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# Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XI.

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NO. 1.

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## A Query.

Tell me, gentle river,  
Flowing silently  
'Neath the flowers that quiver  
O'er thee lovingly;  
Solve the riddle I would ask,  
Solve it truly—hard the task—  
Tell me—doth true love contain  
More of pleasure or of pain?

And the river flowing slowly—  
Flowing slowly to the sea—  
Spoke to me in accents holy,  
Accents heard alone by me.  
Spoke—its mighty current sweeping,  
Spoke—as one might speak half-sleeping,  
“Askest me doth love contain  
More of pleasure or of pain?”

“Sweet it is to kiss the roses  
As I pass beneath them now;  
Sweet it is when one reposes  
Her soft cheek upon my brow;

Sweet when one starts back half blushing  
At my sudden amorous rushing;  
Sweet—and yet does love contain  
More of pleasure or of pain?”

“Soon my heart will be wild-raging,  
Dashing on the rocks below;  
Not a flower my pain assuaging—  
Torn away by fate I flow:  
Far away I mourn—ah, well!  
Sweet was once I cannot tell—  
Ask me not doth love contain  
More of pleasure or of pain.”

Then I thought—the river truly  
Spoke unto my troubled heart:  
Love and pain are mixed unduly—  
Meet we only but to part?  
When the night is o'er, the morrow  
Turns sweet memories to sorrow.  
I know not if love contain  
More of pleasure or of pain.

R. W. G.

Every boy should know his own capacity. He should study his real self, and discover those tendencies of his character

and disposition which are capable of the highest cultivation, and which promise to bear fruit of the most practical utility.—*Ex.*



### True Greatness.

[Final Oration, delivered June 15, 1885, at the joint final celebration of the two Literary Societies of Richmond College, by the orator of the Philologist Society, GEO. W. QUICK, of Loudoun, Va.]

The historic *past* and living *present* concur in the proclamation, that the world has ever been electrified with an ambition to become great. The Coliseum, the scene of blood, once grand in her structure, now majestic in her ruins, tells us not in audible accents, but in characters too clear to be mistaken, how this spirit throbbed in the heart of the Roman knight. True, "*Illium fuit*"; but she has left imperishable monuments, telling the nations of the world that to become great was a ruling principle in Almighty Rome. Greece, the land of *orators*, the school of *philosophy*, and the mother of *learning*, reached the zenith of her glory in the distant past. She is now resting in the twilight of a bright day, but her sons wrote upon the plains of Marathon and the pages of an imperishable literature that the nation of learning sought to be numbered among the great of the earth. The desire to become great, adjusted by fiendish incentives, has been the seed and matured fruit of conspiracies. It has actuated the tyrant, and guided the dagger to the heart of a Cæsar—it told Alexander to conquer the world and banished the greatest military genius the world has ever seen, to St. Helena—there, in solitude, to die, with no sound to break the silence save that of the raging billows, intermingled with his own dying groans.

But not alone has this ambition characterized the *past* and actuated men of evil intent. In all times it has rushed

through the veins, pulsated in the heart, shown forth in life, and lived in the deeds of all truly great men. It is wafted on every breeze—now in the form of a serpent it leads men into the degrading domains of life—then mounting up on eagle-wings, soaring aloft in the pure atmosphere of the true and noble—elevating man, firing his soul with heaven-born aspirations, fixing his purpose on high and noble aims, piloting him from rock to rock, until at last he has scaled the rugged heights, and is perched upon the very pinnacle; disentangled from all that is abject, regaled by the balmy air, buoyant in spirit, in the bright light of a favorable sun, he surveys the rugged path up which he came; but the palm is his, he has won his laurels, and in the zenith of his glory and success, he can truly say, "*Veni, vidi, vici.*"

Why should man not be incited by this ambition, when we see it manifested in the lower forms of life? and all nature is great. There must be great men. The world must have great minds, even as great spheres or suns, to govern lesser restless ones while they stand still and burn with life to keep them in their places and to light and heat them. What would the great planetary system do without the mighty *sun*? From the hand of the Creator, worlds were hurled into space; and as iron filings gather around the magnet, so the minor worlds gather around the great king of the planetary system. But for the sun, the universe



would be as dark as Africa and as cold as the Arctic regions. So there must be great men around which lesser ones are to revolve. Man must be great. He was made for glory and bliss. All littleness is an approach to woe. A nation without this ambition is a body without a soul.

When men would become truly great they are not guided by the blind force of impulse alone. *True greatness* is not the work of chance, but according to the design of the *Allwise* and in obedience to certain laws operating in harmony with this design. *True greatness* is not an evolution guided by blind force. It is, indeed, absurd to say that there is nothing outside of chance fixing the destiny and ruling the weal of men and nations. To reject this doctrine is to say that man is less noble and his well-being of less moment than all other created things. For in all the universe do we find this principle uniformly operating. Does the planet revolve in its orbit in obedience to no divinely-established laws? Is the soil adapted to, and the light, rain, and warmth favorable to the growth of the plant by mere chance-work? Is the perfect adaptation, running all through nature, according to design, or does it just happen to be so? To say there is no design in nature is to give the world up to the fortunes of chance and remove the foundation of much of our knowledge. If the hand of design is discernible in the forces and operations of nature, truly the welfare of man is not less important, that it should not be according to some wise purpose. We find man endowed with certain native powers of mind and body. It is unreasonable to suppose there is no design in this endowment. Any proper

attainment which may be made by the development of these powers must be in harmony with the design for which they were given. Now man is capable of achieving *true greatness* by the development and proper application of his native powers; hence to become great is not the work of chance simply, but according to some wise purpose. To sanction this doctrine does not disqualify us to reconcile it with the indisputable fact that greatness is oftentimes attained in opposition to obstacles which seem to be governed by as much design as the universe itself. This strengthens the doctrine of design. Reverses are frequently the means designed to enable men to make attainments. The hurricane sweeping through the forest may uproot many trees, but those that remain will be strengthened. But not a few are catalogued among the great men, who have attained their position by improper means. Is this greatness according to design? Truly a perversion of the proper and an application of the improper means are discordant with a design which accord with the true and good. But is not this so-called greatness defective—is it true greatness? The means designed to attain *true greatness* may be perverted, but this does not deny the design, but rather substantiates the fact that man is free to act. Exactly how it is possible for everything to be subject to design and yet for man to be free to act, are two great doctrines that we are unable to bring together. They are like two parallel lines: we apprehend them separately, but fail to comprehend their intersection.

Many erroneous theories of *true greatness* originate in a misconception of what



it is. Not a few think that to imitate is the correct means. Such a conclusion is dangerous. No two leaves from the *same* tree are precisely alike, nor are there any two men born with the same capacities and like temperaments; and as "we cannot gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles," so also men with different native capacities cannot attain precisely the same result. To imitate perverts the normal order of development. In all things, in order to success, there must be adaptation. But if men differ in their native capabilities, there will be a lack of adaptation if they attempt precisely the same order of development. In imitating, one is likely to destroy individuality, and neither being self or any one else. It is told of a young man from Richmond, visiting a community not far distant from the city, that he made a very profound impression upon the YOUNG MEN in the community by his fashionable dress. While in the neighborhood he attended church on Sunday. While on his way to church his cravat slipped around on the side of his collar, and so remained until he returned from church. But you may rest assured that the new-fashion way of wearing a cravat was carefully observed, as was clearly evinced on the next preaching day, when no less than fifteen young men of that community very carefully had their cravats tied on the side of the collar, thinking it was the "latest."

Errors common to false theories of *true* greatness are made in the choice of means. Some think, to become President of the United States they must either begin by splitting rails or driving a canal-boat. But I know nothing that elevates "*Young America*" so much as wealth. But the

trouble is, as John Bunyan [*alias* a student] said not long since, "Men have more dollars than sense." Oftentimes it would be far better if the student should receive a box instead of a registered letter, (especially for the rest of us.)

Not a few think to become great is to be learned. But how many learned men in the world are simply "sounding brass," victims of vice? Are they great? Rome, in the zenith of her glory, presented some of the greatest statesmen and warriors the world has ever seen—men with magnificent intellects and extensive learning. But where in the annals of history do we find such corruption of heart, of mind, and of state, as we do at Rome under the reign of the Cæsars? Was she truly great? No, but she was learned.

In these modern days ancestry makes great. Those people who are continually boasting of their ancestry, remind me of a mule: they would rather go backwards than forwards.

True greatness does not consist in being a Greek sage, a Latin poet, or a French warrior. It never falls to be trampled under foot of men. Napoleon, Rome, were great, but not truly great. When they fell, they fell, like Lucifer, never to hope again. Man may be endowed with most of those qualities which serve to constitute greatness. He may possess talent, ambition, enterprise, courage, great presence of mind, and inexhaustible resources in emergencies; but all these may be marred and rendered pernicious, rather than profitable to himself and his country, by profligacy, selfishness, pride, rapacity, and utter want of principle. Some men, like a tremendous comet, dart through the realm of



learning and fame. They soar to sublime heights only to fall never to rise again. Thus Lord Byron, "Great man!" As the stars do reverence to the mighty comet passing by, so he took his sublime flight through learning and fancy, and sat on the loftiest top of fame's dread mountain—not soiled and worn, as if he had labored up the rugged mountain-side, but he looked as if some bird of heavenly plumage had come down from higher regions and thus perched there, to see what lay beneath. But, like some ill-guided bark, though well built and strong, is finally cast on some desert shore by the angry tides, which then retreating, leave it there to molder in the wind and rains; so he, cut from the sympathies of life, cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge, is left a blasted soul, desolate to wither from the earth. Once he was *great*, but he is a fallen star.

