The west wind murmurs through the pines
That stand in long and lofty lines;
It touches fields of waving grain,
And shakes the tasseled corn again.

The night has left the hills serene—
Has left the valley broad and green—
The sun has chased the mists away,
Unto the western slope of day.

The fleecy clouds above we see
Across the sky float silently,
The air seems laden with a balm,
The earth seems all enwrapped in calm.

We draw fresh vigor from the breeze,
That sweeps across balsamic trees,
And on its pinions bears along,
The soul of fragrance, strength and song.

The bird-songs in the forest deep
A sweet and tuneful cadence keep,
And the near river's endless rhyme
Supplies a soothing rhythmic chime.

The restful shade of sloping hills,
The ripple of the running rills,
The mists which shroud the mountain high,
The cloud wreaths on the azure sky.

The melody of brook and bird,
The sweetest tune man ever heard,
All say, in accents soft and low,
A Hand Divine has made us so.

Since the Rev. Dr. John Hall accepted
the chancellorship of the University of
the city of New York, marked improve-
ments have been made. A new feature for
the coming year is the introduction in the
Academic Department of "Monday lec-
tures" on "Themes pertaining to Morals
and Religion," to be given by seven cler-
gymen, a lawyer, and a physician. Gradu-
ate instruction in the arts and sciences is
also to be given by twelve professors.
Dr. Lorimer's Address.

[Being unable to obtain Dr. Lorimer's manuscript, we cut the following synopsis of his address from the Dispatch of June 23d. It is rather late, but very good and well worth careful reading.—Eds.]

Dr. Lorimer begun his address as follows: Westminster, which for centuries has been the theatre of as many notable events as any other spot on earth, has within the past three months presented to the world two scenes remarkable for light and shade and for deep significance. The historical student can easily recall the many famous regal displays, State trials, and Parliamentary debates which occurred in the old halls, and doubtless will be inclined to linger on the condemnation of Charles the First; the prostration of Chatham, ending soon after in his death, when pleading for reconciliation with America; and the speech of Burke, in which he argued that the establishment of the British colonies on principles of liberty would yield England greater glory than all the conquests of her warlike ancestors, as meaning more to humanity than the pomp and splendor of princely pageants and the brave attire and lordly magnificence of peers and barons. But neither in the old halls nor the new have there ever been witnessed more impressive contrasts, or any more suggestive, both morally and socially, than have been exhibited in far-famed Westminster this year. Let us observe them.

The Queen opens Parliament in person. Her retirement has been long, and once more she proceeds from the palace between files of glittering dragoons, and attended by powdered footmen in gay apparel and accompanied by nobles and ecclesiastics of every degree. She enters the legislative building, and from her throne reads a speech full of fine phrases and glittering generalities about her people, her colonies, her policy, and disappears again like any other royal phantom and play-actor. What is the design of this spectacular performance? What purpose is this piece of showy and pompous mediævalism to serve? Evidently it is planned and executed to revive the drooping loyalty of the masses—to appeal to their imagination and to blind them by its glare to the iniquitous and tyrannous measures by which the Throne has misgoverned Ireland. The fact that such an appeal has to be made and an effort put forth to cover with tinsel finery the wrongs and cruelties of successive sovereigns is indicative of the tremendous strides democracy has made of late. Victoria and her advisers by this parade acknowledge that they must placate the nation; that they must have its moral support; and this is at once to confess that they are no longer supreme. The other scene to which we have referred is even more striking; and while it is the very opposite in all essential features to this, yet it supplements and completes the lesson conveyed by the regal show. William Ewart Gladstone leaves his residence for the House of Commons. No soldiers support and guard his carriage; no bedizened lackeys burden his
horses with their lazy weight; but multitudes throng on every hand, with waving caps and noisy cheers, and as he passes to the tribune render to him the tribute of their confidence and love. There he stands on the 8th of April, an old man with giant mind and eagle eye, the scowling brows of the Tories bent upon him, the fealty of his own adherents wavering, the Queen frowning on him, and disaster and defeat grimly confronting him; there he stands—as once stood Huss before the Council of Constance, or as Luther stood before the Diet of Worms, strong in the consciousness of his integrity—to plead for justice—for justice to Ireland; not for titles, gifts, and honors, but for justice, simple justice—first, last, and altogether. As we read his magnificent utterances, as we fancy that we hear them, and as we find ourselves agreeing that at the heart of the remedy he proposes “the social happiness, the power, and the permanence of the empire” in security reside, we cannot but recall the wondrous portrait drawn by Browning:

“Thus the man,—
So timid when the business was to touch
The uncertain order of humanity,
Imperil, for a problematic cure
Of grievance on the surface, any good
I’ the deep of things, dim yet discernible,—
This same man, so irresolute before,
Show him a true excrescence to cut sheer,
A devil’s-graft on God’s foundation-stone.
Then—no complaint of indecision more!
He wrenched out the whole canker, root and branch,
Deaf to who cried the world would tumble in
At its four corners if he touched a twig.”

In extolling Mr. Gladstone we would not be understood as pronouncing an opinion on the merits of the scheme which he submitted to Parliament. We are not sufficiently versed in such matters to speak confidently of the statesmanship revealed in all his measures. What we do perceive, what we do appreciate, is his desire that justice shall henceforth reign in the relations between England and Ireland. He raises his voice—and this is what we approve—against mere polices, expediences, and sophistries, and insists on pure and absolute justice. But more than this—and it is this which completes the significance of the scenes we have attempted to reproduce—he seems to say, that in this age of democracy, in this age when kings and queens tremble before the millions, neither statecraft nor any other kind of craft can conserve the highest interests of society. Perhaps they never could, but now more than ever justice is indispensable to the welfare and happiness of the race. This is the message that comes to us from these recent events enacted in the halls of Westminster, and this is our own solemn and deliberate conviction. We believe with Theodore Parker that “Justice is the key-note of the world, and all else is out of tune”; and with Chateaubriand, that “Justice is the bread of the nation; it is always hungry for it”; and with Diderot that “Justice is the first virtue of those who command, and stops the complaints of those who obey.” A Finland story relates how a mother found her son in a thousand fragments at the bottom of the river of Death. She gathered the scattered members to her bosom, and, rocking them to and fro, sang a magic song, which united them again and restored the departed life. That mother is justice. Her voice is law, which, as Hooker has it, “is the harmony of the world,” and by which can all discordant, disunited, and warring classes of society be brought
into closest fellowship, and be charmed into mutual esteem and fair accord.

A recent article in the *Forum* has revived that tragic episode of the "Odyssey," when Ulysses, on his return to his wife Penelope, murders the suitors who had besieged her during his absence, also destroying some dozen of her faithless female attendants. Telemachus, his son, takes the nurse, Euryclea, to behold the bloody spectacle, and she gives way to unbounded joy. The writer then adds: "Three thousand years ago, among one of the most highly-civilized peoples then existing, it was felt that if a woman stumbled unexpectedly on the bleeding and mangled bodies of a company of men whom she hated, the most natural thing for her to do was to feel great joy, and give loud expression to it. If a virtuous woman had in her charge a company of disobedient and unchaste girls, she was merely evincing her high standard of morals and sense of duty in leading them out in a body to be slaughtered like sheep." This, he says, is what we are to learn from the passage. He makes this statement, and rehearses the classic story for the purpose of showing how changed is humanity from this type, and that he may more effectively point out the extreme to which modern philanthropy has been carried. It is, in his opinion, diseased, morbid, mischievous. He says that a brutal murderer in New York during the last few weeks of his life was the recipient of many delicacies supplied by ladies. Maxwell he might also have cited as another instance in point. He, too, has received flowers and various other marks of sympathy from the ladies of St. Louis. We are not hastily to conclude that these females would not sicken at the sight of blood, would not faint if a murder were committed in their presence, and would not condemn every kind of suffering. Far from it; only the source of these intense feelings is a perversion of a sound sentiment. They are nervous, excited, hysterical, and are as much overcome by deserved pain as they are by undeserved anguish. In what they do they are not so much moved by love of humanity as by love of self. They are afflicted themselves, and their maudlin interest in the criminal is only a form of interest in themselves. Were it otherwise, they would recognize that the punishment of rascality carried safety, respect, and honor to virtue.

Herbert Spencer deplores this false sentimentalism, and Carlyle grows indignant that it should occupy so large a place in our age. But whatever may be said in its defence, one thing is very evident, the pauperism and the wretchedness of society have not been diminished by its offices. Never were charities as numerous and as magnificent as they are today. The moneys now contributed in this country and in England by benevolently-minded persons are sufficient to provide for the actual needs of every destitute family. Modern benefactions are without a parallel in history. Unquestionably, therefore, something is wrong; something is out of sorts. What is it? May it not be that we have drifted into erroneous conceptions, and appreciate, if not too highly, at least disproportionately, some blessings, such as liberty, liberality, and even culture? For weary centuries men have toiled for freedom, and they have sacrificed that enlightenment might be the privilege of the many, and have
preached and taught that money-giving to the poor is the duty of all. We have become enamored of these things. Contemplating the world's dire distress, we have cried out, "Be free"; and multitudes are free to starve. Seeing the wants and woes of mankind, we have appealed to education, that the misery may be more intense by being known, we suppose; or we have advocated wholesale almsgiving, by which personal dignity is diminished and general shiftlessness increased. But all this time we seem to have overlooked the functions and value of justice. It does not occur to us that, after all, liberty is but a temple for the exaltation of justice, and that it is not only without god and altar when justice is absent, but is preparing to crumble to pieces. Nor does it occur to us usually that culture is or should be the real preparation for the exercise of justice, and that charity can only supplement the sterner virtues and can never be its substitute. We have mystified ourselves; have surrounded ourselves with poetic clouds; have fallen into shallow babblings about "light and sweetness," and have almost entirely lost sight of what is in reality the corner-stone of the social structure. A writer in 1853 earnestly said:

"The oppressed classes do not want charity, but justice; and with simple justice the necessity for charity will disappear, or be reduced to the minimum." [See Sovereignty of the Individual.] Ruskin has repeated this idea, and we are satisfied that not until justice shall be enthroned in business and in all other relations, as well as in the administration of law, shall society be delivered from the foes which now invade and ravage. Every schoolboy has heard the story of the widow intercepting the progress of Philip of Macedon with a petition. He put her aside, and she indignantly cried, "I appeal." "Appeal," replied the monarch, "to whom?" Swift and sharp the answer came, "From Philip drunk to Philip sober." So at this hour the starved and sorrowing are appealing from society intoxicated with sentiment and rhapsodies concerning freedom and charity to society sobered by justice; and when justice shall be reasserted, then may we hope to see the last of the gaunt faces and withered forms which are now both a reproach and a threat.

Dr. Lorimer then proceeded to illustrate and enforce his theme, "Justice the Hope of Society," by well-chosen examples from history, apt quotations from ancient and modern authors, fine illustrations well presented, able argument, and chaste and eloquent appeal. He thus puts the case between labor and capital—monopolies and boycotters:

In South Framingham two or three years ago an efficient artisan was obliged to remove because his fellow-workmen would not tolerate his presence among them on account of his superior skill and industry. They insisted that he must come down to their level or the master must discharge him. Similar high-handed proceedings we have had of late in the effort made to drive all non-union men out of employment. This is an outrageous procedure. A so-called voluntary society sends a committee to a "boss" and says, "You have half a dozen persons in your shops who are not members with us, and we demand that you dismiss them." The "boss" calls the men
to him and asks if they wish to join this particular organization, stating that so far as he is concerned it is a matter of indifference. They answer, "No!" What follows? The union men are commanded to strike, and the master is deprived of the means necessary to fulfill his contracts, and the only way he can purchase peace is by a manifest act of unfair dealing with the non-unionists.

