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# Richmond College Messenger.

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Vol. X.

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No. 7.

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## A FANCY.

It was a summer's night that bade me rise  
And seek in quiet the lonely mountain height,  
All mantled in aureate, beauty of the skies,  
That hung like an ocean of golden light,

Beneath the branches of a spreading tree  
There lay as if by fortune's hand, a stone  
For rest to the weary that's come from the lea  
In search of solitude, to be alone.

Wearied with the winding pathway,  
I yielded and must have slept, for a dream  
Broken only by the waking day,  
Made lazy hours like fleeting moments seem.

Mists that veiled the scenes of other years  
Were torn asunder by some power,  
Revealing on page the joys, hopes and fears  
That on my urchin days did shower.

Me thought when ambition's zeal, yet unborn,  
Over the hills I romped a careless lad;  
Contrasted now with hated cares forlorn,  
That sometimes stings the soul and makes it sad.

'Twas moonlight that gave me glimpse of home—  
A cottage on a green and sloping hill,  
And near a voice that seems to gently come  
Whispering thus, in language of the rill:



"Oh ruthless boy! both, other friends and you,  
Oft along my pathway rough have strayed;  
Say, tell me and won't you now, is it true,  
That all are gone and I'm betrayed?"

To which in pity sole I dreamed,  
"The ones for whom you ask and sigh in vain,  
Are scattered far, from home are weaned,  
Some happy, some marr'd with scarlet stain."

"Some the bridal have donn'd in sacred wed,  
Others in the silent tomb are sleeping;  
Some to distant unknowns, their course have tread,  
And others in heart, your mem'ry keeping."

But hark! on the stillness there breaks a sound,  
'Tis the huntsman that bids his hunters pursue;  
The lamp of heaven his course bends sound,  
And to the fairy land I bid adieu.

"GEUEEN."

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### PHYSICAL SCIENCE vs. CLASSICS.

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While the ideas brought before the mind of a student of the classics may do much to improve his style of thought; may even give him an insight into the inspiration of Homer, or reveal to him the beauties of Virgil, they bear no comparison with those advanced for his consideration by the physical sciences. To properly obtain benefit from the study of the classics he must master many fundamental principles, and train his mind to a quick and accurate discrimination in applying them. Of course the mental discipline to be gained by such a course of study is very great; but is mental discipline the entire object of education? The man who studies the physical sciences obtains from them an idea of the mechanism of the universe. He is brought largely into contact with mathematics, than which there is no better mental discipline known. Certainly one who can see the mighty universe around him following its fixed laws, and performing its motions with a perfect regularity, knows more to his advantage than one who understands the four Latin conjugations. The study of nature enobles and elevates to a much



greater degree than that of the classics. . It is true that a "great writer," I know not who, has said that "Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability." If this was all the good that I could derive from study, I should stop studying. Classical study may add grace to conversation, and lend obscurity to the writings of those who quote much from the dead languages; but they do not give the elevation to the mind that the study of physics does. Look at the mighty planets, clothed in sunlight, and rushing through the darkness of space, bearing life and intelligence on their surfaces. Look at the tiny monad, living his little life in a drop of water.

The records of Geology carry us back into a past so distant that history speaks not of it. Through the darkness of the bygone ages giant forms of mighty monsters loom up and speak to us of the history of our planet's growth. The contemplation of the nebular hypothesis alone fills the mind with a sense of the unapproachable grandeur of God and of the magnitude of his works. Consider the mighty strides that mankind has made since the study of the sciences was first regularly organized. Science has gone before, bearing the torch which cleared away the mists of superstition and ignorance. It has revolutionized mankind and given to religion a meaning and power hitherto unknown. I should like to ask Q. if he considers more benefit to be derived from reading the Iliad, or from knowing the theory of the conservation of energy. For my part, I would rather see the workings of the hand of God as displayed in a thunder-storm than know the history of every mythical hero that the imagination of man has ever created. Is it not better to understand the rush of the lightning than the deeds of the Greeks at Troy? Let us not disregard the classics, for they beautify, and, in a measure, give ease and dignity with a sort of polish to conversation. At the same time, however, the infinite grandeur of natural forces and processes enables one that understands them to "see through Nature up to Nature's God."

Many people do not understand the nature of physical study. If our knowledge of science is to be confined to isolated facts and laws, then its good is merely practical. To fully appreciate the ad-



vantages of science we must fully understand it. Does Q. think that a man who spends his life like Herschel or Clerk Maxwell, knows less or is less educated than the greatest linguist that ever lived? The study of nature is ever useful, ever present, while that of the classics leads us to consider things long since passed away, and never to return. I suppose, however, that from a utilitarian point of view, even Q. will admit that science has the advantage. The difference in mental training is the difference between outward polish and inward worth. Any man may study the classics—few indeed can comprehend nature. The discipline given by natural science is not alone of the mind, but of the soul as well. It elevates, purifies, and ennobles; linguistic study ornaments and polishes.

SCIENTIA.

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### NATURAL LAW INVIOLEABLE.

In this age, when the wonders of the world are more than seven; when factories are so numerous that political victory is celebrated by the deafening scream of their whistles; when the President in Washington, by one touch of his finger upon an electrical key, sets the vast machinery of the New Orleans Exposition in motion; when the wind sings its requiem upon the harp of a thousand wires that overshadows every city; when, in fact, nothing seems impossible to the human intellect, it would seem that natural law is not inviolable. It seems impossible for all these wonders to be accomplished and no law of nature be violated. On all sides we are confronted by apparently direct violations of these laws; but should we investigate each case we would find that in a majority of them, that law which seems to have been violated, has only been evaded by means of other known laws, and in the remaining cases we have reason to believe that that law which appears to have been broken has also been merely evaded by means of laws which the ingenuity of man has not yet enabled him to determine. How hard it is for men to realize this. They realize the disastrous consequences of the destruction of one of the fundamental laws



of nature. They know that should the law of gravitation be destroyed, matter no longer attracting matter, worlds would fly asunder, rend ring space a vast nebulous atmosphere. Knowing this, they do not insist upon violating any fundamental law, yet they would like to violate some of the less important ones. This desire is prompted by various causes; some are prompted solely by a curiosity to see "what it would do"; this class, however, as curiosity never stimulates a man to undergo much hardship, is not very persistent in its attempts to destroy law; but there is a furrowed brow and sunken eye that points with unmistakable traces to the small, silent hours of the night spent in trying to cheat nature; there is a wild eye that gleams from behind our asylum bars, which has watched wheel after wheel as it took shape beneath the skilful hands of its maker, expecting each to move on forever; but the nearest the poor inventor has ever come to perpetual motion is the ceaseless movement of his body, responding to the dictates of a crazed brain. This may seem merely imaginative, but when we investigate it, it is alarming to see the number of men of power who are sapping themselves of all their vital energies trying to accomplish impossibilities.