The injunction of the Greek sage, written over the entrance of Delphi, "*Know thyself*," is the key to the main position of might and power. Without this knowledge man is a frail bark without a rudder. The proper adjustment of brain and heart power makes men great. But man must know these powers in order to adjust them properly; hence the importance of Solon's injunction. The fiery steed is far superior to his rider in physical strength, but he is ignorant of his power, and goes at his rider's bidding. Marathon and Thermopylæ will ever live in song; but one of the brightest stars in the diadem of Athenian glory was the principle of individuality which that people imbibed in their hearts. The "father of his country" led the brave sons of colonial times from British oppression and

tyranny into true national liberty, because he was himself. He had strong convictions, fixedness of purpose, and more respect for principles than for men.

The *past* has taught us, as we know not the thoughts and intents of the heart, so we know not what external circumstances will do for us; truly they will never make us great. The destiny of man is like the unhewn granite. The image takes the form the sculptor gives it; so man with his own hand shapes his own destiny. Man is born with principles that do not die with the body. Likewise, he is born with capabilities which may be developed and appropriated to self-promotion, or they may be so utilized as to be of neither advantage nor benefit to his fellows. Hence the maxim, "Be true to thyself." Every man has a trust to keep. He is not endowed with superior powers to no purpose; and his responsibility is commensurate with his capabilities. If a thorough development and proper adjustment of one's native powers does not comprehend *true greatness*, it is beyond human attainment. But men and nations have been and are truly great. In the chilly embrace of our common mother, lie the forms of thousands who were brave, good, and great. The marble shaft marks their resting place. On yonder banks of the Potomac, whose blue waters and picturesque shores are famous in history and cherished in song, stands a monument, towering to sublime heights, as a memorial of our national father and of Virginia's noble son. England beholds with wonder this memorial, and fancies she sees the noble form of him whose enduring manhood and strength of soul won America's liberty. The American



beholds the heaven-aspiring tower—patriotic fire is rekindled in his soul and he feels like paying obeisance to the memorial of the fallen chieftain. The Stars and Stripes have more inspiration than ever before. He strikes the happy refrain of the “Star-Spangled Banner,” “Long may she wave over the land of the free and the home of the brave.” The Virginian beholds the wonderful piece of mechanism with peculiar delight. It calls up Westmoreland, Mount Vernon, and the wonderful and brilliant career of him whose last words were, “’Tis well.” In the times of the tournaments the excited spectators would cry out, “Fight on, brave knights, fight on; man dies, but glory lives.” Washington has fallen, but his greatness lives. *True greatness* is immortal. But what we attain in the world cannot be more than commensurate with our native and acquired ability. For the true theory of greatness is a thorough development and proper adjustment of brain and heart power.

There are many standards of greatness. But why call that great which is not grand, noble, and good? The world's standard of greatness is not always true. Is there any greatness apart from character—is not character the very foundation of all that is great? As well talk about the *sun* withholding his light, the rose its fragrance, and the planets refusing to revolve in their orbits; or expect nature to put forth the beauties of vegetation while resting in the icy embrace of winter. As well argue that cold melts and heat freezes, that darkness reveals and light conceals the beauty of the landscape. Character is the very bone and sinew of all that is truly great. Charac-

ter is as essential to national greatness as it is to individual greatness. There is no true greatness without moral excellency. There are elements of greatness which do not penetrate the sphere of morality; but such elements, isolated from character, may dart through the realm of fame, like a mighty comet, but at last they fall like a Roman empire or die on some lone isle. America is what she is, by virtue of the excellency of her sons; she has failed to become what she should be, in consequence of their vice. The best man is he who deserves the most of his fellows. “The greatest man is he who is calmest in storm, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, virtue, and on God, are most unflinching.”

If we unroll the historic page and examine the names that fame has recorded there, we will find that only those were great who had some sense of religious truth. They may have lived under a dark dispensation, but according to the measure of their light did they reverence a Supreme Being. In Socrates and Plato we do not expect the perfect light that is seen in Paul or St. John; yet one fell a martyr to his religious faith, and the other is said to have prophesied the Messiah's coming. Nothing so much degrades man and ignobles his soul as the skepticism which questions his future existence. Contrast the characters of those who have sought greatness apart from virtue with those who have acknowledged religious truth. Compare Cæsar with Cato, Napoleon with Washington; what fair-minded man does not admire the fame of those distinguished for virtue, love of truth, and strict morality? Does the world cherish the mem-



ory of and pay homage to the names of Voltaire, Hume, Ingersol, which it readily accords to Locke and Sir Isaac Newton? The world is unwilling to call men truly great who are destitute of these higher virtues. "They are the truly great who blend the sympathies of humanity with the communicated graces of Divinity."

But this internal adjustment, which is based upon character—this internal life, symmetrical in its structure, noble in its aims, grand in its beauty, intrinsically *grand*, unfolding itself and presenting its beauty and grandeur, like the little bud, that gradually puts forth its petals until we behold the perfect rose, tinted with beauty and savored with fragrance—all this must be supplemented with external adaptation in order to achieve *true greatness*. The steam-engine, wonderful in mechanism, great in power, in value great, is a worthless thing out of its sphere of activity. The ship that plows the blue waters of yonder Atlantic, and thus serving high purposes for man, is valueless on dry land. The beauty of the rose is a concealed and unappreciated treasure without the light of the sun to reveal its beauty and unvail its delicate hues. But the sunlight is no more adapted to reveal the beauties of the landscape, nor the organ of sight to behold the transcendent beauty of the great king of the planetary system retiring in the West, robed in crimson glory under the beauty of a sunlit sky, than every individual to

some sphere of activity in the world. The same power that has made such perfect adjustment in the operations of nature has prescribed to every individual his part in the drama of life, and there is no want of adaptation if each one acts well his part. Men's lives and men's achievements should not be left to the fortunes of chance; this is a violation of the natural order, and productive of shipwrecked lives. The strewn wrecks tell us, beware lest we meet a like fate. Ancient Rome had much to make her great, but she had no character as the very basis of her power; consequently we can only sing of her *past* and lament her *present*. There is no *true greatness* apart from character and a perfect adaptation of the native powers of heart and mind to the sphere in which we choose as our field of labor.

Were it mine to cite examples of true greatness, I would not refer you to historic Rome or learned Greece, but would come to "the land of the free and home of the brave," America's soil, and to the home of warriors and mother of statesmen, VIRGINIA—within whose maternal and chilly embrace rests our Washington, Jefferson, and many of the best, true, and great. If you would follow their example, young friend, and be true to your trust, aim high. The gravitating forces are great. But, enough! Perhaps I could best illustrate my subject by stopping QUICK.



### Where Next ?

It is, and has been for centuries, well known that the Aryan race is mentally and physically superior to any other race of mankind. Its history has been the record of progress since the earliest times of which we have any trustworthy records.

Away in the dim distance of by-gone ages there loom the giant forms of two powerful empires and civilizations; one in Chaldea, and one in the valley of the Nile. Of the latter, the Hamitic Egyptians, we shall say only that their origin is lost in the darkness of antiquity. They lived, rose to the most splendid civilization of ancient history, and then fell before the assaults of an Aryan people, leaving only their imperishable monuments of stone to tell the sad story of their fallen grandeur. Let us now turn our attention to the "cradle of humanity," the basin of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. Genesis tells us: "And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar; and they dwelt there." Shinar has been identified with Mesopotamia; and there, the inspired record tells us, the tower of Babel was built; there the confusion of tongues took place. From thence the Aryan people took up the former westward march of the united race, for they "journeyed from the east," and that westward march has been going on from that day to this. Think of the myriads who have been born, have lived and died with their faces turned westward, on this great tidal motion of humanity. Constantly losing, yet constantly gaining force, they have at last reached

their limit—but we anticipate. Let us follow this westward march and endeavor to see whither it leads and when it shall stop.

Chaldea first claims our attention. Its agricultural and commercial civilization had flourished several centuries when, about the twelfth century before Christ, the rising Assyrian nation completely overshadowed the Chaldees. The Aryan spirit of the Chaldees, however, could not brook the oppression of the Semitic Assyrians, and after six centuries of bondage they rebelled, and again established themselves as rulers in Mesopotamia. Their civilization was, unfortunately, too high. No longer bound to the dominant Assyrians, they became slaves to all the vices, which are the fatal fruits of sudden growth in national mind and ideas, and only eighty-seven years after their successful revolt we find Belsazzar and the Chaldean court seated at the feast-table. The mysterious writing on the wall, the awful denunciation of the prophet, the confusion of the revelers, all form too familiar a scene to need re-description here. The Persians were at their gates—Babylon fell, and henceforth Persia was the center of civilization and progress. It was farther west than Chaldea. Persia, however, held the leading place for only a short half century. At Marathon they found that Greece—still further west—was a rising power. And how Greece did rise! Its splendid civilization, its arts and sciences, still exert an influence upon the affairs of men. Greece flourished, passed the zenith of its course and began to decline,



until finally all that was once the glorious land of Homer and Pericles was absorbed by the more vigorous and more westerly Romans. Rome, seated on her seven hills, became the center of culture. It too, though, met the fate of all its predecessors. The hardy and vigorous Goths conquered and sacked the imperial city, in the fifth century A. D. Soon afterwards, at Châlons, in what is now France, Attila the Hun, with his barbarous horde of followers—half savage, and wholly brutal—was met by the combined forces of Goths, Romans, and Franks. It was the turning point, the life-and-death struggle between Aryan civilization and freedom, and Tartar despotism.

