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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XI.

FEBRUARY, 1886.

NO. 5.

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A Query.

"Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more."

LONGFELLOW.

Are those light and loving footsteps,
Tipping o'er the parlor floor,
Only fancies that will vanish—
Leave me lonely as before?

Are they visions, fast and fitting,
Dreams of happiness and love,
To the heart that's tired and weary
Rest to give and fears remove?

Are the shadows of the firelight
Dancing on the parlor wall
Emblems of the hopes within us,
Rising swiftly but to fall?

Sad and tired I sit before MY
Fire, and look into it's blaze—
'Till at last the world around me
Changes,—and my steadfast gaze

Makes of every coal an image
Of the demon that could steal
From my side the lovely figure
Of the one I loved—*so well!*

Every image seems to mock me—
Laughs my bleeding heart to scorn;
Then it changes to another
Grinning, ghastly, ugly, form.

But at last my heart grows lighter—
Soon my weary eyelids close;
As I sit there, half way dreaming,
Other forms themselves disclose.

Soon I hear the tiny footsteps
Tipping round my old arm-chair—
Soon I hear that sweet voice laughing—
Ah! I think she too is there!

Soon a pair of soft white arms
Are lovingly around my neck—
Then a gentle kiss implanted
On my hot and burning cheek.

Out I throw one arm to fold her
Tighter, closer, to my breast—
Stay! O stay! She's gone! I know it;
And I wake—you know the rest.

Tell, O tell me! are these visions,
Of the dear ones gone, at all
Like the shadows of the firelight
Dancing on the parlor wall?

Are the shadows of the firelight,
Playing on the parlor wall,
Emblems of the hopes within us,
Rising swiftly but to fall?

P. B.

Manner.

Success in life, which all aim after and wish to obtain, is made up of many elements, but none of which is more universally neglected by men of the present day, yet one of the most vital importance in life as one's manners and actions. Considered a small thing by some, yet it stands as a mountain towering above many of the so-called elements of success, shedding its radiance as bright sunshine to all mankind, and making life beseeemingly far more enjoyable. How often is this spoken of as the "Progressive Age"! Yes, 'tis true, and I am glad it is a progressive age; but as the age progresses, I would that men of our present day would progress in more of that "lordly chivalry" of our forefathers. Though with but slight observation, I can readily see that young men of the present generation are prone to have too much self-reliance and superiority for their own good and for the inconvenience of others. They seem to forget that kindness to their fellow-beings is characteristic of a true gentleman, and that their manner is a true index of their character. Some people are endowed with the faculty of keen perception, of looking into a man's very soul, finding out his good traits as well as his bad; yet some of us, and I may say the great majority, have not that faculty of keen and penetrating perception, and can judge a man, therefore, only from his outward actions. This fact should be considered by every one, and if he wishes to make a favorable impression, let his manners be pleasant and agreeable. If not natural, let him cultivate pleasant manners, and he will

not regret it, but on the other hand it will bring pleasure to himself and worldly success. Let one by his manners make a favorable impression upon a stranger, and he will always be remembered with pleasure. A person forms his opinions by one's manners; if they be refined and pleasant, the opinion will be high, and the same will be the reverse. How desirable is the company of one with pleasing manners, and if he be a man of distasteful ways, he is assumed as a man of bad morality.

The letters of Lord Chesterfield are full of good advice for young men, yet no words are truer than these to his son: "You had better return a dropped fan genteelly than give a thousand pounds awkwardly, and you had better refuse a favor gracefully than grant one clumsily." What a man does is no real test of his motive, but the way in which he does it. One man may make a handsome and costly present in a rude manner, yet a much smaller present received from another with pleasing and affable manners will be much more appreciated. It was said of the Duke of Marlborough, that his charming manners often changed an enemy into a friend, and that to be denied a favor by him was more pleasing than to receive one from another.

Pleasing manners places a man upon a lofty sphere, whose acquaintance is always sought. A true gentleman is recognized by his rights to others: however small they may be, they are always appreciated, and he is placed higher in the estimation of others. In society is the place where pleasing and gentlemanly manners above

all others has the pre-eminence and is the place where the very best should be aimed at. Let one "put on airs" in company, walk around with arrogant manners, and then you will see a person whose company is not sought after. The man who succeeds in life is not always the man with the keenest knowledge, but disposition and manners are the stepping-stones to success. Many a man with glowing prospects has often come to nothing by the want of pleasing manners, and what has happened is happening to-day. Though "beauty is but skin thick," yet many of us who are not endowed with it can make ourselves as charming as any with pleasing and agreeable manners.

'Twas said that Mirabeau was the ugliest Frenchman who ever lived, yet so pleasing and bewitching were his manners "that the belt of the gay Lothario of his day was never hung with a greater number of bleeding female hearts than that of the thunderer of the Tribune who shook

from his locks pestilence and war, and whose locks were so hideous that he was compared to a tiger pitted by the small-pox." Oratory is enhanced by manners. Could we transfer ourselves back through the dim labyrinths of time when Rome was in her glory, and hear the thunderings in the Forum of that grand old orator, we could see with what ease and grace he moved and how each movement itself added strength to his speech. Manner in speaking has often more weight than argument, and if we wish to attain to the front rank of speakers, let us cultivate graceful and easy manners.

Many advantages could I mention derived from pleasing ways, but those mentioned will perhaps furnish a brief outline. What beauty is to woman, pleasing manners are to man, a jewel to be appreciated; and as manner has such consequences, let us not despise it, but rather let us make it a study of our life.

DUNBAR.

True Manhood.

The great need of the present day is *Men*—not mere human beings which eat, drink, and breathe, but men in the true, full sense of the word. From every sphere of life we hear the call for those who rise up to the standard of True Manhood. Alas that so many misapply the talents given them by the Creator and live an aimless life, failing to develop themselves physically, mentally, and morally! It is as much a man's duty to strengthen his threefold nature by exercising it in all its branches, as it is to eat in order to live. What sadder example

of fine mental qualities, depraved by a bad moral nature, have we, than in the case of Lord Byron! True manhood depends on perseverance. When the clouds of adversity hang thickly over us, it is hard to know that the sun of prosperity is still shining above the gloom. But, if we persevere, the clouds will break away; and success will stand out before us, as a prize to be attained. The old song,

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again,"

has helped many a man out of the Slough

of Despond. When Robert Bruce, after repeated efforts to gain the independence of Scotland, had given up in despair and was cast into prison by the English, the spider, earnestly striving again and again to fasten his web to the top of the cell, and at length succeeding, taught Bruce the lesson which gained for him the Scottish crown. "That spider tried once more, and so will I," said he; and in a few months he had escaped from prison, collected an army, defeated the English at Bannockburn, and was on the throne of Scotland. To one, under adverse circumstances, climbing up the steep mountain of life, the summit may seem a long way off; but if the weary, foot-sore traveler will only press on, earnest in the performance of duty, he will soon see stretched out before him smiling meadows, where he can rest in the shade of the trees and enjoy the retrospection of a well-spent life. And what can be sweeter and more pleasant than to look back over a life spent in doing good. There alone is true happiness for the human soul. Many have failed to attain success by not heeding the saying, "Try, try again."

The inventor of locomotives and railroads was often on the point of given up. People on every side were putting obstructions in his way, and scoffing at the idea of an engine travelling at the breathless speed of twenty miles per hour. But he persevered and succeeded; and to-day the pages of history contain the name of no man more exemplifying true manhood in all its subdivisions than that of George Stephenson.

Men have succeeded, men will succeed, if they only trust in God and try. Self-reliance is another requisite for true man-

hood. We do not mean by this, an undue trust in self—that is conceit—but a confidence to a moderate extent in one's God-given talents. Bosom-friends are admirable in their way; but, if through having them, a man becomes merely a copyist, he would be far better off without them.

The men who have made their mark in life have not been those born to great wealth, but those who have had to fight life's battle for themselves and by themselves. Many men, such as, for example, George Stephenson, have been quite poor boys, but yet have risen to fame and honor through self-reliance. The great lesson taught by Socrates to his pupils was to think for themselves — to strike out on new lines and not to follow in the old ruts. We may have our friends and companions, but let us rely on ourselves, keeping ever in view our dependence upon a higher power.

Perseverance and self-reliance go hand-in-hand; the one cannot be possessed without the other. Having these two essential qualities of true manhood, though the way seem long and weary, prosperity will at last perch upon our banners and success crown our efforts.

Last, but by no means least, true manhood depends on truthfulness. Be truthful in every case; let it be said that your word is your bond. We are told that Edward the First of England took for his motto in life, "Keep truth"; and no man in history stands forth as a better instance of one who carried out his purpose, than does he. One of the great faults of newspapers of the present day is the smooth and elegant language which they use with regard to the most atrocious crimes. A man now-a-days is seldom

spoken of as a drunkard, but as "hale-fellow-well-met." Language should not be capable of two meanings.

The story is told that a man, whom we will call Mr. A, had a very noble, fine-looking horse to sell. The animal, however, had a habit of balking, and so its owner asked a small price for it. Mr. B, wishing to buy it, and being astonished at the small sum demanded for it, inquired if it would travel well. A replied, "You would be pleased to see it go." B bought the horse, and after finding out that it was a great balker, came to A and said, "I thought you

said that horse went so well that it would be a pleasure to see it go?" A responded: "Friend, I told you that you would be pleased to see it go; and so you would, when you see it standing still."

Young men, by being persevering, self-reliant, and truthful, will tend to become more and more like true men. How truly does the poet say,

"Life is real, life is earnest."

A man should not squander his days in foolish pleasures, but should live with a purpose to be and do good; and ere long mankind will bless his name.

ALBION.

Virginia.

On the thirteenth day of May, 1607, occurred an event that has been declared by an historian the most important in profane history. On that day, Jamestown was settled by the English; and then and there, was planted the seed from which sprang the "Old Dominion." This colony of 105 persons was the nucleus about which was to form the greatest and grandest nation the world had ever seen—a nation replete with the blessings of liberty, and extending with outstretched arms a hearty welcome to the oppressed of other lands.

The early history of Virginia is one of hardships and privations; a tale of famine and war, interspersed with periods of peace and prosperity. We see the colonists, now, dying of hunger, and almost exterminated by hostile Indians; again, rejoicing in an abundance of earthly goods, living at peace with their dusky neighbors, and pushing the outposts of civilization westward. But amid all the vicissitudes

of an eventful and romantic career, Virginia ever increases in population and wealth and power till, after the lapse of a century and a half, we find her occupying the first position in the sisterhood of States.

