THE RIVER OF TIME.

Oh! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broad'ning sweep, and a surge sublime,
That blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
And the summers like buds between,
And the year is the sheaf,—so they come and they go,
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As it glides through the shadow and sheen,

There is a musical isle on the river of Time
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as vesper chime,
When the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we love them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of songs that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There is a lute unswept, and a harp without strings;
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garment that SHE used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear, through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
All the days of our life till night,
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closed to slumber awhile,
May our "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

—Selected.
"JUSTICE" REVIEWED.

Having carefully read "Justice's" article on "Calico Defended," or, rather, his illogical, not to say unchivalric, flings at myself in the December No. of the Messenger, justice to myself and the cause which I represent, compels me to reply.

"Justice" insinuates very strongly that because I was laboring from "unrequited love," I was not able, without prejudice, to write about that "most lovely of all articles calico." In reply to this I answer that time, which sets all things even, which softens, soothes, and heals every crushed and bleeding heart, has made me better qualified than "Justice" to write on this subject, to which all men should come with unbiased minds. For the benefit of "Justice," I will say that it has been eighteen months since I had a love attack, and whether or not that was "unrequited" I will leave my readers to surmise. "Justice" admits that at the time my article appeared he was laboring from "unrequited love"; he admits that, because he then thought as I did, it was due to prejudice. But I am inclined to believe that "Justice's" sudden change of views is due more to his immoderate propensity for "calico," the fickleness and instability of his mind, than to the removal of prejudice.

He accuses "Monitor" as writing like one who had taken the calico-ticket from Prep. to Senior, and because he had failed, he would advise others to let it alone. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that I had taken the "calico-ticket" "from Prep. to Senior," what objection was there in my giving the benefits of that experience to those who were less experienced than myself? Since I was acquainted with it in all of its forms, it would certainly have been no more than a philanthropic deed had I done it, and ungenerous not to have done it.

"Justice," by the manner in which he replied to my saying, that "it would be safest if upon every package was written 'handle with care,'" seems to have utterly failed to comprehend my meaning. When I wrote "handle with care," I did not think of being misunderstood; but, alas! for human fallacy, I find I have been misunderstood in a way in which I never dreamed, and by one who was the last person in the universe that I would have suspected of construing it in the way he did. To handle "calico" roughly is a relic of the dark ages of barbarism. This is that which to-day, and during the centuries of the past, has exerted such a baneful influence upon Eastern countries, and no one ought to be surprised if I was even pained when I found
out that, amid the splendors and civilization of the 19th century, in a Southern college, in the land which has always been the birthplace and nursery of chivalry and the preserver of woman's honor, such a construction had been put upon it.

The intimation of "Justice" that I was the person who resorted to cod-liver oil and whiskey to recuperate and strengthen my exhausted energies, is almost equivalent to a declaration of the same. There is more than one reason why I was not the one to whom allusion was made. I am opposed to whiskey on grounds of principle. I believe that in the majority of cases where whiskey is used as a medicine it has no medicinal properties whatever, and tends more to aggravate than to assist the disease in which it is used. I know a man in love is almost destitute of common sense, and that England's immortal bard aptly wrote,

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact."

Yet, I am loath to think that "Monitor" would have ever so far lost sight of the fact that nature, in all those diseases of the heart caused by the darts of Cupid, was her own best healer. And for another reason, which will appear further on, "Justice" knew that "Monitor" was not the man who used cod-liver oil and whiskey.

"Justice," says "the experience of many prove the benefits of visiting the girls." If he had said the experience of a few college students testify as to its conservative influence, but the experience of the many testifies to the injurious effects it has had upon them, he would not have fallen so far short of the facts of the case.

"Justice," in his reply to me, "Why not go to see the girls without falling in love," asks, "Has not the diligent student some time which he can spare from his studies?" and adds, "If he has not, then we must infer that 'Monitor' is not a diligent student, or he would have spent the time occupied in writing that absurd article on 'calico' in studying the languages." In reply to the last, I would say that in all probability had it not been at the earnest request of a student who had felt the evil effects of taking "calico" too heavily, and who, unless I have been wrongly informed, was none other than "Justice" himself, I would never have written it. The material for the article on "calico" was collected as a kind of recreation during my summer vacation, and the greater part of it written before my return to college. Besides, men whose opinions I value just as highly as I do "Justice's," think differently, and that he would do well to follow the greater part of the ad-
vice which I gave. Of course every student has some time to spare from his studies, but all the time which the diligent student has to spare, it pays him best to spend in physical rather than mental recreation. Visiting the girls is no doubt a good mental recreation, but a corresponding poor physical one. Even if visiting the girls was all the exercise which the student needed, everybody knows that it would take a great deal longer to take that exercise in visiting than it would by engaging in some college game, or by a walk down town or into the country. "Justice" says, "visit the girls occasionally, not more than three or four times a week." I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that there is not a single diligent student in this institution who can afford to lose three or four evenings a week in visiting the girls.

"Justice" is either very forgetful or is ignorant of the laws of logic, or perhaps both, when writing on this subject. He agrees in the first part of his article with a statement of mine, and on the next page endeavors to disprove it. He says, as "Monitor" says, "The desire to visit grows upon you," and "so it lessens as your visits are made fewer, until you have no desire"; and on the next page in reply to the same quotation from "Monitor," he says: "This may have been the effect it had on 'Monitor,' but we are not similarly constituted." No man who has been properly trained, who in his childhood had instilled within him a proper regard for woman, will ever become absolutely indifferent to the society of woman. That he is unlike other men, I do not believe. That he is less susceptible to the charms of the fair sex than other men, and that he is invulnerable to the darts of Cupid, I know to be false.

"Justice" wants to know why our ministerials are more addicted to the immoderate use of "calico" than other students. That is a question I did not bargain to answer. I simply stated a fact, without pretending to give the philosophy of that fact. He asks if it is because they are more attractive and handsomer than the other students. If I felt inclined to answer this last question, charity and the fear of jarring the sensitive nerves of "Justice" would deter me. He says that they are not more liable to be affected by sore eyes, matrimonial bronchitis, consumption, and other kindred diseases to which the flesh is heir, than other students. This I deny in toto, and if "Justice" had reflected for a moment he would never have made the assertion.

"Justice," it seems, simply for the sake of having something to write about, accuses me of calling poets lazy, and that they would not work under any circumstances; a thing which I neither said nor inti-
mated. I said there were some classes of students to whom it would be beneficial even to fall in love—lazy ones and poets. By the language here used, everybody knows that "poets" is not in apposition with "lazy ones," but that reference is made to two different classes.