And now, a great figure and a great people come into view—Charlemagne and his great Frankish Empire. The Franks, until the stormy period immediately preceding the downfall of Rome, lived in what is now Belgium, but at the downfall of Rome they pressed into Gaul. Under their leader, Clovis, they established themselves firmly, conquering the Burgundians and the Visigoths, and establish the Kingdom of the Franks, afterwards France. Owing to the division of the empire among the four sons of Clovis, a century or more of crime and violence intervenes. The real power had passed from the Frankish kings, the *rois fainéants*, into the hands of prime ministers called Mayors of the Palace. Charles Martel, one of the most celebrated of these, was the champion of Christendom, when, in the eighth century, the Saracens invaded western Europe. With a powerful army, and after seven days' fighting, he defeated the Saracens, near Tours, and decided the future of Europe. It was Christian against Mohammedan,

Aryan against Semitic, and the Aryans conquered. Beside, they were further west. Pepin's grandson Charles or Karl, the Charlemagne of the French people, starting with the Frankish Empire for a basis, established a mighty kingdom, embracing all the old Roman Empire. He was a vigorous missionary, and, after the fashion of his time, thrust the religion of peace upon an inoffensive people through the agency of the sword. He encouraged learning, and it was during his reign that the exquisite ballad-literature of Germany had its birth.

With Charlemagne's death the Frankish Empire and the Franks came to an end and France and Germany began. The darkness of the middle ages now commences to envelope Europe like a pall. However, in England there is at least a glimmer of light; the university at Oxford was founded, and Parliament was established. This latter was probably the greatest advance England ever made, and it was this peculiar institution, together with the long war with France, that gave to the English so strongly marked a nationality. The Aryan race we see now spread nearly all over Europe, but concentrated on the western side of that continent. They have nowhere else to go; their westward march is stopped by the Atlantic. Gradually, however, America is brought into view. Spain settles some portion of it, but the vast continent is comparatively unknown. Meanwhile, there is a terrible condition of things in Europe. Religious persecution is carried on with the greatest fervor, and war prevails. America now becomes the refuge of the persecuted, and is rapidly colonized, in the main, by people who prefer liberty of thought to



even home and kindred. The greatest advance of the Aryan race was the establishment of the great American Republic, with its equal laws and its religious liberty. This country is now certainly the home of the freshest, most vigorous race on the globe. The center of civilization has moved west of the Atlantic.

At this point the question naturally arises—Where next? If the westward march continues across the Pacific we will find ourselves where we started from. There is no room either north or south. Shall we remain quiet—go on—or retrace the path which for thirty-five

centuries our ancestors have trod? Shall we encircle the earth again, or have we fulfilled our destiny? On either side nature has set her barriers to further advance: the heat of the tropics on one side, and the sterile cold of the polar regions on the other. If we keep on, the teeming millions of China stand directly in our way. If we go east we reverse the apparent law of advance and encounter our own race all the way. Having girded the earth with Aryans, shall we advance, halt, or retreat? Solve the problem for yourself, gentle reader, for it is beyond our ability.

C. C.

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### Stand up Straight.

The death of Edward Pierrepont, secretary of the American legation at Rome, has resulted in the publication of the following letter of advice, written to him while at Christ Church College, Oxford, by his father, Hon. Edwards Pierrepont, late Minister to England. Most of it is equally applicable to students at Richmond College:

My Dear Son,—I would gladly save you from much annoyance and from many sorrows by giving you the benefit of my own experience. I have been through the preparatory schools and university, and know all their trials and their temptations. I also know how prone boys are to think that the times have changed since their fathers were young, and that the true rules for the conduct of life have ceased to be the same. My son, as you grow older, you will find that from the time of Solomon

to this hour, human nature has not changed at all, and that the guide to a prosperous and happy life is precisely the same as it was when that wise man wrote. The boy who is fortunate enough to have a father whose experience is large and varied, and who communicates it with no possible motive but the best good of his child, has great advantage if he will heed what is told him, but will suffer all the more deeply in the end if he comes to see that the care and the earnest warning and the faithful counsel have been disregarded.

Banish forever from your mind that folly, which young men so very stupidly cherish, that "the world and the ways of the world are essentially different now from what they were forty years ago," and settle forever in your mind certain principles which you are never to doubt, and never to swerve from in your course of life.



First. That there is a great first cause which rules the world—a something which we can but dimly comprehend, because it is too vast for our finite minds. It is the infinite. It is God. It is fruitless to try “to find out God.” He is “our Father in Heaven”; this is all that the simple child can know; it is all that the most learned man can ever know. That this Great Creator is just and merciful, and rules by equal laws, we have every reason to believe, and that it is one of the Creator’s laws that our lives may be influenced by earnest prayer for guidance in the right way, there is no doubt.

I do not mean that to pray for specific things, such as riches and honors, will bring riches and honors as a matter of course, but that honest and earnest prayer to our Father in Heaven for guidance in the way that is for our best good is sure to bring strength and enlightenment to the mind, and thus to aid us in the affairs of life.

Every day ask your Heavenly Father to guide you in all things in the way which is right, and you will not go wrong.

Most of the scientific men of our time devote themselves to the study of the laws of matter, and they seem to forget that man, even while on earth, has a spiritual as well as a material nature. They find nothing but matter in the brain which they dissect, and they jump at the conclusion that there is nothing but matter. Their discoveries in the laws of matter are wonderful and invaluable, but they utterly neglect the study of spiritual laws, which are as real and as certainly a part of man as the grosser substance. That the soul survives the body, and that it is happy or miserable “according

to the deeds done in the body,” never allow yourself to doubt. If skeptics wish to talk to you about it, don’t argue; arguments on these subjects never do any good; you might as well argue that you love your mother. Practice what I suggest, and you will know from conscious experience that what I tell you is true, and you will be made much happier and serener day by day, and far more prosperous in this world.

Second. That truth, unfaltering integrity, justice, and honor, are never to be departed from under any circumstances.

Lies come from meanness, low vanity, cowardice, and of a depraved nature, and they always fail of their object and bring the liar into contempt. Without strict integrity, justice, and honor, no one can have continued success in anything, or lasting respect from anybody. Every one is found out sooner or later, and much sooner than he supposes. Indeed, your true character is sure to be known, and sure to be justly appreciated.

I pray you, my son, never trouble yourself about popularity. Do right, the best you can; deserve respect, and you will be certain to have it.

If you see a fellow-student, who is always manly, honorable, brave, and just, and who devotes himself to the duties before him every day, who resists temptations to pleasures which interfere with his health, and hence with his success, you cannot help admiring and respecting him; and so it is with the most jaded idler at Christ Church. Oxford has never graduated a man who was an indolent failure at the college, who ever became an eminent success afterward, and she never will.



Attend to the duties and obey the laws of the university. It sometimes enters the shallow heads of young men that it is clever and spirited to transgress the rules. It is supremely silly. It requires neither brains nor courage to break the laws, and comes of a desire to get cheap notoriety through cowardice or vice, and the aspiring idiot always fails in the end. Thieves and burglars break laws; true men keep them; they are made for good.

The great secret of making the labors of university life or of other life easy, is to do each duty every day. If you let a burden of arrears accumulate, it will discourage you. If you have five things to do each day they are easily done, but if you put them off with the idea that you can do fifty on the tenth day, you will surely fail.

Mind not what others do; they may be able to waste more time than you can afford; more likely, however, that they will fail. Many in Christ Church do not expect to make any figure in the world, and have no ambition but to pass through; and many affect to despise the diligent.

If you have not a determined purpose to take a stand as a scholar and to lead an earnest, manly life after you leave Oxford, then leave it now, and save me the mortification and expense, and yourself the reproach and scorn which your countrymen bestow upon wasted opportunities. Do well, and there is nothing in my power which I would not do to advance you. Be a failure, through your own indolence, weakness, and indulgence, and though you are my only son, I should feel that I had one too many.

Success comes not of spasmodic effort, but of continued every-day work.

Read the fable of the hare and the tortoise and profit by its teachings, and remember that success, with honor, is one of the highest pleasures of life. I have many fears lest in companionship with so many young men of easy fortune, and no ambition beyond that of the easy life of an English gentleman, you lose the sturdy purpose which should animate you daily. Remember that America is not England. No one is born to titled greatness here, or to any other greatness here; he who gets it must achieve it, and he who cannot achieve it in some form is of small consideration. We have no idle class, and I trust that we may never have. An idle life is a worthless and unhappy life.

Never go to balls or parties in term time, and avoid late wines and suppers at all times; they always injure the health, and without health life has scarce a pleasure.

From his birth Samson drank neither wine nor strong drink, and those who are trained for the ring imitate his example. During our late war it was conclusively proved that those who drank water only, escaped disease and endured fatigue far beyond the others.

I cannot too strongly urge upon you the importance of early retiring to rest. Investigations into the causes of longevity have shown that early sleep and early rising are among the chiefest reasons of long life, and science has revealed the fact that the magnetic rays of the sun are widely different in the morning from those of the declining day. As the sun goes down, most of the beasts and birds seek their place of rest, many of the flow-



ers and plants and trees fold their leaves, and the large sun-flower, which looks towards the sinking sun in the west, is turned to greet him in the morning toward the east. As he approaches to usher in the day, all nature, from bird to flower, seems animated with invigorated life. Then the mind of him who has had refreshing sleep awakes with its best thoughts, its wisest plans, its largest capabilities. But this can come only to him who has spent the midnight hours in sleep. Sleep restores the nervous forces of the exhausted brain, and the best constitution will soon be shattered, and the best mind will become unstrung, if sleep is neglected. It was justly called—

“Sore labor’s bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second  
course,  
Chief nourisher at life’s feast.”

Third. That economy is a virtue and that extravagance is a vice, never forget.

You never see a man of forty who regretted his economy; you will see plenty who mourn their early extravagance. Lavish expenditure never wins respect. It may win temporary flatterers, who despise the fool they flatter. Pay every debt you owe, but

“Neither a borrower nor a lender be,

For loan oft loses both itself and friend.”

Let not your vanity ever tempt you to spend money. English young men are awake; they laugh at the foolish Americans who are so lavish. Remember that your hope, your pride, your life, is to be in America, a country whose future is unimagined and whose greatness and power will surpass any empire in the world. You are to be a part of it, and if you do not one day act as ambassador

from the greatest republic that has ever been, to the most powerful and advanced kingdom in Europe, you will fail of your possibilities and of my hopes.

