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BUSINESS MANAGER:—R. C. HUBBARD.

RETROSPECTION.

By VIVIEN.

I.

Oh Fate! let me rest on the banks of the stream
Where the ripples are kissed by the daisies;
Where fond hopes were blighted in boyhood's bright dream
Of all their ruddiest phases.

II.

Where the shadows at even' steal apace o'er the plain,
And the twilight so wondrously gleams;
Where spring into summer is gliding again,
To garland its murmuring streams.

III.

There, the long line of mountains, stately and proud,
Stretch afar in the dim, distant blue;
And the lurid sunbeams, veiled by a cloud,
Fall aslant on the soul's kindling view.

IV.

Where myriad stars dart athwart the soft sky
That once gazed down upon me in gladness;
Where my friends and companions shall breathe me a sigh,
Symbolic of love and of sadness.

HISTORY.

Amid all the change and vicissitude of time, the fall and rise of empires, the uprising of age upon the ruins of age, in these and all the upheavals and depressions in the history of a world, one vital link, running through and binding all together, is more or less manifest. Life is born out of death, and all tends towards progress. And in the cycle of thought we observe the same permeating and vivifying connection. Systems of philosophy fade away, but all that is of truth is reproduced in a yet broader and higher philosophy. The far-rolling voice of the generations is ever widening the circle of its rhythmic wave, until it shall lose itself in the infinite.

In all this can we fail to see the workings of a mighty principle moving and unfolding itself in the annals of time—an indwelling soul, swaying all things into conformity with itself, and appointing their courses? It is the unfolding of this progressive spirit that we call history.

History, then, is above the human. Man is only an element in history; and the source of history rests in the being of the Eternal One, and is in part the manifestation of the law of His being. So much for the origin of history; but in tracing the end, the process is much more difficult, and the conclusion very much more vague, as it is left altogether to inference.

The being and the law of history, we have said, is Divine, but the elements which enter into the composition of history, the agencies through which it manifests its vital energy, are nature and man—nature first in order of time, man first in order of importance. In this, the principle that life consists in exchange holds true, and it is by the action and reaction of these two elements one upon the other that history is wrought out. All the possibilities of history are locked up in material nature, and the power to appreciate and develop them, in the mind of man. And as this includes all the elements in nature, and absorbs all the faculties in man, history is a science universal. History, therefore, being dependent upon the knowledge of nature, as that advances, history also takes on new developments, and unfolds herself more and more in the broadening light of science.

History, we have said, is a development, and as such obedient to law. But to what extent is this true? Is history a logical development? In our opinion, most certainly not. And, although we regard the latter theory as evidently untenable, we will yet, for the

sake of making our position still stronger, state two arguments which make against it. If history were a logical development, that development, having a source divine, would of necessity be perfect, and history would have not one flaw in all of its huge proportions. The other objection is, that a logical development would destroy the free agency of man in history. And this can be by no means dispensed with. We hold, therefore, that history is, indeed, the unfolding of divine law, and as such has a definite purpose in view, and a certain process through which that end must be reached; but, at the same time, we admit the free-agency of man in history, and we also believe that these two statements can be reduced to perfect harmony.

Here we would bring in a conception of the idea. The idea, in juxtaposition to matter, we hold to have a pre-existence, and an eternal, which inheres in the supreme essence, namely, the Divine mind. Matter, so far as it here pertains, we hold to have only a phenomenal existence, wholly dependent upon the idea, of which it is intended to be but the expression. Nature, in this view, is but a great store-house of ideas laid up for the use of man; and as nature is the basis and substance of history, and man only the agent which brings out history, therefore history, in its development, must follow out the great base-lines of thought imposed upon nature by the Divine mind. Nature and man are complements, and must develop each other.

Although the germ of history is implanted in nature, its concatenation, if I may use this term, is founded on the mental constitution of man. Man can take in at once but a few of the ideas in nature, and at first only such as are most apparent. These first rudiments of knowledge, when taken into the mind, react upon the faculties, widening their reach and thereby calling into play still more powerful faculties; and, standing upon the foundation of the ideas already obtained, the mind of man is elevated to a higher plane, and is enabled to enjoy a much grander and more comprehensive view of nature, stretching at his feet and yet towering above him. So, link by link, idea is joined to idea, and the mighty fabric of history is upbuilt; and I think we may safely conclude that it will continue to tower upwards, until the last recess of nature shall have been explored and robbed of its treasures. History, then, has a limit, and that limit is imposed by the capacity of nature.

Such is the extent of history. But what is the purpose and end of history? Here our mind shrinks from the stupendousness of the task; the conception is too big, and thought becomes too speculative

for the purpose of this crude sketch. We will but say, that the purpose and end of history is identical with the Divine plan of creation.

To recapitulate, then, history is a science universal. It has its source in the Divine mind. It is a progression, and the agencies through which it unfolds its development are nature and man. The substance of history is in nature; therefore, the Divine impress upon nature gives to history its impetus and direction. The systematic connection of history is fixed in the law of action of the human mind; thus showing the free working of the human within the divine. The scope of history, we have said, is coëxtensive with the Divine purpose of creation.

Thus far, history seems complete in its elements, and as forming a perfect whole; but here we are puzzled by the discovery of a new element, which seems at first foreign in its nature, and, as it were, to brake into the harmony of historic development. This element is the direct manifestation in history of Jehovah in contradistinction to Elohim. It is what we term sacred history. This, as we have said, is a principle apparently extraneous to history; and the only reason by which we can account for it is the supposition of a fall in man and in nature, whereby the completeness and the harmony of the constituents of history were disrupted, and discord was introduced, so that some new element was necessary to bind again the dissevered agencies and restore in part the vital harmony. B

THE AZTEC METROPOLIS.

In a wild and delightful country, near the southern extremity of the North American Continent, lies the beautiful valley of Mexico.

The rugged Sierra, which girds this lovely spot, encompasses a scene of the richest splendor. There the earth teems with the fairest of nature's productions; the leaves of the valley vie in their tints with the deepest dyes of the emerald, and the wild flowers rival the rarest exotics. Near the centre of this beautiful vale lies the placid lake of Tezcucó, upon whose surface at evening the moonbeams gaily dance for a moment, then swiftly speed upwards to tell of the beauties of earth. On the bosom of the waters slumbers a beautiful island. Upon this favored spot stood, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, the imperial city of Mexico. Beautiful in her solitary grandeur, fair as a green island in a desert waste, proud as a lonely

column reared in the wilderness, stood the renowned and splendid capital of the Aztec dominions. Within its walls were concentrated the wealth, power, and splendor of Anahuac. Year after year it increased in wealth and prosperity, until it became the haughty mistress of the Western Continent. The Montezumas had passed away, but their capital remained in all its magnificence and regal grandeur.