Frankenstein is looked upon as a brilliant creation of Mrs. Shelley's imagination. The imaginative power with which she pictures the German student, amid the quiet of the night, searching for the secret of life, is wonderful. The interest increases, as after two years of search he discovers the secret, and with materials snatched from the dissecting-room and grave-yard he sets to work to construct the creature into whom he is to infuse life. When he has completed this creature—while silence reigns unbroken save by the patter of rain upon the roof and the single chime of the clock—he, stooping, infuses a spark of being into the lifeless object that lay at his feet, the interest becomes intense. The "dull, yellow eyes of the creature open," and the whole frame heaves with life. With what melancholy pathos does she picture Frankenstein haunted and dogged through life by the imperfect object of his creation! This is but the work of imaginative talent, yet there are Frankensteins to-day spending their time and strength in dark cellars searching



for—it may not be the secret of life, yet for that which is just as impossible.

We need not go to Germany, the land of learned lore, where knowledge is sought because of a love for it, but here in practical America they may be found; here where knowledge is sought because of the changes it will work. Some, like Frankenstein, succeed in discovering that for which they have so long searched. With what intense interest they near the result of their labors, and when they reach the goal for which they have so long been striving, their joy is too great for them to disturb the sleeping world around by any noisy demonstration, but there is a throb of the sluggish heart which sends the blood flushing through the pale death-like flesh, an animating the brain, a gleam of the weary eye, which indicates greater joy than any noisy demonstration. With what diligence they then set to work to construct their subject. At its completion, there comes another crisis: will it move; will it work. It may, like Frankenstein's subject, move, but with such an imperfect movement as to haunt its maker the remainder of his life. In after years, when he tosses upon a sleepless pillow in consequence of former nights spent in search of it, it will haunt his dreams like a night-mare.

If all the inventive minds which are now spending their energy in vain attempts to deceive nature, would—instead of trying to destroy—study nature's laws, and seek to invent by their application and expansion—for an invention is but an expansion of one or more natural laws—the wonders of the present would but poorly compare with the wonders that would be, yet no law of nature be violated.

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“ALASTOR.”

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### DUM VIVIMUS, VIVAMUS.

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It is an incontrovertible fact that we can enjoy only the flying moments of the present. We need not concern ourselves about the future, nor fancy and magnify dark spots on the picture of life. Of course it is wise to make safe and ample provision for the



future; but we often make the present moments miserable, which would otherwise be bright and sparkling, by imagining adversity in the path of life just ahead. But this is folly, when we consider the above injunction, to enjoy while we can the golden present, untar-nished by past scenes or future prospects.

This maxim should be our guide in all the different spheres of life. It should guide us when trudging the path of duty and labor, or when gayly pacing the smiling path of pleasure.

It should be our motto "when treading the rugged steeps of academic lore," so that in after years its neglect may not confront us with a gigantic regret.

And it should be appreciated while pervading the happy period of youth—encouraging us, as youth is such a transitory and irrevocable portion of life, to dive deep in the ocean of pure, innocent, and real pleasure. One of the first and most prevalent pleasures of youth is to launch out in the "fathomless abyss of pure affection."

"There is a time for all things."

And while in the "spring-time of youth" we should not fail to drink deep draughts of the pure pearls of pleasure, so that in the decline of life we may draw enchantment from retrospecting that blooming season.

And while we are embarking on the stream of life, let us then be thoroughly alive and awake that we may choose the proper vessel. The importance of *life* and activity at this period could not be too fully emphasized, for many men have become ruined for life by deciding hastily their occupation. The choice should be carefully made, as it is so very perilous to change afterwards.

It takes about ten years to get fully settled in any business or profession, and we haven't many decades to lose in experiment. After judiciously embarking, *let us live*—let us improve our talents.

That there have not been men of equal endowments to the famous characters of the world, who can doubt? But yet by not applying themselves to their talents they were undistinguished and unknown, and the little word *plebs* includes them all. "To be or not to be, that is the question."



Therefore, while we live *let us live*, whether pursuing business or pleasure; but do not mix them in trying to mitigate duty, for "the rewards of diligence cannot be obtained without suffering its fatigues."

VIVO.

### COMMON-SENSE VIEW OF MIND AND BODY.

It is not proposed that the subject shall be treated metaphysically. A scientific treatise is beyond both the power and inclination of the writer at this present time. What I propose to deal with is the common-sense aspect from a somewhat medical standpoint. Man's mind, metaphysically considered, is an inexplicable thing in many of its features; and man's body, to the student of anatomy, is considered a lifetime study, and therefore, even presupposing the requisite ability and inclination, the brevity of the space which I am allowed would preclude such a treatise. That man's mind and body hold certain well-defined relations to each other, that they are mutually dependent, is an obvious fact. What are some of these relations? It has been said that good luck prolongs life. Longevity and happiness are with many people synonyms, and by a perfectly logical conclusion, with the premise that health is a prerequisite to longevity, health is essential to happiness, disease inimical to both. Individual effort, the exertion of will-force, has much to do with individual health and happiness. It is related of Edward Leonard, a patriot soldier, who had received an entire load of buckshot in a vital part, that he absolutely refused to die, living on through the continuance of the fight in which he was engaged because, as he said, "he did not have the *right* to die." Men have been known to die on the day, the very day, they had chosen years previously, perhaps, so great is the influence of the mind over the body. Good humor helps a man to long life. The hypochondriacal, by statistics, never live out their days, and it is best, perhaps, for the rest of mankind, that they do die earlier.

