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No. 6.

EDITORS.—*Mu Sigma Rho*, L. L. PRITCHARD, E. B. POLLARD;
Philologist, J. W. MITCHELL, E. W. STONE.

BUSINESS MANAGER.—W. A. BORUM.

[The following beautiful parody was written by a young lady of the city and sent to a friend at the college. This, E., so far as we know, may be, as is the "starlight" that you two gazed upon, a "messenger of love."]

LIBBY HILL.

It needs a loftier pen than mine,
To paint thine unsung glories here.
It needs a power almost divine
To make thy beauteous scenes appear
As Nature's own. If I could trace
With artist's pencil on this page,
Oh! surely time could ne'er efface,
From childhood's dews to hoary age,
The memory of that scene so still,
That spot so fair—'tis Libby Hill.

No earthly scene could be more grand
Than sunset o'er the water cast;
The stranger's heart it doth command
To watch until the very last
Of all its lingering rays have gone;
And tinted, fleecy clouds float by
In colors that outshine the morn;
Then softly, sweetly, gently die.
A scene which any heart would thrill,
Is sunset viewed from Libby Hill.


And starlight—messenger of love!
Woos here with eloquence divine;
While breezes, soft as lover's sighs,
Wafted from some celestial shrine,
Speak of sweet peace, immortal rest—
The grand ideal realized.
The "Tree of Heaven" upon thy brow,
So grand thou art, so highly prized.
The scene of all most heavenly still,
Is star-light fair on Libby Hill.

EARLY ENGLAND.

The wonderful curiosity that a nation or a people has to know the daring deeds and the almost superhuman exploits with which their forefathers were connected, has often led them to regret that authenticated history dates no farther than the time of their settlements and the establishment of their governments, when kings first wielded their sceptres and subjects bowed at their commands. This regret very frequently leads men to spin webs and weave strange stories of some imaginative hero to suit the fancy of a romance-loving people; and thus it is that we are too often carried away by the supposed accomplishments of such characters and are wont to accept them as truth, entirely forgetting that the hero wrought his deeds through the imagination of some worshipper.

English history has its share of these marvellous chronicles. Perhaps "history" is not the term I should employ; yet, when we remember that it belongs to the province of history to narrate the labors of the ancestors as well as the events of a nation's rise and progress, we are constrained to use the term in an indefinite sense. We have thus diverged from our subject for reasons that will best appear as we advance. Of early England we know but little, and that little transmitted through so many generations by tradition's "tireless tongue," that it is scarcely credible in its modern forms. It cannot be denied, however, but that there are some things connected with early England that have withstood the test of traditional transmission and come down to us worthy of acceptance and belief.


Previous to the invasion of Cæsar, in the year 56 B. C., this island was inhabited by a people called Druids. That they had among them warlike, enterprising, commercial, and political populations, with scythed chariots of great ingenuity and power, with an established religion and a patriotic love for their country, which could only spring from the blessings they enjoyed, cannot be



doubted. But should our love for history create within us a desire to learn more of their manners and customs, we are not long in discovering that the task is one upon which there is little or no light, and consequently there is great difficulty in satisfying our desires. How long this people had occupied the shady groves of "Britain's Isle," and how long they would have continued to have dwelt there but for an incident that occurred in 56 B. C., which lifted the partition veil between this island and the civilized world, and which changed the fortunes of warrior and Druid, of Roman and Briton, for all future ages, is not known, nor can man venture to guess. The incident above referred to was a polemic, resulting in an outbreak of war between Julius Cæsar and a small tribe of men having possession of the land near the present Morbihan, in France. This tribe, when oppressed by the Roman general, sent for their friends, the Gæls of Briton, to come and help them beat the usurper back. Cæsar learned with surprise, and perhaps with anger, who his new enemies were, and he determined to go over to the island and take vengeance on the inhabitants of Kent for the insult offered to the "Majesty of Rome," and the assistance that some of their neighbors had rendered to retard the progress of the glorious eagle, that held its golden wings outstretched before the conquering bands of the Roman legions. This invasion took place from the small stream above which the column of Boulogne commemorates the preparation for the last attempt of the same operation projected by the great Napoleon.

The Britons, having heard of this squadron entering their bay, and of their vessels walking up the little stream like things possessed of life, were anxious to know what was the purpose of this great display, perhaps greater than they had ever seen before, and whether or not these "sea-steeds" were bringing foes to disturb them with the cry of war, while over them would be hurtled death and destruction.

It is stated by some historians that the heights of Dover were lined with scouts to watch the manœuvres of the enemy, and to report to their friends the directions and measures which the enemy took. Be this as it may, we know that when the Roman galleys




were launched on the sandy beach, the warriors sprang from their decks with eagles in their hands, breast-high in water, and brandishing their weapons in the glowing sunlight, and at the same time shouting their war-cry—almost ringing the welkin with their yells. The invaded met the invaders while they were yet in the water, and for awhile the contest was doubtful; but the superior tactics of the Romans prevailed, and a new country was added to the Roman world.

Almost a year, however, elapsed before Cæsar advanced into the interior to subdue the hostile tribes, and for the purpose of discovering the new land which he had added to his kingdom by this conquest. His course is still traceable by the descriptions that he gives of the rivers and hills, which were an impediment to his progress, but the minute features are undiscoverable; for what was then a swamp is now a blooming and well-tended plain, and the gloomy wood in which the awful rites of Druidic worship were celebrated is now an open green, from which a village church lifts its heaven-pointing finger above the beautiful but not romantic landscape.

Soon, however, he left the island, and for ninety years it lay almost unknown. During this time it had become at Rome a synonym to represent the wild and wonderful, the strange and mysterious. Little more can or needs be said of the Druids. Their domestic customs have not come down to us; of their manners in private and public life scarcely anything is known. Cæsar tells us that their priests were their leaders in council and in sacred affairs. Their places of meeting were levels enclosed in the form of an amphitheatre, and within the vast circle the priests transacted the solemn business of the community. Of course, thousands of spectators gathered on the outer embankment to witness that which was performed by their religious leaders, with long beards and clothed in loose, flowing robes.

The second time that the island was invaded was in 43 A. D. Plautius, an eminent Roman general, was sent over to regain the conquests of Julius Cæsar by Claudius, one of the most cruel and brutal in the long list of truculent and ruthless Emperors of Rome.



