

# The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

---

Volume 11  
Number 6 *The Messenger*, Vol. 11, No. 6

Article 1

---

3-1886

## The Messenger, Vol. 11, No. 6

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

(1886) "The Messenger, Vol. 11, No. 6," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 11 : No. 6 , Article 1.  
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol11/iss6/1>

This Complete Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger (archival - 1870-) by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact [scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu](mailto:scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu).

# Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XI.

MARCH, 1886.

NO. 6.

## EDITORS:

*Mu Sigma Rho*, { A. N. BOWERS,  
GEO. H. EDWARDS,  
W. C. ROBINSON.

*Philologist*, { E. B. HATCHER,  
H. W. JONES,  
C. D. ROY.

*Business Manager*—W. A. BORUM.

*Assistant Business Manager*—J. L. BROWN.

## Translation from Catullus.

Mourn O ye goddesses of love and delight,  
And as many of men as are beautiful in  
sight.

Dead is the sparrow of my sweet little girl—  
The sparrow of my maiden with her soft,  
silky curl—

The sparrow whom she loved more than all  
in the world;

For it was lovely, and its mistress know it did  
As well as my maiden with her lovely teeth  
of snow.

Neither did it move itself  
From her bosom white and fair,  
But, singing ever to its mistress,  
Went skipping here and there.

But now it has gone,  
Through a way so dim and dark,  
There from whence, the people tell us,  
No one shall e'er depart.

O ye evil shades of Orcus,  
Upon you my curses be,  
Who all things lovely have destroyed  
And my maiden's sparrow, so dear to me.

O wretched sparrow, O evil deed!  
Now through your act of sorrow  
The swollen eyes of my dear little girl  
Red have become from weeping for her  
sparrow.

DUNBAR.

The two hundred thousand dollars left to Vanderbilt University (Tennessee) by the late William H. Vanderbilt is to be used in building a new fire-proof library building and purchasing more books.

A prize of fifty dollars is offered at Union College for the best extemporaneous speech delivered by any of the stu-

dents except Seniors, during Commencement week, on subjects of American History, Literary, Political, and Social Life.

The ideal student's education, according to Canon Farrar, is derived from the union of the classical and scientific courses.



**To Be or Not to Be.**

From the time that we have our highest ideal of man in papa until we reach the age of mature thought, the future is of little concern to us. We drift along through the days, that pass seemingly slow, without much care or attention, but as days are added to our list, in proportion do we look further into the future. Presently we reach the pier from which we are to embark upon the broad sea of life; then we are to take the most important step of our lives, and it is oft the most puzzling. The great question, "To be or not to be," stands before us all, which we are to decide for ourselves; for though many may influence, none for us can decide.

We can launch in the mighty ship "To be," and plough through the rough billows of uncertainty, or drift in the small boat around and near the shore that surrounds the island of "Discontent."

According to the many affairs of the world, has the all-providing Creator arranged the many tastes and talents of men, (no more, no less.)

Every man upon this earth has a profession intended for him, and every man's tastes and talents are intended for a good purpose; this being so, it is the duty of every man while he is yet in the morn of youth to make diligent search for that to which he is adapted, and strive to rank highest in it. People who give little thought to this matter injure the happiness of their lives, and parents who allow ambition to supersede discretion in selecting professions for their children not suited to them, place a stumbling block in their

paths the effects of which they seldom overcome. One of the greatest mistakes of this age is the desire of parents that their children choose professions of seemingly high order, whether or not adapted to their capacities. "A smith at the loom, and the weaver at the forge, were but sorry craftsmen."

As is not the web-footed swan intended for the rocky-hills, as is not the thin-haired animal of the tropics intended for the polar regions, neither is the plodding, spiritless mind intended for intellectual professions, nor should the active, thinking spirit hide its light under the commercial bushel.

But an ambitious father or mother shudders at the idea of their son in whom they place so much pride and hope, becoming a mechanic or carpenter, though his talents may tend directly to that occupation.

And thus to-day our country is filled with lawyers, doctors, and the like, who cannot even reach a low standard in these, but who would rank high and be prosperous in their natural callings. Let us remember that "the man makes the profession, not the profession the man," and break the shackles of undisciplined public opinion, and adapt ourselves to that in which we can do most credit to ourselves and good to our community. Let us say with Virgil,

"With different talents formed, we variously excel."

I once read of a young man, indeed poor in intellectual capacities, who told



one of his friends that he had decided to study for the ministry. His friend asked him "what was his object in doing so." He replied, "That I may glorify God." His friend told him he would glorify God much more by not studying for the ministry; and there are thousands of preachers, lawyers, and doctors flooding our country who are a disgrace to her, and without whom the country and society in general would be inestimably better off.

These are they who over-run the so-called higher professions; these scare off the timid genius, who thinks so little shared among so many would not earn him a livelihood, and thus he mars his life by shrinking from the "encounter of contending hosts."

Just so long as a man refuses to accept that to which he is adapted, so long does he place a barrier to his success and happiness.

Many of us have opportunities in youth which are not appreciated and are down-trodden then, but mourned for in later years.

Some one has told us that looking back upon ill-spent youth is like viewing a field laid waste and desolate by a recent fire. We run our eyes over yonder once beautiful grove, now charred by fire; this grass, that and this which would have been so beautiful and graceful had it matured, is now laid in ashes, and so the many advantages which were offered are laid bare by the fire of youth.

Milton tells us in beautiful terms that "Youth tells the man as morn the day." Then should we not, while the sun is yet but a few hours high, prepare to present an honorable and exalted zenith and as the sun bids farewell to-day in her richest and most glowing colors, so should

we prepare to leave this world in our choicest garment, "Honor and undying fame."

That the best days for success are just after we have reached manhood, is apparent to all; and, despite its being a scientific fact, it is shown in the histories of the most accomplished men that their earlier years have been the time of their hardest toil and best accomplishments.

After forty years, we know the vivacity and quickness of our minds begins to languish, timidity begins to conquer, and we shrink from achieving. Let us, then, in the face of these facts, decide early upon the choice of profession. I have never ceased to thank that good head who taught me years ago that there is nothing in this world that answers to the name of chance. I shall ever thank God that the workings of his universe in every particular are through cause and effect, not by chance. It is a philosophical fact that he who can concentrate his mind upon one thing gets clearer and better knowledge than one who always has many ideas before his mind. Cicero says "Wisdom is impossible without special attention."

This is the history of all genius, poetic and scientific, and this is what causes the vast differences between the minds of men.

This rule holds in the professional world. A man to succeed should choose the occupation best suited to him, and understand all about the same in preference to snatches of this and snatches of that. That this is too true, is sadly illustrated around us every day by men who make rapid transition from one profession to another and reap for their reward, what? poverty and discontent.



Would we were all going to live in this world long enough to master everything that is improving to the mind; what a pleasure it must be for a man to know everything that pertains to earthly knowledge. But only think of our short duration: we have not time to even master one—one separate profession. Then, does it not follow that a man should prepare himself directly for that which he has chosen, and work diligently to accomplish all that is possible?

We are told by the poet that "ambition is a glorious cheat." Ambition alone devastates the soul as it marches on in its thirsty pursuit of worldly goods. But ambition with virtue raises a man from the level of the brute and makes him only less than angelic. But for ambition, years may have come and gone, centuries rolled around, but man would not have advanced a step. No, he would have degenerated; for time alters all things for the worse, ambition and wisdom for the better. Then let all cultivate that glorious art that makes man continually lift himself higher and higher until his light stands as an immortal star in the heavens to guide and encourage some weary, lost, or despondent traveller.

Shall we engrave our names in the sand to be washed forever away by the first foam-crested wave that rolls heedlessly across the beach, or shall we climb the steep and rugged cliff up which so many before us have toiled, and cut our names with the highest in the imperishable stone that bears the inscriptions of our illustrious forefathers?

Genius springs up as if sown by the wind, for it appears here and there in most unexpected places. Sometimes it falls in fertile valleys and grows and develops.

Sometimes it falls among the rocks and springs up, but soon withers for want of nourishment. Now and then, before death has claimed its own, it is carried into richer soil: revives, grows, and presents to the world some of the rarest and grandest productions she has ever known.

I am sure there never lived a man who did not desire to be above the mighty wave of men. Some lack energy, which is more to a man than money, education, talent, or genius. Some are victims to procrastination, "which steals that of which life is made," but more balk and turn to flee at the first appearance of adversity.

Many men laugh at, thousands cannot understand, the truth of that line of the immortal bard, "Sweet are the uses of adversity." But you will find upon close study and observation that its greatest tendency is towards improvement. It prunes the heat and passion in some, while it stirs zeal and determination in others. It keeps a man from riding in the frail carriage of public opinion, but sends him slowly and surely on in the path of success.

The greatest men who have ever lived, those who stand highest in our admiration and love, have had energy, spirit, and determination, three essentials of success, fired into them by the sharp arrows of adversity.

Shall we, then, falter at adversity? Have we not the lives of enough illustrious men to encourage us now? Listen and hear the packet-boat's discordant horn as it is sounded around the hill-tops. Now read the many proclamations that were scattered across the country by our much-lamented President, J. A. Garfield. Turn over the pages of history,



and see from what came most of the greatest successes. Then, take heart—the path is open—and let us decide at once the great question: “To be or not to be?”

“Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.”

C. A. WOOLFOLK.

### A Trip to Niagara Falls.

As I sit in my room this gray and chilly afternoon, thoughts and memories of the past crowd so thickly upon me that I almost wish a part of it could be forgotten. But if this could be done, my part would necessarily be a passive one—not having the power to select those to be forgotten, those to be remembered; and so along with this riddance of the unpleasant memories, would vanish those that would be feasts to any soul—such especially as those connected with my school days at Richmond College. These few words of introduction, however, pave very poorly the way to my subject. We purpose to write a brief account of it, together with some impressions formed upon a visit to Niagara Falls. Early one bright morning not long ago could have been seen four stragglers wending their way to one of the railroad stations of this city eager for the sight that a few hours would bring to them. After several hours' ride through a beautiful farming country, dotted here and there with towns and villages, we arrived at our destination. Niagara is a town of about 7,000 inhabitants, beautifully situated on the north side of the river from the falls of which it takes its name. This party of four consisted of a chaperon, a Virginian known to many of your readers and celebrated not for his handsome-

ness; a clown, one of Shakespeare's kind, from the far-away prairies of the “Lone-Star” State, and two other mild and gentle creatures, one a New Yorker and the other the present writer, whose especial duty it was to give tone and dignity to the party. The first wonderful feature of our trip was a walk of a mile from the station to “Prospect Park.” Perhaps some will ask why we did not ride to this point, for Niagara is celebrated above all things else for its hacks and drivers. In reply we would simply say, we thought of the ride and we thought of our money, and like most other lovers of the “filthy lucre” we thrust it back into our purses. Having reached the park, we straightway sought one of the many lunch stands erected for the purpose. On this we spread our lunch—another example of our frugal habits. These preliminaries having been gone through with, we were now ready for sight-seeing—viewing from every point this, one of nature's most stupendous wonders.

Our first sight of the falls was from Prospect Point, where stretched before us a rapid sheet of water, said to be 1,200 feet wide. The water in this channel rushes and foams as though each drop were struggling to be free from its madness by leaping over the precipice into the calm, rolling waters beneath. The



leap here is said to be about 160 feet, and although so high, still the force and volume of the current compels the waters to fall in curved and graceful sheets. We stood gazing up and across the stream for a moment, and then, as though tired of the strife above, we sought peace and calmness below. It is very difficult for those who have never seen the falls to imagine the contrast between the river above and the river below. The waters below, that roll at such a majestic depth, are embraced by the foam and borne off from the foot of the cataract like waves of moving snow. After spending a few moments in contemplating this scene we sought other views. Our next sight was obtained from the great suspension bridge, which spans the river several hundred yards below the falls. Stopping for awhile on the bridge, 200 feet above the surface of the stream, and looking up to the falls, the awfulness and sublimity of the scene becomes more apparent. It is a loom in which are woven such wonderful pictures, so entrancing to the eye, that when once removed, futile would be the attempt to describe them, so striking, that if ever the careless thought should enter the mind as to who the architect of this wonder is, the very falls themselves would answer back, "The hand that made us is divine."