But ah ! how soon was this beautiful metropolis, with its gorgeous tiara of pyramids and temples, to be levelled with the dust. Another race came over from the remote East and assailed them in the very zenith of their glory. The Spanish cavaliers fought well and bravely, for they knew that they were treading the paths of honor ; and the unfortunate Aztecs defended their capital like brave and patriotic warriors. Long and doubtful was the contest ; but the superior military discipline of the invaders, and their haughty spirit of knight-errantry, finally prevailed. One by one, the rebellious tribes of Anahuac joined the Spaniards ; and the Aztec Metropolis saw its mighty vassals fall off, one after another, as the decaying tree parts with its leaves at the first blast of the tempest.

The storm, which now burst over the Mexican valley, swept wildly over Tenochtitlan. As the Spaniards passed through the devoted city, they razed to the ground every structure, from the miserable hovel of the peasant to the splendid palace of Montezuma. The high-bred cavaliers, wishing to preserve inviolate the chivalry of Spain, offered to treat with Guatemozin ; but the barbaric king, incited by a lofty pride and love of country, refused to surrender. Then it was that Cortez, with his circumspect Sandoval and brave Alvarado, exerted their utmost strength. 'Twas then that the Aztecs, driven to desperation, fought as they had never fought before. But it was too late. Guatemozin was captured and taken before the conqueror. His dim and lustreless eye, his haggard countenance and dejected mien, show but too plainly that he is tired of life. Laying his hand on the hilt of a poniard, he says to Cortez, " Better dispatch me with this, and rid me of life at once." Cortez, filled with admiration at the proud bearing of the young barbarian, replied, " Fear not ; you shall be treated with all honor." Sending a guard, he had the wife of Guatemozin escorted to his presence. She was the youngest daughter of Montezuma, and was hardly yet on the verge of womanhood. There they stood, side by side, the noble Aztec king and the beautiful Indian princess, and their capture marked the downfall of the Aztec Metropolis. The siege is ended, and 'tis evening. The sky assumes a darkened aspect, and glittering drops of rain tell

of the coming storm. Time wears on, and 'tis midnight. A tremendous tempest, such as the Spaniards had rarely witnessed, bursts over the Mexican valley. The angry winds rush by, roaring like a cataract of leaping, hissing waters, the lightning's blaze fires the clouds with a lurid flame, and the slumbering thunders wake, splitting asunder the vault of heaven, and hurling down rain and hail in torrents. How sadly in unison was the war of the elements with the fortunes of the ruined city ! " It seemed as if the deities of Anahuac, scared from their ancient abodes, were borne along, shrieking and howling in the blast, as they abandoned the fallen capital to its fate." But the storm passed—

" The gloom from the face of the heavens retired ;
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired ;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, lamentingly sung."

And, oh ! how sad the strain :

"'Twas heard far off ; so far as but to seem
Like the faint, exquisite music of a dream."

It came nearer ; it floated by. 'Twas a passing zephyr, chanting a funeral dirge over the devoted city. How sad the field of reflection for those who love to linger on the storied memories of the past ! As we are borne backward on memory's wing, imagination pictures to us the desolate ruins of the "Aztec Venice." The gorgeous palaces, the splendid temples, the glittering canals, the royal pomp of groves and gardens, all the splendors of the imperial city, forever gone ! The wild munificence of Montezuma and the dauntless heroism of Guatemozin are still remembered.

" Their names remain ; but they are fled
Forever, numbered with the dead."

And all that remains of the once beautiful metropolis is here and there some crazy tenement, some mouldering tower, lonely sentinels, keeping sad vigils over the forms of their prostrate brethren. And these decaying relics are the only marks to tell of the barbaric splendors of the Indian Monarchy ; for her former grandeur and magnificence, like a tale that is told of the dissolving fancies of a dream, have passed away.

RODOMONTE.

RELATION OF MAN TO MAN, AND ITS VALUE.

No man liveth to himself, whatever be his purposes or his pursuits. He is a centre of influence, affecting for weal or for woe all with whom he lives; yea, more: his influence, going through mediate agencies, reaches unto remote degrees. The individual can no more confine this influence to himself than can the flower its perfume. We cannot gaze upon the sleeping babe without being in some degree affected. It is the law of our being to be influenced by each other. The individual human being exists no more separately than the individual atom of matter. The laws that govern his nature bind him to others, and others to him, with enlarged and multiplied relations. He is not mechanically or accidentally, but vitally related to his species. The sentiment of kindred binds him to his family, the social sentiment binds him to the community, the patriotic to his country, the human to his race.

Man naturally tends to riot and excess. The passions are too strong to be successfully resisted. They darken the understanding and lead captive the will. They bear their victim unresisting down the rushing stream, as a frail and passive leaf swept on the bosom of the rapids, until self-indulgence, increasing to extravagance, soon ends in wanton licentiousness, and bankruptcy in material, mental, and moral truth,

Hence, the value and necessity of the relations he bears to his fellow-men. He wishes their respect and approval. He has regard for their opinions, and in order to be esteemed by them, is often willing to expose himself to all kinds of dangers.

Without the regard of his fellows, man would be an exile worse than Napoleon at Elba. Without their respect his own home would be a more cheerless place than the snow-clad Siberia. Whenever these restraints are removed, men invariably reveal their corrupt principles and propensities, just as the native power of the stream is seen when the embankments are destroyed. There have been times when these social ties have been ruptured—times of upheaval in the moral world, similar to those periods which geologists describe, when the boiling igneous fluid from below has uplifted and upturned whole continents and ocean-beds which had lain undisturbed for ages. The turbulent and excited stream of passion, escaping from long confinement, rushes madly, furiously along, desecrating all that is sacred, and marring all that is lovely and fair. It is like the wheel which

catches fire as it goes, and burns with a fierce conflagration as its own speed increases. The distinctions between right and wrong, between one man's property and another's, have disappeared, and in the confusion, common minds feel a difficulty in keeping hold of the distinctions between justice and injustice. All is wild chaos. The mass, unthinking, unknowing, and uncaring, like a herd, follow some evil-guiding spirit.

The king is bleeding upon the scaffold, the nobles are depending on their own peasantry, the judges are prisoners at the tribunals at which they were wont to preside, the priesthood is helpless, cunning is overreaching sincerity, might is trampling upon right, and unblushing confidence is the surest means of success. Bold but mean men are now coming from the hiding-places to which they were driven, and are everywhere grasping the honor and authority of state. Such scenes have not escaped the notice of the historians.

Thucydides tells us that when the plague raged at Athens, lawlessness reigned to a greater extent than it had ever done before. When the people saw the sudden changes of fortune, their ideas became confounded and their principles unsettled, they lost all sense of honor, and openly committed deeds which men are wont to hide from view.

Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall," says: "The corrupt and opulent nobles gratified every vice that could be collected from the mighty conflux of nations and manners. Secure of impunity, careless of censure, they lived without restraint in the patient and humble society of their slaves and parasites. The emperor, in his turn viewing every rank of his subjects with the same contemptuous indifference, asserted without control his sovereign pleasure of lust and luxury."

And such is the uniform teaching of history. Whenever, from any cause, society is disintegrated, and the individual is relieved from a sense of responsibility or fear of public censure, and left free to follow his own opinions and desires, the invariable result is an increase of immorality and crime. At such times, vice will not even pay its usual tribute to virtue by wearing its garb, but walks abroad, in the light of day, with its unblushing face unveiled, and its haggard arms laid bare, to find out and seize its victim; and while it immolates with one hand, it lays hold of the spoils with the other.

We witness the same thing in the history of individuals. There are certain extremes in human life where this influence is little felt, and there we witness the native propensities of the heart, just as electricity is manifested at the poles of a battery.

“Take either of the extremes of earthly rank, and you find human nature showing its native inclinations. It is proverbial that the extremes of wickedness collect at the extremes of society.” Place persons so high that they feel that they cannot mount higher, and that they are beyond the influence of the opinion of others, and so protect them that they are secured by their position from falling, and the true disposition will be exhibited. Weakness and follies which those who climb, by the help of other men, the heights of worldly aggrandizement would carefully curb or conceal, are unblushingly displayed, or perhaps even gloried in, by those who feel their independence, and vices, which might have been kept down under a salutary fear of public censure, are allowed to grow up in rank luxuriance.

Or take the other extreme. Place a man so low that he can say, “I care not what others may think of me,” and his true character will develop itself. The virtues that proceeded from a sense of shame and a fear of offence, now disappear, as well as those which spring up from a desire to rise in society.

Discontent and grumbling, envy and malignity, leading to dishonesty and reckless criminality, become the characteristics of this state of society, just as luxury, licentiousness, indolence, and a selfish indifference to all human interests are the distinguishing features of those who are in the enjoyment of an unbroken prosperity.

In the one state, society, with its sunken and dangerous classes, spreads crime like a deadly malaria, and is ready for revolution; while in the other, it abandons itself to the softest and yet most selfish effeminacy, running after every frivolity, and ready to contend for nothing but its own pleasure, and to labor for nothing but the retention of its own ease.

Our earth, in the one state, becomes bare and barren, and yet wild, rugged, and horrified with dashing cataracts and dizzy and headlong precipices; and, in the other state, like the dead swamps of moist tropical climates, polluting the very atmosphere, and spreading disease and death by the excess of its putrid and putrifying luxuriance. And this deadly malaria, ever tending towards the centre, would corrupt the heart and stupefy the brain of society, but for the salutary restraints of public indignation.

And hence, it has ever been the aim of the wise statesman and the true philanthropist to strengthen and extend the influence of these restraints; to bring the extremes of society under the influence of an enlightened public opinion.

J. L. L.

SUCCESS.

A little word, but how much it comprehends! In attempting to discuss this subject we shall notice, in the first place, the universality of the desire for success. From the little child that gambols thoughtlessly on the green, up to the grave and steady man, we have abundant and conclusive evidences of the fact that man, in every stage of life, desires to accomplish his purposes. It seems to be an inborn principle, coëval with our very existence. The little child, as it catches at the sunbeam, or chases the golden butterfly, reminds us of it; and we see it in the romping boy from the spirit which he displays in contests with his playmates. It is the great propelling power which keeps the machinery of the world in motion. Man, in every occupation, is incited to action by the hope of reaping the fruits of his labors. Actuated alike by this principle, the farmer toils on, day after day, under the burning rays of midsummer's sun and the chilling blasts of icy winter; the mariner launches his vessel out on the bosom of the perilous deep, and directs his course to foreign shores; the miner descends into the bowels of the earth to develop its hidden treasures; the warrior, regardless of the crash of musketry and the thunder of cannon, and unmoved by the shouts of the combatants or the shrieks of the dying, charges upon the columns of the foe, hoping, at last, to wear the victor's crown; and the pale student, with throbbing pulse and aching brain, pores over his books by the flickering glare of the midnight lamp, hoping at last to receive the rewards of his toil. But what is essential to success? This is a problem which comes up to every man as he starts out in the great battle of life. In order to be successful in life and attain to glory and greatness, a man must have some special end in view, and bring all his powers into action, so that he may at last reach his destined goal. He cannot afford to experiment, as it were, with the different occupations of life in order to find out the one for which he is best suited. It is his solemn and imperative duty to decide early in life the great question as to what shall be his work, so that he may begin to lay well and deep the foundation on which he is to build. No man can be an orator, and at the same time a painter and a poet. So exceedingly brief is the period of man's existence, so limited are the powers of his mind, and so great is the amount of work required in order to attain to eminence in any profession, that no man can hope to attain to celebrity in more than one profession, and few there be indeed who ever distinguish

themselves even in one. Hence, we see how important it is to have some special aim in life. Let no man content himself with supposing that he has no definite work to do. To doubt that he has a work to do, which he can do well and better than he can do anything else, is to make one of the greatest mistakes of life. But why doubt it? The world believes that the meanest insect, that the most hideous reptile which creeps the earth, was created for some good and wise purpose. Can it be, then, that any *man* was born only to eat and sleep and die? No; far from it. Every man came into this world with a mission to perform. If, then, every man has a work to do, the sooner he learns what that work is the better. Point not to those who have mistaken their calling, and claim that they, by a too early decision, have made their lives a failure. Such failures are, in the majority of cases, attributable to other causes—a wrong motive in the selection of a calling, a deaf ear to the inner voice, a lack of deference to the bias of the mind. The man who continually hesitates in deciding what shall be his work, hesitates in a decision upon which depends the career of all his days. Many a man has gone down to his grave unknown to the world and unwept by humanity, when, by choosing some profession and bringing his powers into action, he might have encircled his name with a halo of glory which would have imparted lustre to his memory, and shed upon the record of his fame the incense of immortality. But how shall one's choice of a profession be determined? Shall he allow his parents or friends to decide this momentous question for him? No! He should consider well their counsel, but by no means should he blindly follow their decisions. He alone knows best the work for which he is suited, and he alone should decide this great question for himself. The fact that the father has electrified the world with his eloquence is by no means an evidence that the son will be an orator; and, on the other hand, because the parent could never fill any but the humbler stations of life is no reason why the child may not aspire to positions of honor and fame. And the parent who decides that his son shall follow a certain calling, simply because *he* has been successful in it,—without reference to the boy's fitness for the work—robs him of the blessedness of loving his calling, the great essential to success. Shall a youth choose a certain profession simply because it oft-times conducts its favorite disciples to wealth and eminence? Shall he be an author because Scott and Dickens amassed wealth by their pen and Shakespeare's name is immortal? Shall he be a lawyer because Patrick Henry and Calhoun and other illustrious men rose to eminence from

that profession? Shall he be a soldier because Alexander, and Napoleon, and Washington, and Lee immortalized their names by the prowess of their arms? God pity the man who has so base a conception of the grand object for which a man should live! Let him not delude himself by such absurd reasoning. It is not the *profession* which makes the man, but the *man* makes the profession. Imitate no man with such a motive, but rather imitate such a man's manner of choosing a profession. Be actuated by pure and lofty motives, listen attentively to the inner voice, consider well the bias of the mind, and then, when you have chosen your profession, success will be your ultimate and legitimate goal.

