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Richmond College Messenger.

Vol. X.

JUNE, 1885.

No. 9.

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J. V. DICKINSON.

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Earthly Hopes.

Earth's hope is but a fleeting day,
Which sheds its light, then flees away,
And leaves all dark ;
A flashing meteor in the sky,
Which sudden gleams, then passes by,
A fading spark.

Earth's hopes themselves are discontent,
For ere they, to the heart have lent
Their temp'ral joy ;
They, quick to dash the spirit down,
And leave it prostrate on the ground,
Their wings employ.

Earth's hopes, fond flatterers of ours,
But ope the buds, then nip the flowers,
And bring despair ;
For though the bud be sweet at first,
Long ere the flower full has burst,
No more 'tis there.

Earth's hopes be vanished at morns gray,
And let our spirits soar away
For hopes above ;
Yes, let our spirits, gospel-shod,
March to the footstool of our God,
And grasp His love.

—VALE-DIC.

Desire for Knowledge the Result of Love for Novelty.

Knowledge, as attained, must be "novel," we can learn only what is new ; and in this sense the acquisition of knowledge gratifies curiosity, as searching into what, beforehand, is unknown. Still the desire of knowledge may, perhaps, be placed higher—"for the soul to be without knowledge is not good." Knowledge

of things, in which we are properly concerned, which add to our power and teach us our duty, is as the food of the soul, as the dew to the herbage ; the soul's longing and searching for it, is as a tree's roots, stretching out as feelers to find its proper nutriment.—*Selected.*

Honesty.

Alumni Oration, delivered at Richmond College, June 17, 1885, by Rev. J. T. WHITLEY, of Salisbury, Md.

Brothers of the Society of Alumni,—The honor of addressing you and this goodly audience to-night, comes to me partly through your favor, and partly by the intervention of death. As I stand here, and look out upon this sympathetic assembly, I cannot forget that *another was to occupy this place. A noble son of Alma Mater was he: cultured, brilliant, genial, fast rising to eminence in his chosen profession. Could he have stood before you, to perform this pleasant task, you would have been the richer in thought, and he in reputation. But a mysterious Providence has deprived you of his services; and I, as his substitute, can only pay this brief tribute to his memory, and try not to dishonor him in the address that I shall lay before you. Peaceful be his rest, and fragrant be his memory in the hearts of us all.

This occasion is of keenest interest to me, and your kind partiality that assigned me a share in it is cordially appreciated. Thirteen busy years have passed, since I stepped forth from these portals, no longer an undergraduate, but an alumnus, to begin in earnest the struggle of life. These years have brought many changes of residence, of circumstance, and of experience; but they have wrought no diminution in the feelings of tender and respectful interest with which I cherish the memory of Richmond College. It has been my fortune during this time to be honored with the friendship of

some noble representatives of the teacher's profession, and to form ties with more than one worthy institution of learning. But nowhere have I forgotten the men at whose feet I sat, an unworthy pupil, in other days, nor the College in whose halls I found rich opportunities of knowledge, and discipline, and inspiration to nobleness of life. To me, at least, while there may be many honored friends, there can be but one faculty of preceptors; while there may be many companies of prized associates, there can be but one group of beloved school-mates; while there may be many colleges and universities honored and admired, there can be, now and always, but one Alma Mater. In the presence of that Benignant Mother I reverently stand to-night, proud to be one of her sons, grateful for all her care, and ready to do her service.

In trying to answer to myself the question, What shall be the theme of this address? I have considered the claims of various subjects, of greater or less appropriateness and intrinsic worth; and finally, for reasons which I trust the discussion itself will justify, I have set aside all of the more ambitious themes, in favor of a very commonplace topic, which, though destitute of the charm of novelty, has many of those solid merits which only commonplace things possess. I have the honor of announcing to you, therefore, that my theme is HONESTY.

The fact that this particular topic has been chosen for presentation to this Society, should not be construed in the

*Rev. Prof. G. W. Riggan, D. D., of Louisville, Ky.

light of an insinuation ! Like that well-known individual, who is represented in the current phrase, as having been "born of poor but respectable parents", this Alumni Society, whatever may chance to be its shortcomings, need feel no twinge of conscience, I imagine, at the mention of this subject. Should any one in this assembly, however, allow his attention to be distracted from this discussion, by the flash of bright eyes, or perchance by the orator's dulness, of course we should all be pardoned for supposing that the homely virtue set forth in the topic before us, is one in which he feels no interest !

Let me say at the outset, that I shall not restrict the term "Honesty" to its narrowest sense, of integrity in transactions concerning property and trade. This is not the whole sphere of that unpretending virtue. It is not even its chief sphere. Broader than the limits of any one department of human endeavor ; yea, as broad as the whole vast arena in which man moves in his multiplied activities as a rational, responsible being, is the sphere of honesty. It means fairness of dealing, whatever may be the subject-matter ; the opposite of trickery and fraud, whether the interests involved are pecuniary or not ; a line of conduct prompted by high moral principle, without regard to considerations of so-called expediency. A thoroughly honest man is frank, sincere, decent, honorable, upright, faithful, candid, trustworthy, just. His open countenance is an index to a guileless heart. His straightforward speech is fairly and fully representative of his innermost thoughts and purposes. Honesty, therefore, in its broadest sense, is just and truthful dealing throughout the

whole sphere of human conduct. In this most comprehensive scope the term will be used in this address ; yet a due regard for brevity must of necessity limit the detailed application of the subject.

I. Let *Honesty in Business* first receive our attention. The term "business" is here meant to include all those occupations by which a living is made, or wealth is acquired. The obligation to be honest in business is based upon the rights of property, and these rights are founded in the will of God. Every person is entitled to hold and enjoy the fruits of his own industry, economy, and skill. He who deprives another of these fruits, and renders no just equivalent, is a thief if the deed is secret, or a robber if he does it openly. By the unwritten law of honesty, the laborer is bound to do faithful work, and the employer to pay reasonable wages. The mechanic is required to turn out a workman-like job, and the builder to consult his conscience at every stage in the fulfilment of his contract. The farmer is obligated to carry only wholesome articles of food to market, and the manufacturer to use only reliable materials in the wares that his factories produce. The merchant is bound to fairly represent his goods, and to charge only reasonable profits thereon ; and the purchaser, to be willing to pay fair prices, and to actually pay for what he obtains. The law of honesty demands that the lawyer shall conscientiously,—mark the word, for in spite of all the stale slanders, there is a great deal of conscientiousness in the legal profession,—that the lawyer shall conscientiously protect the interests of his clients, and not fleece a poor fellow because he chances to be helpless. It requires the physician to use his ut-

most skill in relieving suffering and prolonging life, and to cease his professional visits as soon as the safety of the patient will allow. It binds the secular teacher to patience and thoroughness in the development and discipline of the pliant minds and characters entrusted to his care; and it requires the student to waste no study-hours, to shirk no recitations, to ride no linguistic "ponies" against the teacher's will, and to make but sparing use of the significant formula: "Not prepared to-day." It demands that the editor shall give his readers facts, not fancies, for news, and wisdom, not nonsense, in his leading editorials; and that the preacher shall feed his hearers upon the wholesome bread of Scriptural truth, and not upon the husks of barren speculation.

Furthermore, the law of honesty requires the payment of all just debts, both by individuals, and by communities. It is a shame that such a proposition should need even a moment's advocacy. The man who enjoys the fruits of another's toil and skill, under promise of payment, and afterwards refuses to keep his pledge, or neglects to use diligent measures to render an equivalent, is in all essential respects a thief, however he may congratulate himself on his superior management. And the political community—be it village, city, county, state, or nation, that accepts and uses money, under pledge of payment, and afterwards repudiates its just debts, thereby records its own infamy, casts a reproach upon the whole brotherhood of political communities, and tarnishes the fair fame of humanity.

Fidelity to trusts is another imperative requirement of the law of honesty. I

here employ the phrase in the limited sense, of financial trusts reposed in cashiers and other bank officers, in treasurers of corporations, and in all who hold funds belonging to other people. No honest man will speculate with, or otherwise use for his own private purposes, funds entrusted for safe keeping to his care. Yet the country has been afflicted of late with an epidemic of such infidelity. Few days pass in which the press does not record the reckless and dishonest speculations of men who hold other people's money in trust, or the absconding of some treasurer or cashier with the funds of some bank or corporation. It is high time for an outraged public to teach an impressive lesson upon this subject. Rigid laws, promptly applied, and fully sustained by public sentiment, must be brought to bear upon this iniquity.

The propriety of urging this matter here and now, must be largely justified by the fact, that I am addressing those who are makers of public sentiment, and to a great extent guardians of the public welfare. Let us think justly upon this whole question of honesty in business, and let us use our utmost endeavors, both by precept and example, to quicken the public conscience, and restore the reign of honesty among men. Oh, for the lofty spirit of that old Greek statesman, Epaminondas, who, when offered large bribes, replied, "If the thing you desire be good, I will do it without any bribe, because it is good; if it be not honest, I will not do it for all the goods in the world." If a heathen could take that stand, what may justly be expected from the beneficiaries of nineteen Christian centuries!

II. From the sphere of business let

us now pass to the realm of language, and consider *Honesty in Speech*. In spite of Talleyrand's famous saying, that "language was intended to conceal thought", the function of language is to express the thought and feeling that lie within the soul. The value of speech is measured by its greater or less completeness as a vehicle of ideas. If you corrupt it, so that it no longer conveys in any degree the facts of the inner life, you make it absolutely valueless. If you so abuse it that it conveys falsehood to minds that expect the truth, you change it into a curse. The law of honesty, as applied to speech, requires absolute truthfulness in the intention, and straightforward simplicity in the utterance. Of course, it brands all gross lying with infamy. But it goes far beyond this. It forbids all statements, which, while true in one sense, are not true in the sense in which the speaker expects to be understood. What ingenuity some people show, in trying to tell the truth in form, while reaping the benefit of falsehood in fact! Now and then we meet with a case, that, in spite of the pathos which always belongs to such attempts, has an element of the ludicrous as well. A school-girl, fourteen years old, eloped with an adventurer, and went before a clergyman to get married. The good man suspected her tender age from her looks, and expressed his doubts. But the ingenious Miss had not lived fourteen years for nothing. She had written the figures "18" on a slip of paper, and placed it in her shoe; and now, with utmost gravity she allayed the minister's suspicions, by declaring that she was "over eighteen." She was shrewd, but she lied!

A certain hopeful youth is said to have displayed similar ingenuity, in quieting the suspicions of his good but illiterate father. "Son, do you understand your arithmetic?" the old man had asked. "I think I can see through it at last," was the satisfactory reply. Yes, he could see through it, for he had punched a hole through the book with a nail! A cunning boy was he, but was he honest and true?

But there is a more obscure, and therefore more dangerous, class of trespasses against purity and honesty of speech. I mean the euphemisms so much used in "newspaper English," to describe and palliate vice and crime. In the vernacular of the day, a man of social prominence is said to commit an "irregularity" in his accounts, or a "defalcation", or to "embezzle" a sum of money, and to "abscond to parts unknown"; whereas his conduct, described in honest Saxon terms, is simply stealing money and running away from justice. Or, possibly, the offender is a woman of respectable and wealthy connections, but herself a little impecunious; and her offence is, the theft of fine laces and handkerchiefs from the merchant's counter. In the euphemistic phrase of the day, this conduct is "kleptomania", or "unfortunate moral obliquity". The honest word to describe it is "stealing", and that word would be used without hesitation if the criminal were poor and obscure. A great deal of the lying that people are guilty of, is softened and gilded by the misleading terms "fib", and "story", and "white lie". One whose moral perceptions and feelings are not of the finest, is much more apt to speak falsely, if it is described as "only a fib", than if it were

plainly called a lie. One of the favorite euphemisms of the day is the word "crookedness", a term very broad in its application, and made to cover a multitude of sins. Characterize a deed as "crookedness", and you invest it with an element of romance; but call it dishonesty and crime, and you strip it of meretricious ornamentation and expose its essential hideousness. I have heard swearing spoken of with an air of pleasantry, as "speaking in italics", and a drunken man as being "a little how-come-you-so". By such phrases vice is gilded. Gambling is variously alluded to as "pool-selling", "taking chances", and "speculating in futures". Highway robbery on a gigantic scale, as practised by kings and nations, is sugared and made palatable by calling it "conquest" or "annexation". Duelling, which is murder in the intention, and sometimes murder in action, is clothed in the pompous phrase, "meeting on the field of honor", and in this garb paraded before the public as a virtue! The foulest crimes against private purity and public decency are veiled and extenuated by misapplying to them the holy name of "love"! Some of the most atrocious crimes ever committed against human life, have been condoned by applying to the murderer the cabalistic terms, "emotional insanity". Out West, some time ago, a newspaper described a crime that had been committed, stated that the criminal's friends claimed acquittal for him on the ground of "emotional insanity", and added that he kept it behind the door in a jug! Very likely, that reporter hit the mark!