Our writing is somewhat like our journeyings, inclined to linger too long in one place; but the bridge is crossed and we are in Canada. The reader who himself has been off the soil of his own native land, can only imagine what must have been the thoughts and emotions of this poor stranger in a strange land, and among a strange people. We shall not here attempt to describe them, but pro-

ceed with our task. A very amusing little incident occurred to us soon after we had reached Canada. A souvenir seller approached our chaperon and asked him if we were of a certain party. "Yes," was our foreman's reply. Then, said the man, "Your ticket will admit you into this museum" [referring to his place of business]. In stalked three of our party—our foreman, clown, and the New Yorker—as if they owned all of America and three fourths of Iceland, to explore the mysteries of the museum. At this point up walked a beautiful Canadian girl, anxious to sell these tourists some souvenirs. You can imagine the indignation of our foreman when he found himself in such a plight. Another similar experience was brought upon us, but we will spare the reader's patience by simply stating that the modest writer was duped this time. We next came to the "Horse Shoe" falls, on the Canadian side. In this the waters fall over in almost a perfect horse shoe, and following around the bend it is much wider than the American falls, but not so high by several feet. The water above these falls, as it draws nearer to the brink of the cataract, seems to slacken in its course, and although swift (for there is nothing lazy about Niagara), still it does not come dashing down with such impetuous rapidity as it does above the falls first mentioned. The spectacle from this point is very imposing, with rainbows, with their charming colors, dangling amid the misty spray. The waters with their striking greenish cast, hugging each other as they tumble down from their curved summits, the ceaseless roar of the falls, all set before the mind's eye a picture that can never be dimmed. We do not wonder



that "Mark Twain's" character remembered this when at Mt. Vesuvius. When some one was describing, with starry adjectives, the grandeur of the slumbering volcano, he, ever ready, spoke and said, We have something in America, if it were turned into that thing, would put it out in five minutes. We remained here for some time, and then retraced our steps. After reaching the American side, we proceeded in another direction, crossing the bridge to "Goat Island," a beautiful and cool retreat (reminding the classical scholar of Plato's retreat, the Acadum), thickly wooded with almost every conceivable kind of trees and shrubbery, and last, but not least, a placard every ten steps warning one not touch or deface the trees. Of course this served to make us only the more eager to do mischief—a good deal of which we did, although we never will admit it. Passing along the north side of the island until we came to a flight of steps leading down to another bridge, which we crossed and found ourselves on what is known as "Luna's Isle," a small piece of earth that seems to have been washed down to the brink of the chasm and to have clung with such firmness that the water had not power to hurl it over. We rested here—now laughing, now pensive, now sad—as we thought of some old Indian legend connected with the place, especially the "white canoe." Resuming our journey, we passed along the west side

of the island to the American side of the "Horse Shoe" falls. Here we gathered a few pebbles, notwithstanding the severe remarks of a (we hope) good lady, not intended for our ears, applying to us the same appellation that David did to the man who "hath said in his heart there is no God." Passing thence along the southern end of the island, we soon came to the bridges leading over to the "Three Sister Islands." These we crossed, obtaining from the islands a very fine view of the upper rapids, which, in the estimation of the writer, are more awe-inspiring than the falls themselves. After a refreshing rest on these islands, perhaps the most charming place about the falls, we passed around again to the northern side of "Goat Island," where we quenched our thirst from one of the most delightful springs that it has ever been our pleasure to drink from. We next sought "Prospect Park," our starting place, for the day's work was done—the sun was sinking low in the west, the chill of night was approaching, the mist was settling around the falls, and we tired of body and almost sick at heart. Thus was spent one of the most pleasant days of all my life, and a day that gave to us a casket full of memories that will be vivid as long as reason sits enthroned, and as long as imagination adorns with its richness the scenes of the past.

---

### Disappointment—A Romance in Two Chapters.

#### CHAPTER I.

He (without):  
Ah, there!  
Pa there?

#### CHAPTER II.

She (within):  
You bet!  
Better get.  
The end. *Boston Courier.*



### America's Glory.

In 1492, Columbus sailed from Spain in quest of an unknown country beyond the boundaries of the then untraveled waters. That expedition was not fruitless; for it revealed to the world this vast expanse of fertile country almost uninhabited, the very thing the penned-up people of England were so much in need of.

Our civilized people began to build their frugal dwellings along the river's bank; and in accordance with the general law of nations, that the uncivilized and barbarous tribe always retreats before the advancing tread of the more civilized, so it was here. The uncultivated soil has been changed into a mighty harvest-field, the neglected wilderness into an imaginary fairy land, the Indian's war-whoop among the wild forest has been changed to the merry laugh of the happy grain-gatherers. So much for this familiar history.

Just think for a moment what America was a little more than two hundred years ago, prior to the Jamestown settlement, and what she is to-day. You need no rehearsal on the contrast of such a scene. How remarkable! And yet we are not surprised that such is the case; for how could such a country as America, favored with so many natural advantages not possessed by other countries, remain as she was? Can genius remain concealed? No more can such a land as this remain unknown and unimproved.

There is no country like America. Majestic rivers rolled their waters, richly freighted with the produce of a mighty people, to the ocean.

Mountains, boastful, rear their proud peaks high up in the regions of congealed atmosphere, wearing perpetually Nature's cap of snow, and in the grandeur of her variegated scenery, challenging even the Alpine beauty of the Old World. True, Goldsmith says,

"Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
The sons of Italy were surely blest."

But unfortunately he had never seen America, and

"Wasted his sweetness on the desert air."

Here, too, lakes of the greatest magnitude serve as so many furnaces to mitigate and make inhabitable the severe climates of the northern regions. The number and diversity of her latitudes reaching almost from pole to pole, give her a broad expanse of country, and all the variety of climate that cannot be found anywhere else in the world. So that in our own country we have soil of sufficient fertility, and climate peculiarly adapted to the growth of any plant, or for the habitation of any animal that can be found now existing, or that ever will exist in the history of the world.

She can glory in her facilities for agriculture, and this is the great condition for man's existence. For since his banishment from the Garden, he always has had, and always will have, "to live by the sweat of his brow," and he can find no easier place to live than here. America abounds in soil of unsurpassed fertility, with peculiar adaptation for easy and profitable cultivation.

She can glory in her facilities for successful manufactures. For this purpose



there must be an easy accessibility to water power.

This, America has, especially along her eastern coast, where the mountains are near the ocean, making the rivers short and steep, and as the waters come splashing and foaming down the mountain side, rolling and tumbling over their rocky beds, they acquire great power. And her watchful inhabitants have utilized this force to turn their various machinery, so that manufacturing towns are springing up as if by magic along her many rivers.

She can glory in her facilities for commerce. With such prolific soil that produces so bountiful an harvest, and with manufactories of such capacities, we of course need an extensive commerce. And we are not disappointed. We have timbers for the erection of vessels, an extended coast line with many capacious harbors, all of which make commerce profitable. And even those on the great interior are not deprived of the privilege of easy transportation, for rivers traverse our country large enough to sustain the deepest-ploughing vessels. Could nature have better fitted America for prosperity?

She can glory in her freedom in speech, in politics, and in religion—a freedom bought with the price of much noble blood.

She can glory in her intellectual attainments. Her genius is as bright, and schools as proficient, as any that can be found, for she is to-day furnishing textbooks to the schools of the Old World. The men of America have been found equal to any on the globe. Some may outstrip her in making rat-traps, or starting fashions, but for real *worth*, there are none her superior. In inventions, in

the fine arts, in oratory, in literature, in social merit, in physical and moral development, in national government, in executive administration, or any other sphere, America has no rival.

And now, what of her future? "Beyond the Alps lies Italy," but we have to tread our weary way across the Alps before Italy can be seen; so we must first cross the boundary line that separates the present from the future, if we are to actually know her future.

Patrick Henry said he "had but one lamp by which his feet were guided, and that was the lamp of experience." And so, having experienced America's past glory, can we not predict with a tolerable degree of certainty her future glory? True, sometimes our imagination goes beyond the bounds of actual experience; but, taking cognizance of the unchangeableness of nature's laws, and remembering how rapidly she has risen in power and influence, can we not imagine that as her numerous resources are more and more fully developed, that proportionally more and more bright will be the brilliancy of her future glory?

Her progress thus far has been much impeded; at first, a feeble colony, bravely struggling for a foothold in the midst of an enraged enemy; then, the ravaging influences of wars, devastating her hard accumulated supplies, have tended to keep her back. But all have sadly failed. She has risen above these opposing difficulties, and now occupies her rightful place, in the front ranks of any national power.

Samuel Johnson, speaking of himself, says, "Slow rises worth by poverty depressed." Equally as true is this of a nation; her influence is determined, other



things being equal, by the amount of intelligence and wealth she possesses. America certainly has the intelligence, and the limits of her wealth are yet unknown. Vast areas of fertile fields remain uncultivated, and mines of incalculable resources are waiting future development.

When Marlborough won the memorable victory of Blenheim, Godolphin, eager to see the event celebrated in some worthy manner, called upon Addison to sing the glory of the English hero; and so might we, when thinking of America's possibilities, call upon some muse to sing her future glory.

REMUS.

---

#### Hints to Students.

There are many kinds of study, and the present article addresses itself specifically to students in colleges, universities, and professional schools. Its suggestions will, perhaps, apply as well to one sex as to the other.

It is a great privilege to be a student. For one inclined to think, life is everywhere and always a school of instruction, and it is beautiful to see how much good thinking is done, how much real education obtained, by some very busy men in this great school of life. But, happy those who have leisure for unbroken study. The Greek word *scholē* (from which we get *school*) signifies *leisure*. The Greeks considered that exemption from ordinary employments was necessary to any considerable attainments in knowledge and in power of thought. They soon learned the peril which attaches to these opportunities; and in later Greek writers a scholastic is commonly a learned simpleton or an idle joker. There are examples of the sort even in our American institutions. Some men have great power of acquiring, and little power in action or in the creation of thought. Occasionally a wealthy young fellow goes to college because his parents wish it, or because in his social

circle it is "the thing," and gains a mere varnish of literary accomplishment, while spending most of his time in amusement and social enjoyment. Some hasty or hostile observers regard this book-worm, and this accomplished trifler, as representing the two chief classes among college-bred men. The Latin word *student* might, by its very etymology, correct such a misconception; for it denotes one who is zealous, eagerly diligent, intensely applying himself to some pursuit. In our age and country every man worth calling a student has practical aims in life. With him, study is in order to character, in order to power, in order to usefulness. Just in proportion as such aims are truly cherished, the "opportunity of leisure," as the son of Sirach calls it, will be esteemed a high privilege. Some one has well turned Lord Bacon's famous saying, by putting it "knowledge is *pleasure*." And, besides, such advantages are in many cases to be more highly appreciated, because they come as the fruit of parental toil in the past, sometimes of great sacrifices in the present.

The studious among mankind have always exerted a powerful influence. With all the animality which disgraces human



nature, it is still very largely true that ideas rule the world. Scientific and philosophical, political and social, moral and religious ideas work their way down among the masses of men, until they shape and control a nation's life. There is no practical invention, no party watchword, no movement of active benevolence, that did not really begin in the thought of a student. Practical workers and students are, therefore, friends, necessary to each other's true aims; and they ought to cultivate mutual appreciation and sympathy. This will be greatly promoted where students zealously develop their common sense, and seek at least some just acquaintance with the practical interests of surrounding life.

Two leading desires govern every real student. *He desires to know truth.* A thousand times one must remind himself that truth, in every direction, is better than error—more powerful, more ennobling, more delightful. How can a human soul ever be satisfied without constant and diligent search for truth? Not the views of the text-book, nor even of the honored professor, nor—what is often mightier far—the views that prevail among young associates; not the explanation that is easy, the theory that is famous, the side that will promote one's social or political or financial interest; no, the question must always be, about everything, what is the truth? A thousand contemporaries may hold on, without inquiry, to what has been long established among men, and ten thousand may fling up their hats in honor of any real or supported novelty that is nick-named "science" or "modern thought"; the real student will strive independently, humbly, patiently, to find out what is the real truth. Youth-

ful presumption and arrogance on the one hand, and on the other hand an indolent acceptance of fashionable opinion, are alike unfavorable to genuine study.

The other great desire of a student is *mental improvement.* In seeking to know, he is seeking to be. Knowledge is nowhere to be regarded as an end, but only as a means; first, a means of discipline; secondly, a means of influence, and throughout incidentally a means of enjoyment. After all that is said upon this point, few youthful students half understand its importance. Even professional studies, which are often treated like learning a trade, should be so pursued as to develop and discipline one's mental powers. For, pray remember that not only development is needed, and symmetrical development of all our faculties, but also discipline. A man must learn to fix his mind upon a subject, and hold it there at will. The general who has to organize and discipline an army of recruits, so that he can send them forth to marshalled conflict whenever his trumpet sounds, and make them stand in line of battle till he bids them advance as conquerors or retreat in good order, presents but a faint illustration of the task every student ought to perform with his own faculties. Teachers and text-books may help, kind words from friends and secret dreams of ambition may stimulate, but the student must himself do the work of self-development and self-discipline. There is difference in advantages, and we cannot be thankful enough if we possess them in a higher degree, but every educated man is self-educated.

The student who is to amount to much must be capable of subordinating the present to the future. He must know



how "to scorn delights, and live laborious days." The importance of *will* in study is perhaps seldom appreciated. Regular tasks appointed by recognized authority, and shared with nobly emulous comrades, give extremely valuable assistance. Often in later life, when compelled to make some difficult acquisition or investigation, one feels lonely, and pines for the help of a teacher, or at least a single fellow-student. But it is utterly fatal to be merely passive, doing only what is required, and only because it is required, or stirred simply by passing emulation; the student must bring to bear a determined will. You can understand a thing far more quickly and more thoroughly, if you are really determined to understand it. You can remember, far more readily and accurately, what you distinctly intended to remember when it was first acquired. And nowhere in practical life is there greater need than the student has of unconquerable perseverance. That original and able thinker, Dr. Tiberius Gracchus Jones, once spoke in a sermon, as reported by a thoughtful hearer, of "the love of completeness" as one of our most wholesome passions. When a young student has fairly undertaken to master a certain subject, or to perform any defined amount of mental work, he ought to feel a passionate desire to complete the task, for the sake of his mental habits, if for no other reason.

Mental habits are intimately connected with bodily habits. The student who thinks that mind is everything, and health of body requires no attention, makes a serious and often fatal mistake. In many pursuits one obtains bodily exercise without needing to think of it; he thereby feels a good appetite, has a healthy diges-

tion, and is so tired at night that he sleeps as a matter of course. But a student must think of these things. A general who attends only to discipline and weapons, and cares nothing for the commissary's and quartermaster's departments, will come to grief in a very short campaign; and so, sooner or later, with the mistaken student who neglects bodily welfare.