Do not listen to the twaddle about the decadence of England, who is not in decay, but in the full vigor of robust manhood. Great nations do not commence their fall until their morals are corrupted. As yet, England has a sturdy moral sense, courage, and capacity for self-elevation of her youth, and she believes in God and truth and justice. She has many faults and weaknesses. She is not moving forward with the colossal power of this younger, bolder, more rash, and fearless America; her civilization is in advance of ours, but she has inherited many prejudices coming down from old centuries which retard her progress and from which we are free.

I would deprive you of no innocent pleasures; that is not pleasure which injures the health, jades the mind, and makes you feel meanly and weak and unequal to the labor which is to fit you for manly life.

Study well whatever the college course requires, and never say that this or that will be of no use. All is of use which disciplines and strengthens the mind. When training for a boxer you strike the sand-bag, you would not tell the trainer that you do not expect to fight sand-bags in life, and hence you will not strike them now. You lift weights to strengthen your hands; you do dry work to strengthen the head! and remember that you must do it; no one else can do it for you; as well might you get some one else to strike the sand-bag or lift the weight which was to strengthen your muscle.



Duties well done every day, and difficulties surmounted as they arise, grow easier continually, and finally become lasting enjoyments.

Never play cards for money. It is no pleasure to win a fellow-student's money, and it is pain to lose your own. The habit is always bad, and oftentimes fatal; never acquire it.

Dress like a gentleman; never be peculiar or flashy, but dress as becomes you, not as becomes some one else. Never talk about your expenses or your money, and never be ashamed to live with economy; on the contrary, be proud of it. Your business now is to acquire knowledge, and you need not be anxious to display yours, especially to older men; but always try to learn of them.

Never say to another what it would be unpleasant to have him say to you.

Remember that good manners are of great importance. Manners should be frank and easy, with dignity.

Avoid fawning, toadying ways as you would the foul fiend. Never fawn to a prince or swagger to a peasant. Be courteous and manly everywhere and to everybody.

Let your manner be quiet; nothing is more underbred than a flurried address, with a face wrinkled all over with grinning delight.

The countenance can express pleasure and welcome without idiotic contortions, and when these appear, whether in the son of a duke or a drayman, they are intensely vulgar.

You cannot have good manners in the drawing-room if your habitual manner is bad; the habit will betray you; let the habit be always good.

Far better that you look frigid, even, than that you degrade your countenance with silly hilarity.

Be a gentleman, feel like a gentleman, and you will look and act like one.

Sometimes you will be neglected, and your vanity may feel wounded. Never let this annoy you; be absolutely sure that in due time all will come right, and that you will have all the consideration which you merit. No one can do you any permanent injury but yourself. The world is so constituted that it is not in men's power to withhold respect from lofty character, real ability, and good conduct.

You may be invited to a ball or a dinner because you dance or tell a good story; but no one since the time of Queen Elizabeth has been made a Cabinet Minister or a Lord Chancellor for such reasons.

The years of youth are short, and the pleasures of youth perish in manly life. Reputation, power, and the consideration which comes of ability, attainments, and good character are what the man from thirty to seventy covets. Nothing but the well-spent years of early life can secure them.

I would keep you from no enjoyments suited to your age which are not injurious to your real happiness and your future success.

You have health and a good constitution, and you have no inherited tendencies to any vice. It is easy for you to do right, and it will be unpardonable if you go astray.

I rejoice to find that profanity is considered vulgar in England. It is vulgar everywhere. During the two years that I resided in England I never heard a pro-



fane word from a gentleman. Among the young men slang seemed to be abundant. I hope that it does not prevail at the university. Remember that when you are twenty-five you will desire what others value at that age, and so at every future stage of life. I mean what the higher order of men value.

Live each year in the way which will best fit you for the next year, and thus you will lead a happy life—a life which will secure to you the happier life to come.

\* \* \* \* \*

There is not, in all historic time, a grander record than that of the United States. Before the nation was a hundred years old, a great civil war broke out, and the North alone had at one time more than a million of armed men in the field, and the South had vast armies also. After four years of terrible war, more than 1,200,000 soldiers were disbanded almost in a day. They returned to the peaceful industries of civil life without a murmur, without disorder, and without crime. Under our system of government they had learned to govern themselves. Even in the madness of the conflict, when the President was assassinated, the Government moved on without even a ripple of disturbance. More than three thousand millions of debt was created, and the paper money was in such discredit that one gold dollar would buy two dollars and seventy cents of the paper. But as soon as the war ended we went bravely to work, paid off one third of our vast debt, and now a paper dollar will buy a gold dollar in any part of the country, and our national credit is of the highest grade. We have finished more than 75,000 miles of railway, revived our industries, increased in population, and our prosperity is such that

our annual income is greater than that of any nation on the earth.

I have a letter from the dean to-day, in which he says: "Your son's improvement has really astonished me." Continue to astonish the dean and delight me.

This shows that you have the ability, and that there will be no excuse and no pardon if you are not faithful in the future.

From time to time I shall hear from the dean, and also from your tutor, and they will tell me all and only the truth. They will reveal your shortcomings, if you have them, as well as your merits. You accept too many invitations from your fellow-students. This will weaken your energies and prevent your success; besides, you will become a bore, which avoid as you would "the plague." Short visits do not bore.

When we last met, you did not carry yourself erect. You seemed to think that you were awkwardly tall, and you tried to look shorter. This is a mistake. You are nineteen years old, and scarce more than six feet high; that is not too tall; but if you grow to any height, carry yourself erect.

When you have done the duties of the day, and done them well, take your pleasure, which will be all the more keen; and when you have well finished the labors of the term, you will enjoy the vacation a thousand times the more by reason of your successful toil.

I do not need, in this letter, to repeat the warnings against those petty vices, temptations, and follies of which I have so often spoken.

I will print this, because I wish you to read it more than once.

God bless and keep and guide my boy.

Your ever devoted FATHER.



### **Men of Letters.**

Address delivered at the Reunion Meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, October 2, 1885.  
by Mr. E. B. POLLARD, of Richmond.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen:*

After three months of cessation from college toils and society duties, we are again assembled to reaffirm our love for the literary, and to renew our devotion to the three guiding stars of our firmament—our motto and *shibboleth*, *Mousa, Sophia Rhetoriké*.

Our President has given you a hearty salutatory. Mine is not the more pleasant task of welcome, but the more difficult duty of bringing to you, not something new nor startling, but a few simple facts and crude thoughts of my own, which may prove suggestive of deeper thoughts to better minds. Should I succeed in this,

"Then my task is smoothly done,  
I can fly or I can run."

I accordingly announce to you as my subject—MEN OF LETTERS.

By men of letters, we mean those individuals who have entirely or chiefly devoted their time, their talents, their lives to literature, its study and its enjoyments; those who love literature both actively and passively; those who live amid the remains of past learning, as well as those whose pens add their *quota* to the vast storehouse of knowledge or the polished temples of refinement. There have always lived men, some of whose thoughts, at least, were worthy of being preserved and transmitted for the benefit of subsequent generations. The first and great means employed as a vehicle for thought was spoken language,

but Time was not old, before ideas were expressed, conveyed, made permanent by means of writing. As men from the very earliest were inclined to give expression to thought in speech, so also there is an inclination in men of mind to write, to give to their best thoughts more than present value. The orator speaks to the ear of the living concourse assembled before him. The writer speaks to the mind of generations yet unborn. The orator speaks to the near; the writer to the remote as well. The function of the orator is chiefly to arouse, of the writer chiefly to instruct. This does not preclude the fact, however, that the orator may be potent in instructing, and the writer potent in arousing. Written words and written thoughts may "breathe" and "burn" as well as spoken. When clouds of war are lowering and revolution stares a nation's eye, then is the orator powerful, but the genius of the writer appears in peace, "sweet peace." These seem to be a few distinctions between the sphere of the orator and the sphere of the writer.

The beginnings of the careers of men who have made their names great in literature, have not always been the most promising, and even accident, so to speak, has occasioned many a man of power to make manifest his hitherto latent genius. "It was at Rome," says Gibbon, "amidst the ruins of the capital, while the barefoot friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter,



that the idea of writing the *Decline and Fall* of the city first started into my mind." A boyish fight at school set Newton on his upward course and caused a reflection to his then sluggish mind, which would not give him rest till at last he attained a name among the great, than which even now none brighter shines.

If it be true that "men are the creatures of circumstances," then truly men of genius in letters form no exception. For talent has oftentimes yielded to an overpowering force of circumstances, or, as old Micawba used apologetically to say, to "an accumulated force of a combination of circumstances, of which he had no immediate control." Genius has often been nipped in the budding, and comparative obscurity has been the lot of "full many a gem." Johnson was indigent, and misfortune cut short the bright career of Poe. Dissipation no less than "yours *infransus*," were incompatible with the full fruits of genius' yielding. Though many are inclined to doubt the philosophy of the line—

"Slow rises worth by poverty depressed"; yet, there is much truth in Johnson's words which came so touchingly near home to himself.

But men of letters have not always been blessed with their just recompense of reward. There was a time when an author, nay, even a scholar and a beggar, were synonymous terms. Too often are men of genius unappreciated by their own generations, their true merit being left for subsequent generations not looking through near-sighted spectacles of prejudice, to discover. On the other hand, there have been men, who, their genius at first threatening to electrify the world, have

soon been forgotten. Edition after edition of Robert Montgomery's poems at first were sold and read, yet, who now does him greater reverence than the passing glance?

Macaulay, than whom none used the English tongue more grandly, was thought at first a prodigy. Let us say he was; but how comparatively little is he read to-day? Genius he had, a genius that will live. His diction was grand, but for this day he had a far too stately style.

