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In the open court-yard sitting,
Through her loose hair soft airs flitting;
To the battle-field she gazes
With a wondrous-thoughtful eye,
Where brave Hector's helmet blazes
And his wet sword gleams aby.
Hopeless her right arm is hanging,
Sharp her ears now catch the clanging
And the battle's clash and roaring,
And her thin lips quiver now:
Through her brain dark dreams are soaring,
And they pale her Grecian brow.
On her lap the thread is broken,—
From the gods a fatal token,
For they spin the threads of living
Unto men with texture fine,—
And Andromache's misgiving
Answers to the broken sign.
Young Astyanax is trying,
Innocent of her soft sighing,
To call down the mother's smiling,
That fond smile so used his own;
But, from all the boy's beguiling,
Has the mother's spirit flown.
June, 1884.

In the distant strife her heart is,
Where the crested warrior-parties
Hard contend with swords and axes,
Aided by the factions gods;
There, no arm, till death relaxes,
Rests, while bright Apollo nods.
Gone is Hector to the battle,
'Round him roar its ring and rattle,
And Andromache has lost him,
For he ne'er will come again;
This last charge his soul will cost him,
By godlike Achilles slain.
And the Grecian wife is spouseless—
Fatherless the boy—and houseless
Soon—and slaves to conquerors bending—
Widow—orphan—royal yet,—
Yet no arm to raise, defending,
For the warrior's sun is set.
Noble, lofty, grand ideal
Hath the sculptor wrought in real
Figure here; and it will follow
Him in years when he is not;
And with fame that is not hollow
He shall not be soon forgot.

L. R. HAMBERLIN.
The beginning of the reign of George III. was a time of universal agitation. The political situation was greatly complicated, literature was in a critical state, and the social life of the nation was feverish and restless. It was the era of that irreconcilable struggle between the "half-foolish" Whigs and the "deaf-eared" Tories, both blindly clamoring to rule. These two impulsive and noisy parties had sprung into politics when public affairs were at a crisis. The English nation, threatened with tyranny, was uneasy and defiant.

Literature was in an uncertain and transitional state. It was on its passage from the patronage of the wealthy and great to the hands of the public. Hitherto the author had been rewarded not according to the merit of his works, but according to the caprices of a distinguished few.

Not less perplexing was the social condition of England. Society was rent by atheism and loss of confidence. Infidelity was rampant and aggressive. Prejudice beclouded the best intellects. Bayle, Voltaire, and Hume each added their part to the perplexity of the public mind. Religion was at a low ebb, and wickedness stalked forth with unblushing effrontery. At such a time of general chaos, Dr. Samuel Johnson appeared upon the stage of human action. A merciful fate might have blessed him with more helpful surroundings. But no! A life of lofty service awaited him, and he needed the discipline of great adversities.

Dr. Johnson was born in Lichfield, on the 18th of September, 1709. He was reared with parents conspicuous for piety and learning. His early life was spent in poverty and obscurity, and to add to these misfortunes, he became the victim of a loathsome disease. His body was distorted, his nerves shattered and his organs impaired, and these reacted with depressing effect upon his mental energies.

In 1728, by the help of a friend, his long cherished hope of entering Oxford was realized. Here he remained three years, battling with disease and poverty. While his shabby dress and awkward appearance made him the butt of many a sneer and jest, yet he ranked among the highest in mental vigor and intellectual attainments. His wit and audacity gave him an undisputed ascendancy in every crowd. But poverty, his remorseless enemy, compelled him to leave Oxford before he obtained his degree. He returned to his native city destitute and unknown. He served for a few months as usher in a school, but becoming disgusted with the employment, he settled in Birmingham and contributed regularly to a weekly magazine. Here, on the 9th of July, 1735, he was married to a Mrs. Porter. Being compelled to exert himself more strenuously, he attempted to start an academy, but having failed in that, he determined to seek his fortune in the great metropolis. There, at the age of 28, he arrived—poor, unknown, and without a purpose. His life for the next thirty years was one continual struggle with poverty and privation. His disease had made him an incurable hypochondriac, but in spite of all this, his indomitable will bore him successfully over every obstacle. He first caught the public
eye by publishing in a weekly magazine several reports under the name of "Senate of Liliput." The people awoke to find a genius in their midst. Henceforward his rise to literary distinction was rapid and brilliant, as he presented to the public in regular succession "The London," "The Life of Savage," "Preface to Harleian Miscellany," "The Tragedy of Irene," and "The Rambler." About this time his wife died, leaving him almost broken hearted. To him it was one of the few lights of his life gone out, one of the chords that bound him to the dreary world suddenly snapped in twain.

But his iron will and self-control came to his rescue. For the next two years "The Idler," a weekly series of essays, continued to appear, and during this period he performed the memorable task of writing "Rasselas" in the afternoons of a single week, in order to defray the expenses of his mother’s funeral. About this time Oxford, proud of her gifted son, conferred upon him the degree of A. M.

In 1762, being granted a pension by George III., he was at last relieved of his life-long fear of starvation and overwork. His edition of Shakspeare appeared in 1765, and shortly afterwards he received, at the hands of Dublin University, the degree of LL. D. He now set "doggedly" to work, and after ten years of weary toil presented, in 1775, the great work of his life, "A Dictionary of the English Language." Pecuniarily, the book brought him small returns; but as a model of discriminating thought and comprehensive knowledge, it stood unrivalled in the realm of literature.

One of the most important events of Johnson’s life was his introduction into the family of Mr. Thrale, a wealthy and intelligent resident of London. The acquaintance ripened into the closest friendship, and to this family was Johnson indebted for many of the comforts and pleasures that brightened the latter part of his life. On Easter, 1777, he was waited upon by forty of the most prominent booksellers in London, and requested to furnish some biographical sketches for an edition of English Poets which they intended soon to publish. He accepted the task. He intended to furnish only a small work, but as his mind was set free over the familiar field of literature, the enterprise grew on his hands, and in 1781 he presented to the world, in ten volumes, "The Lives of the Poets." Its popularity at once became universal and undisputed. And in the midst of such honors he arrived at his 72d year. Grim death, which had been the dread phantom in his pathway, was near at hand. One by one the friends of his younger days had passed away. His bosom companion, Thrale, was long since dead, and his widow had become the laughing stock of the public. In June, paralysis laid its hand upon him. Slowly his strength began to forsake him, and on the 13th of December, in a calm and peaceful frame, his spirit soared aloft to the eternal world.

And now, what can we say of such a man? How can the secret of his life be satisfactorily explained? His character is a paradox. In him qualities inconsistent and contradictory blend. Probably no character in history has been so variously portrayed. Men have looked at him from different sides, and accordingly have received different impressions of him. Our failure to comprehend him...
may result from our inability to combine and grasp in a single picture his many and varied qualities.

In studying his life, the first thing that must strike us is the number of misfortunes and difficulties which beset his early pathway. Fortune seemed determined to do her worst for him, and few men ever attained to eminence from such discouraging beginnings. In the morning of his life she smote his frame with the dread scrofula. For his immortal spirit, she constructed a fragile and unsightly temple; and never were jewels so rare placed in so mean a casket. Poverty, privations, difficulties, and trials were the spectres which she placed along his pathway. His life was a battle. Such obstacles would have struck terror and despair into the heart of any ordinary man; but to Johnson they were the signal for summoning into activity the sublime powers which lay dormant in his soul, and which, had no difficulties confronted him, would have remained undeveloped. Difficulties overmaster some men; oftentimes they make men, by forcing them to struggle. But in Johnson's case, they showed the man. They were the background upon which was thrown the picture of his heroic daring. The powers and peculiarities which in after years distinguished the man were plainly discernible in his youthful freaks and performances. There were continual outcroppings of his latent genius, and it required no prophetic eye to discover that in that racked and disordered frame there dwelt a master spirit.

When we seek to discover the worldly aim which animated all of Johnson's endeavors we find that it was to live. It was the sole desire that inspired many of his celebrated works. Worldly honors and preferments had no charm for him except as they became means for obtaining employment and prolonging his existence. It may seem strange to modern readers that such a writer as Dr. Johnson should have been forced to struggle for a living. The critical condition of literature at that time is the explanation.

His failure to make for himself an easy path through the embarrassing complications of the times may be attributed in part to his great love of Truth. He who chose the Right as his guide had little hope of rising either to distinction or wealth. But with Johnson, Truth was the pole-star of his existence. It was engraven in his very being and vitalized his whole character. His shining virtue was sincerity. Between his actions and his convictions there was perfect correspondence. His outer and inner life were books that told the same story. His biographer says of him:

"The life of this man has, as it were, been turned inside out and examined with microscopes by friend and foe, yet was there no lie found in him."

Coupled with this love of truth was his courage. It was the resistless force which bore him through all his difficulties. In his nature there was no cringing or timidity. He was a man of overpowering convictions. Neither criticism nor flattery seemed to move him. A striking example of his independent courage was exhibited in his memorable rejection of the condescensions of Lord Chesterfield, who, in the days of Johnson's obscurity and dependence, had slighted and ignored him; but in the hey-day of Johnson's glory, offered his help.

Another beautiful trait of Johnson's character was his affectionateness. Many
hasty and superficial students of his life have concluded that he was unfeeling and brutish. But such critics have never gained an insight into his real nature. They have only looked at his rough exterior, but the man behind it they have never seen. 'Tis true that he was awkward, uncouth, impetuous and sometimes harsh, and yet beneath it all there glowed a warm and loving heart. No one can read of his tender grief over the death of his wife, or his kindness to "a blind old woman," or the parting scene between himself and his old friend, Catherine Chambers, or many other incidents in his life, and not be struck with the affectionate pity and tenderness of his soul. His patient friendship for the weak and fawning Boswell shows the constancy and almost blinding power of his affection; and this loving side of his nature grows the more surprisingly beautiful when we consider the sorrows which shrouded his own life.

Johnson was no less conspicuous for his affection than for his eccentricities. In the eyes of many it amounted to insanity, and often his actions seemed to give ground for the opinion. He said of himself that he had been mad all his life; at least, not perfectly sane. His murrerings and grimaces were often a terror to those who did not know him. His biographer relates that he would conceive a strange aversion to a certain alley, and would go a square out of the way to avoid it. He insisted on touching every post on the street, and if he omitted one he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission. Under the morbid influence of his disease his senses became dull and his imagination wild. "At one time he would stand poring over the town clock without being able to tell the time." His infirmities gave a gloomy coloring to his views of human life and human destiny, and his depression often drove him towards insanity.

In his manner he was awkward and rough, approaching often to rudeness. He violated every rule of etiquette, and played havoc with the niceties of society. In deportment he was undignified, and in appearance unattractive, and often shabby. "On clean-shirt day he went abroad and paid visits." His sense of propriety seemed to forsake him when he went to the table. He would go at his food with ravenous greediness, as if on the borders of starvation. He was constitutionally awkward. Some of his attempts at politeness are quite amusing. Wishing one morning to show his gallantry to a lady visitor by helping her to her carriage, he trotted out by her side, having, as his dress, "his dusty-brown morning suit, a pair of old shoes for slippers, a little shriveled wig sticking on the top of his head, and the sleeves of his shirt and the knees of his breeches hanging loose."

Johnson clung with zealous tenacity to his religion. It was the light that dispelled the gloom of his darkest hours, and without it he was wretched. He was continually lamenting past unworthiness, and praying for future strength and goodness. His prayers, many of which have been preserved, are gems of penitential confession.

But it is as a literary man that Johnson shines most brightly. It is, indeed, chiefly, in literature that we know him. In his character we love him, but as the man of wisdom and knowledge we admire and honor him. In the famous
circle of literati of his day, he was the central light. Upon literature he put a lasting impress and contributed more to its improvement than any other writer of his day. Under the refining and quickening touch of his dictionary, the English language put on a richer vestment and started upon a new and higher growth. As a writer Johnson was logical, comprehensive, accurate, and instructive. Many of his works were composed, as he said, with the bayonet of necessity at his back. They were written hurriedly, and lacked the charm of inspiration. He wrote not to please the public, but the publisher. If Dr. Johnson could wield such a brilliant pen when his great aim was to earn a living, then what might he not have given the world had his writings been the product of enthusiasm and love.

Johnson gained the lofty eminence of his literary fame, not at a single bound, but by a long and tedious struggle. He entered the field of literature at its most critical period, and for a long time he groped in the dark. His writings at first were unappreciated and variously criticised. Applying one day to a publisher for employment, he received the scornful reply, "You had better get a porter's knot and carry trunks." But the fire of genius was burning in his soul, and could not long be kept smothered. For a while the struggle was severe and cheerless, but by degrees he began to loom up from the gloom that had enveloped him; one by one the eyes of the world turned upon him, and higher and still higher he rose, until the star of his glory reaching its zenith, glittered in the literary firmament the most brilliant of all.

As a conversationalist Johnson was without a peer. He was undisputed master in the social circle. In the solitude of his home, the works which he composed were dimmed and colored by the melancholy of his own life—his thoughts had to pass through a dull and refracting medium—but when he was thrown with others and new objects caught his eye, he seemed to forget his troubles, and the matchless brilliancy of his mind had full sway. With an intellect keenly penetrating and quick to grasp; a large store of information; an abundant supply of curious and amusing anecdotes, and his language sprinkled with wit and humor, he was the charm and attraction of every gathering. His style was magnetic and his influence irresistible.