One great condition of bodily and mental health is to have regular habits, regular hours of study, and regular seasons for sleep, food, exercise, and recreation. Wise plans must, of course, be somewhat flexible, but all the variety necessary to our own gratification or the demands of social life ought to be kept as strictly as possible within the limits of a plan. A manufactory or railroad has no greater of system than has a student, if he would reach the best results. Gifted and undisciplined youth is apt to think otherwise. "I must work when I feel like it. I must wait for the inspirations of genius." Well, genius is a reality. But genius that is unbridled and unbroke, that stands a moment and nibbles salt from the hand, and then kicks up its heels and capers over the pasture, will never do much of the world's work, never be thought of much real account. If you cannot break in your genius, train it to work in harness, and steadily do your bidding, then the probability is that you have in fact little genius and less will. We do not believe, as Carlyle has said, that genius is nothing but "a boundless capacity for work." It was not so with him, nor with George Eliot, who has spoken somewhat to the same effect. But without this, genius is apt to be useless to the world, and often worse than useless to its possessor.



Happy the student who loves to sleep, provided always he loves to study. Perhaps no delusion is more common than the persuasion that one shows talent by working a great many hours a day. You do not care how much time the boot-maker is at it, the question is whether he makes you good boots. What the world asks of you, and what conscience ought to ask, is that you shall do thoroughly good work. A man may dawdle fourteen or even sixteen hours a day over his studies, and really accomplish far less than if he had spent ten hours in healthy, vigorous, and cheerful application. The foremost student in early Christian history was Origen, who died A. D. 253, in Alexandria. So great was his power of application that his contemporaries called him *Adamantius*, the man of steel. A few days ago we stumbled upon a passage in one of his works in which he says that the things necessary for the body are food, and shelter (both clothing and house), and necessary rest, and sleep. His term for rest is a striking Greek compound, which means rest at intervals. Surely the Adamantine student has touched the thing with a needle. We can no more do all the requisite resting in vacation or on Sunday than take the requisite food or sleep. The rolling earth brings light and darkness in every twenty-four hours, and we who were born to live on it, should, in every twenty-four hours, have all the sleep we need, and food taken at regular times, in a cheerful mood and without hurry, and one or two seasons of vigorous bodily exercise in fresh air, and one or two seasons of downright rest. We read last spring, with pathetic and rev-

erential interest, some fragments of a diary kept by a student of Richmond College, and afterwards of our Southern Theological Seminary, whose early death had ended a career of extraordinary promise. Deficient in early advantages, fearful that the present opportunities might cease through lack of means, he undertook far more than any student should attempt in one session. The diary shows him often staggering under the sore burdens, sometimes prostrate in sickness, but borne through it all by prodigious force of will. He thought this necessary, and therefore right. We honor the motive, but when shall we cease to deplore the mistake?

Well, well, stimulating appeal and solemn caution have to be flung out together, to be heeded by those who will. Sometimes, no doubt, one is taken to heart by those who specially need the other. Who can discover how that is to be prevented?

J. A. B.

P. S.—Take this as “a woman’s post-script,” the most important thing in the letter. Luther was fond of repeating, *Bene orasse est bene studuisse*—“He that has prayed well has studied well.” Is this true only of theological studies, and not of mathematics or medicine? A pendulum clock runs right only when it stands exactly upright, so that the pendulum may vibrate freely according to the law of gravitation. Even so, the normal position of the human mind is taken in prayer to God. Coleridge said that prayer is the noblest exercise of the human intellect.—*Rev. J. A. Broadus, D. D., in Religious Herald.*



### Händel the Musician.

George Frederick Händel was the son of a valet-de-chambre of the elector of Saxony, and first saw the light at Halle, in Saxony, on the 23d of February 1685. His career as a musician was remarkable, and his influence over the poetry, the national and religious life of his adopted country, England, was and is still greater than that of any other composer. There was never a musician more essentially national than the German Händel has become in England. He has entered into both the private and political life of the English, and his residence with them, reacting upon him, has given a dignity and solidity to his work which could scarcely have been derived from any other source.

Händel had to contend with stern and continual opposition on the part of his parents. His father, already an old man when young George was born, intended that he should study law, and looked upon all art with contempt. Every one knows how the poor boy, often in darkness, practiced his beloved and forbidden music on an old spinet which a kind aunt had smuggled into the attic of his house.

One can fancy the almost pathetic picture of the poor little lad alone amid the dust and cobwebs of his gloomy garret, dreaming over those matchless harmonies that years after were to make his name a household word with the people of a great nation.

When he was about eight years old, Händel went with his father to the ducal court of Saxe-Weisserfels, and there, while playing to himself on the organ,

was overheard by the duke. This worthy fortunately recognized his talent, and spoke seriously to his father on his behalf, remonstrating with him for his unkindness and lack of appreciation. To such an appeal, from such a person, the valet-de-chambre of course had to submit, and henceforth the boy was allowed to practice his art in peace, and was even given some instruction. He learned rapidly and thoroughly, and at the age of twelve, made his *début* at the court of Berlin. The elector of Brandenburg, afterward Frederick I. of Prussia, offered to send him to Italy, but for some unknown and unimaginable reason his father declined the proposition. The next year the worthy valet died, and henceforth the young artist was dependent on his own resources. He remained at Halle for six years longer, filling the position of church organist, but in 1703 he went to Hamburg, then one of the musical centres of Germany.

His rise was now rapid. At first second violin in the orchestra at the opera, he soon became leader. He remained in this place for three years, producing his first dramatic compositions, now utterly forgotten. In 1706, at the age of twenty-one, he went to Italy, where he remained three years, learning much and composing two operas and two oratorios—"The Resurrection" and "The Triumph of Time and Truth"—with many other choral works. In the chief cities he was received with marked favor, and began to be widely recognized in the musical world. His own countrymen commenced



also to acknowledge his merits, and in 1709 he returned to Germany to accept the position of capellmeister to the elector of Hanover.

After a short stay he took a journey to England, obtaining a leave of absence for that purpose, and while in London produced an Italian opera, "Rinaldo." It met with brilliant success, and the recollection of his English fame, or the desire for English money, or both; brought him back to London the next year. He seemed to forget the neglected duties of his post, and was placed in a very equivocal position when his deserted master paid a visit to George I. of England. He was forbidden by that king to appear at court, and it was only through the intercessions of powerful friends and the effect produced by his celebrated "Water Music," that he was reinstated. With his pardon he received also a salary of £200 a year. He lived for six years with the duke of Chandos at Edgeware, and not until 1720 did he reappear in a public capacity. In that year he acted as impressario to an Italian opera company, and very successfully produced his opera "Radamista." It was at this time that he became impressed with the idea that the Italian opera was the proper field for his genius, and for twenty years the indomitable master labored under this delusion—writing, indeed, operas as good as others of their sort, but handicapped by the littleness of the field and the greatness of his genius. During this period, or rather at the commencement of it, he became embroiled in his famous quarrel with Buononcini—a gifted Italian composer. The adherents of each declared their leader infinitely superior to the other. All aristocratic society "took

sides" in the discussion, which waxed warm. A satirist of the time wrote:

"Some say, compared with Buononcini,  
That Meyerbeer Handel's but a Ninny,  
Others aver that he to Handel  
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.  
Strange all this difference should be  
Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

Händel was finally victorious, and his rival left England disgusted.

And now come his oratorios, with their marvellous choral passages. His choruses could express pictorial detail, as those of Israel in Egypt, hearing which, one can feel the darkness, tangible and impenetrable, and see the swarms of gnats, or could be expressive of the combined religious feelings of a whole nation. By the side of the great works even his finest solo passages appear comparatively insignificant. Händel was less the exponent of individual feeling than the interpreter of the sufferings and aspirations of a nation.

In his "dead march" in "Saul" we feel that the decisive rhythm and the simple diatonic harmonies plainly indicate that here a great nation is mourning the death of a hero. It is only among a free people, and people with a national life such as that of England in the last century, that such epics as "Judas Maccabeus" and "Israel in Egypt" could have been inspired.

In the same way, the sublime "Messiah" became the embodiment of the deep religious feeling of a whole people. This splendid work—his masterpiece, and the model of all other oratorios to this time—was written in twenty-four days, while Händel was on a visit to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland. It was first performed at Dublin in 1742. Yet, notwithstanding his success in England, his music



was so little understood in his native Germany that at the first performance of the "Messiah" in Berlin the leading singer introduced an Italian aria to "relieve the monotony of the thing."

The remainder of Handel's life may be told in a few words. Enemies conspired against him, and he became bankrupt; but nothing—not even the blindness which came over him during the last six years of his life—could daunt his energy. He worked to the last, and attended a performance of his "Messiah" a week before his death. Mourned by the whole

English people, he was buried in Westminster Abbey in April, 1759.

Händel was a man of character and intellect, as well as a genius. He did not confine himself to his music alone but delighted in assembling around him men of literature and science and in collecting pictures and other art objects. He has by his twenty oratorios founded the national school of English music, and so long as the English compose, their works will bear the stamp of the genius that gives its own character to all their productions.

C. T. C.

---

### Vanity.

"So weak are human-kind by nature made,  
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd;  
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe  
Their rest of pleasure, and their balm of  
woe."

Vanity consists of an agreeable consciousness of one's self and is well ridiculed in the story of Narcissus, who so long contemplated his own beautiful image in the water, that he died from neglect of taking sustenance. The vain found their claims on qualities which they do not possess, and their extreme solicitude for distinctions they are not entitled to, can never allow them any ease of manner. Observe a lady at a ball, anxious to be thought the finest woman in the assembly, and doubtful of success. The pleasure which it is the purpose of the assembly to enjoy, is lost to her. She does not for a moment experience such a sensation, for it is totally absorbed by the prevailing sentiment, and the pains she takes to conceal it. She watches the looks, the most trivia

marks of the opinion of the company, with the attention of a moralist and the anxiety of a politician; and wishing to conceal from every eye the torments she feels, her affectation of gayety at the triumph of a rival, the turbulence of her conversation when that rival is applauded, the over-acted regard which she expresses for her, and the unnecessary efforts she makes, betrays her sufferings and her constraint.

Grace, that supreme charm of beauty, never displays itself except when the mind is perfectly at ease, and when confidence prevails. Uneasiness and restraint obscure those advantages which one possesses; the countenance is contracted by every pang which self-love occasions. We very soon discover the change; and the vexation the discovery produces, still augments the evil which it is desirous to repair. Vexation increases upon vexation; and the object is rendered more remote by the very desire of possession.



In a picture of similar enterprise, man may be readily substituted, the scene being blended to suit his quality. Vanity is manifested in daily associations under the appearance of pride, but upon observation and comparison, is found to be empty pride, inspired by an overweening conceit of one's personal attainments and adornments.

A man may seem to have all the pride of a king, and still be in need of substance to satisfy his desire ; such may be defined as an inflation of the mind upon slight grounds. Pride well placed and defined is of ambiguous signification, says the incomparable Marquis of Halifax ; one kind of it is as much a virtue as the other is a vice. But some are naturally so apt to choose the worst, that it has become dangerous to commend the best side of it. "Pride is a sly, insensible enemy, that wounds the soul unseen, and many that have resisted other formidable vices, have been ruined by this subtle invader," for there are some who smile to themselves, at least ironically, when flatterers bedaub them with false encomiums ; though they seem many times to be angry, and blush at our praises, yet their souls inwardly rejoice—they are pleased with it, and forget themselves. Some are proud of their quality, and despise all below it ; first set it up for the idol of vain imagination, and then their reason must fall down and worship it. They would have the world think that no amends can be made for the want of a great title. They imagine that, with this advantage, they stand upon higher ground, which makes them look down upon merit and virtue as things inferior to them. Some, and most commonly women, are proud of their fine clothes,

and when they have less wit and sense than the rest of their neighbors, comfort themselves with the reflection that they have more lace. The man of letters is proud of the esteem the world gives him for his knowledge, but he might easily cure himself of that disease by considering how much learning he wants. The military man is proud of some great action performed by him, when possibly it was owing more to fortune than to his own valor or conduct ; and some are proud of their ignorance, and have as much reason to be so as any of the rest, for they being also compared with others in same character and condition, their defects will be found to exceed their acquisitions.

Hannibal was so exalted with the victory he had won at Cannæ that afterwards he did not admit any of the citizens of Carthage into his camp, nor give answer to any but by an interpreter ; also, when Maherbal said at his tent-door "that he had found out a way whereby in a few days, if he pleased, he might sup in the capital," then it was that he *despised* him. So hard is it for felicity and moderation to keep company together.

Aleibiades had his mind exceedingly puffed up with pride on account of his riches and large possessions in land ; which, when Socrates observed, he took him along with him to a place where was hung up a map of the world, and desired him to find out Attica in that map ; which, when he had done, "Now," said he, "find me out your own lands." And when he replied that "they were not all set down," "How is it, then," said Socrates, "that thou art grown proud of that which is no part of the earth ?"

The cure of vanity may be attempted



by excess of flattery, which will at length appear ridiculous, or, by its familiarity, will cease to be desired. But the vain man of to-day has such a capacity for receiving flattery, that he is like an elastic bag for receiving gas—the more you put in, the bigger it gets.

So let us shun the vice of vanity and that pride which commonly displays itself in an unseemly deportment towards others, and cultivate that noble pride which seeks to display itself in all that can command the respect and admiration of mankind. NONPLUS.