Now, it is high time that this business of coining euphemisms to varnish crime

were put an end to. The whole mint should be abolished, and every die destroyed, by an indignant public opinion. Common honesty requires us to return to that primitive simplicity of speech, in which a spade is called a spade, and not "an elongated implement of agricultural industry." A due regard for the canons of taste demands that we shall forsake the stilted style which in some quarters has usurped the functions of simple speech; a style in which the fledgling orator declares that "A single individual of the feathered tribe in actual possession, is estimated to be equal in value to two similar creatures still luxuriating in umbrageous liberty", when he ought to have said, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush"; a style which allows the apostrophe, "O diminutive progeny of the swinish race, insert your proboscis in the surface of this terrestrial sphere, and upturn the foundation thereof, or else depart this mortal existence", instead of the good old exhortation, "Root, pig, or die."

I address an audience of cultivated people; men and women qualified to be leaders in society, and moulders of public opinion. I appeal to you to set the example of simplicity and honesty in speech. Clothe your thoughts in our simple, strong Anglo-Saxon terms. Their honest faces smile upon us everywhere from the pages of our greatest English classics, the Bible and Shakespeare. Let us imitate their simplicity, directness, and transparent honesty. In our vocabulary, let a thief be a thief, and not a "defaulter"; let a liar be a liar, not "a gentleman who handles the truth rather carelessly"; let a gambler be a gambler, not "a well-known sport-

ing man"; let a drunkard be a drunkard, and not "a jolly, whole-souled fellow, his own worst enemy." Otherwise we shall show ourselves unworthy to hold in trust for the benefit of posterity that priceless deposit, the Anglo-Saxon speech of our fathers.

III. From the realm of speech to that of literature the transition is short and easy. *Honesty in Literature* is obligatory upon all who serve the public either as authors or as publishers. The obligation may be violated in either of two ways—plagiarism, or literary piracy. Plagiarism, the purloining of another person's literary productions and palming them off upon the public as one's own, is a despicable vice, combining theft and falsehood with indolence and vanity. It is a resort of small minds, with ambition soaring far beyond their capacity. Every department of literary effort has been infested by these counterfeit *literati*. Would-be poets have flaunted before the public in ornaments purloined from the jewel-cases of the great world-masters in the realm of poesy. Small philosophers have arrayed themselves in the robes of Kant or of Hamilton, and strutted across the stage as candidates for admiration. Aspiring novelists have won brief renown in limited circles on the merits of Scott, or Thackeray, or George Eliot. Alleged orators, with unlimited appetite for applause, and very limited abilities either natural or acquired, have "stolen the thunder" of any oratorical Jove whose bolts chanced to lie within reach, and have astonished for a time all who listened to their marvellous periods. Would that I could truthfully say that none but secular orators have been concerned in this dishonesty! It has been

charged against certain occupants of the pulpit,—and, in some cases proved, I am sorry to say,—that they have stolen the sermons of eminent masters of pulpit discourse, and delivered them to the public as the productions of their own brain and heart. For the secular plagiarist there can be no excuse, but only unsparring condemnation; but for the clerical plagiarist no earthly vocabulary can furnish adjectives fiery enough with righteous indignation to do justice to the subject. A man who will steal, in order to promote honesty, and lie for the propagation of the truth, and prostitute the holiest calling on earth to the gratification of his own petty vanity, deserves not only to be dismissed from the pulpit, but to be banished from honest society until he repents of his wickedness.

Let us guard, however, against a possible error here. There is a large and fertile field lying between plagiarism and absolute originality; otherwise, I fear, it would go hard with most of us. A recent *writer has finely said: "Of undoubted absolute intellectual originality there is very little under the sun. We mortals stand in a line of succession, receiving and handing on. Well is it, if once in a while one of us hands on some trifle more than he received." Well and truthfully stated! Now, if we take the treasures thus transmitted to us, throw them into the crucible, and melt them by the fires of our own thinking; add to them what we can of our own, eliminate what seems to us to be dross, stamp the pure gold that remains with the imprint of our own personality, and put the product forth as ours, the pro-

cess is honest and the result is good. But if we receive the products of other people's labors, erase their names and substitute our own, and put these forth without material change of substance or of form, we commit plagiarism, and cannot justly claim to be honest men. The temptation to win popularity on the capital of others is very alluring, especially to the young. But let every young man feel that it is a thousand times better to grow slowly and honestly in public favor, than to make rapid advances by means of trickery and fraud. The patient, honest toilers are those who grandly succeeded. This truth I once heard expressed with thrilling power by a *gentleman of distinguished and varied abilities, who has long stood as the official head of this faculty. Addressing the graduates on commencement-night, he said: "Young gentlemen, skyrocket and Roman candles, bonfires and illuminations, may pale for a while the light of the constellations; but when the momentary glare of this pyrotechnic display is over, behold still shining with steady radiance the everlasting stars."

Literary piracy, the other form of dishonesty in literature, must be touched upon with utmost brevity. The products of an author's brain and pen are as truly his property in a commercial sense, as is the grain that grows in his field. Whatever pecuniary profits arise from their sale belong to him, under the same limitations that apply to other marketable products. He who publishes an author's writings without his consent, and pockets the money, is not an honest man. The rights of authors are sufficiently protected in their own countries by domestic copy-

right. But there is no legal obstacle to prevent a publisher from robbing an author of any foreign nation, by publishing and selling his works without consent or remuneration. There is no international copyright *law, and so far all efforts to secure one have failed. The result is, that some unscrupulous publishers are enriching themselves, and many authors are subjected to robbery which they are powerless either to prevent or to revenge. Every honest book-buyer should set himself against this atrocity. If publishers reprint the works of foreign authors, let them obtain consent and pay an honest royalty, even though there be no human law to compel them. Let a fair-minded public starve out the men who refuse to deal honestly with the brain-toilers over the sea.

IV. The phase of Honesty to which I now, finally, direct the discussion, is *Honesty in Scientific Investigation*. I do not limit the phrase to researches in the realm of physical science, but include all efforts to ascertain, classify, and interpret facts, whether in physics or metaphysics, whether in politics or religion. The proper motive of all scientific investigation is the love of truth, and the wish to exhibit truth for the good of mankind. The investigator is simply an ignorant child, asking questions of nature, or sitting, like the gentle disciple in the cottage at Bethany, at the feet of incarnate Wisdom. The questions asked should be straightforward, and the answers returned should be guilelessly received. The existence of prejudice is fatal to the integrity of the process, and vitiates the results. The open eye, the attentive ear, the unbiased mind, the perfectly-poised

*That is, between the United States and any foreign country.

judgment, the hospitable heart, are all essential in the search after truth. As a matter of fact, all explorers in the realms of science recognize the need of these qualifications, and claim to possess them. The scientific method, of love for truth, simplicity of aim, patience of movement, thoroughness of examination, impartiality of interpretation, and childlikeness of belief in well-ascertained results, is what every investigator claims for himself, as at once his characteristic and his crown. But alas! human nature is weak, and this claim is sometimes but feebly supported by facts. Professor *Hyatt tells of a distinguished German professor, who had tacitly admitted that, if a certain type of shell could be found, he would adopt Hyatt's special theory, though opposed to his own. Hyatt, after a ten days' search among the cabinets of Germany, made the discovery, returned to the professor, stated the fact, and presented him with drawings. The German looked, his face colored; he arose, walked to the window, gazed out, and, while holding the fact in one hand and his theory in the other, at length emphatically replied, "I don't believe it!" Still another illustration of the unworthy prejudices of some scientific men, comes to us from the proceedings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, as reported in the daily press. Two well-known geologists referred to two fossil-shells as found sometimes side by side in the same rocks. Thereupon, another geologist, who had never seen those two fossils side by side in the same rock, arose and said with great dog-

matism: "If any one will show me the two spirifers side by side in the same rock, I will sacrifice my life's work. I will give up my reputation, eat my hat, and make the person who shows me the rock a present of my coat and boots." Instead of replying in the same style, the geologist whose word had thus been disputed, took the first train to his university, and sent back to the defiant dogmatizer a heavy box containing a piece of rock with the two fossils imbedded side by side, and a note reading somewhat as follows: "The enclosed rock contains the *spirifer disjuncta* and *spirifer mcsostrialis* side by side. You can have it. Please eat your hat, and send me your coat and boots by express!" Let us be thankful that there are other scientists whose honesty is as conspicuous as their brilliant abilities. Nor are these prejudices confined to dabblers in the material sciences. They have wrought their evil effects in the spheres of metaphysics, social and political science, moral philosophy and theology. In all these departments men have sought at times for proof-texts to buttress preconceived theories, rather than for enlightenment as to the real facts that crowd this mighty universe.

All such prejudgment and effort to conform facts to theories has its root in a dishonest habit of mind and heart. The worship of self is its animating soul. A tacit assumption of the infallibility of Number One prompts it. Now, it is the duty of every honest person, to make a life-long struggle against this evil. It is a shame to insult Truth by offering her the services of falsehood! It is a disgrace to manhood, to explore the mysteries of Nature's sublimities and beautiful

*Quoted from "Bible Theology and Modern Thought," by L. T. Townsend, D. D.

temple, that one may find ornaments to bedizen his own vain person! Nothing but purity of purpose, clearness of vision, thoroughness of research, justness of interpreting phenomena, and implicitness of belief in whatever is proved, can satisfy the demands of truth and honesty, whether in the material or the moral world. Each of us is engaged, with more or less formality, in scientific investigation, in one or another sphere. And each of us, perhaps, is dominated, to some extent, by the tyrant Prejudice. Let us no longer be slaves; but, striking down the monster whose fetters have disgraced us, let us place our foot upon his neck, and in the victorious cry, "*Sic semper tyrannis*", proclaim our freedom! Far above all other objects of striving, let us seek to know and obey the truth, and it shall make us free. Truth, the imperial queen of the soul, sits enthroned within the Palace Beautiful; and over the archway of the only entrance to her presence is inscribed the legend "Honesty".

My pleasant task is almost completed. This homely virtue has received such illumination and eulogy as I can give. O sons of Alma Mater, let us live true and honest lives; not merely lives free from commercial dishonesty, but free from every stain of insincerity and of ignoble aims and methods. In the marts of trade, in the sphere of speech, in the realm of literature, in every path of investigation, let us live above all reproach. Not from

any selfish motive; for it has been truly said: "Honesty is the best policy; but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man." Rather let us forget the rewards of integrity, and be moved by generous considerations. This dear old mother of ours expects us to be manly men, true to our obligations, and honest in all things. Let us not disappoint her hopes, nor bring dishonor upon her name. The circles in which we move as leaders of thought and moulders of opinion, demand sincerity and high moral purpose as the guiding principles of our lives. The world in which we live, and whose destiny we are helping to determine, appeals to us for purity of heart and honesty of action. And a still wider circle of intelligent minds, the great and good who have departed, the innumerable generations that are yet to come, the inhabitants of other worlds, members with us of one great brotherhood of immortals;—all these make to us their several and eloquent appeals. But this is not all. Beyond and above all these widening circles of spectators, who are deeply concerned in our lives, is One, who made us innocent, who desires our perfection, and whose solemn charge to us is: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, think on these things." Yes, think on these things, brothers; and let thought blossom into character, and character ripen into immortality.



Salutatory

Before the Joint Final Celebration of the Societies, by J. G. PATY, of Tennessee.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—It is not mine to delight you with studied periods and verbal paintings, nor to give you an excursion to the Peaks of Otter in rhetoric or the Natural Bridge in philosophy, even were I able. I am to leave philosophy undisturbed, the moon and stars unmolested, Demosthenes and Cicero, Lee and Jackson, unmentioned. I have retired before the silent midnight hour when reason digs deepest and fancy roams most free. But despite these restrictions, I am not before you without a message. It is my pleasing duty, in the name of the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho Literary Societies, to extend to you, one and all, a hearty, thrice hearty, welcome to this our joint celebration. It is an unspeakable pleasure for us in the closing hours of the college term, and before we separate, to celebrate with joined hands and hearts the work of the session. But to make the music sweeter, the decorations more pleasing, and the joy more exquisite, we have invited you—you who have responded so cheerfully to the calls of the societies and the college, who have evinced so much sympathy in our work, and who have so kindly received us into your homes. As I survey this large and brilliant audience, I feel incompetent to voice the gratitude and delight of the societies on seeing Richmond's wise and beautiful, present to attest their interest in Richmond College. Your presence is significant, and a potent element in the success of the college. Only real intrinsic merit and superiority would elicit

your appreciation, enlist your sympathy, and win your patronage. Through you she would be commended and advertised to the world. This may be a slow process for this age, but its certainty of success will make amends for its slowness. Richmond College has not paid drummers to collect by honeyed words and artful persuasion young men to fill her halls. She is not to be found in the advertising columns of every flashy sheet or placarded at every cross-road. She widens her circle of friends and patrons through you who so cheerfully and attentively witness her closing exercises and through those who are instructed by her wise and learned faculty. That this method is the wisest and secures the most lasting results, the college register gives cogent testimony. The attendance this session is the largest in the history of the institution, and a still larger one is confidently expected next session. "Time and patience change the mulberry leaf to satin"; the same will make Richmond College the morning star among American institutions. Then she will not be the possession of Richmond alone, nor Virginia alone, but the common Kohinoor of North and South.

