WAVES.

I.
What are the wild waves saying?
What do they sing to me?
They lisp of a restless passion,
These lips of the heaving sea;
They sing of eternal wanderings,
That never, for resting, are free.

II.
What do the wild waves murmur?
Why are they never still?
They eddy with endless foaming,
They murmur—and ever will;
They whisper—a heart’s below restless,
A heart that we never can fill.

III.
Why do I love their dark rolling?
Why do I love their shore-kiss?
They liken themselves to a roving,
Uneven life shorn of its bliss;
They tell of its calm, of its passion,—
I love them for this—but this.

IV.
What is it dashing within me?
What is it foaming like wine?
’Tis only the waves and the foam-brows
Of passions I cannot divine;
Of longings, emotions, ambitions,
That roll in this bosom of mine.
Life is a sea that is rolling,
Whitened by foam of the waves:
The waves that roll o'er it are countless—
Some, nameless—all, passions—some, graves—
Some, joyful with life—each blessing
Or cursing the shore that it laves.

Roll on, ye salt billows of ocean,
Roll on to the shores of your bound;
Roll on, ye white foam of my passions,
That compass my life around;
Roll on, and some day, the Great Master
Will see on what shores ye are found.

Roll on, ye waves of the wild deep,
And hide all your horrors below;
Roll on, ye surges of my life,
Drive fast in your tumult and flow;
But never may manhood sink 'neath you,
As borne on your leapings I go.

How strong in man is the love of power; and how madly and blindly the votaries of ambition struggle forward to be hopelessly engulfed in the seething whirlpool which has closed over so many hapless victims. This self-destruction has been going on for countless ages, and shall cease only when the slow-rolling years shall have poured their waters into the vast sea of eternity.

When fair Mexico was bowed down under Spain's crushing yoke of thraldom, Iturbide, with Liberty for his watchword, successfully met his country's enemies and rescued her from cruel oppression. Unlimited power lay before him. He grasped it, and Mexico's deliverer was metamorphosed. The patriot had made himself a despot. The freeman who had so fearlessly snapped asunder the chains that bound him, became a slave to his passions—pomp and power. Ambition hurled him from his throne and laid low his proud head. Time passed. Santa Anna, the treacherous, culminated. Man believed a new star had risen on the stormy horizon of the west, whose soft, pure
rays would calm the troubled thousands. The gentle tones of this arch deceiver were soon changed into the tiger’s growl, and Santa Anna ruled on the throne of the lost Iturbide.

Texas threw off the galling bondage, and boldly defied the tyrant who had subverted the liberties of his country. Right gallantly did her brave sons respond to her call, and gathered around the Lone-Star banner, that floated so majestically over the sparkling rivers and sunny prairies of their beloved western homes.

The Alamo was wrested from the Mexicans, and was in turn besieged by them. Santa Anna and his blood-thirsty horde surrounded San Antonio, and a second time the ill-fated fortress was fiercely charged. Time after time did Santa Anna throw his thousands against its firm, gray walls, only to be hurled back. The sun went down, and black clouds, veiling the earth in gloom, rolled up and hid from view the powder-begrimed faces of the doomed garrison. Blacker and blacker grew the clouds, and the winds mingled its moans with those of the mangled and dying. Still the battle raged; the Alamo shook and trembled as the Mexicans madly pressed against it. "God help us!" went up from that noble band, who had so bravely bared their bosoms to the foe—

"And their oaths ascend on high,  
To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,  
Or crushed in its ruins to die."

The wind shrieked and howled around them; but high above the surrounding din, a voice rung out loud and clear, "Comrades, we are lost! Let us die like brave men!"

Travis, fighting to the last, sank upon the blood-stained floor. His sword fell from his nerveless grasp. His spirit, released from the bonds of the mortal, had gone to the God who gave it.

One hundred and fifty brave men fell where he lay. But seven remained. Reeling and slipping in the flood of gore, they feebly cried, "Quarter! quarter!" Alas! brave-hearted Texans, you ask in vain, for an incarnate demon leads that blood-thirsty band. Hear his fiendish yell, borne to them on the howling blast, "No quarter!" and the seven lay beside the noble Travis.

"Even as they fell, in files they lay,  
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,  
When his work is done on the level plain."

The deed was done. Santa Anna had conquered. Not a Texan
lived to tell the tale of his infamous cruelty. The still forms lay grim and silent in the eternal sleep. Sleep on, brave hearts, for

"Your glory shall not be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor guards the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

Bravely did you fight for your firesides and altars, and all fame unites in saying that you covered yourselves with immortal honor. Your memory is dear to the heart of every Texan, every American, every soldier, every patriot. Peace to you! and may heaven's purest joys be yours in the great eternity to which we are all hastening.

I L E M.

ROMANCE OF MODERN SCIENCE.

Romance of Modern Science! This seems to be an absurd statement, a contradiction in itself. But let us see if we can't gather up some foundation for this seemingly silly remark, that there is a romance even in modern science. Every revolution of the great wheel of Progress is marked with civilization's trophies, and to-day, on every hand, scientific wonders startle us. We live amid the glories of Modern Science. The voice of praise utters its eulogy upon the inventive mind, and we catch the stirring sentiment of its refrain, thought, the profoundest reality. Looking back into the first stages of society, we see a people contenting themselves with only surface knowledge, wandering in the broad field of Romance. But coming down to the present time, what a change greets us. Modern Science has pierced with its grasping fingers into the dreamy vaults of imagination's fairest flights, and plucked from those fruitful fields a bountiful harvest. It has, with its conquering influence, penetrated the depths of mysteries, bringing that which appeared to the ancients as impossibilities, and only to be accomplished by supernatural power, before the eyes of the present generation as proud realities—lasting monuments, which shall perpetuate the glory of man's delving intellect. No longer do bright, panoramic visions glitter in fairy-like garments; no longer are spirits necessary to penetrate unknown regions. Those romantic thoughts and ideas of the ancients have come down to us as
common-place events, and in this consists the "Romance of Modern Science."

Let us take a few examples illustrative of this romantic progression. In Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Oberon, king of the fairies, was seated upon a promontory listening to the magic strains of the sea-maid's music, whose symphonies not only thrilled his soul with delight, but the "rude waves grew civil at her song, and certain stars shot madly from their spheres." And still the great king, reveling in an ethereal flight, pictured the fiery bolts of Cupid's darts piercing the "watery moon," and finally falling upon a little snow-white flower, inflicting upon it the "purple glow of love's wound." It was amid these enchanting scenes and imaginative flights that he was interrupted by Puck with the startling announcement, "I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes!" Wonderful statement! A romantic thought, the only effect of which could appear to the ancients was to set in motion an atmospheric vibration. Truly it was to them but a dream. Three hundred years have rolled away since that announcement, and to-day it is no longer a wonder, a romantic thought, but in the triumphant light of Modern Science there comes home to us the proud reality that not forty, but in less than three minutes the flash of an electric messenger might girdle the globe.