Such methods, in their essential nature, are criminal, and are unworthy the lovers of liberty. This sort of compulsion is as tyrannous as any similar act committed by kings or popes, and is just as reprehensible in American citizens as in eastern despots. Again are we reminded of Proudhon's paradox: "No one is less democratic than the people." Hugh Miller verifies this sentiment when he exposes the cruelties perpetrated by stone-masons; and it is every day illustrated by the spitefulness, harshness, and petty cruelties of foremen and forewomen in large establishments. Yet these same foremen, and the toilers who suffer and cause suffering in turn, are clear-eyed enough to detect injustice in their superiors. "That is true," these superiors will doubtless respond; "they are as bad as we are." That may be; but have you who possess your millions ever really stopped to find out how bad you are? You cry out against the demons of labor, you characterize its friends as ignorant agitators, and you see nothing sacred but capital. But you are blind, fatally blind, to your own short-comings and inhumanity. The president of the Wabash system of railroads has recently waxed eloquently indignant against the Knights of Labor, and has shown how these marauders have "killed" engines and interrupted traffic. Well, they are to be blamed; but how about Mr. Gould himself? A Mr. McDowell gave before the House committee as one cause of the Southwestern strike "the universal system of watering railroad stocks, which made it necessary for railroad managers to screw down the wages of labor as much as possible." Indeed; and in this business Mr. Gould is notoriously efficient. With remarkable unanimity the press of the country has characterized him as "a railroad wrecker." Now, if it is unjust to "kill" an engine, what is it to destroy an entire road for one's personal advantage?

But this man is not alone in his sin. The Current, March 20, 1886, has this astounding statement: "The ethics of business for a generation has been enough to make a Gomorrah of this nation." Is it so? Startling as this statement is, we can believe it, and if for no other reason, because the third annual report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of the State of New York—1885—sadly confirms it. Commissioner Peck, its author, tells us of women toiling eighteen hours for 25 cents; of the hard, grinding policy of the "sweaters" or middle-men, whose only aim is to make as much as possible out of the wretches they employ. The scenes of horror portrayed in this official document are as pitiable and dramatically thrilling as anything in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables." Not far are we from Sodom, these things being true. We all seem to have gone into overreaching. The riots in Belgium were in part caused by the system of compelling miners to purchase their food on credit from their employers. If the accounts are inaccurate they have no remedy, and the least com-
plaint ends in immediate dismissal and starvation. Not dissimilar the custom in the West for some railroad corporations to sell a few acres to their brakemen, which they are to pay for in instalments, and when they have nearly paid to discharge them for some imaginary fault, thus depriving them of the means whereby to make the final payment, the property in case of failure reverting to the company. Such practices on the part of monopolists and capitalists are quietly passed over as involving no moral qualities, or at least none of a serious kind; and yet evidently they are charged and surcharged through and through with black injustice. When we think of such things, we are painfully reminded of that old form of punishment known in the times "when wretches swung that juryman might dine" as the peine forte et dure. This penalty consisted in pressing the accused to death for refusing to plead.

The "press-yard" at Newgate, though not now used for the purpose denoted by its name, bears silent witness still to the frequency of the torture. The victim was laid out on his back with his hands and feet secured; a plank was put on him, and then weights were piled on him until he cried out that he would plead, or was crushed to death. This has its parallel in social life. Thousands of unfortunate are bound hand and foot by poverty, and burdens and cares are multiplied upon them. Every conceivable advantage is taken of them by those whose position is more assured and eligible than their own. Slowly they are ground down until existence is unendurable, and they hail as the only happy moment experienced on earth the one that heralds the opening of a grave. In England during the year 1735 a dumb man was condemned to suffer the peine forte et dure. His judges would not believe that he could not speak, and so they handed him over to this torture, with what results our readers can readily imagine. Ah, sirs, the most wretched of our suffering ones—the women who stitch and starve the overtasked children in our factories—are also dumb. They have no voice of their own, nor are there many voices to plead for them. But their mute helplessness and despair ought to appeal to us more loudly than earthly eloquence can.

We have read somewhere that in one of the old cities of Italy the King caused a bell to be hung in a tower and called it the "bell of justice." He likewise ordered that any one who had been wronged should ring that bell, and the magistrate should come to his relief. In the course of time the lower part of the rope rotted away, and a wild vine was tied to lengthen it. A starving horse that had been turned out to die in his old age seeing the vine gnawed it, and in doing so rang the bell. Straightway came the magistrate, and having ascertained in whose service the animal's life had been spent, he said: The dumb brute has rung the bell of justice, and justice he shall have, the owner shall care for him the rest of his days. Humane magistrate! But is not the bell of justice ringing now?

Dr. Lorimer continued in the same eloquent strain to plead for the necessity—the absolute indispensableness of justice to the wellbeing of society.

Dr. Lorimer took his seat amid vociferous and long-continued applause, and his address seemed to make a most profound impression on the audience.
It was a pleasant afternoon in the early summer, when in company with two others the writer started out for a stroll. Leaving Richmond, we struck out across fields and up and down hills in a northerly direction. Having ascended the ridge separating the waters of the James and Chickahominy, we walked on between cultivated fields and patches of woods. Now and then was passed the house of some wealthy merchant of the city. These suburban residences are beautiful places away from the dust and noise of town. The grassy lawn, with the overhanging trees and the bracing country air, affords delightful rest when the business of the day is over.

But we travellers plodded on, and before long had passed the toll-gate, and were going through the midst of the primeval forest. Its deep shade was grateful after the burning rays of the sun. Occasionally, we came upon a party of men chopping wood, and soon reached a saw-mill. A halt was made here for a short while, to inspect the working of the machinery.

Time was flying. After taking a short cut through the woods, we found ourselves on a hill, overlooking the Chickahominy. The view from here was very pretty. On the right hand and left stretched away other hills, on which were dotted farm-houses, each nestling in a group of trees. Before us the river wended its tortuous way. Along its low banks the ground is marshy all the way back to the high ground, and on the roads leading through the swamp many bridges are placed. The whole scene, lighted up by the slanting rays of the sun, was one of great beauty. That is historic ground. It was along the river-bottoms in front of us that the armies of North and South confronted each other in 1862. Some skirmishing took place at this point; and just around a bend in the river lies Mechanicsville, famed for the "seven day's battle."

We were startled from our reverie by the whistle of an approaching train on the railroad running around the base of the hill on which we were standing. Seeing that the sun was already low in the western heavens, we descended at a break-neck speed, and having arrived at the bottom, started rapidly homeward down the railroad. The city was still about eight miles distant, and the evening was fast drawing to a close. Many trains passed us. Now it was the "through express" dashing along at thirty miles an hour. Now the heavy freight and coal trains thundered through the cuts, drawn by the strongest engines on the road—many having eight driving wheels. It was already quite dark. After ascending a long, steep grade, we were gratified to see the lights of Richmond in the distance, and were soon treading its streets. Though well pleased with our ramble, we were more than ever impressed with the fact that "be it ever so lowly, there's no place like home."

VIATOR.
TRADES UNIONS DISCUSSED.

The time has at last forced itself upon us for the discussion and settlement of the question of many years, Who shall dictate to the industrial circles?

We have arrived at that crisis which sooner or later develops in every question concerning the political economy of a nation. We have circumstances surrounding us now which demand a speedy determination of the extent to which capital or labor shall wield the sceptre which guides the country to peace and prosperity.

The many recent acts of union organizations throughout our country have already given rise to warm debates and unpleasant words which are producing no good effect. It is certainly to be regretted that the once good feeling which existed between employer and employee is gradually dying away, but that it is so, is pre-eminently apparent. That union associations are the greatest producers of this effect, I shall endeavor to show as briefly as possible.

It is an easily conceived fact that the omnipotence of power lies with "minorities." History has shown in the most conspicuous manner that above the "mighty wave of men" there are some who stand as guides and instructors to the mass. These men are the real leaders, without whom power is void, and their influence is a candle to their might. In the industrial world the capitalist stands on an elevation above the laborer; to him is given the guidance, progress and prosperity of the universe and the development of the arts and sciences which so facilitate him in utilizing the many products of the earth. To him is given the power to any moment push forward or retard the circulation of wealth. He can with pleasure inflict a blow upon commerce too severe for her to sustain and immediately produce panic and famine.

The laborer who looks to the capitalist for his daily wants is, in a few words, his subject; he is as much dependent upon him as is the capitalist upon his revenue. This fact is quickly recognized by some who, desiring for that independence which is so sweet to man, commence at an early age to put aside the little by little of their hard earned wages, which others spend in frolic and dissipation until the little raindrops have worn away the stone of dependence, and stand upon the rounds of the ladder that leads to fortune.

Instead of this course the greater part of the workingmen have rushed, like gold-struck diggers to an El Dorado, to accept of the flattering assistance offered them by visionary schemers. Never have organizations been known to grow with such rapidity and develop such power. In almost every city and town in the United States have the workmen bound themselves in a strong fraternal bond, to protect themselves against the seeming injustice of their employers, who they imagine are striving to keep them in poverty and with their "noses to the grindstone." It is a prevailing opinion among the working class that their employers derive enormous profits from the products of their hands, make loads of money, with which they fill their pock-
ets, without ever giving an eye to the workingman’s welfare. If these men could at the settlement of business at the close of each year, see the percentage which the manufacturer makes upon his capital, after all business expenses are defrayed, if he could see the fluctuations of the imagined enormous bank accounts, how at times they stand in imminent peril and what risks they have to sustain, I am sure he would hardly be willing to give up his careless life for such troubles, for, as has been well said, "The poor man has food and raiment; the rich man, food, raiment and trouble."

In consequence of these opinions concerning their oppression, the laborers have made an effort to find relief by forming themselves into a union. Perhaps there are cases in which these unions have accomplished their purpose. They have succeeded in many instances in having their wages increased and preventing them from being cut down; they have often relieved themselves immediately, but can a man afford to sacrifice the future for the present? gain a boon at the loss of a friend? Does not the laborer to a degree exact, when he attempts, in one way and another, to carry his point? Is not boycotting a form of coercion? and is there anything more obnoxious to the human race than to be coerced? When these unions become so large and powerful, does it not appear to threaten rebellion, and can animosity be more increased between capital and labor than by these signs? Yet there is in these unions much of exceeding benefit. Some of the planks in their platform are of praiseworthy material—co-operation is the most successful form of working that has yet been introduced into the world, but when co-operation reaches for things it cannot obtain, it produces harm by burdening the shoulders it should relieve. That the capitalist is going to have his pay-roll dictated to him is beyond conception as a supposition and impossible as a fact. To be released from the control of capital is only obtained by becoming a capitalist, and as the so-called work of protection advances, the channel between capital and labor widens, the good feeling once so universal between employer and employed is gradually dying away; the good will is becoming lessened, mutual interest is being supplanted by dire conflict, the scorn of the "employee is met by the scorn of the employer," and if things continue as at present we can but predict for the future that the capitalists will feel no more interest in union workmen than for a tasked day-laborer; the courtesies once so generally shown will be no more, a man will be paid only for the number of hours he works, and sickness will have no power to restrain him from enforcing his regulations.

