LILIES—THE ANNUNCIATION.

Lilies, standing whitely
All day in your places,
Lilting Heavenward straitly,
Holy, nun-like faces;
Kneeling here beside ye,
Lean ye low, and hide me;—
So they who gaze from Heaven’s casement
May see you only—pure and sweet;
Not the earth stained, wounded creature,
Cowering at your feet.

Oh! I hear you whisper
To the leaning angels;
Softest breezes bring you
Answering Evangels,
Sweep your long leaves lightly,
Lilies standing whitely!—
So, I think, the spotless people,
Moving by the tranquil springs,
Softly stir the radiant ether
With their pulsing wings.

When the sinless maiden
In the grand old limning,
Hears from out the Glory
Angel voices hymning,
"Hail, thou Holy mother,
Blest above all other!"
Thrilled and filled with wordless wonder,
Far uplifted, mute she stands;
Greenly robed, with pearly lilies
Loosely clasped in pearly hands.
How they gleam! those lilies,
In the mellow brightness,
How the curled petals
Radiate with whiteness!
Rings the wild Hosanna
Through the broad arcana.
And the maiden, standing dumbly—
Hears the swelling anthems roll,
Till her face shines as the lilies,
With the music of her soul.

So it is, the lilies,
Still upon their faces,
Wear sweet gleams and glimpses
Of the Heavenly places!
So ye shine and shimmer,
Glow, and glance, and glimmer,
Oh! my lilies whitely standing!
In the sun drift broad and bright,
Memories of the great Shekinah
Stir and sweep you into light.

When I come to-morrow,
Oh! my Queen of flowers!
Shall I miss your sweetness
From these banks and bowers?
Not to see you ever!
Till by some clear river,
I shall find you, ghostlike,
Watered by the shadowy tide;
I, as pale, as pure as you are,
More than you, beatified.

Up the opal Heavens
Creeps the young moon slowly,
Fades the West's broad splendour
Into twilight holy.
So—I leave you dearest,
Loveliest and fairest!
Pass ye to the mystic gardens,
By no touch of mine defiled;
Tell the Master, that I loved you,
And have left you undespoiled.

A. S. G.
WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

"Woman," says a celebrated writer, "is an inferior animal—a superior being." She cannot cope with man in muscular strength, in bodily power or in physical endurance. She is not suited by nature to till our lands, to build our bridges, to construct our roads, to drive our trains, to steer our boats, to run our factories, and to do that work which requires the strength and power of a masculine arm. This is the part and portion allotted to man—not to woman. And, whenever physical power and endurance is called into play, she must, indeed, be called the "inferior animal."

But she is a "superior being." Hers is something better, something higher, something nobler, something more sublime. She is called upon to fill that place which none other than woman can fill—she is called upon to do that work which none other than woman can do—she is called upon to accomplish that end which naught else but woman's influence can accomplish. And how wonderful is that influence! It is exerted and felt around her fireside, at home in her family circle, and in society at large. Sometimes for good, but, alas! sometimes for evil. She may, around her fireside, exert that influence which may prove a pleasure to herself, to her neighbors, and a source of joy to all around her. And even more than this. She can instil and ingraft those principles of honesty, uprightness and purity which may render a name illustrious, and be handed down from generation to generation. She can exert, too, in the family circle, no less influence. She is, in a measure, the ruler and regulator of society. She can pitch the standard low, or she can raise it up beyond reproach. She, then, is, in part, responsible for the morals of her country. The state, the country, yea, the nation feel that influence which she exerts. Be it what it may, it is felt. If for good, what glory is hers! If for evil, how awful the calamity!

What caused Antony to forsake his mighty hosts, and let them fall into the hands of the enemy? A woman. What caused all Greece to be stained by a ten-years bloody war? A woman. What caused all Rome to tremble, and at last, to crumble into dust? Woman. Antony chose rather to experience the smile and influence of a single woman than the protection of his powerful army. Greece preferred to bleed during ten years of war, rather than give up one of its women. By her influence, Rome was made to tremble, and, finally to fall. Truly, her power over countries, yea, over empires, is great.
How often in social life, a woman’s smiles throws that joy and happiness through many a heart, which language must fail in the attempt to describe. And, too, a woman’s frown may cast a shadow and gloom, which all summer’s southern breezes can never dispel. The clouds grow thicker and thicker around him, the light vanishes, his hopes are gone, his happiness ended, he falls a victim to a broken heart. How often, too, has she changed the life of many a man. How many have launched forth on life's rough waters, with noble purposes, noble aims; but, alas! deceived by woman’s love, they find no peace this side a drunkard’s grave, and none beyond. But, on the other hand, how few are these compared with those whom she, by her gentle, softening and inspiring influence, has raised from poverty and disgrace, and restored to the paths of happiness,—or, it may be, from the fatal cup to a life of usefulness and holiness. They vanish from our sight.

She may not possess the wealth and riches of her neighbor, but she possesses, what is common to all, a heart. She can make this a fountain ever throwing out water fresh and pure to quench the burning thirst of the weary traveller.

She imagines she forms but a small part of society,—of the community and of the world in which she lives,—that she, when present is neither seen nor observed, if removed, her absence would not be felt. But stop and reflect. The vast and fathomless ocean is formed of little drops. The countless miles of sea-shore, that is kept constantly bathed by its angry waters, is formed by little grains of sand. The gorgeous system of heavenly bodies is formed of separate stars. Let one of these be annihilated, and it will cause a change throughout the whole of the planetary system. Whether rich, whether poor, whether in the highest sphere of society or not, her influence is felt. She, by her gentle and restraining conduct, adds a charm and sweetness to the fireside, which is a source of joy and contentment to all around her. Let these be once removed and the almost expiring blaze will soon throw a dim and sickening light over the gambler’s table or the drunkard’s glass. If, then, by your influence, you are instrumental in changing the course of a single man, or smoothing his rugged nature, and of pointing out to him a career that will prove a blessing to himself and to his country, more honor is yours than was bestowed upon a Caesar, leading on his Roman legions, or a Napoleon, upon his conquered throne. They were satisfying the pride and selfishness of an ambitious heart. Yours is the pride and ambition of the true herione.