But our societies will participate in the glory of her great name; they will claim part of the honor; they will be, then as now, the practical element in college training.

Book training widens the horizon, deepens the fountain, and peoples the mind of the aspiring youth with ideal

theoretical creatures ; the societies give boundary to the horizon, outlets to the fountain, and nerve and brawn to the creatures.

The college orator—and all are orators the first session—is not a little prone to ascend amid his cloud of pet curls and address an audience whom he fancies to be among the shining orbs, but four or five years' clash in a society where defeat is his more often than victory will pluck the feathers from the wings of his imagination and put them into the tail of his reason.

But, fellow-students, this closes the campaign of '84-'5. We furl our banners and go into summer quarters. It would be pleasing to draw aside the curtain and take a bird's-eye view of the labors, the joys, the victories, and the

disappointments of the closing session. Our societies have done a noble work, and now close a most prosperous term.

But let an obscure one of your number drop a word of admonition. Be not penisoners on past achievements. Think not of yesterday's conquest, but of to-morrow's battle. Improve the golden moments, and remember, "Opportunity has flowing tresses front, behind she is bald ; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again."

But you wish to hear men with loftier themes and more polished rhetoric. Allow me to reiterate, you are welcomed, thrice welcomed, to this entertainment.

On the Future of America.

Schelling has defined history as the struggle of the human will against the divine will. Doubtless the speculations of Schelling contain more of poetic truth than philosophic soundness ; yet, as a general statement, reason is critical and not creative, or, rather, constructive. It is preëminently the part of the imagination to act as pioneer into the outlying realms of truth, and to fashion the material it there finds into creative forms. Reason then comes in with its scale of measurement to ascertain that the inexorable laws of just proportion have been observed in these imaginative forms. To apply the scale strictly to Schelling's definition of history, would destroy its claims to scientific accuracy, for both reason and experience teach that there is

and must be a coöperative element between the human and the divine will, flowing through the whole current of history. Nevertheless, the partial truth of Schelling's definition is manifest, in so far as there is an element, and a very large element, of strife between the human and the divine ; and in that this strife does not act wholly as a disturbing element, but is turned to account in the preördained plan of a world history. In other words, a divine scheme of history is perfectly consistent with man's entire free-agency.

That this statement is capable of proof, will, I think, be evident from the following conclusions : Man is dependent upon and in a measure moulded by the natural conditions which surround him, even in

the inner circle of his being, in that eternal part of him, which is above matter and distinguishes him from the material—in the very mind of man we observe a measure of the same dependence; for ideas, and therefore intellectual life, must be drawn from external nature. Moreover, the very ground and substance of mind is law. Here we recognize the scope for divine sovereignty. The Creator has laid the outlines of history in the constitution of the material world, and has provided for the filling out of these outlines by means of laws fixed in the nature of man. But does not all of this conflict with the free-agency of man, the agent in history? I think not. That the mind of man must act according to fixed law is not necessarily a limitation of his mind; for such laws are as much a part of him as his personality—in fact, they, as much as anything else, go to make up his personality: hence, from the standpoint of man, they cannot possibly be regarded as a limitation. It is only when we get above the plane of man and regard the subject from the divine point of view, that they may be thought of as a limitation. Furthermore, the limitations implanted in the constitution of external nature can affect man only by means of and through the laws of mind. This is manifestly true in the case of such constituencies in nature as appeal directly to mind. And with regard to those constituencies, which apply to the physical being of man, it may be said that mind is the whole of man as man. His physical nature is purely phenomenal and accidental.

Thus we see that from man's point of view, there is no real restriction of free-agency, but from that of the Deity, man's

freedom is limited and directed in the manner above indicated, and thereby set to work out the ends of a preconceived history. Such a history having as the factors in its evolution the physical world with its constitution and possibilities on the one hand, and man, with the attributes and energies that belong distinctively to mind on the other, must necessarily develop itself along two great base-lines. There must be an external development on, from a comparative point of view, purely natural grounds and an internal development more within the special domain of man. These broad lines must harmonize and run parallel because of the interdependence of man and nature.

The term development I have used in its genetic signification—in the sense of an unfolding. The notion of a preconceived and predetermined history forces the conviction that the completed organism of history, if I may use such an expression, has existed from the beginning, not *in re* but *in posse*; and again, history being an unfolding of a unified whole, from a given part it is possible, in an imperfect degree, to conceive the whole. By observation of the previous development of history and investigation of the laws that control its evolution, we may prophesy with something of accuracy as to its future direction at the least.

The above exposition of the nature and methods of history was necessary in order that we might be prepared to understand the relative bearing of the parts in history. Guyot says: "It is the universal law of all that exists in finite nature, not to have, in itself, either the reason or the entire aim of its own existence. Every being exists, not only for

itself, but forms necessarily a portion of a great whole, of which the plan and the idea go infinitely beyond it, and in which it is destined to play a part." If this can be said of individual being, it may even more truly be said of national life, which has a determinate part to play in a preordained world scheme. In order to ascertain the peculiar position which America occupies, or may occupy, in the grand historic development, it will be necessary to review the great base-lines along which history is making its denouement. In pursuance of this course, we will first take up the external line of development.

In historic evolution, there are three broad stages of progressive development, coincident with and dependent upon three great geographical positions occupied successively by the historic nations in their onward march, the first stage being identified with the limits of their abode in Asia, the first of the historic continents; the second, with their abode in Europe; and the third, or American stage, they are but just now entering upon. In accordance with the continuous development of history, these successive stages gradually grow into each other, still each is distinctly marked with its own peculiar features. Of course, there are many minor stages coincident with the narrower limits of national life, yet these all fall within one or the other of the three broad divisions; and the characteristics by which they are thus grouped are not too general for our purpose.

We have said that the three stages of progress depended upon the geographical limits which inclosed them. The truth of this assertion will become clear, as the

proposed line of development is traced out, beginning at the beginning. In order to do this, we must turn to Asia, the cradle of the nations, and not to the whole of Asia, but only that part which was the scene of the birth and infancy of man—namely, the plateau of Iran. Here we observe the perfect adaptation of nature to the nascent condition and needs of man and its suitability to draw out and develop his first crude notions and his ability for self-organization into societies. Man's ability for organizing societies was implanted in his nature by that law of his constitution whereby he is born into family relations, the family being the unit of organization; but man would probably never have advanced beyond the patriarchal type of society had not external conditions and exigencies led him on. The influence of these external conditions was apparent first in the action of the moral element in man, as brought out by the adjustment of nature to his physical wants.

As truly as man was born into the patriarchal form of government, so truly was he also born to the pastoral condition of life, as being the simplest, and therefore the readiest, to which he could conform. To this end was the scene of his early abode a vast plateau, containing the broadest and finest grazing lands in the world. At the first blush, it would seem that the pastoral life is better adapted to diffuse than to concentrate the tendencies in man towards organization; but, when motion is introduced, we see at once its power for solidifying the repellant interests of individuals, and making a common interest as a centripetal force against the centrifugal force of the various individual interests. The

conditions of a pastoral life compel a constant change of locality from a failing to a new pasturage; and as man multiplied his numbers, families with rival interests would necessarily meet on favorite ground. In this crude state of society, there would be no arbitration of natural rights, but one or the other party would undoubtedly occupy the location by the right of the stronger. Here, then, we have a ground of union, and, consequently, of organization. Several families, in order to increase their strength, and thereby fortify their interests, would unite in a common cause under one leader, thus enacting by means of the tribal form of society, the initiative step in historic evolution.

It will not be amiss to notice here something of the manner in which the Deity designs and directs the course of history notwithstanding the perfect freedom of man. An unreasoning egoism is assuredly opposed directly to the divine law, yet this very egoism is used as the most potent force in uniting men into societies, and thus accomplishing the ends of history.

As surely as warfare, arising from egoism, is the dominant characteristic of the savage state, so surely is it the moving cause whereby a higher type of civilization is evolved. As for purposes of defence and offence, the numbers in the tribes are held together and increased, the necessities of internal law and government become increasingly great, both political and economic. Accordingly, the chief, unassisted, would not be able to meet all the requirements of the governmental office: government would, therefore, be necessarily divided into various functions under the headship of special

officers—all, however, under the authority of the chief, who would be both the symbol and the direct bond of union. Moreover, a growing complexity in governmental affairs would enforce a commensurate growth in economic relations; and having learned the value of coöperation in one direction, societies would the more readily adopt it in all, thus developing not only the social tendencies and necessities of man, but his individual genius and life as well—a crude beginning of those agencies which have grown to such vast proportions, and are yet increasing.

As this tendency towards integration, and at the same time differentiation, become stronger, in the same degree would the necessity for a more fixed abode become more and more urgent; and the various tribes would assert their claims to territory more or less definitely limited. With the increase in numbers and power, each would naturally strive to widen the extent of its territory. This would make inevitable a collision between the several tribes, and the weaker ones would as certainly be forced from their native habitats. By historical induction we may say that this actually did take place, and just at the right juncture, when man had not yet become so fixed in local habits as to submit to the cruelty and domination of a conqueror rather than to take up again his migratory life, but yet when his sociological development had advanced sufficiently to fit him for the next stage of evolution. This stage he now entered upon, as he drifted westward, and pressed by the tribes behind, spread over the continent of Europe. That this westward tendency was not the result of

chance, but a movement enforced by the predetermined plan of history, will be readily seen from a casual glance at the map, where it will be observed that the Plateau of Iran is limited on the east by an almost impassable range of mountains, while towards the west it gradually slopes towards the shores of the Caspian sea, thus affording an easy egress in that direction. Later developments of history have emphasized the necessity for this westward movement. Only those nations which followed this course have progressed continuously; while those which spread over Asia soon reached the ultimatum of their sociological development, and have there rested, proving that Asia was designed to contain and stimulate the growth of man during his infancy.

We have seen that the immediate end set before historic development was the consolidation of individuals into societies, and the fitting of man to live and act in the mass, the effect of this being to bring out in higher relief and multiply individual character, thereby enhancing the product of the whole through the complex action of its parts. It lies next to observe in what manner Europe, the scene of the second great stage in the development of man, contributed to the progress of sociology, and consequently of history.

The most marked feature that presents itself in the conformation of the continent of Europe is its great diversity and comparatively minute division by means of natural land-marks. Such a conformation greatly accentuated and multiplied individual character. Whereas before there had sprung up a

marked tendency towards individualism in the members of the various tribes. The tribes themselves were very similar each to other: now climatic and other local influences entered to produce a very strong individualism in national character, thus immeasurably broadening the humanity of man. This process was assisted by the special configuration of the countries first occupied in the westward march. By their proximity to Asia and their fine extent of sea-coast they induced an extensive inter-trade between the nations. Something of the vast influence swayed by commerce over national individualism by introducing a mighty coöperation scheme in which nations became the units, may be readily understood; while the existence of nations as bodies politic was enforced and emphasized not only by physical boundaries, but also by constant warfare, arising still from the untutored egoism of man.

Centuries passed, and the rude tribes which had come from Asia into Europe were developed by the conditions of their environment into closely-knit nations, showing each a distinctly developed and widely different national life and spirit; but while this development was brought to the full, defects in the internal structure, which had at first appeared insignificant, also grew apace, as will be shown when we come to treat of internal historic evolution. Thus was man not only prepared for a higher sociological development, but the exigencies of his condition urged it upon him; and since his grievances had grown up and gained strength under the favorable conditions of the Old World environment, clearly the regeneration of society must commence in a new world. The

conviction that there must be a new world finally breaks upon mankind, and America is discovered. To this end, among others, no doubt, was the configuration of Europe so adapted to stimulate commerce, that man might have at hand the means of reaching the scene of his probable highest development, social and individual. Assuredly as much to this end as for any other is due the situation of the British Isles on the west coast of the continent, as well as their insular form and their vigorous fertility in both nature and, as a consequence, man—all tending to magnify commerce and stimulate colonization to an enormous degree. The arrangement of continents that made it necessary to reach America in this way was no accident, but the result of a deeply laid design, speaking only as to its direct effect on historic evolution. Had America been separated from Europe by no physical barrier, the nations of history would have spread over it long before they had become fitted for the higher development which America was designed to accomplish in them; for the whole of America which lies within the degrees of latitude wherein history has ever had an existence, is marked by nature for the habitat of one vast body politic. In order to be prepared for so vast a scheme of coöperation, man had first to pass through a long period of training, in which all in his nature that tended to stimulate cohesion was wrought out to its fullest extent.