Addison would often say of himself that he could entertain only one person at a time; put him in a crowd and he was dumb, but that Johnson was never so brilliant and entertaining as when surrounded by a group of eager listeners. The crowd inspired him. In that much celebrated literary club which he helped to form he was the foremost figure. He was not pompous nor obtrusive, but won the respect and admiration of his friends by the magnetism of his genius. At repartee he was quick and brilliant, and often withering. When he took his pen in hand, he could never be drawn into a dispute, but in the social group his happiest and most forcible thoughts were retorts. Controversy was his element. His replies, made in an instant, bore upon them the impress of long and careful thought. His hearers were soon content to let him fling out his withering invective without returning the fire. The first impression which he made upon
company was unpleasant and oftentimes revolting, but he needed only time to catch their eyes, arouse their wonder, and win their applause. In the circle of his literary associates he found an inviting field.

Dr. Johnson was a great producer. His mind was unique and original. It disdained old paths, and was ever making forays into the untried fields of truth. In his mental workshop he employed no second-hand material.

To estimate the good that Johnson did for mankind—how much poorer the world had been had he not lived—can never be done. The influences which his life set in motion have been multiplying with geometrical proportion, and will continue to make their impress until mind ceases to act upon mind. A great writer has said, "All work is as seed sown; it grows, and spreads, and sows itself anew, and so, in endless palingenesia, lives and works." And so with the works of Johnson. He still lives among us—the old philosopher, in his brown suit, and his little wig and slippers. His words are as fresh and sparkling to-day as when they fell upon the delighted ears of his hearers.

We have attempted to present an impartial picture of his life and character—the shadows as well as the lights. His faults were many and grievous, but the study which we have made of his life has deeply impressed us with the conviction that he was justly entitled to be called a great and good man.

LITTLE BOSWELL.

**Meditation.**

The botanist who wishes to study one particular part of a flower, proceeds first to separate and disconnect this one part from all the rest, in order to facilitate his examination and render it more satisfactory. So must we proceed in dealing with a subject so comprehensive in meaning and so varied in application. Like the flower, it is a cluster of beautiful parts, all equally worthy of study, and promising equally rich results. But we cannot in so small a space study them all at once, and having to make a discrimination, we will select that feature of the subject which the occasion and circumstances render most appropriate for us. We will not treat of its bearing upon religion or morality, or its general effect upon character, but we propose to discuss its absolute necessity in intellectual development and its great importance in student life. To define our subject with special reference to this view of it, we would say, meditation is the voluntary exercise of the mind. It is thinking, but not thinking from compulsion or from necessity, but thinking at our own option. Here we notice the difference between meditation and study. We study from necessity, we meditate from choice; we study the thoughts of others, we meditate upon our own; we study to learn what others have thought out, we meditate to think out for ourselves; we study objectively, we meditate subjectively; we study for results, we meditate for effects. In study the mind is worked, in meditation the mind works. Study is mental labor, meditation is
mental exercise. The striking analogy between the effects of meditation upon the mind and physical exercise upon the body clearly proves this contrast.

Let us trace the analogy. One immediate effect of physical exercise is that it strengthens. Physical labor may weaken, especially if improper or immoderate, but exercise, which in its name suggests moderation and adaptation, always makes stronger. If we wish to find men of the greatest physical power we must not go to the workshops, but to the athletic clubs. This is just as true of mental exercise or voluntary thinking. If we wish to find men with the strongest intellectual power we need not necessarily go to the lecture-room, but to the debating halls, &c., where we shall find those who do most original and voluntary thinking. This, I think, explains why those who study most assiduously while at college and become the most proficient in their classes and most learned in the thoughts and teachings of other men, are not always those who leave college with minds strong enough to add materially to the intellectual productions of their generation. I do not mean to underestimate the value of study or of learning. I fully realize their absolute necessity, and am fully aware of their incalculable benefits; but I do mean to say that studying the teachings of others alone will not make our own minds stronger. There must be voluntary, original, independent thinking on our part to give us intellectual strength, while study only stores our minds with information. The student who does both, and does them well, will begin life most thoroughly equipped for its duties. He will not, as many do, leave college with an intellectual burden of information which he has not intellectual strength and vigor enough to utilize and bring to bear upon the practical issues of life. His learning will not in any sense be a cumbrous burden, but it will be the means by which, and with which, his strong and vigorous mind can accomplish grand results.

Another effect of physical exercise is that it increases the appetite. As long as the body is inactive very little food suffices. The habitual idler is a stranger to the pleasure that results from gratifying at least a natural hunger. It is equally true that meditation, or mental exercise, produces a mental appetite. He who thinks most for himself will most realize what he does not know, and this consciousness in any honest mind results in a desire to know—a desire for knowledge, which we term mental appetite. And if we notice the character of this appetite we will see that it is a healthy desire for knowledge, but not a morbid craving for certain intellectual intoxications or an idle curiosity to see what we can find out. It is a real honest desire to know, to understand, to go to the bottom of things—a real hungering for truth, a hungering so real, so intense, that nothing but pure truth can or will satisfy it. By meditation we find out that there are many things to learn outside of textbooks, that every object, however simple, is the entrance of a long vista of investigation lined on one side with questions and with corresponding answers on the other. This, as we learn it, makes us anxious to peep into these vistas and learn these natural catechisms, which are but chapters in the great book of nature—the great volume of truth.

A good appetite is the result of a good
MEDITATION.

It is not learning or information that really educates and makes a man truly wise, for wisdom is an essence which thinking distills from these raw materials. Original thinking is the mint in which these materials are coined into truth and converted into intellectual currency for the use and benefit of mankind. To furnish such wisdom, to produce such currency, the world needs thinking men. Any age or nation is rich in all that constitutes its truest wealth in proportion to the number of thinking men, and poor in proportion to the lack of them. We need thinking men for the advancement of art and science. We need thinking men to lead safely and wisely the thousands who have never learned to think. We sadly need thinking men who can grapple with the principles and philosophy that underlie great questions, so as to solve intelligently the many important and profound social and political problems which are now demanding a solution, and upon whose solution depends the weal of the present and of future generations—problems which defy the effort and mock the power of superficial minds.

These great wants of our age, if supplied at all, must be supplied from the young men who are now buckling on their armor for life’s warfare and training themselves for life’s duties, and if they have the noble ambition to serve their generation most faithfully and efficiently, let them remember that whatever else they may attempt to learn, whatever else they may succeed in learning, they must learn to think.

A STUDENT.
The Theoretical and the Practical.

Physical scientists tell us that among the elements of the atmosphere enveloping the earth, there are two especially prominent which act as counter-checks upon each other, thereby producing and promoting order and harmony in nature. The one, oxygen, the great life-giving and life-preserving element, infusing vigor and vitality into every form of life; the other, nitrogen, the chemically inert element, controlling and regulating the over-active nature of its associate. Thus, by the mutual counter-action of these two elements, the atmosphere is rendered capable of supporting life. We find a parallel in the two antitheses—the Theoretic and the Practical.

They are mutually restrictive, and in this, tend to effect systematic arrangement, construction, and perfection; and the civilization of a people is determined by the degree in which they have realized the harmony of these two essential elements of progress and development. In the order of succession, the theoretic is necessarily antecedent. As there must be construction before there can be regulation, so the theoretic, being constructive, must have priority over the practical, which is essentially regulative.

If we push our inquiries still further back to the ultimate question, What is the origin of the theoretic? we should find a solution of the problem in the assertion that it arises from the existence of a system of facts to be accounted for in their mutual relations. As is its origin, so is its aim, a purely philosophic one; “to exhibit the universe as a rational system in the harmony of all its parts.” The conception of the universe as a “rational system” implies the existence of an intelligent originator, and so those who attempt a rational explanation of the existing order of things upon any other principle commit the unphilosophic blunder of forcing the theoretic into the realm of the visionary and the sceptical.

We may adduce in illustration the attempt of Hegel to evolve objective existence by materializing the concept, a creation which has existence only of and for the mind, thus identifying objective existence with a purely physical entity—an act which resulted only in introducing a pernicious vein of scepticism into philosophy—a tendency characteristic of German abstruseness, and which tended to dissipate it into idealism on the one hand, and materialism on the other. There is, therefore, a wide difference between the theoretic and the ideal. Discrimination must also be made between the theoretic and the hypothetical. The theoretic proceeds to a development of the relations of a system, causality being assumed; whereas the function of the hypothetical, as its name indicates, is the assignment of causality which was previously undetermined.

So much for exact and discriminating definition. In the treatment of these two antitheses it is not proposed to discuss them as abstract forms, apart from their matter; but rather to adopt a free and comprehensive treatment, exemplifying and simplifying the abstract by means of concrete illustrations and adaptations. We proceed now to discuss the theoretic and the practical as essential elements of progress and development. These latter
terms are not used in the perverted sense sometimes attaching to them, but in the real and genuine sense of advancement towards philosophic truth and of graduation into harmonious and symmetrical perfection. All demonstrated truth is conditioned upon constructive and regulative thought concentrated upon unsystematized facts, whereby such relations are established between them as to harmonize preconceived inconsistencies and to justify scientific arrangement resulting in a rational system. The attainment of such truth is real progress and genuine development. But there may be a form of development without progress in the true sense indicated above. This so-called development results in retrogression.

Evolution of new ideas, visionary in nature, and founded upon unphilosophic bases—the products of unsymmetrical minds—constitutes a potent and pernicious influence against advancement towards the true and the real; and contributes largely to effect decline into scepticism and error. The history of the progress of the various phases of thought is pregnant with conclusive testimony to the deleterious effects of the pernicious influences above alluded to.

Visionary notions, supported by empowered bigotry, and a tendency to adhere to long-accepted beliefs, involving, of course, opposition to proposed innovations, for years kept physical science in the background. In a superstitious age, such ideas naturally gained currency and opposed a powerful obstacle to the introduction of new theories, in opposition to generally accepted beliefs harmonizing with the ideas of men in a semi-civilized condition of life. And so it was, that the true theory of the universe promulgated by Pythagoras and Aristarchus was readily superseded by that of Ptolemy; so it was, also, that the attempt of Copernicus to set aside the system of the Egyptian astronomer and to revive the teachings of the two illustrious Greeks, met with fiery opposition and caused him to be denounced as visionary and heretical. In the domain of purely intellectual science, especially in its earlier history, the same influences have retarded progress. Alike in psychology and in ethics, as well as in other departments, innovations, evolved from unbalanced minds, have been made, and thus not light, but darkness, has been cast upon the path towards the true and the good, retarding advancement, and tending to effect retrogression, or divergence into error. To check such tendencies some counter-acting influences must be opposed. Counter-balancing agencies, inexistent arrangements, condition harmonious and effective action. In any complicated mechanism unity of result is attained by such a preadjustment of the several parts as will effect mutual action and reaction of the parts upon each other with reference to the ultimate design of its construction. This truth finds its analogue in the constructive and regulative influences of the theoretic and the practical in effecting progress and development. Advancement is involved in, and is the natural result of, true development. To develop and to construct is the function of the theoretic. But this tendency, if unchecked, like a single force acting upon a body regardless of simultaneous, counteracting forces, would never produce the desired resultant. All the components must be considered in order to arrive at
the true resultant. Accepting this as a universal truth, we may confidently apply it to the case in question.

The practical is also a component of the resultant advancement. What, then, is its function? What is the effect of its influence? It is to the theoretic what the governor is to the action of the steam engine.

Its function is, therefore, to regulate. It confronts the developments of the theoretic, and asks and decides the question as to how much can be turned to account. It accepts and applies the real, and rejects the visionary; and so the effect of its influence is to discriminate between the true and the false, and to appropriate the former and reject the latter. It is thus that these two antitheses effect advancement and become essential elements thereof. We are now prepared to assert more forcibly that national civilization is determined by the degree in which the harmony of the theoretic and the practical has been realized. The previously-indicated evils accruing from failure to realize this harmony attest the importance as well as the verity of the above truth. A nation's excellence is indexed by the degree in which its current beliefs approximate "the true in theory," which must be "the consistent in practice."

This leads us to notice briefly the relation of the theoretic and the practical to materialistic tendencies. Materialism posits "unorganized matter" preexistent and eternal, as sufficient to account for finite existence. This induction is the result of an illegitimate expansion of the function of the theoretic, against which we have already argued.

A distinguished modern logician says that "a theory is a collection of the inferences drawn from facts and compressed into principles." But the above indicated inferences are not "drawn from facts," for, that "the explanation of the universe is discovered in its material substance," by giving that substance an eternal preexistence, is not a fact, and therefore, strict adherence to definition compels us to acknowledge that the term "theory," as applied to such doctrine, is a misnomer. But we may grant, without being inconsistent, that such are the developments of the theoretic.

The practical now demands, "If so, what follows?" and, as an absurdity and an impossibility follow, separation is immediately made and the materialistic doctrine subverted.