But, in order to be successful in life, a man must not only be actuated by right motives in the choice of his profession, but he must have the spirit to persevere and show himself a man when storms of trials come. He must be willing to make sacrifices and to deny himself when circumstances require it. And we are often taught these lessons by the humblest creatures of earth. Bruce would never have been Scotland's hero had he not been taught a lesson of perseverance by the little spider, at a time when Scotland's freedom was on the very verge of destruction. Contemplate the little honey-bee, as from flower to flower it flies, culling the sweet nectar from every bud and blossom, never idling, though everything is so gay, and pleasant, and inviting, but toiling on, seemingly never tiring, never ceasing, never despairing, and learn a lesson of patience, of perseverance, and self-denial. The man who is discouraged by every difficulty with which he meets, will never accomplish anything in life. If Galileo had been discouraged by the difficulties with which he met while engaged in his scientific investigations, he would never have immortalized his name by the great and wonderful discoveries which he made. If Demosthenes had given up in despair when he failed so utterly in his first oration before his countrymen, he would never have electrified the ancient world by the magic of his eloquence. And so, in all ages of the world's history, the men who stand out before the world as its brightest stars are the men who have struggled heroically in the great battle of life—men who were not discouraged by failures—men who had the courage to persevere amid all the perplexities and disappointments which beset their pathway. Then, no one should be discouraged if he makes failures as he begins to grapple with the great problems of life, when he reflects that the men whose names shine resplendent in the grand galaxy of intellectual stars were the men who made some of the most signal failures at the beginning of

their career. We have many things to try us as we enter the race-course of life, but we also have many things to encourage us and invite us onward. Then, let us be courageous and improve the golden opportunities which are fleeting by, so that when we are placed at the helm of affairs, we may guide the ship of state in safety. We are all God's workmanship, and if we but have God's spirit for our pilot, God's word for our chart, God's truth for our compass, and the shores of immortality for our goal, the voyage of our lives will have a glorious termination. It may be a stormy voyage to some of us. With rent sail and broken spars we may enter the haven, but the storm will only waft us more swiftly on our way, and render more delightful, by contrast, the calm which succeeds. Then, only struggle on; and by-and-by your prow will grate the golden isle, and your anchor be cast in some fair haven of the better land, where your faithful labors shall reap an abundant reward.

SIGMA.

TARIFF.

We hardly consider it necessary to state that we will probably be censured by all who may chance to read our views upon the above subject. That it is a subject that does not properly come within the sphere of a college journal, and that we are ill-fitted to write upon such a subject we candidly admit, yet, with a love of our country, and in a patriotic spirit, we desire to express our opinions and hopes. In expressing our opinions, we do so with no traitorous intentions, as ours is the best form of government yet devised by man, although only an experiment and not entirely free from defects.

In all republican forms of government parties are necessarily bound to exist. In the administration of justice, and in the framing of laws, people must differ. The history of party strife and excitement, from the formation of our government to the present time, has been bitter and exciting. Hostile sections have been placed in deadly array, the dissolution of the Union has been attempted, and came very near being consummated; yet it has been proven that party broils, and the disappointed desires of sections, cannot sever the bonds that bind us together. The Union will last and will never be

dissolved, and foiled will be the attempt of any section to rise again in insurrection.

What has been the cause of these bitter broils and uprisings? We answer, Tariff. It has been the "Iliad of our woe," and a matter of discord and contention for over fifty years. What causes Massachusetts, with her rock-bound shores, her barren and sterile soil, and her cold and disagreeable climate, to be one of the most wealthy and populous States in the Union? It is the result of iniquitous and unfair legislation. This protective system necessarily implies two parties, one to protect and another to be protected. When a government engages in protective tariff, the country must be divided into two classes, one whose duty it is to bear the onerous burden of protecting, another to receive and expect protection. In a Government like ours, where the rights of all under the Constitution are equal, before it can enact laws beneficial to one section and detrimental to another, it must find a provision in the Constitution authorizing it to do so. It must find authority for selecting the favored class and for defining the means that are to be used. Tariff on manufactured goods has been the cause of the prosperity and growth of manufacturing States, while, on the contrary, it has always been detrimental to and impoverished the agricultural States.

We say that this enormous outrage, legislating in favor of manufactories, is a more palpable violation of the Constitution than the impolitic attempt of the agricultural States to withdraw from the Union. Those who say, "Put on duties, and give us protection to all our productions," do not seem to understand that the difficulty would be obviated, as it would only raise the price of all productions without benefiting anybody. If a class is to be selected to enjoy protective legislation, it would be necessary to define who should compose it. Should it be those most deserving? If so, who shall determine who they are? If the farmers, without whose toil we cannot exist, are to be favored, will the followers of other occupations and professions be satisfied? The farmer has never been the favored of accursed class-legislation. Is it not natural of him to complain? We rely upon him in war; shall he be overlooked in peace? It would be just as fair and honorable for the Government to appoint officers to go to the agricultural class, and require them to pay a certain amount to the manufacturing class, as to allow it to be indirectly done. It would be the most honorable way of doing, as there is no more authority granted by the Constitution for doing one than the other. There is no clause in the Constitution authorizing such in-

famy. For a number of years such favoritism in legislation was not thought of. Then men were satisfied with nothing but an honorable livelihood, and were willing to toil for it.