---

### A Glance at the French Revolution.

---

The latter half of the eighteenth century will ever live in the history of Europe as a period when men's hearts were stirred to their depths by the revival of democratic principles, and the awakening of the spirit of liberty, which, by the rapid growth of despotism, had been latent for centuries.

This spirit was infused to a limited extent throughout the broad expanse of Europe. Murmurings from the people, who were now beginning to realize the diabolical effects of sovereignty and tyranny, were increasing with dangerous alacrity, and as a natural consequence, while patriots were preaching in behalf of extended liberty, and infusing into men's minds dreams of freedom and equality, kings and princes were trembling for the stability of their thrones, which, at any time, might be dashed into fragments by a rising tide of revolution.

The French were the foremost people of Europe in accepting and nourishing these ideas of universal liberty. The breath that infused life into this corrupt and distracted empire of France was wafted from across the Atlantic, where a new star had taken its place in the galaxy

of nations differing from anything known in the annals of time. The American colonies had burst asunder the bonds of thralldom to which they had been subjected by the tyranny of George III., and had steered their bark triumphantly through the dark sea of revolution into the light of national glory.

By the results of this conflict, the thirteen brightest stars in the galaxy of British colonization was plucked forever from the royal diadem; the growing pride of the English sovereign was arrested; the capacity of the people to govern themselves was fully vindicated, and the germ of liberty which had been so firmly rooted in the soil of America was transplanted to the shores of the "Old World," where the effects of sunken and degraded royalty had enslaved the masses.

Let us look a moment at the condition of French politics and society during this age of "liberty and revolution." The empire having passed through a long line of kings, had lost the glory and grandeur of its youth. France was still great in name, but a political pestilence had been feeding for centuries on the vitals of the empire, and whilst the capital and court rivaled in splendor that of Charlemagne,



the monarchy was on the verge of destruction, and France was sporting within the whirlpool of anarchy. The empire, awakened from her lethargy by the successful termination of the American war, turned her eyes upon her own distracted form. What did she see? Alas! she saw that the last vestige of liberty had expired long years ago; that monarch after monarch, Louis after Louis, had borne the sceptre of royalty and tyranny, each adding his portion to the accumulating mass of despotism. The courts and palaces were decked in royal splendor, while the city of Paris shone with more brilliancy and elegance than ever known before in the history of the empire. But the rural districts present a different aspect; the land is but poorly cultivated, and brings but poor returns; a spirit of lassitude, and a want of energy, which mark the path of despotism, envelopes the country. Here and there, rise a huge castle, the den of some petty despot, whose lands stretch for miles, covered with thousands and thousands of vassals and dependents; the public debt which had been accumulating for centuries had now become so massive as to almost crush the unhappy people; the burden of taxation was inflicted alone upon the poor, whilst the lords lived in ease and luxury; the clergy were also included in the privileged class, and under the diabolical supervision of the Roman See, had become rotten to the core.

Such was the state of affairs when the death of his father placed Louis XVI. on the throne of France. The Empire had forgotten that she had a constitution; she knew only the power of the King and his court; for the States-General, the legislative department of the Empire, had not

sat in session for over a century and a half. Its creation was a mere delusion, a semblance of free government, two-thirds of the body being clergy and nobles.

Terrible, indeed, is the affairs of a nation when corruption and despotism has obtained so firm a foothold within the land, that nothing short of anarchy and revolution can put to flight the dread monster and bring back again the Goddess of liberty. But such was the fate of France. Louis endeavored by every means to avert the coming catastrophe by instituting reforms, and lightening the burdens of the people wherever the distracted condition of the country and the consent of the nobility and lords of the land would allow it. But the day of grace had passed, the evils of the land had grown too enormous, and reforms were now useless. The nation, to bring happiness and prosperity to succeeding generations, must now be racked and distorted by faction and civil conflict. The Empire saw that the day had come for which the long centuries of tyranny was but the preparation, and the first act in the tragedy of the revolution was now begun. The whole kingdom, from the Rhine to the ocean, was in turmoil, and

From the vine-covered hills and gay valleys  
of France,

See the day-star of liberty rise,  
Through clouds of detraction unwearied ad-  
vance,

And hold its new course in the skies.

The spirit of liberty and emancipation was now beginning to play. Louis called together the long-forgotten States-General, and watched with anxiety the vigilance of the populace. Owing to some act of the impolitic king, Paris was



thrown into great excitement, and the mob, strengthened at every step, rushed madly to the old prison—the Bastille—and after “smoke as of Babel” and “noise as of the crack of doom,” Delauney, the commander of the grim old fortress, was forced to yield; the prisoners were released, and Delauney was brutally murdered and his head borne on a pike through the streets of the city. The monarchy of France, which had lived since the days of Charlemagne, now rapidly crumbled to pieces beneath the accumulating tide of revolution.

Louis saw too plainly his fate if unable to cross the frontier into the borders of Germany; the attempt was made, but proved unsuccessful. The hearts of patriots and of a maddened and suffering people were now aroused, and nothing but the blood of royalty could appease their rapacious appetite. Louis was now confined, and finally brought to trial and condemned. When the day of his doom arrived he was led to the place of execution amid applauding thousands. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and, addressing the people, said: “May my death cement forever the liberties of the French.” Attempting to speak further, he was interrupted. An officer waving his sword, the drums beat, and whilst the priest said, “Son of St. Louis, ascend into heaven,” the executioner dragged him to the guillotine, and in a moment France was without a monarch.

Thus perished the ill-starred Louis,

worthy of a better fate. His fortune was cast in an age of revolution, and the evils of his forefathers were avenged upon him. He yielded manfully to the current of events, and among his last words was a wish for the prosperity of France. This wish was to be realized, but not till Europe had been drenched in blood by the relentless hand of Napoleon.

Revolution was now kindling rapidly the funeral pyre of despotism and oppression throughout the kingdom, while the monarchs of Europe looked on in terror and amazement as the monarchy went down forever, and the orb of emancipation lingering for a moment, rose over the kingdom of France and lit up the ruins beneath it. The regal power of France had crumbled into atoms, and liberty advanced with stately tread to claim her lost inheritance. May her domain never more be blasted by the heel of a tyrant or the tread of a despot.

France and America—the sister republics—are now closer together than ever before. May “Liberty Enlightening the World,” the gift of the French nation, which is to be erected in the harbor of New York, not only inspire a spirit of democracy in other nations, but cement forever friendship and fraternity between the two republics, and may the spirit of emancipation and free government, emanating from the bosom of both, go on growing and expanding until government shall cease to be, and time shall fade away in the twilight of eternity.

S.



### Exaggeration.

If there be any one thing that pre-eminently distinguishes American people from other nations, it is our seemingly uncontrollable tendency to enlarge upon everything about which we speak. Truly, we live in a great country, of which we should be proud, with an ocean on each side, with great lakes, majestic mountains, and wonderful scenery, remarkable more for grandeur and immensity than for beauty, and it is but natural that we should be possessed of great ideas and admire everything that is grand; yet we are all the time conscious that we live in a great country, but just exactly how big we cannot find words to describe. Scarcely can we speak of the ocean as such, but we must spend much valuable time in using adjectives, in order that we may tell of the dark, deep, blue waters, whose raging, surging billows, towering toward the blue vault of heaven, and falling in their mad career from their lofty heights, sounding like the sudden thunder of a midnight storm, as they lash against the mighty rock-bound coasts of our great continent; when sensible language would have it thus:—an ocean washes the shores of America.

And again we would say that our much-beloved and cherished America is adorned with lofty and majestic mountains, whose towering snow-capped summits bask in the region of eternal winter, and whose moss-grown trees, shrunken with hoary age, stretch out their trembling limbs to greet the first rays of the rising luminary as he emerges as it were from the ocean wave, and dispels the mist and gloom of the eastern sky, when it is

only necessary to say, America contains some very high mountains. These vague ideas that float in our minds about the extent and immensity of our continent, and of everything connected with it, tend to breed ideas of a similar nature about all the happenings and experiences of our daily life. The ideas of an American are no more to be hemmed in and kept from floating upon the breeze of exaggeration than the eagle is to be held to the earth by gravitation. His imagination, accustomed to roam—as he would express it—from the far-off regions of the North, where perpetual winter reigns supreme, and where the rays from the great king of day fall upon a world of ice with as little effect as the gentle moonbeams rest upon the bosom of the lake to the sunny climes of the South, where the golden fruits and variegated flowers of every hue scent the delicious air of everlasting summer.

From

“Maine’s dark pines and crags of snow,  
To where magnolia’s breezes blow.”

Thus it becomes ungovernable and magnifies everything it touches.

Among the common people this habit of exaggeration is very noticeable and objectionable. Step on the street, and listen for moment. It is raining. Some one cries out, “O, ain’t this a fearful storm! I never saw it pour down in such torrents before in my life, it is perfectly dreadful.”

See the fair maiden looking out from under her flowing “bangs,” which she would not part with for “the world,”



because some American dude has told her that when he sees her thus adorned an inexpressible all-overishness seizes him, and he feels that if she only had wings she would be gone! Hear her exclaim, as she looks upon the little flowers just opening into beauty: "O, it is the sweetest thing in the universe! It is just as lovely as it can be!" Hear the smooth words of the dry-goods clerk: "That piece of goods, Miss, is the best article now made in the world. I have sold five hundred dollars worth in the last month; it always give perfect satisfaction. A few days since a very stylish young lady came back wishing to buy the whole bolt, saying that it was not found anywhere else in town, and that she was exceedingly delighted with it, because its colors are so blended as to make a cloth of unapproachable exquisiteness." Now, if I could picture the nicely-parted hair, the earnest appearance, and air of saintly sincerity that accompanies such words, the reader would see that exaggeration is a mild term for this unreasonable estimation of the value of goods.

Hear the student: "This is the most difficult lesson I ever studied. I have had the hardest time this year I ever had. Those editors can't tell the truth once during a session, and they have'nt done the work one man ought to do," &c. The English language seems weak and inadequate for the expression of the vast ideas that are ever struggling to leap from the editor's brain. A fire, with him, is a mighty conflagration, endangering the peace, prosperity and perpetuity of the entire city, and productive of the wildest consternation throughout the whole country." And an ordinary murder, passing through his exaggerative

brain, is "the most terrible, heartrending, bloodstirring affair ever witnessed by mortal vision, and the most horrifying deed of beastly villainy ever perpetrated by man, the victim being dragged headlong down the mountain for a half mile, and his head crushed into a thousand atoms, and the rugged rocks stained with his scattered brain, while the torrents of blood impetuously gushed from his wounded bosom, mangled and carved by the murderer's knife.

Of course, it is unnecessary to say that the advertisements are exaggerated. Newton said that if the earth could be compressed into a solid, it could be put into a nutshell; and if all the advertisements that occupy whole pages in our papers could be clipped and trimmed of their exaggeration, it would be quite a difficult task to find them.

Then, too, the wit and humor of America may be said to consist almost entirely of exaggeration. As example, "Last night at the theater the lights were put out, yet we were not in the dark. There were six red-headed girls upon the stage."

"A man wrote an essay on a bustle, but it was unknown by the bearer."

"Eight thousand people were at the balloon exhibition. The rain came down in torrents, but no one cared, for a woman standing in the midst of the crowd wore a fashionable hat."

And those who have read Mark Twain's works and the Georgia Scenes will be mindful that their humor is the exaggerated exaggerative. But men of more brilliant intellect indulge in this kind of humor.

Lowell tells us of a negro so black that charcoal would make chalk on him, and of a stone that was painted so much



like a cork that it floated upon water.

Artemus Ward, when he came to America, contracted the habit of exaggeration, and tells us that when in Utah seventeen widows proposed to him, that he loved them all, and it was only on account of their *muchness* that he declined.

And we might speak of many kinds of exaggeration, and prove it to be a very dangerous habit into which we as Americans have a tendency to drift; but for fear that we exaggerate our subject, we have only to say that in social, sober con-

versation, exaggeration is a weakness. Truth alone is strong. "Truth is mighty and will prevail," but he who, for effect, habituates himself to the pitiful attempt of strengthening that which is already true will soon find himself buffeting the waves of scorn far from the shore of human confidence, for truth is the keystone to all the virtues that form the character, and when it is broken by exaggeration the whole arch becomes a ruined wreck.

X. X. X.

---

## EDITORIAL CHAIR.

---

THE PARTING BOW.—With this issue we retire from the editorial management of the *Messenger*. It is unnecessary for us to dwell upon the imperfect manner in which we have discharged our duties, since that matter has already been exhaustively discussed by our critics. We have learned that complaints, while never agreeable, are rarely fatal—at least, to those against whom they are made. Indeed, we have felt a sort of grim satisfaction in being the target for the arrows of those who, while they have not aided us in our work, have made the situation lively by their dyspeptical criticism. The editor is public property, and many are reckless in dealing with what is their own. We part from those who have abused us with the somewhat selfish reflection that henceforth their missiles will be hurled at the vexed pates of our successors.

But we must not be too melancholy in the moment of our retirement. Our du-

ties have been greatly lightened by the helpfulness of many friends. They have enriched our columns with the best fruits of their pen and have spoken cheery and breezy words to us in the midst of our arduous toils. We may not have been specially benefited by the blows of criticism, but we can testify that we have been constantly sustained by the substantial sympathy of the best brain of the College. In the readers of the *Messenger* we have had a delightful and appreciative audience. We part from them with unaffected regret, and we sincerely hope that their kindness to us will be abundantly rewarded by the increased ability with which our successors will conduct the *Messenger*.

