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No. 7.

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BUSINESS MANAGER :—R. C. HUBBARD.

THE DAYS THAT ARE NO MORE.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking o'er the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the under world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

—Tennyson's "*Princess*."

“DIVINEST MELANCHOLY.”

The state of mind known as melancholy is regarded by some as being entirely unassociated with pleasantness. To such, to be melancholy means nothing more than to be sad and sorrowful. But there are different phases of melancholy. Whether this is a difference of degree or of quality, we do not here attempt to decide, but will rest with the fact that there is a difference. There are some whose temperament is such that they have an habitual tendency to a gloomy and dejected state of mind. They seem to be ever in sympathy with the “great, sad heart of humanity.” They see and note all the ills and woes of humanity, but are blind to all that makes men happy. Much of their time is spent in a sort of half-conscious reverie. They seem ever to be in deep thought, and yet their thought is all confusion. The tendrils of a vine without a trellis are ever reaching out for something around which they may entwine themselves, and being unable to find that which they may clasp in their friendly embrace, the vine grows upon the earth, coil upon coil, until it becomes a matted and confused mass; likewise the mind that is constantly occupied with reverie, vague speculations, and gloomy forebodings, will become, in a great measure, dull and inactive; and when it acts, it is in such a manner as only to add weight to its load of depression. We cannot hope to find pleasure in such a mental state, and most assuredly there is no profit, but incalculable injury in it. This injury is felt by both mind and body, and hence this phase of melancholy should be assiduously avoided.

Another and quite different phase of this condition of mind is produced by the presence of some great calamity.

“Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary.”

Yet to some, grief comes in such torrents and calamities, shadows gather so thick around them, that a pall of sadness settles down upon their hearts that no ray of light can ever penetrate. This unlifted shadow, this continual grief, this unbroken reign of sadness, produces a state of mind which is called melancholy. Naught of pleasure ever mingles with this undercurrent of the soul. We feel that this should be striven against with all possible might; yet it often occurs that when we see a friend beclouded with gloom, the influence of his sorrow is so pervasive that it produces in us a kindred feeling, and instead of

trying to encourage him to throw off the burden, we silently sympathize with him. But if we cannot help, we at least pity the subjects of this black-robed monarch.

There is, however, another phase of melancholy, differing from each of those above mentioned far more than they differ from each other. While this feeling is allied to, and even partakes of, sadness, yet there is mingled with it a sweetness peculiarly its own. When the chords of the Æolian harp throb in the breeze, it emits a plaintive strain, but it is a plaint that adds sweetness to the melody; so this modification of melancholy has a sweetness which is enhanced by its solemnity and sadness. This feeling is awakened by the contemplation of the sublime in nature. If we stand upon the pebbly beach and listen to the music of the waves as they sport with the rocks and snowy sands of the shore, hear their deep-toned murmur as they sink again into their beds, and look over the broad expanse of waters which seem to blend with the vaulted heavens, there comes over us a mysterious, melancholic feeling; but it has more of pleasantness than of sadness in it. A similar feeling is produced if we look upon some stupendous mountain as it rises, "rock-ribbed and vast," above the surrounding plain. It stands immovable upon its base of solid granite, and "bathes its plumage in the thunder's home." Its whirling torrents are dashed into spray as they madly leap from stone to stone. As we stand in the presence of this great work of nature, we are awed into silence, and that silent contemplation is replete with some of the purest joys. A sense of loneliness tends to produce the same state of mind, or feeling. To go out at night fall, when the far-off azure dome is bedecked with celestial diamonds, and a solemn stillness "broods like a gentle spirit o'er the still and pulseless world," produces a peculiar feeling of melancholy which has its peculiar pleasure. Ah, who would not be alone in this stillness to hold converse, as it were with the planetary world and his own soul! Again, what pleasure, though mingled with melancholy, is experienced when we walk amid the lovely groves of Hollywood, the silent city of the dead. What sweet, sad music is made by the mingling of the requiem, sung by the classic James as it hurries on to the sea, with the sighing of the pines as the gentle breeze struggles with their evergreen boughs. Lonely, indeed, and sad—sorrow for the dead—made solemn by thoughts of eternity, yet an indescribable sweetness, which, to be appreciated, must be felt. This phase of melancholy, if not indulged in to excess, is productive of both pleasure and profit. It enables one to study himself; it enters largely into the poetic genius; it seems to

breathe into the mind an inspiration which produces thoughts that burn and words that breathe; it lifts man into a higher sphere of life; it gives him higher conceptions of the great Artificer who spread out the seas, laid the foundations of the mountains, and placed those sparkling jewels upon the ebon brow of night. With these ideas of the state of mind, or emotion, if it is such, before us, we can appreciate more fully the lines of Milton:

Hail, thou goddess, sage, and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!

“ORLANDO.”

THE DEAD GEORGIAN.

After the midnight watch of March the 4th, it was whispered in Georgia's capital that Stephens was dying, and just before the

“Morn, waked by the circling hours,
With rosy hands unbarred the gates of light,”

the heart of the great commoner ceased its weary throbbings, and his hurt limbs and wasted form were at rest. His feeble, delicate frame, worn down with disease, succumbed to death, but his gigantic intellect still stands

“Like some tall cliff that rears its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though rolling clouds around its breast are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.”

A nation mourns the demise of this philosophical statesman, and Georgia will keep time to the sad dirge which gives her cherished son to the grave, and closes for history a bright chapter. Often have I had recounted to me the story of his early struggles, his ambition, his hopes, and his success.

Through kindness of friends he entered the University of Georgia, and graduated with all of her honors, and came away with a store of knowledge well fit for the great events which destiny had marked out for him. In his 24th year he was admitted to the bar, under William H. Crawford, one of Georgia's most illustrious sons, the name and synonym of all that was great, and true, and patriotic. His very advent to the bar was a success. They knew his talents, they knew his virtues, and he was a leader almost from his entrance into legal life. He

was in Greensboro' attending court when a poor woman was about to be condemned be cause of a bad name only, and he made judge and jury cry at his appeal :

"Still gently scan your fellow-man, still gentler sister-woman ;
Though they may oft go kenning wrong, to step aside is human."

And his invocation for justice and mercy arose to sublimity as he again quoted from Burns—

"Let him this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume thy bolts to throw,
Nor deal damnation round the land,
On him I deem thy foe."

Differing from mankind, the more he himself suffered, the more he strove to relieve the suffering in others. Every pang that struck at his vitals but caused that free heart to throb more in sympathy with other aching hearts. There is a poor negro woman who has been accustomed to make an annual pilgrimage to Liberty Hall, to see

"Her Oracle, her Delphic shrine,
Her Mecca of the mind,"

because he saved her life when under the false charge of poisoning a family.