It was not until years of unparalleled prosperity had accumulated capital, and the United States Bank and similar institutions had been chartered, that men began to think of other means of making a living than by honest toil. These things tempted them to seek class legislation in their favor. Men desired as much as ever the fruits of industry, but were unwilling to work in order to obtain them. There being more men willing to live by their wits than by honest toil, the class to be protected is made just large enough to secure the passage of the law. The constitutional right of this law has never been shown. It is never visible except by those whose eyes are so affected that they can see through a brick chimney. This system finds glib talkers and prosy writers, but has never furnished a logical, constitutional argument in its favor, because impossibilities are never accomplished. The protective system is antagonistic to democratic principles—the principles that the purpose of the Government is to make one class rich by controlling the industry of the other. A share, and often a very large share, of the hard earnings of one class, is taken from them, by a certain form of law, and appropriated for the support of the favored class. Instead of each person making his own living, according to democratic principles, the unprotected class is required by the Government to furnish sustenance to the protected class by contributing to the means necessary to enable them to live. There is nothing but slavery in this system—a baser and more humiliating bondage than was that of the Africans, because the class contributing to the support of the protected class do so, not of their own free will, but by compulsion and without compensation. The difference is simply in form, but not in principle.

We see plainly that this system is iniquitous, and defeats itself. It weakens the strength of Government, and alienates the different sections according to the locality of the protected and unprotected class, while it also causes a perpetual scramble for legislative advantages. All these things have a tendency to diminish the happiness and friendship of the people, and impair the stability of our Government.

The late civil war was the result of this tariff system. Although the advocates of the protective system were victorious, yet it was plainly revealed to them that a valorous section of the Union was hostile to unjust and discriminating class legislation. Defeated by arms in our

attempt to cast away this hated yoke, we still persevere. Our future looks bright, and we are doubly incited to action. New England may well tremble, for the tariff system is doomed. After living upon the fruits of others' industry, it will be hard for her to toil for an honest living, but it will be necessary for her to do so.

The progressive West is rising up. They also see the accursed results of class legislation. They join hand-to-hand with the oppressed South in one common effort for constitutional liberties and rights. This system being anti-democratic, as soon as the great party endorses an anti-tariff plank in her platform, then will she meet with success. We care not under what appellation she gains her glorious victory; let it be called democratic if the people desire to cling to the old name, but let anti-tariff be inscribed on all its banners, as she proudly and victoriously marches on to success. The issue in the next canvass must be a tariff one, and the contending parties must fight on this issue. Does the Constitution grant equal rights to all; does she authorize the enriching of one section at the expense of impoverishing another? These are the issues at stake, and upon which we will be called upon to decide. We entertain no doubt as to what the result will be. It will be decided that the Constitution respects all sections alike.

Then will the injured section, insulted for so long a time, receive justice and equal rights so long deferred. Then there will be no sectional lines, and the Constitution will be beloved and respected by all. Then will unconstitutional laws, helpless groans, and lamentations cease, Good feeling will once more exist between the North and South. If this unconstitutional law is not stopped, it is not difficult to understand what will be fate of our country. But when this unlawful extortion is checked, our nation will assume that position among nations to which she is properly entitled. Our Government will be respected everywhere, and all courtesy paid to our flag—the Stars and Stripes,—and our forms of government looked upon as suitable models for imitation. The whole Union will again blossom and produce the fruits of honest industry, and the United States will be the most prosperous nation on the globe.

DIVICO.

REMINISCENCE.

Men *may*, and *must* die ; but memory can never fade into oblivion so long as time shall last. Friends may be summoned to lay aside the temporal mantles, the mortal body may be placed within the embrace of the mother, earth, the soul may waft its way to a spiritual abode ; but the memory of the departed still lingers behind, and is an imperishable treasure for those who remain. Like other treasures, this may not alway be one which will bring joy and happiness ; but the memory of him, whom many of us well knew, is cherished by all. We have only to express in words our vivid recollection of this noble character for the students of '80-'81 to know whose memory we are cherishing. While we, with the many, regret and bemoan his early, and it would seem, untimely death, yet we are glad to have cultivated his acquaintance and friendship. We do not give what we have to say simply to fill space in these columns, but it is with pleasure that we refer the readers of the *Messenger* to the memory of such a noble character as the one about whom we speak.

There are few who have a threefold education. Such, however, was not the case of our deceased friend. He was beautiful in form, gentle in manner, and lovely in disposition. He was fond of athletic sports. Owing to his alacrity and skill in the game, he was a distinguished member of R. C. B. B. Club during his stay at college. We love to think of having been associated with him in this game. While we might say much to his credit as a base-ballist, all would be of minute importance compared with the more important elements of manhood which he possessed.

He was a diligent and successful student. Our *alma mater* might well be proud of such a son. His diligent application as a student brought him success in all of his classes. Though sad, yet with pleasure do I revert my mind to one afternoon, at the close of the session '80-'81, when he told me what his plans for the future were—in how many years he wished to complete his course at college. The recollection of this occasion is still vivid to my mind. While we recognize the fact that “there is a Divinity that shapes our ends,” we can but wish it that it could have been. Yes, he was a student—one whose example was worthy of imitation. He had that important principle deeply grounded, that to be a student one must be true to himself. While we admired his physical person, and rejoiced at his

success as a student, our tender emotions were evoked for far purer motives than these.

We loved him because he was a man. It was a manhood visible at all times. When right principles were at stake, he, though modest, was among those who defended the right and suppressed the wrong. Such was his strict adherence to the true and noble, that he was properly ranked among the brightest Christian characters in the college. What is more worthy of our admiration than nobility, even in any phase, and especially in a Christian character? Any one may defend right when right can defend itself; but when the maintenance of right depends upon our adherence to pure impulses are the conjunctures in which nobility either steps boldly to the front to perform her function, or is suppressed by ignoble and base impulses of the human nature. In which class was our deceased friend? Ah, he was ever a hero of the true. Faithfully did he attend all the religious exercises of the college. His circumspect conduct clearly evinced the fact that his highest hopes were fixed on things not terrestrial. His manner was embellished with all those graces which should characterize the true gentleman.

It was with pleasure, even at busy times, that I would lay aside my text-book to hold a conversation with him. But his presence is no longer to bring gladness to the hearts of his friends. He is not toiling in text-books and participating in college sports; but his memory lasts. How can he be forgotten by those who knew him? When we bade him farewell to go to those whom he and we loved, we looked forward with bright anticipation of meeting him again. We know full well that his return added new lustre to that home circle. But this was not long to continue. In a few weeks after his return from college he fell a victim to the monster Death. This was, indeed, sad intelligence. Our hearts were not only filled with sorrow to think that he was no more, but our sympathy went out for the parents of this noble boy. He was just in the bloom of youth, full of ambition, but of the right sort. He was gentle, and his presence impressed all by his modesty. Truly, Virginia lost one of her noblest sons when John S. Eubank died. His body died, but his example and memory can never die. Toward the close of the session '80-'81, when nature had put on her vernal mantle, and all was beautiful and lovely without, I remember that I met Eubank on the old *college* steps, and he asked me to take a walk with him to Hollywood cemetery. I was prevented, and regret very much that I was. He loved to be in solitude. I suppose that was why he proposed this stroll. It was

then near night—a time of day when nature speaks in solemn tones, and is so suggestive of what is beyond the span of life. Oh, that I could walk and talk with him again! No more can we together visit the graves of others; but I would rather visit his grave than the Natural Bridge of Virginia. But he is gone, and what we say about him now does not make him what he was; but what he was, enables us to say what we do. His death is still lamented by the students who were here with him. His memory will ever be perpetuated by the *faculty* and *students* of Richmond College who knew him; for to know him was to love him.