The historian, one of the most useful of men of letters, should be valued according as he is faithful in narrating that about which he writes. It is said that Macaulay would spend month after month and travel mile after mile to be accurate in detail. The essayist has done much to shape the thoughts and opinions of men. But the power of the essayist seems, more than of other literary men, to be with his own time and generation. The philosopher is greatly to be respected. Philosophy has done much to enlighten the world. But the highest type of philosophy is a philosophy in which are wedded "the highest intelligence with the purest virtue." Poetry, the antipode of science, is said to be the child of primæval rudeness. A great man of letters has defined poetry to be "the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination." Should all who have *attempted* to write poetry be included in the definition, then it seems to me the definition would be compelled to undergo a revision—to wit: Poetry is the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce a *confusion* on the *entire mental system*. Though preëminently a dramatist, Shakspeare, "fancy's



child," was truly a poet; and wherever poetry is honored, Dante will be renowned, and Milton will shine forth "a bright particular star." Some stages removed from the poet is the novelist, with whom we while away our vacant hours. If the best novelist is one who best portrays human nature as it is, I would commend to you Charles Dickens as the master of his art. With him one finds few characters of artifice, and unnatural romances which make so many novelists distasteful to thoughtful readers. Last,—shall I say least?—is that class called editors. If they may be dignified by admission to the rank of men of letters, they are men of letters decidedly *sui generis*. There have been editors who were men of letters indeed. Such were Addison and Steele and Dr. Johnson. The editor is truly a power in society. Besides enlightening, he shapes public opinion and influences public sentiment. Hence it is that the editor is under obligations to represent facts faithfully, to give light conscientiously, to draw conclusions justly, not to whitewash or flatter, but call things by their own and proper names, to "call a pop-gun a pop-gun, though the ancient and honorable of the world have called it *the crack of doom*," as Emerson so aptly puts it.

Journalists are often, indeed, queer specimens of genius. No reflection on the present *Messenger* corps! And they are as numerous nowadays as they are peculiar. They flatter the public, and quarrel with each other. Then they flatter each other and chide the public. They are men of vast imaginations, and generally hot-headed. Max O'Rell, in his little book *John Bull and his Island*,—which I would advise each one of you to

read *when you have nothing else to do*,—tells of a German editor who became incensed at a brother editor of Russia, on account of an article written by the latter on the Women of Germany. He accordingly sought redress by forwarding the following brief and curt letter: "Sir, your article on German Women is infamous. I deeply regret that the distance which separates us prevents my boxing your ears as you deserve; but I beg you to take the will for the deed, and consider yourself well and duly cuffed by your humble and obedient servant." The following was the Russian's pointed reply: "Sir, just at the time when you were cuffing me, the happy idea of drawing a revolver from my pocket and blowing your brains out on the spot, occurred to me. I beg you, therefore, to consider yourself as quite dead and duly buried. Your very humble and obedient servant." A great stretch of imagination, to be sure! But, they were editors, you know. A most novel duel indeed! But not far above the average in *harmlessness* if it was far above the average in good sense.

Every man of letters has his peculiar marks or characteristics which distinguish him from others. It would not be difficult to those acquainted with him to guess that Longfellow was the author of the "Psalm of Life," or Tom Moore of "The Last Rose of Summer." But let me add, that a man's personal character is not always similar to his character as a writer. Who, in reading "Night Thoughts," would suppose Young to have been a cheerful man? Swift, "the most unhappy man on earth," composed *Gulliver's Travels*, a man who "moved to laughter, but never joined in it."



Dryden, "though lewd in his writings was chaste in his conversation," says Cowper. Dr. Johnson says of Goldsmith, "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had." Molière, one of the most celebrated of comic writers, is said to have had a temperament bordering almost on the melancholy; while Dugald Stewart seemed to be a most conspicuous monument of those qualities of morality, the existence of which in his writings he would deny. There are many men who are weak and ineffective except when they have pen in hand. It is in the manuscript that their enemies fear them and their friends admire.

But men of letters have duties which they owe to society. Benevolence, rather than self-interest and ambition, should be the object of their pursuit. There have been literary characters who, in their thirst for draughts from the fountain of knowledge, have given up the world and its beauties for closets of seclusion stocked with many a dusty volume of ancient and mediæval lore, men who "know all books, but never write one." Thus, besides debasing the nobility of their manhood, they are unfaithful to themselves and dishonest to society. For what right has a man to live a hermit or die a hermit? If every man has a debt which he owes to his fellow-man—and who doubts it?—then it seems evident that those who by their learning, by familiarity with great minds, have become "contemporaries of all men, citizens of all places," owe a *very great* debt to society. Scholars should faithfully give to the world the benefits of their investigations, their discoveries, and their deductions. Each one may hand

down a little more than he received from his predecessors. It is thus the knowledge of the world has increased, till to-day we may boast of enjoying the light of the broad and broadening sun of the nineteenth century, its varied intelligence, and its refined culture. With regard to men who go about harping on what the world *owes them*, Talmage once said that "the world owes them a halter around the neck, and the sooner the debt is liquidated, the better." It was strongly though aptly put. Men must not forget that *they owe* something to the world, and that it is only as men mingle in and come in contact with society, that good is gotten and good bestowed. Thus only can men of letters be useful; thus only can they be truly great.

"What is it that makes the kite steadily  
soar

Thro' the realms where the cloud and the  
whirlwind have birth,

But the tie which attaches the kite to the  
earth?"

Nor do I conceive that men have the right to spend their days "amid the monuments of vanished minds," but aid not a whit in pointing living minds to monuments of truth.

Isaac D'Israeli says that those who govern a nation cannot at the same time enlighten it; men of letters must stand between the governors and the governed. A statement that is true, no doubt, especially from his standpoint as to the nature of government. The full force of which, no doubt, we of a republican government do not altogether feel. But there is much truth in the proposition. The general diffusion of knowledge, the purity of the public press, the elevation of public tastes and



sentiments, the enkindling of natural patriotism and public pride, are within the sphere and duties of men of letters.

There are many faults of which men of letters are often guilty. I might mention literary *jealousy*. Nor has this fault been confined to men of moderate literary ability. Plato is said to have had it, and Pope was not innocent of it. There are many literary characters who have spoken and written harsh things of the young writer of whom previously no commendation was too great, because the latter was becoming a worthy rival of the genius of the former. It is scarcely worth my while to denounce literary thefts, literary pilferings, literary piracy, whether on the larger scale of MacPherson or the smaller scale of Montgomery. This fault, however, is largely confined to the mediocrity in letters; to men who, mistaking pride for genius, have allowed their ambition to override a just estimate of their own abilities.

"Pride where wit fails steps in to our defence,  
And fills up all the mighty void of sense."

Their "best thoughts" are the thoughts of other men, and their productions ill-made "patch-work." In describing certain forsaken abodes of past grandeur, given up for many years to tenants of poverty and squalor, the great English nature-painter speaks thus of the carved and costly old wood-work which had been repaired by a more common stuff: "It was like the marriage of a reduced old noble to a plebeian pauper: each party to the ill-assorted union shrunk away from the other." So we may say with regard to literary patch-work of the too numerous unworthy devotees of the "light-fingered Mercury." Is it not a queer fact that to the ancients, Mercury,

besides being the god of eloquence and inventor of letters, should have been also the god of thefts and patron of dishonest persons? Perhaps a significant fact!

It is an honor to be a genuine man of letters. Cicero, who had had all the political honors which great Rome could place on his brow, once said to a friend of letters: "I had rather be sitting on your little bench under Aristotle's picture, than in the curule chairs of our great ones."

The term, men of letters must also include women of letters. Of course it must. Lady Montague, as a descriptive writer; as poets, Browning, Hemans, Carey, and Hannah More; and as a novelist, George Eliot, have won for themselves names more grand than the names their parents or their husbands gave them, and fames that many a man would not go amiss in envying. To be abreast with the times, Miss Cleveland should, perhaps, just here be treated with a passing notice. "George Eliot and other Studies" has so recently made its *début*, it is hard to predict its fate or that of its author. Her philosophy, however, is better than George Eliot's, and her diction by no means the poorest.

It seems to be much harder for literary men of our time to get the public ear and win the public favor, than those of years ago. Byron "awoke one morning and found himself famous." Others have become celebrated so suddenly, that even their friends are constrained to cry out, "On what meat has this our Cæsar fed, that he is grown so great!" Few, nowadays, are destined to be so fortunate, however, as to see the blissful morning Byron saw or find the meat on which great Cæsar fed! What a vast



proportion of the productions of our modern authors seem destined to be short-lived. Some are published to be consigned to the dust of the book-seller's shelf; others glitter for a moment as bubbles in the sunlight, which soon burst and are forgotten; while others having seen a day of popularity, are afterwards "*withdrawn*," as the English play-bills used to have it, "to make room for forthcoming novelties."

There are many lessons that may be learned from men of letters and their careers. Whether, my fellows, you ever launch into the sea of literature or not, if you would be famous, trust not to a repetition of Byron's experience. He awoke and found himself famous; you, in waiting to be thus awakened, may sleep on forever, with only dreams of fame, while others, awaking early to the strife for honorable success, "act well their parts," and in the evening, when their sun goes down, fame settles on *their* heads, not yours. Swift, Goldsmith, and Scott might neglect their college opportunities and yet become illustrious, but you may not. While their praises have been sounded by an admiring world, what are even the *names* of their companions at

Oxford and Cambridge, who were neglectful as well as they? No one knows. Forgotten!

Edgar Allan Poe cast away bright opportunities and a shining genius. He died in the gutter. When a pupil in the public schools in Baltimore where he is buried, thirty years after his death, I and the rest of my schoolmates were asked to contribute a nickel to rear a monument over his ashes. The stone that we erected is there to-day as a reminder to coming generations of our appreciation of his genius. But his life stands forth a more conspicuous monument to warn his youthful admirers of his follies.