In this expedition the Emperor himself visited the isle, and for sixteen days the master of the Roman world dwelt in the forests of the "wild." He was present at the capture of Camelodumum, which is supposed to be either Colchester or Maldon, in Essex. After the abduction of Camelodumum, the Emperor returned to Rome and set his seal upon the capture of Britain.

In conclusion, now, remembering the depraved condition of those who, perhaps, were the aborigines of the British Isle, it is with no feeling of indignation and shame that we learn of this attempt at the civilization and enlightenment of that people first inhabiting the land from which we came; for the result did not cease with the attempt, but through all the ages since has showered untold benefits not only upon England, but even upon every nation from the rising to the setting sun.

REPLY TO AMATOR.

"Man may range
The Court, Camp, Church, the vessel, and the mart,
Sword, Gown, Gain, Glory,—offer in exchange
Pride, Frame, Ambition, to fill up his heart—
And few there are whom these cannot estrange.
Men have all these resources; WOMAN, but one,—
To love."

When I paid my tribute to woman in our *Messenger* a few weeks since, little did I dream that there was one in our midst who would "rise up against me" so bereft, so pitiable, and "so God-forsaken." I thought ours was the "land of corn and wine, flowing with milk and honey." I thought this western home of ours, whose well-fortified gates are beat upon by the wild billows of a western sea, and whose sunny sides bask in the golden rays of a western sun, was the happiest home in the world. I thought there was no home upon which the eye of the eagle hath gleamed more happily, and upon which Nature's sun in all of his circuit through infinity's

fields smiles more beautifully. I thought this grand old southern institution of ours, whose name has long since become immortal by the illustrious and deathless names engraved upon her home-like walls, was, like Greece in olden times, the "home of learning," and, like Rome, "the mistress of the world." But the young "Amator" would have us believe that ours is a benighted land, that we are strangers to nature's law, and that we are "yet in the gall of bitterness and in the bonds of iniquity." Well, I must confess that I am not much surprised at the young Nebuchadnezzar, nor indeed would I be greatly surprised if he were doomed to graze on the Babylonian plains "till his hairs were grown like eagles' feathers and his nails like birds' claws." When a young "Amator" has exhausted all possible means of gaining the affections of even the least of the fair sex, and then makes such a complete "*flunk*," he becomes immensely independent, and asserts that the world would be the gainer if all the women were colonized or blotted from the stage of existence—even forgetting the memory of *that one* who learned him to lisp the sweetest name that ever fell from mortal lips. Poor "Amator," God pity your estrangement, your remoteness, and your alienation! You need the sympathy of Virginia's people—you need the sympathy of the world. I assure you, you have mine; you have touched the sympathetic chord of my heart. I will lend you my heartfelt sympathy; for there is no one under nature's welkin for whom I have a greater sympathy than the poor, forsaken lover, roaming in nature's darkness, devoid of nature's instinctive qualities, destitute of love, hopeless in the world.

Where have you been, "Amator"? Oh, where have you strayed? Over what wild and tempestuous seas has your little bark been tossed? "What sleep has invaded your system"? What has prompted the evil spirit of your dreams? Did you know when you represented woman in the false light in which you did, and gave it to our *Messenger* to go to the remotest bounds of Virginia, that you were brooding a cloud in your own sky which would never "roll by"? Why, sir, it was through and by woman that the costliest gem of Heaven—the most brilliant jewel of the skies, the loveliest

snow-white lily that ever waved its head in the blooming fields of Paradise—was sent to shed its fragrance in our homes, “to heal our broken hearts,” and thus give us the due and happy appreciation of woman and of our God.

Woman has indeed been a great blessing to every age in which she lived—one of the greatest ever sent from Heaven’s high altar to our once benighted land. She has by her great influence and by the gentleness and tenderness of her loving heart enwrapped in graceful robes the once naked inhabitants of this our great country, reared her temples, disciplined her institutions of learning, and thus made our homes and firesides peaceful and happy. By her courage and by the fervor and zeal of her gentle spirit, the most ignorant have been enlightened. So, “Amator,” we trust there is a vague hope of your recovery yet. By her tenderness she has touched the heart of the gambler and murderer, and caused their eyes to melt into tears of penitence and submission. She has with one gentle warning snatched, as it were, the most endangered from the cataract’s brink and planted their feet upon the eternal hills of Heaven. I believe it was a woman’s love and influence which in a great manner produced the faith of Abraham, the meekness of Moses, the wisdom of Solomon, the penitence and zeal of David, the gentleness of Stephen, the sweet temper of Christ’s disciples. It was her early instruction of a loving woman brought to bear upon “Saul of Tarsus” that caused him in after life to identify himself with Christ and bear aloft, far and wide, the blood-stained banner of the “Son of God.” Ah! it was a loving, tender-hearted woman who came to Jesus to bathe His feet with her tears and to wipe them with the hairs of her head. “Amator,” we might refer you to other imperishable names. However, we will recall some farther down in the era of history—Bacon, “the bright morning-star of science”; Newton, the star whose rays have illuminated the blackest age; Milton, the prince and favorite of nature’s children; Jones, the brightest genius of the eighteenth century. Go to their grassy graves, over which the winter’s wind now sings its requiems, and call up the long-departed spirits, and they will tell you that had it not been for woman’s association and the heaven-inspired principles

instilled into their minds by them in childhood days they never could have reached the topmost pinnacle of fame.

In the language of one of our most worthy professors, "it wouldn't take a Solomon to discover" the great fact which has been discovered by the comprehensive mind of "Amator"—namely, "that woman has always been after man." We are aware of the fact, and indeed we are glad that you have refreshed our memory with the glorious thought. We are proud—yea, we are happy—to know that the golden bridge which spans from Creation's morn even to the nineteenth century, was built by the boundless love of woman. Think you that we are not indebted to her? We owe her a debt which will never be cancelled, because it is far beyond the millionaire's grasp. All the gold of Opher would not compensate. Yea, from Creation's morn she has been loving and caring for us, as only a woman can love, and striving to point us to Nature's God.

Looking back through the great era of the past, even to Creation's morn, when the stars sang together so happily, we sometimes imagine that we can see woman, like Noah's dove, winging her flight over the wild, desolate, benighted sea of life, and, after her long and lonesome flight, "returning empty-handed"; but, not dismayed, she renews her flight, and we see her returning with an "olive-leaf"—a "golden sheaf" for her master; and all down through the ages we see them "bringing in the golden sheaves," and thus adding lustre to their crowns by placing thereon "royal diadems." But with a far greater imagination can we see those dear, loving, tender-hearted women lingering around Calvary's cross, gazing (while their bright eyes were bedimmed with tears) upon the expiring "Son of God"; and after His mangled body had been taken from the "cruel cross" and laid in Joseph's tomb, we see them again early in the morn, after the silent watches of midnight's hour, standing at His grave, and then on Ascension's morn we see them fix their eyes on their blessed Lord for the last time as He triumphantly mounts aloft! Oh! the faithfulness, the gentleness, and the tenderness of a woman's heart. Who can describe it? Who has a tongue that is adequate to express it?