And, again, why can't we hear the strains of eloquence from an immortal Cicero? Why can't we listen to the eloquence of Demosthenes, as the grand old orator, his heart all aglow with patriotism, and his warm, burning soul overflowing in words of salvation, speaks to his countrymen? Ah, why can't we hear the very words, sounds, and even accentuations of such noble patriots and statesmen of bygone days? We answer that science had not brought to light the mysterious phonograph; that wonderful instrument by which noble men, whose examples have swayed multitudes, may be brought again before an assembly, although the lapse of centuries may have intervened.

Retrospect for a moment again, if you please. Picture to your minds the poor monk in his miserable hut, as he sat day after day copying the words of "living light"—the value of which was greater than his farm. Then think of the change. Now the great English and American Bible printing press drops the leaves from its active clutches, as the trees of the forest when rocked to and fro by the mighty hurricane. Shall I tell you the conveniences of the telephone, how wonderfully it saves time? Shall I tell you that a single drop of
water is a boundless habitation for thousands of living creatures, whose existence we would never have dreamed of had we not seen through the eye of the modern microscope?

The mighty steam-engine that ploughs its commercial course through the watery fields of the deep, or dashes in its railway speed over mountains and through valleys, the object of our unbounded admiration, is but a romantic burlesque upon the pack-mule cavalry of olden times.

The grand old cities that used to sleep amid their massiveness after the great light of day had run his course, and the protecting influences of night in her "rayless majesty" had wrapt them in holy solitude, are no longer hidden beneath this sable garment; but ere the sun sinks into his evening home, by the mere touch of a spring, the brilliancy of the electric light flashes forth, dissipating the dense darkness, and bringing forth the second day. No night is known.

Shall I direct your gaze heavenward? Behold the paintings of Hades spanning the view! In the bosom of that dense blackness dwell the fiery flashes of an enraged element, until, no longer content within its own play-ground, bursts asunder the fettered bonds, and—tears to pieces everything in its course?—no; its fury is caught by the magnetic rod, and carried to its place of retreat.

With the modern telescope, we peer into illimitable space, and there, where the naked eye could see only bright spots, we bring together worlds systematized in their revolutionary courses; and, through the aid of the spectroscope, we are enabled to analyze and examine minutely the nature of these once unthought-of spheres.

These are some of the diadems which glitter in the crown that Modern Science has woven for its own head. Wherever we turn, whether we ascend into the vaulted roof of the diademed heavens, and catch the echo of those strains that sound its everlasting sublimity, or penetrate into the depth of her geologic record, and there read from her varied and irregular stratification the history of our grand old earth, we find emblazoned in all its significance, upon her every feature, Romance. Just as the weary traveller, wandering through the desert, loves to linger in the oasis and drink from its cooling stream, so we love to dwell upon modern scientific wonders. And just as long as the mind of man can penetrate the hidden mysteries of nature—yea, as long as time lasts,—will there ever be crowding in upon us, as episodes in our monotonous life, the romantic glories of Modern Science.

"Titmouse."
TRENCH ON PHONETIC SPELLING.

We here insert some opinions of Archbishop Trench, which, though written over thirty years ago, may be read with benefit by the agitators of the system of phonetic spelling.—EDITORS.

Convinced as I am of the immense advantage of following up words to their sources, of "der ving" them,—that is, of tracing each little rill to the river whence it was first drawn,—I can conceive no method of so effectually defacing and barbarizing our English tongue, of practically emptying it of all the hoarded wit, wisdom, imagination, and history which it contains, of cutting the vital nerve which connects its present with the past, as the introduction of the scheme of phonetic spelling, which some have lately been zealously advocating among us. I need hardly tell you that the fundamental idea of this is that all words should be spelt as they are sounded, and that the writing should, in every case, be subordinated to the speaking. This—namely, that writing should in every case, and at all costs, be subordinated to speaking, which is everywhere tacitly assumed as not needing any proof,—is the fallacy which runs through the whole scheme. There is, indeed, no necessity for this. Every word, on the contrary, has two existences, as a spoken word and a written; and you have no right to sacrifice one of these, or even to subordinate it wholly, to the other. A word exists as truly for the eye as for the ear; and in a highly advanced state of society, where reading is almost as universal as speaking, quite as much for the one as for the other. That in the written word, moreover, is the permanence and continuity of language and of learning, and that the connection is most intimate of a true orthography with all this, is affirmed in our words, "letters," "literature," "unlettered," as in other languages by words exactly corresponding to these.

The gains consequent on the introduction of such a change in our manner of spelling would be insignificantly small, the losses enormously great. There would be gain in the saving of a certain amount of labor now spent in learning to spell; an amount of labor, however, absurdly exaggerated by the promoters of the scheme. But even this gain would not long remain, seeing that pronunciation is itself continually altering; custom is lord here for better and for worse; and a multitude of words are now pronounced in a manner different from that of a hundred years ago, indeed, from that of ten years ago; so that before very long, there would again be a chasm between the
spelling and the pronunciation of words;—unless, indeed, the spelling varied, which it could not consistently refuse to do, as the pronunciation varied, reproducing each of its capricious or barbarous alterations; these last, it must be remembered, being changes not only in the pronunciation, but in the word itself, which would only exist as pronounced, the written word being a mere shadow servilely waiting upon the spoken. When these things have multiplied a little, and they would indeed multiply exceedingly on the removal of the barriers to change which now exist, what the language before long would become, it is not easy to guess.

This fact, however, though sufficient to show how ineffectual the scheme of phonetic spelling would prove, even for the removing of those inconveniences which it proposes to remedy, is only the smallest objection to it. The far more serious charge which we bring against it is, that in words out of number it would obliterate those clear marks of birth and parentage which they bear now upon their fronts, or are ready, upon very slight interrogation, to reveal. Words have now an ancestry; and the ancestry of words, as of men, is often a very noble possession, making them capable of great things because those from whom they are descended have done great things before them; but this would deface their scutcheon, and bring them all to the same ignoble level. Words are now a nation, grouped into tribes and families, some smaller, some larger; this change would go far to reduce them to a promiscuous and barbarous horde. Now they are often translucent with their inner thought, lighted up by it; in how many cases would this inner light be then quenched? They have now a body and a soul, the soul quickening the body; then oftentimes nothing but a body, forsaken by the spirit of life would remain. These objections were urged long ago by Bacon, who characterizes this so-called reformation, "that writing should be consonant to speaking," as "a branch of unprofitable subtlety"; and especially urges that thereby "the derivations of words, especially from foreign languages, are utterly defaced and extinguished."

From the results of various approximations to phonetic spelling, which at different times have been made, and the losses thereon ensuing, we may guess what the loss would be were the system fully carried out.
MESSAGE OF THE SEASONS.

The four seasons—spring, summer, fall, and winter,—each occur once, and only once, during the year. Thus it has always been, and when it shall have been so as much longer, then they will teach men useful lessons—even as now; and while we feel some degree of sadness at seeing them pass away, still, to the thoughtful person, they hold something peculiarly striking and suggestive. Each one seems to excel the other in holy admonitions, which mutely and gently, though eloquently, warn man of the inevitable. And as our hearts have just been gladdened by the birth of the first and fairest of these seasons, we wish to consider its message and anticipate that of those which are yet to come.