Although it is highly probable that sociological evolution could only have been begun and carried on in the manner described—that is, by a process of differentiation, effected on the ground of self-

rate elements around centres of a common interest, and in this way work into the nature of man a necessity for coöperation and develop his social tendencies,—it is more than probable that this whole process was only the means of fitting men for a mighty reunion, in which all historic nationalities would be consolidated into a sublime whole. This is argued on the ground of a simple principle. All life may be defined as a mutual exchange. Where the whole is homogeneous, there can be no exchange; consequently no life. The whole must first be broken into parts on the principle of differentiation; then, when brought together, there will be variety, the condition of exchange, the ground of life. I argue, therefore, that since the nations, when brought again to a unit, would present an organism far more complex than they individually possessed, there would thus be a much greater ground of exchange, and a life commensurate therewith. Observe, in connection with this, that America was not settled by emigration from one nation, although England took the lead in colonization, but all the nations of Europe gave her largely from their populations.

The union of these various elements into one great body politic was not only made natural and easy by the conformation of America in its historical position, by the material facilities for internal communication, and enforced by the bond of a common interest in the war against Great Britain, but was further facilitated by the immense advance in mechanical invention, and the wonderful utilization of the forces of nature for purposes of swift and convenient loco-

energy being, beyond doubt, called out by the stimulus which the discovery of the new world had given to life, both individual and national.

America might justly claim to be the natural home of future and greater historic developments simply on the ground of her relative position, as the last stage occupied by historic evolution in its increasing march westward; but this claim is infinitely strengthened by the confirming circumstance that America offers full scope for a grand reunion of the nations of mankind, and presents her vast resources to this end just at the time when all things seem to point to the fact that man had passed through the period of his training in comparatively small societies, and was prepared for a far mightier scheme of coöperative life wherein to work out the problem of his existence. It is entirely unnecessary to prove that the conformation of the historical portions of America is essentially that which would tend to concentrate the different phases of national life into one by a detailed reference to structural features; for history has furnished a more practical proof. To the arguments already adduced in evidence that this one national life will be the historic life of the future, I will make this addition: Herbert Spencer has said that mankind is progressing from militaryism into industrialism. There is undoubtedly a large measure of truth in this. Warfare is certainly more characteristic of the savage than the civilized state of society. As men become more enlightened, those individual interests spring up which suffer more than they gain from war, as a general rule; consequently war tends

been an all-powerful factor in sociological evolution, yet, as is the case with all means to an end, when its purpose is accomplished it must die a natural death. It may be replied, that war is founded on self-interest, and self-interest will last as long as the world stands. I answer that war is founded on a misapprehension of self-interest, growing out of the crudity of man's early intellectual notions. At first, man could not see beyond the immediate sphere of his own existence, and failed altogether to appreciate the wide relation of a common interest to individual interest, and the proper balance to be observed between them. This early fault he has, in a measure, corrected, and he will continue to correct it in accordance with each higher stage of his development. Now, what bearing has America with regard to this subject? Her situation is more favorable to this nobler tendency of man than that of any other nation of importance on the globe: containing but one nation worthy of the name in all her vast extent, there is but little to incite war on her own continent; while she is separated by broad oceans from the other continents. It is true that America has had her wars: I did not affirm that war has already fallen into disuse, but that it is only tending in that direction; besides, her wars have not been numerous, and have arisen principally from the unsettled conditions of a new country. Moreover, her industrial resources are greater than those of any other land.

That America is destined hereafter to lead in history, we can safely say, for it is written in the revelation of nature;

cannot be told. History is a science capable of analysis and induction, but it can never be an exact science on account of the element of man's free-agency. Possibly, a more accurate survey of the future than has yet been indicated may be obtained by tracing up the second proposed line of internal historic development. Limited space precludes doing this at all minutely; it is only possible to treat it by generalizations, and point the direction of its growth.

As has been before remarked, the lines of historic development, being parts of one whole, are mutually dependent, and must run harmoniously. Indeed, nature being the mentor of man, the internal line of evolution must follow the external, and take its own ends therefrom. This has been confirmed by positive experience; and man's political existence has been one continuous struggle towards higher and more comprehensive ground of social organization, directed by the physical conditions of his environment. This struggle was not only stimulated by the manifest advantages of a well-balanced system of coöperation, but was originated and kept alive, in the main, by the necessary conflict between the individual and the common interest—necessary conflict, I say, because it lay not within man's crude abilities and limited knowledge to institute at once a perfect scheme of coöperation, one that would preserve a nice balance between the two essential elements in such a scheme. The manner in which man's social tendencies were developed has been briefly suggested in the former part of this article. But what would suit one stage of man's necessities and developments, and thereby harmonize

partially the two contending elements, would not be adapted to the more advanced state of society, induced by more complex conditions of environment and of internal growth. Discord would thus be introduced, and the balance would have to be adjusted anew. This conflict is marked by the change that has been going on through all the centuries in the theory of politics. The ancient notion was, that man existed for the state; the modern is, that the state exists for man. The ancient idea, though totally unsuited to the present social requirements, had, nevertheless, a legitimate origin. Before social interdependence had become strong, before long habit and growing difference in industrial pursuits had made men mutually necessary to each other, a strong central government was absolutely demanded by the exigencies of the situation to cement their union; and in the absence of a systematized code of laws, and the habit of obedience to such laws, to preserve internal concord. But as the organization of society advanced towards greater perfection, the need of so concentrated a government would naturally grow less. Besides, since the individual develops apace with the society in which he is a factor, he would soon begin to kick against a system that reduced him to a mere part of the governmental machine—a system that annihilated his very individuality from a political point of view. In this way was commenced the march from despotism to republicanism. The march has been tortuous, but it has steadily progressed; and the progress of this march is as an inverted pyramid, ever broadening as it reaches upward, pre-

exercise of man's faculties. And we may regard a true and well-grounded republicanism as the comparative perfection of politics; for it affords not only the broadest field for the exercise of man's individual faculties, but it also renders possible an organized society far grander in size and completeness than any other form of government. It does this by presenting a more uniform and equible ground of coöperation. A centralized form of government, under favorable conditions, might present a more united strength, but it would only suit a comparatively small state; for, its strength being accumulated at the center, it would naturally weaken as the limits of its circle became greater. On the other hand, the republican form of government would not necessarily grow weaker with increased extent; for it has no center of power, but the power is equally distributed throughout.

Was it a mere coincidence that, just when man was politically educated for a grander destiny, a new and vast field for the exercise of that destiny, adapted in every particular to stimulate and develop it, was discovered? Could it have been accidental, or, rather, was it not the legitimate result of the silent workings of an all-comprehensive scheme of history, deeply laid in the constitution of nature and of man? And has it not a grand significance in the future history of America?

It has been seen that the physical conditions of his environment developed the social relations of man from the family through the tribal into the national type; and that finally the various nationalities were again brought together in America,

tions are favorable to the grandest organization and the broadest life. In the next place, we have seen that man was politically prepared for these new and broader conditions, and for organization on the largest and most comprehensive scale. But a perfect organization of society cannot be an end in itself; it is only the means to an end, and is valuable so far as it fits man for working out the great problem of mundane and human existence. All nations that have taken a prominent part in the great historic movement have, to a greater or less extent, tried to solve this problem. All have manifestly failed; and why? It is a recognized fact that individual life stands out in stronger relief just in proportion as social organization is perfected. Viewed in the light of recent historic evolution, the nations which have heretofore attempted a solution, possessed a crude organization, and were designed as merely temporary *loci* for the main action in history. Accordingly, they were not fitted, it is right to suppose, to do more than they did do, which was a mere agitation of various phases of the final philosophic questions, or, rather, the great question as to what is the relation between mind and matter. On the other hand, America being the last possible ground of history, and presenting the magnificent union of all the phases of historic national life in one mighty whole, we may confidently expect that here, if ever, the great problems of philosophy will be finally demonstrated.

That the individual mind takes its tone color from the genius of its national life, is patent to all who have attentively studied the history of philosophy. That

manifest. While I can by no means subscribe to the Hartleian metaphysics, it is yet a fact, too firmly established to be denied, that the original mind receives its warp, in a great measure, from its environment. This is reasonable, in that the mind has a growth as well as the body; and the final product must, therefore, be greatly dependent upon the nature of the pabulum which it has assimilated. Moreover, in speculative reasoning, the mind must argue from what it has to what it has not; accordingly, the great questions concerning life are scrutinized in the light of surrounding life; neither is the mind, when surrounded by a single type of life, capable of distinguishing the particular from the general. It may be said that the reasoning faculty is exact in its workings, and influenced by no subjective bias, but is subject solely to the fixed conditions and principles of logic. I reply, that this may be true of the reason in itself; yet the reason is not capable of self-motion, but is dependent upon sentiment for its impulse, and consequently its direction; sentiment is the offspring of the imagination; the imagination draws its life from its environment. Therefore, the various nations of history, presenting, as they did, the world-life minutely divided on the principle of differentiation, in order to magnify the life of the whole, when the parts should ultimately be reunited, were individually unable to settle the great questions of existence; and from the simple reason that each pos-

sessed, instead of the whole life, only one distinct phase of that life. However, the various systems of philosophy arising from the different conditions of life which gave them birth, were no doubt designed by the Divine mind with a view to the final consummation, when all the separate types of national life should be united into one broad nationality. Not only should all the various phases of life be combined to enhance the whole life, but also the products of each phase should be brought together to furnish data for the whole life to work upon, that by means of comprehensive comparison it might institute generalizations of deeper significance.

Thus, all the lines of historic evolution seem destined to find their highest development in the future of America. The eyes of all nations have ever turned westward in longing desire to see there the hope of the future; and this instinct has not failed them. As the all but inspired genius of the Greek gazed upon the mighty course of the sun from his uprising in the East to his going down in the glorious beams of the West, his rapt soul, breaking into song, gave back an answering glow to that far light, as it came to him over the stream of ocean from the far-away Isles of the Blest. O, Greek, with thy poet soul, with thy divine instincts, the stream of ocean has indeed been crossed, and a shore which holds a future that even thy imagination could not paint, has mirrored the rays of a broadening sun.

B.

Valedictory

At Joint Final Celebration of the two Societies, by E. B. POLLARD, of Virginia.

Fellow-Students, Ladies and Gentlemen,—For my part, I should much prefer that the exercises for the evening should conclude just here; for no one, I am sure, could be more averse to saying “good-bye” than he who has been chosen to deliver the valedictory to-night. Why I should have been chosen for this task, to my own mind, at least, still remains a question of doubt, since I both expect to remain in the neighborhood of these classic walls, and to return again next session. Perhaps my fellow-students thought that whether I expected to leave or not, it is high time I were leaving; and so it is only a gentle hint after all.

Sydney Smith said that the best qualification for a critic of a book is not to have read it; perhaps it was thought that the best qualification for one who is to say farewell on an occasion of this kind is that he is not going away. After hearing the eloquent speeches of those who have already addressed you, I fear that what I may now say will add much more to the protraction than to the interest of the occasion. And yet it seems altogether befitting that we should linger awhile, if only a moment, over the grave of the departed year—to drop a tear of joy for its successes, a tear of sadness for its failures; for it is now as never before that its pleasures and its regrets come up in all their vividness before us. Its pleasures we shall ever cherish, even when there shall appear the “silver threads among the gold.” What we have

grets it has left behind, let us cherish only long enough to learn the lesson they are designed to teach.

In our college course we have had our days of sunshine and days of shadows. Which have outnumbered, has largely depended on ourselves—on our own efforts and exertions. He who has done his duty sees to-night the sunshine of success dispelling the cloud of failures and disappointments which he, in his anxiety, once thought about to burst above him; he leaves these walls conscious of having done his best. He has made his mark. Is there one conscious to-night of having neglected his duty?—let him resolve. Having resolved, let him execute.

These ups and downs which we have here met with, fellow-students, are but a scant sample of the greater reverses which we may expect to encounter in the graver struggle of our later lives.

What does our gathering together to-night mean? It means we are one year nearer the great duties and responsibilities of life, one year nearer the goal of our destiny, whether of honor or of dishonor. We are to say farewell to-night, but it is by no means the farewell which Woolsey expressed when he said, “Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness”; our greatness, should we ever attain it, is all in front of us; nor in these days is it easily attained. Money cannot buy it; *that* may purchase failure, but not success; nor will it be wafted to us on the uncertain wings of luck. Money

is fast approaching when brain shall be king—when intelligence and energy only will be rewarded with success. President Garfield said, "A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck".