His brain has always been to him like Ponce de Leon's fabled fountain of youth; and to plunge into its vital bath was to emerge a young god. At a farewell banquet at Waynesboro', some patriotic toast called him up, and he was lifted to the head of the table. It was then no studied speech. The feeble form stood like a steel spring; the full heart streamed out on his face; the glorious eyes shown vivid as fire-globes and bright as twin stars. The very motion of his hands seemed to convey the winged words. His voice became a trumpet filled with whirlpools—deafening the ear with crashes of thunder, yet intermingled with softest melodies. He commanded the sea of all thought and emotion, which rose, and fell, and boiled in billows, as he chose. The pallid, delicate man was transformed; and it seemed a youth with the brain of a sage that stood there, and closed, amid a breathless hush, as magnificent a climax of oratory as was ever heard from human lips.

Whether as attorney at law, or as a member of the Legislature of his native State, or as a member of Congress, or as Vice-President of the Confederate States, or as Governor of his own beloved State, he has been the same eloquent and fearless champion of constitutional

liberty, local self-government, and human rights. He was one of the few that still keep the old magic power, "the beauty that was Athens', the glory that was Rome's," still hold the divine cadences, still can sway vast, thronged auditoriums, till the myriads hold their breath, like little children, in delight and awe. With the name of Stephens is interwoven the best and brightest history of Georgia and of America. It can be said that he lived and died an honest man, in the sight of whose spotless career defamation has never dared to raise her head. About his gray hair, like an aureole about a saint, gather forty years of untarnished honor, unblemished integrity, and of matchless glory. In him, as in Jefferson Davis, is garnered the honor of the Confederacy; and God condemn the man that would hurt his memory or his fame.

IGNORAMUS.

THE MASHER.

This is an interesting and multiform species of the *genus homo*. How long it has been in this country, and who introduced it into our midst, we have not, as yet, been able to determine; but we think that, most probably, the animal has not been rightly known and fully appreciated by our people until during the present century. Be this as it may, we know that it is an important and inestimably essential factor of the common pleasure, and deserves some attention. As was said above, there are various classes of the species, but (different and free from all the difficulties that attend geological, botanical, and-the-like classification of new specimens,) the zoologist is, in this particular instance, at no loss whatever as to which class this creature belongs. It is a great mimic of man, and, indeed, the physical cut of this biped resembles, to a great degree; that of the human race; it is easily distinguishable from us, however, by its peculiar actions, occupation, and habitat. Its most congenial atmosphere seems to be near the lamp-posts, on the corners of the principal and most fashionable thorough-fares of our cities. We also find them frequenting the stands in front of church doors, ready for business, just about two minutes and seventeen seconds after the benediction has been pronounced by the minister within. Here they seem best to flourish and (something resembling a plant or flower), as it were, to bloom and develop into their varied growth and most brilliant colors. On fine evenings they are seen to gather (from the winds, perhaps,) in crowds around the aforementioned lamp-posts. And it is very amusing to watch the

antics of this peculiarly interesting biped. It may be well, that you may recognize the animal on contact with it, to say, just here, a few words about the superface of the masher—we can but guess what may be the internal structure and contents. The generality of mashers (of course there are exceptions, &c.,) may be known by the following peculiarities, which we will, as far as in our power of climax lies, note in the order of their comparative significance. It wears pantaloons, which might be more appropriately termed tight-a-loons, the “a” being here a connective with the significance of “on.” A jacket worn above the just-mentioned garment, which reaches nearly to the small of the masher’s back. A yard or two of glittering chain, sizing about like that usually serving the purpose of preventing the dippers from straying from the town pump, adorns his heaving breast, and holds the chronometer which may or may not be found in the vest pocket. About his neck, in profuse folds and colors, winds and dangles with studied carelessness of “set”—his scarf. His fore-limbs, or arms and hands, have several occupations and positions—gracefully balancing the delicate cane; or, with the thumbs hooked in the arm-holes of the vest, leaving the rest of the hands to move in fan-like motion, slowly and artfully, so as to give the passer-by chance of inspecting the seals, cameos, or brilliants that adorn his delicate fingers; or, twirling the few straggling straws that, by patent and persuasive elixirs, he has induced to appear upon his upper lip; or, lifting the derby to some glance acknowledging acquaintance with the street-starer. And when the covering to his pate is off, we find still another peculiarity of the masher. Look close! The capillary substance of that cranium falls sleekly and flatly down each side from the centre, showing here, if in no other part of his “make-up,” a *balance*. Then, as the people hurry or loiter by, the masher is vigilant to squelch something, for he could hardly overcome *somebody*. Now comes a pretty girl. See the masher! His eyes glitter—if possible, he is half-inclined to meet her half way the walk,—he flutters, shakes, coughs, ahems, and the lady, noticing something to be restless by the lamp-post, naturally looks that way—and oh! what a transformation of features! Now is the time! The lips of that masher grow thinner, the corners of his mouth grow nearer to his ears; perhaps his teeth glitter—being left bare by the too great tension of the grinning muscles—and—ye gods, and help the lady—the masher has smiled. Has he done his work? Perhaps; and perhaps not. If he has, some feminine has been paralyzed, and he is jubilant over his success; if he has not, he is never weary

in—wily doing, and his self-supposed-almost-irresistible charms will be mashfully fluttered at the next thing, clothed—not in breeches, that passes that way.

A VISION OF LIFE.

One night, after Somnus had seized upon all around me with a mighty grasp, I was sitting by my humble fireside meditating upon the brevity of human life and the various and changing scenes we experience in the voyage from the “cradle to the grave,” and of the varied phases in which the phenomena of life are presented to different persons. And while thus deliberating, Somnus, seeming as though he were jealous, and determined to have me under his power, taking advantage of my silent soliloquising, suddenly took me also in his iron-like embrace. But he seemed to appreciate my condition, for I had not been in his domain of shade long before his noiseless-winged messenger, Morpheus, took me upon an eminence which far surpassed the Alps in height and beauty. Here he pointed out to me a beautiful valley just at the foot of this tremendous height, and as I stood there admiring the beauties so symmetrical and well arranged in this valley, my eyes wandered off, and I began to peer still farther, and in the distance my eyes fell upon a river which flows through it and waters the immense vegetation. On the banks of this stream was the greatest profusion of dainty flowers and stalwart trees that my eyes had ever beheld. In the branches of the trees the warbling of birds of the most brilliant plumage could be heard. While standing there, listening to the sweetest strains, brought forth by the gay birds, that ever greeted mortal ear, the great king of day rose with unusual beauty and grandeur, driving the shadows away and causing the constellations to hide themselves on account of his superior brightness. As his rays fell upon the dew-drops on the lovely foliage of the valley and the verdant banks of the river, which gradually widened as far as mortal eye could penetrate until it became a mighty ocean, the whole valley and the banks of the river seemed to be sparkling and glittering with ten thousand diamonds, the most beautiful that ever before met my gaze. The breezes of the morning, bearing on its pinions the fragrance of the flowers, were gently rustling the leaves of the trees and slightly ruffling the placid stream.