As the old pass away, children rise up to fill their places. When winter passes, we bury the hoary-headed old man. His time is either marked by fruitfulness or famine. In the former, he is wept over, his career encourages and delights those who live after him; in the latter, he is unwept and uncared for save by those who lament his barrenness, and who are disheartened and injured by his life. We have recently witnessed the expiring form of one of these old personages. We have been in his death-chamber, as it were, and have seen his corpse shrouded in the noiseless passing of his last days; we have followed him to his grave, and by the falling clods of each day have seen his long-made tomb fully smoothed over, and upon the clay mound there lie floral wreaths and crosses, triumphs over the trials and victories he bore us. And, as we were blessed by the departed winter, we felt sad to see it pass away; still, it was with pleasure that with one hand we bade him adieu and with the other welcomed the infant spring, and though in its early infancy we are often in great doubt as to the changes which a day may bring, what its prospects are, what may produce its melancholy, and if all is well; though we are frequently sad and anxious on account of its fickleness, yet at such times we cradle it upon our bosoms and hope for the better. So we live and have our happiness by hope and expectation till the sunny season has fairly come, with its birds and flowers, and gives us cause for rejoicing. But, alas! how often, when all is "sunshine, joy, and pleasure," does the chilling frost return, and with its icy breath poison the tender violet, and, bruised and blackened, it tumbles to the ground, no more to brighten 'neath the rising sun, and no more to have him kiss away the dew-drop from its bosom at morning. Thus it is in life.
little child, which causes so much anxiety at first, grows into sprightly childhood, surpassingly fair mentally, morally, and physically, is a source of comfort and happiness to which there is no equal, and just as it is emerging from the dangers of infancy some fatal malady is contracted, and ere long it is borne to the cemetery, and the little warblers, whose voices are tuned to sing over dreamless beds, chant its requiem, too. So we learn by the message of spring, "Honor thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Then, in passing from spring, we enter upon summer, the time of toil, and labor, and heat. It is the time given us to prepare for winter, and which, if neglected, leaves us comfortless and unable to meet and endure its trials. This is the most oppressive of all the seasons, and often drives the slothful to idleness. Even so it is in youth. It is our time of preparation and cultivation, and, if the farmer fail to improve it, he loses the probability of having his wants supplied in the following winter. In summer, as we pass along the highways, and look out upon the fields of waving grain and the merry streams that with their waters give life to the land and the stock around about, as we inhale the air fragrant with the odor of growing grain, and listen to the rustling blades as they merrily chant their ditties, we say within ourselves, Summer boasts; she is proud; she claims hers as the greatest glory of all the seasons; but how silly! Only a few moments, and the storm may have robbed her of her pride, and left her in ruins, from which the whole of her life will be too short for her to recover. Though unseen, yet upon the very breezes which gave her her beauty, rides her foe and her conqueror. How strangely true is this of youth. To-day he is the joy of a mother's love and the hope of a father's heart, his morals are pure as the sunlight, his physique handsome and symmetrical; but to-morrow he may bow down to some unhallowed idol, he may be vice's slave; and if not this, youth is as susceptible to disease as summer is to storms, and though, with his flushed cheek and elastic muscles, he feels he is "lord of all creation," yet, in a few moments, fortune's wheel may turn, and he will have missed the prize. Indeed, we see uncertainty in the little flower, as it trembles upon its slender stalk, and seems to ask to be gathered for the bouquet, before it is beaten and bruised by the storm. Thus in the lily and bending wheat we read, "Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

Then we enter upon fall, and the condition of it may be easily determined by the spring and summer. If an excellent spring and a well-spent summer have preceded, the fall brings rich treasures to be
harvested; but if youth has been neglected—if we have not labored in summer—the fall brings us nothing to garner. It is too late to seed much then, and so our possibilities are limited, our hope almost gone; but if we have toiled and no storm has wrecked the golden fields, the corn stands ready to be saved; the beautiful cotton, as newly-fallen snow, is ready to be gathered in; but a day's delay may bring its complete destruction. The heavy rains may begin to fall, and in a few hours the whole be ruin and lost forever, and our labor will have been in vain. Just so with man. He may have passed the early seasons apparently successful. In his great manhood he may boast of his fine health, his wonderful strength; but ere he knows it, the golden pitcher may be broken, and without warning, he may be launched upon the shores of immortality; and so in fall we have in the spotless cotton and ripened corn, the message "Be ye also ready."

Lastly, we are ushered into winter, which is either spent in remorse on account of misspent lives, neglected opportunities, or in feasting upon the provisions which we have wisely laid in store during the seasons of cultivation and ingathering. This is the last season and the last period of our life. It comes every year, and thus shows us that if we are not cut down in youth, the end must come at last. And thus in the rustling of falling leaves, in the decay of matter, and in "silver threads among the gold," we read, "Lay up for yourself treasures where rust doth not corrupt."

INTELLECT—ITS TITLE TO GOVERN.

During the last century, a mighty revolution of mind has been made in the civilized world. Its effects are gradually disclosing themselves, and gradually improving the condition of the human race. This change of moral and physical condition is the result of genius and labor, science and art, laws and literature. Upon the intelligence of a people depends the glory of government and the stability of empires. When Homer sung and Hesiod wrote, Greece was ascending that pinnacle from whence the flood of her glory gushed, and still gleams, upon the minds of men. When Seneca laid down the grand principles of morality, and Cicero made the tyrant tremble with the thunders of his eloquence, then Rome, the City of
the Caesars, flourished, and Virgil sung her the glory of the world. Alas! the last echo of that voice hath died in the gloom of her ivy-crowned arches and her crumbling galleries. The footsteps of the solitary wanderer now break the hush which lingers where mighty warriors once applauded and the clash of the combat sounded. Ah, Rome! recognized alone in legend and tradition, in the renown of her relics, and the grandeur of her ruins. The destiny as well as the durability of a nation depends upon the culture of the mind. The demand for education is ever on the increase; it is an inheritance worth more than the gold, more than the wealth, of an empire. Mind constitutes the majesty of man; the individual may perish, but reason is eternal. The decay of the body cannot circumvent it, for the vigor of thought never dies. It is the progress of reason carried down from the ages, and continued long after republics and empires fall. Civilization, the crowning glory of genius, the colossal temple of human grandeur, sprung Pallas-like from the realm of human thought, and waving the torch of enlightenment, handed it down to some other, and it has been borne through all the dark ages of barbarism, until it shines like a star above the cradle of truth. Wherein has intellect triumphed? It found man a vassal and a slave; it has lifted him to a peerage with gods. It found woman a menial and a mendicant; it has raised her to the sphere of angels. It found humanity groping in the deep, dark valley, surrounded by ghastly spectres of the skeletoned past, while Death, brooding like a monster vampire over the world, cast everywhere its terrible shadow. And now, where once the trackless ocean rolled, and unknown seas kissed back the sun, commerce sits smiling in a million sails, and what once were tangled wastes, touched by the wand of civilization, yield shining, glittering gold. That knowledge is power, may be read in letters of living fire on every page of history and every achievement of man. The rise and ruin of empires, the flourish and fall of rulers, are pregnant with this truth. Go read the fate of the gifted and mighty dead, and ask the story of their renown. They have mouldered to dust, but over their tombs the lamp of glory still burns, and the light of immortality streams. The cultivation of moral feeling is as closely interwoven with the stability of government as it is allied to the promotion of the great principles of truth; remove this stone, and the structure falls, the monument of our freedom, like the towers of Ilion, would lie level with the dust. Let the poison of immorality rankle in the minds of men, and factious ambition would rule their councils, or despotism endanger their liberties.
Intellect—Its Title to Govern.