Bow-making is not our strong point. Our joints have not been lubricated for that business. We have often retreated through the back-door to avoid the embarrassment of saying farewell. But as best we can, we do here and now respect-



fully perpetrate our parting bow, and silently lapse out of editorial existence.

—  
**MODERN CREMATION.**—The idea of disposing of the dead by means of burning, though by no means prominent in the minds of the people of this country at present, nor promising soon to supplant the long established custom of burial; yet, of late, it has received to some extent the attention of scientific men. There is, and will be of course, much prejudice against the method, and yet, it is doubtful whether such a prejudice should really exist. In point of real cleanliness, cremation seems to have the advantage of any other mode. It may be of heathen origin, and yet not be any worse merely on that account. Many other good things which we have received and hold on to with great tenacity—in fact, could scarcely do without—are of heathen origin, for instance, the alphabet, arithmetic, &c. Cremation seems to have the advantage with regard to healthfulness. It is not unlikely that exhalations from slow decay can ever reach the surface from beneath; but fire is the greatest purifying agency at man's disposal. Some have great horror of a method which "burns up" the body. Yet how is it so bad when it is remembered that the body is only a "clothing," a "vestment"—that the body is not the man, but only the man's? What should one care whether the mortal form which he has "put off," is consumed at once in the retort of a crematorium, or whether it undergoes a slow combustion underground? It is not impossible that before many years have elapsed, the grave-digger, as we now have him, shall have passed away.

—  
**AN INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.**—At this time the question of an international

copyright is agitating the minds of publishers and literary men of this country. The Senate committee on patents have of late had the matter seriously under consideration. Literary piracy is carried on to a greater extent than is generally supposed. Publishers of this country take books written on the other side of the Atlantic and publish them bodily, and reap the benefit accruing therefrom, without paying anything whatever for the privilege. The same is equally true of publishers "on the other side," and American books. We take it that a man, when he has spent his precious time and labor in writing a book, has the right to the fruit of that labor, whatever it may be. Although there may be no such thing as the personal ownership of an idea, yet the arrangement, the application, the fashioning, the adornment of an idea is individual, and belongs to the man who arranges, fashions, or adorns it. The same rule should apply to books as to mechanical inventions. The principles involved in the telephone were not new. Mr. Edison did not discover the properties of electricity and the electro-magnet, but he so applied the principles already known, as to utilize them for the transmission of vocal sounds along a wire.

Mr. Edison, then, should have the credit, not for the discovery of new principles, but the new application of an old idea.

This is the day of cheap publications. Many of the very best books can be purchased at a marvelously small price. It is argued against an international copyright, that it will make the price of some books much higher. However this may be, as Mr. Lowell says, there is one thing better than a cheap book, and that is "a



book honestly come by." Even if this method of publishing another man's book without his knowledge or consent, does give to the people of a country a book which they probably would not be able otherwise to obtain, or gives them books cheaper than would otherwise be the case, even looked at from this benevolent standpoint, we do not see that such a method of *stealing* is justified. Nor do we see how the intervention of a great "salt-pond" makes a dishonest act honest.

COLLEGE PROPRIETIES.—We beg leave to submit a few rules and suggestions to the students. It may be that some have been following them unwittingly. If so, it is time they were getting acquainted with them. They are of stupendous importance, and should be given the most profound attention and respect. To those who imagine that this is none of our business and are opposed to what is herein enjoined, we suggest that they pass on and do not read it:

*1st. Gymnastic Regulations.*—Keep away from the Gymnasium. It is no place for you; that is, if you are anxious to develop a sickly and fragile constitution. If you have any special fondness for dyspepsia, imbecility, consumption, nervousness, brain-fever, etc., then beware of the gymnasium. But if you do not know any better than to desire big muscles, huge chests, rosy cheeks, and nimble limbs, then go to the gymnasium. As you pass in we hand you these suggestions. Exercise with your overcoat and hat on; it is more becoming to you. A good plan would be to keep your overcoat unbuttoned. Keep away from the parallel bars until you have learned how to pump. You will of course learn to climb

the pole with one hand before you attempt it with two. It would be well for you to fall on your head once or twice purposely, so that if you should afterwards do so accidentally, you would not be surprised. The best plan is to exercise very little yourself, but to stand around and look at the others; they are fond of it. In jumping from the swings, it is always a good idea to decide beforehand which end you intend to land on: it may prevent some confusion. Those who are determined to fall on their heads will please not dig any more holes in the ground than is possible. Never attempt to slide down the pole before you climb it; you'll be sure to get confused. And finally, those who have a tender attachment for bad colds, would do well to stand around for a good while without their coats on.

*2d. Class-Room Proprieties.*—Stay away from your classes as often as possible; you know enough without them. If you go, try to get there three minutes after the roll is called. By that means you have your name called out twice. You also have the delicious consciousness that the professor and the whole class are delayed by you, and it adds wonderfully to your reputation. When you come in, slam the door and walk heavily, especially if some one is reciting. If he is flunking he will consider it a real kindness on your part. When you are called on, keep your book open before you; you can answer more accurately. By doing so, you can also easily forget as soon as you have finished reciting what the lesson was about.

Cut the benches. If they were put there for that purpose, and if the material was even selected with special reference to whittling, why of course you must cut them. When you recite, talk loud and



fast; or else the professor may understand what you are talking about. If you feel tired, lay down on the benches; it is often a more comfortable position than sitting up. If you are on the front bench, and you think the professor is talking too long, take out your watch every few minutes and look at it; the professor would appreciate it. While he is lecturing, be sure to look out of the window or engage in a conversation with your neighbor; you know he is only talking for his own benefit. If you miss a question, always get mad with the professor; it makes you feel good.

*3d. Library and Museum Laws.*—If possible, stay away from the library—that is, if you know enough without it. If you have any hard feelings against authors, or if you despise historians and writers generally, then keep out of the library. If you decide to go in, please remember a few things. Don't wipe your feet on the door mat, you might soil it. Don't handle the books or papers. You may play with the mummy—he enjoys it, but be careful not to put your finger in his mouth; it worries him, and he might bite it. You are, of course, expected to fill your pockets with any relics which you may fancy, but the library is intended to be looked at. The books are curiosities, and the magazines are imported wonders. Don't open any periodical, or you might learn some things that are happening beyond the bounds of college. If you should take out any books, try to keep them beyond the allotted time—it increases the library fund. Talk loudly and place your feet on the table. Smoking is desired. Cigarettes and cigars gladly furnished by the librarian, free of charge—Havanas a specialty. Students will please

carry off any papers which they may need, as it gives the librarian the opportunity of ordering extra copies. Never put books back in the same place from which you took them—the librarian likes as much variety as possible. He also feels slighted if you do not ask him to take you around and show you some of the best books and tell you what he thinks of each of them. When you have finished with books (if you are determined to read) leave them on the table, it gives the librarian exercise.

*4th. Miscellaneously.*—Whenever you pass through the lower floor, tear off one or two of the latest papers from the files and carry them to your room; you can then read them at your leisure. Besides, if they were placed there for your benefit and if no one desires to read them except yourself, why of course tear them down! When others are trying to read the same paper with you, take up as much room as possible; you can see much better. Read aloud, it improves your voice. Tear down all notices from the bulletin board as soon as they are tacked up. They disfigure the board. If you could manage to sing a few songs just about midnight it would be highly agreeable and refreshing to those of your neighbors who have retired. In studying, always use ponies,—that is what they were made for—and besides, on examination day, you will have the honor of standing in the front ranks of the flunking department. If you have any exercises to write, copy them from some one else; it saves time and gives the other one a high opinion of you. Always get another man to read your Latin and Greek for you; it gives him practice. And finally, be sure to get to the prayer-



meeting every morning a few minutes late. If you could manage to bolt in while they are in the midst of a prayer,

it would be an admirable plan for promoting the solemnity and devotion of the occasion.

---

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Prof. Alexander G. Bell thinks that it will not be long before the problem of seeing long distances by electricity will be solved, so that one can see the friends to whom he talks, as well as hear them. When this is accomplished, won't college students throw up their old hats with delight!

—

A steam bicycle has been built in California which has made from twelve to fifteen miles per hour. It has a 51-inch driving wheel and an engine and boiler which weigh less than twenty pounds. These are mounted over the small wheel, which is run ahead of the large one. Twelve years ago a machine of this kind was built near Boston, which could run up to twenty or twenty-five miles per hour. That was before the days of rubber tires, and it appears to have shaken itself to pieces. There seems to be the best of reasons why steam should be applied to the ordinary bicycle. With a proper engine, there is no reason why one of these machines should not be capable of making twenty miles an hour continuously. The power needed for the purpose would be less than half a horsepower, and the weight of the machine need be increased very little by the addition of the engine.

—

The great flint disc for the Lick observatory on Mt. Hamilton, about fifty

miles south of San Francisco, has been successfully cast. The disc of crown glass is now needed. The two together form the great object-glass, which is to have a clear diameter of thirty-eight inches. It is promised that this telescope, when finished, will make the moon appear as if one hundred miles away, and will make objects visible that are no larger than some of our largest buildings.—*W. T. I.*

—

The Czar of Russia has bestowed upon Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., the golden honorary medal of the empire "in acknowledgment of the excellent performance of the great object-glass" made by Mr. Clark for the chief telescope in the Pulkowa observatory. This medal is given very rarely, and only for extraordinary merits.

—

Of posthumous honors awarded to scientific men long after their death, the most striking instance is the erection of a monument to Archimedes by the inhabitants of Syracuse, Sicily.

—

As a result of experiments recently made it has been found that if poison be injected into the stomach of a dead body that, by imbibition, this poison will travel throughout the system, penetrating in a short time even to the brain and spinal column in spite of the fact that they are



encased by a bony covering. This is certainly a very strange fact.

At a meeting of the Pathological Society of Philadelphia, Dr. Formad presented an analysis of 250 autopsies on drunkards. He found that the most prominent troubles caused by alcoholism were cyanotic induration of the kidneys, fatty infiltration of the liver, and mammillated stomach. He thought that the exposure, irregularities of diet, &c., incident to drunkenness, have as much to do with the maladies as alcohol itself.

A new torpedo boat, built for the Austrian Government, recently made on her trial trip the remarkable speed of twenty-two (22) knots an hour. Her machinery is of the compound surface-condensing type, having three cylinders. She has a locomotive boiler which generates steam sufficient to indicate fourteen hundred (1400) H. P. If this boiler proves successful it will create a revolution in marine boilers where forced draught is necessary.—*London Times*.

According to the *Organe des Mines* of Paris, the paper rail is to become a practical reality. That journal states that a company is about to establish large works for making rails from paper, near St. Petersburg. The paper is subjected to great pressure; and it is said that the material is extremely durable, and can be produced at one-third the cost of steel rails. A further advantage would be in their lightness, not only on account of the saving of the cost of carriage and laying, but also because they could be made in longer lengths than is the case of the present ties; therefore the number of joints will be fewer, and consequently

less oscillation to carriages, and the wear and tear to both permanent, way, and rolling-stock reduced to a minimum. A greater adhesion also would be offered by these rails to the driving-wheels of the engine, and the working expenses reduced accordingly.

EDISON STILL MAKING DISCOVERIES. There seems to be no limit to the powers and capabilities of electricity, no more than there is to the genius of Edison in the direction of new discoveries regarding it. The public amazement manifested at the first successful transmission of messages by Morse, and again at the success of the Atlantic cable, is now to be repeated over the wonderful achievements of Edison in sending and receiving messages from swiftly-moving trains.

The first public experiment upon this new and marvellous application of the principle of telegraphy was made on the Staten Island railroad, in the presence of a large number of the leading railway managers and business men of the country. Its success was simply marvellous. The passengers on the train sent messages asking the price of stocks at the time or concerning the welfare of friends left at home, and received answers as promptly and correctly while on board the rapidly-moving train as they would have done had they been sitting in a telegraph office. After this wonderful triumph, it is scarcely possible to imagine anything that cannot be done through the agency of electricity.

The principle upon which Edison's new discovery is founded is that the electric current can be transmitted by induction back and forth between the charged metallic roof of the train and the wires



strung along the sides of the track, which are ordinarily twenty-five or thirty feet distant. The first practical use to which it will be put will be that of placing train dispatchers in direct communication with moving trains at any point on the line of the road. Its inventor says the communication between the two currents can be made through a distance of five hundred feet as well as thirty-five feet, and he is not without hopes that the discovery may be yet utilized to establish communication between ships at sea twenty-five or thirty miles distant.

In view of the success of this amazing adaptation of the power of electricity, it cannot be said that the age of miracles is past. Time and space are made of no account, and treated as though they did not exist by this human wizard, who does what he will with the wonderful element of which he seems to be absolute master.—*Cadet.*

Suppose by a wild stretch of imagination, that some mechanism that will make a rod turn round one of its ends, quite slowly at first, but then faster and faster, till it will revolve any number of times in a second; which is, of course, perfectly imaginable, though you could not find such a rod or put together such a mechanism. Let the whirling go on in a dark room, and suppose a man there knowing nothing of the rod: how will he be affected by it?

So long as it turns but a few times in a second he will not be affected at all unless he is near enough to receive a blow on the skin. But as soon as it begins to spin from 16 to 20 times a second, a deep, growing note will break in upon him

through his ear, and, as the rate then grows swifter, the tone will go on, becoming less and less grave, and soon more and more acute, till it will reach a pitch of shrillness hardly to be borne, when the speed has to be counted by tens of thousands. At length, about the stage of 40,000 revolutions a second, more or less, the shrillness will pass into stillness; silence will again reign as at the first, nor any more be broken.