It is thus by recognizing the practical as also a component of the resultant advancement, that declension into error is prevented and approximation of ideal perfection is made possible; and history confirms the assertion that national advancement has been proportional to the degree in which the practical has been recognized as meriting prominence, and awarded such desert.

That special prominence should have been given to the theoretic, regardless, in a great measure, of the practical, in the earlier ages of civilization, appears quite natural. The theoretic is inductive. In the earlier ages, when so vast a system of unexplained facts confronted them, men naturally and necessarily gave themselves up to induction. But the bane of progress was the failure to realize and apply the test that "the true in theory must be the consistent in practice." Hence, absurd theories were promulgated by the leaders of thought; false ideas were inculcated, and divergence into error was
correspondingly proportional. But the possible application of its truth tests the validity of a theory, and recognition of this truth conditions legitimate induction, and hence also development of truth.

The practical considers the applicability of the truth of the theoretic, and thus becomes the test of the validity thereof. As the problems of the past have been handed down to succeeding ages, the proposed solutions of them have been submitted to this test. Error long unobserved has thus been disclosed along with truth, and the contribution of succeeding thinkers to civilization has been the rejection of the former and the elucidation and appropriation of the latter. With this has come the onward march of civilization, and we, entering into the labors of others, are charged with the solemn obligation of giving fresh impetus to the onward movement.

The need of the age is the realization of the value and importance of each of these two prominent elements of civilization. Attainment of this harmony will facilitate the approximation of the absolutely true, towards which man has ever been struggling.

The developments of science, formerly at variance apparently with the truths of inspiration, will cast a glowing light of steadily-increasing splendor upon the path to that immortal existence which those truths proclaim; and civilization, with front towards the everlasting sun of eternal truth, attended thus by a guardian spirit on either side, will advance with onward tread, emerging from the receding shadows of error, until finally Science and Religion strike hands at the shrine of the universe, and reverently exclaim, “In the beginning God.”

De Valroy.

**Mind in Development.**

Looking about us, what do we see? What is it that meets us on every hand? A universe of system, law, intelligence, order, wisdom, and beauty. But was it always so? Was this order and beauty always thus? We get the answer, No. Once this order was disorder. Once this system was a chaotic mass of disconnected, floating elements. But when, where, and how began that development of nature which has issued in the cosmos of to-day, is now entirely hid in the depths of the past, in the dark shades of chaos anterior to the life-giving sunlight which brought forth growth and beauty, anterior to the light of reason which in vain has turned its batteries against those impenetrable walls of mystery. Certain it is we cannot solve those ancient mysteries now, but yet we may consider some of those operations that have fallen within the reach of our observation. Then, first among the developments of which we have a real and positive knowledge we may notice that of language.

We cannot believe that man was ever so that he could not by some contrivance make his thoughts and wishes known to those around him. He never saw the day he could not manufacture something of a language as a medium of ideas. But we know well that to him were not given, as developed possessions, the polished mediums which to-day are freighted with
such stores of thought. His was not language itself already developed, but the native capacity to produce a language to serve the purposes of thought. The germ had to develop into the flower.

What was the crude language of primitive man in comparison with modern English? What, the rude conversation of our early parents when compared with the full and elegant interchange of thought of later years? It might be interesting to glance at the growth of the Greek from scanty dialects into that almost perfect language which has been the admiration of ages. A handful of people from the Indo-European stock established themselves in Hellas more than a thousand years B.C. A gradual growth set in. Under the sunny skies of that garden land arose a line of bards who cultivated their tongue in shorter epic ballads. Gradually the ruder dialects began to assume the form of intelligent language in the moulding hands of such men as Eumolpus and Orpheus, until with Homer it became the beautiful monument of his genius in the immortal Iliad. Then arose a number of lyric poets, as Archilochus, Simonides, Alcaeus, and Sappho, together with such philosophers as Thales, Anaxagoras, Zeno, and Pythagoras, who did much to aid the development of Greek. Through such men it became fuller and fuller, more and more flexible and beautiful, until in the hands of Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and the like, in the time of Pericles, when Athens was at the height of its glory, it made its last great development, passing on down through Thucydides and Lysias into the hands of Plato, Xenophon, and Demosthenes, where we find it crystallized in all its perfect beauty and grandeur. Thus the dialects, before so rude and barren in thought and expression, gradually developed into perhaps the most nearly perfect language the world has ever known. No longer was it the crude, scanty, barbarous instrument for communicating mere animal desires and whims, but had become the full, harmonious, adequate, and beautiful expression of higher moral feelings and profound intellectual questions. But was this growth without a guiding cause? Was it accidental? Was it a mere chance evolution? Was it from such a source the Iliad came? Or, was it rather the outcome of a powerful genius finding utterance in Homer? Else why not a like result among the neighboring nations where mind was not so strong and obtrusive? These remained crude from lack of mental progress; that became great because of mental progress. Why develops no language in the brute? Because no germ of mind is there to produce it. He is speechless because he is soulless. But it is clear that language has developed, for which there must have been a cause, which cause, it seems, must be mind.

And not in language only has there been a great development, for the arts, perhaps, have had a greater growth. But ere we leave language, let us cast a parting glance at some of the fine arts, as poetry, sculpture, and architecture, which are only different forms of language. With the world so full of poetry, and every man a poet once, we could not fail to find a strain extending back, perhaps, to Eden. It was, however, long uncultivated. But at last the bards of Greece began, and Homer made himself immortal. Drama in the hands of Aeschylus,
Sophocles, and Euripides became indeed a fine art. And in modern times it finds an equal culture in the hands of Goethe, Schiller, Molière, and Shakespeare, where it moves the deepest fountains in one's nature. Sculpture, too, has been developed by the imaginative mind into a most efficient expression of every passion of the soul—a real evolution from mind. Architecture, equally grand and more useful, has changed the forest den and rugged cave into the cozy cottage and princely palace. Where in early times the human sacrifice was burned on rugged altars, now we find the splendid Gothic edifice with not a trace of ancient rudeness. And in all this great development, mind has been the working cause.

Next we note the useful arts. Just when and what the first employment of the artificial was we cannot know. But we do know that there was a time when man had nothing save what nature gave him,—no implements of any kind, no arts of any kind. He was a savage, living in huts and caves, with little ingenuity sparkling in his eyes. His food was bark and roots of trees and wild plants. His only clothes were skins and leaves. But thus he could not stay, for mind began to work. Gradually we see the simple implements of agriculture, then of war, and then a rude canoe, with now a simple hut, a better boat, a better home, extended fields and growing flocks, a town of rudest kind, now more extensive harvests, better flocks, a better town, an infant trade, a growing commerce, walled cities, art developing, Babylon filling with gardens majestic, Egypt making fame by piling pyramids, Athens dazzling the world with its glory, Rome constructing mighty aqueducts and making Europe feel its heavy hand, France baptizing Paris in splendor, England belting the earth with its rule, the United States with unlimited machinery attempting everything, the earth giving up its gold, the rapid car connecting the oceans, huge steamers subduing the seas, and intelligence flashing around the world with the speed of thought. And yet mind reaches not its limit.

In the evolution of science, too, mind has shown its strong, progressive character. Could the early Egyptians or Ionians step forth and see the present height of physics and astronomy, they would hardly recognize them as the outgrowth of their early labors, so much have they grown. Could immortal Socrates, "the father of Moral Philosophy," see its present status, would he not rejoice in its progress? Would not Archimedes recognize a marked advance in mathematics could he only visit our lecture rooms and read the texts now used? And notwithstanding all the massive structures ancient Egypt, Babylon, and Rome produced, the engineering of today so far surpass theirs as to make a total eclipse. And chemistry, so lately born, bids fair almost to revolutionize the world. Now, these children of the mind with all their great achievements are youthful still in growth and vitality. In what they will have their final issue under the impelling force of mind we dare not dream.

Last comes the development of mind itself. But let us not, at a single bound, confront the early sons of men, but follow back that silver thread of mind which gleams along the corridors of the past, and with rapid glance review its back-
ward steps. Martial Rome, so full of strength and vigor, first demands a stop. In all its glory and with all its law it shows a lack of mental strength. Else why a lack in its language to draw distinctions where to-day a like failure would be counted stupidity? All through we feel the lack of that beautiful completeness so charming in its sister, the Greek. But when we meet the noble Greek whose silver tongue has thrilled so oft, whose mighty mind has gone so deep, whose lofty genius fired a Homer, we are filled with wondering admiration. So great, and yet the beauty and fulness of that mind was marred by superstition and disregard for woman. Further back we meet the lavish wealth and luxury of Babylon. But in all its wealth and power it shows a lack of mental development, having little more than sickly sentiment. And Egypt, with less resplendent wealth, but stronger mind, is far removed into the undeveloped. But, leaping the bounds of history, we seem to see the simple savage pasturing his flocks upon the mountain side, or chasing the wild beast through the forest to get his food. Simple he is, and uncouth. But from him is developed all the mind of to-day.

Ah, the germ was there, for something cannot be developed from nothing. The mind was not wanting, but merely needed to be aroused. And how great has been the growth! From the rude power directing the savage through the deep tangle of the oriental forest, we see developed a mind able to create power itself and send the iron-horse across the land with lightning speed, and plow the mighty ocean with his gallant vessels; able to unlock the very bonds of nature, setting free the elements and combining them in new proportions; able to dive into the heart of earth and gather up the choice bits that time has left, and satisfy its thirst by reading her history from the written rocks; able to lay hold upon the dancing sunbeam and climb it to the sun itself to see its constitution; able

To leap the confines earth doth place
And climb the arched cerulean vault,
The vast sidereal paths to trace,
With scarce a flaw, with scarce a fault,

and tearing thence away to stand un-daunted on the outmost confines of nature. So great, indeed, has been the growth that no one surely would deny it. The brute, however, is not so. The parrot's nest among the ruins of ancient Egypt was a perfect model of that of to-day. The honeycomb taken from our bee-hives has exactly the same form as that which sweetened the lion's carcass of old. The nightingale three thousand years ago in lovely Tempe sang as sweet a strain as that which now enchants that famous vale. But man—when will he cease to grow? Though he dies, he leaves behind his spirit stalking through the land. The blind old bard of Chios' rocky isle still lives to fire the soul and thrill the world. The silver tongues of Athens still reëcho down the lapse of ages. Napoleon is still the soul of France. And Washington is fresh and warm in all our homes. Our lead bones may moulder in the grave, but our deeds will live. Our hands may lie still and cold, but they still administer pain or pleasure. Our lips, though sealed in death, still utter curses or benedictions. Our lives are not our own, for others are affected by them. They are fountains sending forth water sweet or bitter. If the fountain is pure, pure is the stream. If our lives are pure, pure is the flow.

Revilo.
Intemperance.

During the next portion of this century the moral destiny of the world will depend upon the youth of this present age. The strong hands of our veterans are, one by one, palsied by the touch of age. Upon the shoulders of our youths the ark of reform is hence to rest. By their support the torch of human progress is to be borne onward through the veiled vista of coming ages. For the promotion and establishment of these mighty principles, I fancy to depict the heinous scene of intemperance — the great hindrance to the advancement of these moralities. Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness. Intemperance, by enervating them, ends in misery. And those who destroy a healthy constitution of body by intemperance, do as manifestly kill themselves as those who do so by any other device. Virtue is no enemy to pleasure, but on the contrary, is a most certain friend. Her office is to regulate our desires, that we may enjoy every pleasure with moderation; and thus our relish for them will continue. Since one virtue depends upon another for its culmination, so by increasing our virtue we build for ourselves, so to speak, a beautiful temple of humanity, in which temperance reigns supreme, acquiring our adornments and demanding the highest respect of a civilized people. But if our virtue by degrees is diminished, we construct a fabric at the completion of which, it totters into ruin, and the builder is a victim of intemperance, ignored by humanity. For Cicero has said, "all the greatest virtues must necessarily lie prostrate if pleasure (intemperate) is mistress." Anacharsis, the Scythian, in order to deter young men from that voluptuousness which is ever attended with ill-effects, applied his discourse to them in a parable, telling them that the vice of youthful gratification had three branches producing three clusters: "On the first," says he, "grows pleasure; on the second, sottishness; on the third, sadness." It is an invariable law of our present condition that every pleasure which is pursued to excess converts itself into a poison. In all the pleasure of sense, it is apparent that only when indulged within certain limits they confer satisfaction. No sooner do we pass the line which temperance has drawn than pernicious effects come forward and show themselves. Could we expose to view the monuments of death they would read a lecture on moderation much more powerful than any that the most eloquent writers can give. You would behold graves peopled with the victims of intemperance. You would behold the chambers of darkness hung round on every side with the trophies of luxury, drunkenness, and sensuality. So numerous would you find those victims to iniquity that it might be safely asserted, where war or pestilence have slain their thousands, intemperate pleasure has slain its ten thousands. By such unhappy excesses how many amiable dispositions have been corrupted or destroyed, how many rising capacities and powers have been suppressed, how many flattering hopes of parents and friends have been totally extinguished?

Who but must drop a tear over human nature when he beholds that morning which arose so bright, overcast with such untimely darkness; that good humor
which once captivated all hearts; that vivacity which sparkled in every company; those abilities which were fitted for adorning the highest station, all sacrificed at the shrine of low sensuality, and one who was formed for running the fair career of life in the midst of public esteem, cut off by his vices at the beginning of his course, or sunk for the whole of it into insignificance and contempt.