While standing on that eminence, feasting on the beauties at my

feet, there struck upon my ear altogether a different noise. It was the cry of a child. Upon looking in the direction whence it came, I saw this new comer ; and he by no means derogated the beauty of the scene, for he was a most amiable child, wearing on his head of golden locks a wreath of flowers of the most brilliant hue. Just as he reached the banks of the river, a little barque was moored to the banks at his feet. Into this he stepped, and bending to the oars, glided smoothly down the stream, ever and anon plucking the flowers which happened to be on the water's edge, or pausing to listen to the sweet notes of the birds. As this youthful sailor receded from my view behind the over-hanging foliage of the river-banks, again the accents of merry childhood came to my ears. I looked across the river whence the noise came, and behold ! there stood a person as beautiful as an angel of light, clothed in garments of the purest white. Slightly lifting her eyes heavenward, she swept the strings of her golden harp, and began to sing, in sweet cadences,

“Of childhood's happy days,
When life at first begins,
I'll sing my merry lays,
And sweep these golden strings.”

“Now on life's stream he glides—
All around is bright and fair ;
Care veils her face and hides,
While music fills the air.”

When this beautiful minstrel finished her song, which so enraptured my soul, she suddenly and very mysteriously disappeared in the foliage on the banks of the river. But, hark ! just then there came to my ears the roar of waves and the splashing of oars. I looked ; but beheld no longer the mere child on an unruffled stream, but one just entering into manhood, with the playful smiles of childhood still lingering on his lips, was tossing to and fro, at the will of the waves, on the same stream, but apparently much wider than the place where I beheld that little child step into his barque and smoothly sail down. His breast swelled with emotion as he looked around him, for he saw thousands of others launched upon the same waters—some were seeking pleasure and some fame, and others still “drifting with the tide” ; but all were being borne on towards the great ocean of eternity. Soon the lightning began to flash and play upon the waters with its forked tongue ; the thunders began to mutter—first with a low reverberating sound, but gradually growing louder and louder, until they

came peal after peal. The waters began to be troubled; the gentle ripple was now changed into a mighty mass of seething billows.

The infuriated winds lashed the waters until barque dashed against barque. Just a little in front the breakers began to loom up, against which many barques were dashed to pieces. While wondering what would be the fate of all those who were sailing on this stream, and peering around to see if there was no way of escape, I saw a narrow channel, which was perfect safety to all those who directed their course thither.

But when I looked again, oh, how changed! the innocent joys and pleasures of childhood were for back in the past; the power and energy of manhood was fast, yea, almost entirely, receded from sight, and just ahead the dark and gloomy shores of Old Age loomed up. There sits the sailor in his barque, with his silvered locks blossoming for eternity, drifting rapidly down the stream. For his hold upon his oars has relaxed; his sails are ragged and torn; his rudder lost; therefore, he is thrown upon the mercies of the waves, which are fast drifting him to his unknown destiny. The twilight deepens, and the sound of the waves of the ocean of eternity reaches his ears as he nears the Infinite. His barque begins to tremble, and finally, after one mighty struggle with the tempest, it is shivered to atoms; and with a stupendous fall he is launched out upon the great ocean of eternity. Oh, dreadful thought, which caused me to tremble! The shackles of Somnus were shaken off, I looked around myself in wonder but lo! it was only a dream!

LENOX.

THE SWELL.

There was a young Swell from (La.) Teche,
Mashed girls with his glossy mustache:
This Swell, he grew rashe,
Cut off his mustache;
He's sad, for he makes no more mashe.

This identical Swell wore tight breeches
That fitted the same as the skinne:
He stooped too low for a pinne—
R-r-r-rip! and he busted the stitches;
Now he walks bigger breeches withinne.

CLINTON.

SCENES FROM OUR TOWER.

On going out upon the college tower we almost instinctively pause for several moments, and in profound silence take a general survey of the most prominent objects that are to be seen both in and around Richmond. But as this spell gradually wears off we begin to view the scene, not disinterestedly and uninquiringly as a whole, but individually and studiously.

The sight, however, which generally first impresses us is the unprecedented number of church-steeple that rear themselves heavenward from nearly all parts of the metropolis, which in their Alpine altitude catch the first dewy kisses of the father of light and life, as in his resplendent glory he bursts forth from the eastern hills, and likewise take the last lingering look as he steadily and majestically drives his golden chariot down behind the western horizon. Indeed, at morn they seem to invoke a blessing upon the beautiful city, and at eve they fold her beneath the shadows of their saintly wings, thus making unquestionable her right to be called "the city of churches."

Then, in turning away from these and seeking other interesting objects, our eyes fall upon the magnificent capitol building, with whose history there are so many deeds of heroism and patriotism connected that, as we behold it, there seems to gather about it a halo of glory unequalled by any other possession of which America can boast; for it was in her halls that our liberty was first talked about; it was in her halls that the plan of our democracy was conceived, and it was almost under her roof that our national independence and sovereignty was declared. In looking at this and its environments, our scrutiny is met by another of Virginia's boasts—the excellent monument of our country's father. And as we behold him seated upon ideal's horse, like unto Adonis' trampling courser, we see him as he appeared upon the battle-field, the mute buildings his willing and obedient subjects, waiting to speed the execution of his command.

Now looking more to the right, our notice is at once attracted by a massive structure, from whose immense stone enclosure we suppose to be the State prison. This is by no means an object of beauty; but, for the powerful influence which it wields for peace and dignity through our State, it becomes an object of interest, and is often sought by the home visitor with great eagerness, and not unfrequently either is his interest greatly intensified by the fact of his once having

given his voice in favor of securing to some unfortunate a local habitation within its confines, and he wants to see him "make shoes." Indeed, if he returns home without having seen it he feels that his sight-seeing in Richmond was not at all complete.

Now looking due south, our eyes are caught by the imposing granite monument, rising to the height of more than a hundred feet, thus significantly marking the final camping ground of so many fallen Confederates. Beautiful, striking emblem of their valor and endurance, standing, as it does, alike in calm and storm, only that its face seems to soften in the smiles of a genial sun and hardens at the storm's approach. This sublime monument and a little slab are all that perpetuate the memory of him who wore the knapsack and carried the musket. No historical record tells where *he* was "mortally wounded," and as we look at his little mound and think of some Southern mourner, we wish we could shed a tear upon it for such, "because he was somebody's darling." These brave heroes shared one lot in war, and dead, they share one common monument. Did we say dead? Dead! No! not until history shall be effaced, and the world no longer honor and revere the true and noble, shall it be said that a Confederate martyr is dead. We cannot even say he sleeps, for his little slab speaks of his deeds more loudly than ever his rifle sounded in the ears of his timid enemy, and the granite monument thunders out his courage and fortitude more powerfully than ever his piece foretold their defeat. The chief difference is, that then he lay upon the grassy turf, with torn and soiled tent above his head, and a worn, weary comrade his guard; now he lies beneath it, and his tent, the blue canopy; his sentinels, the stars, which never lack for cheerfulness and brightness, except when the orb'd maid, in her flowing and spotless night-garments, deigns to walk among them.