And now comes the Revolution, which is to deprive England of the brightest jewel of her crown; and is to give birth to a nation that shall prove to the world that the theories of democratic government are not chimeras—that man is capable of governing himself. Where, now, in the time of danger, is Virginia? See! She holds aloft the torch of Liberty, fanning its long cherished spark, till it becomes an all-consuming flame. The light of that torch illumines the remotest parts of the earth, causing tyrants to tremble and breathing new hope and vigor into the breasts of their victims. A spark from that torch fell upon the dew-moistened sod of Ireland, where for a time it brightly burned; but the time for

the deliverance of the Emerald Isle had not yet come; and, in the dark days of '98, that flame was smothered. Another spark was wafted eastward, and falling, it kindled a conflagration that, culminating in the French Revolution, swept from the soil of sunny France the last vestige of tyrants and of tyranny. Showers of such sparks fell from Virginia's brand; but it only burned the brighter and steadier, and during the dark days of the Revolution that brand was a beacon of hope upon which the faint-hearted might look—and looking, gather fresh courage, and nerve themselves for a more determined resistance to the oppression of England.

During those seven years—years of doubt and gloom—Virginia never faltered; her courage never, for an instant, wavered; her sons were ever to be found in the front rank, whether in the Cabinet or in the field. How glorious is her Revolutionary record! She was the first to adopt an independent constitution. The Declaration of Independence was moved in the halls of Congress by one of her sons, and prepared for that body by another. How much the success of the colonies was due to the voice of Henry and of Lee, to the pen of Jefferson and of Madison, and to the sword of Washington, is a matter of history. Virginia was the leader, and to have been aught but the leader in so glorious a cause, would have ill-become the State whose people were animated by the words of America's most eloquent orator; by the writings and counsels of her most eminent statesman; and by the deeds of her most illustrious patriot and soldier, to all of whom Virginia's fruitful soil had given birth. At last, when grim-visaged War had

lifted its iron hand from the lacerated breasts of a now free people; and when white-robed Peace had spread her snowy mantle over them, Virginia still retained the position for which her population and wealth, but above all the patriotism, genius, and valor of her sons, had so eminently fitted her. Aye! as in peace, she was first.

I wish to say no disparaging word of the other States that so nobly proved their devotion to the common cause by the blood of their gallant sons. All honor to them! May they ever continue to enjoy the blessings which God, in his bountiful goodness, has bestowed upon them. May Virginia and Massachusetts, Texas and New York, Georgia and California, be rivals only in their desire to augment the power and glory of the United States—the common mother of us all. But they must one and all acknowledge Virginia's share in the formation and preservation of the Union; they must confess her generosity in ceding to the Government her northwest territory; they cannot deny her disinterested patriotism, inasmuch as she most vigorously opposed those high-handed outrages of England which led to the war of 1812, even though they affected only the commercial States of the Northeast. Virginia, in urging war, was actuated only by the noblest and purest motive—the desire to vindicate the honor of America as a nation. And when, for the second time, the States became engaged with England, her sons stood shoulder to shoulder with those of New England; their blood was spilled on the same fields, and their bodies were consigned to a common grave; they shared, alike, the gloom of defeat and the glory of victory. A Vir-

gian sat in the Presidential chair and steered the ship of state in safety through the stormy sea.

In the interval of peace which follows, Virginia is the central star in the firmament of States. See her in her regal splendor! Verily she is the Queen of queens, and well does she deserve her proud title, "Mother of States and of Statesmen." To her the nation is indebted for much of the ability and brain that has piloted her through dark and troublous times. Now, again, the Angel of Peace takes its flight and the clouds of war burst in vengeful fury. The tread of armed men is again heard in the land. Southward their eyes are turned; Mexico is their destination. The two men who lead them to victory are sons of the "Old Dominion." Nobly do they uphold the honor of their mother—that mother who had given birth to so many illustrious sons.

Arriving at the outbreak of the civil war, we find that Virginia has fallen from her position in the Union. Other and younger States have outstripped her in the race for power and wealth. No longer does the nation look to her for men to guide her destinies. The States of the North have become wealthy and populous; they wish to dictate laws and regulations to their weaker sisters of the South. The National Government, which should have been for the protection of all, has now become a tool in the hands of a section. The South, despairing of obtaining her rights under the old flag, withdraws from the Union. But the nation's strong hand is put forth to recall her rebellious children; and her stentorian voice is raised, calling on loyal States to arm for the preservation of the

Union. Virginia heeds not the call; for she has resolved that, win or lose, her fortunes must be on that side to which honor calls her, and she resolutely takes her place as the leader of the Southern Confederacy.

The die is cast, though full well she knows that she must bear the brunt of the attack, and that soon the tramp of armed men will be heard in every quarter of her domain, bringing ruin and desolation. The dark clouds that have long been gathering, now burst; and war—horrid war—descends like an avalanche, wreaking its utmost fury on Virginia's devoted head. Her fruitful fields become the battle-ground upon which mighty armies contend for the mastery. Her plains resound with the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry, with the shrieks of the wounded and the cheers of the victors. The Confederate yell peals through the vast forests, and the grand old mountains catching up the mingled sounds, re-echo them with tenfold vigor, till, from the Atlantic to the Alleghanies, they reverberate with ever increasing volume; and, as one man, Virginians arise to defend their homes. But west of the Alleghanies the people are loyal to the Union, and in the throes of civil war, from a limb torn from Virginia's body, a new State is formed.

During four years raged that awful contest, in which the brother's hand sought the life of his brother.

For four years the rivers of Virginia ran with blood, and in it her fields were drenched. But it was the blood of noble men, and the thirsty soil eagerly drank it up that it might again be infused into the veins of generations then unborn, and by so doing breathe into them that love for

liberty which caused their fathers to suffer death rather than submit to injustice.

You know full well the (to you) sad sequel of the rebellion, as in the North it was called.

Rebellion ! foul, dishonoring word,

Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stain'd
The holiest cause that tongue or sword
Of mortal ever lost or gained.

After one of the greatest and most heroic of struggles, against the most overwhelming odds, the flag of the Southern Confederacy went down to rise no more.

But its fame, on brightest pages

Penned by poets and by sages,
Will go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.

Never yet was "Conquered Banner" surrounded by such a halo of glory, and never was recorded a more glorious list of triumphs than are accredited to it. But all was in vain ; and the Union was preserved again, verifying the fact that God knows what is best for us.

This war will go down to succeeding generations as the greatest civil war the world has known ; and yet, to-day, twenty years after its last scenes were enacted, the survivors of the armies of the North and the South unite in doing honor to each other's dead. The two peoples are more firmly united in their allegiance to the American flag than ever before. Men who did all in their power to dissolve the Union now form a part of the President's Cabinet, and are as true as the truest.

And what, in this war, is Virginia's record ? Words are inadequate to voice the praise which is her due.

Historians and poets have wreathed for her a crown that shall never fade. They have given to the world in deathless characters the story of the gallant deeds

of her sons. Aye ! and of her daughters ; for in the breast of no man who wore the gray beats a heart more devoted to the cause of the South than beats in the gentle breasts of Virginia's fair daughters. Not by words alone did they attest their faithfulness to the cause to which they gave their brothers and husbands and sons, but by deeds—glorious, heroic deeds—deeds that have won for them a place in history to which the best and bravest may well aspire.

Virginia proved that her soldiers were the peers of any the world ever saw. They stand forth as the equals of the heroes who, with Miltiades, defeated ten times their number at Marathon, and, with Leonidas, defended Thermopylæ. They rank with the legions who, under the Scipios, defeated the greatest general of ancient times and razed Carthage to the ground ; who, led by Pompey and Cæsar, carried the banners of mighty Rome, north, east, south, and west, till the sway of the Roman eagle extended from Britain to Egypt and from the Caspian to the Atlantic. They acknowledge no superiors in the men who, following the Great Napoleon, placed the flag of France in every capital of Europe, causing the world to stand amazed at the magnitude of their exploits. Where, in history's pages, is recorded the deeds of a more heroic army than that of Northern Virginia ? Where the name of a more gallant band than Pickett's Virginians ? And where a grander charge than that at Gettysburg, where these men wrote in letters of flame the name of their intrepid leader upon the very brow of Fame ? They shall have a place in history beside the Tenth Legion of Cæsar and "The Terrible" of Marshal Vietor. The name

of the "Old Guard" of Napoleon shines no more brightly from the scroll of Fame than does that of the "Stonewall" Brigade. But the soldiers of Virginia need no eulogy; their deeds speak louder than words; and their glory shall last while men continue to honor true manhood. No less distinguished, in the ranks of the Confederacy, were Virginians as commanders than as soldiers. The generals given to the cause by Virginia are equalled only by that brilliant coterie of marshals who surrounded Buonaparte and contributed so much to his successes. War has given to the world no more daring, energetic and brilliant soldier than "Stonewall" Jackson, no more consummate master of military tactics than Joseph E. Johnston, and where is to be found the peer of our own, immortal Lee—the grand old man upon whose sword hung the destinies of a people?

The name of Lee will go down to posterity as the synonym of all that is grand and noble. Time will but add to its lustre, and the impartial historian of the future will place it first among the world's great men.

"No name hath risen, or shall ever rise
Like the name of Robert Lee."

In the war of secession, Virginia was the leader of the Southern States. Her sons commanded the armies of the Confederacy, and they were among the best of those who composed the rank and file; but I do not wish to be understood as implying that credit is due to her alone, that heroic deeds were alone performed by Virginians, or that she alone suffered from the ravages of the war. Other States of the South armed their gallant sons for the fray, other States produced distinguished generals, and other

States suffered from the depredations committed by hostile armies. But my subject is Virginia alone, and in giving her the praise to which she is justly due, not one particle is detracted from any other State.

But the record of what other, glorious though it may be, will compare with that of Virginia? From the time when Patrick Henry aroused his countrymen by the spell of his matchless eloquence down to the present time, she has ever put herself forward in times of danger; and has never failed to produce a son to fit the emergency. Great necessities breed great men; and nowhere has this been proved truer than in Virginia. Examine her record! Scan the long list of illustrious names of men to whom she has given birth, and tell me if any other State, or, for that matter, any nation, has given to the world, in the space of any one hundred years, as many and as great. What people have in that space of time produced three men to rank with Washington, Jefferson, and Lee?

When America is asked to name the man whom she most delights to honor, him whom the whole people, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Lakes to the Gulf declare to be their most illustrious patriot—she will point to a grave beside the broad Potomac and say, "There he sleeps; there lies George Washington, 'The Father of his Country.'" When asked to name her greatest and most profound statesman, she will turn her eyes toward the fertile county of Albemarle, and, pointing to Monticello, say, "There lived Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, the peer of Edmund Burke." When asked to tell the name of her most

eloquent orator, she will again turn to the "Mother of States and of Statesmen," uttering the name of Patrick Henry. When she presents to the world the names of her brilliant writers and statesmen, chief among them will be found those of James Madison, Richard Henry Lee, and John Randolph of Roanoke. When she is asked for the name of a man emblematic of American manhood,—rugged and honest,—she will proudly exclaim, "Old Rough and Ready Zachary Taylor, soldier, statesman, and patriot." The name of the greatest soldier being demanded, she will forget that he chose to obey the call of his State rather than hers, and say, in tones of love and veneration, "Robert E. Lee." When she unrolls the scroll containing the names of her good and great men, there will be found occupying exalted positions the names of Monroe, Marshall, Tyler, Marcy, Scott, Letcher, Wise, Hill, and Stewart. And it is not in the past alone that Virginia lives, for many of her living sons are high up on the ladder of Fame. In the halls of Congress she can challenge comparison with any State of the Union. John W. Daniel is to-day America's most brilliant orator, and Allen G. Thurman, the "noblest Roman of them all," is the peer of any living man, and him Virginia claims as her son. The country can produce no abler constitutional lawyer than John Randolph Tucker.