We now come to that branch of intemperance, a monster evil, which is to-day suspended over our country, and which is pouring its fiery streams through all the channels of public and domestic intercourse, and casting its hideous shadow athwart the bright rays of our intellect, deranging the human machine and unfitting it for the actions of a noble life; it corrodes and dissevers the link that binds the fair bride of to-day, and leaves her to be the desolate widow of to-morrow.

Drinking is undoubtedly the most miserable refuge from misfortune. This solace is truly short-lived; when over, the spirits commonly sink as much below their usual tone as they were raised above it. Hence a repetition of the dose becomes necessary, and every fresh dose makes way for another, till the miserable man is rendered a slave to the bottle, and at length falls a sacrifice to what, perhaps, was only taken as a medicine.

Some one has said, "Were the pleasures of the palate lasting, there would be some excuse for inebriety, but it is so transitory that there is scarcely any distinguishing between the beginning and the end; whereas the disease it produces is very durable." The story of Prometheus seems to have been invented as a moral in those ancient times when all things were clothed in hieroglyphics or in fable. Prometheus was painted as stealing fire from heaven, which might well represent the inflammable spirit produced by fermentation, that may be said to animate the man of clay; whence the conquest of Bacchus and the heedless mirth and noise of his devotees. But the after punishment of those who steal this accursed fire is a vulture gnawing the vitals, which well allegorizes the poor inebriate laboring under painful hepatic diseases. Let those who have been enticed frequently to taste the spiritous liquors, till at length they begin to have fondness for them, reflect a moment on the danger of their situation, and resolve to make a speedy and honorable retreat; for custom soon changes into habit. That habit is a second nature, more stubborn than the first, and of all things more difficult to be subdued. Then let us learn in time to resist this bewitching spirit, and escape the allurements of such a dangerous and insidious enemy. Those who are pursuing this degraded course of intemperance will doubtless spurn beneficial admonitions, and run headlong to their own destruction. Can we submit to such despicable bondage and tamely give up our freedom without one generous struggle? Can we trample under our feet the chivalry of gallant sons? The present conflict, remember, is not for the fading laurel, or the tinsel wreath, for which others so earnestly contend, but for those more blooming, more substantial honors which health, the daughter of temperance, only can bestow. For it is health that diffuses through the human breast that genial warmth, that serene sunshine, which glows in the cheek, shines in the eyes, animates the whole frame, and actuates the mind to the goal of human perfec-
tion. Retreat, then, from your dishonorable course, ye who, by licentiousness, extravagance, and vice, are abusers of the world! You are degrading and ruining yourselves; grossly misemploying true Nature’s gifts and your true interest.

Awake, then, to the pursuits of men of virtue and honor; and break loose from that magic circle within which you are at present held. Reject the poisonous cup which the enchantress Pleasure holds up to your lips. Yield not to appearances, as did the fly, when invited by the spider, and step into the web of intemperance. But rather draw aside the black veil of delusion, and you will see an abyss below your feet. You will see the polluted picture of yourself photographed in human nature. You will see Virtue and Temperance marking out the road which conducts to true felicity. Temperance is the support and attendant of other virtues, the preserver and restorer of health, a maintainer of dignity and liberty of rational beings, from the wretched, inhuman slavery of Sensuality, Taste, Custom, and Example.

The companion of reason, and guardian of the senses, the bountiful rewarer of thy admirers and followers, how do thy excellencies extort the unwilling commendations of thine enemies, and with what rapturous delight can thy friends raise up a panegyric in thy praise!

YOUTH.

Art.

Centuries and ages have passed, the clash of arms and the battle-cry of nations have resounded through the lapse of time, kingdoms and monarchies have crumbled into nothingness, while rulers and potentates have sunk into oblivion; but Art, the symbol of what is grand and beautiful, the souls and feelings of men traced upon canvas or delineated in marble, has lived, and will live through all coming ages. As far back as man can trace, he sees the creative genius of man. The rude savage and barbarian trace out strange and peculiar hieroglyphics. A child’s first impulse is to place upon paper the images of objects which have been seen.

I need not narrate the story of Benjamin West, America’s first artist, but whose fruits were reaped and enjoyed by England. How his youthful breast swelled with joy as he sketched the sweet face of the babe within the cradle, and whose fame from that very moment began to be wafted upon the breezes of heaven; whose name America would cherish as the home of his birth, and whose works England would reverence forever. But it belongs not to America to own those geniuses who have stood forth as glittering stars in the firmament of art—would that it were so—but, for perfection in this branch, we must go to other nations, more remote in age ’tis true, but whose ideals were lofty and inspiring and worthy of the most enlightened age. Art is the outward expression of the inward feeling. In the discussion of this subject I shall not speak of all that belongs under its name, but chiefly of Painting and Sculpture. Poetry is an Art, for it appeals to a man’s most
inmost feelings. Music, whose very strains link earth to heaven, is one of the highest gifts of the Divine Creator.

We say, and more or less understandingly we believe, that God made man in his own image. What, then, are the attributes we involuntarily attach to the Supreme Being? Are they not Creation, which creates; Love, which environs us; and Action, which sustains us? Religion is the love of man for God and his fellow-being. From the very beginning man had of necessity to be a man of action, and it was only left for him to create. The harmonious development of all these was necessary to the development of man, which explains the development of men in earlier ages. And while the development of the race is still progressing, we can point to no races who better represent this type than the Jew and the Greek. In all times it has seemed the divine will of the Creator to make some race the depository of some divine idea, through the cultivation of which it might serve as a model for all succeeding generations. So thus it seems that the Divine Creator has made Greece that depository, and who, by cultivating her ideal of art, has rendered her name immortal, and the bright fame of her glory is now sounded upon the lips of all civilized nations. She came forth like a bright star, and the brightness of her glory reached up to the high Heaven.

The ancients counted seven wonders of the world, but the greatest of all its wonders was not any special building, tomb, or statue, but Greek art—the sublimity of all that is beautiful and grand. How and why is it that the work of Greek sculpture attained a character so exalted and grand as to shine with undimmed lustre through the ages of time? It was from the fact that they had lofty ideals. A traveller, far from home in some distant clime, hears the soft strains of music which thrill his very soul with feelings indescribable and strange; so, as one stands amid those halls, and gazes upon the works of Grecian spirit, feelings are imparted to him from whence he knows not. Human forms, deified in the sculptor's mind, stand forth as the moral prestige that might encircle the vital presence of divine beings. Around Greece, as the home of their birth, cluster the immortal names of Pericles, Themistocles, and Epaminondas, but

"Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts And eloquence, native to famous wits," is the name around which cluster the geniuses of art. Sparta was, but is no more. She was once the home of the brave and warlike sons, but now the shepherd wanders over her ruins; no monuments stand to tell where once she stood, no works of art are her everlasting glory. Why has this been? Because she despised all art and valued nothing except booty and war. Not so with Athens, her rival in politics and power; and although her grandeur and power has been destroyed, yet her gifts of art to the world still live as the products of her grand and noble people. And does not her name awaken the deepest feelings in the minds of men? Do not the names of Praxitiles, Milo, and Pericles bring back the age of beauty? Phidias, the father of sculpture, stands like a god himself within the Parthenon, where the images of his soul add grandeur to the stately building. His soul has breathed that divine inspiration which has been caught by men in all ages, and created
within them the desire of beauty and loveliness. Yes, the works of Athens still live, and words to her memory have ever been sung. Why for so many a year has the poet wandered amid the fragments of Athens and passed with strange and kindling feelings amid her broken columns, her mouldering temples, her deserted plains?

Is it not that her images rise before him? And though there among ruins and destruction, he finds words to kindle his poetic pen, and Athens, the “Home of Art,” is sung in every age and clime. But she has passed from the scene of living activity, and though Time, with ruthless hand, has worked its worst upon her form, yet she still lives. Athens still lives in her shattered ruins—lives in the heart of people, and will ever live until the human heart ceases to beat for that which is lovely and grand! But soon the veil is dragged over the countenance of Greece as the old Roman lays into ruins her monuments and temples, and the once “Mistress of the World” takes to her bosom those treasures so prized and beloved. But Rome was not suitable to the production of art, for her people, following after the Etruscan order of utility and the subordination of the individual person to general good, led them to the construction of aqueducts, forums, and roads, rather than the expression of ideal truth in the plastic form.

Painting for awhile flourished, but soon the corruption of the people led to her ruin, and art for a time passed from the stage of life, only to be lighted again by the brilliant hues of the masters of the Restoration. And now the moment for the restoration seems favorable in a country where flourish the olive and the vine, whose lovely snow-capped mountains pierce the very clouds, and whose valleys are redolent with variegated flowers.

What two forms do we now see coming forth to illumine the pages of art? Michael Angelo, that divine man who painted with such an exquisite touch the lives and scenes from the Holy Book, giving to each a grand and lofty appearance; while Raphael gave the sweet angelic expressions to his forms, and whose work was illuminated by imagination and tinged by the hues of sentiment.

The works of these noble men—and I need also to mention Leonardo Da Vinci—still remain, and as a stranger gazes upon them his very soul is filled with the majestic, and the pictures themselves seem to speak to his soul. There is wherein true art consists. A bit of color stuck upon the wall because it is the fashion is no real art, but only when it is placed in a manner so that it seems to have feelings within it. A writer has well said that the exquisite tracery of the Alhambra has delighted the souls of poets for centuries, but it is not careless play of frost work, it has a soul in it, and expresses in its delicate and seemingly wayward line the same religious spirit as do the texts of the Koran, interwoven in magic letters among its windings. Though art rears its head among the most lofty themes, yet it glitters and shines but for a season, and then passes away to be taken up by another age and clime. Greece and Italy have been the homes of artists and sculptors, and their equals have never arisen in any country.

Rightly should Germany cherish the name of Albert Dürer, who shed bright light on her artistic pages. She has had
some gifted artists, and appreciates and supports the talent in her country. Spain and France cannot be passed unnoticed, for both have added much to the pages of art. England, upon whose domains the sun never sets, has been blessed with the names of statesmen and heroes; her Wellington is immortal, and her Gladstone will be reverenced forever; and, though the home of but few artists, she cherishes, with her noble instinct, that which is lovely and grand.

What now can I say for America? Other nations look with admiration upon this land of ours, and she stands to-day the symbol of what is grand and noble. Why is it that art has not had a wider scope? Why is it that artists, men of talent and ability, have left America for other lands? Why did West, America’s son, the embodiment of art itself, leave his native shore and find a home in England, and there be cherished and loved? It is the lack of popular interest in art, and the failure to support the talent which lies in her land.

Pass through Westminster Abbey today, and it seems like a temple of glory and renown. Men who have ever increased the military, political, or literary glory of England stand forth in majestic forms. Germany, too, reverences her sons, and some of her buildings seem like the Parthenon of old. And may we not look for a revolution of art in America? She should hallow the names of her sons, for no country has names of which she should be prouder. The rotunda of our national capitol should be filled with the statues of her distinguished men of the Revolution.

A change is already taking place, and States are beginning to erect monuments to their illustrious dead. The grand monument in yon Capitol Square, second only to one, is a fit emblem to her men. O America! the home of heroes, statesmen, patriots and lovers, rise up in all thy grandeur and glory, and open the great field of art, commemorate the names of your heroes, and let the fetters which have bound you be loosed, and may the “morn’s early light and the twilight’s last gleaming” behold thee enwrapped in the gentle folds of Artistic Beauty!

DUNBAR.

The Human Mind.

That man is the greatest of all God’s creations, no one denies. That his paramount greatness consists in his vastly superior mental endowments, no one denies. And, though his stature is small, almost to insignificance in comparison with many of the brutes, yet even they seem to discern his superiority by instinct and flee in cowardly retreat before him. For Pythagoras taught that while man possessed the propensities common to beast, he also possessed those nobler seeds of virtue and a taste whose most perfect gratification was to be found in pleasures, both mental and moral.

Since the “mind is the standard of the man,” let us pause to inquire what is mind? It is not material, though some philosophers argue to the contrary, who teach that all things result from matter—that we have many forces in nature which we cannot see, as electricity and gravita-
tion, caused by certain chemical action and attractions between the particles of matter, and hence they say, mind is nothing more than a rapid vibration of matter producing mental activity. But there is a law of nature, that a mechanical cause passes completely into a mechanical effect, and no number of chemical combinations can make it otherwise. There are two incontrovertible distinctions between mind and matter. Mind is self-active, the originator of its own activities; matter must be acted upon, originating nothing; mind knows itself, is conscious of its own activities; matter is known by the mind. The mind beholds the material world with admiration. Many events which result from divine power—as the rushing cataract or pealing thunder—are frequently awful and solemn; the heavens and the earth are in many instances exquisitely beautiful, eminently sublime, and we see in these so many revelations pointing to a divine creator. But the beautiful and the sublime is itself a product of the mind, which would be unappreciated, and those revelations of nature undiscovered, were there no mind, but all matter.