You were not called upon, nor were you intended to stand and plead at our bar, to fill our legislative halls, or to make laws for a
nation. This is man's sphere, not woman's. Yours is the sphere of private life. "This," says a writer, "may seem a narrow one, but it is indeed, a high and holy one,—the very highest and holiest upon earth! Of all the institutions of society, that which is the most important to its order and happiness is the constitution of a family and its government. Over this government, woman is in a special manner called to preside. From the center of the home circle, woman sends forth an influence, either for good or for evil, in comparison with which the influence of heroes, legislators and statesmen sink into utter insignificance. She does not occupy the throne, it is true: but, yet, behind the throne, she wields a power greater than the throne itself, and, without which, the throne itself must crumble into dust and ashes. The glory of this nation, and the glory of all nations, depends on the ministry of woman." How beautifully was her character and her influence shown and felt in our late civil war! How lovely does the same appear! Let us stop for a moment and behold it. Does she shoulder the musket, and with firm and unflinching step, march to the cannon's mouth? No. But, rather like gentle, ministering angels, she was ever ready to stand by the bedside of the sick, wounded and dying, to dry their tears, and to relieve their sufferings. She was ever ready to extend her aid and sympathy to the bereaved and distressed. How often did she sacrifice the joy and happiness of her home, to administer to the comfort of dying soldiers. What more could be asked! What more could be done! See now what responsibility rests upon you. Whatever may be your age, whether young or old, whether a daughter, a sister, a wife, or a mother, you exert an influence none the less powerful. As a daughter, you can be a fountain of delight to your honored parents, or one of everlasting anxiety and grief. They are dependent upon you for their chief enjoyment. They are interested in your conduct, your manners, your morals, your habits, your grief, your joy, your welfare—temporal and spiritual—your all. In you is centered their chief delight. For you they sacrifice everything. To you they devote their time and energy, trying to instil and engraft those principles which may be productive of the greatest good. And when their voice is heard no more, you stand as the living memorial of their care and labors. See to it then that their gray hairs may not go down to the grave with remorse.

"Grieve not the care-worn heart."

But strive to "let such in peace depart."

As a sister, there are those around you who look to you for guidance and direction. They look to you as the model, the example which
they must follow. Your conduct is their conduct, your habits their habits. Over your brother you exert a power that may tend far towards moulding his future career. You can excite in him a love for pure and lofty aspirations. You can smooth his rugged nature; you can check his wild disposition; you can point him to those things that pertain to eternal happiness. What can be sweeter? What can be nobler? Or it may be far beyond your own home that your influence is felt. There may be some other brother that feels the effect of your power. There may be one who is watching you from day to day. He takes interest in your smiles, your graces, your beauty of person. You may think you have not been the recipient of nature's bounties, and it matters but little what you do, or how you act, it will be passed unnoticed. A great mistake. The minds and tastes of all men are not formed alike. What one hates another loves. What one despises another adores. You, then, may be the object of somebody's love, somebody's admiration. It is in your companionship he hopes, some day, to find his chief happiness and delight. See to it, then, that you make yourself worthy of his affection.

As a wife you have, indeed, an important part to perform. You have united, in sacred ties, your hand and heart with those of a man whom you think to be worthy of them. You have promised to love, honor, and obey him. It is your duty, then, to show towards him those sentiments of love and interest which will, in turn, beget their like. It is your duty to strive to render your society quiet and agreeable—your home a pleasant one. And when prostrated upon a bed of sickness, to administer to his wants and to relieve his sufferings. But it may be your mission is a higher one. He has now forsaken his home. He seeks the society of the low and degraded. He takes pleasure in the billiard saloon, the gambler's hell, the drinking circle. Then it is your part to win him back and to change his course. It is an end which you, best of all, can accomplish. You can, by your soft and persuasive influence, exert more power than aught that man can do. You alone are more powerful than all the world combined. All your efforts may, at times seem in vain. Your persuasions lost, your influence gone, your hopes blasted. But, through all this, there is still to be seen a glimmering ray of hope. And, by perseverance, you must, you will conquer. And when at last you have brought him back and pointed out to him the path of virtue and happiness, you can stand and wave triumphantly your banner to the breeze, and proclaim a greater victory than was won by Miltiades at the battle of Marathon, or Themistocles, in the straits of Salamis. As a mother, you have an
awful responsibility resting upon you. You are to nourish and train the tender mind, so that it may be suited to fight the battles of life. You are to instil and cultivate those principles that alone are productive of the greatest good. From under your roof are to go out those who must fill our society, our institutions of learning, our pulpits, our bar, our legislative halls, our offices of public trust. And you alone are suited to this work. It is your sphere. A holier and happier one can nowhere be found. Their education cannot be completed in an hour or a day. It can only be accomplished by care, patience, long suffering and self-sacrifice. And these noble attributes are possessed in the highest degree by woman. It is, then, by your hand that the young and delicate tendrils must be trained to cling to those things which will be a support and protection to them in after years. How often do we see youths wild, reckless and dissipated. Those whom the world regards as gone, hopelessly ruined. But, at last, the day dawns upon them. There course is changed, and they now stand as the bright ornaments to society and their country. What has brought about this change? By whose influence was it accomplished? "'Twas the work of a woman, and that woman was the same that gave him birth. She alone has never despaired of him. Sustained by love and guided by instinct, she alone has discovered, beneath all his weakness, the hidden germ of greatness, which, by her tender, her humble, her patient and her persevering labors, she has developed into his present glorious manhood. She is, indeed, the mother of the man as well as of the child. She has devised everything, conceived everything, planned everything, and watched over the operation of everything. By trials and conflicts she has developed the hidden germs of virtue in his soul, until, by degrees, the weakness of the child has passed away and nature herself can stand up and say to the world, this is a man.' Such is the power, the influence, the glory of woman. What more can she want? Let this, then, be your glory, ye blessed and beautiful women of the South: "Not that you can vote, or hold a place in Congress, but that you can point to your sons as your jewels and as the ornaments of the human race. Be this your glory, not that you are the 'head,' but that you are 'the glory' of the man. Be this your glory, not that you can equal man in the might and majesty of his intellectual dominion, but that you can surpass him in the sublime mission of mercy to a fallen world. Be this your glory, not that you can harangue a mob or thunder in the Senate, but that you can wear 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit,' which, in the sight of God, is of great price. Be this your glory, not that you conquer and subjugate man to your will, but that you can soften and subdue his rug-
ged nature and win him to virtue and to God. Be this your glory, not that you can eclipse the effulgence of man, but that, with all your timid and retiring graces, you can adorn the shades of private life and enchant the home circle with the sweet radiance of loveliness and beauty. Be this your glory, in short, not that you can imitate a Washington, or a Lee, or a Jackson, but that you can rear and train and educate the future Washingtons and Lees and Jacksons to preserve and protect the sacred rights of woman, as well as of man." And more exalted, then, will be your honor than was bestowed upon "the Father of his Country."  

Sscriptor.

LORD MACAULAY.