The rod might now plunge on in mad fury for a very long time without making any difference to the man; but let it suddenly come to whirl some million times a second, and then through intervening space faint rays of heat will begin to steal towards him, setting up a feeling of warmth in his skin, which again will grow more and more intense, as now through tens and hundreds and thousands of millions the rate of revolution is supposed to rise. Why not billions? The heat at first will be only so much the greater.

But, lo! about the stage of 400,000,000,000 there is more—a dim red light becomes visible in the gloom; and now, while the rate still mounts up, the heat in its turn dies away till it vanishes as the sound vanished; but the red light will have passed from the eye into a yellow, a green, blue, and, last of all, a violet. And to the violet, the revolutions being about 800,000,000,000 a second, there will succeed darkness—night, as in the beginning. This darkness, too, like the stillness, will never more be broken. Let the rod whirl on as it may, its doings cannot come within the ken of that man's senses.—*Prof. Croom Robertson.*



## LITERARY NOTES.

Justin McCarthy is said to have realized \$30,000 from his "History of Our Own Times."

Tennyson and Holmes are both in their seventy-ninth year. Mr. Bancroft has attained the age of eighty-five.

Forty-one books written by members of the Yale faculty have been published within the last six years.

Miss Susan B. Anthony asserts that twenty-six members of the United States Senate are in favor of woman suffrage.

Among General Hancock's distinctions was that of being the only honorary member of the exclusive Pickwick Club, of New Orleans.

Ben. Perley Poore's "Memory's Budget" will be in bulk the largest volume of reminiscences yet published in this country. It will contain over 800 pages.

George Bancroft walks three miles to the Congressional library every day, despite his eighty-six years.

Presidents Porter, McCosh, Eliot, and Barnard are each to have a paper in the *Youth's Companion* for this year, entitled "Advice to Young Men Preparing for College."—*Crimson*.

John Howard Payne's "Home, Sweet Home" was written for an opera. It was first sung in the Convent Garden Theatre at London, and made a big hit. One hundred thousand copies were sold the first year, and by the end of the second its publishers had cleared ten thousand dollars from it.

The *Bar Sinister* is a recent novel, in which the bar sinister on the arms of the

United States is interpreted as representing Mormonism. The author vigorously attacks polygamy, and declares that the majority of the women are unwilling polygamists.

Archibald Forbes, upon whom has been lately conferred the degree of LL. D., will soon publish a book to be called *Souvenirs of Some Continents*, which will doubtless be very entertaining, as he has been a great traveller and is a man of vast experience.

Rutledge, the London publisher, says that *Robinson Crusoe* is the best selling book that they have. Among the poets, Longfellow leads with 6,000 copies sold in eighteen months. Next comes Scott, with 3,170; then Shakespeare, with 2,700; then Byron, with 2,380.

*Personal Memoirs of Gen. U. S. Grant*, vol. 1, is described as a very simple and straightforward story of the life of the "chief actor in the greatest event of modern times." The narrative begins with his boyhood, and, in this volume, closes with the surrender of Vicksburg.

Even England admits that our two great illustrated magazines, *The Century* and *Harper's Monthly*, are in every way superior to anything of the kind in Great Britain. Although both of them are in the main filled with matter distinctively American, they have a larger circulation even in England than any English periodical of approximately the same class.

A beautiful bronze statue of Bacchus, a little under life-size, has been found in the Tiber at Rome. It is perfect in



every respect, and is believed to belong to the Græco-Roman school of art. It is of a beautiful golden tint, and was discovered in the middle of the river, where a pier is being constructed for a new bridge. It is the third bronze statue that has lately been recovered from the yellow Tiber.—*Ex.*

It would be a matter of great convenience and value if "writers of books" would invariably date the preface or in some way indicate when the book was written. The sum of knowledge increases so rapidly these days that the date of a book's composition is sometimes most vital. The publisher's date on the title page may mislead.

Secretary Lamar is surely absent-minded. Recently he went to call on the wife of Representative Blount and the ladies of her family at their hotel. He sent up his card, but when they came down to the reception room he was not there. Late in the evening his card came up again, and he explained to the ladies that he had wandered away, having completely forgotten what he came to the hotel for, and that he had sent in his card. After his apology and a short call, the Secretary departed without his hat. Most men of deep thought are absent-minded. Secretary Lamar is a literary man as well as a statesman and an orator.

Stormonth has this to say of the etymology of *yankee*: "A supposed corruption of the French *Anglais*, English, or *Englisch* by the American Indians; compare, however, the Scot. *yankie*, a sharp, clever, forward woman; *yanking*, active, pushing; connected with Icel. *jaga*, to move about." Dr George H. Moore in a recent lecture presents a different view. He says: "For one hundred years

American philologists have been trying to trace the term to an Indian source. It is not Indian, however, but Dutch. The Dutch verb *yankee* means to snarl, wrangle, hanker after, and the noun *yankee* is perhaps the most expressive term of contempt in the whole language. Out of the acrimonious struggle between Connecticut and New Amsterdam came the nick-name which has stuck to the descendants of the Puritans ever since."

Mr. Brander Matthews has denied that he is the author of "The Bunting Ball."

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris is reported to be at work upon a novel of some length.

Frank A. Burr is writing a biography of Mr. Cameron, the elder, of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Bancroft, the English actress, is engaged on a volume of personal recollections.

Mr. W. D. Howell's "Indian Summer" is to be concluded in the February number of *Harper's*.

The diary of Riemer, the intimate friend of Goethe, will be published this month in Germany.

Mr. W. H. Mallock's forthcoming novel is to have the suggestive title of "The Old Order Changes."

George W. Cable's long-promised new story of Arcadian Life in Louisiana will be entitled "Grande Point."

It is now an "open secret," says the *Literary World's* New York correspondent, that John Hay wrote "The Breadwinners."

Miss Broughton has just finished a new novel, which is promised for an early day in the new year. Her last work, "Belinda," was published three years ago in *Temple Bar*.



### LOCALS.

First base!

Short stop!!

Forty Love!!!

Mr. C. is in love—with the mess hall.

Mr. M. wants to read Homer's *Eye-lid*.

The stone steps of the "Jeter Memorial" have been much improved.

Base-ball seems to be reviving again as spring approaches, and the foot-ball is laid away for future use.

Many visitors come to the College in the afternoons, which in some degree relieves the monotony for the boys, although they can only "look and be satisfied."

Prof.: "Mr. P., what is emotion?"

Mr. P.: "I don't know, sir."

Prof.: "If any one is in love, does he not have strange feelings?"

Mr. E. (on last bench): "You bet, and its a big thing."

Franklin street, as usual at this season of the year, is crowded every afternoon with handsome "turn-outs," and others walk out as far as College, showing that the College and neighborhood is getting quite attractive.

Prof.: "Mr. B., what is the metropolis of Virginia?"

Mr. B.: "Washington, sir."

Pass on to Mr. E.

Mr. C., while at church some evenings ago, had the misfortune to have a colli-

sion with a lady, and when some one asked him what he did, he remarked that he did not have time to do anything, but simply stepped back and said "Golly!"

Prof. Harrison, who was detained from College for some time by sickness, has now recovered and again resumed his duties.

Profs. Thomas and Winston represented Richmond College at the Baptist Congress in Danville, and they report a most pleasant trip.

Come where the base-ball is rolling,  
Come where the gymnast is strolling,  
Come where the boys look so dashing—  
You will find "Our Dude" ever mashing.

Mr. S. makes the startling announcement that if he knew algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, and had a mathematical turn, he thinks he could work intermediate mathematics.

*Poeta non fit sed nascitur;* and so that accounts for the following verse of our new poet:

"On Fame's eternal camping ground  
You see the thousands gather,  
And in that glorious crowd  
You see old Rip Van Winkle."

(All copyrights reserved.)

Messrs. D. and P., during recitation, were having a jolly time by shaking their "light fantastic toe" and listening to the music of the window-panes as they rattled, when the Professor, becoming aware that the equilibrium of the room was being disturbed, remarked that some gentleman had a tremendously large foot.



Messrs. D. and P. blushed, and there was a "twitter."

A series of religious meetings have been held at College during this month, led by Mr. Wildman and Prof. Harris. The meetings were enjoyed by all, and created much spiritual interest in College. The meetings are held every session, and good results always attend them.

The following was seen posted, on the night of the Institute entertainment:

To all whom it may concern:

We, the undersigned committee, have prepared a private "Soiree Musicale" for the benefit of those who "have been left" by the 'Stute.

Apply                      No. 10,  
   Committee.

*Scalped Tickets a Specialty.*

Call at once!! Tickets limited!!

Office hours: 9-3.05.

The entertainment given by the young ladies of the Institute was a most pleasant affair, and greatly enjoyed by the College boys—*i. e.*, by those who were so fortunate as to get an invitation. The young ladies acquitted themselves most handsomely, and the eyes of each student were seen to glisten as his "young lady acquaintance" performed her part so handsomely.

The annual soiree musicale is always looked forward to with much delight, especially when knowing that one will be treated to such elegant and rare music. The students seem particularly fond of visiting the 'Stute, and but for the Principal, there would be many a "broken heart."

With the exception of the final celebra-

tions, no exercises of the college are as much enjoyed as the public debates given by the Literary Societies. It comes after long months of wearisome work like a shower of rain in a warm summer spell to brighten our hearts and refresh our minds. The debate of the Philologist Society Friday night, March 12th, was an occasion of marked enjoyment. Seldom has the Society had the pleasure of welcoming such a brilliant display of culture and beauty as composed their audience on that night. Among those present we cannot help making particular mention of the always welcome guests to the College—the young ladies of the Richmond Female Institute—who delighted the Society by their appearance *en masse*.

The Society was called to order, and led in prayer by the chaplain, Mr. W. H. J. Parker, of Philadelphia, who, in an impressive manner, invoked blessings upon the Society's work.

The president, Mr. J. G. Paty, of Tennessee, then delivered the address of welcome in a short but well-worded speech.

Mr. C. A. Folk, of Tennessee, the declaimer of the evening, recited "Shamus O'Brien" in good style, receiving much applause, his skill in handling this difficult declamation being thoroughly appreciated.

Mr. C. D. Roy, of Georgia, read a humorous piece entitled "Love at the Seaside." Though often interrupted by deafening laughter, Mr. Roy held his own, doing credit to himself and his selection.

Mr. O. L. Martin, of Henry county, Va., next delivered a ten minutes oration in which he vividly pictured "Ye olden



times" in his humorous manner, eliciting almost continuous applause.

The question for debate—Resolved, "That the intellect of woman is inferior to that of man"—was ably discussed by Messrs. H. W. Williams, of Smith county, and E. B. Hatcher, of Richmond, for the affirmative; and Messrs. W. A. Borum, of Norfolk; and H. W. Jones, of Washington county, for the negative.

These gentlemen heartily entered into the spirit of the debate, and showed good preparation. The affirmative, though being void of the sympathy of over half the audience, and in dire risk of being boycotted, discussed the question with marked bravery.

Captain Frank W. Cunningham, who, with that kindness which is so characteristic of this gentleman, had consented to lend his assistance to the exercises, next appeared on the stage, where he was met with a warm reception. In his usual fine style he sang a selection from the opera, Robin Hood, a piece well adapted to his mellow voice; the delight of the audience was fully demonstrated by their continuous *encore*. In response to which, he sang with pathetic sweetness "The Sword of Bunker Hill," carrying his hearers into raptures and adding many to his already numerous admirers.

A quartette from the college rendered in a creditable manner several well-chosen pieces, displaying to the great satisfaction of the students, the best college talent. Mr. Kirk Matthews kindly consented to preside at the piano, which he did in his accomplished style. As usual, the strictest order was preserved during the evening, undivided attention being given to the speakers, which is so highly appreciated by them.

After the exercises were over the Jeter Memorial Hall was thrown open, and most of the friends of the students lingered yet awhile longer and an evening of delight was spent. Soon all was still, which told that all were gone, and quiet drew her mantle once more around the college walls.

On Thursday night, February 18th, the boys were all buoyant and joyous at the prospect of a trip to Washington next day, but the all-absorbing question was, How are we to wake up at five o'clock? But the question was soon settled by getting "Jim" to come around and "blow his horn," and by times the next morning all were stirring around as brisk as ever. Taking "lunch" at half-past five, forty-six strong, we walked up to the shops and there boarded our "special car," which was waiting in readiness for us. As the boys assembled in the car, frequent was the wit and humor indulged in at the "new-comer." Now we are off for Washington! The car is filled with mirth and laughter as it speeds along its way, leaving "Fair Richmond on the James" in the distance, and awakening the distant hills by the songs of the "College boys." Soon we strike the classic soil of Hanôver, and behold the rising orb of the day as it peeps above the tree-tops, gilding them with its richest beauty, and causing the dewdrops to sparkle like myriads of diamonds, while the birds sing their sweetest songs. We gave the Ashland boys a hearty cheer as we passed, and were soon lost amid Milford's magnificent dining hall.

Our Greek professor greatly added to the enjoyment of our trip by pointing out the old battle-fields and all points of his-



torical interest, and here we may say that to him we all owe our pleasant trip, as it was through his instrumentality that it was made to be what it was.

After passing the historic town of Fredericksburg, we ran for many miles along the beautiful Potomac, some times so near that the river seemed to dash its spray against our "dashing charger."

At 10:25 we arrived at Washington, and all with one common consent wended their steps to the Smithsonian Institute.