Why should she live in the past, glorious though it be? Does not the future present for her an enticing picture? She has emerged from the ruin and devastation caused by the war, finding that instead of injuring, it has rendered her an incalculable benefit. Railroads are being built and mines developed. Capital is coming into the State, building mills and foundries. The inexhaustible wealth of coal and iron is being taken from their dark abodes. Soon, everywhere, through this beautiful land, will be seen the smoke of furnaces and of locomotives; and there will be heard the sound of hammer and the whirl of machinery, telling of peace and prosperity and happiness. Then the fertile fields of Virginia, bearing upon their broad bosoms bountiful harvests, will seem to smile with delight; the mountain rivulets, descending from their rocky homes, will laugh in unison; the mighty rivers, rushing to the sea, will shout most joyously, and even Old Ocean will roar in sympathetic harmony. Old Virginia will again take her place as the first of States, and there shall be none too proud to do her homage. The spirits of Washington and Jefferson and Lee will look down from heaven, well pleased that their idol has redeemed herself and reasserted her claim to her ancient title, "Mother of States and of Statesmen."

S. L. K.



Mrs. Browning.

[The following is principally a compilation of criticisms which have been made on Mrs. Browning.]

Mrs. Browning was born in London in 1809. Her education was very thorough, she being subjected to severe mental discipline. After reading her poems, the time-honored question of the intellectual equality of man and woman ceases, I think, to be debatable, if we are willing to let Mrs. Browning represent her side of the question.

At the early age of 16 or 17, there appears from her pen an "Essay on Mind." This reflective and metaphysical poem, by virtue of her own matured judgment, does not appear in her collection of poems; but is a volume of much merit, and especially commends itself to our appreciation, when we bear in mind the difficult subject and the age of the writer. He, choosing a subject of this nature as the first of her literary productions, was quite in harmony with the taste displayed in her subsequent life.

Among the first of her poems worthy of notice, appears the "Seraphim" and other poems, embodying thoughts and emotions which may be supposed to be awakened in angelic natures by the spectacle of the crucifixion—a theme worthy of the highest powers, and one from which the highest powers would do well to recoil. This production, as well as her "Drama of Exile," a subsequent work, in which the theme is drawn from the fall of man, is commended by its boldness, if not by its perfect success, to soar into the heights of speculation and invention, in which no wings less strong than Dante or Milton could bear the poet. The criticism that would pronounce these failures, would be bound to acknowledge them

products of a remarkable mind, conscious of power, but perhaps not of the proper limitations of that power, and boldly grappling with subjects which a more matured mind would not have ventured upon.

In some of her smaller poems, such as "Isabel's Child," "My Dove," and "The Sheep," we have a glimpse of all that her full-orbed genius was destined to accomplish.

But at this stage of her life Mrs. Browning enters upon a new and rather unique experience. Her health, which had always been delicate, became now greatly impaired. In Devonshire, the restoring influence of a mild climate is sought. While there, her nervous system received a fearful shock, and her heart a deep wound, by the death of a beloved brother, caused by drowning. She is removed to her London home, and her life for many years was that of an invalid, not leaving her room.

The languor of her sick-chamber is not relieved by the lighter forms of literature, but, quite in harmony with her first subject, "Essay on Mind," she seeks refreshment in those grave and deep tasks which would seem to demand masculine powers in their best estate. The poets and philosophers of Greece were the companions of her mind. During this confinement to her sick-room, she continued her work.

In 1844 the first collected edition of her poems were published in two volumes, with a characteristic and affectionate dedication to her father. "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" appeared in this publication.

This poem consists of 93 stanzas, and it is said that she composed it in twelve hours. In this poem, there was a compliment to one Mr. Browning, with whom she was not personally acquainted. The story has been told, although it is difficult to find a voucher, that the grateful poet called to express, in person, his acknowledgment, and was admitted into the invalid's presence, by the happy mistake of a new servant; at any rate, he *did* see her and had permission to renew his visit. The mutual attraction, owing to the normal order of things, grew more powerful and the convergence more rapid; the acquaintance became the friend and the friend was transformed into the lover. Kind physicians and tender nurses had long watched over the couch of sickness, but love, the magician, brought restorative influences before unknown, and her health was so much improved that she did not hesitate to accept the offered hand and became the wife of Robert Browning in 1846. The effects upon her heart and mind of this new relation are described with rare beauty of expression and tenderness of feeling in her remarkable series of poems called "Sonnets from the Portuguese," published in 1850. Often as the passion of love has been treated by poets, it cannot be denied that Mrs. Browning has here delineated and expressed it in a manner entirely original and thrown upon it gleams of light, at the same time, tender and spiritual; and its only parallel is found in the immortal lines in which Dante has embalmed the name of "*Beatrice*."

In 1856, appeared "*Aurora Leigh*," a narrative poem of nine books—a versified novel, of which the subject, characters, and incidents are taken from English life

of her time. Its actual merit will rank it higher than can any external influence.

In imaginative power and originality of intellectual construction, Mrs. Browning would rank first among the present English poets. In comparing her earliest with her latest productions, the most careless reader must notice the most wonderful improvement in the subject-matter as well as in her style. It has been well said that there is no greater difference between creeping and walking than there is between the timid movement and imitative structure of the "Essay on Mind" and the sweep, and energy, and grace of "*Aurora Leigh*," so full of vivid power and fervid life. She combines in a wonderful degree the distinctive characteristics of the masculine mind and of the feminine heart. She thinks all like a man and feels all like a woman.

As the result of her vast study, she is able to treat wisely the deepest social problems which have claimed the most sagacious and practical minds, and yet no one has ever given a truer, a more vivid and fervid expression to all the joys, sorrows, and associations of the purely womanly nature. She comprehends the most difficult problems, and holds with an unfaltering hand until she sees each part in its proper relations, and finally she arrives at a most logical conclusion.

In "*Casa Guidi Windows*," her mind moves upon the symmetrical wings of reason and imagination. In no other does the poesy of Italy grow more intense. But she has a statesman's comprehension of the social and political problems that perplexed the minds of the well-wishers of the unfortunate country, and discusses them in a masterly manner.

Her range of subjects is wide, but her variety of powers is great. Whether dealing with fantastic forms, or depicting the struggles of a strong and unsubmitive spirit, or painting pictures of pure fancy, or giving expression to the affections which bloom along the common path of life, or throwing the light of poetry over the humblest duties and relations of life, she seems alike at home in all.

Mrs. Browning's great poetic powers, with much inherent beauty, received additional splendor from her intensely Christian spirit. But perhaps one of her most characteristic traits as a writer and a woman is her intense and impassioned sympathy for those who suffer, and an equally strong indignation for all kinds of wrong and injustice. Many of her poems are cordials to the wounded and bleeding heart. When we read we voluntarily say, How true to Nature! The qualities which make the crowning excellencies of womanhood find expression nowhere else in such deep-hearted representations.

Perhaps Mrs. Browning's most finished and crowning genius finds expression in "Aurora Leigh." In no other do we find such a wonderful blending of intellectual strength and womanly sensibilities. Some say she is too verbose, but this is less, if it all, characteristic of her latest writings. But it can be truthfully said that she is not always content with a

lawful use of her extensive resources in the English language.

It is well that Mrs. Browning is a Christian. Some one has said that it is difficult, but possible, to bear the reflection that some female writers have rejected that gospel which has done more for woman than any other civilizing agency; but it is well that the greatest woman of all looks up, in faith and love, to that Eye which fell on Mary from the cross. I have, indeed, a limited knowledge of many female writers, which no doubt disqualifies me to express an opinion. But as one beholds in the distance a mountain peak rearing her proud head into an attenuated air, and garbed in her spotless vesture of eternal snow, he may have an assurance, though it rises from a plain or is surrounded with hills whose heights he has not plumbed, that it is higher than any of its neighboring peaks. In Mrs. Browning's poems are qualities worthy of comparison with those of the greatest men; touches which *only* the mightiest give. With Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, and Milton she will not rank. But with Scott's magical versatility and bright, cheerful glow; with Byron's fervid passion and magnificent description; with Wordsworth's majesty, and with Tennyson's golden calm, Mrs. Browning's full-orbed poetic genius is worthy of notice. Truly "she is our Shakspearean woman." PENN.

Base-ball is older than we thought, as a squint at history has made it apparent. The Emperor Domitian occupied his spare time catching flies.

The most durable pavement is now made from Vassar birthday cake.—*Ex.*

Union Debater, refuting an argument against woman's suffrage: Because women vote is no reason they should go to war; furthermore, if it were, they would be excusable on account of their diligent labors with the infantry at home. Riot—debater killed.—*Hesp.*

An Organ Recital.

Turning over some old correspondence a few days since, I came upon the following letter. It professes to furnish a sample of machine poetry, but the reader may find in it something better than that. In explanation of the sentiments expressed in the last ode in the paper it is proper to say that the letter was written not long after the war and in the gloomy days of the "reconstruction" period, when there was not a gleam of freedom south of Mason and Dixon's line and when

— "all our hearts were worn and sore
With thinking of the times that were no more."

The interlineations—numerous in the first, but rare in the other pieces,—seem to be honestly given, and show that we have these lines as they were drawn out from the organ, with all their imperfections unannealed.

Dear Doctor,—I have your last welcome letter. There is a hopeful tone about it that is rare enough in these days to be a surprise. * * * The little ode you enclose is very pretty and sweet—ambrosial, in fact. It stirs the poetic pulse within me. I feel—I feel the divine afflatus. It cometh (spasmodically) like the gusts of Autumn on the breezy hills of Morven, when the sun sinks behind his walls of rocks and the grey bird of omen speaks of old times and new in the listening ear of night. It fills the pipes of my poetic organ,—and behold

AN OUTBURST.

[Probably after Poe.]

O, song of wrath and moan
From bloodless lips in bursts of storm
Rise like a wretch's dying groan

As he starves and gnaws a fleshless bone,
The hopeless groan of a skeleton form
Midst a dungeon's gloom and mould,
A dungeon dark and cold!

For they tore her away from me,
And her piteous shrieks rang on the night;
It had melted all hearts but theirs to see
Her streaming hair with its holy light
Like the sheen of a golden sea.
But they tore her, they bore her away from
me,
In that saddest valley by the sea,
By the growling, sleepless sea.

Naught had I done, nor she,
Which the angels might not do,
For we loved with a love more wide and free,
A deathless love, more deep and true
Than her haughty kinsmen knew;
Aye, more than their grovelling souls could
feel,
More than envious mortals feel.