"Amator," you have tried to wound the name of woman, but your missiles have fallen harmless. It still lives, and will continue to live long after the "Pyramids have fallen and the proudest, costliest monuments ever erected by man have crumbled into oblivion's dust," and will ever be remembered with rapturous delight in the hearts of men. Like Moses' bush, it has been unconsumed by the fire and risen up amid the flames, and, like the eagle,—the imperial bird of storms,—it will continue securely to soar aloft amid every tempest. All your attempts to extinguish the memory of her name will be as powerless and vain as would be an attempt to drive back the flowing tide with the point of a needle. Philosophers, Statesmen, Poets, Jurists, and Artists, the most comprehensive and profound that have instructed the world in every science and art, have brought all the laurels which they reaped in the fields of their game and laid them as offerings before her shrine. Now, "Amator," when you can grasp the winds in your hands—hush the voice of thunder by your mouth and extinguish the light of the noonday sun—then, and not until then, can you extinguish the living memory of woman or snatch one laurel from her shrine. Oh! unhappy, unwise "Amator," you are but plowing the air—striking with a straw—writing on the surface of the deep. But, presuming that you are young and inexperienced, we will not be hard on you—will only say, "Go home and tell your *mother* she wants you," and while there, implore her, for Heaven's sake, to repeat once again those heaven-inspired principles which she so earnestly tried, but failed, to instil into your mind in childhood days. "For thou art a traitor to God and nature—an enemy to thyself and to the world."

G. G. R.

THE CLASSICS.

To speak of the *Classics* in their relation to mental development, compels us to say at least a word about *physical science*. Not that the two are closely allied as branches of learning, but from the growing tendency of *physical science* to supplant the *classics* as a mode of mental training, they have come to be associated together.

Not a few claim that *physical science* is better adapted to mental development, because it affords wider range for the mind—"more to be learned, and of more importance." It is quite evident that the supporters of this view of the matter are limited in their acquaintance with the *classics*. They would have us believe that the mastery of these ancient languages is a task of but a few days' duration. It requires but a moment of reflection to satisfy one that they are wrong. The *classical* study to them is simply the acquisition of a small vocabulary, the memorizing of a few specific rules.

With this equipment and an English version of some *classical* author, they proceed to translate; and this they call studying the *classics*. But they derive very little from this kind of study, as a matter of course. Now take them in the school of physical science, and they go to work with might and main, and then tell us that *classics* are "dull and dry"; that they are not worthy of our time and efforts; but that *physical science* is what is demanding our time and energies. It is absurd for the devotees of classical study to ignore the importance and rank of natural science as a means of education. But the idea of abolishing *classical* study, and substituting science in its place, must be repulsed by every advocate of symmetrical education. It is with pleasure and real benefit that one follows the *natural philosopher* in his treatises on the general properties of organized bodies, the laws that govern them, as well as the laws of force and motion.

The *chemist*, investigating the elementary atoms of bodies, looking into and observing the changes of substances, is indeed educating the mind. But *natural science* does not terminate here. The science of animals, and natural history claim due attention, and along with these must be classed *botany*. We must also follow the *geologist*, thirsting for a knowledge of the interior composition of the earth. Then, too, the *astronomer* demands us to accompany him in his ethereal expeditions, computing the relative size and distances of the other worlds, disclosing the present and predicting the future. In short, we may well say that *natural science* opens up a broad field of labor for the mind. But can the student

afford to turn all of his attention in that direction, and thereby leave the *classics* untouched?

It is natural for men to be inclined to sooth their vanity with the belief that what they themselves are ignorant of is not worth knowing; and that they can convert those who are equally as ignorant to the same opinion is what might be confidently presumed. It is not the man learned in the *classics* that is deriding their study; but the man with a smattering, or perhaps no knowledge at all, is decrying a thorough study of what he calls "dead languages." It seems that the very advocates of this policy are sufficient to condemn it. It remains for us to say whether we are to follow blind leaders or those enlightened by *classical* inspiration.

There are two things to be considered—one *how* to study, the other *why* we should study the *ancient languages*. In the first place, do not pursue this study as many modern students do. The structure of the language must be mastered, and this consists in something besides memorizing a few fundamental principles or rules. But these languages, perhaps more than any others, involve the application of principles; the complete mastery of which requires close attention. Then, with close application, sharp discrimination, and with an acquired appreciation of sharp and clear differences of expression, the student must prosecute the *classical* study. In addition to a familiarity with and a complete mastery of the structure of the languages as taught in the grammar, there is great acquisition to be made in this direction by reading *classical* authors. In fact, the only way to learn well the grammar of any language is from the language itself, which is or should be the origin of grammar. Now, it is unwise for anybody to decry the great mental discipline—the real education of the mind—that is brought about in the mere mechanical part of this study alone. If we accept mental discipline as education at all, we must acknowledge the study of Latin and Greek of paramount importance as means of education.

Education does not consist in the acquisition of facts alone, but rather in disciplining the mind. What does it matter, so far as actual education is concerned, whether the ball will go farther shot at an angle of 45° or at an angle of 60° ? It is a *fact* that it will go far-

ther shot at 45° ; but the acquisition of that or any other fact is not *bona fide* education. Education, primarily and practically, consists in disciplining and unfolding or leading out of the mind. Now, we must at once see what a strong argument this is in favor of *classical* study. To study *Latin* and *Greek* is to attend, observe closely, and to think to some purpose. But if the student is going to be satisfied when he becomes able to decline *mensa* or conjugate *amare*, he will never lead out the faculties of his mind in the *classic* realms ; he had better conclude—

“A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.”

A great writer has said, that “studies serve for *delight*, for *ornament*, and for *ability*.” This writer is comprehensive in his utterances. Now all must certainly concede that *classical* study serves at least for the first purpose, *delight*. Perhaps there is no one who derives so much real pleasure from study as the faithful student does when he is perusing and diving into the depths of *classical* literature. Leaving out the light literature, no doubt there is more *classical* literature read to-day, for pleasure, than any other kind, especially by the learned.