But, to our first question, What is mind? It is that which thinks, feels, and wills. It is an unseen power, which constitutes man an intelligent and rational being, and so imparts the distinguishing mark from the material world around him, making him so noble in reason, infinite in faculties, the paragon of all other animals. Nothing is, or can be, known of the mind’s composition. It is unseen and unknown except by its activities or mental products. Descartes based his philosophy upon the principle, cogito, ergo sum—I think, therefore I am; and though this is almost correct, yet it is calculated to mislead the unguarded thinker. The knowledge of the existence of mind is not to be obtained as an inference from thinking, but is a fact known in the very act of thought. The mind takes cognizance of its own activities as well as its own existence. One cannot exist without knowing that he exists, neither can one think without knowing that he thinks.

The mind is very susceptible, and hence admits of a yet undiscovered limit in cultivation. The cashier runs up great columns of figures; the mathematician solves the most intricate and perplexing problems with marvelous dexterity as the result of a strenuous and persistent concentration in the development of their mental faculties.

Some minds are so very slow in developing, that the acquisition of knowledge from time to time is almost unconsciously gained; and others are developed with wonderful precocity. But minds of a very precocious nature are like seeds springing up at once, but quickly withering for want of that depth of ground necessary for a matured harvest; so these minds shine with wondrous brilliancy at first, but soon fade. Our sweetest plants and vegetables are those of a longer growth, drawing from the soil those nutritious elements necessary for their proper maturation. Just so with minds of a slower development—they have time to assimilate the knowledge in their very growth, and it abides there as an inseparable part of the mind itself.

We said, a while back, that knowledge was sometimes almost unconsciously gained. Can it be so gained? Dr. Brown says the mind “never acquires
any knowledge without the exercise and increase of its own vigor. * * * The mind must actively construe every sign of thought, interpret every word, judge every utterance."

We venerate the memory of our departed professor, and with all thought of any disparagement of his excellency foreign to our intent, let us ask if the infant ever did, or is capable of, putting any judgment upon the word "mother" when it first imperfectly uttered that name? Does the infant exercise any effort of will power to acquire the use of speech? This must be knowledge, and it certainly is acquired. It is true, the child soon learns to whom the word "mother" is applied, but can it so construe the word as to understand the relationship that the word implies? It is asserted that a child gains more knowledge in the first five years of its life than during any ten thereafter. And it must be admitted that a greater portion of this five years' knowledge is certainly apparently, if not actually, gained as a passive absorption, without any effort or consciousness on his part. He never knows how or when he got it, and if it required any effort it would have impressed him. Now, after a mind becomes more grounded, and goes into the rudiments of subjects, then it requires a very decided effort to be exercised by the will of the individual. And even here it is frequently an effort to commit or remember—and this may be easily forgotten. But real bona fide knowledge is obtained slowly, and is assimilated in the growth of the mind so that it is not easily lost. Things committed, are frequently not learned. We know when we commit a thing, but we are frequently not conscious when we learned it.

The mind has been crowded with many strange ideas in attempting to assign a cause to all observed phenomena, and hence many absurdities among the early writers resulting from their immature imaginings as to those causes. But it is interesting and instructive to study those ancient writers, and observe the gradual development from the mind of that noble but profound mental science. Frequently we get our most precious gems from the midst of trashy rubbish; so here, from the midst of many strange arguments we get some of our richest thoughts. Besides, they have inculcated many doctrines that deserve our highest encomiums, while others, though wrong, must be ranked among the natural productions of highly gifted minds.

Zeno regarded all occurrences as inevitable and certain, and as beyond the control of humanity in any way whatever. He thought man should never attempt to controvert a calamity, or implore Deity to avert impending judgments, but only seek fortitude and philosophy to bear them without sorrow or complaint.

Pythagoras and Plato agreed in their doctrine concerning the creation of the world, and the materials from which God formed the human mind. They taught the visionary doctrine that all things resulted from matter. On the other hand, Hume and Berkley opposed this doctrine of matter, saying there was no such thing as a material universe; that everything was mind, the result of ideas.

Socrates was pronounced the greatest man of his time,—his theory of the soul's immortality was certainly as near correct as the human mind could advance unaided by revelation. And yet he had superstitious notions, imagining he was
followed through life by a guardian demon.

These were minds of remote antiquity. We turn now to more recent time, and see here reasonings still more strange and absurd. And why was this? Man's mind must be active; and at this time the Pope held absolute authority. He knew too well the influence of knowledge to suffer its general diffusion, so he held himself in power by holding in captivity the minds as well as the consciences of men. Hence we are not surprised that such busy minds, having nothing else to do, were found discussing such questions as, "Is the essence of mind distinct from its existence?" or, "Whether it were possible for an angel to pass from one point to a more distant one, and not be present in the intermediate space?"

Men's minds were then in thraldom, and it was only after the Reformation flashed over England that knowledge became once more generally diffused, and those notions passed away as a morning vapor, to make room for more profound thought and accurate investigation.

The mind loves the truth; so, when Bacon brought forth his theory of facts, as opposed to that of idealism, it was accepted, because facts can be substantiated. And these facts raised the science of philosophy from its lethargy and gave it a new impetus and a brighter future.

We may appear to have wandered from our subject in going after these great men, but we did so with a view of showing the gradual workings of the mind as it was feeling its way through the mystical darkness, developing slowly that wonderful science as the result of their many times false but grand imaginations. And it does seem as if the directing finger of Deity allowed them to wander very near the true path and not see it, in order that, as the correct principle was gradually developed, they might see through those errors a directing providence, and so blend the idea of morality with their philosophy. How wonderful are the accomplishments of the human mind, and yet it is limited.

We see the stalk of wheat growing in the fields, and know the different elements that constitute both the stalk and the grain; we know the muscles that compose the muscles of our bodies, and we can reduce the wheat or muscle back to these original elements. But no amount of human wisdom can ever put these elements together, and make wheat or muscle. Yes, the mind is wonderful. Wonderful in its silent operations, wonderful in its results. It can revive the past or anticipate the future at pleasure.

The studious man sits quietly in his study conversing with the ancient writers as if they were present. He reads history all the way back to the creation of man, and not content here, his inquiring mind goes still farther, and sees the world as a chaotic mass "whirling through void immense," uninhabited and uninhabitable. He sees the gradual solidification, the appearance of huge sea monsters, the absorption of the carbonic acid from the dense atmosphere by numberless ferns of preponderous growth.

As the earth solidifies still more, he beholds the internal forces heaving, and tearing the crust, storing away great deposits of carbon for future use. In the different strata formed, he sees a track, and from this reconstructs and knows the whole history of the animals.
at that remote period. But not content with its investigations on this planetary globe, it soars away on untired wings to the worlds above. There it beholds the great orbs revolving in such harmony and uniform regularity, discovers the laws that control them, analyzes their light, tells of what they are composed, and weighs their immensity, and behind all this it sees the Great Creator sitting upon his throne directing all things to the accomplishment of his divine purpose.

And yet how insignificant must the greatest mind feel when contemplating the vastness of nature's works. For we know that though the time embraced in the mind's range of study appears to be long, yet it may not be sufficient to constitute one stroke of the great geological pendulum that marks the advance of time. And great as may be the achievements of the mind, we must fold our arms in utter helplessness, remembering that we cannot create or destroy the smallest atom of this vast system. But, O mind of man! take courage from past glorious results in understanding nature's hidden secrets, and continue onward until time shall veil her face in the glowing twilight of eternity, and the Great Judge shall say, "It is enough"!

**REMUS.**

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**A Glance at Our Party Politics.**

Until of late years, there has been instinctively associated with our different political organizations, some principle or set of principles, which they favored and of which they were the peculiar exponents. And, indeed, it has generally been true in the past, that the very life of a party was in its contending for some great end, or advocacy of some great doctrine, upon which the party was a unit. In the memorable contest which resulted in the election of James K. Polk to the Presidency, the question whether Texas should be admitted into the Union, thereby involving the United States in a war with Mexico, was the chief issue upon which the contest was won. The principles of the party, rather than the ability of its candidate, elected Mr. Polk; for he was comparatively unknown in comparison with his illustrious opponent.

In the past, especially when party differences were more sharply defined, much more stress was laid upon the principles which a party held than in these latter days. It is told of Washington that on one occasion, when voting was done in the good old *viva-voca* style, that, having named his candidate, he said that he did not vote for the man but for his principles. How radically have our politics changed since then! How different from the above was the last Presidential contest! Mr. Cleveland owes his election rather to individual worth and personal fitness for the position, than to the doctrines of the party which placed him in nomination. It was a contest of personal character and ability, not of bitter party animosities or striving for radically different principles. Mr. Cleveland received the "Mugwump" vote, not because he was a Democrat—far from that—but because of the confidence they repose in the man. The man himself, rather than the
principles of the party which backed him, won the race.

Let us notice the position our two great political organizations occupy toward each other at the present time. A vacillating, inconsistent policy has inaugurated a system of mutual concessions, until it has come to be, that hardly in the history of the Republic have there been such trifling differences in the creeds of the parties, and, as a consequence, such diversity of opinion in the ranks of the parties themselves. Let us note in an off-hand way a few facts in support of what we have just remarked; then notice some of the causes which have led to this present peculiar position of the two parties; and, finally, inquire into how, in spite of their few differences, they still maintain their unity, and upon what they found their hopes and prospects for the future.

A glance at the platforms of the two parties two years ago cannot fail to impress a superficial observer with their hollow professions, their cunningly worded expressions, their stale denunciations of the other party, and their general sameness and lack of a sharply defined position upon any of the more prominent questions of the day. They are clothed by their framers in smoothly-flowing, high-sounding generalities, which, like the responses of the Delphian Oracle, are capable of being construed in any way, and to exactly fit any case to which they may be applied. And so each platform is broad enough for the free-trader as well as the rank protectionist. In fact, we find men in favor of all kinds and degrees of protection in both parties. Free-trade Northwest and Protection New England stand equally contented and happy on the same Republican tariff plank, while Morrisons and Randalls base their radically different views upon the same Democratic tariff plank. Upon the same Protean text from the same political Bible both free-trader and protectionist preach their political sermons—one construing the language of his platform clearly for free trade, the other for protection.

We find the same diversity of opinion in the two parties on the silver question. This Democratic paper is in favor of monometalism, that one in favor of bimetallism. The monometalist, whether Democrat or Republican, can see nothing in the platform of his party opposed to his views on this subject, and so also with the bimetalist. They take a similar stand as regards the internal revenue system, the Blair bill, Chinese immigration, &c. But we have cited enough on this point.

Let us now see if we can trace the events which have led to the peculiar positions of the two parties. The great question of slavery was for many years a conspicuous cause of party differences, around which many secondary differences clustered. The almost phenomenal growth of the country, along with a proportionate increase of slaves and their value, brought this question into continually increasing importance. Peculiar circumstances caused the gap between the two great sections to continually widen; party spirit ran higher and higher; political strife became more bitter, until matters finally came to a crisis in the election of Mr. Lincoln as President.

The war over and the days of reconstruction passed, an era of better feeling
dawned. Time healed the wounds of the war, and buried many bitter animosities. Each party began to realize that in spite of what the professional politician said, there was something true and noble in principles for which the other side fought, and that all opposed to them were not rogues, thieves, liars, and traitors. Then the political trickster gradually began to realize that waving the bloody shirt and attempting to stir up the passions of the war were not the old-time vehicles of ease upon which he used to ride into office—though some political fossils, we must admit, have not yet realized this. Something else must be had, upon which to build political capital. A spirit of concession, of biding for this and that section’s votes, was inaugurated. The doctrines of the two parties began drawing closer together; the gulf of differences of opinion that separated them became narrower, until it has practically vanished. Thus the principles, upon which the last presidential contest was conducted, was but a consequence of the stand previously taken by the parties.

The question, how do the parties remain intact, suggests itself. The influence of old associations, old struggles, and old prejudices are powerful forces against innovations in political affiliations. Perhaps the greatest difference between the parties now, as well as the greatest factor for unity of the parties, is but a difference of names only. But even the mystic spell of a name is wearing away, as the “Mugwump” and Independent-Democratic offshoots show. The need of the country is more statesmen of the Thurman school,—men whose ability and integrity are unquestioned,—men who are above the power of money-rings and lobbyists. The parties need statesmen who look beyond street riots for political capital, who have something, upon which to recommend themselves and party to the people, else than the mistakes of the other party.

In the light of these facts, of the almost universal demoralization of trade and stagnation of business, of the great and growing discontent of Labor arrayed against Capital, it seems to us that everything is ripe for a great political change. That party which has the courage to declare itself squarely and honestly upon living issues, and in a way to offer a fair solution of the present difficulties and differences, is the party which would naturally commend itself to the people. Such a party, backed and led by honest, able statesmen, is the party of the future.

Orlestes.

During the year 1885 the United States lost by death, twelve scientists of note, England lost fourteen, France thirteen, and Germany sixteen—total, fifty-five.

Two thousand molecules can sit comfortably on the point of a pin. Herein the molecule differs from man.—Ex.
The Progress of Empire.