Imperial Rome, that once defied the legions of Carthage, so long as she resisted the encroachments of vice, and maintained among her citizens an unshaken devotion to their faith, preserved her political glory undimmed; but when the red hand of rapine unbarred her golden gates, the current of pollution swept away every remnant of moral principle. Rome is in ruins; in the meridian of her prosperity her pillars of government tottered and fell, and the ruined forums of Trajan, Nerva, and Domitian, alone remain to mark the spot where the tongue of Tully burned and listening senates spoke applause. In the plastic mind of genius, the germ of liberty was first enkindled. It was not born of menial blood, the clank of slavish chains echoed not in the cradle of its ancestral home; it was nurtured at the hearthstone of the early sage. The power which dwells in the thoughtful and patriotic statesman of a grand republic is mighty enough to drive a despot from his throne. The spirit of liberty still lives, and ebbs and flows through the veins of every son who is worthy of his country. Liberty is the priceless jewel of the human soul, in the presence of which the iron sceptre of the tyrant shall be turned to ashes. Intellect has developed the law which rules the material universe, has searched out the hidden sciences, has illumined with its wondrous power the haunts of ignorance and superstition, has broken the fetters from human limbs, and pointed the heathen to the sun-lit hill. The God of nature has raised man to the grandest scale of existence, has endowed him with obligations and responsibilities, has implanted in his soul a deep sense of principle and morality; his highest responsibility is the cultivation of mental and moral character. Vice does not start forth from the brain full-fledged; it is nourished and matured, and by degrees attains sufficient vigor to destroy the mind that has engendered it. The light of learning and wisdom flourishes where human laws are held in reverence; but where the issues of life and death are determined by no known laws, principles, or customs, the star of promise goes down in darkness and disaster. Had the light of learning never illuminated the mind of man, and the knowledge of his own destiny never dawned upon his understanding, the flowery fields and sublime solitudes of our own fair land would be to-day the haunt of the savage and the lair of the lion. Nearly four hundred years ago, when the vessels of Columbus turned their brave prows from the port of Palos, with three thousand miles of foaming billows before them, they were guided by the light of reason. And though the remains of that great genius lie cold and still in the silence of sarcophagus and shroud, yet the blaze of his intellect will forever
fire the annals of American history, and when the foam of the last wave shall whiten the cliffs of that sun-kissed island, the memory of his illustrious deeds will grow dim in the gathering twilight of an everlasting night.

TENERIFFE.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Perhaps a few notes of travel and observation among the mountains of the southern part of West Virginia may interest the readers of the Messenger; and in compliance to the wishes of one of its editors, an old student, who has always taken a lively interest in the affairs of the Societies, shall be heard from.

On the morning of June 28th, 1882, I took the south-bound train at Rappahannock station, Fauquier county, for Hinton, West Virginia. Shortly after starting, we passed over the historic Rappahannock river, and were soon sweeping along through the beautiful blue hills of Piedmont. At Charlottesville, I took the western-bound train, on the Chesapeake and Ohio railway, and stopped for dinner at Afton, on the top of the Blue Ridge mountains. A passing shower obscured the fine prospect. On the downward grade our "iron horse" seemed to gather new vigor, as, with terrible swiftness, we swept into the magnificent valley of the Shenandoah. Staunton passed, and the Alleghanies loom up before us. On through Covington, and down the cañon of Green river, when late in the evening Hinton was reached. This is a mountain town, pleasantly situated on the right bank of New river. It, like many other railroad towns, has sprung up like magic; for it is said that the site of Hinton, before the building of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway, was one of wildest and gloomiest places for many miles around. From this place I was ferried across New river, which here is about three hundred yards wide, very rocky, and runs swiftly. On crossing I found a horse ready for me, and in company with Mr. Henry Lilly, of Mercer county, I set out for Durm's, some twenty-five miles distant. Our way passed up a narrow valley, along a small creek, with overshadowing mountains on each side. All this section is finely timbered. The tall oak and stately chestnut lift their heads above the surrounding forest trees. The beautiful yew blends its evergreen branches with those of the graceful white pine, and along with the lynn, hickory, and maple, clothe the moun-
tains to their very summits. Here the poet might have found a
"Lodge in some vast wilderness, some boundless contiguity of shade."

Our horses being accustomed to it, we, after a few hours of climb-
ing up the rocky defiles, reached a plateau above, where fine views of
the surrounding country rewarded our toil. About night we reached
Durms, a small village in the mountain fastness, at the confluence of
two roaring, dashing streams. If one, tired of the noise and din of
city life, wished to spend the summer where he can listen to the roar
of the mountain torrent, and gaze upon serene and restful forest-
covered peaks, let him make his abode on Mountain creek.

Passing on, I next reached the residence of Mr. Philip Thompson,
near the mouth of East river.

Here the writer has spent much of his time, sharing princely hospi-
tality, and surveying with delight the superb mountain scenery, which
here stretches in one grand panorama on all sides. From the plateau
one can look down upon parts of four counties—Giles, Monroe, Sum-
mers, and Mercer. Ten miles distant, to the east, rise East River and
Peters mountains, the highest part of the Alleghanies. The "Nar-
rows," the romantic water-gap of New river, is in full view. Just
beyond it rises Angels' Rest, the grand symmetrical terminus of a
parallel range, and seems to bar the breach. To the westward, low
in the horizon, lies the "Great Flat-Top" mountains. There are
found the vast deposits of coal, yet undeveloped. Nearer is Bent
mountain (so called from its horseshoe-like appearance), with cleared
fields to its very top. A ride over it affords many fine views. To
the north, hill rises above hill, and plateau above plateau, and range
beyond range, till the "Knobs" and the "Bench"—noted peaks—
stand as sentinels, bounding their views in the distance, and the
whole appears as one vast theatre, with clouds for curtains, and, in
the autumn, variegated forests for carpets.

The phenomena of the mountains are interesting. At evening, when
that pure, soft blue haze peculiar to them spreads over the landscape,
the harmonious blending of cultivated fields and wooded lands, the
dark forest and deep valleys, make a scene of wide extending parks,
or vast cities, with streets, domes, and towers.