In truth can it be said of these standard authors, “*lectio est conversatio cum prudentibus*,” and certainly this meets the first purpose of all study. This study meets the second purpose also, *ornament*. Where is there anything in all branches of education that serves so bountifully in adding grace and beauty to discourse, as a thorough knowledge of *classical* literature ? Evidences can also be adduced that this study, properly pursued, serves the third purpose, *ability*.

Language is the medium of thought ; it is also the preserver of thought. Without language, thinking is to no purpose. Nowhere do we come in contact with the thoughts of men as in their language. In fact, it is our only access to their thoughts. Hence we see such a study must, of necessity, contribute extensively to mental development. Thinking is what leads out the faculties of the mind, and thinking is necessarily active when the mind is brought in contact with mind, as is the case in linguistic study.

Nowhere do we find mantled in language *thought* better suited to engender mental activity than in the *classics*. Men of those days were in search of truth—they had magnificent intellects, and the study of a language which is the embodiment of the thoughts of such minds, tends to arouse and quicken the mind of the student. Not only the contact with the thoughts of a great and strong mind, but the exact rendering of that thought into another language involves a process well adapted for mental discipline. To preserve the exact shades of thought requires a nice selection of words, which process is of great importance. It may be asked, Why not read the standard *English* authors—Bacon, Swift, Macaulay, and others? We may answer this inquirer by simply asking him if he thinks he would receive the same mental training by reading *Bacon's Essays* as he would in reading the *Iliad*?

It is a remarkable fact that the course in classics, as prescribed in our *colleges* and *universities*, is confined to model authors in more senses than style of writing. They were the leaders and model men of antiquity. Perhaps first among the orators was Demosthenes, who swayed the multitudes by his magnetic power and eloquence as the winds do a vessel tossed on the bosom of the deep. From Homer's poetical nature there gushed forth a poetical stream, and from this, poets have been taking their poetical draughts ever since. But while Homer had a richer vein in him, more fire and rapture, Virgil had more light and sweetness. The poetical fire was not so raging, but clearer. Homer was the sublimest and most wonderful genius the world has ever seen; like the Nile, pours out his riches with an overflow. Virgil was Nature's poet, like a river full to the banks, with a gentle and constant flow.

We have mentioned but a few of the many who are rightly catalogued among *CLASSIC* authors. Would education be complete without the study of such men as they wrote in their own dialect? How much would the dignity and standard of colleges fall if they exclude *classical* study? Could a young man leave the college walls satisfied, ignorant of the study of two of the greatest languages ever spoken?

No; our system of education would be contracted, imperfect, and, to some extent, impractical, without the study of *classical* literature.

One of the mistakes young men are making is, that they hurry through their course of learning, neglecting this study in their hurry to get into business pursuits.

They tell us it is not practical to study Latin and Greek. How much practicability is there in *physical* science, in learning that the law of gravitation varies inversely as the square of the distance? *Classical* study affords fine discipline for the mind, and, after all, mental training is the practical education, and not merely the acquisition of facts.

Q

POETRY, HISTORY, AND FICTION IN MATHEMATICS.

Having recently been favored with the perusal of a correspondence between two teachers of mathematics in the city, it seems to me my good fortune should not be selfishly enjoyed. Hence, the readers of the *Messenger* will learn how the body of algebra, on all hands heretofore considered dry, has put forth blossoms of poetry which may hereafter cheer the eye and the mind of the worn and wondering student.

It is well known to the young algebraist that the difference of like powers of two quantities is divisible by the difference of the quantities, and that the sum of two odd powers is divisible by the sum. Now, this dry and rather repulsive fact is thus dressed out by one of the correspondents, whom we may call Micajah :

“For a difference of odd powers, the difference you use ;
 For a sum of odd powers, the sum ;
 For a difference of even powers, take either you choose :
 For a sum of even powers, take neither, you hum-
 Bug,—or your venerable teacher will get very blue,
 And so will you.”

Micajah's rule for factoring a quadratic trimorvial, being a method of trial or guess-work, and apparently indicating that sometimes the

thing could not be done, his correspondent offered a substitute as follows :

“THE UNFAILING RULE.

Air: Knock at the Window To-night.

Take half the x co-factor
 And from its square subtract—ah !
 That lone third term which you call absolute ;
 Mark what is left exact,
 And its square root extract,
 And to that half co-factor
 Add, and also subtract—ah !
 From it, that same, aforesaid, signless root ;
 Thus the second terms you get
 Which after x you set
 And have your factors,—and much time to boot ;
 For *this* game's not that in which
 ‘Now you see it and now not,’
 Each spade-thrust strikes it rich,
 Each bullet hits the blot,
 And every *guess* must take his hat and scoot !”

It is probably not too much to say that if this is to be the algebra of the future, our posterity will have a gayer time than their fathers. Their rules, instead of being washed with tears and frescoed with grime from anxious fingers, will be pictured oases in the desert. The boys will turn down dogs'-ears over such as strike their fancies, and some will surely be set to tripping melodies and sung by moon-light as serenades. When geometry—already set out by Pott (followed by Wentworth) in a form not far from blank verse—shall also take on rhyme, their happiness will be complete, and the theorem of Pythagoras may yet furnish not only a nuptial diagram, but also a nuptial ode.

For years history and fiction have threatened to invade the domain of mathematics. Turn, for instance, to General D. H. Hill's Algebra, published in 1857, and you will find these instances, among others :

“The year in which Decatur published his official letter from New London, stating that the traitors of New England burned blue lights on both points of the harbor to give notice to the British of his attempt to go to sea, is expressed by 4 digits. The sum,” &c.

C. Ryland

"Some of the New England States were fully, and some partially, represented in the Hartford Convention, which in the year 1814 gave aid and comfort to the British during the progress of the war. If 4 be added," &c.

"The field of battle at Buena Vista is $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Saltillo. Two Indiana volunteers ran away from the field at the same time; one ran half a mile per hour faster than the other," &c.

As a later instance, take this example from page 62 of Professor Venable's "Easy Algebra":

"Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, asked Pythagoras the number of his pupils. Pythagoras answered him: The half of them study mathematics; one-fourth part study the secrets of nature; the seventh part listen to me in silent meditation, and then there are three more, of whom Theano excels them all. This will give you the number of pupils whom I am guiding to the boundaries of immortal truth."