Ah! the demons bound me well,
They had not the mercy to kill!
The curse of despair upon me fell,
As they bore her over the hill.
On *them* light the tortures of hell,
Wrath, madness and woe and the knell
Of all hope in the torments of hell,
In the heart-gnawing horrors of hell!

Ah! the monsters down under the sea,
And the devils that walk the dry land,
And the imps of the pit, in horrible glee,
Grin as they think of my love and me,
Of my love beaten down by an iron hand.
And safe in her rest by the moaning sea,
And of lost and living me!

I drive in a stop and force the afflatus
through another pipe. Listen—

METAMORPHOSIS.

Oh! Billy Bowlegs was an Indian prime,
And a level head had he;
He gave Uncle Sam a horrible time
By fighting behind a tree!

And he fought, he fought and still he fought

From behind that terrible tree,
Till everybody thought and thought
That Billy Bowlegs couldn't be bought,
Which was a mistake, you'll see.

They offered him this and they offered him
that

To come from behind his tree;
"I'll never," says Billy, "that is flat,
And a flat I'll never be!"

But Billy presently needed bread,
Gone was his corn and all;
His forces, they were limited,
And he saw he had to fall.

So Billy he listened to this and that,
And came from behind his tree.
But soon he felt he'd been a flat,
And a flat-head Indian continued to be,
Much to the surprise of his tribe, you see.
And this was the last of Billy B.

Let us try some other stops—putting
on again the vox-humana with the trem-
olo-hydrostatico-humbugo-refrain. There
is some risk in this; things are apt to
get mixed; but if the afflatus is strong
enough, we may get out a brilliant com-
bination — something like a tenor solo
with a basso - profundo duet. Presto
grind!

IN THE BRAVE DAYS OF OLD.

Let us sing you a song of Francis de Sales,
Who lived in the good old times,
The good old times before the flood,
In the low - lying Flanders of Wales, of
Wales,
In the low-lying Flanders of Wales.

A pious young man was Francis de Sales,
When he taught the old natives of Xanadu,
Of Xanadu, isle of the spice - breathing
trees,
In the low-lying Flanders of Wales, of Wales,
In the low-lying Flanders of Wales.

A good young man was Francis de Sales,

But the sad old autochthones thought him
a bore,

Their remarks had an emphasis usual there,
In the low-lying Flanders of Wales, of Wales,
In the low-lying Flanders of Wales.

So they tied to the stake good Francis de
Sales,

And they shook their red fists in his face,
And they gave him a piece of their mind,
Notwithstanding his wails, his wails, his
wails,
Notwithstanding his piteous wails.

To the stake they fastened him well with
nails,

And gathered of shavings not a few,
Set fire to the shavings,—oh! hullo! hullo!
And that was the last of Francis de Sales,
The very last of the good young Sales,
In the low-lying Flanders of Wales, of Wales,
Midst the high-flying ganders of Wales,
In the cold November gales,
In the shadowy vales and rocky dales,
Midst the pails and quails and snails,
Of gay and grizzly Wales.

The mixed character of the last stanza,
and the disputable geography and chrono-
logy of the whole, are to be deplored,
but one must be historically honest in
recording the deliverances of the affla-
tus—hence, *stet!* One more effort is de-
manded by the last expirations of the
Delphic blasts. It cometh! Hist!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

A DRYDENNYSONIAN SKETCH.

Hence aged crone! beneath thy brows of hate
Rises the chorus of confessed defeat!
Only of late—
We own thee as of all the dearest beat!

Sweet o'er the fields of vanished days of yore
Sweep the balm blessings of thy virgin
graces
And on our tranced senses pour

With eager flushes more
Than golden store,
Cherished as the last of freedom's traces.

So Perseus, so Andromeda, defunct,
Dead, buried, burned, in Earth's primeval
ages,
Felt, giving and receiving, all the punct-
ual rewards of thine unchanging wages.

Far down the grey old times departed
When knightly hands bore truncheon to
the fight,
No unenfranchised souls of thrallmen started

To full-grown voters, on the plea of might,
Or right, or spite,
But kept they always were as close as night.

Oh! for the good old kingly days again
When squireen rode with clash of spur and
sword;
For one old sunny year like those I am fain,
When all our hearts are worn and sore,
With thinking of the times that are no
more.

* * * *

LITERATURE IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE.—Of the many prominent men who have attained elevated positions in the United States, comparatively few are thoroughly educated, and quite a number make no pretensions towards a knowledge of polite literature. In the United States Senate, the highest assembly of our people, the ignorance of classic learning is apparent, and those who are considered as learned men, only prosecute their studies in order to further political ends, and as a preparation for the discussion of such measures as are impending. Geo. F. Edmunds, of Vermont, is generally thought to be the most highly educated of the Senate, and reads the foreign languages as readily as English. He reads much, and appears to be the only Senator who reads for the purpose of advancing his scholarly attainments. Senator Daniel W. Voorhees, of Indiana, is the most extensive reader of the Senate, and often has out of the Government Library as many a hundred books at a time. He reads a great deal in preparation for his speeches, and has a special fondness for the biographies of Calhoun, Webster, Clay, and a few others. His speech now in preparation, to show

that the policy of the President is unsound, which will be delivered at the opening of Congress, it is said, will be the greatest effort of his life, and, we judge, will be a model of literary eloquence. Ex-Senator Blaine has read a great many works, and is considered a well-lettered man. He exhausted every historical source in the public library in preparing his "Twenty Years' Review," and it is said by those who have read it to be a fine book. John A. Logan, of Illinois, also spared no pains in searching the works of others in order to complete his book on the civil war, and judging from hearsay, we are rather disposed to believe that it was essential in his case. Senators Matt. Ransom and Z. B. Vance, of North Carolina, are gentlemen of much learning, and are well-read men. Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, holds a high position in educational circles, and has been associated somewhat with the cause of public instruction. There are others of considerable attainments in this direction, among whom are Sherman, Hoar, Evarts, &c., but the greater portion, although first-rate politicians, cannot be considered as scholars.—*Ex.*

SUCCESS.

Success is the accomplishment of any object undertaken—the attainment of any end. Our success, however, is not only to be measured by the degree to which we attain an object, but by the nobility of that object. If our standard is low our success will be small. The mechanic may be good at his trade, but because his ideal is lower he does not live so good a life as the lawyer or preacher.

True success is only to be found coming from those qualities that are a part of our soul. It is bound up in our mental and moral nature.

To attain this true success men put forth all the efforts of their lives. They strive to reach it, as a jewel of great price; and so does it prove to be to those who have reached it after long years of persevering toil and labor. The number of those who stand on the safe side of real success is small; for few can faithfully and perseveringly follow an object to the end, through the many failures and obstacles that meet them in the strife and turmoil of life; few can successfully fight through what are at times like walls of stone and almost insuperable barriers. They must have strong determination and earnest purpose.

True success does not lie in wealth and notoriety. The successful man may have both, but neither ever made the man. Often the life of the most successful man is scarcely known—as modest and retiring as the flower in the desert. The acquisition of riches and notoriety cannot truly be called success, but only that which has been gained by strong determination and persevering energy.

“The longer I live,” said Fowell Buxton, “the more I am certain that the great difference between men, between the feeble and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is *energy*—invincible determination — a purpose once fixed — then, “Death or Victory!” How very true this is! In it is found the secret of success, and it explains why more do not reach the top. We see many who are waiting for the tide in their affairs to reach the flood, and who fondly hope to take it then and follow it “on to fortune.” But unless they are of an energetic and determined spirit they will not see the tide before it is receding from the flood; or, seeing it, in the attempt to “take” it they find themselves, from lack of courage, set adrift on a sea of difficulties, tossed hither and thither by the waves. To be successful, one must be a man of earnestness — a man of determination, perseverance, and, most of all, have before him an aim. He who merely drifts with the tide, going through life with no particular object in view, will accomplish little. He must have an *aim*, and to its attainment bring all his energies, striving for it with all the earnestness of his soul.

“Our lives are what we make them.” Shall we make them a success or a failure? We hold the issue in our own hands. Life is a grand and serious thing. We are permitted to live — are given health and strength. What shall we do with them? Shall we spend our time in frivolities, “catch pleasure as it flies,” and give no serious thought to the future? Surely we cannot afford it. We

live but once. Let us live that once well.

The men of every age whose lives

"Remind us we may make our lives sublime"

reached success by the hardest roads through difficulties, and trials hard to imagine. Indeed, there can be no excellence without great labor. True are the words of Lord Lytton:

"Not a truth has to art or science been given

But brows have ached for it, souls toiled and striven."

The stories are remembered about Sir Isaac Newton and Audubon the ornithologist, which bring out strongly their indomitable perseverance. How that Sir Isaac Newton, though he beheld the elaborate calculations of many years burned to ashes, resolutely persevered in his labors. How that the destruction of Audubon's drawings of many years' toil almost put a stop to his researches in that branch of science in which he has become so famous. Of Carlisle an incident is told which shows of what perseverance he was made. His manuscript on the French Revolution, when just ready for the publishers, was accidentally

destroyed by one ignorant of its value. Enough to discourage any man. But Carlisle set himself to reproduce the mammoth labor of years. Of such perseverance must they be who would succeed.

In the case of that great and mighty man Napoleon we have, perhaps, the most forcible example of what a man can do when he applies himself to doing it with his whole body and mind. We can only gaze with wonder at the mighty results this man accomplished! We are amazed to find such powers in the mind of a mortal man; yet the germs of the same strength of mind, the same power, is common to every heart. Let us but cultivate and develop what is in ourselves, and we shall find that we can do great things. With such possibilities in us we should never be discouraged, but, though defeat after defeat may come upon us, persevere resolutely, earnestly, on until the victory shall be ours.

Let us always push onward and upward along the *sure* road to success, and with earnestness, perseverance, and energy attain to the high mark before us.

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success.

We will do more—*deserve* it."

I wish you would write in the United States dialect as much as possible, and not try to paralyze your parents with imported expressions that come too high for poor people. Remember that you are the only boy we've got, and we are only going through the motion of living here for your sake, for us the day is wearing out, and it is now way long into the shank of the evening. All we ask of you is to improve on the old people. You can see where I

fooled myself, and can do better. Read and write and sifer and polo and get nollege, and try not be ashamed of you, uncultivated parents. When you get that checkered little sawed off coat on and that pair of knee panties and that poker-dot necktie, and the sassy litte boys holler "rats" when you pass by and your heart is bowed down, remember that, no matter how foolish you look, your parents will never sour on you.

YOUR FATHER.

EDITORIAL CHAIR.

EXAMINATIONS.—The word “examination” is said to come—we scarcely have respect enough for the word just at this writing, however, to trace its forefathers—from the word *egsamen* or *examen*, which means the pointer or tongue of a balance. The pointers of our college balance have just been vibrating back and forth in a very uncertain manner; where we will find them to have settled in June next, is a question of individual doubt. Already some of us feel like the King of Babylon, the tongue of whose balances “pointed and found him wanting.” It is this “weighty” business which has lately been going on and has been consuming so much of our spare time, that it has made the present issue of the *Messenger* late making its appearance.