Q.

AN OLD LETTER.

Editors Messenger :

In looking over some old letters a few days since, I found one from a Richmond College student of 184— to one of session 1854-'5. I send some extracts for publication, not only because it may give variety to your columns, but because its sentiments are sound, and may prove helpful to the men of 1882-'3.

Permit me to explain that "Brick Row," the locality named, is the Mess-Hall of the present day, and "No. 8" was just over the present kitchen. "Science Row" was near the pump, and the Lecture Rooms were in the house now occupied by Professor Harris.

CONSTANT READER.

Richmond, November, 1882.

CHARLESTOWN, VA., October 10, 1854.

Dear ———: Your letter, dated "No. 8, Brick Row," has just come to hand, and its perusal has awakened so many pleasant reminiscences that I cannot better get rid of my thoughts than by putting them on paper, in the shape of a letter to you. I am glad to hear you have at last reached that important epoch in a young man's life, your college-days. You will find it, as long as life lasts, one of the most momentous steps you ever took. And if you can only realize this *now*, instead of waiting until the period is gone forever, it will be good for your heart and good for your head. While at college myself, I was so thoughtless and giddy, and was guilty of so many imprudent and even sinful acts, that I have often thought I should like to spend a year or two there again, to *live down* the impression I left behind

me. In this respect *you* have the advantage of me. You are a Christian, and if religion does not make a young man a better student, as well as a better man in society, I am inclined to suspect the soundness of his Christianity. When he professes religion, he professes to wake up to the sober realities of this life—to employ his time, his talents, his energies, *his all*, for the glory of God. I believe this will be the case with you. Be not only consistent in your deportment with the students, but in the weekly prayer-meeting and at morning prayers do not shirk from the discharge of duty. *Cherish the debating society.* It is the world in miniature—a microcosm. Do not be too often on the floor, but let your speeches *tell*. I always loved the “Mu Sigma Rho,” and my love was rewarded by office after office in it. But I never made half preparation enough for the debates. You will find it the best school for *practical rhetoric*.

I want you to *visit the ladies at least once a week*; but, if I were you, I would make it a rule not to go oftener. And *mind how you form acquaintances*. Let your aim rather be to look out for the best society, and not pick up A, B, or C, and, just because they wear bonnets and shawls, make them your bosom friends. I erred there, too. Try in the outset to get into the *best society*. Do not be impatient. You are a stranger yet. * * * Be sure and pay *particular attention*, however, to your Latin and Greek exercises. * * *

And so I remain, yours, &c.,

SELECTING A PROFESSION.

There are few things of greater importance than that one should select his profession early; because a person who has no special aim in life, does not and cannot have that lively interest in things that pertain to wisdom and usefulness which always characterize him who has an end in life, and which is wholly essential to success, not only in the higher callings, but also in the lower, if indeed there be such. As a mariner at sea without a compass, so must he be who has no aim in life. When the soft ripples of a calm, blue deep, sweetly lull his craft to sleep, the gentle zephyrs sing cherubic lullabies to him, an unobscured sun smiles warmly and encouragingly, and all things seem to be in sympathy, his heart is light and gay, he is cradled upon the bosom of a fairy world, and feels that the compass would only be an incumberer; for if he had it he must follow as it leads, but being with-

out it, he is at liberty to roam over the beautiful and friendly sea, hoping finally to drift into some favorable current that will bear him safely into the desired port without an effort on his part. But let those breezes, which seemed to be the breath of angels, be turned into the tempest's fury, that genial sun be obscured by horrible clouds, and despair soon takes the place which those hopes occupied, and he then realizes his need of a guide.

Then, in order for one to do his *best*, he *must* have a *purpose* in life. As the time-worn, wave-lashed, and storm-beaten light-house stands up in all its glory and magnificence, enabling the voyager to steer safely past the sand-bars and rocks, even so, in equal significance, does a purpose in life stand out, casting its effulgence fully upon the goal for which we are striving, thus most efficiently aiding us to direct and concentrate upon it our time, knowledge, and efforts. As the sailor would suffer dread and uneasiness had he no light-house, even should he sail successfully, so must he who has no definite aim in life ever be in a woeful state of dissatisfaction, now resolving, then retracting; first having high hopes, then in the lowest state of despondency; sometimes partial to one profession, and again to another; so the peace and tranquillity is foreign to him which is always characteristic of those who have decided upon their life's work, towards the improvement and accomplishment of which they may incline all their time and attainments. A man thus is without anything to brace him up; he is unstable, in a powerless state of oscillation, and as a little mote on a restless day is snatched and beaten by the wind, first allowed to bask in the sunshine, then carried on through the shade; now permitted to fall upon and cull the nectar which ladens the honeysuckle or hyacinth, then caught up and mercilessly hurled upon some bristling thistle—so he is a bondman, dependent entirely upon the spirit and success of each moment for happiness and encouragement.

Then the profession should be chosen early, because each day we acquire knowledge we lose its application; we cannot convert it into that shape which will always cause it to bear upon our work as fully and luminously as otherwise it would. We should not, however, select a pursuit simply that we may avoid studying something which does not treat directly upon that particular thing, in order to indulge and pamper our laziness and have a good time. There is no branch of study, no inlet of learning that we should not open wide to our minds, no height of knowledge possible to attain to that will not cast additional light upon any pursuit, and better fit us to follow it. In short, there is no superfluous knowledge. He who

makes his choice of a calling that he may avoid the studying of, so-called, unimportant studies, excludes from his pathway some of the brightest rays of sunshine, and stands us up as some bare, rocky peak, refusing to absorb the refreshing drops of rain, and allows it to trickle down its bony, barren sides to nourish and enrich the beautiful valley, which, though fertile, refuses not to be made more so, and which is too modest to raise its head above its surroundings, and too meek not to desire to be better. So let no one select his profession for any such ignoble reason, and rather than stand up a fruitless peak, only to be gazed at and called *sublime* by heartsick lovers, perhaps, or what is no better, no more rational, those who admire nothing noble, or know not what else to say; it may be proud and conceited because the sun kisses us first at morning, as one is sure to feel who distinguishes himself in one or two departments. But let us try to be as the noble Mississippi, which, though independent, yet in her wondrous majesty heartily receives the drainage of two of the largest watersheds in America; so should we open every source of learning, and endeavor to enlarge, deepen, and make smooth and placid the stream of wisdom upon whose bosom the bark, aboard which is our destiny, is to be borne. And though the sunshine first falls upon the peak, at noonday his smiles will greet us squarely and warmly, and at eve, when sadness seems to reign, and when we shall most need his comfort, the lofty crag will stand up and in shame behold him, as in wordless majesty and seeming condescension, he proudly bathes his face in the sea which our substance helps to constitute. E. D. R.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