Wrapt in the mantle of imagination the weary traveller stands in sublime meditation amidst the renowned ruins of ancient Babylon and Nineveh, and views with emotion the few scattered remnants of a great and populous people. As he looks out upon the broad Euphrates, upon whose banks was situated the city of the "Hanging Gardens," and upon whose waters floated the rude canoe of the ancient Persian, the current seems to reverse its course and carry him into the past. His eye glides down the tempestuous tide of time, and he beholds the glory of the Orient in primeval days. He sees the capital of Persia decked in all the glory and magnificence of Eastern splendor, the fairest city the sun shone on. He watches the empire as it accumulates in bulk, generation after generation, until under its most illustrious king, it stretches from the farthest known point on the East until it sinks beneath the brine of the Mediterranean, and from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf. Over this immense territory extended the tyrannical sceptre of the "Great King," whose throne was in the heart of the Empire, surrounded by the impregnable walls of Babylon. Here he reigned in despotic pomp, and terrible was the fate of that subject who dared dispute concerning the rectitude of his decrees.

In the third century before Christ we see a small but gallant band of Macedonians leave their home on the frontier of Europe and tread with an insulting step upon the territory of Darius. They plunge boldly forward through forest and desert, across mountain and river, bending their course toward the table-lands of the interior. Darius leaves the opulence and luxury of the "Great City," and marches forth with the hosts of his Empire to blot from existence the bold band of invaders, who, inflated by dreams of empire and renown, dared strike a blow at Persian royalty. At Issus and Arbela the mighty monarchy received its mortal wound, and "The fierce invaders plucked the gem From Iran's broken diadem."

Persian numbers could not cope with Macedonian tactics, and Alexander entered the city of Babylon amid the applause of its citizens. The Persian Empire had now passed away forever, to take its place in the annals of ancient history. Alexander, seated on the throne of the Persians, extended his dominions over the whole world. If the Empire he subdued was grand, his was grander still. He was remarkable not only as a conqueror, but also for his geographical researches in Southern Asia, and had he not, through his voluptuousness and baseness, abruptly ended his short career, his Empire, possibly, would have been cemented into one grand compact, the most imposing fragment of primeval conquest. But being quickly obtained and loosely united, upon his death, it rapidly crumbled to pieces. His career was short and brilliant, like the bright meteor which darts athwart the dark vault for an instant and disappears forever.

While Alexander's conquests in the East were the source of much misery, yet upon the whole, they are to be regarded as beneficial to the human race. They facilitated and encouraged closer communication between the two continents, and opened the way for the intro-
duction of the Greek language and literature into Asia. This is the only instance we have of empire travelling eastward.

The Grecian Empire next engages our attention. Greece was destined to be the mistress of the intellectual world; and she has bequeathed to mankind the grandest fragment of linguistic genius the world ever saw. Under the fair Hellenic sky were nurtured those sages, poets, and philosophers whose fame has come thundering down the ages, and is still as fresh as the day when it left its native shores to embellish and enlighten the educated of all lands.

But Greece has also shown no small amount of valor in the field of arms. What can efface from the chronicles of time the noble struggles and triumphs of the heroic Greeks as they free themselves from the overwhelming numbers of the foreign invader? The memory of Thermopylae, Marathon, and Salamis will live forever. The tide of Empire soon left the coasts of classic Greece on its western march to seek another clime. The "Isles of Greece" still dot the Ægean, and

"Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set."

Rome rose on the ruins of Greece and extended her dominions over the whole world. Victory perched upon the standard of the Cæsars wherever they went. They leveled the walls of Jerusalem on the East, and carried destruction to the fierce Gauls on the West. The glory of Carthage faded away before the conquering legions of the "Imperial City," and when Hannibal stretched forth his arm for her destruction, she crushed it.

Rome, imperial Rome, now sat on her hills of beauty and ruled the world. Insurrection and rebellion vanished through terror of the Roman name and the cruelty of the Roman soldier. The city itself was arrayed in all the opulence and grandeur that the wealth of a subjugated world could supply, and her citizens enjoyed that ease and freedom which only the pride of universal conquests can furnish. In her streets mingled the Jew, the Gaul, and Briton, and on her walls floated the flags of all countries. As Roman empire was universal, so also was Roman language. Wherever they trod the path of conquest, they also carried their language, and it either was incorporated into, or entirely superseded the vernacular speech of the conquered. France and Spain laid aside their Celtic tongue for the more polished Latin; and the same fate would have befallen Britain, but her inhabitants kept aloof from the castra of the Romans on the coasts, and preserved uncorrupted the rude jargon of their race. Rome reached her golden days in the reign of Nerva, and after him quickly followed her dissolution. Internal dissension and corruption arose within the heart of the empire, which sapped its lifeblood and opened the way for the fiery Goth and Vandal of the North, who, swarming down upon the citron groves and vine-clad hills of Italy, destroyed the last vestige of universal sovereignty. Thus perished the life of the Empire which cursed the world by its tyranny and oppression, but blessed it with its language and literature. The city, now degraded, plainly attests to the traveller its former glory, and is justly termed the "Mother of dead empires."

We will now leave the historic land of Italy, and notice but for a moment the
last grand specimen of human conquest in the field of arms. On the 15th day of
August, 1769, on the island of Corsica was born the most "cosmopolite genius" the world has ever seen. This island in the Mediterranean can boast the nativity of the great tragedian, who divided at his caprice the thrones of the mighty as he ransacked and plundered the capitals of Europe. Napoleon rose like a lion from his slumbers and seated himself on the throne of the Bourbons. The power of his influence extended throughout the whole world. He thundered forth his decrees sometimes from the palaces of Berlin, sometimes from the Kremlin of Moscow. The tramp of his "old guard" was heard not only throughout the breadth of Europe, but he also carried the French Eagles triumphantly into the land of the Turks and the Ethiopians, until part of Alexander's Empire became the trophies of the modern Hercules. Napoleon, the "Invincible Corsican," was the word whose utterance struck terror to the hearts of millions, and turned pale with horror the countenances of kings and despots. Coalition after coalition of European Powers aimed at his destruction, but he crushed them in a campaign. He sounded the war bugle on the plains of Austerlitz and Germany, and Russia fell bleeding at his feet. His decrees were irrevocable, and in his life we have the history of Europe.

France now, no longer bounded by the rippling Rhine, extended over nearly the whole continent. But Napoleon enjoyed but for a brief period the fruits of his genius, and the brightness of his star soon faded away. His empire rapidly accumulated, as rapidly fell to pieces. But he stood like a hero in the midst of the ruins and awaited his fate like a warrior. To him was justly attributed all the distress and misery which necessitated his tyrannical sway, and it was not until his death, at his dreary prison-home at St. Helena, that Time, the beautifier, has rendered his name the seat of romance and patriotism.

The tide of empire has left the shores of the "Old World" to seek a home in a happier clime. Upon the ruins of an Indian Empire has arisen a mighty nation, whose territory extends from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Mexican gulf. The red-man has disappeared before the aggressive stride of science and civilization, and o'er the bones of their ancestors, now rustles in the breeze the harvest of the white man. This national structure which has arisen in the heart of the New World was neither planned nor consummated by the military genius of a Napoleon or an Alexander; nor has it grown great, as the extinct empires of the East did, by the conquest and robbery of its neighbors; but its foundation was laid by the patriotic fathers of the republic, by the statesmanship and executive ability with which the infancy of the nation was so blessed.

America is now the brightest star in the galaxy of nations, and by her development and startling growth, the progress of empire has completed the circuit of the earth. Here it stops, and here we find the fulfilment of the words of Berkeley:

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
TIME'S NOBLEST OFFSPRING IS THE LAST.
Leaving College.

The session of 1885–6 is fast drawing to a close, and with its expiration will end my college career. To some, the fact that they are about to say a last farewell to their Alma Mater seems rather to be fraught with joy instead of sorrow. They are eager to leave what they consider the dry, dull work of college training, and enter the busy whirl of business or professional life, and they look forward with unfeigned pleasure to the time when, as they express it, they will be "set free." With me, it is quite different. Of course, there are joys attending one's departure from college. Perhaps the joy of bearing away a degree or diplomas, the joy of returning to home and friends from whom we have long been separated, the thought that soon we shall see "the girl we left behind us." Or perhaps it may be that we have suffered bitter disappointments here, perhaps we think that some professor has been unkind to us, or our fellow-students have been unjust.

All these things naturally tend to make us glad that vacation is near. But are there no ties to be broken—no hallowed associations? Do we not honor our instructors? Do we not love the classic shades around this grand old college? shall we not cherish its memory? Is there no sacred spot we love? Have we formed no endearing friendships? If these things are true, then it must cause us a sigh of regret that we are so soon to bid them all a final adieu. At the close of other sessions the thought of parting from so many friends has caused us heartfelt sorrow, but then we expected soon to return and meet many of them again. Now, no such thought will cheer me. When I say good-bye now, I shall leave forever as a student. It makes me sad indeed to think that ere long so many ties will be broken, so many friendships severed—nay, forgive me; the friends may wander far apart, but tell me not that the sacred bonds are broken. Though for years we may not look into each other's faces, still, I trust, will the flame of love and friendship brightly burn on the altar of our hearts, and if in after years kind fates shall bring us together, we will clasp each other's hand with truest joy.

In my youthful musings I can imagine nothing more pleasant to a silver-haired old man whose sun of life is fast declining than to meet a friend of long years ago and for them to sit and talk of their college days, of the pranks they played on one another, of the games out on the campus, of the many pleasant strolls they took together, perchance meeting some fair and smiling maiden on the way. Such and numberless other experiences they will recount and enjoy afresh. Soon for me, too, they will be reckoned among the joys that are past. I shall leave the realities, but their memory shall linger long and brighten many a darksome hour.

ITURUS.

During the year 1885 the United States lost by death 12 scientists of note, England lost 14, France 13, and Germany 16—total, 55.

Prof. Baird says the value of the annual product of the American fisheries does not fall short of $100,000,000.
The Want of Ambition.

Not long ago a friend remarked to me that he thought the great need of the young men of to-day is greater ambition. The remark struck me with considerable force, and after thinking it over I believe it to be quite true. It is in youth and young manhood that the preparation for life's work is made and the foundation for life's responsibilities is laid. The achievements and success of life are in proportion to the extensiveness and thoroughness of this preparation. The capacity to bear life's responsibilities depend upon the breadth and security of this foundation. The making of this preparation and the laying of this foundation depends upon the ambition of the young men. Without ambition, the one is carelessly and superficially made, and the other thoughtlessly and recklessly laid. We see, therefore, how vitally important and essential in regard to true success and great achievements in life is the ambition of young men—ambition not simply to equal others, not simply to attain to mediocrity, but ambition to surpass others, ambition to reach the top round of the ladder.

When we compare the individual achievements of the men of our day with the individual achievements of the men of the past, they appear small indeed, after taking into consideration the fact that the advantages which are now to be enjoyed are so vastly superior to the advantages which were then to be enjoyed. If, then, men of to-day do not accomplish with all their resources and advantages as much comparatively, if they do not become as truly great as men of the past, it must be because they do not utilize their advantages and avail themselves of their great opportunities. The failure to do so is, I think, due directly to the want of ambition.

The young man of to-day, if he had the same ambition of the great men of the past, could, with the superior advantages which his age affords, reach a height in human greatness to which no man of the past could possibly attain. His opportunities for preparation for life are so great. The field which the future opens up to him is so broad and so fertile. The means and inducements and resources for the cultivation of this field are so numerous and so well adapted to his wants. He has the mind, he has the ability, he has the talent (the young men of to-day are equal in these to those of any age). Everything is at hand, and all that is needed is a lofty, an enthusiastic, an earnest, a noble ambition. When the track has been laid and the train has been made up and the locomotive has been attached, all that is needed to put the train in motion and to keep it in motion is steam, by the power of which the long and tedious journey is made to appear short, and the far-away destination is soon reached.

So, to the young man thus equipped will ambition be a mighty motive power, stimulating him to great undertakings and grand achievements, making life appear short instead of long and tedious, and bringing him to a destination of true greatness which in the beginning appeared far away indeed.
REVIVAL OF STUDIES IN MODERN ATHENS.—The American School of Classical Studies at Athens was organized by the Archeological Institute of America, and opened October 2, 1882, under the immediate auspices of several of our leading American colleges. The Director of the school supervises the studies of the students, and advises them as to the best course for study or research in classics, art or antiquities. The students are required to study eight months—from October 1st to June 1st—in Greek lands, and the remaining four months in Greece or other countries, as the student may prefer. At the end of twelve months—the shortest time for which a certificate can be given—the student hands in a thesis prepared on a subject which has chiefly occupied him during the year. The German and French schools in Athens are supported by their governments. Decisive steps were taken for establishing a British school at Athens in 1883. The Greek Government granted for its site a position on the southern slope of Mt. Lycabettus. The American school at present rents; but the Greeks, to whom "I am an American" is a password, have offered land for it to build on estimated at $13,500. The site is left to be selected.

What an inspiration it must lend the earnest student of classical lore to be surrounded on every hand by relics reminers of those soul-stirring events and achievements whose influences are commensurate in extent with civilization, and in depth with human thought! The encompassing air which he breathes seems wafting on its breast the glories of Marathon, Thermopylae, and Salamis, of Pericles, Pindar, and Phidias.