According to the latest scientific investigations, a man's life should extend over a period of 90 years—some say 100—basing



the statement upon the presumption that a man should live five times the length of time required in his physical and mental development, taking twenty years as that period. Thirty-three years is the average man's life, and it is growing shorter. Of all professional men the preacher's life is the longest—they say from the effects of an easy conscience. Though a good reason, better ones are apparent. You cannot begin the administration of the physiological laws of health too soon, for they extend over man's entire life, from infancy to the grave. Ignorance of these laws is universal, and even where known, they are often entirely disregarded. For instance, who ever knew a physician to follow that old saying, "Practice what you preach," or who ever knew a physician who restricted himself to the diet which he prescribes for his patient? This ignorance of hygienic laws is due in great part to the many old saws and proverbs of by-gone ages, which have been handed down from generations back, and which in many cases modern investigation has proven to be wholly false. Take, for example, this old couplet, which has in it more *poetry* than *truth* :

"Early to bed and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

It has been thoroughly proven that the sun's rays have an effect on the atmosphere, purifying it of its deleterious constituents, and it is also a well-known fact that malaria, noxious vapors, and the like atmospheric poisons, exert their most powerful and baleful effects while the sun is not shining, in the early morning hour especially. Follow nature in this, and get up when the birds and animals do with the sun, but never before it. Keep in doors after dark, and go to bed early, if you will, but leave out the early in the rising part of the programme. The mother wishes above all else health and long life for her child, and yet neglects the very means in her power for the furtherance of such desires. The woman of fashion wishes above all other things health for beauty's sake, and yet she discards the means at her disposal for its procurement, and replaces with art what might have been done far more beautifully by nature. For beauty and purity, give me the woman who has never known



what paints and powders, frizzes and bangs are. The man of business, whose sole aim is money, forgets the fact that good health so acts upon the mind as to increase his mental calibre 100 per cent. The man who rides in his cushioned carriage, lolls idly upon the seat with a cigar in his mouth, and dines at Delmonico's, lives a far less happy and shorter life than the sturdy laborer, who, with well-knit frame, walks to and from his daily labor.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says "bad air, bad whiskey, and bad habits, keep the doctors alive." In my opinion bad cooking is just as good a friend to the doctor. The nature of our food is an important consideration. It is a fact of long standing that the presence or absence of certain food continually would bring about disease. Fried meats, for instance, as a constant diet, produces dyspepsia, and abstinence from vegetables brings on that dread disease, scurvy. Attention must be paid also to quantity. Our feeding is the great disease-breeder of our people and our day. The best advice on the subject is "eat slowly and quit hungry." The brain has been compared to a galvanic battery and the blood to the electric fluid which feeds it. With a tired body you have a restless mind—the disorganized brain producing such results. A healthy mind dwells only in a healthy body. This should be recognized and made an aim from earliest life. Keep both equal, or as nearly so as possible, and you will find that, notwithstanding the fact that you are growing old, your health, like good whiskey, "will increase in value with age."

MEDICUS.

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### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

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Had I some mystic genius or some poetic muse filling my imagination with inspirative power, I would paint the world a picture unrivaled by any scheme of ancient mythology. I would represent the Deity enthroned in every age, with all his thoughts as angels, and all this world their sphere of action. Like white-winged moths in the meadows, they should all emanate from the throne and return again bearing home on their silvery wings the fulfilment of His purpose. I would paint each angel's mission with the message that



he bore, and note the homes in which he lodged while on his journey through the earth. His eyes should shine with heavenly light, his countenance shed forth peace, industry should be his crown, and virtue be his dress. In his left hand he should hold wealth and power as a consequence; in his right hand should be concealed the secret of success as the cause. His journey would not be through the cities, but among the peasants in the country, and his favorite abode in the homes of the poor and in the hearts of the true.

I would paint another picture on the opposite wall, and represent a man enthroned with thousands of subjects to carry out his will, and one hundred and twenty provinces under his control. I would paint in glowing colors the regal splendors of his palace, and in the background a few years off an humble cottage I would draw, where the angel lodged a night and where the King was born.

With these pictures before us, we infer that some men are born for certain missions in life; and this is an opinion commonly entertained among the most enlightened of our time. It cannot be denied but that some men are created for certain purposes. For if we deny this, we dethrone the Creator in our point of view. Yet, we can assert that to us it seems that some men are not doing that for which God created them. For, while the ethical view of man regards him as an active being and as a creature of reason, so made that he sets before himself consciously or unconsciously a divinely-ordained end which he feels himself bound to attain, it, nevertheless, claims that the conduct or activity by which man voluntarily realizes this end in accordance with a divine law which points out the way in which this end is to be reached, is the morally good and truly successful. Men who battle against their appointed mission in life and try to walk a different road, can hope for success only so far as they succeed in failing. For they have not only the difficulties to overcome which those have who were born for that pursuit, but the additional ones of lacking tact, personal adaptation, and relish for the pleasures of their vocation.

The robust physique and practical thought of the farmer, like the strong-built, slow-moving engine of the freight car, is well adapted to the important purpose for which they were created; but in this swift,



progressive age, the mind which leads the masses to and fro acceptably, like the engine of the lightning-express train, must be created and trained for that especial purpose. Exchange engines, and both are comparatively failures in their unnatural positions. Likewise we conclude that to be successful in life we must first obey the maxim engraved over the entrance to the temple of Delphi: "Know thyself."

And the sooner we acquire this knowledge the more brilliant will be our career. For this is our chart across the sea of life to the harbor of success; this is our guide up the mountain of science to the pinnacle of fame; and this is our compass that points to God. Parents, while you kindle the sparks of ambition in the pure bright mind of your infant boy, and look anxiously forward to the time when it shall be written of him, as did Lucretius write of Epicurus—

"Qui humanum ingenio superavit et omnis  
Restinexit, stellas exortus ut aetherius sol."

Remember that for him to excel in greatness the rivals of his day, as does the sun excel the stars, he must walk in the path ordained for him and suited to his tastes by an inborn gift from heaven. And when indications show plainly the avocation best suited to his talents, thorough preparation is essential for the highest degree of success. But with all these advantages success is not certain. For neither wealth, birth, training, nor even genius itself can bestow the crown of success upon the head of a non-industrious, non-energetic person. Illustrious men in the evening of their lives have frequently sat beneath the shade of the trees, where the breezes of heavenly inspiration intermingled their thoughts with the whisperings of angels, and with Canaan in sight, with Jordan in front, and with the atmosphere of purity around them, their golden pens have proudly traced the crowning events of their lives and left sign-boards for coming travellers. In the reminiscences of great men, however much their sign-boards differ in other particulars, they all agree in pointing up the hill of science as the only way of success. The God of Sinai sits enthroned upon this mount, and only such as make all their achievements bend towards the summit on which He dwells



will ever be truly successful and leave their names written on tablets of stone for coming generations to reverence.