That "mutual interest enriches both employer and employee" is a rule to which seldom an exception can be found. Find the case where you may, and you can generally note the fact that even the most avaricious will endeavor to assist and benefit those whom he sees have an interest in, and attempt to aid his prosperity; those will he stand by, and as he prospers, they will prosper with him. Is not this feeling being rapidly severed? Can any student of human nature be so blind as not to see the inevitable effects of the actions of these trades unions? Cannot the laborer be aroused to see his interest, to look beyond the pretty tales of quack economists, to reason for him-
self? Can he not see the consequences always directly or indirectly hinging upon strikes, and comprehend the policy of changing his tactics? Is the fact that they are so many thousand strong and have large sums of money coming into their treasury weekly, that if a city should rebel against them and close its works they will be supported by sister cities while out of employment, any encouragement to them? Cannot they see how quick a union of capital to close them out could succeed; how, if the larger cities should combine against them they would soon exhaust their treasury and have to come to terms under disagreeable circumstances to support their families, having cut asunder all the possibility of friendly ties for the future. Even should an employer grant their request, when he cannot afford to be injured by suspension or boycotting, shall he not, when circumstances are favorable, throw off his yoke and declare himself master of the situation, and array himself against them? Will it not put non-union men at a premium and encourage foreign labor? The affirmative, I think, is a self-evident answer. To remedy this evil without causing disagreeable outcoming I know of but one method, and that is to teach men to think.

There is nothing that will give the mind coolness and deliberation like education—nothing will so awaken our powers to look "before and after," and produce good feeling among all above and below us. Nothing will make us so ambitious for independence and show us the proper path to reach it. Nothing will so make us "at peace with ourselves and all the world" as education.—C. W. Alexander, in "Tradesman."

**A Summer's Travels.**

Since the first of June last, I have had occasion to indulge in an amount of travel perhaps unusual in the experience of a country preacher. Several religious gatherings have been attended, and a vacation trip has been taken to Virginia. Let me mention some things impressed upon me in these rambles which I will group under three heads—viz., ideas progressive and safe, grandeur of nature, old associations revived.

I. Ideas progressive and safe.

One of the religious meetings that I attended, convened at Odessa, N. Y., was conspicuously strong in its advocacy of college training for the ministry. Between the college men at that meeting, representing different institutions of learning, there seemed to be a special bond of union. Education was not, however, exalted to take the place of a divine call or a consecrated heart. The whole tone of the discussion proclaimed education to be a valuable training for powers that were divinely given and that would always need a divine quickening for their efficient exercise. Another gratifying feature of the meeting was its conservative position towards the New Theology. Probation after death was declared to be an idea lacking biblical support and concerning which it was neither wise nor safe to speculate. Lax views and rationalistic thought are not the legitimate off-
spring of education in the ministry, and no good reason exists for associating them with it.

II. Grandeur of Nature.

My journeyings brought me on the 9th of June to the famous natural wonder of Watkins Glen, situated in Schuylerville county, N. Y. I spent about an hour and a-half in passing through the Glen, which gave me much gratification. The tremendous depths of the opening which forms the Glen, the multiform shapes of the rocks on either side, the clear, placid pools at the bottom, which in some instances have worn for themselves almost perfect basins, the dashing water-falls and cascades, all combine to proclaim that nature is majestic and grand. I believe that there is much truth in the idea that one’s thoughts and sentiments are largely influenced by the objects that he observes. Hence those engaged in any kind of literary work do well occasionally to devote both time and money for securing a view of what is beautiful and inspiring. Works of art and wonders of nature will both minister benefit to the mind. The peculiar advantage of the latter is that they more directly lead us to contemplate the Divine Architect and Framer of the universe.

III. Old associations revived.

The closing days of July found me tired, sick, and perhaps a little gloomy. All things considered I decided to take a vacation from my pastorate and go home; so in twenty-four hours after leaving this place the R. F. & P. train brought me into Richmond. Not a good place to go to for health’s sake in July, many would say. And yet I found it good. Fortunately during my visit, there was not much severely hot weather. In-deed, reports stated that moderate temperature had thus far characterized the season. A helpful influence came from the fact of being at home after a protracted absence. I found in old associations something restful and composing and in the revival of them stimulus. Of course the college was generally deserted in July and August. I had the pleasure, however, of meeting a few of the alumni. Only one professor was in town, our esteemed instructor in chemistry. His position when I met him on the college campus indicated that he might still be engaged in agricultural chemistry, attending to both theoretical and practical, as he used to do. For he stood in about a direct line between the chemistry lecture room and the reclaimed “marshland.” Would that all his students might successfully combine theory and practice in the daily work of life! I was glad to note signs of college progress in the finishing of the Thomas Memorial Hall and in the large number of graduates that wore the laurel wreath last commencement. May the future bring larger prosperity! One pleasant incident of my visit was a little jaunt to the country a few miles from Richmond. Meeting with friends not seen for years, participating once more in the festivities of a Virginia picnic, and proving again the country hospitality, gave me much enjoyment.

Well, vacation prepares us for future work, and I am back at my labor with improved health and hoping to render better service in the time to come. To the Messenger, I wish increased vigor and extended patronage for the next nine months. Its past successes give hope of future triumphs.

A. E. C.

Gaines, Pa., September 9, 1886.
The Causes of the Late War.

Among the vicissitudes of our government, none has ever cast such a shadow of dismay over her people, or left such a stain upon her history, as that of the late war. That such a dissension between the opposing sections should have sprung up spontaneously, would be unreasonable; neither do we think it more plausible to suppose that it was a sudden outburst of a political issue, but, like all other similar conflicts, a growth of sentiment and party spirit which ripened into war. This party spirit began to manifest itself among the statesmen of the North, as early as the careers of Hamilton and Jefferson. The former, in favor of what is termed "a strong government"; the other, a government of the people, with powers cautiously limited and clearly defined in the Constitution; the one, with the idea that the government was the master of the people; the other, the people were the masters of the government. However, the Jeffersonian party triumphed in the production of a democratic Constitution, and the overshadowing popularity of the democratic statesmen kept down everything like cliques and sections.

But the opposing party was not crushed, for soon we hear the title "Federalists," the enemies of the democratic government and every safeguard which the Constitution throws around the liberty of the people. From the appearance of the "Federalists" the antagonism between the political principles of the leading statesmen of the North and the South assumed a tolerably well-defined shape in the division of parties; and the hatred of all the leading statesmen of the South which rankled in the bosom of the Federalists knew no bounds, nor did it die with that generation, for parents handed down to their children an odium against the whole South. The Federal party, more than eighty-five years ago, broke the moral and social peace of the Union, and thus fixed the starting point of a political and social war which went on gathering and increasing in intensity of alienation and hatred, until it ripened, at last, into the late terrible strife.

There is an old maxim which says, "a continual dropping will wear a stone," and so it did. Although the complete triumph of the Democratic party over that faction saved the country from an open rupture for the long period of sixty years, nevertheless, the old animosity against the South could not be worn away.

If their ground rendered no longer a decent excuse for opposition, the leaders were sure to hunt up some new issue on which to hang another chance of securing their ends. Thus, while looking around for some new issue to keep alive their waning party strength, they struck upon the negro as their prey; not because they had in their hearts any peculiar love for him, or any objection to negro subordination as it existed in this country, but solely on account of their old hatred of democratic principles.

The very States of the North which, in 1787, voted against the immediate abolition of the slave-trade, a few years after led off the mad crusade against the States in which so-called slavery existed by law, and under the protection of the
Constitution of the United States. As the twenty Athenian ships which assisted the Ionians were the beginning of mischief between the Greeks and Barbarians, so was this assault, unprovoked on the part of the South and having no foundation in any portion of the North except that of jealousy of the prosperity of the South, the beginning of hostilities. This is the opinion of Mr. Jefferson in a letter to General Lafayette: "The leaders of Federalism got up the Missouri question under the false front of lessening the measure of slavery, but with the real view of producing a geographical division of parties." The sagacious and far-seeing mind of Jefferson fully comprehended the power of the negro question as a means of party agitation; for when the political agitation was quieted by the admission of Missouri and the restriction of slavery, the North was not willing to let the question sleep in peace, and fight their political battles on the bank and tariff questions.

The threat of South Carolina to nullify the tariff act, and other charges, they deemed not a sufficient incentive for the growth of hatred against the South. While such patriots as Webster, Clay, and Calhoun—men who, though differing in opinion, loved their country, and could not bear the thought of seeing it disrupted,—were debating the bank and tariff questions, fanatics sprang up all over the North, proclaiming "the enormity of slavery as a sin and a crime against God." They branded the southern citizens with such epithets as "thieves" and "murderers," and further poisoned the minds of the public by forming abolition societies, and printing abolition tracts, magazines, and newspapers, and spreading them gratuitously over the country. The negroes were mainly in the southern States. The northern people could not be expected to understand a race of which they knew so little; therefore they must rely upon the reports of newspapers, often printed by unprincipled men or ambitious politicians, whose whole interest consisted in misrepresenting facts.

Thus the education of the northern people went on for more than twenty years, ripening the public mind for the great struggle which followed, by the cry that society, as it existed in the South, was "a sin and a crime." And while by nearly every northern State the act in relation to the return of "fugitives from service," was openly nullified, the North upbraided South Carolina with a breach of the Constitution, and tried to stigmatize her great statesman with the title, "Father of Disunion."

But Mr. Calhoun's public record and speech in the United States Senate amply refutes the charge, where he so nobly uttered, "No man would feel more happy than myself to believe that this Union formed by our ancestors should live forever. Looking back to the long course of forty years' service here, I have the consolation to believe that I have never done one act to weaken it; that I have done full justice to all sections, and if I have ever been exposed to the imputation of a contrary motive, it is because I have been willing to defend my section from unconstitutional encroachments."

It will thus be seen that at the very time that the abolitionists were preaching up a mad crusade against the Union, and educating a generation to hate the government of our fathers, southern men, the great leaders of the South, were begging and imploring that it might be preserved.
The Causes of Earthquakes.

The great earthquake which recently shook the southeastern part of the United States, and wrought such havoc in Charleston, South Carolina, has turned people's attention to these convulsions of the earth. Perhaps a few words about them and their causes will not be inappropriate now. If we look at the sky on a cloudless night, we see it bespangled with glowing stars. Some of these shine with their own light, others by reflected rays. The earth is among the latter class, receiving its radiance from the sun. Astronomers tell us that this was not always the case; that countless ages before the creation of man our planet moved through space a glowing star. Gradually it cooled, and upon its surface appeared splotches of land, just as ice forms on a pond. This cooling process went on, and in the course of ages chaos became cosmos. Here astronomy refers us to geology in our further enquiries. And what does geology say? It informs us that the earth is still cooling, that its interior is a mass of seething, molten matter, and that the crust keeps contracting. But what reasons have we for these statements? For the mere *ipsa dixit* of a recent science does not carry conviction. We answer, several. In the first place, the increase of temperature as we descend towards the centre of the globe. This increase varies for different localities, but is always as much as one degree for a hundred feet of descent.

At this rate, at a distance of fifty miles the hardest rocks would melt. Then, the water from deep artesian wells and geyers is quite hot. The well at Paris is well known; there is one in Charleston, S. C., 1250 feet deep, throwing up water at a temperature of 87° Fahr. The geysers of hot water in Iceland, Iowa, and other places, go to prove the same position. Again, the volcanoes scattered here and there, belching up molten lava, show that down beneath us the heat is very great—great enough to melt rocks. Scientists differ slightly as to the thickness of the earth's crust, none putting it over ten miles. If we represent our globe (8,000 miles diameter) by a sphere ten inches in diameter, the crust of the world would be represented by a shell one-eighth of an inch thick. Surely this solid ground is not so solid after all.

Three causes have been given for the occurrence of earthquake shocks: This planet is surrounded by an atmosphere. Its height has been put at from fifty to one hundred miles. Experiment shows its pressure per square inch to be fifteen pounds. This air is not still, but moved about by "air currents," so that its surface resembles the waves of the ocean. On those parts under the crest of the air-wave the pressure is greater than under the trough. Prof. Proctor says that this increase in pressure sometimes amounts to as much as seven hundred thousand million tons over an area as wide as the United States. This seems sufficient to cause a shaking of the earth, and that it often does, is shown by the oppressiveness of the air before a shock. The weaker the crust under the crest, the more violent the shock.