Just a little to the west of this we see the old reservoir, which in its smooth, green banks resembles some huge spring with pure, emerald walls, and at this delightful water we fancy the warriors' spirits quench their thirst and wipe the sweat and dust from their faces. Directly beyond this, in the newly-incorporated portion of the beautiful Hollywood cemetery, are scattered to and fro a host of monuments, which, in their saintly purity, stillness, and firmness, make such efficient guards for their sleepers that nothing but a pure motive would enable one to walk fearlessly among them. With these are the godly Jeters and Fullers, and though at so great a distance they are indistinguishable from the rest, yet fancy often dares to point them out. At a short distance beyond these rolls the classic James, upon

whose bosom the red-man once delighted to paddle his rude canoe, and upon whose romantic cliffs he, doubtless, more greatly delighted to woo the dusky maid.

Now looking in a southwesterly direction, we can see a place of which we have heard our fathers and their old comrades talk until, in our imagination, we could see it—viz., “Camp Jackson,” upon which spot an orphan asylum now stands. Here, cut off for awhile from home and its dear ones, the forlorn soldier “spun his yarn,” ate his scanty meal, and perchance, instead of soothing his cares in the vanishing smoke that curled up in beautiful ringlets from his bramble pipe, he but too plainly read the fate of his sinking country, and here to-day the lonely orphan, cut off forever from home and parental love, eats a like scanty meal, and would willingly “spin *his* yarn” for diversion, but sorrow has made its impress so deep upon his heart that the yarn brings him no pleasure. Then, turning due west, we see a beautiful enclosure, whose circumference is more than a mile, and within is a most delightful drive, upon which lovers fly past each other, according as their tastes for driving differ. And this, too, we have often pictured, for it was “Old Camp Lee,” now the excellent fair-grounds. Here once the brave volunteer, with trembling hand and throbbing heart, broke the seal which was to reveal to him what he so much wished to hear, and what, for fear of disappointment, he almost dreaded to read—viz., his “sweetheart’s letter.” And here to-day the kid-gloved and beaver-hatted young townsman, vainly dreaming and prattling about glory, sues at the feet of his silken mistress.

Lastly, we turn to the north, and our eyes sweep over a great expanse of open country, dotted with rustic cottages of various colors and architectural designs, ferns, heath, and rippling brooks. But even this is not without its traces of special interest, for extending at a considerable length across can be seen great earthen embankments, which look as new as if made only a few weeks since. These are the fortifications which *our* fathers helped to throw up, and the entrenchments in which they once lay while keeping the enemy back from the capital. Then, looking to the farther side, we see a smoke rising, which we almost fancy to be dust rising from the steed of some courier as he flies to bear the news of peace. Thus with its relic of war, its flying locomotive, and natural beauty, it makes a landscape the most perfect and fascinating imaginable.

We cannot claim a scenery so wonderfully sublime and transporting as some of our sister institutes, but we can claim a significant and historic scenery. Indeed, a stranger standing upon our tower might

read the hearts of our people and correctly determine their character, for our church-steeple betray a Christian race, our capitol a legislating people, the Washington monument a people who honor their heroes, the State prison a people who put down and punish crime, the soldiers' monument a people who love and perpetuate the memory of their fallen braves, the white tombs in Hollywood a people who care for their dead, the orphan asylum a people who are ready to help the needy, and the beautiful fair-grounds an enterprising and progressive people. The book of nature may be so wide open to others that they may, indeed, "run and read," but the pages of history lie open to us.

VIVE.

OUR COUNTRY.

The scattered colonies of 1776 contained fewer white men than now inhabit New York. Being unwilling to be controlled by a distant, unlimited government, in which they were not represented, this handful of men declared their independence, fought, and won it. But after independence was gained, the next step was to form a government for protection. Our forefathers first set the example of written constitutions, conferring upon the majority, with certain limitations, full power to govern through representatives chosen by the people. Forms of government have been undergoing changes since the first peopling of the world, commencing with the patriarchs. Nearly all forms have been tried, in almost every country, with ever-varying success. We are not surprised, then, that our country should launch out into an unknown and untried experiment.

We next speak of our country's prosperity. Since the organization of the constitutional government in 1789 our progress and prosperity have been almost magical. So wonderful has been our prosperity, that from thirteen sparsely-settled Territories, we now number thirty-eight States, containing nearly fifty millions of industrious and happy people. Our wealth has increased in proportion to our population. Nature has blessed us with a fertile and productive soil. The very important minerals are found in endless abundance, while the precious metals are found in great quantities and seem inexhaustible. The surface of the country is covered with railroads and canals; cities and villages have sprung into existence in almost a day. Agriculture spreads over the land with the speed of a cloud; our sails whiten every sea upon the globe, and commerce brings profitable returns;

our prosperity and credit have no bounds, and every worthy interest is achieving success. The arts and sciences are flourishing with us in a manner unknown elsewhere. The learned professions are represented by industry, erudition, and the highest order of talent. Our army and navy have acquired a character and renown not inferior to those of any other country. The people everywhere are industrious, prosperous, and happy. We claim that ours is a land where laws and not individuals govern. Travellers from abroad generally express their admiration of our simple but beautiful system of government. They find the States linked together, forming one great national government, and see a whole land engaged in "minding its own business," and achieving success by its skill and industry. They see numerous small governments exercising useful and important functions, beginning with the school district, and ascending to the town, county, city, and State governments, all complete within themselves, and looking after all the interests within their respective jurisdictions, and up to the national government intended as a sure protector and guardian of the whole. This beautiful machine, if managed properly, will never jar. There is no other government in the world so well adapted to aid man in working out his own happiness. When our countrymen return from an examination of foreign institutions, they are more confirmed in their opinions concerning the perfection of ours, when honestly and efficiently managed. With but few exceptions, they are satisfied that we have the best system of government ever framed by man, and our prosperity and happiness sufficiently prove this fact.