No pathways are open—no Macadamized roads for travellers to journey in ease to this summit. Every man must cut away such obstacles as impede his own chariot of thought; or if this chariot be drawn to and fro by personal aggrandizement, an impassable gulf will soon be discovered between its possessor and the crowning summit of success. The impending rock of the gospel, startled by the confident tread of his arrogant steed, will crush the aspiring infidel as it falls, and “grind him to powder” finer than the atoms of which he held the soul was made. If one desires to be eminently successful, the most common route is through the sacred forests of the classics where Homer roamed and Virgil sang, and where Tacitus trimmed an historical quill. The aspiring student must often pass unpolluted through black places in these forests where, in the dark shades of ancient night, vice and crime played together at the expense of virtue and human life. He must pass through the benighted evergreen spots where skepticism, like a stalking ghost, haunts the grave-yard of a false theology. He must go his journey all alone, not pursuing the tracks of some predecessor, lest as he climbs the hill of science, following the footsteps of some paragon too closely, the switches which gently brushed the garments of the leader will often fly back in the follower’s face, striking with full force the keen blow of disappointment.

Success is no ideal thing. The fountain of youth was not more eagerly sought for throughout the flowery dells of Florida than has the secret of success been hunted for in the starry realms of ideal-ity. With riches as a balloon, the wealthy have tried in vain to reach the pinnacle of perpetual fame. Energy, perseverance, and mental endowments are essential to such a goal. Thorough education only gives a man the same advantage in his mental transactions that capital gives him in carrying on secular business. But education is not thorough unless the brain and heart are both enlarged thereby. For the brain is an agent of the embodied spirit, and may be termed the citadel of the soul. The working power of man deduced from the condition of the body is larger or smaller, other



things being equal, in proportion as this agent is normally great or small. If a man go out to fell timber the result of his day's work will be modified according as his ax is sharp or dull, heavy or light, burnished or unburnished. The ax is the agent of the cutter, like as the brain is the agent of the embodied spirit. And even if the ax be the same, a feebler man or one who has neglected to cultivate his muscles could not accomplish as much work as he would otherwise do.

And likewise we argue that although we may possess an acute mind, a mighty brain, and a polished education, yet if the heart is a dwarf, and if the soul is uncultured, we are not thoroughly educated nor well qualified for great success in life. Failing to cultivate the heart has caused the blooming flowers of many a fertile brain to wither and decay. The brightest jewels in their college days have often gone forth in the world to prove a gold mine on the surface, but a coal mine down beneath. Dark stains on their characters haunt their sweetest slumbers. Without the cultivation of the heart, the blissful aspirations of youth, Shakespeare beautifully represents as only—

“Dreams of success and happy victory.”

Clouds of mystery may obscure one's mission in life, but they often make the sun set more gorgeous and beautiful, while a stain upon the character is a cloud too dark to have a silvery edge, and too dark to break asunder before the setting sun of life.

With health well preserved we are now ready to hear the secret of success, and to understand its meaning. But without the above equipments it is an incomprehensible secret. Parents who possess it are often unable to make their own children understand it. It is neither an inheritance nor patrimony. It belongs to that class which Milton terms—

“All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works.”

If the ability to apply what one knows could be represented by an engine, success would be the steam ready to burst forth into whatever channel its creator has provided. The *secret* of success is the knowledge of the engineer in controlling his engine. Currents of electricity encircled the earth for ages before men captured it and



taught it how to speak. Steam was in the world perhaps in greater quantities than now long before it became the servant of man. Convex lenses were formed by Nature in the beginning of creation, but remained in obscurity for centuries before their worth was known. But when thinking men learned how to apply the things around them they found the secret of success, and left their names immortal. The teachers in our free schools have no difficulty in getting the children to learn the rules of arithmetic ; but even when these are committed to memory, no child ever gets through long division successfully until he learns how to apply the rule. This knowledge is the secret of his success.

In attempting to hand it down to posterity, failure has often sat enthroned beneath the crown of a nation's king. It is inherent and unexplainable. Like some metropolitan city, success has many roads leading to its citadel, but the secret of success lies in the ability of one to make the best use of those things which nature and nature's God has given him.

SIMULAC.

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## PORTER ON SUBSTANCE AND ATTRIBUTE.

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In the world of thought, much which is mere mystification passes current for genuine profundity ; much which is the mere vapor of exhalation, and which rises but to obscure, is mistaken for a larger substantiality. As a consequence of the limitations imposed upon mind by matter and its dependence thereon, there is an essential atmosphere of vagueness and mystery enwrapping the sphere of purely mental phenomena. In this consists its peculiar attraction for men of more ambition than intellect ; since here men of even Liliputian mold may sport with shadows as immense as their vain imaginations can create, and, alas ! persuade themselves and the world for a time that they are hurling the very thunderbolts of the Titans. In these regions, broad and shadowy, there have ever been certain favorite battle-grounds. Such a famous ground of conflict has been the relation of substance and attribute. On this time-honored field are, indeed, abundant evidences of past conflicts



on a scale sublime ; but the Titan warriors have long since rested from their mighty labors, and the very scene of their struggles is now the arena in which the countless hordes of pigmies uplift their puny arms against the discordant throats of the shrieking cranes. On this scene of conflict steps forth one indeed of far loftier mien, and armed *cap à pié* with visor down and lance in rest. Yet may we be permitted to express some faint misgiving, lest this selfsame knight, like the illustrious Don Quixote of old, be not better equipped in spirit than with the external appurtenances of war, lest his glittering visor prove also but painted pasteboard.

Observe attentively the ground this gallant knight has chosen :

“The substance or substratum with which we have to do is the real substance or substratum. As such it should be carefully distinguished from the logical substance or subject. A logical subject is anything which is conceived in thought as a substance with attributes, whether it does or does not exist in fact. \* \* \* Real substance ought also to be distinguished from the grammatical subject. The grammatical subject is any word which is used in language as though it denoted a logical subject.” (Psych. § 325.)

That this is most unexceptional ground, we readily admit ; but the author proceeds to define substance as follows :

“Any being with relations so discerned and applied as to distinguish it from other beings, is conceived as a substance—*i. e.*, a substance is a being distinguishable and definable by a complex of relations.” (Psych. § 326.)