Tidal waves are another cause of earth-
quakes. The principle here is the same as in the former case—increase of pressure on thin places in crust. Instead of being air-waves, however, they are water-waves. These, made by the drawing power of sun and moon, attain great height and come with considerable force on the shore. The pressure they exert is enormous—sometimes amounting to 116,000,000,000 tons per square mile. It is a notable fact that most earthquakes occur near the sea; the famous one in Lisbon and the recent one in Charleston, are examples. All volcanoes (save one in Central Asia) are close to the water. These facts prove the correctness of the principle we are laying down.

We now come to discuss the great cause for these quiverings of our planet. As before said, the crust of the earth is thin and constantly contracting, and the interior is in a state of fusion. Now, as the surface contracts, cracks or fissures appear in weak places. Through these apertures water rushes in, either from the ocean, or from the veins of water in the ground, and coming on the heated, molten matter, generates great quantities of steam. The power of steam has been known ever since Watt made it lift the lid of the kettle. The great amount produced in the interior of our globe, in seeking exit, shakes it with mighty force, and causes the “rumbling noise” which accompanies earthquakes. These quakings of the ground continue until the aqueous vapor finds outlet—not unfrequently in a volcano. This does not always break out near the seat of the earthquake—sometimes on another continent. That one will soon burst into eruption on the Atlantic seaboard, many think likely. These mighty phenomena truly inspire awe and a sense of human weakness, when the proudest monuments of man’s skill are shaken to pieces in an instant. They should teach us that the world is ruled by “a mighty hand and a stretched-out arm.”

That Kiss.

Alice Evelyn is a tall, but gracefully built young woman, and carries herself in a queenly manner. She is a blonde, yet has large brown eyes, shaded by drooping lashes which make them obey the slightest wish of their mistress. Her skin is as clear as the first rose of spring and her cheeks rival it in their tints.

I first saw her on one of our principal streets, and could not refrain from turning to look at her. After many endeavors, I obtained an introduction. Years of society life had made me familiar with the likes and dislikes of women, and so I tried to appear to my best advantage. To a great extent, I succeeded. She cordially invited me to call and see her. I was delighted, and made an engagement for a few nights after.

Impatiently I waited for the time when I should commence my visits to her house, and perhaps be put among her friends. It came at last. I was ushered into the parlor. In a few minutes Miss Evelyn appeared in a handsome evening dress. I was never met with a more pleasant smile. We chatted merrily, discussing marriages, engagements, and flirtations.

“But,” I said, “tell me about your sweethearts.” “I have none,” she
naively answered. "Then I will have no respect for man again," I said; "but you do not mean that your friends show such poor taste as not to apply for this little hand and the large heart that would accompany it."

So saying, I caught hold of the tiny fingers that were dangling at her side, and gently pressed them between my own. "If you do that again, I will leave the parlor." "Why not say you will box me?" I put in, "that would be more sensational, certainly to my ears." "Well, I will," she said laughingly. "If you do, you know the consequences." "You would dare," she said, laying great stress on "dare." I lost no time in turning the conversation into another channel, and she was soon in her usual gay temperament.

She told me presently of a beautiful engagement ring given to a friend of hers. I remembering the ring on her hand asked to see it, and determined if possible, to get the hoped-for slap. But she let me see it only at a distance. I grasped for it, and upon my cheek came a stroke that could not be mistaken. With a spring, she was up and across the room. I followed her immediately. She put up her hands, but these could accomplish nothing against my strength; so she brought up her pleadings as reinforcements, but these were to me permission of which I quickly took advantage. I soon had in my arms, and placed upon her lips two kisses. My hold was loosed—she was free to fly away.

What! does she remain! Even so, her head rested on my shoulders. I again kissed those delicate lips. Yet, she did not move. In this position I remained some time, for she did not speak or move. I presently spoke to her, but she gave me no answer; her face was becoming as white as alabaster. Drawing a chair near me, I placed her in it. Her head fell loosely to one side, and the dark blue cushioned back cast a gasty appearance upon her face. I begged her to speak, but she made no response. I grew uneasy; what to do, I know not. After some hesitation, I open the door to see if was any water in the hall; to my horror, not a drop.

My anxiety increased. Perhaps I had better call her mother; I opened the door, but here my courage failed, for her father might come also. Having raised the windows as easily as possible, I sat down by Miss Alice's side and tried to think of some remedy—not one came to my mind. I became desperate, and swore I would never kiss another girl.

My heart seemed to stop beating. I distinctly heard footsteps in the hall above, and then upon the stairs. They came nearer; then silence ensued. Looking over my shoulder, I gazed timidly around the room; nobody was there. The footsteps were now in the dining room adjoining, and then in the hall advancing toward the parlor. My first impulse was to exit through the window; but pride forbade. I concluded, no matter what might be, to stand the storm. I heard the steps on the staircase again. Words cannot tell my relief; but when my eyes rested on the white face beside me, my uneasiness returned.

How slowly the moments passed! Suppose Miss Evelyn did not recover! A cold shiver passed over me at the thought. I looked at her again. She moved. Gradually her eyes opened and she looked around the room as "a stranger in a strange land." When her
eyes caught mine, she took in the situation in an instant. "Mr. A.," she said, slowly, "can you ever forgive yourself for your conduct?" I muttered an answer—I know not what; and soon left, not tarrying at the door for the usual "come again." Had I been invited, my determination was so strong in the negative, that I could not have said, "Thank you, I will." I have often seen Miss Alice since then. She always smiles and bows, but those smiles and bows have no effect on me.

The Greatness of Our Country.

It is not my intention to go into a prolonged and exhaustive discussion of the greatness of our land, but merely to give some running comments on its importance.

Among the seven grand divisions of the earth, America ranks foremost—foremost in productions and scenery—foremost in the variety and nature of its advantages. Washed on either side by the waters of great oceans, its southern coast bathed by the Gulf of Mexico, its situation is superior to that of any other country. From the lakes of Maine to the Gulf of California it is full of wonders and scenery that can hardly be equalled. The history of this country has been wonderful. Only a few centuries ago, when other countries were highly civilized, this land was one vast wilderness, in which was not a sign of civilization, and whose solitudes were broken only by the noise of wild animals or the cries of savages. What a contrast is presented to us now! The savages and wild beasts have been driven out; the wilderness has disappeared, and in their place appear thousands of cities and towns—a country thickly populated and cultivated.

All this has not taken place gradually. The greatest advancement in civilization has occurred in the memory of men still living. There are many who can tell of dense forests and swamps that in their recollection have been transformed into the avenues and streets of a populous city. In some places the change has been as if by magic, cities and towns springing up almost in a day, and howling wildernesses transformed into gardens, so rapid has been the advance of civilization in this country in the last half century.

This progress can in large measure be accounted for when we realize the influence of Christianity. Ours is called a Christian country, and in no other save England is the religion of the true God so universal. This fact is to a great extent the secret of our growth and success as a nation, and so long as we continue in this religion we will advance, but so soon as we forget it and turn away from God, our retrogression is sure to follow.

There are many cases where this influence of Christianity is especially marked—revolutionizing whole countries. The island of Madagascar was a wild and barbarous country. Only a few years ago, comparatively, was Christianity introduced there, but now the whole island is one great Christian community full of churches and schools.

The Fejee Islands, which a few years back were inhabited by cannibals, fight-
ing and eating one another, are now entirely subdued by Christianity.

In Africa, civilization is being worked out by religion. Ignorance and superstition have for a long time encircled this land like the darkness of night. But now, to give the words of another “the day is dawning for that benighted continent and even the darkness of her night will pass away before the renewing influences of Christianity.”

Let us take a glance at our form of government, in passing. It is free—not loose—and democratic. No sovereign sits upon a throne to oppress the people by making laws not to their interest. The people themselves have a part in making the laws, and themselves choose the men by whom they shall be governed.

In America every man is born free—has equal rights. Each one has a chance to rise from the most insignificant place to occupy the highest position which the nation can give. Many men who hold the highest offices to-day, began life in poverty and obscurity. We have a notable example in our present leader. A few years ago his name was unknown, but now, risen from obscurity to prominence, Cleveland is known all over the world. Such opportunities does America afford to those who aspire to political greatness.

The educational advantages of this country are great. With such colleges as Harvard, Yale, and the University of Virginia, it is second to none—save, perhaps, Germany in its depth of learning; the schools and colleges in every part of the land placing education within the reach of all. To educate its people is the first object of this country; and with increased facilities it is continually doing more in that direction.

In resources there is no land on the globe equal to America. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from its northern boundary to its southern limit, it contains unlimited natural wealth. It possesses some of the richest mines in the world. The northwestern country is one vast mining region, while over the eastern portion are scattered mines of immense wealth. Their yield is enormous.

In point of scenery, America ranks high. All over our land—on its coasts, in its forests, in the glens and dales of its mountain ranges, along its lakes and rivers—there are a thousand charming sights. Indeed, in the variety of its scenery, our country is unsurpassed by any other. Among her White Mountains, Catskill, Alleghany, Rockies and Sierra Nevada, we have some of the wildest scenery in the world. Our rivers and lakes are among the largest and noblest.

Among places in our country noted for scenery, may be mentioned the Yosemite Valley, Niagara Falls, Natural Bridge, Luray Cave, Mammoth Cave, &c.

How thankful we should be that our lots are cast in a land so far advanced in civilization and Christianity; so liberal in government; so varied and rich in resources; so full of learning; and so rich in landscape.

Let us be careful not to abuse or misuse the advantages afforded us by such a country.

C. A. F.
There are not a great many subjects upon which the writer of the present article would attempt to inform any one. But upon the question, "How to spend a pleasant and profitable vacation", having had some experience, I venture a few remarks. I do not know how better to impress upon you the benefit to be derived than by giving a few notes of travel.

After spending nine months in arduous toil at college, believing our constitution shattered and in need of repair, the question, "What shall I do this summer", naturally comes up to each one. For the country boy this is easily answered; he returns home to loved ones and familiar scenes made dearer by a few months' separation. Here the plow and scythe await him, and exercise in the pure air soon brings back the health and strength of body which he so much craves. For the city lad, the case is so new that different. He receives invitations from his friends and relatives, in various portions of the country, to come and make them a visit. If he has no country relations and plenty of money he goes to the sea-side or some summer resort in the mountains. But the dull monotony of hotel life, the late-to-bed and late-to-rise, the constant dress, fails to give the energy and vigor of body that is obtained by roaming over hills and through woods, waking with the break of day and wearing clothes long past service for parlor use. All these ways of recreation are very pleasant and build up the system for another year of labor, but what I wish to speak of is a way in which you can see some of the natural scenery of the country, have pleasure, have experience in the ways of the world, and recuperate—all in one; that is, tramp the country.

While thinking over some plans for the summer, I was approached by a friend and school-mate with a proposition to tramp over Virginia together. As the weather was very unsettled, or rather had settled on having rain about every other day, I did not fancy much the idea of tramping around through the mud day after day. And besides, the sun, when it did shine, was very hot. It seemed as if it tried to make up for lost time. We had about made up our minds to walk, when, by a piece of good fortune that characterized the whole trip, we found that we could get horses. That settled our mode of travel: we would go horseback. We might have gone further in a day and have traveled with more comfort in a buggy, but we were not in a hurry nor did we care for comfort; what we wanted was exercise, and we had a plenty of it, for our steeds were buggy horses, accustomed to trot and not experienced in the easy movements of the average riding-horse. On the 12th of July, we made our start, each one with a pair of saddle-bags and an umbrella. These were not articles of luxury but simple necessities. For the first day or two, as evening drew on, we would feel a little worse for wear, especially a little stiff with an all-over-tired sort of feeling, but before one week had passed, we would feel about as fresh at the end of a long day's ride as we did when we started.