We are about to take leave of each other. For nine long months we have labored together, and shared in common joys and common sorrows. We have aided and encouraged one another. A fellow feeling has made us wondrous kind, and although a tie of mutual sympathy has bound us close together, one of our number has disregarded this sympathy, and taken unto himself a wife; he has been a happier if not a better man ever since. Now, I would not advise other students to follow his example, for he could just wait no longer. We are about to leave the halls of our societies, where we have with so much boldness, faced the bust of George Washington, and even amid the warmth of heated discussion, told "the truth, and nothing but the truth." We have, without trepidation, faced the marble forms of Demosthenes and Cicero, and expounded from our lips and exemplified in our utterances, the nature of true eloquence. We are about to leave the walls where so many of us have scribbled our names, and afterwards trembled for the safety of our contingent deposits. We are about to leave the class-room hallowed by the associations with parabolic revolutions, cheered by the hypothetical conditional in the *oratio obliqua*, and sweetened by that great tester of genuine aristocracy, sulphuretted hydrogen. We are about to leave the professors, whom we have loved so long and loved so true. They have listened to us

prepared and when we were unprepared, *and marked us accordingly*. Marks, black and blue, and zeros in profusion, have been given us. Freely we have received them, *freely do we forgive*. We bear no malice. "England, with all thy faults, we love thee still." Our instructors have ever been ready to give us good, wholesome advice, which, if we follow throughout our lives, can but lead to honor and success. We assure them of our profoundest gratitude. Heaven grant them long lives in their careers of usefulness.

We are about to be separated from class-mates and room-mates, the pine wash-stand in the corner, the ancient bedstead, and the bed of shuck and cotton—more shuck than cotton. I remember one night having slept on one of those beds. Shall I ever forget it? At first, in sleepless disquietude, I rolled and tossed, but finally fell asleep. I had a dream. I saw, in all its graphicness, Jacob at Bethel, only I was Jacob—there at Bethel, reclining on the ground, as I thought, with my stony pillow. I saw a ladder stretched upward from the earth, and ascending and descending on that ladder, *what?* Yea, verily, Richmond College boys—angels without wings—Richmond College boys on a ladder in dead of night! What could it mean? As I live, those boys are after the bell-clapper. I awoke, and in my waking hours, instead of the bell, I heard the old horn blow for breakfast time. My dream was true. During the wee small hours of night the bell-clapper had departed. A frost, a killing frost, had nipped its root. In the space of a few short hours its voice had been

Yes, we will leave many things behind hallowed by long and endearing associations; but the pleasures of vacation stretch out before us. With joy you will meet again loved ones, the members of your families, and perhaps some who do not belong to your immediate families, but who may some day. They will be glad to greet you, to welcome you, and receive you with outstretched arms into their fond embrace. You will then seek again your old, accustomed haunts, which you were compelled to give up for a season; you will think again, as you have thought many a time since, of that gently-flowing stream, strewn with lilies and bedecked with ferns and wild roses, where you have often wandered with her, when you told how much you loved her; you will think of the time you last parted there, when she promised she'd be true. What anticipations, what aspirations, even now arise in your breast as your heart pants for that water-brook!

But you will then be at home. Though it may not be 'mid pleasures and palaces, yet the lowliest cottage may lay claim to that sweetest of all appellations, the name of *Home*. Under a mother's tender care, it sheltered you in your infancy, in your childhood hours it protected you, and there it was you first played and frisked, and learned your household rhymes, and lisped your evening prayer. It is thither you will return—a place ever open to receive you, ever dear. As that wanderer Goldsmith said, when far from his native heath, so can each of us say with all our hearts:

Where'er I roam, whatever realm to see,

John Howard Payne, who had seen the splendors of a magnificent world, could cry out with the deep emotion of a yearning heart: "Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again."

But at this hour, our minds cannot but wander to a newly-broken spot in King and Queen, where peacefully sleeps one of our number, whom we had expected would have remained with us till to-night. But he was taken away when we had learned to love and respect him for his kind and modest way, his gentleness of spirit. Perhaps we shall meet him again. We can rejoice with confidence that having passed over the river, he now rests peacefully under the shade of the trees.

When we shall have left this much-honored locality, how different will be the aspect. Everything will put on its loneliest, soberest look. The base-ball field will be quieted, grass will grow even around the home-base, and the decisive yell of the umpire will no longer rend the air; the net of the tennis-player, and the impress of his dainty feet, will be no longer seen. The genial old pump, around which we used to gather after meal times, will miss our company; the old pine, the last of its race, whose lofty "companions have perished and gone," will stand as a sober watcher over the scene of loneliness. And perchance some former student during this season drops in on the scene; he feels creeping over him a sensation that he did not feel when here with his companions; he feels that something is wanting to make the old place what it used to be. He feels somewhat as the

"Like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but him departed."

But we have little time for such remarks as these; for we must part. Remember, those of you who have finished your college course, that, as students, you have but begun—that life itself is one great school, and every man a pupil. Complicated and momentous problems will arise before you; prepare manfully to meet them and master them.

Your college course, then, is not the end of your education. A vast store of knowledge is yet to be opened up before you, and a yet vaster store will remain, whose mysteries will be ever locked to your best endeavors.

Plato said he expected to be a student as long as he was not ashamed to become wiser and better; and the great Newton said at the close of his life, so wonderful in its fruits, "I have but gathered a few pebbles on the shore, while the great ocean of truth spreads out its limitless waters before me." Never be ashamed to learn. Be men, be true men; and may it be said that the world is better because you lived in it.

Fellow-students, after these commencement exercises are concluded, return to your homes, and carry with you a monument of a mother's prayers. To you we bid an affectionate farewell. Kind friends, a happy "Good-Night."

The Secret of Success.

Before presenting to you the glorious confusion of brilliant ideas, deep thought and "curls" which are going to pervade this article, intertwining in their manifold hyperbolical and diabolical ramifications in each beautiful expression which I am going to use, perhaps I had better say a few things by way of introduction, and as a sort of explanation of why I came to write on this subject. If a man (this is merely a supposititious case) should write an article for the medal and prove unsuccessful, it would seem that he had not found out the secret of success. If his article happened to be on the subject on which this article is written, it would seem that he wrote it without finding out the subject on which he was going to write. This, how-

Physics is on Matter, yet no one has found out what matter is. Dismissing, then, the objection above stated, as well as the impression that this is a medal piece, I will pass on to the balance of my introduction. This subject has been quite *extensively* treated in an article by another distinguished writer. I will treat it *intensively*, in order that the two treatments may be compared (to the disadvantage of the former, of course). If a man is going to be successful, he must have plenty of brass. Brass is one of the attributes connoted by the concept successful man. Let us take an example: All will admit that the dude is successful. He is mentioned in the newspapers. He is seen upon the streets, and a glimpse of him is eagerly sought by those who have not be-

sesses a large amount of brass. He has brass cuff-buttons and a brass watch-chain, which he *succeeds* in passing off for gold. He is eminently successful, and especially a biped of brass. If all men were dudes, there would be a demand for brass; it would become dearer than gold; nations could not afford to have cannons, war would be averted, and the streets of the city, instead of flowing with the blood of her sons, would be thronged with the dudes whose voices are like the tinkling of bells (brazen bells,) and whose faces shine like new copper cents! I fain would linger on this glorious picture, but my time will not allow it.

Another essential characteristic of the successful man is laziness. Who ever saw an industrious man who accomplished anything? The student who plods wearily along through his Thucydides or his Tacitus, is not the man to get through, but rather he who mounts his Pegasus and soars into the realm of ineffable nothingness. Let him work who will; for my part, I will lie back in idleness, and let success come and knock at my door. O, laziness, most noble of all qualities, chief source of comfort and enjoy-

ment, may you live to see the time when you will be no longer condemned and spoken of with contempt!

Another quality found in successful men is a propensity for "sponging," dead-beating, &c. The man who will sponge cigarettes, is rarely ever in need of them. Furthermore, they cost him nothing. When a fellow buys his own cigarettes, his pockets are kept drained, and very often he absolutely suffers for a smoke. I smoke about as many cigarettes as any fellow in College, but very rarely buy any. Sometimes I have a little trouble running around trying to find a man who has cigarettes, but I generally find him. Now, what is the use of a man's buying cigarettes when he can sponge them? If every fellow in College would pledge himself not to buy any cigarettes, but to sponge merely, they would save their pockets as well as their health. Other things are obtained cheaper by sponging than by buying; such as paper, ink, stamps, &c. Fools are generally successful where wise men are not. "A fool for luck," &c., is a very old saying. If a man has all these qualities he will be successful. SUMAC.

Conservatism.

Although in almost every respect men have been making progress, and though improvement of mental faculties would seem to promote conservatism, there seems to be a wonderful lack of this virtue, even in this enlightened age.

Some of our most talented and highly-cultured men are extremists. They are

ject. Men rush precipitately to conclusions by weighing only one side of a question. Dogmatism reigns supreme. Some things are made to seem crimes which, if indulged in temperately, would be blessings. The writer of this article lately had his attention called to some extracts of a sermon on "the modern

preacher denounces this popular amusement as an unmitigated evil. He declares that this amusement is ruinous to the physical constitution, on the grounds that it "*strains*" certain organs of the body, thereby rendering them incapable of performing their natural functions. This may be true, if the exercise is carried to an excess; but he seems to forget that proper exercise is not only beneficial, but almost, if not quite, *essential* to every organ and muscle of the human body. And if the same prejudice had prevailed in the mind of the preacher against the gymnasium, could he not have found the same reasons for opposition? I dare say that more people have been injured for life by over-work in the daily pursuits

and business of life than in the skating-rink, and yet who raises his voice in disapproval or censure? Anything may be made injurious through excess; but is excess a necessary consequence of a beginning in any pursuit? If it is a sin to pursue to an extreme any amusement or exercise, which, if indulged in moderately, would be beneficial, is it not equally a sin to neglect or refuse to avail ourselves of that amount which would be beneficial to us? If horse-racing is a sin, should we keep the poor animals forever in their stalls? Such a doctrine would be an absurdity. Moderation is better than prohibition. A man may and *should use without abusing*.

J. V. D.

Address of Hon. W. D. Hill, of Ohio,

Delivered before the Joint Societies, June 16th, 1885.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I suppose my mission here to-night is to talk to young men who are preparing themselves for spheres of usefulness in this world as well as for a higher enjoyment in the world to come. You are students of a College which gives you advantages superior to those enjoyed by your tutors. The noble institution of which you form so important a part, is equipped to meet the advancing demands of a progressive age. I do not hope to advance a single new idea. I know of nothing in religion, in science, philosophy or law which is not contained in the Bible and Shakespeare. If there are other ideas, not therein contained, learned professors and an enlarged and well-selected library

avenue leading to knowledge. All these are of little value to you or to mankind, unless by your own ceaseless energy and untiring industry you learn to utilize them.

A distinguished writer said:

"It is a truism, that free institutions multiply human energies. A chained body cannot do much harm; a chained mind can do as little. In a despotic government, the human faculties are benumbed and paralyzed; in a republic, they glow with an intense life, and burst forth with uncontrollable impetuosity. In the former, they are circumscribed and straightened in their range of action; in the latter, they have 'ample room and verge enough,' and may rise to glory or

norance there cannot be such wrong notions about right as there may be in a community partially enlightened; and false conclusions which have been reasoned out are infinitely worse than blind impulses."

More than two billions of gold dollars and seven hundred millions of silver dollars have been taken from the mountains and valleys of the Pacific States since the close of the Mexican war. All this gold and all this silver, and the untold millions yet to come, lay in the great mountains for ages before it was discovered. Now, why did it lay there so many ages? Human beings trod the forests and saw it there, but they did not know what it was. The Spaniards were there several centuries, and they did not see it. Their eyes were as good as ours; but the eye does not see, unless directed by the brain. A mind that thinks will force the eyes to see something with every thought. He who enters into the infinite realms of science and whose appetite is whetted and made keener by the acquisition, or rather the understanding of every newly-discovered fact or idea, sees more in a day than the sluggard in a thousand years. He has read his Bible and believes in the existence of an all-wise Creator, but science teaches and gives him reason for the faith that is in him. A learned man sees and feels the goodness of God because of his love for him, which education in a great measure has produced. The idolater, the pagan, and the ignorant, see and feel the power of God through the inspiration of fear alone. The one sees, feels, and loves; the other sees not and fears. He feels mysteriously, but has no conception of the great

is to avoid hell. Knowledge is power, but knowledge and religion combined form the greatest of all human power. All the Aristotles and Bacons and Ingersols of a thousand centuries cannot shake human belief in the authenticity of the Bible, the goodness, glory, and power of Jehovah, if the advocates of true religion are properly armed with the science of geology for their defence.

A collegiate education of itself is worse than none, if the possession of it is not guided by benevolent, liberal, and religious motives. He is only thrice armed for mischief. Electricity destroys everything it touches, if not properly governed and directed. The telegraph has connected all the civilized world. Every important event is heralded to every part thereof, faster than the speed of lightning. Armies and navies are commanded by it, and couriers in human shape are no longer necessary. The wonderful changes made in the past century afford certain guaranties for greater progress in the future; but there is a vast difference between the religions of former ages and this age. The ignorance of a former age compelled Galileo to deny a great truth to save his life. The enlightenment of modern times hailed the discovery of Neptune with universal happiness and delight.