In our time of social and political corruption, and of moral cowardice, especially dominant among public men, it is a pleasure to study the life and character of one who, as statesman, critic and historian, occupied an exalted station, and who by his unwavering honesty and fidelity commanded the respect of all his countrymen. Macaulay was born at Rothley Temple on October 25th, 1800. His father, who was at one time Governor of the Sierra Leon colony, had returned from Africa in 1799 on account of ill health, and was at the time of Macaulay's birth secretary of the company. Zachary Macaulay's name will ever be remembered by being associated with Wilberforce, the leader of that band of English philanthropists who spent their whole lives in efforts to effect a suppression of the slave-trade. They did not fail to inspire in young Macaulay a deep respect for the principles which they espoused, and he ever afterwards appears as the champion of Liberty and Freedom. Very early in life he gave evidence of great genius, and his parents were more than usually careful that his education and training should be such as would inspire in his soul the love of the true, beautiful and the good. Mrs. Hannah Moore, partly through whose intercession his father had won the love of his mother, took a kindly interest in their son, and would often have him come and spend several days with her. He would read to her, declaim poetry and discuss the merits of his heroes—real and fictitious. In her letters to him when he was but six years old, she advised him to purchase such books as would be useful and agreeable to him when he became a great scholar, and thus she laid the foundation of his library, which grew to such immense proportions, and in which he afterwards spent some of his most pleasant hours. While yet very
young, he was an incessant reader, and his memory was so marvelously accurate that in after life there was no lack of ready references on any subject about which he had ever read. But there was one fault which his father diligently and carefully labored to correct, that was his lack of perseverance in any study for which he had a distaste. Mathematics had no charm for him. What pleasure or profit, thought he, could there be in the tracing of curves, as for instance the Spiral of Archimedes, or in the Calculus of Variations, or in proving that the Invariants of Emanants are Covariants of the Quantic; but in the speeches of Thucydides, in the writings of Plato and Aristotle, in the works of the Greek dramatists and poets, and especially in that greatest of all classic poems, Homer's Iliad, there was something so grand and inspiring and yet so pathetic that even when reading it for the fifteenth time, he shed tears over the fate of "swift-footed" Achilles. No artist can paint, nor sculptor portray, half the meaning, half the grandeur of that passage in which the mighty Jove seated on his throne, when angered by the conduct of some of the gods, by a single nod shakes the lofty Olympus. He sympathised with Philoctetes on his desert Isle, and would deliver Iphigenia from the sacrificial hands of her father into the arms of her lover. The study of the classics was to him a real pleasure. Indeed what can be grander than some of the passages in Homer, and how rare a treat have they in store who are about entering upon a study of the classics. Macaulay could master the languages with ease, and in the study of them he found infinite pleasure and delight, but in Mathematics, in order to accomplish anything, he had to devote to it much time and study. He lacked perseverance in this study, and his father tried to instil into him, that in order to accomplish anything in this world, he must learn "to labor and to wait." He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in October, 1818. It was while here that he became attached to the principles of the Whig party, and on several occasions, with all the eloquence of his youthful soul, he upheld its cherished principles against the attacks of his Tory companions, from noon till far late into the night. Sometimes even "rosy-fingered" dawn had begun to dispel the darkness, and to signal the approach of the coming morn, before he left the scene of the conflict. From his letters written home while there we get an insight into his real nature. We see with what respect he regards his father's opinion, and we descry that tender love for his mother and sisters in whose company he always felt at his ease. His father's house had been the rendezvous of one party in the House of Commons, the Ecclesiastics, who in the divisions nearly always sided with the Tories, and his father was not always pleased with the
Whig spirit manifested in his son’s letters; they, however, were always characterized by that freedom and affection which ever existed between them.

Macaulay was not chosen Fellow till his third trial, in 1824, on account of his neglect of Mathematics; but his career at Cambridge was preeminently a successful one. Two years in succession he carried off the Chancellor’s medal for the best poem. Mr. Greaves, an old Cambridgeshire Whig, had established a prize for the best essay on "The Conduct and Character of William III," which he gained over many competitors, and it is probably to this old Whig that is due the first idea of his history, in which William stands out as central figure. We find also that the muse lent inspiration to his pen, and as the fruits of it we have the "Lays of Rome" and other short poems. Those exquisite lines, written on the night of his defeat at Edinburgh, in 1847, show us with what ease he wrote poetry. But it is not by his poetry that he lays claim to greatness; he devoted himself more especially to public affairs, and it is by his prose writings, his history, his essays, by his uprightness and nobleness in Parliament, and in all his public transactions; by his reformed speeches, which charmed even the opposition, that his name will be perpetuated and his memory cherished. His influence is felt and his memory respected in England, the birthplace of Shakspeare and Milton, of Pitt and Burke, of Bacon and Newton, to whose memory monuments now stand in Westminster, but whose names will be cherished in the hearts of her people long after those marble slabs shall have worn away by contact with the tooth of time, and shall have decayed and fallen; and when other men and other times shall have taken their places, and England’s christianizing influence shall have extended over the whole globe, even then Macaulay’s name will be reckoned among the number of her most highly-gifted sons. In America his works are very widely read and admired. In India he is revered as the champion of liberty. It was there that he spent four of the best years of his life, and his almost undivided attention was given to her interests, both in the breaking up of the corruption and bribery which existed in the government and in the establishment and maintenance of good public schools. In the revision of the penal code, though it was nominally in the hands of several persons, the brunt of the work fell upon him, and his failing health is to be attributed to the malarial diseases which he contracted in the sultry heat of the tropical summer, instead of seeking the mountains and enjoying the gentle breezes which came laden with freshness and health. Ah! he thought duty bade him remain at his post, and to her call he was never deaf. For the learning of India, though it may
be now just budding forth, yet when the harvest shall come in all its splendor, Macaulay is to be thanked, as he sowed the seed. To the system of public schools established by him must be attributed India’s rapid advance. The rising sun of civilization is growing brighter and brighter, and his rays are beginning to spread over and light up the vast Eastern empires. When at noonday he shall shine forth in the zenith of his glory over all those lands, and civilization shall be complete throughout India, then will the name of Macaulay receive praise, and his memory will be respected as that of one who was most active in promoting the interest of India. Macaulay, during his last year at Trinity, took pupils, and was thereby enabled to pursue his course without aid from his father, who had recently by an unfortunate business transaction lost most of his property. He, as oldest son, would have inherited this, and he now felt that it had fallen to his lot to comfort and support his aged parents, and his brothers and sisters, for whom he cherished a tender affection and who were to a large extent dependent upon him. It was fortunate for him that about this time he secured his fellowship, as this insured him a support for seven years. Without it he would have been under the necessity of working for his own sustenance; and instead of those admirable essays and criticisms of exquisite finish and style, published in the Edinburgh Review during this period, which heralded abroad his genius and established for him an enviable reputation, we should have had some articles hastily written in time of need and published in some third class magazine. On leaving Cambridge he was called to the bar, and joined the northern circuit at Leeds; but he never attained to any eminence in this profession. As Commissioner of Bankruptcy he kept an office at Lincoln’s Inn, and thus he came into contact with the public men of his day. He was beginning to long for public life, when an opportunity was offered him by Lord Lansdowne, who was very much pleased by his article on Mill. This gentleman wrote asking that he might be the means of introducing him to Parliament, and proposing to him to stand as candidate for the vacant seat at Calne. He was elected and entered Parliament in the beginning of 1830. At no more favorable period than this could a man of Macaulay’s stamp have entered Parliament, when every department of the government was rotten with corruption and there was a cry for reform. He made a very favorable impression by his maiden speech, on the bill for the removal of Jewish disabilities. But to his reform speeches of the next year is to be attributed his parliamentary success.