One evening last summer, about sunset, a shower passed, and as the
dark clouds settled on a distant peak, the sun cast a rainbow on their
bosom, which caused the mountain to appear as wearing a rainbow for
a crown. In summer and fall, during the earlier hours of the day,
the fog lies like a silver sea along the valley of the New river, with
here and there some mountain, taller than the rest, rising through the
mist, and presenting the appearance of so many islands covered with the most beautiful emerald, in the midst of the ocean.

There are spots of grandeur and beauty to be found in many places among these mountains. Such a one is the canyon of Mountain creek, in Summers county, near its entrance into Big Blue-Stone river. The descent to Blue Stone is along a narrow path cut down and across the mountain. On reaching the river I found it very low; and the only barrier to crossing was heaps of rocks piled along its bed. It seems that for ages all the debris from the mountains had accumulated in this river. After picking my way over, and crossing a narrow valley, I began to ascend the Mountain-Creek canyon, which is about two hundred feet wide. The mountains here rise three hundred feet. This narrow valley is thickly set with tall yews, white pines, and maples, shutting out the sunlight and causing a gloom to fill the place. The rocks are covered with a carpet of wild flowers. The murmur of the stream as it rushes down cascade after cascade, the wild and deep coves, the fern and moss-covered rocks projecting above, the gleam of the blue sky, the overhanging cliffs,—all conspire to produce a feeling of admiration and awe.

At one place the narrow path, which is scarcely wide enough for a horse to pass safely, is full fifty feet above the creek. Buffalo cliff, at a height of one hundred and fifty feet, overhangs the path. At the bottom, the rocks having fallen away, a sort of cave is formed. Here, in time past, buffalo came to lick. It is said that two deers once met on the height above the cliffs, and as neither would give way, they locked horns for fight, and fell over and were killed on the rocks below. An old hunter, passing just then, secured a prize without a chase.

But let me speak more particularly of this county and its people. Mercer is one of the most southern counties of West Virginia, lying between the Flat-Top and East-River mountains, and has an elevated and broken surface. It abounds in vast forests, extensive and undeveloped coal and iron deposits, and is well adapted to the cultivation of corn, wheat, grass, and tobacco. The timber business is fast becoming a permanent occupation. Millions of barrel-staves are annually gotten out from here, floated down the small streams to New river, thence by batteaux to Hinton, whence they are shipped to the North. All day long the woodsman’s axe is heard in the mountains, and the grand old oak which has stood for centuries, under whose boughs the Red-man rested when the chase was done, or wooed the
dusky maid as evening stretched its shadows, like the remnant of his race, is fast passing away.

Mercer county occupies an important commercial position, and will, when the system of railroads contemplated is complete, be the gateway to the coal and iron mines, from which, at no distant day, the people expect to realize great wealth. The farms are usually small, having been cleared with great labor from the primitive forests. The people are honest, hard-working, and liberty-loving. The ante-bellum population of this section are of a higher type than those that have drifted over the mountains from Southwest Virginia since the war. The county has made great progress within the last decade. The normal school at Concord has given a new impetus to education, which, however, is still far behind other portions of the State and other States. George W. Summers, one of West Virginia's most gifted orators, in describing the State and her people, said: "They are a bold, daring, and liberty-loving people; they are lulled to sleep at night by the hollow hoot of the hill-side night-hawk, and awakened in the morning by the screams of the catamount, as he rolls from his hungry, nocturnal perch."

C. W. B.

THE STRIFE OF THE FAIRIES; OR, THE QUEEN OF THE DUNCES.
A MELODRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

BY "CLINTON."

Dramatis Personae.

LILLIAN ............................................ Queen of the Fairies.
MATILDA .......................................... The Mighty Battle-Fairy.
VICTORIA ........................................... Matilda's Companion.
EULALIA ......................................... Jealous Sister of the Queen.
BELLONA ......................................... Friend to Eulalia.
ROSALIE .......................................... Cupbearer to Lillian.
GERTRUDE ....................................... Spear-Fairy to Lillian.
CONSTANCE { PENELOPE } ......................... Faithful Subjects to Lillian.
SIBYL ............................................ Fairy Witch and Prophetess.

Fairies of the Realm in general.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Lillian's Court in Fairyland; Lillian on her throne; Gertrude and Rosalie on either side; Sibyl on the right of the throne; Fairies marching and singing before her. Time—late in the evening.
Air—“Fairy Belle.”

Chorus—Fairy Queen! gracious Fairy Queen,
So fair and so gentle, whom we love to call our own;
Fairy Queen! merry Fairy Queen!
Long may she revel on her bright, sunny throne.

I.
Oh! merrily tripping now, we gather ’round our Queen,
In the land of the Fairies, where all pleasures may be seen;
And cheerily singing, too, to time the tripping toe,
We are dancing and singing, and we’ll praise her as we go.

Chorus—Fairy Queen, &c.

II.
Oh! sing all ye Fairies, with a lithesome heart and gay,
As we rally with gladness ’round our Lillian’s throne to-day;
And tinkle your glasses cheerily—we know no woe,
But are joyous in Lillian, and we’ll praise her as we go.

Chorus—Fairy Queen, &c.

III.
Her sceptre of silver o’er us has a magic spell,
While the sound of her sweet voice makes each Fairy’s heart to veil;
We come at her bidding, loving much her will to do,
And with happy wild song and dance, we’ll praise her as we go.

Chorus—Fairy Queen, &c.

[Fairies kneel in semicircle before Lillian, except Constance, who advances to the front of the throne and sings.]

Constance (sings—Air, “Antioch”—)
Long live our Queen, our Lillian rare!
We bow to thy command;
Let every fay her favor share,
And bless her silvery wand.

Fairies (refrain)—Long live our Queen!

Constance—Long live our Queen, so blithe and fair!
May ne’er her beauty fade;
Let every fay a crown prepare,
Of purest flowers made.

Fairies—Long live our Queen!

Constance—Long live our Queen with floating hair!
No cares be hers to know;
Let sweetest perfumes fill the air,
To soothe where’er she go.

Fairies—Long live our Queen!
Constance— Long live our Queen! may sorrows ne'er Creep round her Fairy throne;
Long live our Queen! each Fairy's care Be for her joy alone.

Fairies— Long live our Queen!

Lillian (sings—Air, "Home of the Soul")—
Happy elves of my realm, free as birds of the air, Bright spirits to roam as you please; Here's a beautiful land, like the sunlight, so fair, With dells full of flowers and of trees.

There are babbling bright streams that are gurgling along, And murm'ring forever sweet lays; There are fountains that laugh just as soft as a song— You are happy, my dear little fays!

But beware, oh, beware! lest the Tempter ensnare, And sift all your joys to the wind; Let contentment fill every fay's heart, or her share Will be to her sorrow, she'll find.

But now quaff to your Queen, merry fays, every wight, Sing again and aloud your glad song; O, sip of the fairy-wine, rosy and bright, And forget that there ever was wrong.

Fairies—Long live our Queen! long live our Queen!

[ Fairies tinkle glasses.]

Long live our Queen! long live our Queen! [Curtain.]