The science of geology was first denounced because those who had not studied it supposed it disproved the divine origin of the Bible. The learned student of that science uses his knowledge of it as the great bulwarks of religious truth figuratively spoken of in the Bible. Every principle of mathematics is found in the common-school arithme-

arithmetic, where would be your astronomers who could calculate the eclipses and transits of the planets and make the almanacs? Who would enable the untutored laborer with pick and spade to span the Rocky Mountains with steel rails and dig Hoosaic tunnels?

The Bible contains all the religious truths, but the great divines of the world were never made by reading that alone.

Blackstone contains all the principles of the common-law, but John Marshall, Daniel Webster, Wirt, and Taney, did not become great lawyers by reading Blackstone alone. General principles and aphorisms are laid down in original text-books, but amplification, which gives the true meaning, is arrived at by ceaseless study and by a conflict of minds.

The Jews, through motives of cleanliness and a desire for health, do not eat pork because the swine do not chew the cud. Moses commanded that fish which bore scales only should be eaten, but the probabilities are, Moses never saw a brook-trout in his life. If he had ever tasted one, he would have included those speckled beauties in the list of clean things, because they live only in the purest water.

The ignorant divines of a former time decried the benevolent discoverer of chloroform, and the ignorant laborer of the present age denounced the inventor and manufacturer of agricultural machinery so bitterly and furiously, that the farmers of Iowa had to guard their reapers and mowers by night with a shot-gun. They did not know that the greater the number of labor-saving machines produced, the greater the employment given to labor and the higher the wages of the laborer.

to settle personal disputes by fighting duels; but now in our own country it is generally conceded that he who declines a challenge exhibits a far higher degree of courage than he who sends it. It is far easier to manifest physical courage than moral courage.

There are thousands of men who have courage enough to strip off their coats and pound one another's noses into jelly, but who are too cowardly to let their neighbors know what political or religious ideas they entertain. Human passions, after all, are but the products of nature.

We see an exemplification in the forest, in the field, and on the sea. You have sometimes been in the dense forests of the blue mountains of Virginia. Sometimes the leaves on the trees were still and scarcely a breath of air stirring; again, the fierce winds howl furiously through the gorges, and every tree and shrub seems to tremble with passion and fear. You have been on the smooth, glassy sea when it seemed that Providence had produced a calm for your own pleasure and delight, and again, when the angry billows tossed the frail ship seemingly to destruction. These great changes are but typical of human passions uncontrolled. We have periods of profound peace, and sometimes whole continents are shaken by the measured tread of armed men bathing the earth with each other's blood. We have passed through many changes in our own country. We are a great nation of people now—intelligent, wealthy, and powerful. But the wealth of a nation does not consist alone in its farms, factories, railroad and steamship lines, and palatial houses. The contributions of the human mind to the Sciences, to History, to Ed-

ucation, to Religion, and good government, make the greater wealth and glory of the state. We are perhaps better off now than at any former period in our history. Every day's events and every day's necessities imbue our young men and women with a stronger and bolder spirit of self-reliance.

The English people have done more than their share in spreading civilization throughout the world. British ships have been the heralds of civilization; but England struggled for several hundred years before her dominions were so extended that the sun never sets upon them. I have never envied them for foreclosing a mortgage on Egypt or discovering the source of the Nile.

In one of Carlyle's essays I find the following concerning England at a certain period of her history :

"How much is still alive in England; how much has not yet come into life! A Feudal Aristocracy is still alive, in the prime of life, superintending the cultivation of the land, and less consciously the distribution of the produce of the land; judging, soldiering, adjusting; everywhere governing the people—so that even a Gurth born thrall of Cedric lacks not his due parings of the pigs he tends. Governing—and, alas, also game preserving, so that a Robert Hood, a William Scarlet, and others have, in these days, put on Lincoln coats and taken to living, in some universal-suffrage manner, under the greenwood tree!

"How silent, on the other hand, lie all cotton trades and such like; not a steeple-chimney yet got on end from sea to sea! North of the Humber, a stern Wilhelms Conquestor burnt the country, finding it unruddy into very stern repose,

Wild fowl scream in those ancient silences; wild cattle roam in those ancient solitudes; the scanty, sulky Norse-bred population all coerced into silence—feeling that, under these new Norman Governors, their history has probably as good as ended. Men and Northumbrian Norse populations know little what has ended, what is but beginning! The Ribble and the Aire roll down, as yet unpoluted by dyers' chemistry, tenanted by merry trouts and piscatory otters; the sun-beam and the vacant wind's blasts alone traversing those moors. Side by side sleep the coal-strata and the iron-strata for so many ages; no Steam Demon has yet risen, smoking, into being. Saint Mungo rules in Glasgow; James Watt still slumbering in the deep of Time. Manchester spins no cotton—if it be not wool 'cottons,' clipped from the backs of mountain sheep. The Creek of the Mersey gurgles, twice in the four-and-twenty hours, with eddying brine, clangorous with sea-fowl; and is a *Lither*-pool, a *lazy* or sullen pool, no monstrous pitchy city, and sea-haven of the world! The centuries are big; and the birth-hour is coming, not yet come."

This picture which Carlyle once drew of England is partly true of Virginia today. The mountains are full of coal and iron; the unsurpassed climate of Virginia puts so much iron in the human body, so much ambition, and so much vigor, that had Harvey and Hunter lived on top of the Blue Ridge they could have discovered the circulation of the blood without the process of dissection. They could have seen it circulate.

Virginia was once the most powerful of all the States. She cannot regain her

former position until, by the patriotism, pride, and energy of her own sons, the iron and coal, and the water-power, are made to do their work of redemption. Do not depend on northern capital and energy alone. They have many interests elsewhere, and are more liable to follow lines of latitude than longitude when they emigrate. Invite the German here. Let me tell you a word about him which I have seen and not read: When I went to Ohio forty years ago I was a very small boy, but I remember it. That State now has a population of three and one half million people—more men and more wealth than your own great Washington had to draw from in the war for independence. Years ago I have traveled for many miles through an unbroken and almost impenetrable forest in Ohio, where an axe had never been laid. Large oaks, elms, walnut, ash, and hickory trees were knit together as it were by a thick growth of underbrush. The water stood on the level ground for many weeks in the year for want of an outlet; wild game abounded; and the only music was furnished by the birds and frogs. My only companion was the mosquito. I did not believe the country could ever be reclaimed; but the German emigrant came there, he left the Fatherland, bade adieu to colleges, schools, and churches—to the first of which he did not have access for the want of means. He preferred to be a citizen rather than a subject; he preferred peace in the wild woods to war in his native land. He bought the land for five and ten dollars per acre, built a log cabin to shelter his family, and with a spade cut small ditches around his little fields to keep the water from drowning

the best of them made into staves, hoops, wagons, buggies, railroad cars, and put to other useful purposes. All the timber not fit for market was burned on the ground during the dry season in the fall of the year. The ashes were carefully preserved by the wife and children, put into huge hoppers, and then hundreds of gallons of lye were converted into pot-ash; then came the pearls which went to Rochester, New York, where the Snow-Flake and other brands of baking-powder were produced. The largest pearl-ash factory in this country is in my district in Ohio, and the people every day, in all your large cities, eat the ashes which these German women and children scraped up off the black ground in the black swamps of northwestern Ohio.

The timber and the ashes have thrice paid for the land. That country is full of these Germans. The log-cabin has disappeared already, or has been turned into a pig-sty. First came a great barn, capable of storing vast quantities of grain and hay; then a large, commodious brick house, with shrubbery and flowers, and other evidences of culture and refinement. They are already rich and independent, and made so by the labor of their own hands. The sons and daughters are Americanized, and but for their peculiar names you would not know their nationality. The granddaughter, with American blood in her veins, arrayed in a silk dress, with beautiful blue eyes, and a sweeter voice, at the piano entertains the old grandmother of forty years ago, who waded in the mud to help her husband pay for their home. It was their first home, and no people on the earth so

With them, truly "there is no place like home."

They have redeemed their country, and every year make the earth groan with bountiful harvests and the gardens bloom with beautiful flowers. Some of them have turned politicians, and like to have the local offices for the salary, rather than an ambition to govern for the country's good. They have learned that from their American brother since the late war. Eighty acres is a good-sized farm there, and a hundred and sixty is a very large one.

Cut up your big plantations of the olden time. There are no slaves now and never will be again, unless we are all slaves. Let Virginia brain give sight to Virginia eyes to see the wants and necessities of this great Commonwealth. Revere and respect the past; but live and strive in the present and hope for the future. Depend, if need be, upon your own unaided efforts. Imitate the perseverance of the German peasant in his pioneer home, and the result will be even a greater reward. Nearly all the great men of this Commonwealth in its earliest days, had an humble origin. They were men of self-culture; nature was their greatest book. There were neither libraries nor colleges. They struggled here for fame and fortune almost as perseveringly as the German in Ohio for his home.

In the *ante-bellum* days of Virginia, too much attention was paid to politics and too little to the farm and workshop by her ablest men. This was all to be expected. It was the inevitable result of the social system then prevailing. Virginia was entitled to the appellation,

"dents." She controlled the administration of the Government practically down to 1860. But it will require a new policy to do it now, because relative conditions have changed. There must be more inventors, manufacturers, artists, tradesmen; more farms and better farmers. The young men of the South are too liable to become enamored of the popular professions. If there are more lawyers than clients, more doctors than patients, more preachers than congregations, the lawyer, doctor, and preacher suffers for want of support. The young man who leaves college aided by his knowledge of chemistry, makes a good farmer, contributes to the wealth of the State, and insures his own independence. He becomes by his labor and by right a genuine aristocrat in the highest and truest sense of the word. He is more liable to be learned in statesmanship and more sure of political promotion if he desires it. The greatest inventors and the greater number of them were students of science and mechanics. They discover valuable things by feeling and seeing the necessity of them during the hours of their daily toil. Men will think, no matter what their avocation may be, and they are liable to think of improving the business in which they are engaged. Lawyers, doctors, and ministers excel in their professions, but they have not time to think of anything outside of their professions, and they should not take the time if they had it—their contributions to the welfare of mankind are manifold and benevolent. A German physician once aided the legal profession in that country in solving the mystery of a great crime by his knowledge of chemistry.

a large box of silver, and after taking the contents from the box, filled it with sand and sent it on to its destination. There was no clue to the thief until this physician, who was a good chemist, got a parcel of sand from each station along the line of the railroad. A chemical analysis showed the exact spot where the box was filled with the sand, and by that means the thief was detected and convicted and Justice was not cheated.

General Butler, when a very young attorney, was aided by a millwright in defeating a much greater lawyer than himself, who had no knowledge of mechanics. We sometimes learn valuable lessons from little children. The great crucial test through which Virginia has passed during the last twenty years is a great history in itself. It is a history of misfortune, hardship, mental suffering, physical want, giving those who have passed through it a greater knowledge of these things than could be obtained by reading all the histories of civilized nations, because these lessons can never be forgotten. By it you learn to administer to each other's wants and solve problems and social and political science, which nothing but stern necessity could have aided them in doing. But men can achieve great results without being driven to it.

In 1865, soon after the close of the war, I returned to Virginia to visit old acquaintances and friends. I had not been here since 1856. It was the saddest visit I ever made, or ever expect to make again. There were no banks, no money; in many family households, no bread. All was chaos and confusion. I beheld the faces of talented young men and

faces were no smiles, but that look of sadness and despair which betold the agonies of the noble heart within. I wondered if this was the land which the eloquence of Henry, the pen of Jefferson and Madison, and the sword of Washington had made free! But there was hope, eternal hope. The people were overpowered, crushed; but they had faith in a common heritage, in a common destiny, and kindred blood. Since the event at Appomattox, the South had a brave spirit and an eloquent tongue in every county in the North for her redemption from the depredations of the adventurer and the despoiler. I look around me now and see the old-time spirit of manly independence, noble ambitions, lofty aspirations, and womanly virtue everywhere respected. The people have gone to work. The day is dawning and the light is beaming with benignant rays over the great hills and beautiful valleys. The Union is quite restored. The people are represented at home and abroad by those who love their respective localities and the whole country—not alone for the emoluments of place, but for the glory and honor of all the States. Party politics is less bitter and a better feeling prevails. I love Virginia and all her people. I love her because she is the grand old "Mother State." I love her for her Henrys, her Patrick Henry and her Henry Clay. I love her for her Randolphs, her Wythes, her Cabells, her Tazewells. I love her for her John Marshalls, her Stuarts, her Pages, and her Lees. I am proud of her and love her, because she gave to mankind the author of the great declaration of liberty. I love her because she gave to the New

constitution which, if adhered to, is a sure guarantee of good government for countless ages to come. I love her, and revere and honor her, because she contains by birthright, the sacred dust of Washington. I love her because she is my native State. Oh! Virginia, Vir-

ginia! grasp with the hands of thine own sons that ancient sceptre which made thee respected, revered, and honored throughout the world. Let thy youthful sons and daughters but follow the example of a noble ancestry, and behold thy Redeemer cometh.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The time for college commencements and other closing exercises is now upon us. For a month past the mail has been filled with innumerable invitations requesting the pleasure of some one's company at some place. Now the student reclines under a tree by day and escorts a fair damsel by night to various entertainments, such as class-celebrations, balls, &c. His work is over, and he is enjoying that *otium cum dig.* which is the right of every good student during vacation. Now the summer months come, bringing their pleasant recreations and enjoyments to the poor fellow who has tortured himself with the Greek verb and cos A. At last he is free, and an alluring prospect of home stretches out before him. We met several of our boys recently, carpet-bag in hand and duster on arm, making for a train. Verily our arm is sore with hand-shaking, and yet these college friendships are very real, and parting from friends of nine months is a much harder task than it is imagined to be. There are no such friends as college friends. We have met students of by-gone years in distant parts—students that we hardly knew at col-

dearest friends we possessed. Truly, parting is not "such sweet sorrow," when friends tried and trusted part at the close of a session—perhaps never to meet again.