At the end of three weeks, after mak-
ing several stops to see friends, we were in the mountains; here there was ample food for the intellect, grandeur and beauty for the imagination, and objects on every hand for pleasing the eye or gratifying curiosity. First, we made our way towards the Peaks of Otter. Leaving our horses at the foot, we walked slowly towards the top. Here we found a hotel—a house having three rooms, set down among the rocks. One strange thing about this hotel, though it is so small, is that from twenty-five to thirty persons can be accommodated for a night. Of course you must not be fastidious about what you sleep upon in such high life. If you have cover enough to keep you warm you should be content. The view from the topmost rock is simply grand. On the west you have the Blue Ridge almost at your feet, with the Alleghany off in the distance. On the east, a broad expanse with woods and fields intermixed, and the whole dotted with farm houses. The little town of Liberty, with its church spires glittering in the setting sun, and the long curling smoke left by a train as it dashed along in the distance, lent a charm to the scene, and it seemed as though we looked upon a picture. With hearts full of wonder we watched the sun sink gradually behind the mountains and the bright tints fade from the clouds. With uplifted eyes I could but inwardly exclaim, "How wonderful are thy works, O God." The next morning we were out bright and early, wrapped in blankets, waiting to catch the first appearance of the sun above the horizon. Seeing the sun rise would have been a novel sight to us had we been down below, but from our lofty position how eagerly we waited its appearance. First a faint red streak appeared high up in the clouds, then another and another, brighter and brighter, until the whole sky seemed on fire. We were expecting every moment the sun to burst forth in all his glory from this fiery mass of clouds, but in this we were mistaken, for a little disk of red rose gradually from behind wooded hill and cast its bright rays first upon the top and then down the mountain side into the valley below. The whole country seemed to wake up with the sun; the smoke came curling from the farm-houses; the cattle scattered themselves over the hills, to crop the dewy grass; the farmer with hoe or plow started to his daily work; and everything seemed to rejoice in the morning sunlight. As the day wore on, taking one more look at the rocks piled one above the other, and collecting a few ferns as a momento, we descended. I never can forget the impressions made upon me by the grandeur of this peak. I would advise every one to see it. It is worth double the cost.

But all this is unnecessary. Many have written accounts of their trip to the peaks, and many more accounts are still to be written. So let us pass on, through a beautiful gap in the Blue Ridge with a tall mountain on our left and a deep ravine with a steep symmetrical mountain just beyond, on our right, into the valley of the North river. Here one is struck immediately with the large barns and well-kept farms. The dwellings look like mere play-houses beside these barns. Everyone seems to have a plenty, especially of cattle and grass, and one can hardly doubt but that he is in the much talked of limestone country. I have neither space nor time to tell what we
saw, what friends we made, and what a splendid time we had. I must leave the detailed account to be written up by my companion at some future time. We went across the Natural Bridge, and, after stopping to take a look at it, proceeded to Lexington. Neither of these places need a word from me; nor Staunton or Luray cave, both of which we visited, and in none were disappointed. Everything came up to our expectation, and even beyond. Kindness was shown us on every hand. I doubt if any other two persons ever received better treatment or had more favors shown them than we had in our two months of travel. One of the principal features of the trip was the meeting of so many different people, with their various provincialisms and slang phrases. In one day we would see men in almost all conditions of life, from the hardy mountaineer with his little house stuck high upon the mountain side, to the rich farmer in the valley, with his large barns, grassy fields and fat cattle. The mountaineer is generally spare, but tall and straight. He is strong and active, very affable and kindhearted, and will sit for hours and talk to you about the prospects of his "cabbage" and "taters." When he wants to know where you are from, he frames the question so: "Wall, stranger, to ask a squar and far question, whar does you live when you'er at home?" Being satisfied on that point, and told how we had been travelling, and how far, he of course would express his surprise, and then, for a continuation of the conversation, ask, "How is craps whar you b'en 'long?"

We would tell him all about the "craps," ask after the "old 'oman" and the children, take a drink—of pure mountain water, which gushes from under a rock and not out of a bottle—and go on our way refreshed if not wiser.

If you want to spend a pleasant and profitable summer, take a tramp through Virginia. You may be mistaken for an escaped lunatic, a dead-beat, book agent, peddler, or something after that order, and suffer a little in consequence; but do not let a few rebuffs and bad epithets disturb you. If they will not receive you at one house, then try another. If you make yourself agreeable, and avoid giving trouble, you are welcome in the house of the generous countryman; to some, no greater insult can you offer, than to insist on paying.

If you wish to travel and see a country, do it on foot, in a buggy, on a horse or a bicycle, and not on the cars. On the cars you see only one or two points of interest, being carried rapidly from place to place, while by travelling at a slower rate, and having your locomotion at your own command, you can see the whole intervening country, go and stop when and where you please, and follow your own sweet will (except over the fence into somebody's orchard).

We saw many persons this summer who were taking pretty much the same trip; some walking, some in vehicles. Some had along camping arrangements, and by spreading their tents could sleep under their own roofs each night. This saves a great deal of talking and trouble. For instance, you wish to stop for the night; you see a nice-looking house away off at some distance, and make your way to it. When you get to the front gate you see a stout looking female, and hallow out, "Say, dogs bite?" "Yes," comes back the answer. "Is the gentle-
man of the house at home?" "Naw."
"Do you think I could stay here all night?" "Dunno, have ter see the ole man." The "ole man" comes, you talk to him fifteen minutes, and then perhaps you will have to repeat the performance at some other house before getting a place to rest your weary head.

Such little experiences as this, while not so pleasant at the time, you enjoy afterwards, and relate with a great deal of delight.

There will, of course, be a plenty of up-hill and rough roads, but you can then better appreciate the down-hill and smooth roads. We never know how to appreciate blessings until we have had adversities. Then, boys, if you want to have fun and enjoy yourselves, take a tramp. This advice is given you by one who has tried it and found it beneficial.

A TRAMP.

Lafayette.

Among the noble characters whose names have adorned the pages of history in the last century, there appears none more noble, more self-sacrificing and more patriotic, than General Lafayette.

He was born at Chavagniac, in France, on the 6th of September, 1757. Left an orphan at the tender age of thirteen, with a princely fortune at his disposal, he married when only sixteen a daughter of the Duke d' Ayen, who belonged to one of the noblest families of France at that time. He exhibited an inclination for military glory very early in life, and consequently entered that profession. He had all the essential qualities for military success, but being too free and independent to stoop down to servile flattery, promotion did not come, for it was given more as a matter of favoritism than for merit. At this time the American colonies had declared their independence, and were at war with England. Lafayette warmly espoused their cause and was seized with the desire to assist them. Though he encountered endless difficulties, and was forbidden by the king of France, he bought a ship and came over with eleven companions. He was honored with the rank of major-general, and distinguished himself in the battles of Monmouth and Brandywine, and especially in the campaign in Virginia. He assisted America not only by fighting, but also in obtaining the alliance with France, without which it would have been a lost cause.

In 1782 he returned to France. He now spent a few years in repose and the felicity of his family. But this was not to continue. The French Revolution springing up, he took an active part, always on the side of liberty and justice. A national guard was organized for the protection of the liberties of the people, and he was appointed commander-in-chief, which position he filled with great wisdom and courage. During the mob-rule in Paris he appears to have been the only man who did not lose his reason or humanity, and was instrumental in saving many innocent people from death. When the people were partly successful, and the constitution had been proclaimed, he resigned his position and returned to private life. However, he did not long
enjoy the luxuries of home. The nobles who had been driven from France having united themselves with the Continental Powers, were threatening the land with an invasion. An army was immediately raised and Lafayette was appointed general, with the instruction to go to meet the coming invasion. While there, the Jacobins came into power, who were his bitterest enemies, because he had denounced them. They captured the king and queen, sent them to prison and afterwards to the guillotine. The Reign of Terror had commenced. Lafayette, seeing all his hopes crushed and his enemies in power, and knowing that he could do no good, being surrounded with endless difficulties, determined to go into exile, and started for America. He was intercepted by the Austrian army and sent to prison at Olmutz. After being imprisoned in an unhealthy dungeon for over five years, he was released by the powerful hand of Napoleon, and after having remained in exile for two years, returned to France. The next twelve years of his life were spent in retirement at Lagrange. He was called from it when Napoleon, returning a fugitive and alone, determined to assume the dictatorship. He spoke against him in the Assembly and caused his abdication.

In 1824 he made his last visit to America, and was received everywhere with rejoicings and festivitites, and was voted the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, together with twenty-four thousand acres of land, by the Senate. In the revolution of 1830 he exerted himself in the cause of liberty, as he had in the first revolution, and met with the same want of success. This was about the last time he appeared in public life. He returned to his home, where he died on the morning of the 20th of May, 1834, at the advanced age of seventy-six.

In estimating the character of Lafayette, it is necessary to look at the surroundings and circumstances in which it was developed. At this time there was a partition in the orders of society. The common people were the slaves of the nobles, and they ruled them with a rod of iron. The court and capital of France were signally corrupt, and the foundations of social morality were almost entirely subverted. Promotion was obtained by flattery instead of merit, and everything was fair, but false. Religion was at an ebb and the teachings of Voltaire and other such men were in the ascendency. Infidelity ruled supreme. Considering these surroundings, it is wonderful what a noble character was developed.

In looking at his career, one characteristic that forces itself upon us, is his intense love of liberty. Liberty was the thing toward which all the exertions of his life were bent. He came to America not for the sake of ambition and glory, but to assist our forefathers in their struggle for liberty. When he returned to France all of his public life was spent in trying to liberate France from its galling yoke of oppression. How strange that this spirit of liberty should have sprung up in one of the nobles of France and caused him to unite with the common people in striving for freedom against the despotic powers of the court! His efforts failed and he could not liberate his country from despotism.

But now the light of liberty with all its joys has dawned upon France, and we of this day see the noble efforts of a noble-hearted man rewarded, and his
most pleasant hopes realized. He also formed a scheme to make downtrodden Ireland free and independent, but failed. “Could this scheme of Lafayette’s warm heart have been realized, how different would be the story of the ‘Emerald Isle’ from that which now pains the heart of every reader! The voice of her children would not now be coming to our ears, over the ocean wave, in the wails and groans and dying sighs of a nation perishing by famine, but in the shouts and paens of a people emancipated, regenerated, disenthralled.”

Lafayette was ambitious, but there was no selfishness in his ambition. He was ambitious for the welfare of his country and self was forgotten in his efforts to do her good. It was only for her that he put himself forward and accepted high positions. Regencies, chief magistracies, even crowns were offered him, but he refused them all when he saw he could not benefit his country by accepting them.

Lafayette was benevolent to a fault. In times of scarcity at his home in LaGrange he gave two hundred pounds of bread every Monday to his poor neighbors, and a plate of soup to those who came. A poor man was never turned away from his door. When in America he borrowed money at his own credit to clothe the ragged soldiers and to supply them with arms. Lafayette was patriotic. He loved his native country, France, and would not compromise it even for his adopted country, America. When France had declared war against England he immediately left his command in America and hastened to France to render such assistance as he was able. When she was in danger he flew to her relief and fought for her; when she was pros- perous and peaceful he rejoiced; when she was fallen and in ruins he wept.