Here we fail to find the limitation imposed upon substance in the outset ; for, as the author has elsewhere repeatedly asserted, being may be as truly affirmed of that which is merely conceived in thought as of that which is actually and of itself. But we take it for granted that actual being is intended, and that it is but just to test the definition on such a basis. Here, again, we fail to catch the ground of distinction between substance and being. Such a distinction the author pointedly attempts :

“Abstractly considered, the concept substance is less general than that of simple being. Being has already been explained as every object that is, or that is conceived to be, knowable or known. But



everything that is known is not not only known to be, but is also known as related. \* \* \* \* A substance is a being distinguishable and definable by a complex of relations." (§ 326.)

We gather, then, what is elsewhere expressly stated, that both being and substance exist only as having relations (so far as we know), and that neither can be actually separated from its relations. So far, then, substance is distinguished by nothing from simple being. But we have the author's authority for the statement that being may be separated from its relations in thought. Is this, then, the differentiating property of being? We reply in the language of the author :

"But, though substance and attribute do not exist apart, they can be conceived of and defined as abstracted from one another." (§ 326.)

Falling back *now* on the above definition of substance, we can perceive nothing whereby substance and being are distinguished. The author asserts a difference, but in attempting to explicate that difference he conclusively proves their identity. Moreover, from the definition of substance above given—*i. e.*, a being defined by relations—and keeping in view a previous statement of the author, that "it is essential to the definition of knowledge not only that we know objects as existing, but that we know them as related," &c., (*vide* § 45,) we naturally infer that the relation of substance and attribute is original: something stronger than mere inference obtains in our minds when we recall a very acute and just *observation* in § 58 :

"It is as essential that the connecting relations should be apprehended as the parts which they bind or connect. \* \* \* In other words, we can analyze or separate only what is given as united in the concrete or real. If the parts and connecting relations are not discerned together by an *intuitive* act, they can neither be separated nor united by *any other act or process*."

Substance and attribute is certainly a connecting relation, and therefore, from the author's standpoint, must be intuitively given. But we quote again :

"It deserves to be noticed here that there are also as many dif-



ferent substances as there are beings distinguishable in kind by combinations of relations. An individual substance is known only by the individual relations which it shares with no other. *The substance* is not, however, made up or constituted by its relations. It is not the same thing as a collection of attributes. It is distinguished and defined only by these relations. From this it is manifest that the category of substance and attribute is *not simple* and *original* like the other relations or categories which we have considered, but is *complex* and *derived*." (*Vide* § 326.)

If the category of substance and attribute is complex and derived, we hopelessly fail to appreciate the force of Mr. Porter's argument. Whatever the hidden meaning Mr. Porter might be pleased to attach, its whole content, so far as we have been enabled to gather, is that substances are many, and each is definable by its own peculiar relations, and it is only possible to attain to a knowledge of any substance by means of its defining relations. Therefore, the category of substance and attribute is complex and derived. Passing over previous statements of the author, that substance is being definable by relations, and that all being, if known at all, must be known *intuitively, both as to its being and its relations*, we submit that he has manifestly mistaken the question at issue. Clearly, the question of the originality of the category of substance and attribute does not involve the determination of any particular substance by means of any particular relations, but only that the mind does presuppose and assume this relation as inhering in all the objects of its cognition. The relation of substance and attribute must not be grossly identified with actual being IN actual relations. Porter's definition of attribute is, "Every relation by which a being is known or distinguished is an attribute." The definition of substance has already been given. Both definitions, we readily admit, are in themselves unexceptional; but surely Mr. Porter himself would not deny that there is a very great difference between actual substance and actual attributes and the subjective law of mind *by which* attributes are attributed to substances. If he did not make this distinction he would not have treated substance and attribute as a relation or category—a form under which the mind connects its cognition:



"Percepts are united into things by two successive steps or stages, to each of which there is an appropriate product. By the first, the mind unites these percepts into a material thing or whole, under the relations of space and time. By the second, it connects the parts of the whole under the relation of substance and attributed quality," &c. (116.)

That Mr. Porter accepted both these views of substance and attribute, does not admit of a doubt; but it is equally manifest that he grossly confounds the two when he comes to treat the question of the originality of this relation.

If the relation of substance and attribute is complex, Mr. Porter has failed to show, or even to name, the elementary relations of which it is composed. If this relation is derived, it is altogether impossible for one occupying Mr. Porter's standpoint to accept it as such without committing intellectual suicide; for one of his staunch principles (as before stated) is that the mind cannot, by any act of analysis or synthesis, attain to a knowledge of a connecting relation not intuitively given in direct cognition. And if this relation cannot be derived, it is both simple and original. Moreover, according to the author, every act of direct cognition involves the reality of both being and relations, and these relations are intuitively affirmed of the being cognized—*i. e.*, being is known as related—*i. e.*, we directly cognize a being as distinguishable by relations intuitively connecting the being with its relations. But does not this express the relation of substance and attribute?

In conclusion of this part of our subject, we quote what Mr. Porter himself has to say on this matter in different parts of the same work:

"But logic is itself subject to another science—*viz.*, metaphysics, or speculative philosophy, inasmuch as this is the science of those necessary conceptions and fundamental relations on which the rules and the processes of logic are founded. Such are the conceptions of substance and attribute, of cause and effect, of means and ends, and the relations of influence, causation, and design. Unless these are *assumed*, the concept, the judgment, the syllogism, the inductive process, and the system can have no meaning and no application." (§ 11.)



"As the discerner, or the discoverer, by *intuition* of certain necessary conceptions or relations, the thinking power is said to know, or assume certain forms of being, according to which it performs its operations and constructs its products or forms of thought. These are called, indifferently, forms of being and forms of knowledge; for the reason that the mind can only know what is or exists, and according to the relations in which it exists. Some of these forms of being, or forms of knowledge, are time and space, substance and attribute, cause and effect, means and end." (*Vide* § 191.)

These quotations might be continued, but we think we have cited enough to show that Mr. Porter occupies dual and contradictory positions with regard to the originality of the category of substance and attribute.

In his treatment of the question of "underlying substance," the normenon of Kant the author is equally inconsistent. His pronounced dictum is as follows:

"The 'underlying substance' of the schools, the 'thing in itself' of Kant, are mere names which signify either being in the abstract or being in the concrete. If it is being in the abstract, then it must be synonymous with matter as knowable—*i. e.*, it is a concept only, which can be separated from its relations in thought, but never in fact. If it is being in the concrete, then this must be known with its relations, and never apart from them. In either case the substance, or thing in itself, cannot be known by itself."