Our forefathers recognizing the fact that happiness would be secure to none without freedom of conscience, the statute of religious freedom was inserted in our Constitution. We boast of the total and distinct separation of Church and State, and in this respect ours stands solitary and alone among the governments of the world. In many countries the church establishment forms a very prominent part of the government machine, and very naturally sings its praises, without much regard to the character and object of those engaged in its management. Where religion is supported at the expense of the government, it naturally partakes of its character and defects, so far as they exist. We believe that religion is purer and more beneficial when it relies upon its own worth and the charm of its every-day life for support, than when aided and influenced by selfish and worldly considerations.

In framing our Constitution, its authors recognized the fact that

equality was the only honest basis of legislation. Natural justice requires that those who unite to form a government should enjoy equality of rights and privileges in the means of pursuing happiness. Peace and harmony can never prevail where this principle is not recognized and acted upon. Envy, jealousy, and strife must inevitably ensue where it is ignored, producing the most fatal consequences. These provisions were wisely inserted in the first article of the Constitution.

It is strange that the demon of discord should ever have come. But it did come, and things were changed with the speed of thought. Our country has not always enjoyed prosperity and happiness. Grief and sorrow are not unknown to her. For a time the hopes of no nation were ever so suddenly dashed to the ground. A needless insurrection sprang up and drenched the country in blood. More than a million of men perished, bringing sorrow and mourning to almost every fireside. Desolation followed the track of war, fruitful fields were destroyed, and homes of plenty became heaps of ruin. The hatred between North and South equalled that of ancient times between Scotland and Eng'and. The whole South became impoverished and the North was nearly overwhelmed with debt.

But the black cloud of despondency no longer threatens. Peace, so magical and potent for good, has at last brought relief. Industry and thrifty labor, paralyzed for so long a time, have begun anew. Prophecies of other nations have been verified. Enterprise and prosperity have again become predominant and all controlling, and the United States will yet be first in ship building, in commerce, first in agriculture and in most kinds of manufacture, first in education and in whatever elevates man to the highest positions accessible to him. Republican forms of government have been vindicated by the experience of the past, and in the words of another, "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe."

GERMAN PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy, in its relation to humanity, may be defined, I think, as the inner development of history. The two progressive lines, history and philosophy, run ever parallel with each other, history being the immediate result of a succession of causes, and philosophy being the reflexive effect. For ample illustration of this, turn to the annals of all time, and without exception you will find a philosophic people to have been also an historic people, and that the same character of national life, which expresses itself politically in history, evinces itself, although in a widely different manner, yet not the less clearly, in its philosophy.

Philosophy, then, as we would expect from its intimate relations with history, is subservient to the same general laws of development, and has in view the same grand end. History, in its upward strivings, is practical philosophy theoretical, and, consequently, philosophy follows history "*non pari passu*." But, as we have said, they are one in source, one force radiating through different mediate channels. We trace a peculiar cast of philosophy easily and directly to the national character of the people who produced it, and then indirectly back through the national life to the spring of that life in the physical conformation of its native abodes. Philosophy is not only dependent upon national life, but is the perfect embodiment of its highest type. But national life does not always evolve itself into any connected philosophy. Philosophy being the highest stage, the culminating point, national life, before it can evolve a philosophy, must first reduce itself to some unity of shape and beget within itself a spirit to give it a centre and a progress. There must be a national "athos" or no philosophy. National life is, as it were, the life of the individual magnified and, unless an overmastering spirit ramify through its multifarious agencies, all will be confusion and chaos.

Under what conditions, then, may national life attain to philosophic development? The national life, as such, is but the manifestation of still more recondite causes, the most important of which is the influence of locality. The peculiar phases of nature under which a nation is born, impress upon its character certain general traits, which, although civilization may modify them to a limited extent, nevertheless give the "true color" to a nation's life. The first condition of

locality necessary to the generation of philosophy is a decided aspect and distinctive characteristics. This is the basis of philosophic development, but is not in itself sufficient. Distinctness of feature must be enforced by some quality, whether of beauty or mystery, in order to excite the emotions; and, lastly, there must be perfect harmony and adjustment of feature, so as to characterize the emotions when excited by one strong central influence, which may direct them in their efforts at self-formulation, and as a modifying circumstance, the greater or less degree of complexity in physical phenomena determines, in great part, the broadness or narrowness of a philosophy. Also, the varied intensity of feature in different countries and their qualitative characteristics—*i. e.*, whether their impelling interest consists in beauty or in mystery—in a very marked degree influence the tenor of philosophy. For example, in Italy the peculiar traits of national scenery are softness and beauty. Here the mind is sympathetically drawn out towards nature and enkindled by her vital spark; but the feeling excited merges in, and intermingles with, the exciting object. Hence, pantheism is the indigenous philosophy of Italy. When some degree of ruggedness of feature is dominant, and mystery is the attracting impulse, an ideal philosophy is the result. The tendency in this direction, however, may be too strong, and superstition will be the legitimate offspring; but philosophy, never. This is the case in the Scandinavian peninsula.

In Germany the perfect conditions of an ideal philosophy are met together, and the result is clearly defined and perfect. Here is strength and harmony of feature, with mystery to give it tone, not enough to overpower the mind, but enough to reflect it back upon itself and draw out its humanity. Idealism, as I take it, is the striving of the human mind, alone and unaided, out of itself to solve the problem of the universal life. Such is German philosophy. It was this intense egoism, this self-conscious humanity, out of which sprang the reformation, that exhibited itself in the rise of modern philosophy as the theosophic mysticism of Jacob Bohme. The inner and individual consciousness of the German burned within him with a ray so intense that all other lights seemed but as shadows, and he acknowledged no law but that of his own conscience, no standard but that of his own reason. As a result, the tendency of both his religion and his philosophy is towards rationalism, and a rationalism of a narrow type. In its absorption in the inner flame, the soul of the German shut out all other lights; even the life-giving beams of nature were contorted by the medium of his mind into radiations from the inner flame. The

inner centripetal force is stronger than the outer centrifugal force; hence, the circle grows more and more concentric.

The mysticism of Jacob Bohme has little or no internal connection with the German system of philosophy, although they have much in common. It was entirely phenomenal in its nature, and marked the germination of a philosophy about to unfold itself, the earliest and dim effort at self-recognition, the precursor of a systematic idealism. In order to understand the part that the German system sustains in the course of modern philosophy, we will rapidly review the history of philosophy from its second birth.

