the *Photophene* which comes from Mississippi University, and is, we suppose, the successor of the *Mississippi University Magazine*, which was an excellent magazine. We are disappointed in the change. The form of the *Photophene* is not convenient nor are the articles so good as we would expect from so large a University as that from which the *Photophene* comes. We shall expect improvement next time.

The editors of the *College Index* display good taste in the management of their paper. The editorials are well written, and the rest of the space is very agreeably divided between Locals, Personals, Literary articles, &c. Among the latter is one headed "Samuel Butler and his Poetry," which we consider very good. The writer is particularly happy in his quotations.

"We would ask the editors of the *Richmond College Messenger* whether their paper is meant to be a high art journal or one published to interest their patrons. Six pages of editorials, so-called locals and personals constitute the sole matter which would be of much interest to the students. Out of twenty-seven pages this seems to be a very unequal proportion. If the paper is meant as a means of improvement in essay writing then drop your locals, etc., altogether, but if its aim is to interest the students then give more space to matters of local interest."

The above is taken from the *Wabash*. We are sure that we know what idea the *Wabash* intends to convey by the words "high art journal," but as we understand their meaning we see no possible inconsistency in making the *Messenger* "a high art journal," and at the same time one which would be of interest to our readers. We would be glad to deserve the title. We know nothing about the students of Wabash College, but we are sure that our "editorials and so-called locals, &c., do not constitute the sole matter which would be of interest to "our students." And if the students of Wabash are interested in nothing but the "editorials," &c., which we find in the *Wabash*, then we can only say that while we approve of the perseverance and self-sacrifice which they exhibit, we do not at all admire their taste. However, if the entire absence of literary merit is a recommendation to them, then they would do well

to prolong the term of office of their present corps of editors, and thus be assured of the certain success of their paper.

No, Mr. *Wabash*, we prefer neither to drop our locals entirely nor to give up our whole space to them.

We are very much pleased with the February number of the *Central Collegian*. It has quite a number of very interesting articles. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" is specially good. The article on "Ambition" also, is good. We agree with the writer in taking issue with the poet in saying that "'Tis a glorious cheat" whose reward is "At best a name."

We have received the *Buchanan Democrat* of which J. W. Boyd, an old Mu Sig, is editor. We are glad to put it on our exchange list, and hope it will be a regular visitor.

We have received, also, the *Valley Farmer*, published at Staunton, Virginia, and devoted to "live stock, poultry and farming interests."

We will acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: Hamilton College Monthly; 'Varsity; Alma Mater; Presbyterian College Journal, N. C.; Educational Journal; Lariat Gynetrophian Album; College Message; Seminarian; Va. University Magazine; Georgetown College Journal; Ripon College News Letter; Illustrated Christian Weekly; Lutherville Seminarian; Mexia Weekly Ledger; Oracle; Academy Journal, Normal News; College Journal (Milton, Wis.); Archangel; Undergraduate; University Quarterly; Randolph Macon Monthly; Lassell Leaves; Reveille Beacon; Calliopean Clarion; Philosophian Review; Portfolio; Ariel; Critic; Sibyl; Clionian Monthly; College Record, and The Album.

CLIPPINGS.

A French gentleman, who supposed he had mastered the English language, was sadly puzzled one day when a friend looked at him and said: "How do you do?" "Do wat?" "I mean how do you find yourself?" "Sair, I never looses myself." "But how do you feel?" Smooth—you just feel me."—*Ex.*

"Did you break that window, boy?" said a grocer catching hold of the fleeing urchin. "Yes, sir."—"What d'ye mean by running off in that manner?" "Please, sir, I was running home to get the money, I was afraid if I didn't run quick I might forget it." And with that he skipped around the corner. He doubtless found his way

home, but he probably lost his way coming back. The grocer still waits and watches.—*College Message.*

PREX.—“What can you say of this kind of memory.

Senior.— — —

Prex.—“Passing over the point we take up the example given in the book.”

Senior.— — —

Prex.—“But this is an unimportant point. You may state the underlying principle.”

Senior.— — —

Prex.—“Let me put the question in another form. There is the representing and recognizing element, is there not?”

Senior.—“Yes sir.”

Prex.—“That is right. It is as you have said.”—*Yale News.*

An Irishman on being asked why there was no record or trace of any of his race being in Noah's Ark, replied that all his countrymen at that time were rich and had boats of their own.—*Clionian Monthly.*

A London cabman called out after a smart, dapper, little gentleman, who affects particularly large hats, “Come out of that hat, will yer? I know yer are in it, for I see yer feet.”—*Ex.*

SCENE:—A Railway Terminus, Suburban Branch.

Ticket Collector to City Gent: “Ticket please?”

City Gent: “Season.”