Fellow-students, I will not further weary you with a speech which I fear has been of little profit and less merit. Others will follow me who will make you feel at home here, if our President in his address has not already done so. I would simply add my voice to his in tendering you a willing welcome to our halls to-night. Here is work, here is pleasure, here is profit. Let each one—for each one should—go into the literary society, determined to reap its advantages, and in it resolve to do his best. What more could seraphs do?

The other day a gentleman remarked in the presence of a little knot of others, that he could not understand why a certain individual was always saying unkind, harsh things of him. An excellent judge of human nature hearing the remark, quietly asked, "Did you ever lend him any money or do him a favor for

which he has not paid you?" The party said he had done him many favors; and then the gentleman said: "Oh, well! he will never forgive you until he has paid you what he owes," and this seems to be the rule under such circumstances in most instances.—*Ex.*



### The Sweetheart.

I am not an enemy of the sweetheart. I readily agree that she is not only a daisy, but a blissful necessity. What would life be without her? She is the bright particular star that glitters above the horizon of life and allures us to glory. Her voice is music. Her smile is sunlight, and her influence is a first-class magnet. I do not speak as a novice. I have one of them myself. She is the idol of my heart and the joy of my life. She has all the requisite qualifications for her position, and she has an actual superfluity of excellences which put her in the front rank of the sweetheart sisterhood. And let me say, that I am loyal to her, and unless I am thoroughly mistaken, I would sacrifice my life in her behalf if it were necessary. For example: if I were strolling with her on a moonlight occasion, and a huge and hungry wolf should assail her, I should go for the wolf, even at the risk of life and limb. This I say not in illustration of my courage, but to show how I feel about my sweetheart.

At the same time the sweetheart—my own included—has her inconveniences. There are some things that candor compels me to say against her. Not to be too plentiful with my criticisms, I will confine myself to the mention of two characteristics of the sweetheart, which, to a college boy, are very embarrassing. The first fact which I mention is, that she is a most fascinating "Time Killer." To the young man of leisure she must be a treasure, but the question that is vexing my brain now is whether a *hard-working* student should have a sweet-

heart. Pardon me if I humbly remark that I consider myself of the hard-working class, and that fact probably accounts for my being so forcibly impressed with this special quality of hers.

In support of my proposition, I shall relate to the public a little of our private experiences, but I particularly beg that no one of my readers will allow *her* to find out what I have done. As a sample, I'll give an account of one of my first visits near the close of last session. It is not at all strange that, feeling as I did about my girl, I determined one balmy night to walk down and have a little chat with my fair one. I had two long exercises and one original to get ready for next day, so I'd be back by nine, I said. "I could study so much better after I returned," etc. These were my remarks as I curled up my hair, twisted my stunning moustache, and started on my lovely mission. Of course she looked angelic, and that was exactly why I told her so. And such a sweet chat we did have. How I loved her! I said to myself, If I could only spend a few minutes in this way with her every night, what a mark I'd make at college. Things went on lovely, and as I was melting with adoration for her, and intending to take my departure, she knocked the breath out of me by remarking that she had been shut up in the house all day, and was so glad I had come, as she thought she would enjoy a walk so much. Well, that was certainly a part of the programme that I had forgotten; and as I thought of my neglected lessons, I must confess that my



adoration at that particular time was not quite so plentiful. But, then, she was my girl, and, of course, the thought of a moonlight walk shed joy o'er my soul. "I could spare fifteen minutes more;" and out we started. That stroll was delicious; and about the time I thought she must be tired, she timidly remarked that we were about to forget Gamble's Hill, and a night's stroll would be worth nothing without going there; and there we started. Well! "Maybe I had better not have come," I thought. "How beautiful the Tredegar looked," she thought, and "didn't I." "Yes, I believe I did." But I must confess that as a recollection of my unknown lessons—my unworked original and my undone exercise—swept over me, the Tredegar had no charm for me. But she was my girl, and that thought for the moment, knocked every other feeling into splinters. After awhile, she remarked that she felt so thirsty and her mouth was so dry. I gallantly suggested that possibly she might fancy some limeade. "No; she never could endure it," she observed. I was determined that I'd do my part; so I gently asked her if she'd like some cream. "Well, she believed she would," but she never could eat any cream except that made by Mr. Pizzini. Whew! Broad street, between Eighth and Ninth! My doom was fixed. Now, don't understand that I ever feel badly when in the company of my sweetheart. Oh, no!

But those exercises! It seemed to me that Mr. Pizzini had moved his establishment to the other end of town. We arrived at last. If there ever was innocence I saw it resting calmly on the features of my charmer, as she sat quietly

eating her cream. I finished mine before she was half through, and I ate really slow. She timidly observed, that she didn't see how I could enjoy mine, eating it so fast. Don't ask me how I felt. But why should I get mad with her? What did she know about my lessons and exercises? She finished that saucer about midnight. Of course, I gently asked her to try another. I thought a cannon-ball had struck me when she replied, 'Twas so refreshing, she believed she would try one more. She always did enjoy Pizzini's cream so much, she said. I came near remarking that it looked very much that way to me also. But I didn't. That first saucer disappeared with lightning speed compared with her second. She appeared so happy, and I tried to calm myself. I am under the impression that we reached home that same night, but I'd rather not relate the thoughts and opinions that filled my mind on my way to college. If a reporter had visited me I could have furnished him a several columned article on "Sweethearts." I had learned things that night, sure. From that night I have had opinions of my own on that subject. I have been in rough places in my life, but never was I in such a predicament as when I attempted to explain to the Professor next morning. I gave it up.

I could relate how I became thoroughly impressed with the idea that I ought by all means to write some poetry for my little beauty, and I wasted several nights in a fruitless attempt, and gave up in despair, after having gotten a dozen zeros and the wrath of several of the learned professors stirred up against me. I write no more poetry.

My second proposition is that the sweet-



heart is a great "Loose-Change Waster." Now that fact may make little difference to some gents, but to a poverty-stricken student it falls with crushing force. To some it may be a luxury to spend their money on their fair idols. So also is it to the student, when he has got it. I must confess that when my stock of loose change rattles its rattle is painfully feeble and weak. I remark that they waste it most extravagantly. They stand at the head of the line in this respect. It is remarkable how many different ways they have of doing it. It is almost impossible to have a sweetheart, satisfy her and keep on friendly terms with the old folks at home. They empty pocket-books. They bring uncomfortably enquiring and complaining letters from home. The old gentleman is astonished and grieved. But they are treasures to the confectioners and ice-cream dealers. Now, I didn't arrive at these conclusions accidentally. I didn't dream them. I wish I had. But I got hold of them in the following manner :

One balmy, beautiful, Saturday morn, it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to take my little delight by surprise and give her a buggy-ride. What a happy idea, I thought. I could hardly eat my breakfast for thinking of it. Why, I considered myself an idiot for not thinking of it before. I dyked my prettiest, and with what loose change I could scrape up and borrow, I marched down town, walked boldly up to a livery stable, and made some enquiring remarks as to the hiring of a buggy. The manager informed me that the desired article would deprive me of loose change at the rate of \$2.50 an hour! I told him I did not wish to buy the turnout, but

only wished to hire it. But I was bound to have the ride, and trusting to luck for the other half dollar, I struck a bargain, jumped up, cracked my whip, and was soon rolling up in fine style at the residence of my peerless one. If there ever was a jubilant youth, I was that particular one that morning—at least, up to that time. She met me at the door, beaming with smiles, and seemed the picture of happiness when I told her my mission. Strange to say, she was almost fifteen minutes getting ready. But how crushing she looked when she did arrive. I asked her which way she'd like to drive. She was just crazy to get a sniff of the country air, she said, and to the country we started. Oh, how fine it was. What a novel idea of mine to think of that ride, I thought. We were a happy couple, as we swept past the corporate limits, and pretty soon were rolling through green fields and grassy meadows. My hour was fast drawing to a close, but on we traveled. I must say that I did begin to feel a little peculiar, but how could I turn back, when she seemed to be in such perfect bliss. "Oh, how delightful were the country breezes," she thought. "'Twas so lovely in me to give her such a treat." "Just like me." Those were the remarks she feasted my soul upon. But my appointed hour had folded its pinions and gone to rest. Don't ask me how I felt. I would think of the frowning livery-stable man, and then of my empty pocket-book.

By some good providence we turned our faces homeward at last. She thought I was not quite so cheerful as usual. I had my own opinions on that subject, but luckily for me I didn't let them get loose. We were getting home; 'twas



consolation in that. Three long hours had rolled by when we landed in town. The thought of seven dollars and a half (which I didn't have) haunted me and nearly drove me mad; but I looked at that picture of happiness by my side and tried to calm myself. I ventured to ask her if she wasn't tired and didn't want to go home. "Why, the very idea," she said. "Of course she wasn't tired, but was enjoying it immensely"; and then and there she almost knocked me senseless by proposing the reservoir. "She hadn't seen it for so long." She seemed to think that she was conferring a lasting favor on me by mentioning it. But may I never again feel as I did then. I just felt that if the horse would break down, the wheel come off, or something like that happen, I would be happy. But everything seemed in unusually good order. Ah, that reservoir drive! Long will it linger on my memory! I clutched my two dollars with a death-like grip, and tried to look contented. But that horse! I felt certain that I could get out and carry the whole concern faster. I had dreamed of buggy rides with my sweetheart. I had pictured my delight and bliss, but my mind is changed, and I do no more dreaming now.