There is one point, that the advocates of visiting the girls try to establish, which, while I shall not deny its truthfulness, yet I think I can show that the advocates of "calico" utterly refute it by their conduct. They claim that the ennobling, softening, and refining influence which the society of woman exerts over all those brought in contact with her, is a reason why college students should visit the girls, before which all others should give way. I have noticed that those students who most frequently visit the girls are not more courteous, and are more addicted to the use of slang, than any other class of students we have. That "Justice" himself, a member of the Senior English class, is very much addicted to the use of slang can be easily seen by examining his article on "Calico Defended." He speaks of "the mashing qualifications of the students," "the reasons why 'Monitor' received the grand bounce," and why "the old gentleman gave him his walking papers." This, it seems to me, is about the only evidence which "Justice" has furnished of the elevating influence of "calico" upon him. That "Justice" and those who advocate his cause are uncourteous, I can prove by quoting from them. "Justice" says: "We ought to learn all we can about society and refinement, about which we learn so little: when brought in contact only with men, especially with such men as 'Monitor,' who care little for refinement." In the Editorial Department of the same No. of the Messenger in which "Justice"'s article appeared, one of the editors quoted a sentence from Goethe, saying that "the society of woman is the element of good manners," and then added: "Why blame a fellow for loving 'calico,' then, thou uncivilized 'Monitor'?" The authority of Goethe is not infallible upon any subject; and certainly does not approach near to infallibility on the subject in hand, and consequently not proof positive of its truthfulness. The aforesaid editor represented me as doing that which I have never done. And, moreover, I would like to ask him of what does civilization consist? If it consists in being allowed to hurl epithets at every one who happens to have an opinion different from your own, then "Monitor" does not aspire to civilization; and the above-mentioned editor seems to have made rapid strides in that direction, judging from the length of the epithets he hurled at "Monitor." But if courtesy, reason, and
logic are characteristics of civilization, as I have always been taught, then, Mr. Editor, you can lay no greater claim to it than myself.

Colleges, as I said in my former article, were instituted for educational purposes. Education is a drawing out, a development, an expansion of all the powers of the mind. This is the primary significance of the word. I do not and never have believed that colleges were intended to polish men, in the sense that society considers them polished. They are intended to knock off the rust, to pare down all deformities and irregularities, and thus make the subject prepared to receive the polish which contact with society alone can give. The short period allotted to a college course in this country renders it absolutely impossible for the colleges to turn out from their walls well-developed and well-polished men. They can at the best only get at college the ideas, the science, and philosophy of a few facts in a crude form, and store them away for future use. But that such a result is impossible, if a man occasionally visits the girls, I never intended to insinuate. I consider the girls worthy of some thought, yea, of much thought at the proper time. I think I clearly demonstrated in my former paper that the danger was that she would usurp the position which it is proper for her to occupy in the student’s thoughts, and tyrannically and tenaciously hold much of that which properly belongs to the sciences and languages.

I know that visiting the girls is very pleasant, a pleasure which most of us would like oftener to enjoy. But the motto of the successful college student must be, “duty before pleasure.” The student who consults his own ease and pleasure will, on examination-day, reap the bitter fruit. We must forego everything which hinders us in our studies. Let us stand with ears attentive to the stern voice of duty, however much it may grate upon them.

It is possible for “Justice” to take the calico-ticket without being injured thereby; yet his friends think it is not expedient. There are many things, as “Justice” has in the past found to his own sorrow, and unless he is more cautious will ere long find again, that are within themselves good, but injurious for us to have. There is a time for all things. During the college session is no time for the students to take “calico.”

Fear of being misunderstood, of having my motives impugned, and my real sentiments towards the fair sex misconstrued, causes me, in conclusion, to say, that however “uncivilized” I may be, however “little I may care for refinement,” however little “I may be able of appreciating that which is the fairest and loveliest of all God’s creation,”
yet no man has a higher regard for woman, no one is more fully aware of and understands the potent influence she is capable of exerting and does exert for good, than myself, and that if the gift of words were mine, like that which the Roman orator possessed when his persuasive eloquence in behalf of his friends, and his fiery logic and burning invectives, hurled against Cataline and Verres, moved the hearts and swayed the minds of the Roman senate; had I the eloquence and that power by means of which Demosthenes was accustomed to sway the Athenian populace like a bough tossed to and fro by adverse winds; and did the poetic fire burn within me like that which consumed the blind bard when he invoked the heavenly muse to enable him to sing

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
   Of that forbidden tree whose mortal taste
   Brought death into the world, and all our woe,"

gladly would I go forth into rhetoric's broad fields and gather bouquets of choicest rhetoric, and with rhetoric and poetry entwined and garlanded in one wreath, I would lay it at her feet, an offering all too small.

POETRY, AND THE CONDITIONS OF ITS EXISTENCE.

In the system of nature there is a principle, indeed but dimly seen on the surface, but, as we get deeper and nearer the source of things, it unfolds itself with more and more apperancy, until we are forced to recognize in it the fundamental principle of all things. This principle is dualism. On it, as a corner-stone, are reared the microcosm and the aye-enduring structure of the macrocosm. In the light of this principle alone can the scroll of the universe, visible and invisible, be read, and all things brought into consistency. It is by the operation of this principle, the contact of opposites, that form, beauty, life, is evolved.

Such is the origin of the spirit of poetry. It is the union, in effect, of the two great principles, nature and humanity. From the contact of the natural with the ideal, springs poetry, realizing and manifesting the divinity of her birth. Partaking in her nature of both the ideal and the natural, she forms a connecting link between the human and the divine; and, wafted on her spirit-wings, we may soar beyond
the threshold of the mysterious presence, and catch something of
the spirit and tendency of all things.
That poetry springs from the action of these two forces, nature and
humanity; or, in other words, that poetry is the essence of nature,
her very soul, clothed in the warm texture of humanity, it is not my
intention to show here at any length. The fact is self-evident, and I
will simply cite several manifestations of it. The faculties of mind
which poetry calls into play are essentially intuitive. Thus, we see,
poetry appears more to the imagination than to the reason. It is an in-
ternal excitement produced by external impression. In this limita-
tion poetry alone consists. When it has passed beyond these bounds,
it has become metamorphosed, and has entered upon a new phase of
existence. It is no longer poetry; it is philosophy. The best illustra-
tion of this dual nature of poetry is to be found in the poetic myths
of the legendary past. We see there the true spirit of poetry in its
infancy, as yet pure and undefiled; and there we must look for a re-
velation of the laws of its being. Do we not there see nature in all
of its forms and energies, the beautiful in contrast with the sublime,
the gentle and the lovely mingling in light and shade with the awful?
Such indeed is the picture presented to us, and in this phase we rec-
ognize the natural. Yet, is it "nature pictured too severely true,"
or is it nature as seen in its influence on mind? Here in this other
phase, we first trace life. The mass, before dead, has become imbued
with a spirit, thinking, feeling, assimilating to its own modes of thought,
so that the warm pulse-beat may be felt throughout the remotest tis-
sues of its being, and with wonder and amazement we behold rising
up before us a spirit akin to our own, and manifesting itself in the
human.
This is poetry in its beginning and its end. It is a real embodi-
ment of spontaneity, and as soon as the reflective faculties begin to
arouse and exert themselves in analyzing and deducing, divine poetry
wings her heavenly way, and philosophy, her human offspring, is left
to occupy her place. Though she is clothed in human form, she is
not human: her soul is immortal, because born of elements in them-
selves eternal; and it is this divinity of her nature that makes her ex-
istence eternal and absolute. Philosophy may fade away in system
after system, but poetry, never.
Thus we see that poetry is essentially natural as opposed to arti-
ficial. She is not formed by the understanding, but has a life as truly
real as our own. She also has a grand purpose to execute. She has
already done much, and she will do much more when men shall have
come to see the relation which she sustains to philosophy, and en-
deavor to harmonize rather than to divorce the two. Then shall there
be progress, and a progress not founded on illusion, but based on solid
reality.