The young student must feel a regret here, which at first is poignant, that Pythagoras did not tell us more about Theano. If he had only said from what State he hailed, mentioned his father, recorded his age, height, weight, or even the color of his hair, how much more we should know of the smart boy in his school. For, thinks the unlettered student, I have never heard of Theano otherwise. This circumstance is not unusual with smart boys, and Pythagoras ought to have known it and to have put himself to some trouble to satisfy legitimate curiosity. But the fact is, this smart boy was a girl, who became Pythagoras's wife. Of course, the student's curiosity subsides and he wishes to hear no more. But our regard for Pythagoras leads us to add that he was hardly respectful enough, even to a tyrant, for his remarks on the number of his pupils, since he fails to say whether any of them took more than one course of study, are very non-committal as well as rude. About all we really know is that Theano was not of the silent seventh. So we feel quite sure that some fiction has crept into this historical notice, and if fiction may thus be allowed we can without too laborious investigation suggest some companion problems. Thus—

Emily D

"1. William of Orange, when he had become quite bald, was approached on the subject by Scipio Africanus. The reserved monarch got off one of his rare smiles, when he informed Scipio that if the number of hairs left him was increased by sixteen and their roots extracted, he would predict that the three very grey hairs near his left ear would find themselves all alone; that they were now, indeed, in a majority, but would then be in a desert. The pupil will please find *not* how many hairs William had, but how long Scipio was in finding out how many he had."

"2. One day in the sad November, Othello was walking out for a constitutional with Coriolanus. Coming to a stream, a dispute arose as to the width of it; Othello insisting that if he could use Coriolanus as a yard-stick, he would find him to go into the width only as often as there were teeth left in his head. Coriolanus, on the other hand, contended that the stream was as wide as Othello's ability for lying. This being somewhat personal, they came to blows. The number of rounds fought just measured the width of the stream, for on the last one Othello got his head above water only in time to see Coriolanus crawling up the opposite bank. Required, the number of teeth the latter had at the time he got to shore."

"3. The Duke of Wellington when storming the heights of Chimborazo, became suddenly aware that he had left his pocket-knife at headquarters. The effect of this oversight promised to be serious, as he had no other means of cutting the Gordian knot. He dispatched his whole staff after the weapon. Noting the movement, his alert enemy sent a body of Cossacks to cut off the detachment. The struggle that followed was short but decisive, for it brought the sole survivor of the staff, Jonas Chuzzlewit, to the decision of returning at once to the Duke and offering his own pocket-knife, which was sufficiently like the Duke's to cut as well. The number of blades in this knife, multiplied by the number of Cossacks, exceeded the number of ideas in Jonas's head by the number of letters in the Duke's name, and one-fourth of the time required to ride out sufficed Jonas for returning on foot. Required, a full account of the battle."

Copyland

It is evidently quite time that such dry queries as "A can do a piece of work with B to help him," &c., were enlivened at least by discarding the simple initials and giving the names in full, with some scraps of the family history. For instance, let us have—

"4. If Alice, aged 20, can sweep out the pantry in 14 hours, and Belinda, aged 17, can do so in 9 hours, how long will it take them both together, if they do not quarrel, and are anxious to get out to see Alexander, aged 23, and Augustus, aged 19?"

"5. If, when the old man is looking on, Abner can mow a certain meadow in 3 hours, and Boaz in 5 hours, how long will it take them jointly, the old man still being there?"

The following instance of a slight intrusion of extraneous matter is found substantially in various Algebras :

"A sets off in a coach at 4 miles an hour. B, having two hours to spare, and *wishing to enjoy A's company as long as possible*, rides with him and walks back at the rate of 3 miles an hour. How far can he ride?"

How much more interesting this would be if the whole story were told? An explanation of the ground of B's wishes is required to assuage the natural curiosity excited by the situation. Let us have it, hereafter, thus :

"Achilles set off in a coach with a pair of plow-horses which could make only 4 miles an hour. Bull (whose previous name was Sitting) had a thorn in his foot and could walk only 3 miles an hour. He wished to accompany Achilles as far as possible, but had to be back in two hours to head a cow-stealing expedition. Bull's object ought to be stated. To make a long story short, Achilles in his capacity as Indian agent had cheated Bull's cousin by issuing to him some old harness in place of the new blankets called for by the voucher, and Bull had resolved to rectify the account. He wished to ride as far as he could with Achilles in order to enjoy his company and to secure his scalp, in a quiet and casual manner, as it were. He did so, and returned in time for his appointment. At what point on the road did he scalp Achilles?"

Finally, for the Easy Algebra intended for beginners, why can we not secure the desired variety of style by adaptations of Mother Goose? For instance—

“There were three crows sat on a stone,
Two flew away and then there was one ;
The other crow, finding himself alone,
Next flew away, and then there was none.
They all came back in the waning light
And a crowd of others out of spite ;
One-fourth flew left and four flew right,
And seven-twelfths of them spent the night.
How many crows were in the flight?”

WHY NOT ?

THE RHINE.

In the history of all nations, landscape scenery has always been admired by the humblest and the poorest, as well as by the most learned and refined people. And why should it not be so? Does not the soul of man long for that which is beautiful and sublime? For what would be more enchanting, what more beautiful, than to sit some calm evening upon the banks of some lovely river in quietude, only broken by the rustling of the leaves in the tree-tops or by the rippling of the waters, and gaze upon lovely scenery “the fairest of fair”? And ’tis now I would invite you to gaze for a moment and meditate upon a spot magnificent in scenery and renowned in “times that are past.” It is the Rhine, the castellated Rhine, whose waters, clear as crystal, only tinted by the most delicate hue of blue, flowing through the “Eden-spot of Europe,” and where the grandeur of scenery is unrivalled. Rising ’midst the sunny vales of Switzerland, it flows through a country far-famed by the deeds of noble heroes and as the home of Poetry and Philosophy. Perhaps no river on our globe is more rich in associations than the Rhine, and rightly should Germany look upon it