As a general, he showed prudence and sagacity. He won the respect and friendship of Washington by his bravery and courage, and was admired by all the army. Though he was skilful in fighting, he was more so in retreating. In the “well-timed and masterly retreat” from Barren Hill he showed the skill, judgment and decision of an older and more experienced general. Lafayette, as a speaker, was clear and logical. He said what he thought and never concealed his real opinions. He was bold and courageous in speaking, and nobody could intimidate him. He held the truth in high esteem and never spoke falsely even in jest. He was a true statesman. He never let selfishness or sordid ambition overpower him, but always strove for the good of his country. He was temperate in his habits, and seldom drank anything except water. His motives were always the purest, and this explains his popularity. He was the people’s friend, and they looked upon him as such.

He never changed his opinions, and during the vacillating period in French history, while others altered their views for their own selfish motives, while others were fickle and wavering, he maintained the same political creed.

He was a philanthropist, striving to elevate the human race and better their condition. Lafayette had true greatness, and greatly resembled Washington. We see in him “a noble character which will flourish in the annals of the world and live in the veneration of posterity, when kings and the crowns they wear will be no more regarded than the dust to which they must return.” He was one of the
noblest characters that ever appeared in French history, and that explains the deep gloom which fell over France—aye, and even over the whole world—when this star, which had spread its golden beams over the country for seventy-six years, set to rise no more. A. M. C.

**SCIENTIFIC NOTES.**

**SOLIDIFIED OXYGEN.**—At the Royal Institution recently, Professor Dewar exhibited the method he employs for the production of solid oxygen. Last year the Professor gave a lecture on liquid air; but although he and other experimenters had made liquid oxygen in small quantity, yet no one had succeeded in getting oxygen into the solid condition. The successful device employed at the Royal Institution depends upon allowing liquid oxygen to expand into a partial vacuum, when the enormous absorption of heat which accompanies the expansion results in the production of the solid substance. Oxygen in this condition resembles snow in appearance, and has a temperature about 200 degrees centigrade below the freezing point of water.

A supply of this material will enable chemists to approach the absolute zero of temperature and to investigate many interesting changes in the physical properties of bodies under the primordial condition of the temperature of space.

**FAST TIME.**—The master car builders held their annual convention at Niagara Falls recently, closing June 11th. The western members were taken by a special train of four cars over the Great Western Division of the Grand Trunk, and a remarkably fast run was made, leaving Niagara Falls at 9:45 A. M. and arriving at Windsor, a distance of 229½ miles, at 2:55 P. M.—5 hours and 10 minutes, including stops, of which there were 13, and three of them, 17, 10, and 8 minutes respectively. Excluding stops, the run was made in 3 hours and 57 minutes—or 229½ miles in 237 minutes. With the exception of 11 miles on the Copetown grade, a uniform speed of 60 miles an hour was maintained throughout, and the roadbed is in such excellent condition that the cars ran so steadily that it was observed water in a glass nearly full on the table did not spill.—*Toronto (Ont.) Railway Life.*

**THE EFFECT OF HEAT ON METAL.**—Everybody, observes one of our contemporaries, who has med the Brooklyn bridge, must have noticed the overlapping slides at the middle of each span that allow the structure to grow short or long as the weather is cold or hot, and the marks thereon that indicate a distance of several feet between the extremes of contraction and expansion. Yet few suspect that the bridge contracts or expands sideways from the heat of the sun, though the degree is so small as to be almost imperceptible, and not nearly so great as if the bridge ran north and south. The same phenomenon has been noticed of late in structures of stone and iron. The Washington Monument leans to the east in the morning and to the west in the afternoon. A plummet line suspended in
the interior of the dome of the Capitol at Washington was found by actual measurement to swing over a space of 4 ¼ inches, making a total dip from the perpendicular of 8 ½ inches. This movement involves the entire dome. Some years ago a learned monk in Rome suspended a plummet in this way from the top of the dome in St. Peter’s, and was astonished to find this mysterious movement. He attributed it to a third and undiscovered motion of the earth, but it was afterward explained as the effect of the action of the sun on the metal of the dome.

THE RADIOPHONE.—M. Mercadier has devised a radiophone of a very simple kind. It is in fact simply a microphone with the supports of the carbons fixed to a thin diaphragm or plate of varnished pine. The microphone is connected to a magneto receiver with or without induction coil and in circuit with a battery. In exposing the diaphragm to the action of intense radiation, rendered intermittent by a revolving wheel or screen pierced with holes, the telephone gives out a note corresponding to the oscillations of the radiant energy. Further, a telephone transmitter with its iron diaphragm to the radiation gives out a corresponding note in the receiver. The effects are increased by smoking the diaphragm, or using a powerful source of light, such as the oxyhydrogen or arc light.

Hot-Water Artesian Well at Pesth.—The deepest artesian well in the world is that now being bored at Pesth, for the purpose of supplying the public baths and other establishments with hot water. A depth of 951 meters (3,120 feet) has already been reached, and it furnishes 176,000 gallons daily at a temperature of 158° Fah. The municipality have recently voted a large subvention in order that the boring may be continued to a greater depth, not only to obtain a larger volume of water, but at a temperature of 176° Fah.

PILE-DRIVING BY DYNAMITE.—An engineer of Pesth, Mr. Pradanovic, has lately used dynamite for driving piles. A circular cast iron plate, 15 inches in diameter and 3 ¾ inches thick, is fixed on the pile to be driven in a perfectly horizontal position. A dynamite cartridge made in the form of a disk, 6 inches in diameter and three-fourths of an inch thick, and containing 17 ¾ ounces of dynamite, is placed upon the cast iron plate and exploded by electricity. It is stated that the depth to which the pile is driven by each explosion is equal to five blows of an ordinary pile engine weighing 14 ½ Vienna cwt. falling 9 feet 10 inches. A cast iron plate, on an average, resists 25 explosions.

INGENIOUS PETTY SWINDLERS.—The ingenious ways some persons adopt to avoid paying out their money seems incredible to those whose walks in life do not bring them in contact with large numbers of people. “Here is the latest (from the Railway Review) to beat us poor conductors out of our fare,” said one of the fraternity the other day. “While taking up the tickets, I reached a nicely dressed lady, who was looking, apparently preoccupied, out of the open car window and tapping her pocket-book on the window ledge. I touched her shoulder to attract her attention, when she jumped as though shot, and dropped
her pocket-book out of the car window. She began to cry, and what could I do? Pass her, of course, which I did. I noted the place of the accident, stopped for the pocketbook the next trip, and found its contents to be a postage stamp and a card of hooks and eyes. I felt pretty cheap then."

**Long-Distance Telephoning.**—The American Telephone and Telegraph Company of New York has recently been organized for the purpose of establishing direct telephonic communication between the large cities of the country. The first line has been constructed between New York and Philadelphia, the length of the route adopted being about 100 miles. Four years ago a similar attempt was made to connect New York and Boston, but the iron wire strung between the two cities did not prove successful. The present company has employed hard-drawn copper wires, and now has seventy-four of them running the whole distance. The line is entirely aerial, except where waters of some width are crossed, in which case submarine cables are employed. Between the two cities there are six series of cables, the longest stretches being under the Hudson and Delaware rivers. The cables terminate at the foot of Vesey street, New York, and near the foot of Walnut street, in Philadelphia. The line will probably be open for business within a few weeks, and it is expected that it will prove a great convenience.

**An Optical Illusion.**—M. De Parvelle has called the attention of the French Academy of Sciences to a curious illusion of the vision which may account for the apparent oscillation or swinging of stars sometimes observed, and called by the Germans *Sternschwankcn*. When the eye looks for some time at a small, feebly-lighted body, itself being in complete darkness, the body appears to oscillate or describe certain curves. It is a phenomenon of the subjective order, and appears to be of the same nature as the movement of a star observed when a person leans the head against the wall, and fixes his eye upon the star. The star appears to be agitated in its place and to oscillate rapidly. In order that the motion may be noticed, there should be no moon, and the sky should be clear. A lunette takes away the apparent motion.

**Impervious Corks.**—Corks may be made impervious by soaking them—best quality—for several hours in a solution of one-half ounce of glue or gelatine in a mixture of three-fourths ounce of glycerine and one pint of water, heated to a temperature of about 50° c. Such prepared corks may be rendered nearly proof against acids and other chemicals if they are dipped, after thorough drying, for ten or fifteen minutes into a melted mixture of four parts of paraffine and one part of vaseline.

**New British War Ships.**—On August 3d, thousands of people assembled on both banks of the Tyne to witness the launching of H. M. S. Orlando from the Palmer Shipbuilding Company’s yard. The Orlando is the first of the belted cruiser class, of which seven in all are now building. They are quite a new departure in war ship design, and are superior to anything of this class of war vessel afloat in point of speed, are much
more heavily armed, and have greatly more defensive power than the Mersey class, which approach them nearest from a constructive point of view, the chief difference consisting of a belt of armor at the water line, which is fitted in the Orlando class, and from which they derive the name of belted cruisers. The engines and boilers occupy four separate compartments, arranged in a fore and aft line along the middle of the vessel, fitted on each side by coal bunkers about 5 feet in width. The armament is exceedingly powerful, and consists of two 9.2 in. 22 ton guns, ten 6 in. 5 ton guns, six 6 pounder and ten 3 pounder Hotchkiss quick-firing guns, and numerous boat and field guns. The engines, which have been designed by builders, embody all the latest improvements in engineering, and are of the triple-expansion type, the cylinders having a stroke of 42 in. There are two sets of engines, the Orlando being a twin-screw vessel. They will develop 9,000 indicated horse power when working under forced draught, and it is expected that the vessel will attain a speed of about 19 knots.

Oil on the Water.—Another instance of the marked benefits resulting from the use of oil on troubled seas was afforded by the recent experience of the steamship Werra, of the North German Lloyd’s Line, which was disabled in mid-ocean during her last transatlantic voyage. The steamer had been taken in tow by the Venetian, and all went well until the evening of August 3d, when a strong gale prevailed and heavy seas were constantly breaking over the bow of Werra, endangering the tow lines, and threatening the loss of the tow. The captain of the Venetian caused an oil bag to be hung from each side of his vessel and dragged some distance astern. The result was almost immediate, and the sea became comparatively smooth around the disabled ship. The officers of the Werra were for some time ignorant of the cause of their relief. At the exchange of signals on the following morning, they reported that after the oil bags had been hung out, their vessel experienced much better weather, not a drop of water breaking on board, and the ship being in all respects more comfortable.

Magnetic Clock.—A curious application of the magnet is described in a French journal, the subject of it being a clock recently patented in France. In appearance the clock consists of a tambourine, on the parchment head of which is painted a circle of flowers, corresponding to the hour signs of ordinary dials. On examination, two bees, one large and the other small, are discovered crawling among the flowers. The small bee runs rapidly from one to the other, completing the circle in an hour; while the large one takes twelve hours to finish the circuit. The parchment membrane is unbroken, and the bees are simply laid upon it; but two magnets, connected with the clockwork inside the tambourine, move just under the membrane, and the insects, which are of iron, follow them.

To destroy ants, sprinkle powdered borax around the infested places.

Alum gives excellent results when it has been found desirable to clarify muddy or turbid waters.

The amount of pressure per square foot with the wind blowing at 20, 30, 40,
50, 60, 70, and 80 miles an hour is respectively 2, 4½, 8, 12½, 18, 25, and 32½ pounds.

It is said that the application of a bit of ice, or even cold water, to the lobe of the ear will stop hiccoughing.

Recent determinations give light a velocity of 185,420 miles per second (Cornu), or 186,380 miles per second (Michelson).

The greatest length of Lake Michigan is 300 miles; its greatest breadth, 108 miles; mean depth, 690 feet; elevation, 506 feet; area, 23,000 square miles.