THE R. F. I.—We have in our city several splendid schools for young ladies, prominent among them the Richmond Female Institute. It is, indeed, a fine school, and, presided over by Miss S. B. Hamner, one of the most accomplished ladies of the country, bids fair to take the lead among the schools for young ladies in the South. We have, in days of old, heard some talk of a paper being published by the Literary Societies of this school. We have looked and waited anxiously to see a copy of the paper in question, but have thus far been disappointed. No doubt when it does appear it will be beautiful to behold, and will hold some of our boys entranced, if we are to judge from the interest we often see manifested in the anxious inquiries made, and

in the eagerness with which some try to get a glance at the fair faces at church on some occasions. Of course it is natural for us to feel great interest in this school more than any other, and we do hope soon to see them take a stand, which has already been taken by many schools of lower rank, in publishing a paper.

MR. GLADSTONE. — The grand old man is again on top in British politics. The Irish influence on Parliament, which is always “agin’ the Government,” was thrown with the Liberal party — overboard went Saulsbury and his Cabinet, and now Gladstone comes to the front for the fourth time as Prime Minister. Gladstone is indeed a most wonderful man. He is without doubt, in influence and power, the “chiefest” man of the age. Almost an octogenarian, he has shown physical and intellectual vigor even in his old age, which few men have equalled. Whether in the House of Commons or at the wood-pile, he is said to be a giant. Like Abe Lincoln, he can split rails. Nor does Gladstone hold a mean place among the men of letters of the present day. In fact, in the Mother Country, literary men more often come to the front in political life than in our country. Here men of letters seldom dabble in politics. James Russel Lowell was sent as Minister to the Court of St. James, but few prominent American authors have ever held high official position. Literary men of this country seem more fully to realize and endorse the sentiment expressed by Addison: “The

post of honor is the private station." Beaconsfield, so long the rival of Gladstone, had few superiors in the field of literature. He is universally known as the author of "Endymion" and other novels and physiological romances. Mr. Gladstone's literary talent and scholarship are known to the world by his "Juventus Mundi," "Gleanings of Past Years," his work on the "Homeric Synchronism," and the able discussion of the Homeric Question in general. In Mr. Gladstone's recently-selected Cabinet is the name of John Morely, a *litterateur* of prominence, the editor of a series of works on "English Men of Letters," including the lives of Milton, Scott, Macaulay, Byron, Burns, Dickens, Thackeray, and more than a score of others; also the name of G. O. Trevillyan, the author of that most excellent work "Macaulay's Life and Letters."

OUR CHAIRMAN.—It seems that our much-beloved and highly-esteemed chairman, Professor H. H. Harris, can never be happier than when trying to add to the comfort, happiness, enjoyment, and improvement of the "boys." In fact, we are often pleasantly surprised by an excursion or series of lectures. After all the labor and anxiety devolving upon him as Chairman of the Faculty, besides that of teaching the School of Greek, he can still find time to give us a special course of lectures on the Life of Christ, accompanied by New Testament Readings, thus rendering them even more profitable and instructive. It is needless to say that these lectures are highly appreciated and enjoyed by those who attend them, as that is always understood by all who have had the privilege

of listening to him. It is a real treat to hear the full and accurate accounts of our Savior's journeys through Palestine as given by Professor Harris, who has seen these places face to face and is thoroughly acquainted with all the circumstances and teachings of our Lord's life and of his words as recorded in the four gospels. We feel sure that every student in the institution is grateful for the kind and pleasant way in which our Chairman shows his interest in us. And more than this, he has in prospect an excursion to Washington as soon as the intermediate examinations are over. To this, many of the boys are looking forward with the anticipation of much enjoyment. Mention has already been made in the *Messenger* of excursions, under his charge, to several of the battle-fields around Richmond. We will not attempt to describe, but leave our readers to imagine, how much recreation and pleasure is derived from these excursions by boys cooped up, as we are, in college walls.

Long may he live to thus bind the hearts of the "boys" to him by his fatherly interest and care!

THE BOYCOTT. — This newly-coined word, which has lately found its way into the dictionary, is much used just at the present time. We hear of printers being "boycotted" for employing hands who do not belong to the Labor Union; we hear of grocers being "boycotted" for getting flour from a certain mill which gets its barrels from a certain man who employs convict labor in the manufacture of them; we even hear of young men in town who, after having spent all of their small change in taking their sweethearts to concerts, Germans, and progressive-

euchre parties in hacks, at length resolving to "boycott" hackmen — so that the expression is in general use. The word "boycott" was first used in Ireland, and grew out of the Irish land system. "Boycott" was the name of a certain Irish landlord who, the tenants thought, had unjustly treated certain of their number by evicting them and sending them out, shelterless, on account of the non-payment of the required rental. The Irish tenants got together and bound themselves neither to rent lands from Boycott nor to have anything whatever to do with him except to do everything in their power detrimental to his interests. Thus whenever other land-owners acted as did Mr. Boycott they treated him as they treated Mr. Boycott, or, in other words, simply "boycotted" him.

As to the right or wrong of the "boycott," we have little to say. That the laboring men of this country do not receive all that is justly due them we are free to admit, and that that condition of affairs which can make railroad kings of Vanderbiltian proportions while the men who run the roads can scarcely keep the wolf from the door should not long exist, or, rather, should *never* have existed. And yet the means resorted to by the laboring classes to redress their wrongs are often by no means commendable. The whole system of Labor and Trades-Unions, Knights-of-Labor organizations, &c., often do much more harm than good even to their own membership. In them a constant war is carried on between labor and capital, which is always bad both for labor and capital. It should be remembered that there is between labor and capital a mutual interdependence, and that either is helpless without the other.

As to this method of "boycotting," it is very evident that a man's right to patronize in business whomsoever he pleases, and refuse to deal with anyone whom he chooses, is indisputable. But whether any man or set of men have the right to say with whom you, or I, or anyone else other than themselves individually, shall or shall not have dealings, is a question which cannot so readily be decided in the affirmative. And the question arises whether the "boycott" is not an unjust and unjustifiable method of wholesale "bulldozing" which is directly out of accord with the free atmosphere of a free country. In short, it seems to us that the "boycott" is exceedingly bad policy and worse ethics.

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With how much joy and appreciation a visitor is welcomed by a lot of college boys, was shown on Thursday night, February 11th, as they gathered in the college chapel to welcome the Rev. Dr. Magoon, an old friend of Richmond. A few of the friends of the college from the city were present also. We would have been glad to have seen more of them. We are always glad to have them with us on public occasions, since their presence shows their appreciation of the college and encourages the boys, making them feel that they are not a lot of human beings cut off from the social world, but that they are among friends. Nothing cheers the heart of a boy so much as, when far from parents and home influences, to find some one who will show a parental, or brotherly, or even a friendly, regard toward him. After prayer by the Rev. A. E. Dickinson, D. D., and the introduction by the chairman, the speaker made some preliminary remarks with ref-

erence to the Second Baptist church of this city, of which he was once pastor—then took his seat to give us “a talk.” We shall not in this brief notice undertake a synopsis of his talk, but must content ourselves with gathering a few crumbs. He emphasized the fact that the minority, and not the majority, in every age has been the seat of influence and power,—a fact well worth our attention—citing as one, and *the*, illustration the birth of Christ. Then, christianity was a minority—a mere germ. It is needless for us to call attention to the influence and power over individuals and nations that has come from this minority. He referred with great interest to the colonization of America. It was, indeed, pleasant to see how he would wax eloquent; how his eyes would glow as he mentioned the names and deeds of the ever-honor-

able Washington, Jefferson, Henry, and others. At times he would seem to wholly forget the present, and for the time live in the past. He called our attention to the fact that on this side the Atlantic civilization travels westward; on the other side it travels eastward; that there is coming the time when they shall meet, and the English language and customs shall encircle the globe.

It was an every-way pleasant as well as profitable talk, interspersed here and there with wit and humor. It called forth the hearty applause of the audience.

We tender the Doctor our hearty appreciation of his visit, wish him many days of usefulness and pleasure, and beg of him not to slight us whenever he comes our way, since we live in the *west*-end of the city.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

On the evening of Friday, the 27th of November last, a great shower of meteors was observed at Mauritius.

A project has been started in Berlin to establish there an Anthropological Exhibition, which will do with regard to the races of men, what zoölogical gardens do with regard to animals. An Ethnological Museum is to be established in connection with the Exhibition, which is said to have the support of several capitalists. This is the first attempt of the kind that we have noticed, and we feel sure it will prove to be interesting and instructive.

Artificial leather is made, according to

the recently patented French invention, by a cotton fabric, the warp threads of which are very tightly twisted, and the weft threads of which are finer than usual. This fabric is serrated on both sides, and immersed in a preparation consisting of a decoction of linseed oil, rabbit-skin glue, and coloring matter. When the fabric is impregnated with this preparation, it is stretched upon a polished zinc plate, laid upon a steam-heated hot plate, the drying being continued until the aqueous portion is entirely evaporated.

A very pretty microscopic experiment is described by Mr. P. G. Doane. Upon a slip of glass put a drop of liquid auric chloridre or argentic nitrate, with half a

grain of metallic zinc in auric chloridde, and copper in the silver. A growth of *exquisite* gold and silver ferns will grow beneath the eye.

An excellent cement with which to fasten stone to stone, or iron to iron, is made by mixing a paste of pure oxide of lead, litharge, and glycerine. This mixture hardens rapidly, is insoluble in acids, and is not affected by heat. We should think it would also be useful filling cracks in furnace firepots, an operation sometimes necessary in mid winter, when it is not

convenient to let the fire go out, or tear down and rebuild a brick hot-air chamber.

Box wood, which is so valuable for wood-engraving, has been made very dear by the demand for it for the manufacture of roller-skates. Last May choice box sold easily at \$100 a ton. But since the skating-rink *furor* has died out, the price has fallen heavily. A lot of twenty tons was recently offered in New York, but as no more than \$20 a ton could be obtained, only five tons were sold.

Here are some of the characteristic sayings (without his phonetic spelling) of Josh Billings, whose recent death has occasioned many articles on his life, writings, etc.:

"There is more vanity in a handsome man than in a peck of peacock feathers." "I have known men so pious that when they went out fishing on Sunday they prayed for good luck." "A man who can wear a paper collar for a week and keep it clean isn't much account." "Human happiness is like a wandering flea. When you put your finger on him, he don't seem to be there, and when you follow him to where he really is, he don't seem to be there also." "When a man gets to going down hill it seems as though everything was greased for the occasion."

Here is something perpetrated in the *Courier*. Disconnect it, or forever hold your peace. "Yes, love is religion," said Solon as he tenderly wound his arm around his loved one. "What religion," she sweetly asked. "The you-an-I-tarian, dear."