We have considered poetry in the abstract; we have attempted to
analyze it, and trace it to its source, in order to discover in what it
consists and its true nature, and we shall now discuss the conditions
most favorable to its existence. By the term most favorable condi-
tions we do not mean ideal conditions, but the conditions that are
actually the most propitious under the existing system of things, and
strange and paradoxical as it may appear, we do not hesitate to assert
our belief that the condition most auspicious to a poetic develop-
ment is one of comparative ignorance, both as regards individuals and
nations; and our conclusion in this matter is founded on deductions
drawn from the nature of the subject and of the human mind.

As we have seen, poetry is the result of an external effect, produced
by the operation of the natural on the human. It is therefore an in-
fluence, and the source of this influence is in nature. Influence is
founded on sympathy. There must be a basis of that interchange,
from which springs life. Our souls must harmonize with nature, and
the cords which bind our union must be so vital that we can feel the
pulsations of the great heart of nature; and her life must be our life
and our thoughts the thoughts embodied in her. Under the influence
of such conditions alone, can we cast aside, as it were, the trammels
of material existence and softly glide into the mystic, there to com-
mune with pure ideas, spiritualized from the dross of matter, whose
gentle influences allure us with music that can only find an echo in the
chambers of the soul; and our souls, vivified with harmony, can but
catch up the sweet refrain, and the tuneful lyre of rhythm charms the
hearts of men. Or do loftier themes inspire us when a Sinai thunders
and the mighty forces of nature are proclaiming the eternal purposes
of their being?

In the infancy of mankind,—when the mind was as yet a scroll un-
written upon, before the finger of the Eternal had traced through
the medium of the natural those characters which now stand out in
such bold relief,—the mind, young and fresh, and with a principle of
energy implanted within it, began to look around for impressions and
ideas: and where could it turn but to nature, the great treasure-cham-
ber wherein are laid up the records of the universe, open to all who
could read them? And what was the result? Did not the heavenly-
winged spirit of poesy condescend to dwell among mortal men, and
charm their rude hearts with her flowing lyre? Nor did rythmic poetry alone grace the age; the beautiful and fanciful myths and legends, which Carlisle has happily called the inarticulate poetry of a nation, also adorned it. Shall there ever again be an age so rich in the divine afflatus? No. We ask, Why is this? Simply because of the fact, universally patent, that the human intellect, in its development, tends ever more and more to withdraw itself from the natural, which alone is the source of true and vivid poetic impression. It is this intense egoism of the mind which causes it to look in upon itself as a centre, and from that centre diverge all modes of investigation and of reflection. Man indeed observes nature, but not in the broad illumination of her own light. He observes her in the faint and flickering light of his own understanding. Can he ever hope to understand her true character?

But we ask, Was not this principle in operation in the early and poetic age, and if not, why not? This answer immediately presents itself: In the earlier ages, while yet the race was young, the mind of man was more or less void of impression; and not having that within him to work upon, his attention was turned outwards towards external nature; and the rays of thought converged, as to a centre. And another reason why a high degree of culture (in its most extended sense) proves itself unfavorable to the spirit of poesy is the conflict of reason and imagination. Poetry, as we have seen, by reason of causes innate in its own nature, appeals directly to the imagination; therefore, whatever conflicts with the imagination is in opposition to the poetic sentiment. Now, this conflict of reason and imagination is seated in the very nature and aim of these two faculties. Imagination has for its object creation, combination—a blending together of parts and effects into that harmonious whole which shall exemplify in itself the perfection that inheres in unity expressed in variety. Reason, on the other hand, sets before itself, as its object, analyzing, separating into parts and classifying. Nor is this conflict a doubtful one. Imagination must give way and reason must triumph. Imagination, being set into play by external impression, is more or less commensurate with the impression exciting it, and is therefore fixed in its nature. Reason is a power, a force, wholly within, absolute, and independent, having the motive and the end of action within itself: therefore, reason is progressive, and all other powers of mind must bow down before it.

B.
PAUSE! CONSIDER!

The students of Richmond College—what are they doing to-night? In fancy I glide from room to room, and look in upon their work, varied as it is. Some, with martial spirits aglow, are reading of the battles of Cæsar, or the Anabasis of Cyrus; some are contemplating the beauties of Int. Math.—from a distance. Here, a group are discussing the wonderful laws of physics, or reconciling the ingenious paradoxes of our learned professor of chemistry. Behold a hapless wight who, having wrestled in vain with Prep. Math., glides gently from its embrace into the "arms of Morpheus," and is now sweetly dreaming of some "Maiden with the meek, brown eyes."

I must not reveal all I see as I flit from floor to floor, from cottage to cottage, for it is not becoming to "tell tales out of school." But here they are,—following, like Theseus of old, with slender thread, the "Theory of Thought" through labyrinthian difficulties; reading Virgil's beautiful delineation of the fortunes of Aeneas; engaged in that species of composition dear to every student's heart—a Greek exercise; or—or—, but, no! The question I asked in the beginning was, "What are the students of Richmond College doing to-night?" And I used the word "student" in its highest signification, and so I shall leave some rooms unentered.

And now, fellow-students, and especially ye grave and dignified Seniors, let us lay aside our Juvenal, our Thucydides, our Calculus, or Logic, for a few moments. Let us tear ourselves from the enchanting society of the great men of other days, and look beyond these classic precincts at the influences now at work in our country, and the results which are to follow them. I do not bid you to sit idly down and dream. We are no longer school-boys, to spend our time moaning over what has been, or what might have been; and I hope we are passing the age when superb air-castles are built in rosy dreamland. I speak to men who are soon to pass out from these walls into real life, and it is to them that I say—Pause! Consider! I do not refer alone to the comparatively few at Richmond College, but I speak to them as representative young men of the South. I am aware that there are certain people who say that college boys should think of nothing beyond their Latin, Greek, or Mathematics. But away with such narrow-mindedness! The application of just such views as this has
brought disrepute upon higher education, and caused the masses to look with distrust upon young men fresh from college. Ah! too soon the voice of necessity will be calling the young men of the South into positions now occupied by our fathers. The good and great of our loved land are passing away. Those grand spirits from whom we had fondly hoped to gather lessons from the past as guides for the future, have been called up higher. Their clarion voices, which have so long rung out for liberty, whether in the senate or on the battle-field, are now hushed in death. Young men, pause, consider; are you prepared to fill these places? To some, these remarks may seem premature; time enough, they say, to think of such things when we have left college and grown older. But, no; as Horace beautifully expresses it—

"Nova pergunt interire luna,"

and the lightsome student of to-day will be the careworn man of to-morrow. We cannot spring from the class-room into life's battle full-armed, as did Minerva from the head of Jove, but we need gradual and careful preparation.