But let me pass on and inform you that we reached Richmond at last, and as we rolled through the streets, with the mud flying fast, which we had gathered from many (oh, how many!) miles of the

surrounding country, with a demoniacal stare in my eyes, that collection of innocence and happiness sweetly asked me if I wouldn't like to see Libby Hill. Reader, you know how I felt, but *she* didn't. I would rather have gazed upon that livery stable than the face of my dearest friend. But on we went. What pictures filled my mind. Bankruptcy and disgrace stared me in the face. I could see myself dragged from college in rags and poverty. I beheld my old mother and father bowed down with grief on account of my extravagance and recklessness. I determined right then and there that I'd get me a sweetheart at the first opportunity who didn't like buggy rides. But the remarkable thing to me was that we did get home at last. Yes, I believe the same day we started. I'll bet (I've got an old hat left that *belongs to me*) that the fastest time on record was made that day by me on the way from her house to the livery stable. I'll mercifully drop the curtain on all that followed. But do you think that I have gone back on my girl? Not a bit of it. She is still that same cherished idol of my heart. Life is brighter when I am in her company; but remember, that when the subject of buggy rides and Gamble's Hill strolls comes up I am generally to be found making steps in the direction of Richmond College.

IKABOD CRANE.

Envy uncovers the spots and blemishes of our competitors, and thereby cheapens the glory to be won by excel-

ling them; while emulation unveils the strength and greatness which it is our aim to surpass.—*Ex.*



### The Muskeeter.

The muskeeter is a carnivorous, nocturnal octoped. He is migratory, and no man knoweth from whence he cometh or whither he goeth. He is an enemy to society and a disgrace to himself. His ways are not straight, but are dark and bloody. He liveth by suspension, gets the full benefit of The Homestead Exemption; but is barred from practice. The latter part of August he holdeth high carnival; then it is That summer zephyrs blow; the nights are cool, and sleep a pleasure; But alas! the muskeeter knoweth this, and being a Barbarian, he Setteth himself in battle array against the Christian. He taketh Up a mighty spear, buckleth on his sword, straps unto his back a Hand-organ, in his mouth he carries a double-acting exhaust pump. These are his weapons, offensive and defensive. He placeth himself upside down on the ceiling; from thence he Droppeth like unto the arrow from the bow, or the eagle upon the Lamb. He is a great general; his retreat is always secure; there is No entrapping him. He goeth forth to battle making great music from his hand-organ, Music like unto the bag-pipe of the Highlander, music that Precludeth all sleep. He striketh a sudden blow and is off. He possesseth great patience and endurance; he has been known to Lurk in a dark room, in solitary confinement, for a month at a Time to get one sip of Humanity. The muskeeter hath taste—yea, a very fine taste. He disturbeth Only the sweet, the beautiful. The innocent maiden is his especial Prey. Oh, would that I were a muskeeter.

COLONUS.

This is the way a Vassar girl tells a joke: "Oh, girls, I heard just the best thing to-day. It was too funny. I can't remember how it came about, but one of the girls said to Prof. Mitchell—oh, dear, I can't remember what she said, but Prof. Mitchell's answer was just too funny for any use. I forget just exactly what he said, but it was too good for anything."—*Ex.*

Prof.: "Why does a duck put his head under water?" Pupil: "For divers reasons." Prof.: "Why does he go on land?" "For sundry reasons." Prof.: "Next, you may tell us why a duck puts his head under water?" Second pupil: "To liquidate his bill." Prof.: "And why does he go on land?" "To make a run on the bank."—*Ex.*



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Much has been written and more talked about the absolute and comparative utility of the classical studies, as taught at present in our colleges and universities. The question seems to be, Are the dead languages sufficiently profitable to justify five or six years' study? or, is the practical benefit of the five or six years' study as great when that study is of the dead languages as when it is of mathematics, physics, chemistry, or mechanics? Can any man truly say that he thinks a man who has taken the master's degree, and expended the best years of his life in absorbing knowledge so utterly useless that it is generally soon forgotten, or, if not forgotten, is barely sufficient to earn him his daily bread—we say, can any man truly say that the master is as well off as the man who has taken the degree of civil engineer, mechanical engineer, or doctor of chemistry? It is so evident from an utilitarian point of view that science is more worthy to be taught than language, that even the most ardent supporters of the old *regime* concede the fact, and say, "We are above utilitarianism; these things are not to be used; they are merely to train the mind!" Now, was ever such an absurd statement made before? Can any young man, in this latter end of the nineteenth century, afford to be above utilitarianism? If he is to have mental training, it seems to us that it would be better to study some subject in which utility and the ability to train the mind are coëxistent. This seems the best way, and we naturally inquire, Are

there any studies in which utility is combined with mental training? The answer is—science. The microscope shows us life teeming in the smallest space, creatures endowed with faculties of motion and apparently with some beginnings of thought. They feel, hear, live, move, and have their being in a single drop of water. Let us change our instrument. The telescope unfolds to our gaze the mighty wonders of the universe. Away through azure space, gemmed with glittering star-dust, our vision pierces. Here, great suns blazing with tremendous energy and shaking all space to its utmost depths with innumerable vibrations; there, the dread cold and darkness of absolute night. Again, we see a mighty nebula, glowing with gorgeous colors and girt about with a belt of stars. We see great planets and still greater systems obedient to the one simple law of gravity. But, enough of space—in the history of living beings, written with indelible traces on the tablets of the rocks, we see the law of evolution—the ever changing yet changeless universe opens to us; we have its key. If science does not know all, it continues to expand, and its knowledge goes on increasing. We observe, reason upon, then understand the forces always at work about us. We harness the wind, wave and lightning to do for us our work; we delve into the bowels of the earth and bring forth materials which increase our comfort and advance our civilization. Science is a factor of progress, and this



is a progressive age. It is preëminently a trainer and discipliner of the mind. What discipline is better than that which accustoms us to observe nature closely and intelligently? What training better than the expansion of ideas given by mathematics and astronomy? In every gentle breeze and laughing wave, in every blazing fire and glinting sunbeam, we see force and energy. Before our eyes is spread the glowing picture of the universe—everywhere motion, life, order, and science teaches us, humbled to the dust, to lift up our voices and cry out—

“The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.”

It is with no little regret, and that not

unmixed with sadness, that we lay down our pen and leave our sanctum to our successors. We have taken peculiar pleasure in the discharge of our editorial duties, and having seen the *Messenger* take a new departure, enlarge and start upon a new and firmer basis, we regret bitterly to leave it. The work incident to our office has been to us a labor of love, and as we write our last sentence we say with fervor, may you live long and prosper, old *Messenger*, and remind us in after years and amid busier scenes than a student's study, that once we wielded the pen and scissors as your editors, and were present at your second birth.

VALE.

### LITERARY NOTES.

One of the most singular, yet interesting volumes we have ever read is Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's *Atlantis*. The object of the book is to prove, by arguments based on the recent deep-sea soundings, and studies of the Challenger expedition and other scientific voyages for similar purposes, that once there was, in the center of the Atlantic, a vast island—Atlantis—and that from this island as a center the human race spread, conquered and civilized the world. The dream of Atlantis is not modern. Plato wrote of it, and stated that his information was gathered from the priests of Coiris in their temples on the Nile. The author's graphic description of the vast geological convulsion which submerged the island and gave rise to the legend of the deluge,

which is found among every people sufficiently civilized to preserve legends, is very fine. The book is well worth reading twice and thinking over often.

The appearance of Miss Rose Cleveland's book—*George Eliot's Poetry and other Studies*—has excited no little commotion in the literary circles of America. Its enormous sale, we rather suspect, however, was due as much to the name and position of the authoress as to her literary ability. The volume consists of nine essays, of which the last five are “Studies in the Middle Ages.” In these essays Miss Cleveland rapidly and not unskilfully goes over the main ground of her arguments, and from the vantage points thus gained, makes application of



the morals of her themes to the everyday necessities of humanity. The historical sketches are bright little pictures of stirring times and people. The one entitled "The Monastery" is, in our opinion, much the best written and most clearly argued of all the essays. The authoress regards the monasticism of the past almost as a hideous blot upon the history of the Church, and the voluntary removal of a man from the cares and conflicts of life as moral cowardice. The book is dedicated to "My Countrywomen," in whose cause the authoress several times takes up the weapons of good common sense. The "studies" are well written and well worth reading, but we have not been able to discover in them the masculinity of style with which they have been so often accredited.

The ninth edition of *Encyclopædia Britannica* has progressed to the eighteenth volume and to the letter P. This massive work is, however, singularly in-

complete. Apparently regarding things American as out of the sphere of reference and inquiry, it has merely touched upon the main features of American industry, art, commerce, architecture, &c. Such expressions as "the town of St. Louis, in Missouri," are not infrequent, and a most deplorable lack of information concerning America generally is shown everywhere. It is undoubtedly a great pity that so great a work should be spoiled by such an omission.

Charlotte Dunning Wood, the author of *Upon a Cast*, published by Harper & Brothers, is a native of Poughkeepsie, and the daughter of a druggist, who trained her early in the lore of Isaak Walton. She studied languages and art in Düsseldorf, and has been writing for magazines and newspapers for nearly ten years. *Upon a Cast* was written two years ago. It had been twice rejected by publishers when the Harpers accepted it.

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## SCIENCE NOTES.

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An accident in a Melbourne foundry has led to the discovery that plunging iron castings into a mixture of molasses and warm water softens the metal to such a degree that it can be punched, bored and tapped as easily as wrought iron.

The blood of the lower animals is generally colorless. It has, however, a bluish cast in crustaceans, reddish, yellowish or greenish in worms, and reddish, greenish or brownish in jelly fish. The blood is

colorless in the muscular part of fishes; that of birds is the deepest red. The red liquid which appears when the head of a fly is crushed, is not blood, but comes from the eyes. In vertebrates the blood is red, excepting in one species of white-blooded fish.

Telegraph wires have to be renewed every six or seven years. The Western Union Telegraph Company exchange about one thousand tons of old wire for



new every year. The new wire costs from seven to eight cents per pound, and for the old about one-eighth of a cent a pound is allowed.

The appearance of platinum may be given to copper by immersion in a bath composed of 1.75 pints hydrochloric acid, 7.5 oz. arsenic acid, and 1.25 oz. acetate of copper.

In a new French method of sugar manufacture, the use of beet roots is to be superseded by that of potatoes, the saccharine matter being extracted by the help of electricity.