The Reform bill was introduced by Lord John Russell amidst breathless silence, immediately followed by peals of contemptuous
laughter by the opposition. The measure was called revolutionary, the attack on it being led by Sir Robert Inglis. On the following evening Macaulay made the first of his Reform speeches. He was loudly cheered at the close of his speech by both sides, and many were the complimentary allusions made to it. The older members said the debate recalled the days of Pitt, Burke and Canning. The speaker remarked that never before in his experience had he seen the members so intensely excited. His speech made on the second reading of the bill was pronounced his best effort. He was now considered the leading orator and debater of the House. His speeches were all carefully thought over, and in some cases written out before spoken. They were characterized by profundity and richness of thought, and beauty of diction. His manner of delivery detracted considerably from all of his speeches. As soon as he took the floor his thoughts seemed to crowd in and to clamor for utterance. He spoke so fast that unless the hearer attended closely he would not be able to follow him. He never failed to have a full house and their closest attention. Even on the dullest occasions, when it was rumored that he was to speak, the empty benches were soon filled.

In 1833 he was sent out as fifth member of the Supreme Council in India. Of his work in India I have spoken sufficiently above. Macaulay returned to London in the Summer of 1838, though not rich, yet with a sum sufficient to satisfy his wants. His tastes inclined him to a life of literary repose rather than of political strife, and he began seriously to contemplate his history which he intended beginning in the following Spring on his return from Italy, for which place he set out in October. On his return to London, the seat at Edinburgh being left vacant by the raising to the peerage of Mr. Abercrombie, through the earnest solicitations of his party, he consented to become the Liberal candidate, and was elected. We continually see him asserting his independence by refusing to electioneer, or to give pledges to his constituency to favor certain measures, and also by resigning his position as minister when his opinion was at variance with that of the premier. During this time he continued to write regularly for the Edinburgh Review. In 1842 appeared the "Lays of Rome." Such was the favor which it received that it led to a collection and reprint of his articles from the Review. He was now working regularly on his history, and he scarcely left his rooms at the Albany except under pressing circumstances. Being defeated in the general election of 1847, he applied himself more closely than ever to his History. It was his aim to raise History to a more exalted position than it had hitherto held. He did not wish it to be a mere summa-
Lord Macaulay.

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tion of dry facts. It was his aim to make it attractive and intelligible to the masses. He had said that he wished to write a history which would on its first publication, take the place of the latest novel on the tables of the young ladies. The initial volumes of the History appeared in 1848, but though he believed it superior to any modern history, yet, he was hardly prepared for the success which awaited it. There were some grave errors in it which could not have been well prevented, so immense was the work. There were many criticisms, both favorable and adverse, but still it was a success. So large was the sale that two days after the printing of the first edition a second had to be commenced. On comparing his history with the others of his day, Macaulay thought his was the best, but he did not dare compare it with the work of Thucydides. Macaulay's health was failing rapidly, and he worked the more assiduously on his book, as he was anxious for it to embrace the whole reign of William the Third. The Whigs of Edinburgh had become heartily ashamed of having allowed him to be defeated in 1847, and they longed to have him back again to represent them. He was again nominated by them, but his refusal to pledge himself to support certain measures again offended some. He was, however, elected, and the news of his election was received with universal satisfaction all over the Island. He was compelled on account of his health to resign his seat, not however before he had appeared once again on the floor of the House, and had shown that he could still charm by his eloquence and had lost none of his pristine glory. After retiring from Parliament, he leased "Holly Lodge," a beautiful little suburban villa, but before moving thither he had the house remodeled to suit his fancy; and here away from the busy, changing scenes of life, near the home of his sister, he spent his remaining years. During the later years of his life he occasionally sent an article to the Encyclopædia Britannica; he had ceased to write for the reviews and other periodicals, although he was often pressed by them. The third and fourth volumes of his History appeared in the latter part of 1855, but the last volume, which completed the reign of William the Third, did not appear till after his death. He was made Peer in 1857. The unsolicited rising to the Peerage of a man who was of humble origin and only moderately rich, and who had long since quitted public life, was indeed a recognition of literary merit. Sometimes he would test his memory to see if it was as active and prompt as it had formerly been. He had often said that he preferred dying before there should be any visible sign of decay in his intellectual faculties. Though health continued to fail, yet, he was so patient in his sufferings that his physicians and friends little knew
that his end was so near. On the evening of the 28th of December, 1859, seated in his library, in his usual dress, with book open before him, and with his head inclined towards his breast as in silent medita­tion, he breathed his last. As some one has well said, "There is something peculiarly sad and abrupt in the cessation of such mental activity; it seems like the disappearance of a bright and flowing stream which gives salubrity and cheerfulness to a landscape."

He was buried in Westminster, in the Poet's corner. There, along with Goldsmith, Johnson and others, he lies, and at the feet of Addi­son there is a marble slab erected to his memory with this inscription.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY,
BORN AT ROTHLEY TEMPLE, LEICESTERSHIRE,
OCTOBER 25TH, 1800.
DIED AT HOLLY LODGE, CAMDEN HILL,
DECEMBER 28TH, 1859.
"HIS BODY IS BURIED IN PEACE
BUT HIS NAME LIVETH FOREVERMORE."

A FEW THOUGHTS ON FAILURE.

One of the foremost of British novelists, the author of "The Ber­trams," speaks very impressively, in a chapter entitled "Vae Victis," of the thoughts and feelings of the vanquished, of their sensations as they find their competitors gliding easily by them, or see the palms of victory placed on the brows of others. He well depicts the keen pangs of self-reproach, the humiliation of defeat and the sadness of honest efforts unrewarded, which are all forgotten amid the huzzas and acclamations for the winner. The subject is an interesting one, and it may be instructive for us to look into it a little more deeply and from a standpoint of our own.

If there is one proposition whose truth will be readily admitted by all, it is that success is pleasant. It makes no difference how it comes; in any shape it is a sweet morsel under the tongue. There is a saying that "nothing succeeds like success;" and the wisdom of this will be perceived by a little thought. We all know of men who havc been singu­larly successful in all their undertakings—how the very mention of the fact that such men will enter a contest causes the less confident to
Failure.

withdraw abruptly. The reflection of the latter is, “It’s no use for me to try if he has entered; he’s always lucky and always succeeds, and I am so tired of defeat.” So they drop out—the successful man walks over the course, claims the prize, and with it acquires increased prestige.