Fellow-students, I do not come before you as a mentor, to teach you your duty, but simply to say, look around you, and these feeble lines will have performed well their duty if they shall cause you calmly and earnestly to consider the great questions which affect the weal of our beloved South. I speak not of party questions. There are far-seeing politicians who tell us that from the graves of the Democratic and Republican parties will rise new parties organized on different issues. Whatever these parties may be, whatever the issues that divide them, whatever their following, the South will always be united, because her material interests are the same, and because, descended from common ancestors, they are bound together by ties which are stronger than "hooks of steel." Let "wire-pullers" and political tricksters do their worst to disintegrate the South; let them pull down and establish parties at their pleasure; there are principles which rise in grandeur far above corrupt politics, surviving the wrecks of factions. And the people who have fought shoulder to shoulder through two terrible struggles for liberty, whose ancestors are emblazoned on the roll of "Battle Abbey" and in the annals of French liberty, will ever remain indissolubly connected. The momentous issues which had so long divided the two sections, drenched the land in blood. After the North, aided by the scum of Europe, had overrun our land, the foul vulture, "Reconstruction" by name, spread its sable wings like a pall over our stricken South, and
preyed upon her vitals, while she was bound in helpless shame, as was Prometheus to the rock. Well, seventeen years have passed since the war closed, and the era of "fraternity" and "reconciliation" is upon us. Over the murdered form of our late President we have bowed in common sorrow, while from both sides men are rushing into each other's arms, crying between their embraces that their love surpasses even that of a woman for her first-born. This is truly affecting, but I earnestly believe that the men on both sides who did the fighting cannot yet impartially view the great points at issue which led to the war, and so it remains with us, young men of the South, when our fathers have passed away, calmly to consider these questions. And so again, I would beg you, Pause! Consider! for this issue is surely to be met, and there comes in reference to each Southern young man, Bulwer's famous question, "What will he do with it?"

Far be it from me to arouse bitter sectional feelings. I think, with pride, that the young men of the South will soon become citizens of a republic which numbers fifty millions of people. I feel proud of a country whose shores are kissed by two oceans, a country which embraces every known climate, and whose commerce is coextensive with the world. Every enterprise of national importance, or which tends to enhance the glory of the United States, is approved and forwarded by the South. And last summer, as the hot, weary days dragged on, thousands of Southern hearts turned, oh! so tenderly, to the languid sufferer at Elberon, and at morning and evening thousands of prayers ascended for his recovery. Yet who was more bitter against the South in his speeches than Garfield? Does this look like the fierce sectionalism with which the South is charged?

Yes, we will be citizens of the United States, we will share her glory and advance her prosperity (as did our ancestors), but repudiating the canting sentiment "No North, no South, no East, no West," we will give our first allegiance to the land of our birth. There are those (and their name is legion,) who bid us "let the dead past bury its dead," &c.; they say that the sword has decided forever the questions at issue between the North and the South, and that these principles must be forever abandoned. Young men of the South, Pause! Consider this! In obeying the dictates of such men, you write your fathers traitors and rebels, and brand with an eternal infamy the names of Lee and Jackson. Can the roar of artillery and the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war" refute the arguments of John C. Calhoun, when all the eloquence of Daniel Webster and his followers
was unequal to the task? No; might never did make right, and whatever public opinion may say now, these principles, first held by Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, will have a glorious fruition. "Times change and men change with them; but principles, never." So let us receive these principles as a precious heritage, cherishing them through life and transmitting them to posterity,

"For freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

Passing from this question, young men of the South, pause, consider next the negro question. Already for scores of years a mighty factor in American politics, this dark problem is now harder of solution than ever before. Shall the race which has written all the glorious pages of history succumb to that which has ever been the synonym of degradation? Shall a horrible amalgamation reduce us to the drivelling condition of the Central Americans? Sickened with horror at the thought, I turn away and say with reverence, forbid it; Almighty God! I need not go into the subject; you well know the history of the negro in this country. Innocent and happy in the cotton and tobacco-fields, he has been transplanted to legislative and senatorial halls, and there this tender plant is for sale to the highest bidder, and is as eagerly purchased by political botanists as though it were the veritable Rose of Sharon. Directed by infamous demagogues, this race, in their ignorance, with ballots in their hands, now dictate to the cultured and refined people of the South. They have filled all of our offices of trust with utter incompetents, even dragging the judicial ermine, pure and spotless as when Marshall wore it, down into the cesspools where they wallow. And now they demand mixed schools, so that (as their exponent, Professor J. E. Jones expresses it) all prejudices and race-distinctions may be obliterated. In fact, recently a lengthy bill was introduced into Congress, the avowed object of which was to remove any lingering distinctions which might still exist between the two races. Such is the condition of things at the South,—the Anglo-Saxon compelled to bow to the African, and yet, forsooth, wreathed in smiles, we must "kiss the hand that smites us," or a hue and cry is raised about our "cruelty to the poor, persecuted colored man!"

I have not intended to bring up all the vital questions which stare us in the face, nor attempted to answer those that I have suggested, my only purpose being to urge upon my college-mates to be mindful of
the responsibilities which are so soon to rest upon them. Looking abroad over our land from a political stand-point, the prospect, indeed, seems dark. I do not write, actuated by narrow party rancor, but refer to all politics and all parties. Time was when our political arena was adorned by purest men, when disinterested patriotism alone impelled men to run for office. O tempora, O mores! Where now is this lofty patriotism? Sound this question in thunder-tones through the length and breadth of our country, and the mocking echo answers, Where? Finding no habitation here, this virtue has winged its flight to join the immortal spirits of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and their illustrious successors. Since patriotism has gone, ask what now holds its place. Quickly the answer comes, borne on the air reeking from the foul dens of political trickery, Money. Enough, young men; you are to be the politicians of to-morrow. Pause! Consider! Let us enter the conflict full-armed, with our visors down. In the old days of chivalry many a good knight received a mortal blow because of some neglected crevice in his suit of mail. Fellow-students, we are now in a grand armory, and it is for us to choose our armor and our weapons for life's fray. Choose with care as best befits you. A few can wield the mighty battle-axe of eloquence, and thus strike terror into the ranks of the foe, as did Richard the Lion-Hearted, while numbers can do equal execution with the simple sword of truth.

I have said the prospect was dark; but all is not dark. Entering the conflict thus armed, and with a calm reliance upon Him who stands immutable amid the crash of empires and the wrecks of time, all will yet be well. Catching the prophetic inspiration of Scott’s inimitable Meg Merrilies, I believe there is “a gude time coming,” and right will conquer and injustice be overthrown—

“When Bertram’s right and Bertram’s might Shall meet on Ellengowan’s height.”