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Near Lillian's throne; Fairies asleep among the trees, except Constance, who sits behind a mound, gazing at something afar off; enter Bellona and Eulalia, who do not observe the presence of Constance. Time—near midnight.

Eulalia— Bellona, wert thou at the feast to-day?

Bellona— I was, sweet fay, the gayest of the gay.
Eulalia, how it sirred me, all that wine! The dancing, sporting—I did most opine. It was a feast of joy, as I have seen Men celebrate when vict'ry theirs had been. I thought, Eulalia, of those old gone days When warriors loved the crown of dewy bays— Thou know'st 'twas long ago, Eulalia sweet; But fairies live an hundred years, then greet You with the same fair smile and tripping toe, As thus they did an hundred years ago.

Eulalia— How comes old Sibyl bent and gray, then?
Bellona— Ah!
She always was a witch. But, 'Lalia, pshaw!
What makes thy face, that is so wont to smile,
All sad and pale to-night?

Eulalia— 'Tis but the pale
Light of the sickly moon, whose misty veil
Gives through her beams but dimly; this it is
That makes me pale, naught else.

Bellona— No, 'Lalia, this
Is not thy secret. Tell what dost beguile
My 'Lalia now to droop. Hast sipped too much
Of wine? Hath some done wrong to make thee such?
Tell me the cause why thou art weary.

Eulalia— Am only weary of the long feast we
Have had to-day; I need—but rest for me,
And then I shall be merry.

Bellona— 'Lalia, why
Why wouldst thou deceive thy trust friend? There is,
There is some inward cause to all this strangeness. Kiss
Me now, and breathe to me thy soul. I know
That fault of some one makes my 'Lalia so.
Remember, I, Bellona, am thy sworn
And loyal friend! and thou, the sister, born
A mate for our fair Queen! Now, tell me, and
I'll set it right, or blast this Fairyland!

Eulalia— Wilt swear me, by the silvery wand, the Queen
Rules Fairyland with—that, as thou hast been,
Thou still wilt be my friend?

[Bellona brings the wand from the throne; Eulalia holds it over Bellona's
head, who is kneeling.]

Bellona— I swear! I swear!
Eulalia— Enough! enough! return the wand.
Bellona— It back at thy command. [Replaces the wand.]
Now, Lalia, speak.

Eulalia— I'm jealous! What has made me pale,—a weak
Soul, maybe,—is the thought of plans I've made.
Bellona— Tell, tell them all!
Eulalia— Thou see'st the plan of grade
In Fairyland, as in the earth:—a Queen,
Cup-bearer, Spear-maid—this thou sure hast seen.
Now, hark! twin sister, I am to the Fay
Who rules us now—

Bellona— Fair Queen, all blithe and gay!
All worthy for our Queen! Long be her—
The Strife of the Fairies, &c.

Eulalia—Stop! We have not time to waste. Night's curtains drop Ere long; and none must know save thee, just now.

Bellona—Proceed!

Eulalia—Thou know'st I have no rank; but bow, As thou, to her whose place I might have filled.

Bellona—Why so?

Eulalia—We twain were twins. The Sibyl killed Two birds to try our fates—and hers was found, They say, to be the "lucky." I was bound, By fate, to be—her slave!

Bellona (excitedly)—Art jealous of Our Queen?

Eulalia—E'en so!

Bellona—Ah! Treason!

Eulalia—Hold! I move Thee to be mindful of thine oath! Now, hear: Bellona, I am fairest of us pair; My friends are numbered many 'mong these fays.

Bellona—What dost thou scheme against our Queen such ways As tend to her destruction?

Eulalia—Stay! thine oath Binds thee to loyalty.

Bellona—But I am loath To harm our Lillian.

Eulalia—"List! it is thy good, As mine;—but to my plot. Here, in this wood, My friends may rally. [Bellona starts to awaken the Fairies and reveal the plot against the Queen; Eulalia Seizes her by the arm.] Stay! I will not harm Her person. Thou art mighty, for thine arm Hath dealt in war. Thy friends and mine will make A band that's able full and strong to take The Queen's weak side—

Bellona—[Fires at thought of war.] And is it war dost crave?

Eulalia—We'll lay in ambush; then, just as a wave, At proper time, we'll sweep upon the court, Unwatchful, just as hawks do prey in sport; Take all in bonds, and make them bow and swear Allegiance to Eulalia—Queen. Thou'lt bear The Lillian off, and keep her close until I have the throne complete; until my will Be theirs.

Bellona—O wild Eulalia! what if fate Be 'gainst us? What vile end would then await Us? What reward shall I attain?
Eulalia— I'll make Thee my Cup-Bearer; proudly thou shalt slake Eulalia's thirst. Say, wilt thou help me do This deed?

Bellona— Yes, ever to my vow I'm true.

Eulalia— It is enough! and thou'lt incite thy friends To join our ranks, and aid us to our ends?

Bellona— Mine oath is sworn.

Eulalia— And thou, Bellona, lead Our fays strong in the strife, for there is need Of one accustomed thus to be our head — Ha! little Captain, these, to-morrow's red Sunset shall call my subjects. [She points at And looks at the sleeping fairies, when she sees Some of them moving.] Hist! they wake! Away with me, lest some of them should make Some say of our appearance here.

Bellona— Away.

Eulalia— Remember thou to work for me to-day.

Bellona— I shall! Bellona's word is all her life— She'll prove it to thee in the Fairy Strife.

Eulalia— Bellona, meet me there with friends at mornour's Second dawn, and we will feed their sorrows.

[Exeunt B .. and O.-0urtain .]

SCENE 2.—Lillian on her throne; Gertrude and Rosalie on either side. Time— morning. Enter Constance.

Constance—(Bowing) Long live our Queen! May joy fill all her reign!

Lillian— Long live my Constance! happy, free of pain!

Constance— My Queen, there is a spirit here,—but dare I breathe her name? Yes—no—but, oh! the care Hangs heavy on my heart! (Kneels.) Protect me by Thy wand, oh, gracious Queen!

Lillian— My Constance, why All this emotion? Something's wrong. Tell all Thou knowest and hast seen.

Constance—(rises.) I dare not call Her name, my Queen; but in the midnight still, Just as the moon crept softly o'er the hill, I wandered to yon mound, and sat me there To gaze down at the earth which seemed so fair; I deemed you all asleep,—but sudden came Two fays—Eu—oh! I most had called her name! They stood close by me, thinking, as did I, That all had gone to Nappy-Land—no eye To see them, and no listening ear to hear
Their wicked plot. I heard them, Lillian, swear
By thy bright wand *itself,* to snatch thy crown
Away and place it on another; drown
Thy glory in another's fame. Beware! (Lillian is frightened.)
Fair Lillian; oh, beware! I've warned; beware!