The West Indian birch is said to be the weakest and the nutmeg-hickory of Arkansas the strongest wood. The lightest and most brittle is the blue wood of Texas, and tamarack is the most elastic.

Hard-burned brick walls will resist a pressure of 150 pounds per square inch, and can therefore be built 1,600 feet high. If one-third Portland cement is added to the mortar, the same wall could be built 2,700 feet high.

The highest astronomical observatory in Europe is now being erected at Sonnblick, one of the Tyrolese Alps. The solitary resident observer, who will be 2,000 feet above any house, will conduct his intercourse with mankind by means of the telephone wire.

A new description of shell, charged with rolls of gun-cotton, has been brought out at Berlin. It produces extraordinary results. No kind of defensive works, it is said, is capable of resisting the projectile. The German Government has ordered 75,000 of these destructive missiles.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

GOOD-BYE—This is the last Messenger which this corps of editors will get out. The time has come for us to leave the editorial chair, and give place to our successors. But before we go, we wish to say a few parting words to our friends. First, we turn to our exchanges. Very pleasant has been our acquaintance with them during our term of office. Some of the college papers are well edited, vigorous journals; and some certainly have great room for improvement. It has been said that the best school of journalism is the editorial board of a college paper. We endorse the sentiment. There the student learns to express himself clearly; there he finds out the difficulties of the editor's life. Every man should be able to write an interesting, readable article, to put multum in parvo; and he will find the college magazine a good training for this. So we say "good-bye" to our exchanges, with the wish that the college journals of this country may improve this year.

To those who succeed us in office we have a word to say. You will have no place where you can sit with folded arms and see things go on all right. Hard work will be your lot. Selecting good articles, writing them yourselves, if no one else will, reading proof, &c., are not easy. Yet we found it pleasant work, and trust you will.

We have made mistakes. Please excuse them. They were unintentional. Again, to one and all, farewell.
RAILROADS.—In the savage state, man is almost wholly independent of his neighbor. He provides for himself food and raiment to meet his scanty needs without importation or exchange. As civilization advances, the more complex become the relations of man to man, and the more numerous and intense in degree becomes the dependence of one upon another. For example, one produces food, another raw materials for clothing, another makes these materials into clothes, and yet another distributes these several products to each as he has need.

Railroads are a necessity to an advanced state of civilization. By means of them, four times as much tonnage is carried as by water. The development of a country's resources is chiefly dependent upon the efficient and advantageous operations of its railroads. Thus the magnate, by control of rates, has power to depress business and impoverish a section of country, or to increase business and thrift. But to injure a section of country is ultimately, by necessity, to injure the business of the road.

The king of Belgium, with true insight, said that a railroad king had greater power than he. The public sadly needs enlightenment on the railroad question, and the trampling upon our boasted liberty (for as Hamilton says, "A power over a man's subsistence amounts to a power over his will") by corporations, co-operations, combinations, discriminations (imposing high rates on one section of the road to counterbalance the low rates of another section from competition), and the pooling system, has of late evoked valuable discussions on the abuses and regulation of railroad rates in our periodicals. Hudson's book on this subject is held to be a timely production, and of great importance. A rough estimate of the property of the United States is put at forty thousand million, and that controlled by railroads five thousand million, giving them the control of one-eighth.

This influence over government—State and Federal—is very great, and if the monopolizing process is continued, must ultimately absorb government. The business man, in whose hands is largely the thrift of the land, when pressed on one side by the monopoly of railroad kings and on the other by labor associations and strikes, is between the upper and nether millstones, having his life consumed. The question of the regulation of railroads is divided into two opposing sides, the extremes of which are respectively the entirely-let-alone party, and the other the completely-controlled-by-government party. The latter course is followed with success in Belgium and Germany. Theoretically it is the only perfect system, but when put in practice it has many defects. The question is a knotty one, and is now attracting much attention both in public and private. It yet remains to be solved in America. From the nature of the question, there can be no middle ground, where unscrupulous and ambitious men are the magnates. Either the Government must have complete control over them, or else they ultimately will control the Government.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.—Richmond College has two excellent literary societies. They are in a flourishing condition. Yet it is surprising that more students do not join them. Last session about forty-five never connected themselves with either. This should not be. The excuse has
been made that "if the societies are so prosperous, what good could I do to them?" A great deal; and they would do you much good. There is the place to learn to speak, and to understand the workings and rules of a deliberative body. After the severe strain of a week’s work, two or three hours spent in society will afford rest for the mind. In addition, what has been learned in class-room and from text-book will be worthless knowledge, unless the student can express it for others’ benefit. The halls of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian Societies are the places to learn to do this. The criticism to which each speech is subjected is a great aid to good speaking and to accurate expression. We hope the students will go into these societies this year with the purpose not to be mere deadheads, but to work. If they do this, they will benefit the societies, and will themselves be greatly improved by them.

The time spent by a young man at college is one of the most important periods of his life. If he makes good use of the opportunities placed within his reach, he leaves college with a disciplined mind and a cultivated intellect. Whether the new force which has thus been added to his life will prove to be a benefit or a calamity, depends entirely upon the personal character he is building up. An educated wicked man is capable of doing a much greater amount of injury in the world than an uneducated man of the same class. Each man is the architect of his own character, and it is a startling truth to think of, that, whether conscious of the fact or not, everybody is engaged in character-building. We grow daily in the direction of our actions, and by an immutable law this growth progresses irrespective of our will. Action is the expression of thought, and repeated action becomes habit, and habit forms character. How heavy the responsibility resting upon us to govern our thoughts, and to train them in right channels. But the importance of character-building is not only as it affects oneself. All the direct influence which a man possesses over his fellow man, is the influence of character—it is the outcome of what he is.

What grand possibilities are placed within the power of every young man. By living daily a life of purity, uprightness, and communion with his God, he will grow up into a noble, truthful character. The unconscious influence of such a man cannot fail to benefit those with whom he associates. And when the short term of earthly existence is near its ending, how little does it matter whether or not a man has gained riches or worldly honours during his life. The question of supreme importance then becomes, What kind of personal character has he built up. Wealth and fame, if acquired, must be left behind, but character goes with us into eternity.
LOCALS.

Rat! R-r-r-rat!!
Hello! Old fellow!
Coming back? What's your ticket?

Some time ago P. J. & C. went to see some young ladies. While sitting in the parlor talking vivaciously, C. asked J. a question. J., to air his knowledge (?) of German, responded, "Jah, mein Herr. Don't I know French?"

During the last commencement, when Mr. Martin was delivering the valedictory, a charming young lady wanted to know when that gentleman would get through with his benediction.

College opened on the 23d instant with a good attendance. We miss a great many familiar faces; but give a cordial welcome to the new students. We ask that all will try to uphold the standard of the literary societies and their paper. Let the Messenger receive a boom this year.

The buildings have been thoroughly whitewashed and cleaned during the summer, and now present a very neat appearance. The walls should not be scribbled over this session. If you wish to be remembered by the oncoming students, make a good record in your classes, and your name will be much better known than if it were inscribed on the wall, whence it will soon be erased.

A problem for the "Rats" to solve: If at the hour of 2 A. M., on a beautiful moonlight night, four naughty college boys enter the dormitory of a new student while he is in the embrace of Morpheus and sweetly dreaming of the "fair one left behind," if the aforesaid college boys do then and there "with malice aforethought" fasten one end of a rope 12 feet long to the "freshie's" magnumdigitum, alias big toe; if the same four boys pull the other end of the aforesaid rope, each with a force sufficient to move 10 lbs. 1 yard in 1 second, against a resistance of 150 lbs. avoirdupois: required the distance over which "freshie" would move his velocity, and the sentiments to which he would give utterance. Solution reserved to next issue.

We hope the societies will get up some good public debates. They are always occasions of interest both to the students and visitors. Let the "fair daughters of the first and fairest sinner" come to "hear the college boys speak."

He was a new student, and walked up to the tower door and rapped. He went away to try elsewhere.

B. remarked that he had a very poor (?) appetite and must consult a doctor; whereupon M. asked if he were going to see Dr. Hatcher. Score one for Mac.

Hurrah for our side! During the summer Grace street, from College to Shafer street, has been paved. Now can the Richmond College student go into the city with respectable-looking shoes. He will not wear out the door-mat any
more when he calls to see "her." What a promenade will upper-Grace street be for the fair sex! The City Council have our heartfelt thanks for this improvement.

Professor (lecturing on the human voice): "We see that articulate sounds are made by the flexible tongue and lips modulating the passage of air. Now, Mr. C., why cannot a sheep talk?"

C.: "Because it is too sheepish."

The class applauded, the Professor smiled, and gave C. "10," with the first digit lacking.

We have two new professors this session. Prof. Hasseleff taught German here last year, but is now professor of modern languages. He is popular with the students, and, more than that, is very proficient in European languages. We are glad that he is with us to stay. Dr. Pollard comes to the chair of English to take the place of Dr. Brown. We hope he will find his work pleasant, and, with the cooperation of the students, prove himself a worthy successor of the illustrious man who preceded him.

Caning a Professor.—J. L. Tribble, B. L. 1874, now one of the leading lawyers in Anderson, S. C., has a long memory, as witnesseth the following note, dated July 6th, 1886:

"Dear Sir,—I often recall the treatment received at your hands while in college, and like the boy who vowed to whip his teacher, when old enough, have determined to give you a good caning. You deserve one from me, and I have forwarded it to-day per express. It is a good piece of Carolina curled hickory, dressed and fashioned by my own hand during moments of recreation. Please accept it as a token of esteem from one who remembers with pleasure many acts of kindness received while a student at Richmond College."

And this explains why the chairman of the Faculty sports such an elegant walking-stick this session.

Two students were in Luray cave this summer. When in the "fish market," A. mischievously asked B. what sort of fish he supposed they were, and was informed, "Why, rockfish, of course."

Prof. P.: "Mr. C., if I told you to go to Capitol Square, would you go by Chickahominy, or down Grace street?"

C.: "I would go the former way, because the Bible says 'if a man compel you to go with him one mile, go with him twain.'"

Professor collapsed.

On Thursday night, September 23d, Richmond College chapel was filled with an appreciative audience. The ladies, especially the Institute girls, graced the occasion with their presence. Dr. Cooper opened the exercises by reading in an impressive manner the 27th chapter of Job; after which Rev. Mr. Bell, of North Carolina, led in prayer. Prof. Harris announced that as Hon. S. B. Witt (President of Alumni) was detained by pressing business, he would call on Dr. Hatcher to take his place. Dr. Hatcher then in a few fitting words welcomed the new students, bidding them beware of toe-pullers, &c. He was followed in the same line by Hon. H. K. Ellyson (President of Trustees). Prof. Harris mentioned that Dr. Pollard was
chosen Professor of English from a large number of applicants for the position, and introduced him as the orator of the evening.

Dr. Pollard came forward amid great applause, paid a tribute to Dr. Brown’s memory, and proceeded with his theme—the place which the English language should occupy in higher education. Its study is necessary among an English-speaking people. The colleges are now studying it—Richmond College being the first in the south to establish a chair of English. He then discussed the sources of the difficulty for the study of English—(1) prejudice for Latin; (2) English is said to be too irregular to be taught systematically; (3) we speak English as our mother-tongue; ability to speak a language may imply ignorance of it. The speaker next showed that English is fitted for higher education—(1) because it presents a sum of facts suitable to enrich the mind; (2) its study calls into exercise all the faculties of the mind; (3) it refines the taste. He then took up some specific advantages of the study of the English language—(1) it emancipates us from blindly following lexicographers and grammarians; (2) English-speaking people judge of a man’s ability by his use of his mother-tongue (English). Prof. Pollard concluded by giving some sound advice to students and audience, begging that city and college draw nearer each other. He was loudly applauded as he took his seat.