OAKLEY.
success, to the mind of every noble man and true philanthropist, has a much fuller and higher import than the mere attainment of some aim. To him, no man's life is a success who has lived and died and left nothing to smooth the rough path of his fellow-man, nothing to cheer him on in his efforts through life, from whose life the world has received no benefit—is no better off for his having lived in it, who has passed away "unhonored and unsung." Every man has a part to act in the great drama of life which must be performed by himself, and which, if he neglects, is left undone. The life of every man who does not perform the part assigned him is a failure. But there have lived men who seemed to accomplish everything which they would undertake, who have received the applause of their fellow-men, whose names have been handed down as by-words from generation to generation, whose productions have been treasured as master-pieces of the pursuits which they followed, and yet the world has not been made better—nay, I might say, it has been made even worse—by their having lived in it. Such men have perverted the noblest gift of God to his creatures, which, had they used aright, would have been productive of rich blessings to their race. Does any one suppose that mankind, today, is any better off because such men as Voltaire, Hume, and a host of others like them, have lived?—men who have exerted a most pernicious influence on their succeeding generations, who have placed instruments in the hands of their fellow-men by which untold evils have been perpetrated, whose labors have given rise to false systems, skepticism, and infidelity, and against whose influence we of to-day have to contend with all our might.

But what is the so-called secret of success? That power by which some men seem to rise to eminence and greatness irrespective of their own exertions? In the first place, there must be some adaptability for those things which a man undertakes, to insure success. Not that a man should possess great genius, for the majority of men who have attained to a great degree of eminence have not been men of genius. As Wirt has beautifully expressed it, "Genius, unexerted, is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the mountain summit, above the clouds, and sustains itself in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort."

While, however, there should be some adaptability, either natural or acquired, we should not sit in idleness trying to convince ourselves
that we have a natural inaptitude for every sphere in life, but rather should we strive to create within ourselves an aptitude. Many a man has cheated himself out of a useful and happy life by entertaining and fostering the feeling that he possessed no talents, no abilities. Let every one do his best, and success will come sooner or later. Demosthenes was not born an orator; but, by his own indefatigable exertions, he became the cap-stone of the great pyramid of orators.

Again: the imagination of a man determines, in no small degree, the success of his life. The imagination of a man is but the reflex of his life. He who allows his imagination to be continually occupied with base and low things of this life, who does not allow it to reach out after those higher and nobler principles in nature, can never become a moral being, and surely there is no one who will deny that morality is an essential to success.

Every man who starts out in life has, or should have, his ideal of perfection in that particular pursuit which he may follow, and this standard is but an assurance of what he can achieve in future. According as his ideal is high or low, so will be his success. If our ideals are consistent with the laws of our moral and human existence, they are ennobling and elevating, and such ideals cannot well be too high, nor too earnestly striven after. Success should know no limits, no bounds; so, if we would attain to any degree of success, our ideals should be beyond our reach, should flee before us like a shadow. It is said that when Britton's sightless bard had completed that greatest of epics which adorns our language, he reviewed it with a feeling of disappointment, because it had fallen so far short of what he had intended that it should be. Show me the man who has reached his ideal, and I will show you one who has never accomplished much.

Thirdly, and most important of all, an untiring industry may be said to be the key which unlocks every portal to success. There is no truer saying than "Every individual is the architect of his own fortune." To gain success, we should ever be on the alert to seize opportunities which may serve as a stepping-stone to success. We should not be discouraged by every breath of adversity, but rather excited to more vigorous action; like Bruce, when he saw the spider, after several successive failures, succeed, take heart, be encouraged to stouter exertions. We have only to look around, and we find among men enjoying the same privileges of education, some possessing fine abilities, perhaps genius, making no progress during their students' life, and in after years sink into obscurity; while, on the other hand, others, of inferior intellects, making slow but sure steps up the hill of
life, rising higher and higher in the scale of success, destined at last to be a blessing to their generation and ornaments to society.

If, my friends, we would ever accomplish anything in life, ever shine even as lesser lights in that galaxy of noble luminaries which has adorned our world, it must be by our own individual efforts; for success comes not unsought, but is accessible only to him who would strive to obtain it. It is this untiring industry, this persistent effort, which will enable us "To pluck bright honor from the spear-proofed crest of rugged danger," and enroll our names among the great of the earth.

S.

DEVELOPMENT.

As so much has been written of late on mental development, I shall pass that head unnoticed, and will suggest a few thoughts in regard to the development of man's physical and moral powers. Because the intellect is superior to the body, we are inclined to treat the education of the latter as a matter of little or no importance. We forget the dependence which exists between our several faculties. There is no truer adage than that of the ancients, mens sana in sano corpore. That the mind may perform a maximum amount of labor, the body must be in a healthful condition. It is a matter to be regretted that so many of us, during our college-life, lose sight of this important fact. There is a class of students who leave off physical exercise when they are pressed by their studies. When the time of their examinations draws near, instead of spending their afternoons in out-door exercise, instead of taking recreation which is so necessary, we find them in their rooms poring over text-books, and thus injuring themselves not only physically, but also mentally. They sit up till after midnight, and when the examination-day comes, and they enter the lecture-room, the mind, alas! as well as the body, entirely worn out, ceases to act. Everything seems a blank, they throw aside the pen in disgust, and yield up all hopes of graduation.

We find that there is another class of students who take more studies than it is possible for them to carry; but who flatter themselves that by taking no exercise for the body, and by spending every moment of their time over their books, they can be successful. How vain the delusion! How foolish the hope! How unwise the course! Experience teaches that in a given time we can do more intellectual labor by giving the body sufficient exercise. Another consideration
must not be omitted. When the mind is fresh, the work which it does is quicker and better performed. Though we may not spend so much time over our books in learning an assigned lesson, yet the same work will be better accomplished in a shorter period. The student who overtaxes himself, and neglects physical recreation, soon learns to loathe his books, the college, and everything connected with it. His whole course becomes a constant drag, and with eagerness he longs for the end of the session, when he will be free from his studies, and will have the opportunity to repair his wasted system.

The powers of the body, like those of the mind, are strengthened by exercise; but it is of paramount importance that one should have some regular training for the physical. There should be stated times for sports as well as fixed hours for study. Again, we should engage in those amusements which will symmetrically develop our physical frame, or we should so vary our sports as to leave no muscle unexercised. One would naturally think that the boy who has been following the plough most of his life would have more strength than the boy who has been brought up in the city. But in many cases we find the opposite of this true. To what can we attribute this? It is certainly not because the country boy has not had sufficient exercise, but it is due to the fact that the exercise of the country lad has been such as to develop only some of his muscles and to leave others lying dormant, while the lad from the city has so exercised himself as to bring all his muscles into play. In other words, the city gent has been striving for a rounded development. Many of our college-sports tend to give one-sided or unequal development. Foot-ball, for instance, develops the muscles of our limbs, but does not strengthen those of the chest. Educators are beginning to recognize more than ever the great need of physical education. Every college of any note has connected with it some facilities to exercise the whole body. I am glad to learn that the basement of our new building will be set apart for a gymnasium, and it is to be hoped that the students of the coming session will make good use of the opportunities which they shall then have.