It is not very clear what Mr. Porter means by saying that substance cannot be known by itself, right in the wake of his assertion that we know it abstractly in thought, as apart from its relations. He must mean that we cannot intuitively know it apart, which is equivalent to saying that it cannot exist apart. We admit that substance and relations cannot exist apart, but this has no real bearing on the question at issue. A ruler cannot exist apart from its correlate subject, and *vice versa*; but they are by no means therefore identical. Being cannot, as far as we know, exist apart from relations, but being and relations are not necessarily the same thing. Porter himself admits this.

"The substance is not, however, made up or constituted by its relations. It is not the same thing as a collection of attributes."



Again :

“Being or existence is not, however, an attribute or a relation.”

What, then, can being be but an underlying substance in which relations must inhere ?

This leads to the inquiry : Do we directly know being as related or relations only ? Mr. Porter's reply is emphatic and unmistakable.

“ Besides this knowledge of the mutual relations of matter and spirit, we have also a knowledge of both directly as beings ; of matter by perception, and of spirit by consciousness ” (§ 335.)

It is frequently asserted, and with a deceitful appearance of plausibility, that it is absurd to say that we can perceive directly the relation and not the thing related. Manifestly the absurdity does not lie in the statement that we may perceive relation, but only in the supposition that we may not immediately and intuitively refer perceived relations to a substance under the category of substance and attribute. We cannot know relations apart from substance, but we directly cognize only relations, the knowledge of substance being given *a priori* upon occasion of the direct and empirical knowledge of relations. What is the difference between saying that we perceive a thing as related and that we perceive the relations of a thing ?

In the above quotation from Mr. Porter, it is stated that we have a direct knowledge of being or substance in addition to that of relations, but in a preceding quotation it was stated that we can have no knowledge of being apart from relation. In the treatment of the act of knowing (§ 45) the same doctrine is affirmed. It is reiterated that we can only know being as related.

I quote again :

“A substance is a being distinguishable and definable by a complex of relations. \* \* \* Every relation by which a being is known or distinguished is an attribute. \* \* \* An individual substance is known only by the individual relations which it shares with no other.”

These are sufficient to show that, even from Mr. Porter's stand-



point, we can know nothing directly of a substance beyond its relations except the mere existence or being of it. We can know simply that it is; what it is, we learn through and by means of its relations. This being or existence, according to Mr. Porter, is directly cognized independently of relations; not independently in the sense of apart from relations, but in the sense of not by means of. This, at least, is the only logical inference.

Now comes the question, How can we directly cognize existence? If possible at all, it must be by one of two methods—either by sense-perception or consciousness. If by sense-perception, it must be known through one or more of the five senses. The sense of touch can give only relations, such as extension, hardness, &c. It is true that we cannot conceive of extension apart from being, and so we say that we perceive extended being; but in the act of perception through touch we can only know extension in common with the relations manifest to touch. True, we are compelled by an *a priori* form of knowledge to attribute these relations to a substance or being. It is this *a priori* necessity of mind alone which accounts for the inseparable union in every act of knowledge of being and relations. If the mind directly cognizes being as well as relations and the category of substance and attribute is derived, there is no reason under the sun, that we can find, why being and relations should be inseparable in every act of knowledge. Again, in the sense of sight, nothing can be directly given except color and extension (visibility). In the other three senses it is most clear that we can only directly know relations. But may not being be directly known to consciousness? Any mental analysis the least careful would, I think, reveal the fact that the soul cannot even know itself except in so far as it is the subject of action or passion, intuitively attributing these relations to itself. Hear Mr. Porter:

“The object of consciousness has already been defined to be an act or state of the soul; more exactly, the soul acting and suffering in an individual state. \* \* \* The states are fleeting. \* \* \* The individual self remains unchanged, referring all these changes to itself.” (§ 57.)

Moreover, Mr. Porter treats being at length as a formal category. Now, we would simply ask, If being is known directly, why in the



name of reason should it be given *a priori* as a necessary form of being?

Finally, Mr. Porter struck a death-blow to the very core of his system when he accepted the doctrine that we directly cognize being, and that substance and attribute is a derived relation. Mr. Porter is a natural realist, who holds that the object immediately known in sense-perception is the excited sensorium. It is perfectly transparent, we think, that under this view we cannot with any show of consistency suppose a direct cognition of being (at least extra-corporeal being), but only a direct knowledge of relations. But, alas! Mr. Porter undertook the superhuman effort of proving that we immediately cognize being, and, even against himself, that the true category of substance and attribute is derived. It was thus not only out of his power to establish a direct cognition of extra-corporeal substance, but he also put it beyond his power to reach a knowledge of the extra-corporeal at all. Manifestly the only legitimate method by which a natural realist may reach the extra-corporeal is to ground his system on the doctrine of the direct cognition of relations only, and rest upon an *a priori* relation of substance and attribute, whereby every relation must be conceived as inhering in a substance. Of course, it is not intended that this alone will bridge the chasm, but this is the important factor in such a result.

In summing up, we are unable to see anything that Mr. Porter has clearly brought out in connection with the category of substance and attribute. We selected this point for criticism because it is the one most vital to his system, as we have very briefly endeavored to indicate.

B.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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Unlike most of our predecessors, we, the present editors of the *Messenger*, give up our positions with a certain degree of sadness and reluctance. It has been a pleasure to us to write for her columns. Our connection with this grand old college organ has been characterized throughout by perfect harmony and good feeling. We came, we saw, we have not conquered, but we have done our best



to promote the best interests of the *Messenger* and to fill her columns with entertaining matter. Every man hath an appointed time to serve, and as our term of office expires with this issue, we make you our most profound and respectful salaam and retire, casting one last, long, lingering look at our old editorial chair.

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The 4th of March being the regular day in the course of Biblical lectures, a dissertation on "Moses, the Law-Giver," was delivered before the young men of the Institution by Gen. Field, and a rare lecture it was, such as it has seldom been our pleasure to hear. The lecturer began with the birth of Moses, graphically depicting the child in the cradle of rushes gently resting in the flags on the banks of the Nile, and then the rescue by the daughter of Pharaoh, who adopted the infant. He gave a short biographical sketch of the forty years of Moses' life that was spent in the palace of the Egyptian king. He then painted the scene of combat between the Hebrew and the Egyptian, the part that Moses acted, and then his flight into the land of Midian. Here the lecturer took up the second period in the life of the great man of Hebrew history. He spoke of the gallantry of Moses at the well, for wearied and worn as he sat, there came to draw water for their father's flocks the daughters of the Midian priest. Moses stands up, assists them, and drives away the shepherds.