Such a revival of learning as these classical schools bring to Athens may have a quickening influence on the degenerate sons of their once glorious ancestors. It is nearly the unanimous voice of human history that no people once distinguished for political importance and high civilization, and who have degenerated, shall ever rise from their degredation and sluggishness.

Since her political revolution and weakening of Papish power, Italy lifts her voice in dissent from the silent powers of the past and already ranks in the third class among the present.

The Greeks, as compared with the Turks and Asiatics, are the most enterprising and pushing people of the Eastern Mediterranean. It would be a source of no little satisfaction to lovers of Greek life, language, and thought to see the present generation proving themselves not unworthy of their renowned ancestors.

THAT FUNNY LITTLE WORD, GET.—Many and varied are uses of the word get. On account of the numerous inelegant uses to which the word has been put, some exceedingly nice people seem disposed to thrust it ignominiously aside; and yet what to substitute in its place, is the question. We use it in the sense of arriving, as to "get home," meaning to arrive at home. We use it in the sense of "become," as, "to get rich," meaning to become rich. We use it in the sense
of "obtain"—c. g., "I got my dinner." Even in this expression, get may convey two distinct ideas. A cook "gets dinner" (presumably) sometimes before she "gets her dinner." We use the expression "get up," in the sense of rising from bed, but "get down" by no means conveys the opposite idea. Besides, there are many uses of "get" which cannot be easily substituted for, by other words; and often it is hard even to get circumlocutions which will convey the same idea. We may "get" on a horse and call it "mount," but when we get in a carriage it is hard to find another word in its place which will exactly fit. We speak of a man's "getting married." Well, none of the meanings previously given for get can be substituted for it in this expression. Become, comes nearest to the meaning; and yet it is exceedingly awkward to say a man "became married." So that we are compelled to say (as the married men have always told us) that to "get married" is to "get married," notwithstanding the fact that occasionally some flowery youth writes of it as, "entering upon the blissful sea of matrimony." After speaking of getting married, it is well to look upon the other hand as well. A man—inelegantly speaking—"gets left," sometimes. Does that mean that he "arrives left," or "obtains left," or even "becomes left"? No, he simply "gets left"; solely that and nothing more. In some latitudes, even among cultivated people, the expression "get to go" is current; which expression is an abbreviation for "get an opportunity to go."

Take another example of the queer uses to which get is put. If a sweet, pretty girl tells a young man who is paying her marked attentions, to "get!" he knows very well that she doesn't mean that he will ever get her, but, as the slang goes, he has "got her to get." So we might say he accordingly "gets up and gets." Thus we see that get is not only a funny little word, but also a very important little word, which we cannot well get rid off. And we do not see how we could get along without it even if we could.

INDIAN LANGUAGES.—The science of philology is of recent birth, and is indispensable to the study of ethnology. Germany, above all other countries, has fostered the study of languages, and the opening to scholars of the sealed treasures of Sanskrit, has, above all other events, quickened linguistic research. Some scholars are giving attention to the comparatively barren African or Hamitic languages, thereby trying to discover the habits and customs of the peoples, their kinship and parent stock, if of common descent, if not, to assign to each its relative importance, and discover its influence upon others, whether they be progressing or deteriorating. There are, likewise, linguists studying the tongues spoken in Europe, Asia, and Polynesia.

It is the special privilege of Americans to study the Indian languages; even more, it becomes our duty when we reflect how rapidly the Indians, once sole lords of this continent, are approaching extinction. Their languages are almost the only source from which a history of this remarkable people may be worked out.

We are surprised at the civilization which the Spaniards found in the "halls of the Montezumas" and among the Peruvians, yet scholars tell us that even then their civilization was declining under
the force of existing causes. Some, in the flight of their imagination, have claimed for this civilization, kinship with that of the ancient Phænicians or Hindustani. The study of their languages alone can solve the vexed problem.

All the medley of tongues which extend from the frozen regions on the north to the bleak lands of Patagonia on the south, are said to be related, and to be members of one common stock. What is the common parent of them all? With what tongues of the Old World are they related, if with any? How and from whence did they reach America, or are they, as the Athenians claimed to be, Autochthones? The answer to these questions must be solved mainly through comparative philology. The Indian languages appear to be full of open vowels, adapted to oratory, and often very expressive; as, when the old chief with his warriors escaped their pursuers by crossing the river, they laid themselves down and said, “Alabama”—“here we rest”; or again in the word which Longfellow has made famous, “Minnehaha”—“laughing waters”—we seem really to hear the laugh of the rippling waters as they murmur ha, ha. All over the land we are using Indian words every day which have been left us in the names of rivers, places, &c., and which must have meant something in the mouths of those who first used them.

Not to desire and to seek to know the primitive significance of these names would argue in us a lack of interest approaching stupidity about those things of which it is our peculiar privilege to know. There are about three linguists in France, four in Germany, and five in America studying these languages, besides the attention given this subject by the Bureau of Ethnology. The American gentlemen have worked without reward or external encouragement. Efforts have been made to establish in some institution a chair of research and instruction in these languages.

To See Thy Face.

To-day mine eyes have looked in thine
And found no trace
Of love, or answering thrill of bliss,
While I—I know no thought but this—
To see thy face.

So long I’ve known that in
Thy heart I had no place,
So long that I must walk alone,
And life and joy be merged in one—
To see thy face.

That all beside are nought to me
Of light and grace
And death—if death could tell to thee
I’d die! Nay, more, I’d let life be
To see thy face.

C.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

Sunflowers are said to be used for fuel in Wyoming Territory. The stalks, when dry, are as hard as maple wood, and make a hot fire, and the seed-heads, with the seeds in, are said to burn better than the best hard coal. An acre of sunflowers will furnish fuel for one stove for a year. — Scientific American.

A novel experiment of fishing with dynamite is said to have been tried recently. A dynamite cartridge about six
inches long, to which a piece of lead was attached to make it sink, was thrown into the water where the fish were known to congregate. An explosion followed, raising the water about two feet, and strewing the fish in every direction. With the aid of scoop-nets the fish were then easily captured.

The way in which a sieve may be made to hold water is thus explained: A cylinder of No. 100 brass wire gauze is immersed in water until it becomes thoroughly wet. It is then taken out in a horizontal position, when it will be completely filled with water film, which prevents the escape of the liquid. The cylinder is emptied by removing the flues by blowing on the upper surface. Water may also be poured on the cylinder when full, when it flows through the cylinder; when the pouring stops, the outflow ceases.

A singular movement is found in the recent appointment of a committee at Boston and elsewhere, to investigate thoroughly into the real appearance of what are supposed to be ghosts, and of haunted houses. A circular has already been issued inviting communications from those who can aid them by their experience. The committee is composed of sensible men, who will make a strong effort to determine whether the many stories current about those weird midnight apparitions have any substantial foundation, or must be accredited to individual vagaries.

On March 6th, the active volcano of Kilanea, in the Sandwich Islands, composed of the old Lake Halemannau and the new lake, sank from the bed of the crater, leaving a bottomless abyss about four miles in circumference. The volcanic eruption which has been so active in the past was utterly extinguished.—Scientific American.

A contract has been lately concluded by the Mexican Government to have planted in the Valley of Mexico 2,500,000 trees. This valley, in the time of Montezuma, was densely wooded, but the timber was burnt off and destroyed by the Spaniards when they entered that country.

The rate at which meteors travel in the earth's atmosphere has been computed to be about thirty-five and a half miles a minute, while in interstellar space they travel at the rate of about forty or sixty miles a second.

It has been found, so far, that the depth of the permanently frozen soil in the Arctic regions of Siberia is, near Yakutsk, three hundred and eighty-two feet. This frozen stratum underground, it is said, may be regarded as an advantage, since it cools the surface soil, thus countering the scorching power of the summer sun, and since it supplies moisture to the plants when most needed.

Nature contains an account of the setting a ship on fire by a meteor. A sail, which was "clewed up," was observed to be in flames at the mast-head. The fire was extinguished as soon as possible, and fragments of a metallic-like substance were found. Several pieces as large as a man's hand or larger were found and thrown overboard, quite hot. No shock was noticed, the first intimation being the sail in flames.
Examination!
“Do be smart,” boys!
Be careful, B., be careful.

The song of the English sparrow is heard in the land.

Mr. J., on hearing some one mention sandwich, asked if it wasn’t like a sardine.

Mr. Z., hearing some one say that two lovers will sit up half the night with only one chair in the room, said that it could not be done unless one sat on the floor.

Such ignorance is painful.

Mr. S. recently went to see a young lady. [This is not funny; the funny part is coming.] While the young lady was talking vivaciously she noticed S.’s head was nodding, as if in approval, but upon a closer inspection she found him fast asleep. However, he soon awoke and apologized.

We advise S. not to keep such late hours.

The Professor of Intermediate English asked his class if there was any living poet of note. Some one replied that Tennyson was living. “Oh no,” said the Professor, “he has been dead for some time.” Good for the Professor.

During the absence of one of our preachers from his church in a city above here, on the James, one of our distinguished divines was invited up to fill his pulpit. This brother, thinking that it was a big thing, went up and put up at the best hotel in town. His weariness can be imagined when he did not receive enough from the church to pay expenses.

Some one asked Mr. B., where he had studied concerning Jupiter. He replied, in Geography, but hastily correcting himself, said that he meant in Geology.

The Board of Trustees, at their regular meeting on the 23d of June, will elect a Professor to fill the chair of English, made vacant by the death of Dr. Brown. We hear that the applications are quite numerous.

The Societies have decided to have their reunion meeting a week earlier this session than has been the custom heretofore. The Philologian will have its reunion meeting next session on Friday night, September 24th, with Mr. W. A. Borum, of Norfolk, as orator.

The Sigma Rho will have their reunion Saturday night, September 25th, with Mr. W. C. Tyree, of Amherst county, as orator.

As the Trustees have decided that they will have an annual sermon preached here during commencement week, the Y. M. C. A. have decided not to have their sermon at all. We suppose there will be some different arrangement for next session.

Friday night, May 14th, the annual contest for the medal in the two literary societies came off. The contest was spirited and speeches good.

In the Mu Sigma Rho Society the best debaters medal was awarded to Mr. W. C. Tyree, of Amherst county; the im-
provement medal to John A. Bundick, of Accomack county. In the Philologian Society the best debater's medal was awarded to Mr. E. B. Hatcher, of Richmond, and improvement to John A. Smith, of Richmond.

Here, as elsewhere, base-ball has been on a boom. Our College Association was organized by the election of W. A. Harris as President, and J. L. Brown as Secretary and Treasurer. A committee was appointed to select a first nine, and the following boys were chosen: H. H. Harris, Jr., 1st b. and captain; W. W. Davis, p.; R. A. Cutler, c.; C. M. Hazen, s. s.; R. C. William, 2d b.; W. C. A. Gregory, 3d b.; R. A. Wilbur, 1. f.; W. F. Lewis, c. f.; and W. A. Harris, r. f.

There have since been organized second and third nines.

The first nine has played several games with picked nines from the city, and in all have come out victorious.

It received its first defeat at the hands of the Manchester club, May 17th, when the latter club defeated it by a score of 6 to 2.

We noticed in the Randolph-Macon Monthly for April the following: "On Saturday, 17th, our first nine played the Richmond College first nine on their grounds. We beat them 3 to 13 in their favor. They say that our success was due partly to their umpire's extremely correct decisions." We do not know whether, by the remark, "We beat them 3 to 13 in their favor," they are trying to work off a little sarcasm or are poking fun at their nine. There is plenty of room for either in the playing of their nine. But we think that their hit at the umpire is very unkind. This gentleman never attended this institution, and we suppose feels no more interest in this college than in Randolph-Macon. Besides, on the day of the game, the visitors seemed perfectly satisfied with his umpiring.

Our Randolph-Macon friends should not let their choler get the mastery of them because we defeated their crack nine so badly.

The annual contest for the Steel medal came off on the afternoon of Friday, May 21st, in the College chapel. This medal is given by Dr. George B. Steel, of this city, to the one who is decided by the Faculty to be the best reader.

There were about a dozen contestants. Out of these, six were chosen to read again, and there resulted a tie between two. Upon a third reading the medal was awarded to Mr. Fred. W. Boatwright, of Smyth county, Va.

We have not spent such a pleasant evening for a long time as that of Friday, the 8th of May. The occasion was an entertainment given by the Philomathic Literary Society of the Richmond Female Institute.

The meeting was called to order by Miss Annie Griswold, of Illinois, who presided over the exercises with that grace and ease so characteristic of her sex. The exercises opened with prayer by Dr. C. H. Ryland. Miss Birdie Jones, of Richmond, the secretary, then announced in order the programme for the evening, which consisted in music—vocal and instrumental—and recitations. The music was exceedingly good and highly appreciated, as was shown by the frequent and hearty encores. The recitations were also very fine, and, in fact, the whole af-
fair was a pleasure to the auditors and an honor to the young ladies.

At a recent joint meeting of the two Literary Societies, they agreed to offer a premium of a silver watch, to cost not less than ten dollars, to the student who secures the most subscribers for the Messenger for next session. The conditions are, that the candidates for the premium shall hand in their lists by the 3d of October, accompanied by the cash. It was also decided that anyone getting three subscribers should be entitled to a copy of the Messenger free.