In regard to moral development, the writer has only one thing to say. Nothing strengthens one more in a moral point of view than a strict regard for little things. The student who uses his mental faculties in inventing yarns (if I may use a colloquial expression) will by-and-by have his eyes opened to the injury resulting from such employment. I know that it is generally considered that there is nothing wrong in making up a ridiculous story just to amuse company. Many disregard
truth in these little matters, and quiet conscience by saying that it was done through fun. In relating an occurrence there is great temptation of giving to the real facts a considerable amount of coloring. If one yields to such temptations as these, injurious indeed will be the effects. I have known men to yield to them so far, that now they cannot distinguish between a truth and a lie. How important are these little matters! Do not neglect the payment of small debts because they are small. If in youth one disregards the small obligations which he owes to his associates, when he enters the broader arena of action he will not respect those greater obligations which bind him to his fellow-men. Despise not the day of small things.

When are moral teachings most fruitful? The moral lessons taught us in childhood make deepest impression upon the mind. Thrown into the broad arena of life, into society calculated to destroy every good influence, yet one cannot forget that teaching received around the hearth-stone at home. Says one of Virginia's patriots: "Of all the altars of religion, whether erected under the dome of St. Peter's or the spire of St. Paul, there is no shrine of God so sacred as the mother's knee." The son may be far from the land of his nativity, from the humble cottage in which his eyes first opened to the light of the sun, yet how eager is he to end his peregrinations to return to the old homestead and to thank a mother for the moral training she gave him in the days of his childhood. As he comes in sight of the humble dwelling, no merry voices of children greet his ears, no father comes out to welcome his boy, no aged mother meets and embraces him. He then hurries to the spot which marks the resting-place of her body, and drops on her grave a tear—more valued by a mother than a monument of granite.

SHAKESPEARE'S WOMEN.

I shall, in writing on this subject, confine myself to a criticism of the female characters that appear in one play—namely, that of Othello. The women, then, of whom we shall speak, are Desdemona and Emilia.

In Desdemona the prominent characteristics are womanly sympathy and wifely devotion. And yet this woman is not a personification of either of these virtues. They are not shown by any wonderful feats which she performed, but they are drawn out by the events which occurred around her. It was Othello's recital of the dangers through
which he had passed that made her tears to flow. It was the drunken bout of Cassius and his consequent deposal from office that was the occasion for her to exhibit her sympathy with those who do wrong and suffer for it. Desdemona’s love for her husband, which is represented as continuing to the last, even when she was falsely and basely accused and most brutally treated by Othello, is also true to nature. Shakespeare does not describe any extravagant outburst of affection, but so arranges the events of the play as to afford an opportunity for the exercise of this virtue.

Emilia is characterized by due regard to the rights of her sex and devotion to her mistress, and also by great courage in time of danger. Although she was very different from Desdemona, she was as true a representative of one type of woman as Desdemona was of another. Her opposition to tyrannous husbands was expressed on the occasion of her mistress’ cruel treatment by Othello. This base treatment of Desdemona is also made the means of drawing out Emilia’s devotion to her mistress. Emilia’s fierce and uncompromised denunciation of Othello after he had killed his wife seems, at first sight, unwomanly, especially when we remember that Othello was even then fresh from his fiendish work, and his hands, so to speak, were dripping with innocent blood. But when we take into consideration the fact that Emilia was writhing in the consciousness that her mistress had been basely and wrongfully murdered, we see that it was distinctively womanly to disregard the danger that she was encountering, and to pour forth a flood of imprecations on the head of the murderer. And the great dramatist very finely represents womanly instinct when he makes Emilia bid defiance to the restraints laid upon her, and at the sacrifice of her own life declared the truth, thereby vindicating the character of her dead mistress.

E. C. A.

PHRENOLOGY AS A SCIENCE.

Whatever may be our avocation in life, we may expect to hear various opinions in regard to phrenology becoming a science. Our views will doubtless be called for; and if our influence is worth anything, it is our duty to give a sensible reason for the opinions we hold. We should not evade the question by simply stating that the subject requires a wider acquaintance with philosophy and metaphysics than it
is our privilege to possess, consequently we have formed no fixed opinions.

We know that water will dissolve sugar, and that copper will disappear as a solid in nitric acid; but does this prove that a substance can be made up of various elements so as to dissolve everything else? No; for, should it be discovered, no vessel could be found to preserve it. This conclusion does not require years of study in the science of physics, but common sense exposes the absurdity; just so, it requires no wide knowledge of philosophy to determine the real merits of phrenology.

Phrenology teaches us to divide the brain into small portions resembling the particles of matter that compose a body, and each one of these molecules, so to speak, has a distinct and separate name, according to the characteristic quality of the atoms of which it is said to be composed. These divisions of the brain extend out to the surface of the head, and, when nature places a special gift upon her different children, these portions of the brain, corresponding to the talents received, must swell out and cause a "bump", at each extremity. By this fanciful rather than logical argument, phrenologists pretend to show with what talents nature has endowed man; and in this pretension they claim not only to have found the true and genuine fountain of youth, but they show you the channel through which nature has ordained that its waters shall flow to the wide ocean of eternity. This he does when he predicts, from the indications of the head, what talents nature has given a man, and what his avocation in life should be.

To the unthinking mind, it is a pleasant thing to believe these fancied stories, and hear the authors tell of a country somewhere in the regions of science, that abounds in jewels more precious than the world has ever seen. Like a traveller in a barren desert, such an one, deceived by an optical delusion, fancies for awhile he sees the glittering towers of a beautiful city far away in the distance; but, like Combe and Spurzheim, he reaps his harvest from the fruits of his imagination. Between this undiscovered country and the shores of philosophy there rolls a wide and stormy ocean that never can be crossed. Upon it I once sailed, and was tossed by the waves of trouble until a great storm of infidelity arose, and the Bible was thrown overboard; then I leaped out upon it, as a life-preserver, and safely reached the shore, never again to venture out in search of that fanciful land where the inhabitants know each other by phrenological signs.

This would be a miserable world, indeed, if phrenology were a true
and established science. Man could not conceal his own, his secret thoughts. Nature would be a poor mother to thus betray her children to public censure. The mental qualities of man, according to the teachings of this would-be science, are nothing more than a combination of animal propensities; for the brute creation possesses all these functions of intellect, in a great or small degree. By these views, man can easily see that if phrenology declares herself independent, she must bring out her mighty Washington to lead her to victory, for war is inevitable, yes, a revolutionary war, with the mother country—philosophy—before she can establish that independence. But can this ever be done? No; for the gods are against her, because she tries to dethrone even them, and take from them the power to gaze into the depths of the human soul, and give it to our fellow-men. Nay, more than this, she promises to demonstrate how talent itself may be handed down to posterity, shows a new and scientific system of education, promises health and vigor to her followers, and threatens destruction on her opponents. Matrimony will be no longer a leap in the dark, civilization will have reached its zenith, and education will have become an absolute necessity, when phrenology becomes an established science.