Vae Victis! Let us look beneath the surface and see what this cry means to the conquered. Did the thought ever strike you as you picked up a volume of law reports and glanced through its cold, formal decisions what is written between those lines? The heartburnings unquenched, the light of many lives extinguished, the hatred and scorn of litigants gleaming out, happiness and peace here and hereafter wrecked. A stolid “judgment affirmed,” nothing more; but the announcement of that decision from a court of last resort has cut off hope from doomed men, and caused the happiness of many to take its flight. Yes, woe indeed to the conquered!

A young barrister has devoted his time, energy and talents to a cause. He has yielded himself entirely to its demands; it has entered into his very existence; months and years have seen him absorbed in its prosecution; he is dazzled by excited dreams of future professional eminence—that exceeding great reward. A final adverse decree is entered and the bubble is pricked. That is all that the world hears, but soon it is surprised to see how rapidly young Tom———— is aging—how the crows’ feet appear on his temples, and that tired, worn look is ever in his eyes. Ah, it never knew that that case was part of his life; that its success was dearer to him than health or money or personal comfort. It never knew what was behind that quiet, impassible exterior, and so it wags on, applauding the winner, dining and wining him, and inviting him to a chief place at her feasts. As for the loser, vae victis!

Two gladiators step into the arena before assembled Rome; their hearts beat fast with the gaudium certaminis; each has his enthusiastic supporters and each eagerly craves the supremacy. They fight for a few minutes; at last one receives a deadly thrust and falls; the conqueror plants his foot upon the neck of his prostrate victim, and, with sword uplifted, looks toward the Emperor and his retinue. What are the feelings of the fallen one? The bitterness of death is upon him, although he fears not the approaching physical death—vanquished, his reputation gone, he would not live if he could. And he thanks the Roman ladies, more harpies than human, who, pollice verso, consign him to his doom. They have only freed him from a life of bitter disappointment and despair.

And coming nearer to our own times, how many things happen in
our student life to cause us poignant regret? Perhaps at no stage of a man’s life does a reverse affect him more injuriously than when at college. Let us take an instance. A loving and self-sacrificing mother at home, who asks as her only reward the knowledge that her son is improving to the utmost his advantages—his heart set upon a particular degree. His ambitious plans have been imparted to his mother, who enters into them with heart and soul. His friends make injudicious attempts to encourage him by telling him of their confidence in him, thereby magnifying the importance of success, which will assuredly cause increased nervousness. The day for final trial comes, and he enters the contest hopefully. The result is a complete failure. There are few feelings more distressing or harder to bear than those experienced on an occasion of this sort. Like a great billow, the consciousness of defeat pours into the soul and too often drowns all ambition, leaving the man perfectly indifferent as to his future. It is said that trials are blessings in disguise; as far as our experience goes this disguise generally defies detection. But whether they be blessings or trials, the iron has entered the soul, and henceforth, though in the rush of events one particular defeat is forgotten, yet an ugly scar remains which will never be effaced.

Another thought presents itself here. We have been speaking of the effect of a single defeat. What must be the effect on a man of several defeats in rapid succession. Utterly despondent, he loses confidence in himself, and unless his energy is extraordinary, he is apt to resign himself to the contemplation of his failures. He broods over them; perhaps becomes cynical; comes to the fixed conclusion that his talents are second-rate, and fails on this account to claim for himself his proper position in life. Another contest is announced. He reasons thus concerning it: "Here is an opportunity for me to enter the lists; but what success has greeted my previous efforts? None. Only one of us can be first. Judging from the past that one can hardly be myself. Defeat, though familiar, is just as painful as ever. It’s all vanity and vexation of spirit.” Who has not at times felt thus?

Instead of wearing a conqueror’s wreath with the names of brilliant victories upon it, the consciousness of past failure is ever with us. Instead of the memory of a Lodi, a Marengo, and an Austerlitz, we have that distrust of our own personal powers, which is so formidable an enemy to success in life. The comforting thoughts flash over us, that perhaps our earthly mission is to show others how to bear up under defeat and misfortune, and that ample opportunity will be afforded us to attain the objects of that mission.
This gloomy frame of mind, unless it be corrected, will color a man's whole existence and materially affect his subsequent career. As much as in us lies, we ought to try to shake it off and substitute a brave, persistent spirit, that will gather the lessons from past failures, and yet press on with increased vigor towards the goal.

A man of the right spirit will not look upon one defeat as indicative of the result of his life; he will not reason from the unsubstantial premise, that because he has been beaten once, twice, or thrice, that success will never be his. When he forms a sincere determination that he must and shall win, at one time or another, the battle is half won. There is such a thing as a man's knowing that he has the elements of success in him, and then laboring patiently to develop them, feeling confident all the time of his ultimate reward.

The world lays a good deal of stress on will power, and when it sees one thoroughly in earnest and bent on winning, it will make way and even help him along. A stubborn, bull-dog determination, backed by integrity and honor, will place its owner one day among earth's worthies. Don't worry over failures. Try again. If you hesitate from fear of being noticed, you flatter yourself unduly. The world is too busy to be always keeping an eye upon you, and there will be time enough when you have gained your object to feel nervous about your eminence, as prosperity makes a fool of many a man who was sensible enough in adversity.

It is better to be beaten twenty times than to give up because beaten twice or thrice. Pluck is admired by all, and if a man will renew the conflict again and again, after as many defeats, he will command not only the respect and sympathy, but also the material aid of those around him. Instead of *ve victis*, let the cry be "*ve victoribus.*" Let the winner know that his rival will not stay beaten, but will continue to press his point with all the energy of his nature. A state of conflict, long continued, is intensely wearying, even to the victor. Many are the chances of his being caught napping, from a confidence engendered of past success; the chances of his consenting to a favorable compromise are still more numerous. Then by no means should we despair. A turn of the wheel may come at any time, and we may be carried on to fortune—*if we are ready to take the tide at its flood.*

A few thoughts in closing. It is sometimes said that we ought to expect defeat, so that if it should come, it will not go so hard with us. This we consider bad advice. A person's actions depend very much on his expectations. If he really expects to be outdone in a contest, it is but natural to suppose that he will grow indolent and omit some
really important part of his preparations, and thus minister to his own failure.

We cannot easily over-estimate the feeling of satisfaction when we have honestly tried to do our duty, let the result be what it may. But that result will be in favor of the valiant, determined man, who, though often cast down, continues to struggle with Dame Fortune for her coveted gifts. The longest lane has a turning, and at the end a person looking back upon his life will feel thankful for his defeats. He will gaze with the feelings of a veteran upon the marks of honorable wounds. Said sturdy old Oliver Cromwell to the artist, "Paint me with my scars, or not at all." Cromwell, without the marks of his conflicts, would not be the Cromwell of history.