The damsels return to their father, and Zipporah is given as wife to Moses. He then spoke of Moses feeding the flocks of Jethro, his father-in-law; how on Mount Horeb "the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush." It was here that Moses received his commission to go to the King of Egypt and bid him let the Israelites go free. The lecturer also spoke of the plagues, and concluded this period of Moses's life with an allusion to his conducting out from under the bondage of the cruel despot the hosts of Israel. The third and last period was then taken up. The great law-giver leading the people in the wilderness—making sweet the bitter waters of Marah—speaking to the murmuring multitudes and allaying their fears with the assurance that "the Lord would provide"—the armies of Israel



overcome Amalek—Jethro's counsel to Moses and his acceptance. He then spoke of the delivery of the Ten Commandments, and also of the well-known circumstances connected with that delivery. He also mentioned the delivery of other laws that had regard to the government of the people. The construction of the tabernacle and many other incidents in the life of Moses were commented upon. He closed with a fine description of Moses on Mount Pisgah surveying the Promised Land, and his burial in a valley of Moab by the angel of the Lord.

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A new edition of Victor Hugo's works is just out. It embraces forty-six volumes of poetry, history, drama, fiction, biography, philosophy, and travel. Victor Hugo is one of the oldest of living *litterateurs*.

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A contemporary criticises a young spring-poet on the use of the expression, "the carol of the barn-yard hen." But it seems to us that the young poet knew what he was talking about. We have ourselves heard "barn-yard hens" carol many a lay.

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The different estimates which different men put on books will be illustrated by the following story told of the great essayist Carlyle. It is said that when Mr. Dickens determined to write "A Tale of Two Cities," knowing that Mr. Carlyle had given much study to the French Revolution, the former asked the latter to lend him a few books bearing on the proposed subject. Mr. Dickens was much surprised next day when a wagon drove up loaded with volumes in several different languages. It was Carlyle's idea of a *few books*.

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It may have been often supposed by the reader of Robert Browning's thrilling poem, "How we Carried the Good News from Ghent to Aix," that it has its basis in history. But the poem has really no foundation in fact, but is entirely a product of the poet's imagination. It is said that Mr. Browning composed it while sailing on the Mediterranean off the coast of Africa. Having been for several days on the sea and tiring of the monotony, he eagerly longed to



exchange his then mode of riding for the back of his favorite horse York. This suggested a hasty ride from Ghent to Aix, between which places many important messages must have once been sent.

The luxuriantly imaginative style, which is characteristic of nearly all young writers, and the exemplification of the same in reading some of the articles submitted to us for publication, reminds us to relate a little bit of history. Before the *Messenger* was published the name of our college organ was the *Monthly Musings*, an eight-page paper—its pages being about twice as large as the pages of the *Messenger*. When the *Musings* was started—January, 1876—it struck the new editors that it would be well to place an appropriate motto just under the title. They accordingly went to one of the professors to ask him to make a suggestion. He proposed very promptly—for he is always ready on such occasions—a quotation from Shakspeare, "Maiden meditations fancy free," as a very appropriate motto for their paper. The young editors seemed not to have seen the point of its fitness. Yet they adopted it on the consideration of its source, and did not recognize that it was only a jocular suggestion. But the fitness of the motto nevertheless remained unshaken, for the

"Maiden meditations"

of the young college writer is in fancy exceedingly free.

Some of our students, notwithstanding the fact that so much has been said about it, still persist in trying to annoy and embarrass those of our young men who bring ladies out to our public entertainments. This is a thing which must be stopped at once. Every student at this college is supposed to be a thorough gentleman, and is treated as such by all, both professors and students. It grieves us to have to say that there are a few, *very few*, who do not seem to know how to deport themselves on such occasions. We would advise these young men to go home and try to learn how to behave. We stopped a friend of ours the other day and asked him if he was going to bring a lady up to our public debate. "Oh, no," he said; "I am afraid to bring one up. I cannot subject any lady to insult." Perhaps some of these young men do these things thoughtlessly; if such be the case, we entreat you to exercise your mental capacities (if you have any) at least one hour before the entertainment begins. If after this one hour's cogitation you are still undecided as to how you shall act, whether you shall try to be a gentleman or act the foolish man's part, why, go to some young man



whom you think to be a gentleman and get him to write you out a little programme. Study your programme carefully, and try to come up to it in every sense of the word. Richmond College has ever been noted for its polite and courteous young men. Let us all take a special pride in maintaining this fine and enviable reputation. We are always delighted to see the young ladies from down-town at our public exercises, and we think we can safely promise them that hereafter they will not be subjected to such annoyances, but will always find the Richmond-College boys ready to extend any and every courtesy to the ladies.

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It is said that the painter Ary Scheffer having read the story of "Little Nell," was so charmed by it that he was seized by the desire to paint a picture of the author. Mr. Dickens promised that when he next visited Paris he would give the artist a sitting. Accordingly on the day appointed he appeared before the house of the artist, knocked and asked for admittance, and was refused on the ground that the day was set apart for Mr. Dickens. But assuring the servant that he was the veritable Dickens, he was admitted to the master's studio. When the artist saw the ugly chin whiskers, and a form and appearance so different from that which he had supposed could have been the creator of "Little Nell," he broke into sobs and said: "You are not Charles Dickens." "I am, indeed, Charles Dickens," replied the author. Then, cried the painter, in faltering tones, "Oh! mon Dieu! oh! mon Dieu! Withdraw yourself, for heaven's sake, and come not again till I have forgotten the Charles Dickens of my dreams!" Mr. Dickens withdrew, and presumably forever, for the ideal picture of Charles Dickens standing on a cloud in a night-gown, holding Little Nell by the hand and pointing heavenward, was never painted.

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## LOCALS.

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Base-ball!

Alphonso's battery comes next in order.

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The ladies were very much fatigued by the rapidity of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, by John Bunyan, the night of the public debate.

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Mr. C., our former assistant librarian, was asked if he had ever read "Ivanhoe." "Yes," said he, "I have read some of his works, and like *them very much*."