Go to work, now, boys and let us swell our list of subscribers. We feel justified in saying that no one should be ashamed to ask a person for a subscription to the Messenger, because we believe it to be one of the best college magazines published in this country. Certainly it is not surpassed by any magazine in the South, with the possible exception of the University of Virginia magazine. Why, even the Faculty here unite in praising it, although we are sorry to say that they do not assist a great deal in keeping it up. However, we hope better things from them in the future.

PUBLIC DEBATE.—On Friday evening, April 16th, the Mu Sigma Rho Society held their annual debate in the College chapel.

Notwithstanding the cloudy and somewhat threatening evening, the chapel was well filled with ladies and gentlemen from the city, for the interest which the friends of the College seem to have in all the public entertainments of the societies is such as will not be kept down even by bad weather, and the young ladies of the Richmond Female Institute, with their indulgent and much loved principal, were gladly welcomed, as they always are, to grace the happy occasion with their pleasant smiles.

The exercises of the evening were opened with prayer by Rev. J. W. Wildman, of the Clay-Street Baptist church, after which President L. J. Haley, Jr., of Northampton county, Va., made a short and appropriate address of welcome, which gained for him the hearty applause of the whole audience.

The reader of the evening was Mr. J. O. Alderman, of North Carolina, who read an amusing selection entitled "A Husband's First Experience in Cooking."

Mr. H. W. Straley, of West Virginia, rendered a well-prepared declamation, "Shall These Bones Live?" which Southerners especially might well appreciate.

The President then announced as the subject of discussion: "Resolved, That prohibition under the recent Local Option bill would be beneficial to Virginia," and introduced Mr. W. C. Tyree, of Amherst county, Va., as the first disputant on the affirmative side. Mr. Tyree’s speech was one continuous flow of sound argument, which showed that earnest thought had been given to the subject.

Mr. S. Lee Kelley, of Norfolk county, as first speaker on the negative, well defended his side of the question by a strong and well prepared speech. Some of our readers have heard of Mr. Kelley before, and know of his oratorical power. The second debater on the affirmative was Mr. E. B. Pollard, of Richmond, who not only greatly augmented the argument already forwarded on his side, but added to a thoughtful discussion his lively hu-
mor, which made his speech doubly appreciated, and gained for him the repeated applause of the audience. The discussion was concluded with a well prepared and well delivered speech from one of Richmond College's best speakers, Mr. A. J. Dickinson, of Louisa county, Virginia.

The rostrum was decorated with beautiful flowers, and the monotony of the programme was varied with music by an amateur string band composed of College boys, which added life to the occasion.

After adjournment the ladies and gentlemen accepted an invitation to promenade in the Jeter Memorial Hall, and all was gay until nearly 12 o'clock.

COMMENCEMENT.—The following will be the programme for our commencement:

Sunday night, June 20th, sermon before the students and Faculty by Dr. H. H. Tucker, of Georgia.

Monday night, 21st: Joint celebration of the two literary societies: Salutatory by Mr. George H. Edwards, of South Carolina; oration by Mr. E. B. Hatcher, of Richmond; oration by Mr. A. J. Dickinson, of Louisa county; valedictory by Mr. J. D. Martin, of Pittsylvania.

Tuesday night, 22d—Gov. Fitzhugh Lee, presiding—Address before the societies by Dr. G. C. Lorimer, of Chicago.

Wednesday night, 23d, annual address before the Society of Alumni by Rev. W. C. Bitting, of New York city.

Thursday night, 24th, commencement proper: Delivery of certificates of promotion, graduation, &c., and delivery of degree diplomas and also the four college medals.

PERSONALS.

We see from the Dispatch that Sol. Cutchins, of '77, captain of the Richmond L. I. Blues, was the recipient of a handsome gold hilted sword from his company.

From the same source we learn of the marriage of Howard R. Bayne, of '78, to one of Richmond's fair daughters.

Alfred Bagby, of '84-5, passed by college a few days ago on his way home from his school, which has broken up.

John W. Loving, of '83-4, is at the Southern Theological Seminary.

S. S. Gilliam, of '83-4, is in business in this city. How are you getting on with the girls, "Skinny"?

At the recent Democratic primary in Richmond, S. B. Witt, of '72, was re-nominated for Commonwealth's attorney and Sol. Cutchins for Common Council.

H. W. Tribble, of '83-4, is preaching in Appomattox county, Va. How long will it be before you are married, "Tribulation"?

We are sorry to announce that our fellow student, R. L. Motley, has been called home by the severe sickness of his mother.

W. W. Talley, of '83-4, passed through the city recently on his way to the musical festival in Petersburg.

Our fellow-student, W. C. Tyree, has been compelled to go home for a week or two to recuperate from a very severe case of sickness.
Examinations always come to keep us busy. Often they are converted into excuses for negligence and tardiness in different departments of duty. Often they really are so. And can we not then be excused for falling back behind this safe old earthwork to defend our tardiness this month? We had hoped to be more punctual than our present number shows, but time and work have not exactly agreed in our case—more work than time.

And now our examinations are crowding around us and clamoring for a liberal share of attention, a clamor which we cannot well disregard, lest we hear at last the awful verdict, "Your sheepskin is something that is not." But again, we find it hard to choose from among a hundred exchanges lying on our table which shall be the objects of our varying moods. Some are too heavy for our light pen. Others are too closely related to us to yield us sufficient material. But, at any rate, we venture to notice a few of our many exchanges.

Swathmore Phoenix is a welcome visitor to our sanctum. Good paper and clear type add to its appearance. It is well arranged, and contains some good things. The fair hands that aid in its editing add dainty touches to its pages.

The University Voice, from Wooster, Ohio, pleases us very much with its frequent visits and newsy make-up. It is a splendid visitor.

The Atlantis comes to us full of interesting matter. Its twenty-five pages are well arranged and full of interest, containing well-written literary articles and interesting science, educational, and college notes. We welcome it to our office.

The Perdue for May is here before we get our mother to press. It is sprightly in its composition. We acknowledge its compliment by appending it:

"The Messenger is one of our best exchanges. It contains thirty-seven pages of reading matter. There are few college papers that devote as much space to literary work. Nor are these pages filled with mere attempts at literary work, but with well-written, interesting and instructive articles."

The Randolph-Macon Monthly, with sixteen pages of literary matter of medium quality, finds ours entirely worthless. Above we quote from one of our exchanges as a sample of what we could quote from many others if we would. We merely add that we are ever glad to welcome the Randolph-Macon to our office.

Among the new visitors to our office is The Spartan, from Sparta, Wisconsin. Though it is in its first year, those Spartan "boys and girls" have made it already interesting, and we should be glad to welcome it to our sanctum.

The first number of the forty-second volume of the Nassau Literary Magazine from Princeton College lies before us. It is well worthy of the senior class of that old and able institution. It was with much pleasure we read its pages.

The University Magazine, of North Carolina, comes to us in full magazine
EXCHANGES. 43

form. It is large and well edited. Were more of our exchanges equal to it in size and matter, and make-up, we would find more interest in them. In all its departments is to be found something of interest.

Another new exchange is The Lincolnian, from Illinois. In it, too, the fairer hands write with the rougher, to add grace and beauty to the paper. But only in its pages do they write, of course. It, too, shall find a welcome among the others.

The Cue, from Albany Academy, contains eight pages of matter. Of this almost an eighth is taken up by an article on "The Revival of the Confederacy." Often have we seen a little puppy rush out and raise his feeble cry of alarm at some huge mastiff, and then finding he can't hurt the greater dog, slink back with the consoling whine that there isn't danger anyhow. So here a mighty (feeble) cry is raised against Jefferson Davis as if the whole world were conspiring to rob us of our freedom. Then, after a fearful barking, the retirement is made with some such sentiment as this: "Jeff. Davis may be aggravated, but he is not dangerous." We know he is not dangerous, but why on earth is such a howl raised over a man who is not dangerous? After all the miserable proceedings of Most and Spies, a little academy paper comes out with a flaming charge against Jefferson Davis of an attempt that has never been made—viz., that of reviving the Confederacy. And then it falls into such a loving mood and kindly advises the South not to listen to Jeff. Davis, as it will thereby lose so much Northern capital. Only the South is keeping up a hostile sentiment, and thus is driving away Northern capital which for pity comes among us to save us from ruin. O, judgment, whither hast thou flown?

Never had it entered our minds to introduce into a college organ any such subject until we saw this little paper with eight pages finding room for so much on so small a subject. Why can't a college paper—oh, excuse us, it is only an academy paper—but why can't it find something else to write about? We would advise you, Cue, to use cuter thought and see if you can't get out a cuter paper.

The Collegian, of South Carolina, is one of our real good exchanges. It is replete with literary matter. We can not read it all, but hope the boys of that college interest themselves in reading it, for it is worthy of their notice. It is one of our exchanges that does the sensible thing of giving more attention to literary matter than some other light trash.

The Portfolio, from Hamilton, Ontario, now lies before us. It contains some well written articles. An essay on "Love the Unlovely," by Miss Lewis, is well worthy of being read. Its editorials, too, are interesting and sprightly, showing well that the fair hand can write fair article.
Students at Harvard have now a choice among 189 courses.

Yale Statistics: Boating, $7,000; base-ball, $5,000; foot-ball, $2,000.

The German Universities have 157 professors between the ages of 70 and 90.

I prefer a lady with a falsetto voice to one with a false set of teeth.—Acta Victorian.

John Hopkins University is to have a physical laboratory and observatory at a cost of $100,000.

Professor: "Name a potent element in the art of drawing." Student: "A mustard plaster." The Professor collapsed.

"Can February March?" "Doubtful; but April May." "June know that ain't so. July when you think that way."—Ex.

That is an August joke.

One of the colleges in Berlin has obtained from Bismark a fund for the study in England of college athletic sports.

There are five hundred students at Columbia University, Washington, D. C., this session, and the future of the institution is still brightening.—Ex.

The biennial convention of Delta province of Phi Deta Theta was held in the Knights of Pythias hall, Delaware, O., Friday and Saturday, May 13th and 14th. Delta province includes the chapters of Southeastern Ohio and Kentucky. Some fifty delegates were present.—Ex.

The lady who was a student in the Yale law school withdrew because the faculty decided that she could not receive her degree.

The New York Medical College has turned out among its recent graduates a Hindoo woman.

"Why, you know, I wouldn't marry Ann. An is too indefinite an article."

Mr. J. W. E. to young lady: "Miss, do you believe in cremation?" Young Lady: "Yes, if it is ice-creamation you mean," she sweetly said, as she called for the sixth saucer.—Ex.

The centennial catalogue of the University of Georgia is out.

Over 210 college Y. M. C. A.'s are now in active operation.

Texas has given another million acres of land and $40,000 to her new university.

Cornell has prohibited ball-playing on the campus after 1 P. M.

An annual amount of $500,000 is given at Oxford in scholarships and fellowships.

Fifty Dartmouth students have been suspended for non-payment of tuition, and two for using false excuses.

Member of logic class calling on his girl:

Twice one is two;
You and I are two,
Therefore you and I are twice won;
that is, you've won me and I've one you.

There is a George Washington in the Virginia penitentiary, and in the past year James K. Polk, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun and Daniel Webster have been his companions.—Yale News.

Twelve students of the new Amsterdam Lyceum, who recently performed Sophocles' "Antigone"—a play read by '88 last fall—have accepted an invitation from the King of Greece to repeat the play at Athens.—Yale News.
Japan has just settled the question of free popular education, and all children between the ages of six and fourteen are compelled to attend school from five to six hours per day for thirty-two weeks.

The Hon. John Bigelow reports to the New York Chamber of Commerce that the completion of the Panama canal is problematical. De Lesseps has criticised Mr. Bigelow, and says the canal will be ready in 1889.

A Japanese inventor has succeeded in making paper from sea-weed. It is thick in texture, and so translucent that it can be substituted for glass in windows. When colored it makes an excellent imitation of stained glass.

Miss Kin Kato, the Japanese young lady who is coming to this country to attend the Salem Normal School, is the first to be sent here by the Government of Japan. All of the expenses are to be paid on the condition that she shall return and take charge of the Normal Schools of Japan.

Anent Kaiser Wilhelm's recent birthday celebration says the London Times: "Increasing years seem to lend freshness and vigor to the grand old Emperor; and as he flitted about among the ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, now chatting cheerfully for a few moments with Lady Ermytrude Malet, or bowing graciously to the lesser lights of other foreign skies, one could scarcely realize that this same man who won his youthful spurs at Bar-sur-Aube, and entered Paris with the triumphant allies before Napoleon, had been made to bite the dust at Waterloo. Ruddy and ardent in his scarlet uniform of the Gardes du Corps—not yet wholly bald, and only partially bent by his great age—the Emperor was a most fascinating object to all." He is 89.

Prof. Whitney has again met with a distinguished honor. He has been elected a corporate member of the Academy of Turin.

Since 1878 Henry Irving has realized over a million dollars from his acting.

It is reported that the receipts of Miss Mary Anderson's last American tour amounted to $310,000.

The College of Surgeons of Dublin will confer an honorary fellowship upon M. Pasteur.

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