The lethargic condition of Virginia since the war, has been a subject for comment not exactly kind and not always unembittered by sectional prejudice. Stretching from mountain to seaboard, her hills crowned with virgin forests and her valleys waving with corn and wheat; noble rivers stretching athwart her plains or descending as laughing streams from her mountains; she has a wealth of resources not surpassed by any other State on the Atlantic slope. Gold and iron, coal and limestone, granite and salt, are her minerals; while her varied climate produces woods of almost every kind. Yet we Virginians have the continual reproach of almost criminal laziness; our mineral wealth is undeveloped; our mountains still retain that splendid covering of forest when there should be corn and wheat instead of oak and chestnut. Why are these things so? Why can the thrifty Pennsylvanian call us poor and

Some say it was the war that left Virginia prostrated, and so perhaps it was; but cannot time cure all evils? Are not twenty years enough time to mourn over what we were and weep over the past? The past is by and gone; the present and the future remain. Let us arise—the time is come for Virginians to

“Strike for their altars and their fires”; and to strike deep, with the plowshare and the shovel. If Virginia and the young Virginians do not develop the country, outside capital will; and what Virginian wants to see his State under control of an outside element? We repeat it, Arise! men of Virginia; all is before, and nothing but the dead past is behind.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have long entertained the opinion that the new school of American fiction is destined to perish as quickly as it has arisen. The infinitesimal detail worked into some of the modern novels is, to the reader, exceeding tiresome. A man hardly ever reads a novel with an eye to the little matters of dress-trimmings, etc., which are so minutely and exactly described in at least a dozen novels of established present reputation. The story “The Rise of Silas Hapham,” now running in the *Century*, is a fair example of this style, which is like some of the architecture of the later renaissance, so much ornamented and so much attention given to its detail that the general effect is entirely forgotten. Does anybody want to read several hundred pages about a house “on the water-side of Beacon street,” or wade through several chapters of false sentiment told with

ally exhibited in the verdict of a coroner’s jury? One single page of *David Copperfield* or *Our Mutual Friend* possesses more real human interest than a whole novel of this lackadaisical and over-realistic modern school. Too much realism is as bad as too little. The old Dutch painters sometimes for realism painted a bunch of flowers eaten by worms. They were very true to nature, and very wonderful as monuments of patience, but entirely valueless from an artistic point of view. So with the novels of Mr. Howells and Mr. James—they are disgustingly true to a false nature.

The war papers in the *Century* are attracting quite a good deal of notice in certain quarters, and are said to be of very great historical value. If they are all as “inaccurate” as McClellan’s attempt to prove that when he threw away about \$2,000,000 worth of Union property getting away from Stonewall Jackson he was merely following his original plan, we rather seriously question their historical value.

Every American student who has had to wrestle with the intricacies of an English text-book, particularly if it be on a scientific subject, will readily concur with us in the belief that the English writer of text-books generally forgets that a student does not know as much as he does. The delightful simplicity of the French authors shows very well by contrast with such volumes as Todhunter’s mathematical works. The American authors understand the needs of a student far better than the English, and rarely con-

mysterious language, apparently meaningless.

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The series of novels written by "Charles Egbert Craddock" have been mystifying the literary world for some time past. They are in a splendid, bold, straightforward style, abounding in incidents of American life and written with a truly masculine vigor and force. The surprise of the *litterateurs* may be imagined when it was announced that Craddock was a delicate young lady—Miss Murfree, of Tennessee.

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The recent death of M. Victor Hugo is a great loss to contemporary French literature. Hugo was the founder of a new school, and a most prolific writer. Truly, he was to French literature what Wagner was to music—a creator of something new and real. The French nation might well do him honor, for he rescued their literature from that peculiar trashiness and evanescent character so long its main characteristic. He reminds one of Voltaire, Rousseau, Saint Pierre, and many another giant of the old French times, when France was the abode of *belles-lettres*.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Several comets are expected to return to perihelion this year. Encke's comet has already returned—passing its perihelion on March 7th. The comet of 1815, commonly known as Olber's-Tempel's comet, is also daily expected, and is already overdue, as it should have appeared in April. Tuttle's comet, with a period of $13\frac{1}{2}$ years, is also expected, and Tempel's second comet, with a period of

winter. If we are not disappointed by our celestial friends, we will have rather a fine cometic display in approaching summer and fall.

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The electric-light tests now going on at the Electrical Exposition-buildings in Philadelphia, seem to demonstrate very decided superiority of the Edison light. Twenty-one of them have been burning there for forty-five days and only one has been lost. The next best is the United States Company's light. They have lost in the same time seventeen lamps out of twenty-four.

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The total length of sub-marine cable, according to the *Electrician*, is about 68,000 miles. Each cable contains an average of forty strands of wire, so that altogether there are over 2,500,000 miles of wire used in their construction, or about ten times the distance from the earth to the moon.

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According to the theory of T. Siemens, flame is the result of an infinite number of exceedingly minute electrical flashes, which are caused by the swift motion of gaseous particles.

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M. Jablochhoff announces another battery of great scientific interest. A small rod of sodium, weighing about eight grammes, is squeezed into contact with an amalgamated copper wire and flattened. It is wrapped in tissue paper and then clamped with three wooden pegs against a plate of very porous carbon. This completes the element. The moisture of the air settles on the oxidized surface of the sodium. It works

F. is 2.5 volts, but the resistance is as great as 25 ohms.

M. Trouvelot, of the Observatory of Mendon, after observing the shadows thrown by the faculæ on the penumbrae of sun spots, suggests that the brilliant light emitted by the faculæ, and perhaps the entire light of the sun, is generated at its surface, the presence of the coronal atmosphere being, perhaps, necessary for its production.

Mr. Maxwell Hall gives the following remarkable sequence of color in the planets from the earth outward: *Mars*, red-

dish; *Jupiter*, a delicate orange; *Saturn*, greenish-yellow; *Uranus*, light green; and *Neptune*, slightly blue; thus following the order of the spectrum.

The ash of plants is invariably found to consist of the following substances: Potash, soda, lime, magnesia, oxide of iron, oxide of manganese (sometimes), silica, chlorine, sulphuric and phosphoric acids.

The result of the latest investigations of Professor William A. Rodgers gives the length of the meter as 39.37027 inches.

LOCALS.

THE JOLLIFICATION.

On the evening of Friday, June 12th, before the time for opening the door, a crowd had gathered around the chapel, all eager to get good seats, in order to be able the more to enjoy the jollification. At 7:30 the door was opened, and in a short time the hall was comfortably filled.

At 8:15 the College orchestra, consisting of eight pieces, opened the performance of the evening by playing a piece entitled "Midsummer Night's Ice Cream." It might be appropriate just here to say, that these gentlemen play delightfully; and we do not think we would be presuming too much were we to say that this assertion is echoed by many of Richmond's fair daughters. To many they were not altogether strangers, for oft in the stilly night has a little company been seen to move out from the shadow of our

acterizes a midnight in Richmond is coaxed into—perhaps not strictly scientific, but—dreamy and soul-stirring music.

The audience was then presented with Burnt-Cork Scintillations by Ox-Ribs, Pete Goodyear, Billy Anderson, General Hack, Pickled Possum Pelts, Connie Myers, Tom Ferrell, and Orren L. Stearnes. This performance was considered by many the most taking one of the evening. Solos were sung by Myers, Stearnes, Goodyear, and Harris. The whole troupe were blacked and dressed in an artistic manner, adding much to the witty "gags" thrown in between each song. This part of the programme was concluded with a farce, entitled "Innocents at College"; in which the above gentlemen, personating the faculty, proceeded to matriculate three green rats in

A drama—A Race for a Widow—was then put upon the stage by Messrs. Tanner, Barney, Suddith, Dickinson, Wilbur, Roy, Woolfolk, Pollard, and Anderson. Messrs. Tanner and Barney, each acting the part of a jealous lover, acquitted themselves handsomely. Mr. Suddith played the part of a jealous old gray-beard in a *forcible* manner; while Messrs. Pollard and Woolfolk personated ladies so admirably, that many of the audience supposed them to be veritable *daughters* of Eve. We fear many of the fair audience envied their beautiful complexion; this, however, we might not be far wrong in conjecturing to be the result of Willie Scott's artistic touch.

Mr. Myers, personating a decrepit colored individual of the olden times, then sang a solo, which was so well received that he was compelled to repeat it. This gentleman not only sustained, but added to, the reputation which he won for himself by his wit in Burnt-Cork Scintillations.

An "Oratio de Oratione" was then delivered by Prof. Guillillywillillemus (*alias* J. B. Lemon). This oration abounded in humerous sayings and happy hits.

Our gifted musician, Mr. D. H. Marrow, then performed at the same time upon the violin and mouth-harp. This gentleman has that natural musical talent which gives a charm to all of his music.

Mr. J. H. Percy, "Poet Laureate" of 1885, dressed in an artistic style and armed with a "poetic pen" which rivaled himself in size, then favored the audience with one of his characteristic poems.

by Messrs. Tanner, Woolfolk, Hall, Conover, Pritchard, and Hume. Mr. Tanner's personation of Widow Bedott was remarkably good. The excellency of his acting was remarked upon by several who had seen the play rendered by professionals. This gentleman evinced by his acting in both plays a high degree of dramatic talent. We understand that he expects to "go on the stage." We predict for him a position of no mean rank among actors. Mr. Woolfolk's personation of Timothy Crane was very good. Thus ended, judging from the mirth of the audience, an enjoyable evening. This Jollification equalled if not surpassed any previous one, reflecting credit upon the chief executive officer, Mr. E. B. Pollard, who, at the expense of much valuable time, labored so earnestly to make it a success; and upon all who took part in it. The gentlemen all acquitted themselves creditably, but space would allow us to mention specially only those who played the more important parts.

The disagreeable crowd which heretofore has characterized previous Jollifications, was avoided by issuing tickets and the efficient manner in which Chief-Marshal Wilson and his deputies discharged their duties.

SOCIETY CELEBRATIONS.

On Monday night, June 15th, the joint final celebrations of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Literary Societies was held in the chapel. A large audience, containing a liberal sprinkling of Richmond's fairest daughters, was present, and by their frequent and hearty applause, encouraged the young gentlemen

After prayer by Rev. J. C. Long, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Paty, of Tennessee, delivered the salutatory. This gentleman is a Philologist, and his remarks, while rather out of the line of the usual salutatory, were very appropriate and a fit beginning to an evening of such good speaking as followed. The orator of the Mu Sigma Rho Society was Mr. Jacob O. Alderman, of North Carolina. This gentleman made a graceful and brilliant address, taking as his subject, "The Man of To-day." Rarely have we heard an oration so filled with wisdom, wit and sarcasm, and in such beautiful language as Mr. Alderman's. He rapidly reviewed the evolutionist, politician, dude, etc., and finished by a glowing tribute to the greatest man—that is, woman. Mr. Alderman received a perfect ovation at the close of his speech. The next speaker was Mr. George Washington Quick, of Loudoun county, Va., the orator of the Philologist Society. Mr. Quick chose as his subject "True Greatness," and discussed it in all its aspects. His oration was of a very solid character, and savored not a little of metaphysics and kindred subjects. At the close of his oration he received some very handsome floral offerings. Mr. E. B. Pollard, of the Mu Sigma Rho, delivered in a handsome manner the valedictory. It is a very difficult matter to say good-bye well, but Mr. Pollard succeeded in clothing that sentiment in exquisite terms, and dismissed the large audience in as pleasant way as it had been entertained. It is hard to say which of the gentlemen acquitted himself best, as all the orations, etc., were excellent and much enjoyed by the audience. After the exercises in the chapel

were over, the library was thrown open, and a number of the audience went in and inspected it.