Report has it that one of our students at the inauguration was seen sitting on the curb-stone on Pennsylvania avenue, just in front of the White House, a jug of molasses in one hand and a "corn-dodger" in the other, quietly enjoying the sea breeze from the gutter. The same young man had in his pocket when he left \$12.00, and when he came back he had \$13.00.

Messrs. E. and G., being of a decidedly dyspeptic tendency, concluded that they could no longer stand "Miss Hall grub," and resolved to board with our worthy Prof. of Prep. Math. In one week Mrs. ——— reported that Mr. G. ate thirteen rolls for breakfast and Mr. E. ate a few more. It was unanimously decided that these young men have a case of galloping consumption.

On Friday evening the 13th of March, the college chapel was filled with an eager and charming audience, which had gathered itself together to do honor to the public debate of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society. Promptly at 8 o'clock the debaters were conducted up the centre aisle to the rostrum by the marshals—Mr. Childs playing the Tannhaeuser March.

After the prayer by the chaplain, Mr. Redd, the president, delivered the address of welcome, which was quite a happy effort, being neither too short nor too long. It struck us as being one of the best addresses of the kind we have ever heard. Messrs. Childs and Mercer then played a duet upon piano and violin, which was beautifully rendered and very highly appreciated. Mr. Gilliam, the reader, gave us a remarkably fine reading of one of Uncle Remus's yarns. He elicited much applause, and deserved it all. After announcing the question, the president introduced the first speaker on the affirmative, Mr. J. V. Dickinson. This gentleman was laboring under difficulties, having prepared upon the wrong side of the question; and although he had only two days in which to prepare, he yet made a good speech. He might have added greatly to his speech if he had spoken faster and with more animation. The first gentleman on the negative, Mr. Geo. H. Edwards, made a very good speech, one which was full of sense and sound argument. It was indicative of much care and attention. Second on the affirmative, Mr. J. O. Alderman, acquitted himself handsomely. About two thirds of his speech was written in rhyme, and he hit his mark almost every time. He kept the audience in a roar the whole time he was on the floor, and when he retired and took his seat we made up our minds that he couldn't be *beat*. Mr. Pollard then told us a great many little anecdotes, distributing some good argu-



ment in between. He also evoked the mirth of the crowd and got off a good many capital things. His speech was very good indeed. The president then called for music from the orchestra, but owing to the breaking of a few fiddle strings the orchestra was *non com at ibus in collegio up stairum*, so we had to postpone that part of our programme till next time. The announcement was made that the halls and library had been lighted up and were thrown open to the public. The audience began to disperse. Here and there could be seen some love-sick youth talking to his sweetheart in that low monotone which is so familiar to us older boys. Cupid's little darts were sticking everywhere. We could see him flitting here and there, ever and anon, discharging an arrow into some luckless youth's heart. He even had the audacity to approach us once, but we frightened him off with a look. At a late hour the crowd began to thin out, until finally there was only one couple in the hall, and as they passed out we happened to hear the young lady exclaim, "Oh! what a delightful time I have had."

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of Richmond College, for February, the following officers were elected for the second term of the session '84-5: President, J. G. Paty, Tennessee; Vice-President, R. A. Tucker, Amherst county; Recording Secretary, E. W. Stone, Montgomery county; Corresponding Secretary, J. G. Dickinson, Louisa county; Treasurer, J. R. Comer, Pittsylvania county.

## PERSONALS.

We regret the loss of our friend and fellow-student B. E. Cogbill, who was called home recently by the death of his mother. Can't you come back, Ben?

C. W. Pritchett, session '83-4, paid us a short visit last week, *en route* for his home, from the Baltimore Medical College.

James G. Field, Jr., session '82-3, is attending the Richmond Medical College. He expects to graduate this session. Success to you, Jim!

E. L. Waldrop, session '82-3, is living in connubial bliss in the city of Richmond, near which place he is pastor of two churches.

W. J. E. Cox, session '81-2, with his fair young bride, paid us a short visit a few days ago.

L. D. Shumate, session '82-3, has just embarked on the matrimonial sea.



J. D. Martin, who left college at Christmas, is at his home in Pittsylvania county, having a good time.

The old students of the college will be glad to know that Rev. N. C. Burnet has returned to the Old Dominion, and is now pastor at Blacksburg, Va.

Another son of Richmond College has gone to North Carolina. This time it is Rev. J. W. Wildman, former pastor of Roanoke.

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### EXCHANGES.

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Having quite a number of exchanges, we cannot, as a matter of course, peruse them all carefully, but we endeavor not to overlook those edited by "fair hands." The *Hagerstown Seminary* is a real attractive little journal. The February No. begins with a pretty little poem, "From My Window." The sentiment of the article "The Place I Live In" is good, but it seems to us that "My Residence," "My Home," or even "Newberry," would have been a more appropriate caption. The *Editorial Notes* are good, and the *Locals*, girl-like.

We welcome the *Indiana Student* to our sanctum. In the February No., which we have just been reading, appears quite a lengthy yet interesting reminiscence of pioneer life. But by far the best article in this No. is "The Gracchi," which is indeed an honor to the *Student*.

The *Roanoke Collegian* comes to us more as a popular magazine than a college journal. It would please the promiscuous reader at the cost of the student, for it contains few of the students' productions save the editor, and abounds in selections and matter obtained from other sources. Our idea of a college journal is that the students' training should be to the reader's entertainment as four is to one.

The *Wake Forest Student* for February abounds in interesting and solid matter on the current topics of the day. It is the largest and in some respects the most readable college paper that comes to our table.

The February No. of the *Alma Mater* contains several very interesting pieces, but most of the subject-matter is nothing but school-girl bosh. We would advise the young damsels to select literary questions, and discuss them in such a way as to inform as well as please. The writer of the piece entitled "Bachelors" looks at life



from an intelligent standpoint, and we think it would be well for every bachelor to take her advice and thus prevent being disturbed by "refractory buttons," even if he is sometimes treated to "curtain lectures."

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the Rugby Monthly, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Hamilton College Monthly, Fordham College Monthly, San Jacinto Monthly, Star Crescent, College Chips, Carsonian, P. M. J. Cadet, Normal News, Album, Academica, College Journal, College Message, Occident, College Banner, Oakdale Student.

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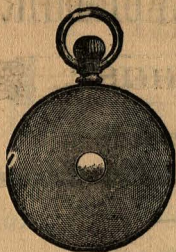
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