From there the crowd became separated, those who intended to return that night taking one course, and those who expected to remain until Saturday another. Most of the crowd, however, went thence to the Capitol to visit Congress and to see all that was to be seen in that neighborhood. At one o'clock a good part of us took the street car for the White House, arriving just in time for the President's reception. We all passed through the East room, where the President shook our hands most cordially. From there we went to the Corcoran Art Gallery, where, through the courtesy of one of the managers, we were allowed to enter free, although it was the regular day an admission fee.

About half of the boys returned that night, while the other half remained over until Saturday, making as their headquarters the St. James Hotel, where, with all style imaginable, they did the honors

of the "table." A part of us was very unfortunate in striking the same restaurant as Messrs. C. and T., as we were informed, upon asking for a meal, that on account of the visit of two strangers from Richmond College they were compelled to send to market *again*.

The present writer being among the number who remained over, takes the privilege to enumerate some of the incidents of the "lay-over" party. Saturday turned out to be quite a cold day, and most of us found it much more pleasant to remain within the public buildings. Most of the places of interest were visited by us that day, but the four-thirty, or rather the five-thirty train, as it was behind time, found us all ready to return to college after a season of enjoyment. The boys seemed not wearied by their trip, but were full of life and kept things lively all the way back by the melodious strains of their voices. As we passed Ashland a second time we gave the boys a hearty "send off," and were soon rattling in Richmond, where the light from our noble building sent forth its rays in level splendor. We were soon marching up from Elba to the college, sending forth strains of music as the advent of our arrival.

Thus ended a most pleasant as well as profitable trip, which proved to be quite a recreation after our examinations and fitted us for the coming labor.

The Mormons are about to erect a college at Salt Lake City. Both sexes will of course be admitted.

The following dialogue took place between W. M. M. and a certain young

lady in the city. She—What are you thinking of? He—Nothing. She—Egotist.

Samson was the first actor who brought down the house.



## PERSONALS.

One of our fellow-students, W. C. Robinson, has been compelled to leave college on account of sickness. He has been extremely sick, but we are glad to say he is now recovering, and hope soon to have him with us.

R. E. Lee Tanner, of session '82-3, has entered the dramatic profession, and is with James Owen O'Conner's Shakesperian Company, who is now making an extensive tour throughout the United States.

J. G. Farland, of last session, is now in business in this city.

G. C. Marr, of session '84-5, is now attending a business college in Staunton, Va.

L. W. Wilson, of session '83-4, is studying dentistry in Washington, and on our excursion to Washington we were glad to see him looking so well and happy.

J. N. Hume, of last session, is now at Pantops Academy, in Albemarle county.

A few days ago we enjoyed a visit from S. A. Fishburne, of '78-9, who is now in the stationery business in Texas. He was passing through from an extended trip through the North.

H. W. Kemp, of last session, is now

in Baltimore county, Md. How are the ladies, Mr. Kemp?

W. B. Haislip, of '79-80, has now accepted a call to Keysville.

G. H. Alderson, of '81-2, is spending some time in Florida, for his health.

H. DeB. Burwell, of '84-5, is attending the Medical College in the city, and we therefore have the pleasure of seeing him quite often.

W. J. Morton, of session '83-4, is now at home among the historic fields near Fredericksburg.

A. McIver Bostick, of '84-5, is now at his home, in South Carolina. Bad health detained him from going to Johns Hopkins this session, but he expects to attend next.

C. W. Pritchett, Jr., of '82-3, has just graduated at the Baltimore Medical College with first honor over one hundred and eighty students.

George Vaughan has left college for this session, preparing himself for the Medical college next year. How is "Brevity," George?

Carter Helm Jones, of '79-80, has accepted a call to Elizabeth City, N. J., and has now entered upon his duties.

President Adams takes a well behaved dog into his lecture room.

Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, of Atlanta, Ga.,

will deliver the Baccalaureate sermon before the students of the University of Tennessee.



## EXCHANGES.

With this issue, our connection with the *Messenger*, as editor of Exchanges, Literary Notes, College News and Fun, Selections, (and this month of Science Notes) ceases. Our connection with the paper has been a continued pleasure and benefit to ourselves, and we have conscientiously sought to make it so to our readers. We have even neglected our studies for it. Whether we have succeeded in our efforts, our contemporaries have answered with a hearty affirmative. For the lavish praise which has been heaped upon the *Messenger* in general, and upon our department in particular, by our Exchanges, we return our sincerest thanks. During our term we ventured to introduce a new department, "College News and Fun," and we are gratified that it is considered one of the most interesting features of the paper. For the lateness of the last two numbers we deserve none of the blame, as we have always had our matter in the printer's hands at least a week before he needed it. We now drop the quill, which will hereafter be wielded by a more artistic hand. The sword which we have never had occasion to unsheath, we surrender to our successor, who, we hope, will find as little use for it as we have. To all of our Exchanges we say a sad farewell; and while a loving heart wells up with tender emotions, we kiss our hand to the exchanges of the "fairer sex," and wave them a fond good-bye.

Among the exchanges which have visited us this month for the first time, we gladly welcome the "Delaware College

Review." It pays its first visit dressed in a garb of mourning, and contains a well written and pathetic obituary of William Downing Mackay, by William DuHamel. Its cover is quite *sui generis*. The old satyr Marsyas, "whom Apollo is said to have flayed," appears upon the title-page playing his double flute, just as we had dreamed him. The old blind poet who sang of Priam's woes, lifts his hoary head and silvery locks in one corner. The literary articles are short and not very numerous, but we suppose some literary matter was crowded out of this month's issue by the unusually large number of resolutions, etc.

Another new exchange is the "Crescent," from Hillhouse High School, New Haven, Conn. Its careful typography and good arrangement are a credit to the High School. Indeed, the paper is much better than many of our more pretentious papers which issue from the walls of so-called colleges. The literary department of the number before us is exceptionally good. "Was Joan of Arc a Fanatic?" "Has New England Character Degenerated?" "Charles Dickens" and others are articles written in a simple, but pleasing and graceful style.

From the great city of St. Louis we have received the representative of Washington University—the "Student Life," a mediocre publication, rather neat in appearance, but not quite up to the standard we would have expected from St. Louis.

The "Epoch" and the "Hatchet,"



which once did terrify the slopes of the Rockies with their belligerent assaults, have sued for peace, and lovingly united, and now under the name of the "Pacific Pharos,"

Their minds have but a single care,  
Their livers act as one.

The "Pharos" is a great improvement on the "Epoch" and the "Hatchet," mechanically, typographically, and from a literary stand-point.

In the number and variety of literary articles the "Hamilton College Monthly" (female) takes the lead of all our Exchanges, either from male or female colleges. The number before us contains no less than seventeen literary articles of medium length, all of which are interesting and creditable.

The "Atlantis" is a magazine of which Kentucky University should be proud. For quantity and excellence of literary matter it is quite up to the standard of our best Exchanges. We perused the article, "The Negro, or the Southern Problem," with intense interest. The author reasons logically, and clothes his thoughts in chaste and eloquent language. The author refutes as unjust and improbable the theories of ultimate amalgamation, disfranchisement, colonization, and emancipation, which have been advanced by students of this problem, and concludes that, "of all the remedies proposed, only one seems to be practicable; he [the negro] must be enlightened and made worthy of the citizenship he holds."

In the same number of the "Atlantis" we find an earnest and eloquent "Plea for Oratorical Culture," some very good poetry (an unusual thing in college journals), and "Intellect Perverted," "The

South in the Politics of the Past," "Mediaeval History," "Armenian Weddings," and an excellent editorial, all of which are articles that reflect much credit upon their authors. We would suggest, however, that the "Atlantis" put on a more attractive cover.

If the "Student" may be regarded as an index of the sentiment of the students of Cumberland University, their patriotism is evidently on a boom. The first page bears a lithograph of Bartholdi's statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," and we find such Fourth-of-July subjects as these: "Triumph of Liberty," "Washington," "America," etc. The "Student" is a fairly good paper, and contains the following notice of the *Messenger*:

"The *Messenger*, arriving from Richmond, Va., greets us for the first time. From the old aristocratic State—mother of statesmen, philosophers, etc.—we naturally expect something which will serve as a criterion. We have not had time to examine it, but in its appearance it will 'pass muster,' and we are glad to exchange with it."

We always welcome with especial pleasure the "Washington Jeffersonian," from Washington and Jefferson College, Pennsylvania. Perhaps we are a little partial to this paper, because it bears as its title the familiar names of two of Virginia's noble sons—Washington and Jefferson. But aside from any prejudice as to its title, the Washington Jeffersonian is a well edited and interesting paper. We are especially pleased with its mechanical features, the paper being of the weight and texture just suited to our taste. Its typography is excellent. We think it hardly pardonable, however, for the March



number to have consumed four of its pages with what it calls a "Diagnosis of the Class of '86," giving name, address, birth-place, extraction, age, height, weight, size of hat, size of collar, color of eyes, color of hair, nickname, politics, religion, fraternity, characteristic trait, etc., etc., of the students. All this may be interesting to those fond of very light reading, but it occurs to us as being rather childish, and we think its space would have been well occupied by one or more literary articles.

Among the most worthy of the many worthies that flock to our sanctum is the North Carolina "University Magazine." The fifty pages of this excellent journal teem with sensible, well-written and pointed articles.

We return hearty thanks to the editors of the "New England Magazine" for a copy received. We derived much pleasure and information from its perusal, and deem it a worthy rival of "Harper" and "The Century."

Nine-tenths of the college men of the United States are Republicans.—*Numerous Exchanges.*

We make the following liberal offer: To the first one who furnishes the statistics for the above statement we will present with a handsome Waterbury stem-winding watch. Send in your data.

The February number of the *Messenger*, of Richmond College, one of our best exchanges, contains a very fine article on Virginia. Though a broad subject, it is ably handled; and as her history is reviewed, Virginia is set forth in all her grandeur. From this article we learn, what may be news to others also, that

Allen G. Thurman is a native of Virginia. Truly, Virginia may not have ceased to be the mother of Presidents.—*S. C. Collegian.*

The boys of the South have many good representatives in college journalism, and prominent among them stands the *Messenger*, representing Richmond College, Va. In its arrangement it is entirely different from the "W. T. I.," but its various departments are the same. Each of these, without exception, is ably edited, and in the variety and excellence of its literary articles the *Messenger* excels. The short sketch of the history of Virginia proved entertaining, and we were delighted with the hearty loyal spirited manifested by its author and heartily sympathize with the true Virginian spirit which leads him to say, in referring to the civil war, that to be true to our convictions deserves another name than treason. While speaking in a similar strain the Exchange Editor administers a well-merited rebuke to the author in the "Lantern," who carelessly uses the stereotyped expressions such as '*hot bed of treason*,' etc., that should have been buried with the war. The college journals of our country are conducted to-day by the sons of the men who settled their differences forever with the peace of 1865. These journals certainly afford us an opportunity of mutually assuring one another that whatever seeds of bitterness the fathers may still retain will all be destroyed by the sons, and the true student, whether of North or South, must always regret the appearance of any article that might help to keep alive the old tendency to disunion.—*W. T. I. (Mass.)*

Such as the above are truly noble sentiments and assure us that the magnanimity of the spirit that winged its flight from Mt. McGregor, has not been entirely smothered by political capitalists, and that the hands of Hancock and Johnston were not clasped in vain.



## COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

Theodore Thomas wishes to take the Yale and Amherst Glee Clubs to Europe with him.

A student of Yale recently gave \$650 to have the athletic grounds of that college improved.

Systematic training in the new gymnasium, at the University of Pennsylvania, has commenced under the direction of Prof. Pennell.

The Detroit ball club filed amended articles last month, increasing its capital stock from \$10,000 to \$25,000 and the number of its directors to nine.

Already there are twenty-five candidates for the Freshman nine at Harvard. Among the number are three pitchers and four catchers. The most promising battery is Bingham and Henshaw.

Gymnastic exercises have been made obligatory at the University of Pennsylvania. The gymnasium has recently been refitted at an expense of \$25,000, and the Harvard System of Gymnastics has been adopted.

Young lady: "We had a delightful time at Music Hall last evening, Mr. Dumley. It was a Meyerbeer." Mr. Dumley (hesitatingly): "Ye-es, but I think I would just as soon have Milwaukee."—*New York Sun*.

Prof.: "I would rather saw wood than hear this class recite."

Student (on rear seat): "We'd rather you would."—*Polytechnic*.

The Brown Glee Club went south during the Christmas vacation.

The Oxford - Cambridge eight-oared

race will come off on the Thames, on April 17th.

Williams College has already received \$1,200 to support the base-ball nine next year.

Richmond College has a mummy 3,500 years old.

Dr. John Bascom has resigned the presidency of the University of Wisconsin.

School mistress: "What is the dative of donum? What? Next? Next? Next?"

Dunce. "Do'no."

S. M. "Correct. Go th' head.—*Lampoon*.

The following problem was propounded to the editors: "A man met two tramps and gave them a quarter of a dollar. What time was it?"

*Ans.* "A quarter to two."—*Ex.*

Amherst and Dartmouth will soon start dalies.

Oberlin has two young lady students from Philopolis, Bulgaria.

The University of Chicago was sold under a mortgage of \$275,000.

The way to heaven: Turn to the right, and go straight forward.

The New Testament has been printed in the Chinese language with Roman letters.

*Little Jack.*—"My mamma's new fan is hand-painted."

*Little Dick.*—"Our whole fence is."

The attempt to change the name of Yale College to Yale University is meeting with decided opposition from many



Yale Alumni who consider Yale College a "name of honor and glory."