NOMEL.

[We give space in our columns for the following poem, written by a student at Randolph Macon College. Perhaps its perusal will give much pleasure to some member of the Sen. Math. class.—Eds.]

AN ODE TO THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS.

To get my Math. I sat me down.
"It is no use," I swore,
"From other things I'll get renown,
And fool with Math. no more."

Then took I off cravat and coat,
And thought of Integration,
And seized my trusty pen, and wrote
This bitter execration:

O, ye Calculi!
Bane of life to me,
May Pluto's country be your resting-place!
To the abode of Hades,
Deep in the gloomy shades,
May Satan bear away your hated race!

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Deep in the gloomy shades,
May Satan bear away your hated race!
Around your tombs
May devils come—
Come all of Satan's million devils;
And there in glee,
O Calculi,
Disturb your rest with noisy revels!

May Charon at his oar,
On Acheron's bleak shore,
On you his direful glances fix:
Then put you in his craft,
And silently you waft
To the far, far shore of the Styx!

May Mephistopholes
Upon you trembling seize,
And plunge you in eternal fire.
There may ye, Calculi,
Forever burning be,
With no more hope of mounting higher.

No one will weep
O'er your last sleep,
Except some lunatic like Tod;
He'll make a fuss,
O Calculus,
When you are underneath the sod.

But in the earth above,
In city and in grove,
The student in high carnival will be;
And all men will rejoice
That Todhunter's dull voice
Can never sound again in Calculi!

No man of any nation
Will study Integration,
Or cloud his mind with functions of phi,
And Differentiation
Will take its proper station
Among the things that never more can be.
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The retiring editors, we are well aware, have contended against many odds. We would not be doing them justice in simply saying, "They have done their duty." With but little of outside assistance or sympathy, they have been necessarily late in the issues of the paper; yet, regardless of the work which fell upon them, they have not allowed the standard of the Messenger to be lowered. Seeing the fiery ordeals through which they have passed, we have some apprehension that "the editor's easy chair" is not so easy after all. We are willing to do our duty, but we think it unjust for the members of the societies, after electing us to this position, to overburden us with labor by their failure to furnish us with articles for publication. Nothing less than the hearty support of every student will insure us a successful term. We therefore appeal to them for their cooperation. Give us your sympathy by giving us articles. Give us your aid by procuring subscribers and advertisers, and (may we not add?) aid the Messenger by patronizing those who patronize us. It is needless to conceal the fact that pecuniarily our paper is much embarrassed. In order that it may be free from debt at the close of this session, funds must be taken from the treasuries of the societies. It is absolutely certain that so far as the present session is concerned, the Messenger has not, and will not be self-sustaining, and we think we are correct in saying that this is not the first session in which it has had a similar drawback. But there is no reason for these financial embarrassments if the societies will only exercise a little foresight and prudence. We take this occasion to make a few suggestions, which we think will be for the good of the Messenger, in relieving it from future hindrance, and which we sincerely hope will be taken for what they are worth. If we can only secure a wide circulation, we need not trouble ourselves about getting merchants to advertise with us. They will not hesitate to advertise if they are certain that their advertisements are widely spread, and are seen by numerous readers. We can accomplish a broader circulation if we can gain the interest and sympathy of the alumni of the college. If we can succeed in getting the Society of Alumni connected with our paper, its members will take more interest in the affairs of their alma mater, and there will be awakened in them a deep concern for the welfare of our paper, and thus its prospects for success will be placed upon a surer foundation. Our paper could then be enlarged without any additional work upon our students. We therefore think that it would be a capital idea for the literary societies, at the close of this
session, to send a committee to the meeting of the alumni and request them to take a share in the Messenger, and to elect an editor out of their number who shall coöperate with the editors of the literary societies. The Messenger will then be under the control of the alumni and the two literary societies of Richmond College. If this plan, just announced, meets with objections and is thwarted, and if the students shall oppose the coöperation of the alumni, we venture to offer another plan. We think that there ought to be a standing board of managers, and that they ought to receive pay for their services. We do not mean that they should have a fixed salary, but they should have a certain per cent. of the money received for advertisements. This would make them more energetic, and would greatly increase the number of advertisements, in which we at present are sadly deficient. Whatever may be the results of the above suggestions, there is one fact which stares us in the face, and, like Banquo's ghost, will not down at our bidding: under its present management, the Messenger is dying every day, and it is time for every one who holds its interests dear to his heart, to ask himself the question,

"Shall it ever live,
At this poor, dying rate?"

LOCALS.

Mumps! Mumps!!

Look at that "curve"!

"Foot-ball"! Alas, the cry has been wafted by the spring breezes to a distant land to return no more—this session.

Two students coming from the college hotel, on "boss-day": "Why do you hold your head so high to-day, Mr. T.?" "Been eating raisins."

Lecture in chemistry on glass: "Glass—Glass has had a great influence on morals. Glass costs money. It is wrong to break glass out of the windows. It vitiates the morals, unless the fact is reported in twenty-four hours, or a double price is paid." Think of this, ye base-ball players, when you are knocking "fouls" near the chairman's office.

It is very much to be lamented that on the present editorial staff there is not one "funny" man, and the incumbent of this department
is less inclined in that direction than any of them. Therefore, be it known unto you this day, ye wits of the college, that your brightest productions are earnestly solicited, that they may enrich the pages of the *Messenger*; and for a stronger reason still—viz., that they may be crystallized, so as to bless coming generations.

"Prep." philosophers studying instinct. Original illustrations that brutes have reason:

Mr. T.: A friend told me that he was down on the branch, and hearing the birds making a great noise, looked in the bushes and saw a snake having a young bird tied with a grape vine; and as the old birds came to rescue the little one, the snake would gather them in.

Professor remarks incredulously, Did he see the snake tie the bird?

Mr. E.'s story: While standing on the bank of the Shenandoah, I saw a rat come out of his hole shaking a long straw, which he held in his mouth. Presently another rat came out, and taking hold of the straw he was led by his generous companion to the water's edge to quench his thirst. Mr. E. being curious to know the cause of this strange procedure, and naturally fond of zoölogy, cast a magic spell over the rats, and by careful examination found that one was blind.

Is not this sufficient evidence to prove that brutes have reason?

The late issue of this number of our paper gives us ample time to mention the public debate of the Philologians, which took place in their hall on the second Friday night in March. We say public debate, but we will take that back and say literary entertainment, as the latter is a more appropriate term for the occasion. Besides the debate, there was reading, declamation, and music. The president of the society, Mr. J. H. Wright, made an address of welcome; after which the selected choir, with Mr. Williams as director and Mr. Lemon as organist, delighted the fair audience with choice music. The reading by Mr. Garnett was specially good. The humorous declamation delivered by Mr. W. I. E. Cox was well received. The question under discussion was: "Resolved, That the sciences afford a better field for mental development than the languages." It was debated affirmatively by Messrs. Hurt and Gardner, and negatively by Messrs. Wood and Quick. All of these gentlemen acquitted themselves quite handsomely. We have only one complaint to make, and that a very small one. We think the exercises were protracted too long, which could have been avoided had the debaters curtailed their speeches. At the close of the debate, the audience was again favored with music, which was highly
appreciated, judging from the frequent applause during its rendition. At the close of the song, the president announced the meeting adjourned. We were encouraged to see that a few at least of the fair sex were present. Nothing encourages or inspires us more than their attendance upon our public exercises. On the 14th of April a public debate will be held in the Mu Sigma hall, and we extend a cordial invitation for all to be present.