with as much pride as the Egyptians do upon their own, their beautiful and gracious Nile. From the time when the Roman legions trod its ground, shouting "Victory" in their own classic Latin, or repulsed again by the fierce, barbaric warriors, to the middle ages when feudal kings reared their castles upon its banks, up to the present time, it has been the theme of bards and poets. Its banks are hallowed by the associations with the armies of the Cæsars and the legions of Napoleon. Cannot scenes like these foster and kindle into a glow genius' spark, and is it a wonder that they have been the theme of poets for ages? Could Sir Walter Scott have ever written in such graphic pictures, unless he had been animated by the rough, rugged scenery of Scotland? The banks of the Rhine are dotted with the ruins of old and magnificent castles—the homes of the feudal kings of "long ago." Well might they have chosen the banks of the Rhine for their home where they were to spend the joyous moments of their lives. With the ruins of these old castles are connected many strange legendary traditions. The fertile country through which the Rhine flows is famous for its cultivation of grapes. The finest wines we get are made from the grapes raised upon its shores. There are some notable towns situated upon the banks of the Rhine. Among them is Strasburg, in which is situated a cathedral that is noted for being the finest piece of Gothic architecture in the world. In its steeple is situated the famous "Strasburg Clock." Then, among other notable towns, are Frankfort, the birthplace of Goethe; Cologne, the birthplace of Agrippa, the mother of Nero; and Mayence, the place where the printing-press was first invented; and many others, also, I could name if space and time permitted. Yet 'mid all these—the crumbling of towers—'mid the changes wrought upon its banks, the Rhine, the lovely Rhine, flows on to the ocean now with the same majesty as in "other years." Beautiful and true were the words of the dying soldier in Algiers, when he charged his companions to carry his dying words back to his friends at "Bingen on the Rhine":

"I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—far Bingen on the Rhine."

And now the words of Byron would be but a just tribute to this
 "legendary stream."

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted,
 The stranger fain would linger on her way!
 Thine is a scene; alike, where souls united,
 Or lonely contemplation thus might stray.
 * * * * *

"Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
 There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;
 The mind is colored by every hue;
 * * * * *

"More mighty spots may arise—more glaring shine;
 But none unite in one attaching maze
 The brilliant, fair, and soft—the glories of old days."

EINA.

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

The two great forces in the world to-day are thought and action. The one is silent and unobserved; the other is everywhere seen and felt. All the great inventions and achievements of the world are the product of these two forces. They have brought the world from a state of comparative ignorance and barbarity, step by step, to a high plane of civilization and power. But, while each has its own separate sphere and work, yet each is dependent upon the other for its highest success. They are linked together and must work hand in hand. *Thought is worth little if it does not lead to action.* The real value and force of thought displays itself only in action. It is as the preparation before a battle. True, the preparation is necessary and all-important; but its value and benefit is not felt till the battle is fought. The preparation is for the *battle*. The thoughtful man, if he would be effective, must be a man of action. There are men who pride themselves on being great thinkers. They are in a constant state of meditation; but that is all. They think, but never act. The fact is, their thoughts go round in a continued circle, revolving upon itself,—never deciding, never acting—and they are no better off when they end than when they began. Men

can prove themselves thinkers only by being great actors. The world needs thought, but it needs action far more. Thought is the cause, and action the effect. The one must follow from and because of the other. If the world had to be moved by thought alone, it would come to a perfect stand-still. The great power and force of thought shows itself the moment it is transformed into action. The slow, useless men of to-day are the men whose minds are wrapt in perpetual meditation, but who never come to a decisive action.

The world sweeps on and leaves them meditating. Thought burdens and impairs a mind which never comes to a decision and which works with no special end in view. This kind of thought soon leads to foolish imagination and fancies. It wears away the mind without accomplishing anything. The men upon whose shoulders the world is resting to-day—who are bearing it onward—are those who think and act; who look subjects square in the face, come to a decision, and then act. But there is that other large class, who act without thinking. They act from impulse, but not from thought and deliberation. Instead of reckoning the consequences and then acting, they act first and then are compelled to take the consequences as they come. They are blunderers; they have to learn by experience. Their life is made up of mistakes. The world is constantly suffering from this class of men. They are its great drawbacks and stumbling-blocks to its progress. Action without thought to direct and control it, is aimless and dangerous. Mere thinking without acting is worthless. But when they lock hands and work together, then they are all-powerful; they are hand-maids; they should be in partnership. If thought and action should determine to run each on its own hook, independent of the other, the world would soon go to wreck. It is propelled to-day by the union of these two mighty forces. They are like two great electric wires which pervade and enwrap two vast systems. When they are joined, the mighty force of electricity is everywhere at work. But let them be pulled apart, and all power is at once destroyed. Thought and action must be friends. Action must work in its own sphere as the servant of thought, and it can only be sure and effective as it has thought to direct it. Action is the fiery steed

with thought as driver. The man who acts without thinking is like one who is borne on by a dashing horse with no reins to direct it. Action is the mighty engine with thought as engineer. It is the great ship with thought at the wheel, watching and directing its course. Both are necessary to progress, but they must work together, and for a definite aim. Men must think, but they should think in order to act, and they should act because thinking makes them act.

MAL E. SCRIPT.

FANTASIA.

On wings of music soared my soul away,
 Leaving behind this old earth's wrinkled face,
 And like a meteor in its fiery way
 Cleft through the blue infinities of space.

On, on, it flew through heaven's jeweled depths,
 And bathes itself in seas of liquid light,
 Anon, through cold and darkness, like to death,
 By hearse-like planets, shrouded in black night.

Blind with the glories of the great Divinity ;
 Lost in the centre of a star-strewn sphere,
 My mind was crushed beneath infinity,
 And o'er my soul there came an awful fear.

But list ! I hear a strain angelic,
 The choral music of the universe ;
 Attend ! oh soul of man imperfect,
 And afterwards thy daring flight reverse.

Thy soul itself is but a mighty harmony
 Attended divinely by the Master's hand,
 And life is but a brilliant symphony,
 Sometimes discordant, sometimes full and grand.

My flight was ended, and again I stood
 On earth surrounded by its stern reality,
 But never could I, if I would,
 Forget my flight into infinity.

CALO.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The loafing business at Richmond College is not carried on in as systematic a manner as it might be. We will venture to make a few suggestions for the benefit of the loafers. Never knock before entering a gentleman's room. Always rush in in a most excited manner, and try to make just as much noise as you possibly can. Walk around the room some dozen or more times, and examine everything you see, taking care, however, to leave nothing as you found it. If you find anything which you think would be of service to you, quietly put it in your pocket. Keep up the noise all the while, as it adds greatly to the solemnity of the occasion. After having done these things, ask about 3,750 questions, then give the fire a vigorous punching. If you see a comb and brush lying around, be sure to brush your hair, else the owner will feel slighted. Never apologize for anything you do—it is out of taste. Never prolong your visits more than two or three hours, as the person whom you visit might grow tired. When you think you have given him as much of your time as you can spare, borrow a few lumps of coal and retire. In making your exit, knock over a couple of chairs, upset the table, smash the lamp, make a few remarks upon the weather, and slam the door. A close application to these rules in addition to what you already know about the business, will, we feel sure, enable you to win golden laurels; and, besides, you will at once move to the head of your profession.