It is with pleasure that we inform the readers of the *Messenger* of the flourishing condition of our literary societies this session. Last year, as many well know, the *Messenger* was somewhat tardy in coming out, and there was a deficiency of zeal on the part of the societies. But such is not the case this session. The members of both societies are zealous and enthusiastic. Old students, as well as the new ones, step boldly to the front, each seeming to realize the importance of seizing the advantages afforded by these societies. When Friday night comes, all seem to regard the society as the first thing demanding attention. The *president* is not called on to excuse this one, or some one else, to attend to duties down town. While we

hope our students will not slight the fair ones, we do object to the calico ticket having precedence over the literary society on Friday night. Of course, this activity will relax some during Christmas, but we hope that this season of festivity and merriment will but give fresh vigor for the rest of the session. Honors are to be attained, and improvement is to be made; the accomplishment of which requires zeal and enthusiasm. We are proud of our societies, and think that one could ill-afford to permit the opportunities to pass unimproved which they afford.

ORATOR FOR THE SOCIETIES.—The two literary societies, through a joint committee, have selected the Rev. Lansing Burrows, of Lexington, Ky., as their orator for the next Commencement.

Mr. Burrows is a son of Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows, of Norfolk, Va., and was a student at Richmond College for a year or two during his father's residence in this city. Very different are the surroundings of the college to-day from what they were in 1855. During the same period, one who is remembered by his fellow-students as among the smallest of the "town boys," has developed into a man of remarkably commanding presence, known far and wide for his literary tastes and habits; his trenchant and fearless style; his indomitable working-capacity; and his brilliant oratorical powers. We congratulate the societies on their success in securing him, as witness the following letter of acceptance:

LEXINGTON, KY., Dec. 9, 1882.

*Mr. F. F. Fowler, Chairman Committee, &c.,
Richmond College, Va.:*

Dear Sir,—Yours of 6th to hand yesterday, containing your courteous request to address the societies which you represent upon the occasion of their annual celebration, June 21, 1883. Please extend my thanks to the gentlemen who have so signally honored me by their choice, with my acceptance of their invitation, dependent, of course, upon the absence of Providential hindrances.

Very sincerely,

LANSING BURROWS.

The occasion of the Mu Sigma Rho Society's public debate was quite a brilliant one. Notwithstanding the night was quite cold and the moon was veiled by clouds that threatened to cover the earth with nature's spotless blanket, the hall was filled to its utmost capacity. In the audience were to be seen men of advanced age, and votaries of the more buoyant spring-time of life; but the most attract-

ive feature of the occasion was the presence of the ladies; whose countenances were radiant with intelligence, from whose eyes sparkled vivacity and beauty, and from whose "sapphic smiles" there radiated an influence calculated to subdue the asperities of man's nature.

The meeting was presided over with grace and elegance by Mr. L. R. Hamberlin, of Miss. He welcomed the visitors in a unique speech. After reading and declamation by Messrs. Coker and Barker, respectively, in which they acquitted themselves with honor, the president announced the question: "Resolved, That the United States should love her statesmen more than her warriors." The question was discussed in the affirmative by Messrs. F. F. Fowler, of Texas, and D. M. Ramsey, of S. C.; in the negative, by Messrs. T. J. Shipman, of Roanoke, and P. G. Elsom, of Nelson. The discussion abounded in eloquence, wit, and logic, and did honor to the debaters and to the Society. The exercises were interspersed with music, both vocal and instrumental, which added much to the attractiveness of the occasion.

X Go it, old boy! Now's your time! Hurry up! Hurrah! Such were the shouts that burdened the air around college on Saturday, December 9th. The Richmond College *Foot-Ball Club* challenged the Randolph Macon Club to a match-game, to be played by fifteen from each club.

The challenge was accepted, and all arrangements made. Saturday, December 9th, the time set for the game, dawned bright and beautiful, and just cool enough for one to render himself comfortable by exercise. The Ashland champions were early on the field, looking cheerful, happy, and expectant. They surveyed the grounds with complacency, and made the R. C. boys feel that they had combatants worthy of their steel. Still, the R. C. boys stood around with "girded loins," restless for the contest, like war steeds aroused by the clarion note of the trumpet. At ten o'clock the game was called, and was entered with enthusiasm on the part of both clubs. The first game was rather a surprise to the Ashlanders, as the ball never changed its course after it was *bucked* until it reached their goal. The other games were more warmly contested. Of the five games of the first match, four were played, resulting in three for Richmond and one for Ashland. This game consumed so little time that the Ashland boys decided to settle the matter at once, so they challenged the Richmond boys to a match of three games, two of which were played, resulting in favor of the Richmond boys. The day passed quite pleasantly. We enjoyed very much having the Ashland boys with us, and hope that they, though vanquished in the game, had a pleasant visit.

X

LOCALS.

Foot-ball! All right; buck her!

Hold him! Let me go!

I can kick that ball higher than any living man.

What is the use of talking about philosophy when the *buckwheats* are about?

A.: "Can you read this stuff?"

B.: "No; there is no use of talking, Professor gives us too long lessons."

A.: "Yes, he does. I wonder if he is always so liberal as when he is assigning a lesson?"

Some time ago one of our students, while trying to preach, was startled by the snoring of one of his auditors. The student was perplexed to know whether the unfortunate (or fortunate) man was accustomed to do that way, or whether his sermon had something to do with it. He hopes, however, the former is true, inasmuch as his subject that morning was (spiritual) sleep.

We profoundly regret that some of our students are not more gallant. We are told that Mr. A., after taking tea with *two* young ladies, escorted them to the public debate of the M. S. R. Society. After reaching college, he directed them to the hall by telling them "that is the way." Being asked why he did not see them home, he replied, "that was not the bargain."

"Fair daughters of the first and fairest sinner," we don't all do that way.

"Why," Mr. S., "I believe you have gained ten per cent. of flesh since you came here."

"No," replied S., "I have not gained as much as fifty per cent., for I weighed yesterday, and weighed only one pound more than I did when I came here."

Score one for Prep. Math.

The Knight of Willow Bend was invited by a chum to take a glass

of "soda" during a peregrination down Main. As the foaming chalice was handed to him, the astute "K." coyly remarked, "No, I guess not; I don't reckon you'll scald me this 'aft'."