Professor Eaton, of Yale College, in a recent lecture to the students, told them that it was not certain that Eve tempted Adam with an apple in the Garden of Eden. He thinks probably it was a quince, because the apple of the present day was propagated from the crab apple, and it is not at all likely Adam would have been taken in by such a puckery little bait.

Vassar, Wellesly, Smith, and Bryn Mawr are the only colleges giving instruction to ladies alone, but there are in the United States over one hundred and fifty colleges for young men which also admit them. The great English universities, Oxford and Cambridge, have made arrangements by which ladies can attend a large number of lectures. Italy, too, has opened its seventeen universities to women, and Norway, Sweden, and Denmark have also allowed them to enter.—*Ex.*

Butler's Analogy.—Professor: "Mr. S., you may pass on to the 'Future Life.'" Mr. S.: "Not prepared."—*Ex.*

LOCALS.

Geschichte!

The Electric Lights are up!

“Music hath charms”—to some people.

“Did you make it?” O what soothing words to a student’s ears!

The question of the season—Who struck my “beany?”

Our “parson metropolitan” has a son whom he is preparing to enter Richmond College.

Professor of Chemistry: “Mr. C., how much does one hundred cubic inches of air weigh?” Mr. C.: “Thirty-one *degrees*.” Grins and applause.

Mr. R., returning home from dinner, exclaimed: “Boys, I will beat all three of us from here to the college.”

He did it.

A trip to Washington after Intermediate Examinations is pleasantly anticipated by all. Congressman Wise writes that he will meet the Richmond College students and escort them to the White House and other places of interest whenever they shall come.

Mr. M. (at the table): “Say, boys, I don’t know how it is with you all, but I am tired of drinking water out of that old thing out yonder under the tree. What do you call it—the reservoir?”

A few afternoons ago Mr. D. was coming up Grace street, when two or three little girls ran into him with their tricycles,

when Mr. D. exclaimed: “I always do get those cyclones mixed up with bicycles.” He evidently did.

Hard work has been the order of the day, which has been freely indulged in by a great many, and especially as there are so many candidates for Degrees, there being nineteen.

Dr. E. L. Magoon, of Philadelphia, gave the students of the College a very interesting lecture on the Power of the Minority. The Doctor’s remarks were enjoyed by all, and they hope to have the pleasure of hearing him again.

Professor of Latin: “Well, Mr. S., what is the *Oratio Obliqua*?”

Mr. S.: “It is indirect discourse, sir.”

Professor: “Well, what is indirect discourse?”

Mr. S.: “It is the *Oratio Obliqua*.”

Smiles—and the Professor passed on.

Professor of Philosophy: “Mr. C., look out of the window and tell me what you see out there.”

Mr. C.: “Well, I see houses, and trees, and air.”

He must have keener eyesight than the rest of us.

Messrs. C. and J. were invited by some lady-friends to spend the evening with them. After many pretended efforts to leave, and as many failures, at length they heard a wagon passing, making an unusual amount of noise, and upon inquiry as to what it meant, one of the

young ladies told them that it was the ice-wagon bringing ice for breakfast. *Exit.*

Professor of English differentiating between excuse and palliate: "Now, Mr. L., if you are absent from recitation, having gone skating, the offence is somewhat palliated."

Mr. L., who had been indulging in this amusement, wistfully asks: "Professor, isn't that *excused also*?"

Professor: "No, sir."

Applause.

Prof. of Chem.: "Mr. J., give me an example when lightning killed."

Mr. J.: "I saw a horse struck dead by lightning once."

Prof., after several remarks, forgot what Mr. J. said was killed, and turning to him, asked why the mule was killed.

Mr. J.: "I said horse, Professor; you can't kill a mule."

A few evenings ago several of the college boys attended the Mozart, and Mr. W. seeing the names Beethoven, Mozart, Balfe, and Meyerbeer on the side of the building, turned to Mr. S. and asked him who was Meyerbeer, when Mr. S. remarked with a knowing air that it was the sign of the saloon keeper next door, and an advertisement to represent Meyer's celebrated beer. Everlasting fame rests upon the head of Mr. Meyerbeer.

The Mu Sigma Rho debate which was to come off in January, for some reason or other has been indefinitely postponed. The Philologian debate, however, will come off the second Friday night in March. Examinations will then be over,

and everything can be enjoyed. The "Jeter Memorial" will be lighted up, thereby giving an opportunity for promenading. The Richmond people are cordially invited, as always, and we hope to see a good attendance.

Professor H., upon perceiving the boys kicking foot-ball during recitation-hours, stopped them. Mr. M., frightened at hearing the Professor's voice, and happening to have the ball at that time, saw Professor T. with his back to him, and thinking it was our "Dude," ran up to him, exclaiming: "Take it, 'Dude'; take it!"

Professor T., turning around at that ungentlemanly thrust, told Mr. M. that Christmas had not come yet; whereupon Mr. M. vanished.

Remember the proverb, "Look before you leap."

One of our Philosophy boys received his sweetheart's picture sometime since with a desire from her that he would send his criticism of it. He replied: "When I see your picture, you appear before me; and when I see you, my love for you makes me blind; so, when I am blind, I cannot see your picture."

This did not satisfy her, so she urged her request. He replied again: "Your picture is as I hope you will be in a few years—next to my heart."

She was satisfied.

Mr. J—— a few evenings ago plodded a mile or more through the mud out into the country to see his Angelina. He rang the door-bell and commenced taking off his overshoes, when (just then) the old gentleman answered the bell. Mr.

J., in his confusion, let his umbrella fall against a pane of glass at the side of the door, and through it went with a crash. He commenced apologizing and exclaiming: "I'll pay you for it! I'll pay you for it! I—'ll pay you for it, sir! I'll pay you for it!"

Mr. Z., while off on his Christmas holiday, happened to attend a party, at which there were some of those beautiful, exquisite, fascinating and teasing "school-girls" of a certain female school about a hundred miles away, more or less. During the course of the evening Mr. Z. was thrown with a certain lovely brunette, and who, being very much fascinated with him, desired to make an "impression" by turning the tide of the conversation into the channel in which she *thought* Mr. Z. most fond of conversing—viz., dancing, playing cards, etc. Mr. Z. is a ministerial, and it is needless to say the result obtained by Miss —. Mr. Z. soon found it convenient to talk to another young lady in the opposite part of the room. Excuse me, girls—take care!

Snow-balling has been very freely indulged in during this winter, and too much so, judging from the looks of the windows in and around college, which asserts that the "contingent deposits" are gradually diminishing. The College boys are greatly annoyed when going down Grace street by being snow-balled by twenty or thirty boys who assemble themselves for the express purpose of spoiling the "dikes" and making a tremendous crush on the "plugs." While college students are full of life and enjoy fun sometimes, yet it is not at all pleasant to be walking down the street with a

dozen or more "kids" yelling at the top of their voices, to make the occasion momentous, and showers of snow-balls falling

"Thick as autumnal leaves
That strew the vale of Valambrosa."

We wish that the parents of these noble youngsters would show more of their parental authority and keep the children in the way they should go.

Mr. X. while at home Christmas, was walking out with a young lady, when the conversation turning upon horse-back riding, the young lady remarked that she was passionately fond of it. Mr. X. also remarked that he had a peculiar fondness for it, and in glowing terms gave her a description of his own "bucephalus," which (I mean the description) so enchanted its hearer, that she seemed to think that she was listening to the gentle ripples of some murmuring stream. The next afternoon Mr. X., happening to come to town in a wagon drawn by two sorry-looking mules, saw the young lady of the previous evening, and remembering his "description," he wheeled around and sought a "calmer retreat." Mr. X. has not since been seen by the lady, but the recollection of that afternoon still lingers in her memory.

On Friday night, January 1st, occurred the election of officers in the Philologistian Society: President, J. G. Paty, of Tennessee; Vice-President, H. N. Phillips, of Petersburg, Va.; Recording Secretary, C. R. Crookshanks, of West Virginia; Corresponding Secretary, C. A. Folk, of Tennessee; Critic, H. N. Williams, of Smyth county; Censor, W. W. Reynolds, of Cumberland county; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. G. Matthews, of Rich-

mond; Chaplain, W. H. J. Parker, of Pennsylvania. Hall Committee, Clark and Dorsey; Monthly Orator, S. C. Dorsey, of West Virginia. E. B. Hatcher, of Richmond, was elected Final Orator.

The regular election of officers in the Mu Sigma Rho Society occurred on Friday night, January 8th.: President, M. E. Parish, of Botetourt county; Vice-President, L. J. Haley, Jr., of Northampton county; Censor, T. H. Edwards, of King William county; Recording Secretary, H. W. Straley, of West Virginia; Corresponding Secretary, J. A. Bundick, of Accomac county; Chaplain, W. T. Creath, of Southampton county; Treasurer, J. G. Dickinson, of Louisa county; Critic, H. F. Cox, of Richmond; Sergeant-at-Arms, C. B. Tippet, of Kentucky; Hall Manager, R. L. Motley, of Pittsylvania county; ^{Wm. Chasler} Monthly Orator, R. R. Fauntleroy, ~~of Richmond~~. A. N. Bowers, of Hanover county, was elected Final Orator.

THE RECENT SNOWS.—Our students made use of the recent opportunity furnished by the snow, for snow-balling, and seemed to enjoy it very much. They snow-balled each other to their hearts' content. And frequently in the evening they would meet a number of the boys from "down-town" and have a regular snow-battle. But there was one thing that they carried too far, and perhaps must be considered in the wrong. Some

of them in their glee, and thoughtlessly, no doubt, would attack the people with snow-balls as they were out sleighing on Franklin street. This is wrong, and shows a lack of a just appreciation of the rights of others. And we think every young man in college, on reflection, will agree with us. We hear sometimes severe denunciation of the little boys down on Grace and Franklin streets, for attacking the students with snow when on their way to the business part of the city. They say that they are dressed in their "Sunday dikes" and are in a hurry, but how can we complain of these boys for doing the very same thing that we ourselves do?

President Porter says: To learn to put ourselves in the condition of others, by imagining what would be our expectations, and what our feelings were we in their places, not only disciplines and guides to that common justice which the laws enjoin, and to that unselfish morality which the Golden Rule prescribes, but it is the secret of that considerate sympathy and refined courtesy which invest with a peculiar attractiveness a few superior natures. It is by this process that we learn to clothe the severe form of allegiance to duty with the graceful robe of unselfish, sympathetic, and divine charity.

Fellow-students, while we are having fun, don't let us forget that we have no right to get it at the extreme annoyance and discomfort, and perhaps danger, of others.

Yale has two glee clubs.

Dartmouth College has a brass band.

No more commencement orations at Brown.

Out of 3,500 graduates last year from various colleges of the United States, 600 became ministers, 500 doctors, 100 merchants, and 1,180 base-ball players.

PERSONALS.

J. H. Hall, of last session, was married, sometime ago, in Louisa county. From the reports of those who attended his wedding, it was a magnificent affair. Our brother has our heartiest congratulations and wishes for his future success.