There is no more pleasing picture than that of a man, integer vitae, at the end of his course, waiting calmly, in the full glow of the setting sun, for the last summons. The furrows and seams on his face are sufficient proof that he has been through the thickest of the fight, the peaceful expression of his countenance assures us that he has risen grandly superior to his difficulties, and that, perfect through suffering, his reward will be a victor's crown. And as he starts on the last stage of his journey we bid him farewell, knowing that on the remainder of that path to the river there will be no cloud, for it is even the path of the just that "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

SECUNDUS.

ANDROMACHE.

This is an intensely practical age. The common boast of the century is that it is so free from the sentiments and shadows of the past. Spurning with contempt every feeling of conservatism which would respect the traditions and precedents of our fathers, the age rushes madly on, silencing all objections with the cry of Invention! Discovery! Reform! This whirl of "Progress" draws into its vortex men of every class, and when here and there a man attempts to stem the tide, and has the manliness to say that he believes the opinion of the day to be wrong, and the principles of our ancestors right, he is at once sneered at as an "Old Fogy." "King Coal" as he drives our vehicles like lightning over land and sea, or darkens the heavens in manufacturing our various implements, seems to dispel with his tartarean blackness, all thoughts of the poetical and the ideal. Yes, the claims of the beautiful are sadly neglected. If a scheme is inaugu-
rated designed to promote the aesthetical tastes of the people, the first question asked is, "will it pay?" And this, unfortunately, is the touchstone which determines the interest that will be taken in the movement.

Now while we rejoice in the achievements of the Nineteenth Century, and glory in its wealth of discovery and invention, let us not altogether discard the dim and distant past with its beautiful mythology and enchanting legends, but let us ever and anon break through the monotony of every day life, and wandering down the corridors of time, mingle with the heroes and heroines of other days. What, though crowned with a halo of romance, they reach us through the uncertain ways of tradition; what, though their very existence is denied, their shadowy garb renders them all the more attractive, and we revel in their society.

Pursuing this course, let us turn to Homer. His grand conceptions seem to us not as imaginary beings, but as veritable men and women endowed with like passions as ourselves. We speak of the characters in the Iliad, discuss their motives, criticise their actions, or applaud their utterances, just as we refer to Alexander the Great, Caesar, Cleopatra, Joan of Arc, or any other historical personages.

Agamemnon, "king of men," the commander-in-chief of the Greek forces, but by no means the central figure of the war; "swift-footed" Achilles, invincible in arms and implacable in hatred; and "Hector of the waving plume" most glorious of them all. The poet undoubtedly intended Achilles to stand forth preeminent in his song, that upon him should centre the hopes and sympathies of his auditors, but though the invulnerable Greek did overcome and slay the bulwark of Troy, yet the verdict of after generations has given to Hector the palm, and he now stands forth the beau ideal of chivalric manhood.

It is not, however, of these heroes that I would speak, I can not pause to relate their deeds of valour, nor their prodigies of strength, but leaving the field of battle where Greek and Trojan wage fiercest warfare, let us with the swift wings of imagination do what for ten years the Argives failed in—enter the city of Troy, and safely locked in Ilium's storied walls, let us glance at one of Homer's women.

One of the most celebrated scenes in the Iliad is the parting between Hector and his wife Andromache. Sent from the field by Helenus the chief augur, to direct a sacrifice to Minerva, Hector, overshadowed by that undefined feeling which so often presages death, hastened to embrace his wife ere he again led the chivalry of Troy.
But in vain he sought her among the weeping women at their homes or among those who with disheveled locks were lamenting at the fanes of the goddesses. For the “white-armed” Andromache hearing that the Trojans were hard pressed by the foe, hurried with her infant boy to the great wall of Troy there to watch the uncertain issue, while from her inmost soul there welled up prayers to the gods for her beloved Hector.

Despite the distance, the eye of love soon rests upon the glistening helm of him who most strikes terror among the ranks of the Argives. For her the battle rages only where Hector is, and long she watches it with mingled fear and admiration. As she sees his matchless figure far in the front and marks the resistless force of his mighty arm, a thrill of proud joy runs through her, and she is thankful that her husband can strike such blows for his native city, but when paying the price of his audacity he is surrounded by the foe, her heart sickens with horror lest some ill-fated blow shall end that devoted life.

But suddenly she misses him, no longer does she distinguish his waving plume in the chaos of battle. Ye gods! Has he fallen? In an agony of suspense the devoted wife searches for her hero, but in vain, nowhere can she see him, and distracted with terror she knows not where to turn, when Hector, suddenly appearing, clasps her to his bosom. Look upon them as they stand in sweet communion—the devoted man and wife. No longer is Hector the fierce warrior but the peaceful husband; his great soul discards for the nonce the terrible conflict without, and resigns itself to thoughts of love. Those arms which a moment ago wrought such deeds of prowess, gently encircled his devoted wife; those eyes whose lightning flash were wont to cow the hardiest foe, are soft with a tender light. While Andromache assured of his safety lavishes upon her hero all her wealth of love, and forgetting in his arms the dread alarms of war, basks in the sunshine of his smiles.

Can we not take these two as types of God’s greatest creation? He the exemplar of perfect manhood as he stands endowed with beauty and strength of body, greatness of soul, and devotion to his country and his gods; she the exemplification of perfect womanhood in her beauty of person, spotless virtue, lovely character, and unwavering devotion.

How surpassingly grand does Andromache appear to us when compared with Helen. She, too, was beautiful—the most beautiful woman of her age, but hers was the beauty of the radiant snow,—ah! too soon to be soiled by contact with the earth; while the beauty of An-
Andromache growing brighter and brighter still shines resplendent from the darkness of antiquity.

But not long do they remain thus, for Andromache filled with undefined dread of danger to her lord, with heaving breast and streaming eyes, begins her famous prayer to Hector. With the eloquence of love she beseeches him to remain and defend his wife and child, and not to expose himself on the field of battle. Touchingly she describes the death of her mother, and how fierce Achilles slew in one day her father and seven brothers. Ah! methinks a prophetic light gleamed through her mind, showing her that her beloved Hector would share an equal fate. Raising her eyes to heaven she breathed an earnest prayer:

“Oh grant me, gods! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of Heaven, an early tomb!”

She then shows him a point in the wall against which the boldest Greeks ever direct their attacks, and bids him remain to defend that.

“Let others in the field their arms employ,
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.”

The reply of Hector is beautiful but firm. He reminds her how the sons of Troy whom he had often led to battle, and the dames who had delighted to sound his praises, would sneer at him and rob his name of its lustre, should he basely shelter himself behind the lofty walls while others bore the shock of the Argive spear.

“Let me be foremost to defend the throne,
And guard my father’s glory and my own.”