The entire debt of the *Messenger* has been paid. We feel that great credit is due the present business manager for his exertions in behalf of the magazine. It is now on a firmer financial basis than for several years past. This is due, in the main, to the efforts of Mr. Borum. He has paid cash down for every issue of the *Messenger* that has come out during the present session, has paid out \$33.50 in liquidation of the debt of the paper, and has enough money now in the treasury to pay for the next issue. He has also been remarkably successful in getting the magazine out on time. We take this method of expressing our thanks, and feel confident that the business interests of our paper could be in no better hands.

The trustees of the college, at a meeting held January 20th, decided to have a president. It appears, however, that several important steps have to be taken before he is elected.

In the first place, the endowment is to be increased to a sum sufficient to bear the heavy demands involved in such an appointment. In the second place, a residence for the president is to be built on the campus. Of course, these provisional arrangements will require time, and it is not certain when the election will be held. Of one thing we are assured, and that is, that the trustees have a high ideal before them, and will make an honest effort to increase the efficiency and influence of the college if it be possible.

The Russian Government has passed an edict forbidding all reading-rooms and public libraries to keep on hand translations of the works of Agasiz, Bagehot, Huxley, Marx, Lewes, Lecky, Lyall, Mill, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" and "Theory of Moral Sentiments," Herbert Spencer's works, and the like.

Freedom of the Press is a doctrine the Russian Government are not pleased to adopt.

"Messrs Editors—Will you inform us as to the authorized and accepted spelling of the name of the great dramatist, the author of Hamlet?" * * *

We are sorry we cannot satisfactorily answer your question, since, so far as we know, there is no "authorized and accepted" mode of spelling the name of the "great dramatist." We are, however, inclined to the belief that the author of Hamlet wrote his name, Shakespeare. The most common spelling is Shakspeare, (*e. g.*, Chambers' Encyclopædia, Taine's English Literature, &c.) The American Cyclopædia spells it, Shakespeare. The Shakspearean Society of London, which is usually considered authority on Shakspearean matters, spells the name, Shakspeare. Since there is no settled mode of spelling the name, we would prefer the latter, as it is the shortest. But it makes little difference. "What's in a name?"

Many rules have been laid down for the guidance of public speakers; and although the occasion must in a very large measure furnish the rule, we give below the directions once given by Dr. Leifschield, of London, to a theological student, and may perhaps be as applicable to any other kind of public speech as to a sermon:

"Begin low
Go on slow,
Rise higher,
And take fire.
When most impressed,
Be self possessed;
At the end wax warm,
And sit down in a storm."

We, however, would usually prefer to hear a speaker reach his highest pitch at or near the "three-quarter post," and gradually cooling down, leave his audience in a calm rather than in a storm.

LOCALS.

Foot-ball! (?)

Solomon, arrayed in all his glory, has returned.

Mr. P., *alias* "Penn," has just received a fresh box of tobacco. Call around and take a "chaw."

Mr. H., translating from the French an account of the execution of Charles I., said: "And Charles laid his head upon the block and the *executor* stepped up."

Mr. X. went down town the other day to see a young lady friend of his. He is a rather dark-complected ministerial student, but is much admired by the ladies. The old gentleman met him at the door and told him at first that the young lady was not in. Upon reflecting, however, he said he believed she was in. X. was much delighted, and started to enter the door, when the old gentleman astonished him by saying: "Excuse me, sir, I can't see very well; but are you white or colored?" Mr. X. thinks many bad things about his father-in-law-elect.

A young clerk at Randolph & English's was very much puzzled the other day. He couldn't imagine what Mr. H. wanted with Steele's Fourteen Weeks in *Theology* for the chemistry class at Richmond College. Can it be that Prof. Puryear has gone to teaching Theology? he soliloquized. A senior clerk ventured to suggest that perhaps Mr. H. wanted Steele's Fourteen Weeks in *Geology*. Inasmuch as the first-named book could not be found, Mr. H. agreed that the last-mentioned book was the one he wanted.

Mr. H., at dinner a few days since, when turkey was served up, noticing the entire absence of the dressing, called out, "I say, Aunt Mary, bring me some of the *wadding* to this fowl."

When Mr. M. first came here he noticed that several of our professors were called Doctor. He said nothing about it for some time, but finally his curiosity got the better of him, and he asked one of

the young men why it was that they were so designated. The young man informed him that they had either attained that degree at college or had had it conferred upon them. "Oh, yes," said Mr. M., "I understand it now. They've studied medicine, but don't practice it."

Mr. P., in Senior Philosophy, while speaking of Lord Bacon, said that he was in the habit of using a great many French quotations, and gave as an example: "*Causarum finalium inquisitio sterilis est et tanquam virgo Deo consecrata nihil parit.*" This is, perhaps, the sort of French Julius Cæsar used to speak.

Mr. L., while out walking with a young lady, proposed that they should have some ice-cream. They strolled down the street till they came to Mr. Child's drug store. They walked in, and Mr. L., stepping up, flung down a silver dollar and called for two plates of cream. "I'm sorry, sir," said the clerk, "we have no cream just at present; but we have something which is very good for people when they have eaten too much cream." Mr. L. was rendered *defessus*.

Mr. G., having some very nice *blanc-mange*, invited Mr. H. to partake. H., after having eaten a goodly share, said: "Well, I'll *swig*; this is the best condensed milk I ever ate."

In a stroll which we took through Hollywood cemetery, our eye was caught by the following epitaph, which was inscribed on an engineer's tomb-stone:

Until the brakes are turned on time,
Life's throttle-valve shut down;
He wakes to pilot in the crew.
That wear the martyr's crown.

On upper grade, on schedule time,
Along the homeward section,
He lands his train at God's round-house
On the morn of resurrection.

His time all full, no wages docked,
His name on God's pay-roll,
And transportation through to heaven,
A free pass for his soul.

The catalogues of Richmond College for the present session appear several months earlier than usual. In addition to the regular catalogue there is a historical sketch of the college which contains information, and is of great interest to the friends of the institution.