J. G. Haley, of session '84-5, is now teaching school at Cape Charles City. How are the girls, "Bunny?"

R. W. Graves, who was here in '81-3, is in the commission business in Baltimore.

Frank Lyon, of '84-5, who has been in business at Charlotte, N. C., for the last four months, is now in business with the Richmond and Danville Railroad at Manchester.

J. W. Norwood, of session '84-5, is now in business with his father, G. A. Norwood & Co., at Charleston, S. C.

E. L. Guy, of '84-5, has entered the commercial life in Norfolk.

Two of our collegemates have left College, we are sorry to say, but hope they will return next session. P. J. Peake has left on account of the ill-health of his father, and J. B. Williams on account of that of his brother.

S. Bruce Hall is now in business with his father at Hallsborough, N. C.

T. N. Ferrell is in the tobacco business with his father, in Danville.

Noell Lewis, of '84-5, is spending a quiet time at his home, in Essex county.

James T. Borum, of '82-3, is in the wholesale grocery business in Norfolk.

N. S. Groome, of last session, is now clerk on a steamer running out from Norfolk.

L. H. Suddith, of last session, together with many other Richmond College boys, is now at the Seminary.

W. T. Anderson, of '84-5, is in business at Norfolk. Rumor tells of his view to early matrimony, and we hope he will not neglect in sending us an "invite."

H. S. Gold, who went home in December, will not return, on account of his ill-health.

W. R. Fitzgerald, of last session, is now in the tobacco business at Danville. Give us a chair, "Fitz."

In the Harvard library there are 184,000 volumes; in that of Yale, 115,000.

Wendell Phillips was the first athlete and scholar at Harvard during his college career.

Studies in the Senior year at Columbia are all elective.

The new observatory at the University of Virginia cost about \$30,000, and the telescope cost \$46,000.

EXCHANGES.

We very much regret that, on account of examinations, we are so late in meeting our "friends of the mighty quill" this month; but we are somewhat consoled when we reflect that this is our first serious offence of this nature, and that we are not by half so tardy as some of our friends, as we just a week ago received the December number of a paper, the name of which we, through kindness, withhold. But the faults of others do not excuse our own, and in the future we shall try to be as punctual as possible.

The *Messenger*, of Richmond College, Va., has made its first appearance. We welcome it as one of the many worthy exchanges that find their way to our table. Its literary and exchange departments are par excellent. It enters upon the eleventh year of its publication, and grows strong under the assaults of time. *Wabash*.

The *Messenger* is one of our new exchanges, and one that, standing high on the list of college journalism, is a credit to the college that it represents. A little heavier paper, though, *Messenger*, would be an improvement.—*Phoenix*.

The *Messenger*, published by the literary societies of Richmond College, is one of our prominent exchanges. The January number contains 36 pages of pleasant reading. "The Upward and Downward Look" is a picture of a true man. It argues that man, though elevated he may be, still whilst happy and prosperous, he should be charitable—

should look down upon his lowly brother as becomes a brother in distress.

"Where We Went and What We Saw," an account of a pleasure trip made by some of the students, and narrated in a happy manner. "Character" is the title of a good essay on that important subject. The other departments of this paper are well arranged.—*College Message*. (*Mo.*)

The "Hampden-Sidney Magazine" is a large and interesting monthly, clothed in a beautiful red garb. Its departments are not numerous, but well ordered, the Literary Department occupying twenty-one of the thirty-five pages of the paper.

Among our new acquaintances is the "Heidelberg Journal." Though not a large paper, it is neat and tasteful. It contains a large amount of Locals, Alumni Notes, College News, and other matter which is very interesting, but there is a minimum of literary matter, the first number received containing only one literary article. We are glad to place the "Journal" upon our list.

"The Earlhamite" and "Wilmington Collegian" have declared war. Such language as the following, in a college paper, is truly disgusting:

"Our deepest sympathies go out for the Exchange editor of the 'Wilmington Collegian.' 'He stormed,' 'he raged,' he beat the air, he 'ground out' a fresh supply of Exchange hash, with which he evidently intended to choke us. We survived the attack, very much in the same

manner that a mastiff survives the attack of a snarling pup on the opposite side of the fence. He fears we have lost our equilibrium, and wishes to prescribe a dose of the very 'simple facts' which come from their dingy sanctum," etc.

"The Swathmore Phoenix," with characteristic enterprise, comes to us this month with a supplement containing a Directory and other valuable matter for reference.

"The Portfolio" (Wesleyan Ladies' College, Ontario,) still maintains its high position in College journalism. The January No. is even better than usual. "Beyond the Alps Lies Italy" is as pleasing an article as we have read for some time. We congratulate the ladies upon their success.

The Local and Editorial of the "Foster Academy Review" is good, but its Literary "next to nothing."

Through the carelessness of one of our Literary Editors no credit was given for the poem which appeared in the January *Messenger*. Credit should have been given to "The Transcript," Delaware, O.

The little "Hillsdale College Herald" visits us once a week, bringing interesting locals, and editorials, and one (never more than one) literary article, which is always a prize oration. The paper is not weakly though it is printed every seven days. [Copyright applied for.]

We feel like saying to the Virginia "University Magazine"—

"We loved her, but she left us,
Like some sweet vision nigh,
That early came and blest us,
Then passed forever by."

The "Wilmington Collegian" has at last donned a cover, but the irrepressible front-page advertisements are still there. Strange to say, this habit is indulged in by a great many college papers. We think it shows great distaste; at least, we have a great distaste for it. This is such an age of advertising humbugs that a person on picking up a paper smothered by exterior advertisements, no matter what its merits may really be, is apt to toss it aside as worthless.

The "Chi Delta Crescent," a new exchange, from the University of Tennessee, is especially interesting to us, as it is the representative of the institution at which Prof. Rhodes Massie—once so highly esteemed and still fondly remembered as Professor of Modern Languages of Richmond College—now teaches. In the January number of the paper a short article on the "Responsibilities of the Present" was happily conceived and well expressed.

The "W. T. I." has made its *debut*. The first copy received (Vol. 1, No. 5, contains an enviable array of editorial, literary, and local, and other matter. It is printed on heavy paper, in clear, bold type. Its cover is something unique and original, caricaturing with wonderful accuracy the metamorphoses of the student as he passes through the various Preparatory, Junior, Middle, and Senior stages of college life.

The "Lantern," from Ohio State University, sheds a very brilliant light in our sanctum. Its exterior might be improved. The February number contains a very creditable oration on "Reform and Reformers;" but its effect is

greatly marred, by such prejudiced allusions as the following: "The slave power reigned at Boston, *the birth-place of freedom*, as well as at Richmond, *the hot-bed of treason*." True, that liberty was cradled in Massachusetts; but it was fostered and burst into a magnificent development in Virginia. When, at Boston, the tea had been thrown overboard and the street disturbance quelled, the feeble spark of freedom was about to die out, when Virginia's peerless orator, Henry, caught up the torch, relighted it, and from his enraged and patriotic breast "sounded to responsive hearts the notes of approaching revolution." Virginia furnished the great quota of the army; Virginia put at the head of that army its immortal commander-in-chief; Virginia's soil, more than that of the rest of the colonies together, was reddened with the blood and furrowed with the graves of her gallant slain, and within her territory was the glorious consummation of that great struggle accomplished. Then, Mr. Orator, where is your "treason?" Does your prejudice in regard to the late war blind you to the truth? Do you say that Richmond is "the hot-bed of treason" because she gave her walls in smoking ruins to the maintenance of the honest convictions of her citizens? Is it treason that they held with unflinching courage to what they believed to be their rights, and struggled to maintain those rights with such

bravery as Sparta never knew—with such undaunted heroism as the world had never seen before? "If this be treason, make the most of it!"

The *Messenger* gives an interesting account of a trip by one of its old students to the Inter-Missionary Alliance, held recently at Rochester, N. Y. It was the pleasure of the exchange editor to meet the writer of that letter on his return from the meetings, to travel with him the last two hundred miles of the journey. We like the *Messenger* better with each succeeding issue.—*Union Mirror (Pa)*.

The Norristown "Herald," in speaking of "The Princetonian," says: "There are ten editors of the college paper in Princeton, and they have their hands full during the base-ball season. One writes editorials, showing how American colleges should be conducted in order to increase their usefulness, and the other nine conduct the base-ball department."

The following is taken from the "Lassell Leaves": "We hear that the only rival of the Harvard "Lampoon" is the "Police Gazette." We know little regarding the literary merits of the latter, but conclude its editors must stand at the head ranks of journalists to be compared to those of the "Lampoon."

The "Lassell Leaves" is published by the ladies.

A Harvard student from New York carries \$15,000 insurance on the furniture of his room.—*Ex*.

In round numbers, it cost Yale \$7,000 for boating, \$5,000 for base-ball, and \$2,000 for foot-ball.

Law of Gravity.—"Say, Professor," said a freshman to the lecturer, "what makes a fellow's heart sink when he's in trouble?" "The gravity of the situation, of course," was the eloquent rejoinder.—*Ex*.

COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

Over twenty tennis courts are in use on the Harvard campus.

The Mormons are about to establish a college at Salt Lake City.

Yale College is exempted from taxation, while Harvard paid \$28,000 in taxes last year.

Among the Alumni of Yale are the two great lexicographers Webster and Worcester.

A Chestnut—The Yale Glee Club cleared over \$600 apiece in its holiday trip.—*Ex.*

Chapel attendance has been made voluntary by Virginia, Cornell, and Michigan Universities.

A poem of one hundred lines has to be written by every Senior at Trinity before graduation.

The Columbia senior class is making efforts to procure from the alumni \$100,000 for a gymnasium.

Yale now has representatives from thirty-five States, four Territories, and eleven foreign countries.

The University of Pennsylvania has received a bequest of \$60,000 for the investigation of Spiritualism.

Mr. — remarked that a certain bell was pitched on A-flat. Senior wanted to know if it was brought over by the Lexington ferry.

Secretary Bayard is to deliver the commencement address at the University of Kansas. He has received the degree of LL. D. from Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth.

Prof. in Latin—Mr. G., what case does *nubere* (to marry) govern? Mr. G.—“Dative.” Prof. “What dative?” Mr. G.—“Dative of disadvantage.”—*Ex.*

Fresh says that he can't see for the life of him how the cotton compress can take a 650-pound bale of cotton and mash it up so that it don't weigh but fifty. Second Fresh—Mashes the sap out, of course.

With nearly 200 courses, in subjects ranging from Semitic to Natural History, it seems strange that one study, of interest to every one, should be almost neglected. We refer to that grandest of sciences, Astronomy.—*Harvard Crimson.*

Since our last issue, Prof. Buchanan, who was to have taken a chair in the Faculty, has been elected superintendent of the public schools of Virginia, and consequently will not assume his place in the Faculty.—*Chi Delta Crescent, Union, Tenn.*

Fresh, to learned Soph: “Say, this is the first year that I was ever at a *University*. What does this word mean? ‘The seven wonders of the world are, *viz.*’” Soph: “*Viz!* why I—er—er—visibly to be sure. I thought that every one knew that.”—*S. C. Collegian.*

“John Blair,” asked his room-mate, “what kind of a bear is a consecrated, cross-eyed bear?” The latter replied that he had never heard of such an animal. John insisted that they sang about it at Sunday school. “No,” said his room-mate, “it is ‘a consecrated cross I bear.’”—*Ex.*

Lehigh is to have a new chapel, which, when erected will cost \$550,000.