When philosophy sprang, Hermes-like, from its cradle, scholasticism, and the rationality of the dogma had become a notion of the populace, there was a progress more rapid than ever before in its history. No longer was its standpoint "*credo ut intelligam*," but rather "*intelligo ut credam*." Scholasticism had taught the mind more clearly than ever before it had known, to regard itself as a self-existent and self-conscious entity, and consequently a firm ground from which all that was changeable and phenomenal could be reviewed. Out of this came Bacon's method of investigation by observation and experience, the first step towards a higher development in philosophy. Then followed on this method the cartesian system, developed from the single standpoint, "*cogito ergo sum*." This system attempted an explanation of the universe on the ground of two substances—namely, mind and matter. But these two substances were antagonistic, and the very life of the system consisted in their opposition, which was involved in the fundamental proposition, "*cogito ergo sum*." The relationship of these two substances to a third failed to explain satisfactorily the connection between mind and matter. And this henceforth became the problem of philosophy. The next most important attempt at a reconciliation between these two substances was made by Spinoza. But his most abstract monotheism rather evaded than explained the problem. And at this point philosophy branched off into two great lines of argument, the material and the ideal. Materialism first appeared in England through John Locke. It was thence transplanted to France, where it rapidly reached its culmination. Idealism began in Germany under Leibnitz. Hitherto, Germany had taken no part in the philosophic struggle; but henceforth she was the leading figure.

Leibnitz's system of "monadology" gave early indications of the bent of the German mind, and the inworkings of a pure idealism. Idealism, as we have said, is the result of the reflex consciousness,

the turning-in of the mind upon itself, where the universal all in its entirety is lost sight of, or seen only through the medium of self. Hence, idealism tends to merge the universal into the individual. Such was the character of Leibnitz's monadology, in which each monad was a perfect entity, having an existence separate and self-dependent, and mirrored in itself all other monads. This was the foundation of German philosophy, which rapidly reached its final development in the line begun by Leibnitz. But it furnished no better solution of the great problem of philosophy, the relation of mind to matter, than did materialism. There was now but one other course to pursue in the direction of the beaten track, and this was a combination of materialism with idealism.

The same conditions which produce an ideal philosophy tend also to render the mind more flexible, and capable of adapting itself to circumstances. The Germans were, therefore, of all people, the most fitted for uniting the two opposing lines of thought; and from them came the union, which manifested itself in the "critical philosophy" of Kaut. Kaut's system was more successful than any previous system had been, still there was a hopeless antagonism between his theoretical and his practical philosophy, and it was evident that the answer had not yet been found. And from Kaut, as founder, new systems sprang up in Germany, which, by their gradual relapse towards pure idealism, exemplify still more strongly the peculiar genius of the German. This tendency reached its perfection in the abstract idealism of Hegel, and a full realization of what was foreshadowed in the philosophy of Leibnitz.

Intense egoism has been the bane of the German, and the genius of Hegel is an eternal monument of a national spirit most acute and profound, but narrow, not comprehensive enough to include more than one phase of truth. And Germany has failed to answer the universal problem. Will she ever do it? In the light of her past, I think not.

B.

COUNTRY AND CITY GIRLS.

My object, in writing upon this subject, is not to indulge in any comparison that will indicate a partiality for either of these classes. But, if possible, I wish to bring them nearer together, and to make each see that, in some respects at least, the other is the superior. There is, on the part of the country girl, not altogether unnaturally, a

disposition to regard the fascinating appearance and the accomplished manners of her city cousin with feelings of jealousy and contempt. How prone is she to criticise the large trunk and the many appliances and conveniences which usually characterize her cousin's visit to the country; how prone to accuse her of putting on airs, and of a little fondness for admiration. While she is thus employed in her little criticisms, you need not be surprised to hear the city girl express her aversion to the rustic and arduous duties in which her country cousin engages. My purpose is not to join the city girl in her sarcasm at her country cousin's expense, nor to smile at the rude and jealous contempt expressed for the cultivated manners of the city girl. That the city girl is more cultivated in her manners, is a fact not to be denied. Her surroundings, from her very infancy, are such as to inspire that ease and grace of manner which is requisite to secure to a lady the most pleasurable and gratifying attention. Her educational advantages are generally superior to those of the country girl whose parents are fully equal to hers in wealth and intelligence. But while many city girls are industrious and economical, they have not the same opportunity for the cultivation of those qualities that *do*, or *should*, characterize the country girl. Country girls, from their childhood, are compelled, by necessity, to engage in many duties which are repugnant to the tastes of city girls. That country girls do often perform duties which ought not to be imposed upon them, is a fact not to be denied. What I have said upon this subject is to show that no girl who is exclusively either a city girl or a country girl can possess all the qualities which should characterize a true and a well-developed woman. Do you ask me to show you a model lady? Then let me introduce you to either one of two girls. An industrious, economical country girl who has tasted sufficiently of the accomplishments of refined and cultivated society to make her company agreeable and beneficial. Or, if you please, here is the accomplished city girl, who is not indifferent to the charms of rural life, nor ignorant of those habits of economy and industry which characterize the genuine country girl.

P. L.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

We have always been proud of our Literary Societies, but never could we boast of them with a better grace than we do this session. Everything has been done with much interest, and great harmony has prevailed in all the workings of the Societies.

Now, the time for the contests for medals is at hand. If we were going to tell you the names of the contestants, we would get a list of the active members and just "call the roll." Somebody will be disappointed.

Friday night, April 6th, was the regular time for the election of officers for the last term. Almost every member in both Societies "scraped up" his small change, paid his dues, and was early in the hall to vote for "*my man*." The result of the elections was as follows:

In the Philologian Society: Final President, G. W. Hurt, Powhatan county; Term President, J. L. King, Halifax; Vice-President, L. D. Shumate, Giles; Recording Secretary, R. D. Tucker, Powhatan; Corresponding Secretary, J. M. Coleman, Appomattox; Treasurer, R. C. Hubbard, Pittsylvania; Librarian, W. W. Hurt, Powhatan; Critic, J. W. Henson, Louisa; Censor, J. G. Paty, Tenn.; Chaplain, G. Y. Bradley, Powhatan; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. H. Powell, Halifax; Editors *Messenger*—T. L. West, Louisa, E. D. Reams, Charlotte; Board of Managers—W. L. Lemon, Botetourt; H. W. Kemp, Baltimore.

In the Mu Sigma Rho Society: Final President, L. R. Hamberlin, Miss.; Term President, O. L. Stearnes, Pulaski county; Vice-President, W. W. Talley, Lynchburg; Censor, W. J. Morton, Fredericksburg; Recording Secretary, R. L. Camden, Nelson; Corresponding Secretary, J. R. Ward, Isle of Wight; Critic, A. Mc. Bostick, S. C.; Librarian, C. E. Davidson, Buckingham; Chaplain, R. A. Tucker, Amherst; Treasurer, E. L. Scott, La.; Sergeant-at-Arms, D. M. Ramsey, S. C.; Editors *Messenger*—T. J. Shipman, Richmond, A. J. Fristoe, Warren.