**Lillian**— Hence, Rosalie, and fetch old Sibyl here;
I soon shall know th' extent of all my fear.

**Rosalie**— Long live our Queen! I hasten to obey.

**Lillian**— My Constance, Lillian, in some nearing day
Will bless thee *thrice* for constancy.

**Rosalie**— Long live our Queen! I hasten to obey.

*Exit Rosalie.*

**Lillian**— War! silly Queen!
War in my realm?

**Sibyl**— Long live the Queen! 'Tis so!

**Lillian**— How shall I share? O Sibyl, dost thou know?

**Sibyl**— 'Tis well! Rebellion stirs thy Fairyland:
Prepare for every fay, a milk-white wand—
And make them stout and strong. The rebels come
To-morrow, thinking thee unmindful. Some
Are seeking on with jealous ends; some are,
By gifts, induced to join the rebel war.
Bellona leads the band. But strike *her* down,
And all is safe—thy land, thy life, thy crown.
Long live the Queen!

**Lillian (To Rosalie)**— Fill, fill that beaker up! (R. obeys.)
(To Sibyl) Now, drink pure wine from out *my* grateful cup.

**Sibyl**— (Drinks.) Long live the Queen! (S. hands the cup back to Rosalie and goes out.)

**Lillian**— Haste, hence, my Rosalie,
And summons quickly here Penelope.

**Rosalie**— Long live the Queen! (Rosalie goes and brings P.)

**Lillian**— (To Penelope.) Art faithful to thy Queen?

**Penelope**— (Bows.)
Long live the Queen! *I am,* and c'er have been!
Dost doubt my loyalty; or why ask me
Such query?
Lillian—'Tis enough! I'm fain to see
Thee make the like response. Penelope,
There's in my realms an evil spirit; she
Is craving of my crown. And she incites
My subjects 'gainst their loyal Queen. She lights
My realm with flames, which sure, by Fate, shall burn
Her scheming self.—'Tis well! Now do thou turn
Thee to thy work, and make me milk-white wands
For all my fays; in weight to suit the hands
Of fairies best. Away—and set thee fast
About thy labor. Bring them when the last
Ray of to-day's sunset is floating through
My realm—unhappy land! Go now, and do
My will.

Penelope (bows)—Long live the Queen! [Exit Penelope.]

Lillian—Thou, Rosalie,
And Gertrude, take your leave. Seek Sibyl; she
Will name you all my faithful ones. Them find.
First, ask the Sibyl's aid. Just as the wind,
Invisible, she'll make you; and unseen,
You'll work, and naught shall be suspected. Lean
To every ear that's faithful, bid her 'pear
In my courts, when Aurora first shall rear
Her head above yon hill. This is your work!
Depart; be faithful to your Queen, nor shirk
The duty thus imposed.

Rosalie—Long live our Queen!

Gertrude—Long live our Queen! [Exeunt Rosalie and Gertrude.]

Lillian—E'er since my lot has been
A Queen's, I've warned my subjects 'gainst the sin
Of Discontent. But that poor breast, wherein
Doth rankle such a vice, shall humbled be—
And far below her present station. I see
The end of folly, and my plans are made.

Scene 3.—Lillian on the throne; Gertrude and Rosalie attending as before.

Time—Evening. Enter Penelope.

Penelope (Bowing)—Long live our Queen! Thy will, all done, is laid
Before thee. [Lays down her burden before the Queen.]

Lillian—'Tis well. Blest be Penelope!

At morrow's dawn, my subjects all will be
Assembled in my court. Be thou among
Them. Fate will aid us to suppress this wrong.

Penelope—I shall be here.

Lillian—Away, and rest; 'tis best;
Thy work is done, and thou art weary. Rest!
Come fresh to-morrow filled with loyal rest.

[Continued.]
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Give us that pen—and that glorious and ever-present aid, the wastebasket—shove that cushion-chair over this way—give us that revolver and bowie-knife—set that horse-whip up in that corner—and, are we editors? Hem!—how does that sound? Aw—ah—our fighting editor will be in to-morrow, willing to meet his—and our—friends. Don’t call before then, as no one else of our staff can possibly entertain you. We have not the time, that is all.

There are certain, sundry, various, and officious young gentlemen of this college, who think it their religious duty to be present when the mail is left at the box, and, if no special somebody is present to take care of the Messenger exchanges, to seize upon them, read the news, and, if they happen to think of it, and it is convenient,—when their lordships have finished perusing said papers—maybe they will return them. Now, young gentlemen, the Societies have, in their forethought and consideration, appointed a committee—a special one—to interview those exchanges, and that committee think it incumbent on them to take care of said exchanges; they also believe themselves capable of said duty, and it moves them to tears to think that, on account of meddlers, they are not doing their duty. Henceforward, if it be not asking too, too much of you, you are most respectfully requested to indulge us the pleasure of attending to our own business. Sic semper, verbum sat!

The work on the Memorial Hall and southern grounds of the college is steadily progressing. The hall and entrance of the building spoken of have been plastered—the sides gray and the top white—and it is now being finished with paint. The grounds are being levelled down, and some trees removed; and, too, water-pipes are being laid to the college and to Professor Harris’s dwelling. Let the work go on. We are, in fact, becoming quite attractive out here—yes—I mean—we—aw—that is—the college premises.

Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious (not glorious summer) by the arrival of “rats.” “Rats!” Look out for yourselves; Professor Puryear has for some time been wanting to kill a rat with C O₂, which is, being interpreted, carbonic acid.

“Do—re—me—fa—sol—la—se—do!” Sing it out, professor, (i. e., the professor of music; oh! yes, we have a music-class,) for your
mouth is capable of utterance, and your voice capable of emitting sounds which may be heard. Let it roll—basso—tenor—alto—soprano—solférino—plumbago—dulcino—X clef—staccato—erysipelas—tremulo—profundo—one—two—three—do—re—me—(Oh, me!) usufrux—bang! Let it roll—there’s music in the air.

While we revel in the sanctum sanctorum of an editor, make the thing as glorious for us as possible by contributing to the Messenger. Wake up, bestir yourselves, and give us an article now and then. We are talking to that group of fellows standing there sunning themselves. Boys, the “Messenger” is yours! Help us to hold it up. Help! help! Oh! well, we are not sinking; but we only want you to keep on helping.

The foot-ball club of the college met on the 19th inst., deeded the remaining funds of its treasury to the newly-organized B. B. C., and then—died. Peace to her bones. May she sleep quietly until the enthusiastic and bracing days of another winter shall wake from her ashes another, which shall make festive again the northern portions of our campus with yells of “Buck her!” “Let me go!” “Stop him!” &c. In the meanwhile, joy to ye base-ball men, and the fates preserve your teeth and fingers.

LOCALS.

Ah! ha! ha!
Oh! ain’t she a “dizzy” piece of calico? Well, I should simper to ejaculate.
Stop flinging that bread across the mess-hall, or the faculty will have you up.
“Germany” and “baby ball” take the attention of even our grave and reverend seniors.

Prof.: “Mr. B., who was this man Pythagoras?”

Mr. ———, in oratorical flight before one of the literary societies, bounds the United States thusly: “Bounded on the east by the morning dawn, on the west by the setting Vesperius, on the north by the Aurora Borealis, and on the south by the Judgment Day.”