But his soul, too, partook of his wife’s foreboding, and with prophetic hand he drew aside the dark curtain of the future, and predicted the time decreed by fate when Troy should fall, its sons perish, and the light of its glory go out forever. But while his patriotic heart bled for these misfortunes which were coming upon his loved city, none affected him as did the thought of Andromache led away an humble captive by some haughty Greek, and subjected to the ignominy of a ruthless servitude.

Then lifting his lovely boy, Astyanax, to his arms, he kissed him and prayed that the imperial gods would bless his son and make him the Hector of the future age, and that returning from the field of battle laden with the spoils of the vanquished,

“Whole hosts may hail him with deserv’d acclaim,
And say, this chief transcends his father’s fame.”
Then feeling that he must go where duty called him, the warrior turned to leave, but seeing the clouds which overshadowed that lovely countenance he paused and said,

"Andromache! my soul's far better part,
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
'Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth,
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave."

Then bidding her go home and banish such thoughts with domestic duties, he tore himself away. With falling tears she watches him until his splendid form has faded from her sight, then with slow step she betakes herself to her palace and indulges her silent grief, while

"Through all her train the soft infection ran,
And Hector is bewailed as though already dead.

Reader, would you see the peerless wife of Hector, would you like to look upon that lovely countenance and those beautiful features? Well, mirabile dictu, it is possible. The eye of genius cares not for time nor space, and penetrating the darkness of intervening centuries Virginia's talented sculptor, Edward V. Valentine, has seen Andromache as she sat thinking of her absent Hector, and will soon place in enduring marble (fit emblem of her purity) his remembrance of her. His model represents a woman perfectly beautiful, sitting with a little child in her arms. Her expression is one of sadness as she thinks of her absent lord, mingled with tender solicitude for Astyanax who is pulling at her mantle.

Beautiful now, when completed this design will add fresh laurels to those which Mr. Valentine has already won in the art he loves so well.

Oakley.

Prof. "Owing to the depression of the skull caused by a falling body striking the head, people are sometimes made idiots."

Shipp. "Profesor, a brick once fell off a high house and hit me on the head."

Prof. (looking at his watch). "As we have a few minutes, I should like to have any one ask questions, if so disposed."

Student. "What time is it, please?"
At a recent concert and entertainment given in New York for the benefit of the "Poe Memorial," the following poem from the pen of Virginia's distinguished poetess was read:

**TO EDGAR ALLAN POE.**

**AT LAST.**

**BY MARGARET J. PRESTON, OF VIRGINIA.**

If he were here to-night—the strange rare poet,
Whose sphinx-like face no jestings could beguile—
To meet the award at last, and feel and know it Securely his—how grand would be his smile!

How would the waves of wordless grief, that over
His haughty soul had swept through surging years,
Sink to a mystic calm, till he would cover
His proud pale face to hide the happy tears!

Is there no token of a ghastly presence?
No weird-like waning of the festal show?
No galleried corner shorn of irridescence,
Whence those "Orestean eyes" might flash their glow?

Who knows the secrets of that strange existence—
That world within a world—how far, how near;
Like thought for closeness, like a star for distance—
Who knows? The conscious essence may be here.

If from its viewless bonds the soul has power
To free itself for some ethereal flight,
How strange to think the compensating hour
For all the tragic past, may be to-night!

To feel that, where the galling scoffs and curses,
Of fate fell heaviest on his blasted track,
There, fame herself the spite of fate reverses—
Might almost win the restless spirit back.

Though the stern Tuscan, exiled, desolated,
Lies mid Ravenna's marshes far away,
At Santa Croce, still his stone is feted,
And Florence piles her violets there to-day!

Though broken hearted the sad singer perished,
With woe outworn, amid the convent's gloom,
Yet how pathetic are the memories cherished,
When Rome keeps Tasso's birthday at his tomb!
So, though our poet sank beneath life's burden,
Benumbed and reckless through the crush of fate;
And though, as comes so oft, the yearned-for guerdon,
No longer yearned for since it comes too late.

*He is avenged to-night!* No blur is shrouding
The flame his genius feeds: the wise, and brave,
And good, and young, and beautiful are crowding
Around to scatter heartsease o'er his grave!

And his Virginia, like a tender mother
Who breathes above her errant boy no blame,
Stoops now to kiss his palid lips, and smother
In pride her sorrow, as she names his name.

Could he have only seen in vatic vision
The gorgeous pageant present to our eyes,
His soul had known one glimpse of joy elysian:
Can we call no man happy till he dies?

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**PERSONALS.**

W. W. Brown, '76-'77, paid us a visit a few days since. "Extra Billy" is living in Danville, making money and having a good time. How about Uncle Dan'l, "Extra?" Do you think he will make a good leader?

We were glad to see W. G. Page, '75-'76, on the campus yesterday. Will is farming in Albemarle county, Virginia. Did you catch the measles, Will?

We saw W. A. Hollond, '79-'80, at Ford's hotel last week. "Dan."

A. McF. Jones, '75-'76, is teaching school in Nansemond county, Virginia.

Rev. J. T. Whitley has been elected chaplain of the University of Virginia. You have our congratulations, Mr. Whitley.

J. P. Barrett, having given up the editorship of the "*Christian Sun,*" is now attending a Theological Seminary in Pennsylvania.

E. O. Hubbard, '75-'76, is farming in Pittsylvania county, Virginia.

W. H. Jones, '75-'76, received the M. A. degree at Eastman's Business College last June, and is now in business with his father in Nansemond county, Virginia.

Roland Johnston, '79-'80, is wielding the ferule, reading Black-
stone, visiting the girls, &c., &c., at his home, Mexia, Texas. We were glad to hear that "Gopher" expects to return to Virginia, and suppose he is laying up a fine store of Texas "yarns" which he delights to dispense for the edification of his companions.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With this issue of the Messenger our term as editors expires, and we wish simply to take leave of our readers. We could follow the long line of precedents left us by many retiring editors, and give you stores of good advice, but we desist. We know very well what a college should be, and we know equally well how far the present corps of students come from that standard, but we give them credit for equal knowledge on this subject and so do not advise them.

To the new editors we extend a hearty welcome to our sanctum, and joyfully place upon them the responsibilities of the paper. Students, they are men who will reflect honor upon their societies in the position to which you have elected them, and we beg you, with an earnestness born of a memorable experience, that you will support them better than we have been supported.

As we take our places again among the readers of the Messenger, it is with the fixed purpose that we will never pursue the unfortunate editors with the stereotyped questions. "When will the Messenger be out? Why don't you get it out sooner?" etc., etc., ad infinitum, ad nauseam.

In conclusion we say that we are conscious of having performed but poorly our duties, but nevertheless can feel that we have done our best. Vale.