We made a most pleasant call recently at the new Art Gallery of Foster, Campbell & Co., No. 525 Broad street. A more charming gallery we have never visited. The specimen pictures in the showcases and the elegant portraits which adorn the walls of the reception-room, convince one immediately of the skill of these artists. Sus-

pended upon the wall, back of the counter, is a life-size portrait of Dr. Jeter, which we long to see in the Jeter Memorial Hall. These artists have had much experience, and execute the finest work.

We whisper to our B. M. to call upon the proprietors next fall and they will give him a liberal advertisement for the *Messenger*. In the mean time, all the students who wish good photographs at moderate prices, to distribute among their friends and give to their girls before they go home in June, will do well to call at this gallery.

Prominent among the enjoyable occasions of our college life is to be ranked the public debate. Not occurring often enough to become monotonous to the students, it never fails to elicit the fondest anticipations from all who feel an interest in the welfare of the Societies. The recent public debate of the Philologian Society, held Friday evening, April 13th, was no exception to the rule. Everything conspired to render it not only a success, but also an evening of pleasure to all present.

The evening was bright, thus dispelling the gloomy fears of the young gallants who, from the preceding inclement days, began to fear that they would have to hire hacks. Every one was in high spirits—even the *grum* student wore a satisfied smile; and as we stepped into the hall and saw the fresh, fragrant flowers upon the rostrum, and beheld the joyful faces of the numerous couples, we were made to think of the lines of the poet,

“In the spring a young man’s fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.”

One of the most interesting features of these occasions is that no one is in a critical mood. To be sure, the speeches of our young men could stand the test of tolerably severe criticism, but, although there may be defects, no one ever thinks of applying the critic’s dissecting-knife.

At 8½ o’clock, Mr. A. B. Rudd, of Chesterfield, as presiding officer of the occasion, welcomed the audience in a very appropriate address. He said that such an occasion was an *oasis* in college life, and carrying out the figure suggested by the word, applied it nicely to the subject in hand. He presided with grace and becoming dignity.

The declamation by Mr. J. W. Henson, of Louisa, was an appropriate selection, well delivered, and was well received by the audience. The humorous selection, “Mrs. Caudel’s Lecture,” read by Mr. J. G. Paty, of Tennessee, was received with frequent applause.

“*Resolved*, That the mind of woman exerts a greater influence on

the happiness of mankind than the mind of man," was the subject for debate, the very announcement of which aroused interest. Mr. J. B. Lemon, of Botetourt, appeared as the first speaker on the affirmative. Upon rising, he was greeted with long-continued applause from the boys, and "Eve's fair daughters" smiled. We feel safe in saying that this speaker made *the funny* speech of the occasion. Mr. W. J. H. Bohannon, of Matthews, was first on the negative. This gentleman displayed some skill at retort in debate. From the manner in which he handled his opponent, we would style him a real *Lemon-squeezer*. The speech of Mr. G. W. Hurt, of Powhatan, second on the affirmative, was carefully and thoughtfully prepared. He showed himself to be master of his situation under rather embarrassing circumstances. Mr. G. W. Quick, of Loudoun, was the last speaker. He stated that it was an unpleasant task to compare the minds of the two sexes, but at the same time expressed his purpose to handle the subject with his gloves off, and so he did. His speech displayed considerable debating power. When Mr. Quick closed, the president thanked the audience for their presence and kind attention, bade them a happy good-night, and thus closed a pleasant occasion.

Once more we would meaningfully call the attention of the students of the college to the fact that some of the best and most reliable merchants of the city have given us advertisements for the *Messenger*; and since they have done so, it is right, and not more than right, for us to patronize those who patronize us—instead of going to merchants who care not for advertisements just so they get your trade. This is unjust to the gentlemen who are helping to support the *Messenger*, and we hope the students will look at our advertisements and correct this fault.

On Saturday, 28th, the "University nine" of Petersburg played, on our grounds, a match with the 2d nine of Richmond College. Score, twelve to eight, in favor of the Richmond College nine. In the evening of the same day, the Junior Petersburgers played a down town nine of boys, on our grounds. They both played well. The ninth inning found them even. One more inning was played to decide it, and the Richmond boys beat. After which the scorers dealt in defamatory words and a few blows, which amused the crowd and a policeman. We enjoyed very much the visit of the Petersburg boys, and hope the day was not dull to them. Come again, friends.

The second B. B. nine of the college went to Hanover Academy on

Saturday, April 21st, to play a match-game with the Hanover boys. On account of some dissatisfaction arising from the engagement, by the Hanover boys, of the catcher of Ashland nine for the occasion, the match-game was not played, the Hanover boys having no other man willing to go behind the bat. However, a friendly game was played, the result of which was long kept in anxious suspense, but finally ended with the score standing three to one in favor of Hanover. The college nine was well entertained, and spent a pleasant day, regretting only that they were prevented from playing the match-game, which they hope to play soon.

It is with no reluctance that we lay aside the pen and vacate the editorial sanctum, to give place to the incoming editors. But we do not forget to thank our readers for their indulgence, and especially are we thankful to several old students for the interesting articles which we have been permitted to publish from them during our term. Why do not more of our "old boys" do that nice thing? Let us all support heartily the incoming editors, and close the session with a "BOOM." With our most graceful bow, "*Leben sie wohl!*"

LOCALS.

"Get out of the way of my wicket there! Confound you! if you do that again, I'll knock your head off with this mallet."

"*Just pitch in, now, if you dare.*"

Mercy! Listen at those ministerials.

A venerable student to local editor: "Who puts the vocals in the *Messenger* this time?"

Ed.: "That devolves upon me, I suppose."

Student: "Well, I have a vocal for you."

You're a gentleman; let's have it.

Prof.: "A Greek girl will pay from five hundred to two or three thousand dollars for a handsome young man."

H.: "Professor, what does it cost to go to Greece?"

Prof.: "I say they pay that much for handsome young men."

H. makes a general display of large-sized *grins*.

Messrs. W. and L., while walking down the street, met a pitiful (?)

beggar, who accosted them thus: "Please give me a dime; I got drunk and lost all my money, and hain't got a cent to get a drink with."

One of our students affirms that since he has been at Richmond College he has met nothing which he could not manage. Happy youth, may you never "flunk"; but you take a heavy charge from Prof. P.'s galvanic battery, and then try to kiss your girl. If you succeed, we'll give you a diploma at the jollification.

Prof.: "Mr. W., how many and what are the classifications of rocks?"

W.: "Three, sir; igneous, sedimentary, and aesoglomerous." Quite conglomerated.

A student, on his way from church some nights ago, with three young ladies clinging to him, passed an old colored lady on the street. "Pshew!" said she, "my God, man, you'll never git home wid all dem gals!"

Here it is again. Two of our prominent ministerials were at a revival meeting one night recently, and became so warmed up by the meeting that they felt they must have some ice-cream to cool and refresh themselves. Accordingly, after services, they crossed to Broad street, and—strange place to get ice-cream—called in a bar-room. We suppose that it was an oversight in them.