The catalogue shows 164 matriculates. And there is something interesting even in dry names. If you will follow me, I will tell you something about our Richmond College boys. Follow me, and I will carry you to the Farland of the West. If you wish for company, take your sweetheart along—what do you care for her Marr, or any of her Kindred. He is a Haley beau who is af-Redd to Steel her Quick, and Tucker her away till danger is past. We are going—Gage well the distance—where Lyons roam Scott-free, Hines leap, and the Bird does chirp and Hatcher young. Where Martins Carroll their joyous lay, and the Lemon blooms no more. Where Cox crow early, and the jagged Peake and Hume-id ground all wet with Dew, are strewn with leaves of Fiery Redd and Brown. (This is strictly an a-Merrick-an scene surpassing anything in either Great Britton or Holland.) The journey's long, but Barrett till we reach those Halls of Stone. A Roy-al time awaits him who ad-Myers the picture. But there are no wells unless you Borum. The Groome boasts no horse, the Smith has ceased to forge, the Tanner tans no more, and the Cook has lost his mutton. There the Shepherd owns no flock, no Cole-man comes to collect his bill, and the Miller has ceased to grind. But en-Huff of this! If you don't like it, do what Blaine told Fisher, "Burnett"? Listen!

With a little piece of poetry,
 This child's play now must end;
 It's Richmond College pleasantry,
 And we are this-year's men.
 Smith and Brown and Jones, all three;
 Thomas, Dick and Harry, we.
 Levy, Gordon, Anderson,
 Wilbur, Carr, and Johnson.
 Now the college's on a boom,
 With such men as Kemp and Groome.
 Lewis, Williams, Bagby, Hume,
 Bostick, Vaughan, and little "Cum."
 Stearnes and Ferrel, without flattery,
 Make up King Alphonso's battery.
 Barney, Morton, Cutler, Lyon,
 Gunter, Guy, and "Father" Ryan;
 Edwards, Edwards, one, two, three,
 Sign their name with big S. C.
 Alderson, Addison, the crowd is made,
 Robertson, Robinson, Morton, Slade;
 Lucado, Wilson, Pritchard, Dew,
 All good men—the bad are few.
 We have a Mathews, but no Marks,
 Just two Davises, and as many Clarks;
 Two Willises we have—the sons of aunts,
 And one more Willis who wears knee-pants.
 A friend of his named Baskerville,
 Rides a horse called "Sorrel Bill";

Fitzgerald, Pierrepont, Hazen, Ferrell,
 Woodville, Mitchell, and "Jumbo" Carroll.
 Boatright ought to be a sailor,
 Fontaine, Timberlake, and Baylor;
 Let's follow fast and follow faster,
 Alderman and Duke Lancaster.
 Hubbard, Parrish, now make room,
 For Herndon, Burwell, and Lipscomb;
 Phillips, Suddith, Kerfoot, and others,
 McMullen, Savell, and Austin brothers.
 Elsom, our lately married man,
 The parson metropolitan;
 Percy, the late poetizer,
 Has a girl—his "Ann Eliza."
 Causey, Bradley, Dillard, Ramsdell,
 Woolfolk, Reynolds, Massie, Noell,
 Parker, Cogbill, "Jersey" Conover,
 My Herculeane tasks are over.
 Now that I've told you all I know,
 Reach my hat and out I'll go;
 Hence! away you wayward muse,
 You needn't come back unless you choose.

PERSONALS.

We learn from the *Religious Herald* that on the evening of the 18th instant W. J. E. Cox, session 1881-'2, was married to Miss Branham, of Midway, Ky. Accept the congratulations of the *Messenger* for your happiness, *Alphabet*.

P. P. Massie, session '83-4, is teaching school in Nelson county. He speaks of coming back next session.

J. L. King, session '83-4, reports that he is having a good, quiet time at his home in Halifax county.

We are glad to note, for the benefit of the old students, that C. L. Gardner, session '81-2, has a pleasant pastorate in Brownsville, Tenn.

P. J. M. Osborn, session '83-4, is preaching in Caroline county.

A. A. Scruggs, session '83-4, was ordained a few weeks ago, and is now preaching for some churches in Charlotte county.

C. W. Duke, who was so very ill a few months ago, has recovered and gone to his home in Nansemond county.

A. C. Owens, session '83-4, is spending the winter in Florida for his health.

EXCHANGES.

The *Star-Crescent* comes to us in such a nice dress that we hasten to read it. But after we had searched in vain for something substantial, we came to the conclusion that it cared more for dress than anything else; and, judging from the number of poems it has in it, we are inclined to think the *Crescent* is just in its incipency, and we may safely predict for it a bright literary career.

The *Vanderbilt Observer* always finds a cordial welcome to our editorial sanctum. We read its pages with interest and profit. The contributions are of the highest literary type. The English is very fine, and the ideas are not obscured by high-sounding and meaningless terms. The editorials are good, and the locals sparkle with wit and humor.

Of all our exchanges none are more instructive than the *Wake Forest Student*. Its excellent contributions on Geology, History, Travel, and Education, make it exceedingly interesting. It is not only the work of the students, but the professors lend a helping hand. And why not? If all the college papers were thus helped, it seems to us that they would be more instructive to the pupils, and would thereby command a wider reading. It only remains for us to say, Success to the *Student*; and we bespeak for you a careful reading wherever you may go.

The January No. of the *Lutherville Seminarian* is indeed a very readable paper. Would that all our southern girls could read "The Responsibilities of the Educated," in which the writer sets forth the greater importance of young ladies being informed on the practical questions of the day than knowing a smattering of dead languages. Read "Our Girls should not be Ignorant of the Vital Questions of the Day," "The Laws of our Country are More Valuable to them than Greek and Latin." And again, "Who could pray for a higher or more influential calling than the favored daughters, wives, and mothers of a Christian country?" and "All of our girls, rich or poor, should learn at least one trade—that of housekeeping, with all its routine of duties," and with many more equally interesting.

Well put on a beautiful garment and come again.

Next is the *Album*, a magnificent monthly, published by the literary societies of Hollins Institute. But how could it be other than good, being published by a band of noble young ladies, living under the shadow of those majestic mountains in the beautiful valley of Roanoke, and enjoying such privileges as are afforded at

Hollins. We think all of its articles are good, and hope to have a good time reading the *Album* next month. We bid you thrice welcome to our exchange table.

The contributors to the Hampden-Sidney magazine are certainly a cute class. They inspire curiosity in some of their articles and bring upon themselves quite a degree of notoriety. In explanation of the foregoing, let us say that we have just been reading the Sketch of the Retiring Editor, and we are not exactly certain whether he is one of the "missing links" or the future President. Anyhow, we know he is "red-headed" from the frequent allusions to the "aureoles that play around his head."

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