T. C.: “Must see it, please sir.”

C. G.: “Look here, ‘I've travelled on this line for the last five years. My face is my season ticket now, and you ought to know me.’”

T. C.: “Beg pardon sir, but I must see your season ticket.”

C. G. (waxing wrath): “I tell you my face is my season ticket and you ought to know me.”

T. C. (grinning): “Very sorry, sir, if that's the case, 'cause w've had strict orders this morning to *punch* all season tickets.” (Collapse of City Gent.)—*Varsity.*

It was at the Island, and it happened in this way: He said to Spot, “There's no hurry; my landlady has given me a latch-key.”

“So has mine,” said Spot. “I carry it here,” producing the implement from the lining of his hat, “because my tailor has made my new clothes with ventilators in the pockets.”

“What a place to keep it,” returned he. “Let me take care of it for you.”

“Don't forget to give it back to me when we separate.”

“No fear.”

And he did not forget he had the key, but somehow, after a hard day's finding out information for the paper, neither he nor Spot could distinctly tell one key from the other. So they had to toss up, and, of course, got hold of the wrong ones, and both arrived at this office in a most dilapidated condition next morning, having wandered about all night looking for each other.—*Exchange*.

“Sir,” thundered the irate Professor, as his right hand described a parabola in the air, and his eye shot a double-ordinate of wrath straight through the focus of the offending Sophomore, “Sir, how shall I characterize such a definition of the hyperbola as you have just given me?” “I think,” meekly responded the wretched Sophomore, convulsively twining his legs around the subtangent of the chair, “I think I should call it hyperbolical.” “No, sir!” came the crushing reply, “it is simply diabolical?” And then the stern features of the arbiter of fate relaxed, as he eliminated his victim from the chair, and described the circumference of a British duck's egg in the register.—*Ex*.

Our learned Professor of Math. indulges in no such behavior as the above, but on similar occasions contents himself with describing a diminutive *Circle* in a well known little book.

Scene, third division, recitation in Demosthenes—Tutor: “Mr. X., you may read on!” Mr. X. reads on fluently, to the great surprise of the division. Tutor, smiling: “Excuse me, your language is extremely good, but your translation is that of an *entirely different text*.” Mr. X. blushes, inwardly curses the horse, and takes his seat. Division woods up.—*Ex*.

He opened the door cautiously, and poking in his head in a suggestive sort of way, as if there was more to follow, inquired, “Is this the editorial rinktum?” “The what, my friend?” “Is this the rinktum, sinktum, sanctum, or some such place, where the editors live?” “This is the editorial room—yes, sir; come in.” “I wanted to see what a rinktum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good-day.”—*Scholastic*.

Herbert Spencer, Jr., sends us the following: Speaking of dyplocynodos, which favor the theory of co-ordinate primates, he adds, “edentulous parietal sympysis is characterized by a punctiform hypapohysis, but is fused together into a crescentoid capitulum, intercalated abnormally; whence it plainly appears that there is but one taxonomic solution to the difficulty, and that is an hypothesis recognizing the noninterchangibility of homogeneous relations.” He still lives.—*The Haverfordian*.

THE NAUGHTY GREEK GIRL.

Miss *Alpha*, though she led her class,
 Was yet a most unlovely lass ;
 She had a little sister—*Theta*,
 And she would often bang and *beta*,
 And push and pinch, and pound and pelt her,
 And many a heavy blow she *delta* ;
 So that the kitten e'en would *mu*,
 When *Theta's* sufferings she *nu*.

This *Alpha* was so bad to *Theta*,
 That every time she chanced to meet her,
 She looked as though she longed to *eta* ;
 And oft against the wall she jammed her,
 And oft she took a stick and *lamda* ;
 And for the pain and tears she brought her,
 She pitied her not one *iota*,
 But with a sly and wicked eye,
 Would only say, " Oh, fiddle, *phi* ! "

Then *Theta* cried with noisy clamor,
 And ran and told her grief to *Gamma*,
 And *Gamma*, with a pitying *psi*,
 Would give the little girl some *pi* ;
 And say, " Now darling mustn't *chi*.
 Two Irish lads, of ruddy cheek,
 Were living just across the creek,
 Their names, Omicron and Omega,
 The one was small the other bigger.

For *Alpha*, so demure and *striking*,
 Omega took an ardent liking ;
 And Mike, when first he chanced to meet her,
 Fell deep in love with little *Theta* ;
 And oft at eve the boys would go,
 And on the pleasant water *rho*.

So when the little, hapless *Theta*,
Nu Alpha was about to *beta*,
 She down upon the bank would *zeta*,
 And cry aloud and shout like fun,
 " Run, Mike ! run, Mikey ! Omicron ! !

MORAL.

Have you a sister ? Do not beat her,
 As *Alpha* did her sister *Theta*.

—The Album.