The music on this occasion, and on all the other nights of the final week, was by Voelker's Band, of Richmond.

On Tuesday night, June 16th, the joint final celebrations of the societies were continued. Rev. H. A. Tupper opened the exercises by prayer, after which Rev. I. B. Lake, of Virginia, the president of the celebration, introduced the orator of the evening, Hon. W. D. Hill, of Ohio. His oration was marked by strong and vigorous language, as he urged in glowing terms the Virginians to arise and shake off the lethargy brought on by the war. He spoke of the thrifty condition of the German element of the population of Ohio, who were emigrants of the poorest sort—barefooted and ragged—but three generations ago, and now are the richest citizens of the State—a monumental fact, almost, continually showing what industry and perseverance can accomplish. In his references to Virginia and her people, the orator became more eloquent, and always his language showed that he held in highest reverence his mother State—Old Virginia.

After the close of the oration, Mr. Clay, of Richmond, presented the society medals. The Mu Sigma Rho medals were: For best debater, Mr. J. O. Alderman, of North Carolina; for improvement, Mr. Joel F. Savell, of Florida.

In the Philologist Society the medalists were: Best debater, Mr. I. B. Lemon, of Virginia; improvement, Mr. F. B. Reynolds, of Virginia. The joint writers' medal, which is awarded annu-

ally to the student who contributes the best article to the *Messenger*, was given to Mr. George Washington Quick, of Loudoun county, Va.

The exercises of the evening were closed by remarks by Rev. I. B. Lake, after which the younger portion of the audience adjourned to the library hall to promenade.

The evening exercises passed off very smoothly, and were much enjoyed by all present.

COMMENCEMENT.

The closing exercises of the College took place Thursday evening, June 18th. A very large crowd was present, completely filling the chapel with smiling and happy faces of the friends and relatives of the students. After prayer by Rev. J. W. McCown, D. D., of Gordonsville, Prof. Puryear announced the distinctions and promotions in the junior classes. This being finished, Col. John B. Cary delivered, in a very happy manner, the "Woods" medal to Mr. H. W. Jones, of Washington county, Va. This medal is awarded annually as a prize to the best declaimer, and this session was contested for by eight students. Mr. Jones was the recipient of several handsome floral offerings, and bore his laurels in a very modest and dignified manner. After some music by the orchestra, the certificates of promotion in intermediate classes and certificates of proficiency were delivered. These certificates are made out on parchment, and are given in the schools of Latin, English, Greek, and Mathematics. The proficiencies are given in French, German, Junior Physics, and

succeeded by that of school diplomas, of which there was an unusually large number, many being in Mathematics and Philosophy—the most advanced classes at the institution. When the diplomas had all been delivered, Rev. T. G. Jones, of Norfolk, Va., presented the "Tanner" and "Gwin" medals. The "Tanner" medal is given to the student who graduates with the greatest distinction in the school of Greek, and was awarded to Mr. Alfred Bagby, Jr., of King and Queen county, Va. The "Gwin" medal is given, in the same manner, to the most distinguished graduate in the school of Philosophy. It was awarded to Mr. A. McIver Bostick, of Hampton county, South Carolina. Dr. Jones made a very fine presentation address to the two gentlemen who were so highly honored, before they retired to receive the congratulations of their friends. Next on the programme was the delivery of diplomas to Bachelors of Arts and Masters of Arts. Of the former, there were seven, six of whom were Virginians; of the latter, only one, Mr. W. Fred. Gunter, of Accomac county, Va. To this young gentleman Prof. Puryear made the usual speech, which was full of the fine language and thought that always characterize his addresses. Immediately after the announcement that the exercises of the evening were at a close, Col. Thomas J. Evans arose, and in a speech full of wit and humor, presented Prof. Puryear with a gold-headed cane. This cane, which was of very fine design and workmanship, was subscribed by the students as a testimonial of their high regard for the almost fatherly kindness and the general good qualities of their honored Professor.

"Prof. B. Puryear.
From
His Students.
June 18th, 1885."

The presentation of this cane was a complete surprise to the Professor, and in accepting it he showed that he appreciated highly the friendship and confidence of the students of '84 and '85.

The exercises were concluded by music, and many present went over to the library and promenaded in the spacious hall until a late hour. Slowly the lights were extinguished, the people dispersed, and the session of 1884-'85 was ended.

The other day, while diplomas, etc., were being prepared, Dr. H. and Prof. B. and three students were busily writing in a room on the first floor. Prof. C. suddenly entered: "Look here, H.," said he, "how do you spell John?" "Why, J-h-o-n," said Dr. H., winking at the three students. "Well, I declare," said Prof. C., "if I didn't go and spell it J-o-h-n! and I've got a son named John, too! I'll go and change it at once." He went—and the three students and two professors smiled softly and continued their work.

While the late jollification was being planned, it was suggested that the fol-

lowing sign be placed in a conspicuous position in the hall:

Notice!!

No person will be allowed
To laugh until the proper time
Is announced by the
President.

Mr. E., who was present, upon hearing this suggestion, said: "I don't think that would be right. Let 'em laugh when they want to. We don't want to keep 'em from laughing!"

At a meeting of the students, held Thursday evening, June 18th, 1885, the following plan to assist the *Messenger* fund was adopted:

That there be presented to the student who secures the largest number of subscriptions to the *Messenger* (at \$1.25 per annum each), A HANDSOME SILVER WATCH, costing not less than \$12.50.

The returns to be made *in cash* by 3 o'clock October 5th, 1885. Students who will attend college next session cannot be offered as subscribers.

For every three subscriptions one subscription will be given free (exclusive of those who obtain the watch).

If sample copies of the *Messenger* are desired, they can be obtained of

W. A. BORUM, Bus. Man.,
No. 126 York street, Norfolk, Va.

"What does the minister say of our new burying-ground?" asked Mrs. Hines of her neighbor. "He don't like it at all; he says he will never be buried there as long as he lives." "Well," says Mrs. Hines, "if the Lord spares my life, I

It can no longer be said that Chinamen will not assimilate with our race. One was sued recently for not paying his tailor bill, and still another sold his queue for a ticket to the skating-rink. Rats!

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand, as in what

EXCHANGES.

The May number of the *Star-Crescent* contains several ably-written articles. The piece entitled "Man the Founder of His Own Destiny," deserves special notice, and should be read by every young man. We often meet with persons who believe in what they call the "foreordination of God"; or, to express it more forcibly, that what is to be will be if it never comes to pass.

The *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* is a very readable paper. It opens with a piece entitled "Woman in Politics"; in which the writer, with unflinching nerve, cuts asunder every claim of woman to the political arena. He would not ostracise the virtue of woman by pulling her down from that pure realm where she has so long and gloriously reigned, and bury her forever in the filthy mire of political corruption; but he would have her keep her garments ever pure from political gore. In accents clear, he tells her that this principle is subversive of the true tenets of morality; hence is detrimental to society, civilization, and Christianity. 2d. It transcends the sphere of woman diagrammed by the hand of God. 3d. Woman should remain in her sphere, because there her influence is greatest, and there she rules the world; but on the outside her influence is unfelt, because there she is divested of all that is influential. 4th. Just in proportion as the virtues of woman are preserved pure, does civilization and prosperity advance and strengthen. 5th. Its tendency is to make men irresolute and dependent.

6th. It would inevitably effect the dis-severance of family ties. To this, we say Amen.

The *Wabash* comes again with her inexhaustible budget of news, and no sooner does she reach our editorial sanctum than she begins to relate things both old and new. She tells us that G. Dub has the toothache, and the squeak of nestling robbins is heard from the boughs of the campus trees. But a more wonderful thing than this she tells, and a thing no less pleasant to hear: That in the front of the campus several broods of healthy young chickens are rapidly developing toward their majority, and fearing that we may not be able to appreciate the utility of these bipeds, she further adds "that few things are more toothsome than a plump spring chicken roasted over the coals of a smouldering stump or chunk by moonlight." Why they are more toothsome by moonlight remains to be solved, but perhaps you can guess.

The May number of the *Indiana Student* contains a very lengthy article by David S. Jordan on the value of a college education. The writer handles his subject in a masterly manner, and treats of it in a way that is peculiarly interesting and instructive. We agree with him in saying that the ideal college professor should be the best man in the community. He should have about him nothing mean or paltry or cheap. He should be to the student as David Copperfield's Agnes, "always pointing the way un-

indeed very humane. They are "only boys grown tall," and they still retain many of their boyish ways. They too often allow their preferences to govern their better judgment. Favoritism is well known to many of them, and if a student will lick their boots, worship them as a god, and grin at everything he says, whether it be smart or not, he need not trouble himself with burning the midnight lamp."

With head uncovered we make our most polite bow in acknowledgment of the *Wesleyan Female Institute* papers. It comes to us richly freighted with choice food for the mind. Its editorial department is well gotten up, and we were especially impressed with the reading of that portion headed, "I like for People to Say what They Think." It would be well for many to read it and get thoroughly imbued with its sentiments.

Another short article on "Home." We enjoyed reading this because it reminded us that we, too, had a home, and our imagination soon went in hasty flights back to its accustomed sceneries. It is hard to disconnect ourselves from the many ties that bind us to home, and go to form new acquaintances; but this is a trying ordeal through which we must pass; and while reading we could but think how specially important were these short ordeals to the school-girl. All girls expect at some time to leave her parental home and pass from the influence and wise counsel of mother to another home with new duties and new responsibilities. So this short separation becomes especially important to the school-girl in preparing her for the final separation hereafter. And, girls, this last separation you may regret.

SELECTIONS.

Professor (annoyed by the talking of a student on beginning his lecture): "Every time I open my mouth such a stupid fool begins to talk."—*Ex.*

"A little learning is a dangerous thing." One of our well-versed Sophs., on being asked if he had read *Romeo and Juliet*, replied with an air of assurance that he had read *Romeo*, but had not finished *Juliet* yet.

In selecting the speakers for Commencement, the societies should be very careful in their choice, remembering that the election to address them gives any

When a few years ago Cleveland was elected by the F. L. Society, he was comparatively unknown. Immediately afterwards he arose in public favor. Blaine, who only missed the Presidency by one (*i. e.*, Cleveland), owes his notoriety in a great measure to Wash. Hall. We hope that Society will learn a lesson from this, and having seen how nearly they came to doing a great evil to the country, be more particular in future.—*Ex.*

Romantic youth, having serenaded, lingereth somewhat on the fond but delusive hope of "cake." Unromantic, but mis-

ation, whispers low, "Say, pa, couldn't you shut off the gas some way down in the cellar?—it would be *such* a joke." R. y. catches the soft but winged words, and straightway hies him thenceward.—*Ex.*

A Boston girl is going to marry Prof. Edmunds, one of the men who devised zone standard time. The marriage may be a happy one if some fiendish paragraphist doesn't rush in with the remark that the Professor is anxious to call her his zone.—*Norristown Herald.*

Ardent lover: "I have called, sir, to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter." Old gent (somewhat deaf): "Pay for her dresses. Why certainly, my dear sir. Here are the bills." He gave one glance at them and fled.—*Ex.*

A recipe for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on the stove and stir constantly." Just as if any one could sit on a stove without stirring constantly; but we can't understand how it would benefit the pie.—*Ex.*

"When was Rome built?" asked Miss Bryant of Miss Spencer. "In the night!" promptly replied Bessie. "In the night!" exclaimed Miss Bryant. "How do you make that out?" "Why, I thought everybody knew that Rome was not built in a day!"

Doctor (to patient): "You must, first of all, remove the cause of this nervousness, and then the complaint will disappear." Patient: "It's no go; I should have to kill my wife, then!"—*Ex.*

"Men who perform much brain work become toothless and hairless sooner than

should go to renew the hair and teeth are consumed by the brain."—*Ex.* It is hardly necessary to state that the Seniors have good teeth and fine hair.

A Sunday-school teacher asked a little girl of her class if she had been baptized. "Yes," said the little girl, "two times." "Two times! Why, how could that be?" exclaimed the teacher. "It didn't take the first time," said the little girl.

A German expressman couldn't deliver a box in Brooklyn, the other day. Ringing the bell, he said to Bridget: "I haf got one schmall pox, and if you like I will bring him in." The way that door slammed was a caution.—*Ex.*

U. of C. student to barber: "How much will you charge to cut my hair?" Barber: "Twenty-five cents." Student: "Well, cut off about ten cents' worth."—*Ex.*

An old Alabama negro was heard to soliloquize: "De sun am so hot, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, dat dis darkey feels called upon to preach."

If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowelge always pays the best interest.—*Ex.*

"Don't you think, Miss, my mustache becoming?" To which she replied, "Well, sir, it may be coming, but it's not yet arrived."—*Princetonian.*

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.—*Ex.*

The new elevator at Vassar is not much used, as the girls prefer to slide