EXCHANGES.

In assuming the rôle of an Exchange editor, we cordially greet our brethren of the press. We have no preliminary remarks to make. We launch our little bark, for the first time, upon the journalistic sea. We expect to be tossed about, however. We trust that every wave will make us more seaworthy.

The University Quarterly is numbered among the best of our exchanges. The February No., we must say, is not as good as usual. But we do not criticise, for we think that there is such an adage as "Variety is the spice of life." Therefore, adhering to this proverb, we think that the Quarterly can well afford not to be so good as usual now and then.

The Wake Forest Student is not a model college paper. If that journal will allow us to make a suggestion, we would say, make your paper smaller if the students cannot contribute sufficient matter, and let alone such contributions as are from the pens of professors, D. D's., and others. We will also say that the department of this paper denominated "Worth Repeating" is superfluous. A college paper should be made up strictly from and by the college, and not filled with contributions from learned professors and articles from other papers.

The Ariel, from the University of Minnesota, is upon our table. Its article upon "Washington Irving's Literary Services" is good. We agree with the comments upon the Civil-Service Reform, and we also join hands with you in saying that the "impulse must be derived from the educated and thinking young men," except we do not entirely exclude old men. We are glad to see that the young element of the North favor so strongly education and thought, and we sincerely wish that this element would visit the South and see how sorely education, thought, and integrity are here smothered and hushed by illiterate and dishonest demagogues, who dream of office, think and study for
office—in fine, who live for office, and when this boon is not granted, their little bubbles disappear and existence ceases. We think the Ariel wrong in respect to the department of "Communications." After setting forth the aims of this part of the paper, we find this in the conclusion: "The editors are not to be held responsible for anything which may appear in its columns." Now, this may be merely a difference of opinion, still, we contend that the editors should and ought to be responsible for all communications as to their fitness, etc.

The Mississippi University Magazine presents a neat appearance. The matter is good, and the paper upon the whole is one of our best exchanges. We are always glad to receive it.

The Album is truly a good exchange. Its matter is appropriate (as a general thing) and well expressed. The "Local" and "Exchange" departments are well written and quite spicy. The article on "The Hygiene of Student Life" is rather too scientific for a college paper. This article is very good despite the psychological cast, and there is interspersed some wholesome, practical thought.

We are are happy to see the College Days. Its editorials are really good, decidedly above the average. The one about the "Student's World" sets forth the facts well. As to the piece entitled "Eloquence," we will simply say that any one who reads it will be well re-paid for the time spent. We think this paper devotes too much of its space to locals. Locals may be interesting to the students, but, as a general thing, are not very much so to outsiders. We hope this paper will be a constant visitor.

What has become of our friends of the University of Virginia? We never get the Magazine now. Let us hear from you; we miss you much.

The Roanoke Collegian pays us its regular visits. We always welcome you. But where is your "Exchange" department?

The Randolph-Macon Monthly fails to come to us now. What's the matter?

We are in receipt of the Presbyterian College-Journal, the Calliopean Clarion, The Portfolio, the Heidelberg Monthly Journal, and the Lasell Leaves.

Quite an entertaining exchange is the Calliopean Clarion. Sprightly in thought, picturesque in fancy, and tolerably sound in logic, we have read some of its articles with pleasure. We admire "Alone" for its originality and well-expressed ideas, we like the pleasing sadness of
"Forgotten Graves"; but we must say we can't endorse some of the wide-sweeping declarations made in the article on "Conversation." For example, the writer thus alludes to the girls: "Girls are great talkers, but the substance of their conversation is light and airy. They string out the threads of their verbosity finer than the staple of their thoughts." Now, we admit this is true in some cases, but certainly not in all, as the writer would have us believe. There has not been a sufficiently wide observation of facts on the part of the author to justify so wide a conclusion. In other and plainer words, if his sweetheart "strings out the thread of her verbosity," it does not follow that everybody's sweetheart does the same thing! We are surprised that, from a few observed cases, he should make such an incorrect induction. The Clarion publishes several orations of the senior men,—one having for its subject, "Hold your tongue and mind your business." The subject is good, whatever else may be said of the oration.

PERSONALS.

J. M. Simms is clerking at Washington, Ark.
Tim Rives, B. L., is doing well in Prince George.
T. J. Gant is in the Treasury Department, at Washington.
C. A. Cutchins is in business in Norfolk. Married life agrees with him.
Willie Fleet is farming in King and Queen. He finds use for his chemistry.
E. B. Morris, '77-'78, got a good "pounding" at Milesburg, Pa., a few weeks ago.
Herbert Lewis, session '78-'79, is married, and practising law in King and Queen.
Ben Gay is practising law in North Carolina. Ben, do you have any earthquakes down there?
R. L. Harrison, '74-'75, is farming in Henrico. He needs a superintendent—not of his farm.
E. M. Baum has settled in Norfolk. He is studying hard, but still clings to his "calico-ticket."
John Peake is farming in Norfolk county. He believes that "it is not good for man to be alone."
J. A. McManaway has accepted a call to the Baptist church at Midway, Ky. What about matrimony, Mc?
Bob Morris is with his father, in Norfolk. Bob thinks that tagging cotton is more pleasant than reading Blackstone.

John A. Powers is at his home, in King William county, in declining health. Jack, we tender you our warmest sympathies.

Spot Allen is book-keeping for Whitlock, in this city. His advice is, "Young men, go to 'Eastman Business College.'"

Claggett Jones is practising law at Staunton. We wish you well, Clag. Take the Messenger, so as to keep up with the times.

George Dey is with his father in Norfolk. If you want your life insured, give him a call. Subscribe for this, George, and we'll call it square.

H. A. Latané is clerking at Tappahannock—no "Math." to keep him from paying his compliments to the girls. Harry, are you not happy? You ought to be.

It is a grievous oversight that we have thus far failed to mention the departure from our midst of Mr. W. P. Waddy. We miss you sadly, old fellow, especially your oratory on the campus and your genial laugh.

J. J. Taylor enters upon his second year as pastor, at Lexington, Ky., with brighter hopes and stronger zeal. Give the Messenger an article on the "Blue-Grass" region. Judson has a hard time finding an assistant pastor. He is fond of blondes.

W. J. Decker was recalled from the seminary by the illness of his mother, and is now at his home in Spotsylvania. You have our hearts with you in your trouble; but we know none of us could bear such reverses half so well. O, that we had you with us now!

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