Prof. of Chemistry: “Mr. R., why do you call nitric acid aquafortis?”
Mr. R. (Sen. Lat. man): "Yes, sir; it is from the Latin "aqua"—brave, and "fortis"—water."

The height of one of our aspiring fellow-student's ambition reaches even to "having plenty of tin, a nice little wife, and a little prattling boy climbing about his knees and saying, 'O, papa, give me a cent.'" Be you granted your ambitious end; for surely there could be nothing nicer.

Senior Philosophy student to Junior: "There are some beautiful accounts of dreams given in the book you are studying; have you come to them yet?"

Junior: "No, sir; we haven't reached there yet."

Sen. man: "Well, they are over there in Nim-Sombulism." Give him a "V."

While a party of students were speaking of the coming of the tragedian McCullough, the gentleman from N. wished to know if he (McC.) were coming to attend college. Score him "1" for innocence.

In favor of our present system of government, one of our students makes this startling statement: "The Government of the United States bids fair to last until the world ceases to end!" I tell you, we can't be beat.

During a recent fire-alarm, a number of students started off full tilt to the fire. Among the number was a "rat," who, being interrupted in his haste by the inquiry as to where the fire was, replied impatiently: "Down there where the bells are ringing, of course!"

Some young gentlemen evidently need to procure a calendar, and spend some time in settling how many days some of the months contain. For instance: one of the students, on being asked when one of his examinations came off, replied that he thought it was on the 39th of January. Another counts 29th, 30th, and 31st of February.

Bright boys.

Ours is a fine (?) gymnasium. It consists of a single horizontal bar, and two boys to hold a lath, over which we may jump. But we shall try to be hopeful of its growth.

A.: "What does McCullough play?" B.: "He plays Virginius, Richard the Third, The Gladiator, and" — C. (interrupting): "and Venus." Well, all we've got to say about that is, we'd like to see him play it—or her.

PERSONALS.

L. R. Bagby, '80-'82, they say, is at his home in King and Queen, "doing nothing." How is that, Tom? We thought you were industrious. We suspect you are eating shad. Don't be hard on them, and remember your old friends.

J. D. Wright, Jr., '80-'82, is in Caroline county, farming and
preaching. Jim, we thought you were going home to get married, but we seem to have been mistaken. Hurry up, and let us hear from you. C. S. Gardner, '81-'82, is at the Louisville Seminary. He is doing well, and preaching frequently. We miss you very much, Chas., in our Society.

C. W. Brooks, '77-'81, has been teaching school and preaching in West Virginia during the past seven months. He is now visiting at his home, in Fauquier county. Do favor us, on your return, with a sight of your beaming countenance, "Uncle Charley." We are longing to see you once more.

E. V. Ashley, of Mississippi, has recently left us. We miss you in Cottage A, Ash. A-h, ha! ha! Joy be with you. A-h, ha! ha! Good-by!

W. B. Haislip, '78-'81, has been in Albemarle for some time teaching and preaching.

D. M. Goode, '80-'81, took unto himself a wife not long since. Our heartiest congratulations to Mac., and may a long and happy life be to him and his bride.

A. B. Gunter, a former student of this college, and an M. A. of the University of Virginia, died of consumption, at his home, Accomac county, on the 16th instant.

H. W. Tribble, who left college some time ago on account of ill-health, is now on a short visit to the boys, we suppose. He will not be able to take his A. B. this session. We are sorry; but his "siders" should be somewhat of a consolation to him, even if his health does deny him the wish of his heart just now.

Our colleague, J. L. King, is absent from his duties on account of the death of his aged father. We hope for his early return.

Tracy McKenzie has just completed his course in pharmacy at the Philadelphia Medical College, and is now en route to his home, Mexia, Texas, via New York. Good luck to you, "Texas."

EXCHANGES.

We take upon ourselves, with reluctance, the rôle of Exchange editor, feeling it to be no easy task "to view with critic's eye" the literary journals which flood our sanctum. Yet there is no cloud without a silver lining; so it is with pleasure that we peruse the sprightly articles of our exchanges. We would that we could praise all, but we shall not pass by unmentioned such journals as we think could be improved by our suggestions. In all cases will we express our opinion plainly, and hope our brother Eds. will do the same.

It is with pleasure that we add to our list of exchanges the "Vanderbilt Observer." It comes to us in a neat form. Its literary department consists of short, practical articles, and most of them evincing originality, which, above all things, we admire in a college journal. We heartily echo the sentiments of "Vanderbilt's Honor System," and
Exchanges.

concur with the views of the author of "Southern Sycophants." "Leon Gambetta" and "Carlyle's Religious Views" manifest a careful perusal of the biographies of the personages. After reading your Locals and finding some grain amongst the chaff, we would suggest that you lessen your Locals, and add to your literary department poetry, "the fragrance of all human knowledge and human thoughts."

With great expectation and hope did we peruse the contents of the January No. of the Crescent. But just so great as was our expectation, just so great was our disappointment. In the literary department, we notice several articles worthy of notice, and, like our friend from the mountains, we are not so prejudiced as not to acknowledge it. The article on "Retrospective Thoughts" is quite commendable, and reflects much credit upon the author. The author of "Mad Anthony" displays an incalculable knowledge of history, but he should learn to make better use of it. We are unable to find any other article worthy of notice. The Crescent rants loud in regard to journalistic courtesy, and does not propose to compromise its dignity by replying to "small, petty acts in a retaliative manner," yet stoops to acts too despicable to be called retaliative, in order to disparage a rival journal published at the same university. Oh! immaculate Crescent, charity should begin at home, and your conduct will be censured by all impartial and unprejudiced readers. Your suicidal attempt has been successful, and in your attempt to elevate the dignity of other journals, your own has been blasted by mean and cowardly abuse. While you condemn us for practising deception, let us ask you if, in your last issue, you do not both practice and preach deception?

The University Quarterly.—To the initial article of the magazine we turn by a kind of instinct, and seek there to find an index to its merit. And here our interest is attracted still more closely by the subject proposed—namely, "Prophecy." But we read on, and in vain seek the labyrinthian clue which led the author to select "Prophecy" for the name of his article. In our humble opinion, miscellany would have been better, as the article seems to be a compendium of all the author's "varied and comprehensive learning." But we must not be understood as pressing the point. Of course, the author had a right to name his production anything he pleased, and why not "Prophecy" as anything else? It would be vain to attempt to do justice to the breadth of our author's reasoning; but we will give a single example, which will illustrate, at least in part, his "peculiar genius." "History," he says, "teaches us how very fallible is human prescience." In illustration of this he supposes an ideal case, and draws an ideal conclusion, which is wrong, of course. Therefore history proves the fallibility of prescience. What connection there is between the author's fiction and history we fail to see. Probably the author had some dim recollection of the old adage, "History is stranger than fiction." But we must close without even a reference to the purely literary phase of the article. We will only add, that the author is thoroughly orthodox in the matter of this, and all of his expressions present themselves with the ease and familiarity of old friends. "Ex uno disce omnes."
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