One of our eloquent lordlings crimsoned the "Pallid Bust of Cicero" in the society, the other night, when he delivered himself of the following: "See, see the seething waves, foaming in their own wrath, go rolling down—the country."

One of the Rats, coming from the city at a late hour the other night, accosted a lamp-post and inquired the way to college. After several futile inquiries, he turned away, evidently disgusted, and remarked, "You needn't be so everlasting stuck-up, if you have got on a glass hat."

For premeditated larceny, Cottage A "takes the cake." Not content with divesting their immediate neighbors of everything portable they can lay hands on, and being instigated by a desire to extend their field of depredation and an insatiate desire to purloin something, they made a raid on the peaceful denizens of De Land cottage, and not having the majesty of law before their eyes, proceeded to appropriate a costly article which adorned the wall, without the consent of the owners, and against the peace and dignity of the aforesaid cottage. A verification of the old adage that "Crime is its own detector" and "Blood" will tell, has caused Boykin's disciple of Blackstone to pore over the "Statute of Frauds" with an earnest that forbodes peril to the perpetrators of the nefarious scheme.

PERSONALS.

E. O. Hubbard, '78-'79, was in the city a few days ago. He is farming in Pittsylvania county, and enjoying the happy matrimonial union recently formed.

G. C. Abbitt, A. M., of last session, paid us a visit not long since. He is laboring as missionary in the Appomattox Association. Do any *berries* grow in that country, Bishop?

J. F. Gordon, '80-'81, is doing business in Lynchburg. We miss you at 52 and 53, Joe.

G. B. Moore, '79-'80, has been recorded on the marriage list. He is now at the seminary. We wish you peace and happiness, Gordon.

L. C. Catlett, A. M., of '80-'81, has been stopping in Richmond for several days. He is looking well, and we were glad to see him among us.

W. C. Barker, '81-'82, is at the Medical College. He visits us sometimes, and we are always glad to see him, for he *stands high* among his friends.

R. M. Ellyson, '81-'82, is in the city, selling drugs and smiling at the girls.

H. W. Tribble has left college on account of failing health. We regret his absence very much, and, much more, the cause of his absence.

A. J. Reamy, '80-'81, is preaching to three churches in Bedford county. We are glad to know that his health has greatly improved.

W. J. Decker, '80-'81, was called from the seminary last session on account of the sickness of his mother. We are glad that she has sufficiently recovered for him to return this session.

C. M. Knox, '80-'81, is in business in the city. Is there any etymological connection between *poetry* and *ponies*, Conway?

J. E. Courtney, '80-'81, is at the Medical College. He looks well with his mustache and whiskers.

EXCHANGES.

Since our last issue, exchanges have not overwhelmed us. The first and fairest is our friend of days ago—*The Album*. By some inexplicable mystery, we didn't read its pages with a critic's ken. In fact, our penchant for investigation was almost submerged by the tide of memories its advent awakened. In dreams we wandered back 'mong the historic hills which environed that lovely dell where erst

we watched *her* fairy fingers cull the purple heather-bells which dotted the dapple-gray scar.

Ah! brave thoughts of ours, with naught of fate's retraction;
Words of bright promise from eager wills,
Dreams of young love, and vows of love's exaction,
Are ringing in those heath-bells on the hills.

We see a decided improvement in the *Album* since it has adopted the plan of the *Messenger*—i. e., each society furnishing its quota of editors to act in concert in editing the *Album*. And then the arrangement happily does away with that everlasting bowing business, as for example: "Again, we of the *Euzelian*, or we of the *Euepian*, make our bow," etc. We don't mind a bow occasionally, but when they come too often, they make us feel embarrassed and ill at ease.

Chimes, of Shorter College, ring as a merry greeting from away down in Dixie, and then comes a request to exchange with the *Messenger*. Oh, yes! We'll "X" with the Georgia girls every time; but why did *that request* come in such a half-uncertain way? There's something "so peculiar and funny" in this style of requesting *some* of our staff to exchange, we half suspect there was something more, connected with this little miss-ive; but we didn't want to make "Bob" feel badly by appearing too much concerned, so we added the "*Chimes*" to our list and left "Bob" alone in his glory.

The *Rouge Et Noir*, for December, finds its way into our sanctum. This is a recent acquisition to our exchange list. The most conspicuous thing about it is its motto, "*Fortiter, fideliter, forsan, feliciter*," (apt alliteration's artful aid,) and a prize poem on "Garfield." Truly, one would think he was reading a eulogy on a dead deity. Observe how the writer lays it on: "O Garfield, low I bend in homage to thy lofty spirit. Earth has nourished *few* such god-like natures," &c. We admit Garfield was a man of ordinary ability; but what's the use of immortalizing achievements he never achieved? What sense is there in eternally harping on a mouldering string? Is it because his untimely death made him a greater man than he would have been had he lived a few years longer? He but met the inevitable destiny which awaits us all. And we can't think his death will cause the disintegration of the United States, or even the downfall of the American Government; and this insane idea of every crank, who is struck with a plethoric of bile, imagines that he's struck by the divine afflatus, is enough to make our own "poet laureate" lay down

his pen. We think it quite time the flood of Garfield poetry was abating.

With due obeisance we acknowledge the acquaintance of the *Chi Delta Crescent*, published by the Chi Delta Society of the University of Tennessee. The *Crescent* is a live journal, and in many respects a model for college journals. The first thing we notice is an oration—subject, “The Night Before Trenton.” It evinces no originality, but an ingenious compilation of extracts from various histories. “Relics of Barbarism” is more the product of thought, and we fully endorse the sentiments of the article.

The Local department of the *Crescent* is quite copious, which with some may compensate for the dearth of literary matter, but the readers of the *Crescent* outside the shadow of the University walls will justly criticise the literary void. We thank the *Crescent* for suggesting to the *Messenger* the advisability of erasing Professor Massie's name from the faculty of Richmond College as advertised in the *Messenger*. We will state for the edification of the *Crescent* that we do not presume to alter advertisements we are paid to insert. We intend no offence in disregarding the above suggestion, but recommend to the *Crescent* more attention to its Literary and less to its Local department, and the *Crescent* will not wane.

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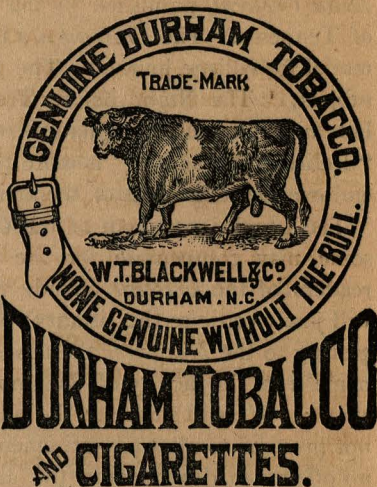
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