Life is short—only four letters in it. Three-quarters of it is a "lie," and half of it an "if."

A school boy says that it takes thirteen letters to spell "cow," and proves it thus: "See O double you."

Michigan University has been presented with all the exhibits of the Chinese Government in the New Orleans Exposition.

President Holden, of the University of California, receives a salary of \$8,000, the largest salary paid to any college president in America.

At the University of Virginia there is said to be no regular prescribed course of study, no entrance examinations, no vacations except the summer one, and but six holidays.—*Ex.*

"Papa, have guns got legs?"

"No."

"How do they kick, then?"

"With their breeches, my son."

"This bed is too short," said the tall man, on being shown to his room. "You must remember," said the boy, "that when you are in, there will be two feet added to it."

"Irregular verbs of French, German, and Latin taught in six hours," is an advertisement in a Boston paper.

The Princeton authorities have decided to make their college a university within five years.

Seventy of the American colleges now in existence were founded between the years 1838 and 1880.

The most remunerative professorship in the world is that of Professor Turner,

the distinguished anatomist of Edinburgh, which yields \$22,000 per year.

Several students were expelled from Lafayette for drunkenness and abusive conduct towards a Freshman.

The Hon. James G. Blaine has been chosen by the senior class of Dartmouth as their commencement orator.

Yale has thirty-one colored students in the Freshman class.

It is stated that over 18,000 women are attending college in this country.

Watch-charms consisting of small gold foot-balls are worn by the foot-ball eleven of Princeton.

The Dartmouth Seniors have voted to invite Secretary Lamar to deliver their class-day oration.

A senior being asked the origin of the word restaurant, replied that it came from *res*, a thing, and *taurus*, a bull—a bully thing.—*Ex.*

The library of Princeton Theological Seminary contains 40,000 volumes.

Ex-Governor Hoyt recently lectured at Williams College on "Protection."

The University of Pennsylvania has students from nineteen foreign countries.

The Connecticut supreme court has decided that Yale students cannot vote.

President Porter's work on Kant's "Ethics" is now in type, and will be published at once.

The man whose wife woke him up in church by sticking a pin in him, says he doesn't like such pointed suggestions.—*Ex.*

Chicago University has been sold for debt.

Henry Ward Beecher's average grade



at Amherst was but 57 on a scale of 100. "Lives of great men all remind us," etc.—*Ex.*

Umpires in the National League this season will receive \$1,000 apiece, each man to pay his own hotel bills and travelling expenses.

Harvard is considering a proposition to shorten the length of the course to three years.

Student: "Rex fugit—the king flees."

Prof.: "In what other tense can that form be made?" "Perfect." "Yes, how would you then translate?" Painful silence; professor suggests "has."

Student: "The king has fleas."

It is estimated that one religious revival at Yale resulted in the conversion of students whose work in turn resulted in the conversion of 50,000 persons in one generation.—*Haverfordian*.

Harvard Annex has sixty-four students.

Student, after examination, to professor: "What rank do you give me, Professor?" Professor: "I have put you down as captain of cavalry; you seem to ride a horse better than the others."—*Ex.*

Dr. Anderson, of Chicago University has accepted the presidency of Vassar College.

Between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 has been given Harvard College by Jacob B. Jones, a retired Philadelphia iron merchant.

One of the darky waiters at an Alabama college is a noted hypocrite. He was taken to task lately by the students for some shortcoming, and in the course of the examination one of them asked, "Why, Sam, what are you going to do

when you die and go to hell?" "Wait on de students, sah," he replied naively.—*Ex.*

Senior (asks Prof. a very profound question):

Prof.: "Mr. W., a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer."

Senior: "Then, I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."—*Ex.*

An exchange says: "The last census embraces several millions of women." Oh! that we were the census.

Kissing is very similar to seven up. He begs, and if she thinks she can make a point she gives him one.

Harvard is still the largest college in the country; Oberlin comes second, and Columbia has fallen to third place; Michigan is fourth, and Yale fifth.

The chair of Journalism, recently established at Harvard, is to be filled by J. B. McCullah, editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. His salary will be \$4,000 per year.

Speaking of Dr. McCosh's promise to make Princeton a university within five years *Puck* says, "he has good material wherewith to begin, inasmuch as hazing and other evidences of ruffianism are already there."

Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst College, is engaged in digging up the bones of a mastodon near Geneva, N. Y. He has found fifty-four bones and expects to find all the rest. It will be set up and placed in the college museum.

There are 315 students at the University of Virginia. The new chapel is considered beautiful, and is nearly finished.

The students of the University of



Pennsylvania will present on the stage in Philadelphia, May 14, "Acharnians of Aristophanes." This will be the first Greek comedy ever acted in this country.

On account of the effort of the trustees of Vassar College to remove the well-known astronomer, Prof. Maria Mitchell, from the chair of Astronomy in that institution, the Alumnae have raised \$10,000 as an observatory fund, the interest of which is to be used to retain Prof. Mitchell.

President Noah Porter, who recently resigned his position as President of Yale College, had been connected with that institution over forty years—two years as tutor, soon after his graduation in 1831; 25 years as professor, from 1846 to 1871, at which time he succeeded Dr. Theodore Woolsey in the presidency. He is now 74 years old.

Science—Astronomy class, Professor to Junior: "What time does Mars get full?" Junior: "Don't know, sir; never associate with such company." Decided applause.—*Bates*.

A chair of matrimony is talked of at Vassar College. Of course it will be a big rocking chair—big enough for two.

Twenty-nine cadets failed to pass their examinations at West Point. One of them writes home thus: "Dear Father: Fatted calf for one. Yours truly, George."

Marginal note in Professor's textbook: "Use joke No. 4 in connection with this paragraph."—*Polytechnic*.

Professor in Physics to D.: "Have you ever electrified a body by squeezing?" Mr. D. blushes and sits down.

The Metropolitan ball club is to have

sixteen players this season, four of whom will be pitchers.

The average salary of a college professor in the United States is \$1,530.

One hundred and ninety-five Smiths have graduated from Yale since 1709.

Several college students out West were suspended for attending a skating rink.

Dr. Wm. E. Hatcher, of Richmond, Va., will deliver the literary address at our next commencement, and Mr. H. R. Scott, of Reidsville, N. C., will deliver the address before the alumni.

Prof. Marsh has brought forward the fact that the survival of any particular group of animals depends on the size of their brain. The dude ought soon to be extinct, if this be true.—*Ex*.

An aged negro, 127 years old, has been discovered in Detroit, who distinctly recollects events which happened before the Revolution.

General Sherman states that he was once offered a thousand dollars to deliver a lecture, but that he would not do so for a million dollars.

The French Chamber of Deputies have voted that the crown jewels, valued at \$40,000,000, shall be sold to provide a fund for aged workmen.

Every student who applies for a scholarship at Dartmouth must sign a pledge not to use tobacco in any form while receiving aid from the college.

At Frankfort-on-the-Main the erection of a statue to the composer Mozart is contemplated.

Mr. George Bancroft considers 250 words written per day a good literary average for a historian.

Harvard College has received gifts of



money amounting to \$26,600 during the past three months.

Now that the intercollegiate Base-Ball Association has left Dartmouth out and substituted Williams, the authorities of the former college might just as well close its doors. With such an important chair as that of baseballology vacant for want of encouragement, a college's future must be regarded as serious indeed.

Dr. Phillips Brooks will be the select preacher in the University of Cambridge next June. This is the second time that this honor has been conferred on an American gentleman.

There is great activity in athletic mat-

ters at Cornell, nearly three hundred men being at work in the gymnasium. A winter in-door meeting is to be given this month, which will assist in the selection of representatives for the inter-collegiate sports to begin at Utica next term.

Senior to Roommate: "Gay chum, do you know what an aching void is?"  
Roommate: "No." Senior: "Well, then, you have never had the headache." They fight.—*Ex.*

Russia is soon to have the most powerful telescope in the world. It will have a thirty-six object glass, and will be erected on Pulkiro Hills, near St. Petersburg.

Prof. Dana, the eminent geologist of Yale College, in a recent lecture, said: "The only source of information of the creation which we have is this first chapter of Genesis, and this must be inspired. There would be no object in putting this description of the creation in the Bible had it been untrue. The order of creation must, for scientific reasons, have taken place as described in the Bible. Geology proves that everything that exists must have had a beginning. Science accords with the Bible in that light must have first existed, plants must have existed before animals to feed them and to absorb the carbonic acid in the air. No evidences have ever been found of any inferior race from which men could be sprung. The similarity between the recent study of nature and the Mosaic law ought to satisfy the doubting students of nature of the truth of the creation as related in the first chapter of Genesis."

In reply to the question "What is Art,

Beauty, Poetry, Truth, Right, Society, a Thing, Matter, Mind?" a Boston philosophical young lady answered:

"Art is the joyous externalizing of inwardness. Beauty is the joyful internalization of outwardness.

"Poetry is the hampered soul leaping at verity.

"Truth is the so-ness of the as-it-were.

"Right is the awful yes-ness of the over-soul meditating on the new how-ness of the thing.

"Society is the heterogenous buying peace with the homogeneity.

"A thing is an is-ness.

"Matter is an is-ness possessed of some-what-ness.

"Mind is am-ness."

The question might now be asked, "What is Philosophy?" Evidently, Boston philosophy is the mind trying to find out its own little game.—Adapted from *The Century*.—*Ex.*



## SELECTIONS.

If, as is claimed, a man can be made sick merely by telling him he is sick, modern mortality is easily accounted for. One cannot open a newspaper, look at even a rail fence, the side of a barn, or the sidewalk, without being reminded that some part of him is out of order and needs repairing. The patent medicine advertisements which flood the modern press and meet the eye at every turn are enough to make a well man sick. We protest that the common sense of readers ought to banish a large part of this class of advertisements from newspapers, and aesthetic taste should banish from public places the glaring posters which are constantly pasted and repasted by industrious agents.

The late discussion between Presidents Elliot and McCosh concerning the place which religion should have in our colleges touches a phase of our educational system more important than most think. In these days, when men's minds are busy questioning what place the religious idea should take and will take in our social organization, it becomes an important question as to what shall be its status in that most potent in that society, our educational system. Although the discussion above mentioned touches a comparatively small part of the whole subject, yet as the expression of the opinions of our wisest and sincerest men, the respective arguments are worthy of our most careful study.

Germany has more books in its libraries than any other nation. There are

1,000 libraries in Austria, Germany and Switzerland, twenty of which contain over 100,000 volumes; France has six libraries of over 100,000 books, besides the National library, which is the largest in the world; Great Britain has only nine libraries of 100,000 volumes, and the British Museum spends \$100,000 annually in adding to its collection; Spain has thirty libraries containing 700,000; the library at Washington contains 513,000 volumes and 170,000 pamphlets, and there are four larger in the world: the French National, 2,500,000; the British Museum, 1,500,000; St. Petersburg, 1,000,000; Munich, 700,000.—*Ex.*

In the recent half-hour match at looking out logarithms, between Professors Kimball and Plympton, Professor Kimball won, with a score of 1,000 to 982. Professor Plympton said that he was a little out of condition, having solved 147 problems in the Integral Calculus the night before. He immediately challenged the winner.—*Ex.*

President Eliot, of Harvard College, in his annual report discusses at length the elective system and its workings in the college. He finds that the liberty to specialize is as yet barely used, and is certainly not abused, and that the students do not select the easier courses. The adoption of the elective system has, he says, produced a great increase in intellectual intercourse and spontaneous association for intellectual objects among the students, and that young men who



find themselves associated in the pursuit of the same or kindred studies not only talk and work together over them, but unite in societies or clubs for the discus-

sion of subjects connected with those studies. President Eliot is entirely satisfied with the results of the system.—  
*Current.*

---

**CAMPBELL & CO,**  
**ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHERS,**  
**525 E. BROAD ST., - - RICHMOND, VA.**

None but First-Class work allowed to leave this establishment. Portraits finely finished in Oil, Pastel, Crayon, and Water Colors.

---

**DR. G. SMITH, DENTIST,**  
**433 EAST BROAD STREET, - - RICHMOND, VA.**

**EXTRACTING. 50 CENTS.**

---

**IMPORTANT!**

WE desire to correspond with several more active and intelligent men, with a view of getting them to aid us in selling "ALEX. H. STEPHENS' PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES." A new edition recently issued with appendix by Mr. R. A. Brock, Secretary of the Virginia Historical Society, giving President Cleveland's Inaugural, with a picture of his taking the oath of office. The most popular and fast-selling book ever offered in the South. **\*PLENDID TERMS.**  
Also other attractive and popular books. A fine line of **FAMILY BIBLES** at exceedingly low prices, with or without the new version of the Old and New Testament in parallel columns. Write for circulars and terms.  
**B. F. JOHNSON & CO.,** Publishers, 1013 Main St., Richmond, Va.

JAMES AUGUSTINE.

R. E. GLOVER.

---

**AUGUSTINE & GLOVER,**  
**WHOLESALE GROCERS,**  
**1202 Cary Street**  
CHAS. R. WINSTON, Salesman. RICHMOND, VA.

---

**THOS. J. STARKE & SONS,**  
**Booksellers & Stationers,**

**PIANOS AND ORGANS,**

**909 E MAIN STREET, - - RICHMOND, VA.**

---

**C. H. PAGE,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL  
**DEALER IN COAL AND WOOD,**  
Yards: { **Nineteenth and Cary Streets,**  
**Broad St., above Elba Depot, Richmond, Va.**