The glee club having made its *debut* with great *eclat*, is now prepared to make arrangements to lift church debts, roofs, hair, etc., on very satisfactory terms.—*Student*.

Teacher—"What are you going to do when you grow up if you don't know how to cipher?" Small boy—"I'm going to be a school teacher and make the boy do the ciphering."—*Ex*.

The oldest college student on record is in the class of '85, at the University of Vermont. He is eighty-three years old. Having partially pursued the course when a youth, he now expects to complete it.—*Ex*.

A Brooklyn young man was reading "Hamlet" to his sweetheart the other day, and came to the passage, "Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool." "Is that a proposal, dear?" she asked. "Yes, darling," he replied: and they settled the matter there and then.

Phrenologist—"Your bump of imagination is abnormally large, sir. You should write poetry." Citizen—"I do write poetry. Only yesterday I took a poem to an editor, and that bump you are feeling is where he hit me. Don't bear down so hard."—*Ex*.

The oldest colleges in the United States stand thus in respect to note: Harvard College, Massachusetts, 1638; William and Mary, Virginia, 1693; Yale, Connecticut, 1701; Princeton (Nassau Hall), New Jersey, 1738; Columbia, New York, 1754; Dartmouth, New Hampshire, 1770; Hampden-Sidney, Virginia, 1775.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when the bluest.—*Worcester Gazette*.

The grass, unlike man, is most delightful when greenest.—*Merchant Traveler*.

The moon, unlike man, is the most brilliant when the fullest.—*Lynn Union*.

"Mr. Yan Phon Lee, a Chinese student of Yale, '87, has invented a chart thirty-six by twenty inches, which shows completely the history of English literature from 1350 to 1820." The chart has been approved by the professors of Harvard, Yale, and Brown.

Ponsonby—Education! don't tell me! America is far behind Europe. Why, sir, look at France, for instance.

Bayley—Well, what of France?

Ponsonby—Well, sir, even the little children there can speak French.—*Seminarian*.

Mr. W. boasts that he knows all the law as well as the professor.

Mr. L.: Well, then, Mr. W., tell us what is a fixture?

Mr. W.: I am one when I get to the supper table.

Mr. L. (*sotto voce*): Yes, a gas-fixture.—*Ex*.

Junior (to Professor in Mathematics): "Professor, did Anthon edit a series of text-books in Mathematics?"

Prof.—"I don't think he did. But why do you ask?"

Junior—"Why, I should like to have an Anthon's General Geometry."—*Bethany Collegian*.

Professor: "Which is the most delicate sense, feeling or sight?" Soph.: "Feeling." Professor: "Give a proof of it." Soph.: "Well, there are the Juniors who could feel their mustaches, but no one else could see them."—*Ex*.

There is a college to every hundred square miles in the United States.

The Dartmouth College library is growing at the rate of fifteen hundred volumes a year.

The New York *Herald* says that Professor Dwight's election to the presidency of Yale College is a "foregone conclusion."

Wanted—A feather from the bed of the Mississippi, a hair from its head, and a tooth from its mouth. Apply at this office.—*Star*.

Professor: "Mr. B., translate into German, the boy had a pitcher full of einen Korb voll heißen Wassers."

Oberlin College met with considerable loss on the 9th instant in the burning of Ladies' Hall. No lives were lost, although over a hundred young ladies were asleep in the building when the fire started. The building was built at a cost of \$40,000, but the insurance will cover over three-fourths of that amount. It will be rebuilt as soon as practicable.

The endowment of Stanford University is said to amount to \$20,000,000. This is probably the largest gift ever made to the people by one man. Harvard's and Columbia's funds can scarcely be above \$8,000,000; Princeton, Cornell, Michigan, Yale, and John Hopkins have from three to five millions. There is every reason to expect that the plan of this heavily endowed University will ultimately shape itself into something like a real schule, a gymnasium and a university, with, perhaps, lower trade schools and

some art classes. For this the money will be adequate, but not too much.—*Beacon*.

The average age of the young (?) ladies at Vassar is twenty-eight.

The President of Lehigh receives \$12,000 per year. Yale pays \$4,000.

The new gymnasium at Bowdoin will cost about \$90,000.

The Hillsdale College Herald has published 1,200 copies per week for the last six months.

A boy always rejoices when his mother takes him out of dresses, but he is no out of them long before he embraces him again.—*Ex*.

Teacher: "How many wars were waged with Spain?" Pupil: "Six." Teacher: "Enumerate them." Pupil: "One, two, three, four, five, six."—*Ex*.

Yale is hopeful of soon having a new gymnasium, as it is reported her alumni are raising a hundred - thousand - dollar fund for the purpose of building her the finest gymnasium in the world.

A "Prep." whose frequent blunders had nearly exhausted the patience of his instructor capped the climax by pronouncing "similis" "see - me - less." "Hope I may," earnestly ejaculated the Professor.—*Ex*.

Doctor to middle-man: "Mr. G., you are familiar with the sermon on the mount, I suppose? When I was a boy I had to commit it to memory." "Oh, yes, sir." "Where is ——— found?" "In the sermon on the mount." "Y-e-s, in the Old Testament." G. smiles.

SELECTIONS.

The New York "World," in its issue of November 22d, consumed over 833 miles of paper.

Lord Brougham is said to have defined a lawyer as "a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it to himself."

The "local column" of the suburban newspaper takes a comprehensive range, and we find in our esteemed contemporary, the *South Florida Argus*, of November 15, the following: "Miss Anne Freeman, who attends Rollins College, now comes home every night and returns each morning."

Calvin E. Stowe was a fine scholar, the first in his class in college, of great wit, a most attractive speaker, and once very prominent before the world. But the fame of his second wife—author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—became so great that he seemed to fade all out, and was finally only known as "Mrs. Stowe's husband." He was quite deaf and infirm long before his death.

Edmond About tells a charming story, which is quite untrue, of a "man with a broken ear." A true story, charming as to one of its incidents and painful as to another, comes from Vienna of a girl with a broken ear. She applied at a hospital, and complained that she had suddenly become deaf. Being urged to give particulars, she said that her sweetheart, who had been long absent from her upon a journey, on his return had pressed his lips to her ear and kissed her with con-

siderable ardor. Her hearing was gone from that moment. An examination of the ear that had been kissed showed that the tympanum was ruptured.

Parson Hale declares in print that good clam-chowder is probably the form of nourishment which most quickly and easily comes to the restoration or refreshment of the brain of man. He also insists upon "sufficient supper" just before bedtime, and says people are kept awake by hunger quite as much as by a bad conscience.

A very popular retired United States naval captain, not far from New York city, used to walk down to the post-office every morning in a fine old blue coat, high white collar, and carefully-ironed trousers, with a natty cane in his hand, and the end of a fresh white pocket-handkerchief sticking conspicuously out of the back pocket of his coat. The sight used to be impressive, until one morning the usual small boy ran up to him and said, "Captain, you'll lose your handkerchief." "No, my boy," replied the veteran, kindly; "it's pinned."

The moderation shown in the last Yale-Princeton foot-ball match in the matter of that misplaced vigor which goes to the breaking of legs and ribs and collar-bones appears well when it is set in contrast with the style of play reported from England, where, the "Pall Mall Gazette" says, two deaths have already been caused by the game, besides a goodly number of broken limbs, although the season has barely yet got into full swing.

There are two sets of rules for foot-ball playing in England, which seem equally to admit of dangerously robust behavior. "The controversy as to the comparative safety of the two styles of playing," says the "Gazette," "is left just where it was before, since one of the deaths occurred in an Association, the other in a Rugby match, though at the inquest held on the latter a witness assured the coroner that Rugby foot-ball was much less dangerous." That will suggest itself as somewhat grim reading to people who believe that games ought to be played without loss of life.

It is to be hoped that the experiments reported from Philadelphia in the instantaneous photography of eagles and other birds in flight will not disclose anything so painful as the notorious instantaneous photographs of the horse in motion. There are few people who do not think that if the horse, in the excitement of swift career, really does assume the postures that instantaneous photography makes out, the fact ought never to have been revealed. It would be unpleasant to have the lordly American bird presented in a series of spasms similar to those which convulsed the famous frog observed by the great Galvani.

"Some people have got no feelin's of humanerty a tall," growled a disgusted tramp to his partner. "What's the row?" asked the partner. "Wy, them durn people up at that house on the hill set the'r dog on me." "Is that all?" in a strong tone of disappointment. "No, it hain't." "What else did they do?" "Wy, the durn hound hung on ter my pants as I wuz tryin' ter git away, an' I drug 'im down the hill, an' I'm a hog if

the whole family didn't git after me with clubs an' things, howlin' at every jump, 'Bring back that dog! bring back that dog!' as if I wuz wantin' to steal their dang cur. That's what makes me feel like goin' clean back on the Christian religion an' whoopin' her up for Bob Ingersoll."

A book is just published entitled "Why Not Eat Insects?" It sounds like a joke; but the author is in earnest, and gives reasons. As regards the food of the creatures we eat, he insists, with a good deal of scorn, that it is ridiculous for people who enjoy lobsters and eels (both filth-eating animals), who choose cheese largely composed of mites, and who esteem the unmentionable peculiarity of the woodcock on toast, to turn up their noses at the cleanly grubs which eat vegetables, or the delicate moths and wasps, which eat honey.

The following description of a cane rush at Columbia is taken from the N. Y. Times: The sophomores sprang forward eagerly and seized the unhappy freshmen by their ears, noses, necks, armss, shoulders, legs, and feet. They yanked the freshmen east, west, north, and south. They climbed up on their shoulders and walked on their heads. They tore off the few freshmen who had on shirts, every sign of them. They rolled the freshmen on the ground and walked on them. Most of the freshmen looked as if they thought the end of the world had come. Their red paint spread all over them like oil on troubled waters. Their faces were scratched and their trousers were torn. They looked sad and goreful. Sophomore Parker per-

formed grand and lofty tumbling. He was occasionally seen to rise in the air and sail horizontally over the outskirts of the crowd. He usually came down on a freshman's head. When he did the freshman fell, and, falling, he uttered a groan and darkness covered his eyes. In one of sophomore Parker's leaps he jumped clear out of his trousers, and thenceforth his costume was airy if not elegant.

Michigan University is to receive the famous sculptor Rogers' entire art collection, including the original collection in his studio at Rome. The collection comprises over one hundred pieces in plaster and marble. With this addition the University of Michigan will undoubtedly be a great art centre in the West. The transfer will be made after the sculptor's death.

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
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