M. Chavreau says that heating blood infected with bacteria makes it a vaccinating liquid quite as sure as that of M. Pasteur. The temperature 43 degrees C. suffices.

After having investigated the peculiar properties and composition of the California laurel, or bay-tree (*Umbellaria*

*Californica*), chemists have discovered a new fat acid in the nut of that tree, and they give it the name of umbellulic acid. It is a white crystalline solid, which irritates the mucous membrane of the throat, and has other peculiar properties.

Phosphor bronze has an electric conductivity 2.5 times that of iron or steel, and .33 that of copper.

The light of the sun is estimated to equal in quantity 1,175,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 candles; the light's intensity at the surface being 190,000 times that of a candle flame, 5,300 times that of metal in a Bessemer converter, 146 times that of a calcium light, and from 10 to 34 times that of the electric arc. The temperature, according to Rosette, is about 18,000 degrees Fahr. The mechanical equivalent of the solar radiation, constantly acting, is nearly 10,000 horse-power per square foot of solar surface.

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## LOCALS.

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The Reunion Exercises of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society took place on the evening of October 2d.

The hall was filled with returning Mu Sigma Rhonians, other students, and friends.

These exercises are always enjoyable; but this occasion seemed exceptionally so, as all the boys were just in the spirit to make the meeting a memorable one in the hearts of all participants.

Vice-President John V. Dickinson, of

Louisa county, presided over the meeting, who, after a prayer offered by Mr. J. B. Williams, of Pittsylvania, made an address of welcome, very pointed and appropriate. At its conclusion, he introduced the orator of the evening, Mr. E. B. Pollard, of Richmond. Amidst enthusiastic applause, this gentleman came forward. He was in thorough preparation for his task, as his oration plainly showed. His subject, *Men of Letters*, had been carefully studied; and his hear-



ers were enthusiastic in applauding the speaker.

After the oration, visitors were called upon for addresses, and quite a while was spent in hearing their instructive and interesting responses.

The Society then entered into the transaction of business "with closed doors," and here our report of the evening's enjoyable entertainment must close, as we were one of those on the outside.

The Philologian Society held its Reunion Exercises Saturday evening, October 3d. The President, Mr. W. A. Borum, of Norfolk, after a chaste and hearty speech of welcome, introduced the orator of the evening, Mr. E. B. Hatcher, of Richmond, who delivered a bright, spicy address on *Leadership*. Mr. Hatcher possesses much of the spicy wit and humor of his father, (Rev. W. E. Hatcher, D. D.,) and on this occasion did credit to himself, his subject, and his Society. After the oration, came pungent speeches from Prof. Harris and the members of both Societies.

It is greatly to be hoped that the session now beginning may see the end of hazing at this college. It is a custom imported from the North, and is carried on in scarcely a half-dozen colleges south of Mason and Dixon's line; and we southerners should be proud of the fact. It is very painful for us to think that this relic of barbarism still remains to disgrace us at this institution, and that it is the custom here to haze in a most inhuman, dangerous, and cowardly manner. It is our opinion that no true gentleman would engage in a practice so dastardly and mean, and that a man that can derive pleasure from the sufferings

of a helpless fellow-student, is unworthy the notice of any right-feeling man. We hope if the boys, or those of them who engage in such things, do not stop this practice of their own free will, that the faculty will consider the matter.

The other day, one of our promising young ministerials came from his home to Richmond by one of our railways. When the train slowed up and stopped at the depôt he gathered up his gripsack and umbrella, and with a smile of anticipation upon his classic countenance stepped off the car—and into the arms of a police officer. This worthy informed him that he had shot a negro man up the road that morning; that there "want no use of worrying himself," that he "knew him of old," etc., etc. Now, to say that our young friend was astonished is insufficient—he was simply "floored." He accompanied the officer to the station-house, attended by a numerous retinue of small boys, etc., and was about to be locked up for the night, when another officer, who knew him, came to his rescue and told who he was. It seems that some man had shot a negro that day near our young friend's home, and that the description of the man telegraphed to Richmond fitted our friend exactly.

Another young ministerial, Mr. J., on his way to college, stopped to preach at a church not far distant from this city. Now, it happened that a number of fair damsels, in all their Sunday finery and ready to do battle with all *man* kind, occupied the front pews. Now, Mr. J. is a handsome and dignified youth, but very bashful withal. When he got up to preach, his eye encountered the smiling array before him; he breathed hard, trem-



bled, and, bracing himself up, he said : "You will find the text in the 10th verse of the Gospel by St. Luke !" This was almost as bad as the preacher who quoted from the thirteenth chapter of Daniel.

Rat ! R-a-a-a-a-t !!!

The new pump is a most welcome sight. It should have replaced the old one five years ago, however.

There is an encouraging prospect for a large attendance this session. We see a number of new faces but miss many old ones, and our pleasure in making new friends is more than compensated by our pain in not seeing old ones.

The new hall in the south wing is being rapidly pushed to completion. It is a noble room, with its stained-glass windows and high paneled ceiling. It strikes

us forcibly that this hall is the very place for some liberal-minded man to decorate with statuary. How well a good cast of the Laocoön group or of the Apollo Belvidere would look there ; and how the boys would thank their benefactor for giving them some more attractions whereby to lure "calico" from the city. With our museum arranged nicely in it, and with a few fine casts of celebrated statues interspersed among the bones, rocks, bottles, etc., which constitute the museum, we would have one of the handsomest halls in the State.

Much of the beauty of the enlarged edition of the *Messenger* is due to the enterprise of our printers, Messrs. Walthall & Bowles, who have lately provided themselves with a new steam cylinder press. If you wish nice work at low prices, give them a call. They are finely equipped for business, and invariably give prompt attention to all orders.

## EXCHANGES.

The *College Message* is before us. A good journal in some respects ; but more *denominational* than literary. We think a little more original matter from the students would be an improvement. "*Forsan et hacc olim meminisse juvabit.*"

The *Rugby Monthly* is a neat little journal of eight pages. "On the Sounds," from G. H. M., is interesting and well written. A little more solid matter would be beneficial. Come again ; you are always welcome.

The *College Transcript* of Wesleyan

University, an excellent journal, comes to us, saying that it will continue to come "unless notified to the contrary." It has a coal advertisement on the first page ; so we suppose it intends to "keep things hot." Remember, *Transcript*, that sometimes "heat is the *absence* of coal." To represent its future course, puts it on the same page a bull-frog on a bicycle, and puts shoes on its face instead of its feet. But seriously, *Transcript*, your articles are thoughtful and well written. We will not "notify you to the contrary," but bid you come again.



Prof. J. E. Wiatt, who was last year acting in Prof. Garnett's stead as Professor of Greek, has returned and assumed control of the academy connected with the college. The Professor made many friends amongst us last session. We trust that he will be eminently successful in his new position, and make the academy what it should be.

It will be known to the great joy of all those who previously received the advantage of his instruction, that Prof. Garnett has returned and resumed his duties in the Chair of Greek. We give you a warm and hearty welcome, and re-

joice to see you looking so well. Great things are in store for us.—*Georgetown College Magazine.*

This magazine is truly a literary journal. The number before us does credit to editors and to College. We lay special claim to the visits of this journal, as we have given to Georgetown College two of its able professors (Garnett and Wiatt), both M. A.'s of our College. Tell them to write to the *Messenger*, on whose editorial staff they both served so ably.

## SELECTIONS.

TWO ANECDOTES OF WEBSTER.—On a certain evening, Webster was entertained at dinner, and was seated behind a vivacious but affected young damsel, who succeeded in proving herself a great bore. Daniel helped her with generous abundance to some vegetables, whereupon she ejaculated, "Oh, Mr. Webster, you have given me a cart-load." Shortly after, the quick eye of Daniel observing that all had been consumed, said gravely in his deep, sonorous voice, "Madame, if you back up your cart I will give you another load."

A laughable story was related by Webster himself, on the occasion of his visit to the old homestead at Salisbury, New Hampshire. At that time Webster was in the zenith of his fame, at the height of his forensic renown, the noble exponent of American eloquence.

Daniel had tramped for some distance without meeting a single inhabitant, when he suddenly recognized an old farmer trudging along slowly towards him.

"Good morning, neighbor," hailed Daniel, "I am a stranger in these parts and would like you to assist me. Did you ever know a family of Websters that once lived hereabouts?" "Ye-es, neighbor," slowly assented the old man. "I knew the hull family." "Well," inquired Daniel, "what ever became of Ebenezer Webster?" "Ebenezer, he's dead now, but in his time he was a great man about here—he was the county justice." "Well," pursued Daniel, "he had a son, did he not? What's his fortune?" "Yes, Ezekiel, a great honor to his family; he was a fine lad of good parts; he's doing well." "But," interrogated Webster, "was there not a son named Daniel—what has become of him?" At this inquiry the farmer appeared much perplexed, thoughtfully rapped his hoary pate and slowly replied: "Let me see—ye-es, come to think, there was a son named Dan'l; but Dan'l, he went off to Boston and become a lawyer chap; there warn't nothing heard of Dan'l ever arter."—*Ec.*



WOMAN.—The frailest bodies sometimes have the strongest souls.

The man who can govern a woman can govern a nation.—*Balzac*.

A woman who pretends to laugh at love is like the child who sings at night when he is afraid.—*J. J. Rosseau*.

A woman who has surrendered her lips, has surrendered everything.—*Viard*.  
Most of their faults women owe to us,

whilst we are indebted to them for most of our better qualities.—*Lemesles*.

Women are the poetry of the world in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light-giving, harmonious, they are the terrestrial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.—*Hargrave*.

God created the coquette as soon as He had made the fool.—*Hugo*.

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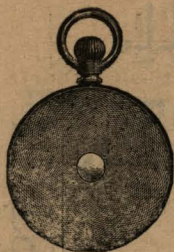
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