A number of the students, with their girls, were caught at church one Sunday night recently by a violent rain-storm. In their distress, some plead in vain that their girls would allow them to go and get hacks; one went and got into the stable, but no hackman could be found; another, determined to have a hack if possible, telephoned to a flower garden. We have an idea, fair ones, that several of your escorts would have been more anxious to telephone there than to a livery stable; but one of you had a true-hearted boy, for we heard him remark afterwards, that "a boy is no account who would not go with and care for his girl on rainy nights as well as on sunshiny nights."

Mr. P., while misbehaving in the Society, catches the eye of the censor, who is looking sternly at him. "*There! I'm found,*" he exclaimed.

Mr. G. said the reason he cannot raise sixteen pounds, standing in

his tracks, is, he would get off his specific gravity. Mr. G. has both chemistry and physics, and takes all his "mixed."

At the theatre during one of our recent tragic plays, in which Mr. W. acted Richard III., we were startled, during the scene in which Richard kills Gloucester, by the sonorous voice of Mr. H. crying in an excited tone, "That's blood, sure enough; you can't fool me!"

Mr. H.: "Here, T., is one cent; go in yonder and buy us some candy." Mr. T. (entering shop): "What's price of that candy?" (The response was, "Eighty cents a pound.") "Chip me off a bite" (throwing cent on counter).

EXCHANGES.

The *Normal News* is before us. From the cut of your college, on first page, we thought you had an excellent institution, but if we can judge from the *literary* matter of your paper, we were sadly mistaken. Upon turning the pages of your journal, we find it contains *two* literary articles—one upon a political and the other upon a purely religious subject (two subjects which, in our opinion, should never be treated of in a college journal). The idea of a paper containing only two articles, assuming to itself the name of a *college* journal, is absurd. Now, if this came from a small preparatory school, it would be overlooked. Now, it seems to us that one of two things is expedient: either have more literary matter, or call yourself a prep. paper.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly.—The March number of this little paper is quite up to the ordinary standard of college publications. One of the articles—"Longfellow as He Appears in Some of His Poems"—has several elements of power. The treatment of the subject is imaginative, and the style is apt and spicy. The faults are those most common to the school-boy. Fancy prevails over reason, and consequently there is a jumping at conclusions, and, perhaps, a too ready assimilation of whatever of current criticism appears to the feeling of the author. As the piece is evidently not intended to be exactly critical, its narrowness may possibly be excused, to some extent at least, but still the rhapsody of the opening paragraph contains, without doubt, far more of rhetoric than philosophy.

Hagerstown Seminary Monthly.—We are constrained to say that we

have met with many things most astonishing in print ; but never before a sentence so astounding, so absolutely electrifying, as this in the Editorial Department of the above-mentioned paper: "Thought is the secret of intellectual excellence." We had long come to the conclusion that there was nothing new under the sun. How vastly mistaken we were. We humbly acknowledge our short-sightedness, and in the very teeth of all men, proclaim that this sentence, with all that pertains to it, is absolutely and without doubt original, in the confident assurance that no one will dare either directly or indirectly to claim any connection whatsoever with its contents or its form. In closing, we offer our humble tribute to the author, and we venture to express the conviction that, in time, no mystery will remain unsolved. O that we, too, had a genius acute enough to probe the mighty secret of the unknown.

The *College Rambler* is a diminutive paper, (not especially in size,) consisting of "Editorials," "Miscellaneous Ramblings," "Locals," and "Exchanges." It doesn't even make a pretence to a literary department. This paper is merely a local affair. There is nothing either to interest or instruct one not connected with the college. This is a great and serious fault, and it should be remedied. Arouse your editors out of their "Easy Chairs," for they all seem to have fallen asleep in them, and make them put on their thinking caps. Make your paper at least interesting to all, and possibly, you will succeed better.

The March number of the *Georgetown College Journal* is one of unusual interest. The poem entitled, "In Memoriam," is one of exceeding beauty. Its mellow tenderness is exceedingly impressive. We are sorry to see the piece headed "Miracles" of such a length as to frighten off even so brave a man as I. We would think it miraculous if any one should go through with it and come out without the smell of fire. The "Sleep of the Dead" vividly brings up to our imagination the sleep of *our* dead, whether their sod is kept green ; and how soon the link, Memory, which alone binds us to the departed, is broken and cast aside forever. A sad thought. We lay it down, feeling we were benefited by its perusal.


The April number of *Delaware College Review* is unusually interesting. "To the Violet" is a very pretty composition in verse. The sentiments of "Physical Exercise" we heartily endorse, and we wish we could convince our authorities that "if we want real men, both in *mind* and *body* we must give to youth its full proportion of healthful exercise." And again: "Exercise, that needful associate

of youth, is left unattended to, and by such neglect the mind itself suffers. This, then, accounts for the puny forms that walk our streets," &c. "Correction, Criticism, and Interlineation" is an excellent piece; we admire, especially, the sentiment opposing this cutting, clipping, and supplementing done by editors to pieces handed in for publication. We also think, if a piece does not come up to standard it should be rejected at once, and not be revised by editors, and then published as the original author's composition. We think your editorials make up in quantity what they lack in quality. One great objection we find, is the insertion of advertisements in its literary department. If you would place them at the end, it would, at least, improve the appearance of your columns.

With this number of the *Messenger* we bid farewell to our exchanges, many of whom we have learned to term near and dear friends, many of whom we have read with interest and pleasure, and it is not without a feeling of sadness that we say farewell. We have, perhaps, to ask the pardon of some for unjust treatment; but we can say we have done the best we could. After this month another editor will sit in this chair, surrounded by vast piles of useful and instructive literary matter, and I hope that if I have plucked one laurel from the wreath which any of our exchanges have entwined, he will replace it fourfold.

Vale.

D. COLUMBUS, Candies, Cakes, and Ice-Cream, 301 Broad street.



BAPTIST

H
Y
M
N
A
L

EXCELLENCIES.

*Generally, a choice between
two tunes to each hymn.
726 carefully selected hymns
731 choice tunes and chants.
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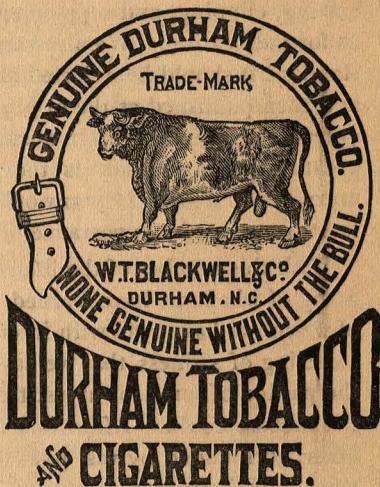
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