Since our last issue the intelligence of the death of Lord Beaconsfield has flashed over two continents. Another one of earth's heroes has gone "to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

We have not space for more than a notice of him now, but subjoin the following from the Detroit Free Press:

LORD BEACONSFIELD.—The death of Lord Beaconsfield removes from Great Britian the most pyrotechnic statesman it has known during the century. Among all his European contemporaries there was not one who enjoyed what might be termed the pageantry of politics more than he, nor one who was his equal in making this contribute to his personal aggrandizement. At times the glitter of his statesmanship so dazzled his countrymen that his personal popu-
larity was unbounded, and the subtile flattery of which he was a master endeared him to the heart of the Queen. His career has been long and eventful, and latterly a most important one. Since the death of the late Earl Derby—the father of the present Earl—he has been the head of the Conservative party of the kingdom, and there has not been a chief in recent years who was a more absolute master of his party than he. At one time he led it, merely as a stroke of policy, into the enactment of a law greatly liberalizing the franchise, when the real sentiment of those who constituted the backbone of the party was strongly against such a law. The salient feature of his administration was a "strong" foreign policy; yet the results to the country were a large expenditure of money with little compensating advantage. His "peace with honor" which he brought from Vienna was, in the opinion of his friends, the crowning, as it was the latest notable, achievement of his life. Yet when he dissolved Parliament for the general elections, it did not serve to keep him in possession of power. Full of energy and of resources, he surmounted in his career the most formidable obstacles, and from a comparatively humble position raised himself to one of the proudest in England. He was a most remarkable man, and has been a conspicuous figure on the world's stage for nearly a score of years.

LOCALS.

D—I—K—E!! Quoits. "Ball to the Bat." "Fowl!" "Muff!" Fight!!

Ever since the beginning of the session we have been able to boast among our other celebrities (such as mummy, gymnasium, &c.,) the possession of a veritable ZULU CHIEF alive and kicking, but, sad to say, not finding our classic walls congenial to his tastes, he has left for parts unknown—so says report; but there is a class of our students, skeptic enough to doubt this, who assert that "Zulu" still resides on the second floor College. We respectfully refer such to Mr. B.

The students were pleased to have Dr. Curry with them a few days ago. The Doctor is a favorite among the students, and always receives from them a hearty welcome.

There is a bitter contest going on in College for the poet laureate-ship. The present P. L. is making desperate efforts to hold his position, but will have great difficulty in withstanding the productions of Mess. F. and K. We watch the contest with interest, and say, pal-mam qui meruit ferat.

The students have provided themselves with new Spring "dikes," of all sizes and colors, and assiduously promenade our streets in the
vain endeavor to "mash." For further information apply to Room No. 12, De Land Cottage.

"Mack" alluded very feelingly to a passage in Longfellow's "Angelina," on Int. Eng. the other day. He does not yet see why the class applauded him so vigorously.

The last meeting of the "Tuckahoe Club" was held at Prof. Puryear's. The dinner was quite a success. Four students from the College who attended, came upon the campus in a very "spiritual" frame of mind, declared they were ready to discuss Agricultural Chemistry for the rest of the day, and to thrash any man who disagreed with them.

We sincerely regret that the continued sickness of our associate Mr. Powers, has compelled him to resign the position of Final Orator of the Philologian Society. Mr. Powers expects to leave College in a few days, and we hope that the fresh air of the country will soon restore him to his wonted health.

At their last meeting the Philologian Society elected Mr. L. C. Catlett, to fill the position made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Powers.

Mr. R. Are you going to the society to-night?
Mr. F. No; I am going to see a young lady.
Mr. R. But what excuse will you offer for your absence?
Mr. F. Pshaw! I will tell them I was absent on ministerial duty.
Ministerial duties are numerous we know, but doubt if this can be so considered. Yet, Abraham was sent unto Sarah with the divine command that she should be his wife, and perhaps this young man was sent on a like mission. Well, Mr. F., did she prove to be another Sarah, in readily yielding to your proposals?

One of South Carolina's representatives declares his intention of writing a history of his State, and relating "a little incident that occurred in South Carolina" on each page, to make it interesting.

That so-called small-pox flag forcibly reminded us of the name of one of our base-ball clubs. We would advise the gentleman who hung it out to have it washed. Perhaps he had, and only put it in the sun to dry.

He was dreaming, and in his dreams he was heard to say, "She is colorless, insoluble, and produces no effect." Perhaps if one of our Richmond belles knew that this was what the College "masher" said concerning her, she would no longer smile at him on the streets. But, of course, he was dreaming.
The election of officers in the Mu Sigma Rho Society resulted as follows:

- **Final President**, Carter H. Jones, Richmond, Va.
- **Term President**, Chas. Puryear, Richmond College, Va.
- **Vice President**, B. A. Pendleton, Richmond, Va.
- **Censor**, W. C. Barker, Hanover county, Va.
- **Cor. Secretary**, H. A. Latané, King and Queen county, Va.
- **Critic**, R. E. Scott, Fauquier county, Va.
- **Chaplain**, J. A. Barker, Sussex county, Va.
- **Treasurer**, Irvey McKenzie, Mexia, Texas.
- **Serg’t at Arms**, W. G. Rollins, L. C.

**EXCHANGES.**

We are glad to receive the *Philosophian Review*, which is published only once in six weeks. In appearance, it is one of the handsomest of our exchanges, most of the articles this time are rather short. The one on Angelo, however, is very good. We think the *Review* would be improved if it would devote more space to articles of this kind, and less to the brief items which occupy so large a portion of its space.

The *Ariel* has a long column headed "Exchanges," but we searched in vain for the bare mention of the name of a single exchange. The column was entirely filled up with an article on the death of Alexander II. This might have been very good in its place, but what connection it had with the exchange column, we could not discover.

We have read with pleasure the *Emory Mirror* published at Oxford, Georgia. It is full of very interesting articles, and good taste is displayed in all the department of the paper. The typography of the paper is neat, and it presents a good appearance, but the form of it is rather unwieldy, and we think that it would be a great improvement if the *Mirror* were to adopt the magazine form.

The *Earlhamite* has not been regular in its visit for a month or two past, but we were much pleased with the April number. We read it through and found all the articles good. We enjoyed "American Mozaics" particularly. We hope the *Earlhamite* will come more regularly hereafter.
We are glad to add to our exchange list the Philomathean Review, published at Brooklyn, New York.

We have received the following exchanges also:—The Portfolio, Eu Philonian, Clioman Monthly, Randolph Macon Monthly, Varsity, Aurora, Casket, Seminarian, Linsley Echo, College Journal, Rouge Et Noir, Reveille, Hanoverian, Beacon, Academy Journal, University, Album, Avalon Aurora, Archangel.

With this issue of the Messenger we must part with our exchanges, many of which we have learned to regard as familiar acquaintances. We are loth to give up the pleasure of their visits, but we must yield to our successors. Wishing our exchanges the highest success, we must now say, farewell.

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