The chairman of the faculty then made some announcements about last year’s graduating class (found under “Personals”) and other matters of interest, and bade the audience “good-night.”

The Philologian Society had its reunion meeting on Friday night, September 24th. After prayer by Chaplain H. N. Quisenberry, President T. R. Corr delivered a neat address of welcome. Mr. W. A. Borum, the evening’s orator, spoke on “The Probable and the Possible.” It was a good speech. Afterwards brief remarks were made by Professors Pollard, Thomas, H. H. Harris, W. A. Harris and E. B. Hatcher, Senor Toscano, and Messrs. Henson, Savell, Holland, Fauntleroy, H. W. Williams, Dickinson and others. When a pleasant hour had thus been spent, the President said, “The rest of the business with closed doors.” Exit Messenger man.

On the next night the reunion of the Mu Sigma Rho Society took place. The exercises were opened with prayer by Chaplain Motley, and President Trainham welcomed the audience. The orator of the evening being absent, Mr. Strailey, on two days’ notice, filled his place and delivered a neat and thoughtful address on the “Progress of Empire.” Other speeches were made by Messrs. Borum, Stearnes, H. F. Williams, Wilbur, Edwards, Fauntleroy, Hatcher, Jones, Carver, Professors Harris and Thomas, and Senor Toscano (a recitation in Spanish). Then the doors were closed and the business-meeting began.

We would inform our friends that we have now to say good-bye, and put our successors in the chair. Adieu!
PERSONALS.

Of last year's graduating class, the following have obtained positions to teach this session. We tender them our best wishes: E. B. Pollard, A. M., has located in Middlesex county; W. A. Harris, A. M., will instruct the youth of Alleghany Institute in English, French and German; J. T. Redd, A. M., displays his talents at Churchland, Norfolk county; spank the boys well, "Jeems." O. L. Stearnes, A. M., is the dignified superintendent of Alleghany Institute, and teaches ancient languages; E. B. Hatcher, A. M., teaches in Moore's Academy, Chesterfield county; write for the Messenger, Eldridge. J. O. Alderman, A. B., has a position in Kinston College, N. C. How are the girls, Jake?

Leroy S. Lyon, A. B., '85-6, and philosophy medalist of same session, has received the appointment for West Point cadetship for this district. Hurrah for "Lee!"

We were glad to see that Julian Cabell, '80-81, graduated in law at the University of Virginia last session.

C. A. L. Massie, '81-2, was made an A. M. by the University of Tennessee last June. T. J. Shipman, '82-4, received the same degree from Roanoke College. When passing through Richmond, you must both be sure to visit us.

Richmond College comes to the front. Its former student, George W. Young, '82-3, has risen high in political life. He is the honored mayor of Ripley, Tenn.

Four of our former students have been ordained during the summer. Geo. B. Taylor, Jr., A. B. '80-1, J. V. Dickin-
tender our congratulations to W. J. Decker, G. W. Hurt, J. J. Gunter, and J. B. Lemon. We did not get invitations. The Messenger feels slighted.

C. F. Hudnall, '84-5, is assistant gas inspector in Richmond. Come up and "inspect" the "gas" in society some Friday night, Charley.

C. T. Child, '80-85, is at Johns-Hopkin's University studying for the degree of Ph. D. Let us hear from you in our paper.

L. W. Rose, '79-80, is a rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal church at Oxford, N. C. He was married last year.

Here are a few more points about some members of last session's graduating class.

E. P. Lipscomb, A. M., attends Rochester Theological Seminary. Keep up your reputation for hard work, "Seum."

A. J. Dickinson, A. M., is at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville. "Dick" is a good speaker, and we predict for him a bright future.

W. H. Lyons, A. B., alias "Crow," is studying law at the University of Virginia.

L. J. Haley, Jr., A. B., has accepted a position as assistant principal of a school in Staunton. Don't forget to use the "shingle," Littleberry.

G. H. Edwards, A. B., teaches in South Carolina, and J. G. Paty, A. B., is at Louisville Seminary.

Clarence Woolfolk, '85-86, is on the reportorial force of the Whig. Though you may be pressed for time, favor us with an article now and then.

C. L. Corbett, '80-3, passed through town the other day, and, as all old students should, visited the college. He looked well and happy, having just passed the examination at the University of Virginia (summer law school). We miss your banjo, Charley. Bon voyage.

B. S. Redd, '82-5, returns to Boston School of Technology. He has turned out a heavy moustache, which suits him admirably.

Edward H. Brown, '82-3, is in the real-estate business with his father, J. Thompson Brown, in Richmond.

Robert L. Traylor, '80-1, lives in Memphis, Tenn. He has recently been promoted in the railroad office. Success to you, Bob.

J. F. Slade, '82-3, is studying medicine in New York. How goes it, "Slide?"

H. E. Baskerville, '83-6, has gone to Cornell University. How shall we get on for tennis now?

J. L. Brown, '81-6, assistant business-manager of the Messenger, is on the engineering corps of the Danville and Atlantic Railroad.

J. W. Mitchell, '83-5, passed through town a short time back. He was going to a theological seminary, but had not decided between Rochester, Crozer, and Newton.

Robert A. Cutler, '84-6, has entered business life. He is in the coal office of Wm. S. Pilcher, in this city. We miss you, Bob.

P. G. Elsom, '81-6, has gone to Louisville Seminary. Who will be our next "parson metropolitan?”

S. L. Gilliam, '81-85, is with the J. C. Smith Ice Company in this city. "Skinny" has had a "cool" time this summer. How about "Uncle Remus?"

E. L. Scott, A. M. '83-4, has accepted a professorship in Doyle College, Tenn. We wish him success in his new sphere.
EXCHANGES.

As we come once more into our sanctuary, we find the dust and dirt of three months accumulated on every hand. Not many exchanges for 1886-7 have appeared yet, but there are a good many which arrived late in the summer, which we will notice in this number of the Messenger. Three months have wrought many changes in our midst. A great many old students have returned, but some have gone out into the busy world. Three of the editors are in this latter class; to them and the others, we wish success in life.

The Hesperian, of Nebraska University, has a pleasing exterior, but its inside is marked by an absolute want of literary matter, and an abundance of chit-chat. It has the following in its “Exchange” column:

“We are pleased to notice from an exchange that the University of Virginia has a new observatory costing $30,000 and a telescope costing $46,000. Note.—The telescope may long since have been worn out and the observatory may be in ruins, but the item looks new and sounds well. We warn our readers not to place too much dependence upon the truth of the report. The only thing that it proves is that there was once the observatory and telescope referred to.—Ed.”

Such a display of ignorance is truly pitiable. The observatory was completed only a short time since. We would advise the Hesperian to get better acquainted with the condition of Southern colleges.

The Fordham Monthly is a spicy journal. “A Ramble About Old Haunts” is an interesting subject, handled well.

Come again, Mr. Monthly, and welcome. The Messenger is put by it among the leading college papers of the country.

We are glad that the College Message is thinking about putting on a new dress. It is a good paper and worthy of a better exterior.

Aurora, of Iowa State Agricultural College, has some good articles in its scientific department. It is one of our best exchanges. Thanks for the following, Mr. Aurora: “The Messenger comes late this month, but filled ‘chock full’ with good literary articles.”

The Hamilton College Monthly comes next to our hand. It contains some well-written articles. “Written and Unwritten Poetry” impressed us favorably. We see no Exchange column, however.

Chi Delta Crescent, of Tennessee University, is always a welcome guest. The number before us has two pages of literary matter and nine pages of locals, selections, commencement notes, &c. A little out of proportion, we think. Have more literary, Mr. Crescent.

The Observer, the progressive paper of Vanderbilt, thus speaks of the Messenger: “If the Messenger continues to improve in the next few years as it has in the past year, it will be the best of the many good magazines now issued by the college press. Its growth and improvement have been marvelous. In looking over it we find so many articles showing real earnest work and culture, that we find it hard to make a choice among them. Its Exchange department is full of able criticisms, which fact is of itself a sign
EXCHANGES.

that its editors are progressive." Thanks, Mr. Observer.

College Speculum has good articles and
is well conducted, but is badly printed.
It speaks of us in this way:

"Of the 111 exchanges that come to
our table the Messenger, of Richmond
College, Va., is the largest, and in many
respects the best. Indeed, it is almost
worthy the name magazine. It is a great
pleasure to peruse its columns. Among
the interesting articles in the May No.
are the following: "Art Meditation,"
"The Human Mind," The Theoretical and
the Practical." All the articles show
deep thought and logical reasoning, and
prove that the students of Richmond are
well drilled in English composition."

We would suggest to the College Journal
to have more and shorter literary
articles instead of one long one. We also
notice that the Journal follows the ex­
ample of so many northern college papers
in not having covers. We think that its
appearance would be much improved by
a more "toney" exterior. But the Jour­
nal is a good paper, all the same.

And here is the Southern Collegian,
from Washington and Lee University.
It is among our best exchanges; in fact,
it approaches more nearly our ideal of a
first-class college paper than almost any
other of the journals we have seen. Its
editorial department is especially well con­
ducted.

Roanoke Collegian comes next to hand.
We have not perused it thoroughly, but
like what we have seen of it. "Foreign
Correspondence" is interesting. It is a
move in the right direction to hear from
old students. Let the Messenger follow
suit.

The "get-up" of University Register is
good; but its literary merits are not
much. Let the Register bestir itself
and procure some well-written articles.
Thanks for your opinion of us:

"The Richmond Messenger is one of our
most desirable exchanges. College pa­
pers are too often made the channel for
slush and light literature. This not the
case with the Messenger. Its literary
articles are worthy of the consideration of
even those who are not personally inter­
ested in college journalism. The breezy
and interesting manner in which it is con­
ducted makes it one of the best college
journals we have seen."

Although the Exchange editor last
year highly complimented the South­
carolina Collegian, we feel that we must
give it one of the first places among
college journals. Now don't get proud
and stuck up, Mr. Collegian, at so much
praise. Yours is a fine paper.

The Lantern, the organ of Ohio State
University, has some good things in it,
but could be improved in many ways.
Its Locals are very dry, and it has no
Exchange column.

Next comes the University of Vir­
ginia Magazine, standing in the front
rank of college journalism. It is ably
edited and well arranged. We would
suggest that it become a double-column
paper. It would be much more con­
venient. We hope to see the Magazine
again.

Rev. Dr. Lorimer and daughter sailed
for Europe from New York July 31.

He who Mrs. to take a kiss
Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.
COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

Washington and Lee University has conferred the degree of LL. D. on Rev. M. D. Hoge, D. D., of Richmond.

The late Mrs. C. M. McCrosky, of New York, left $50,000 to Williams College to establish the Thornton-Read professorship.

Twenty thousand volumes have been added to the Columbia College library during the past two years.

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.

Bright student in girls' department: "What animal is never dead broke?"
Classmate: "Give it up." Bright student: "The bull-frog, because he always has a greenback."

"Please help me to alight," she said, as she stood in the dog-cart, waiting for assistance, and he absent-mindedly offered her his cigar.

Harvard University is preparing to celebrate its 250th birthday in November. Plans are being made for a grand celebration, which is to last four days, in which, as far as possible, the whole of Harvard College, from the earliest years down, shall have a part.

Senator Stanford, of California, who proposes to establish a new university in that State, has recently visited Gen. Francis A. Walker, of Boston, to consult in regard to some features of the proposed institution, and General Walker will be requested to at once visit Europe and inspect some of the famous colleges in Germany, France, and England.

Prof. (to Sub.-Fresh): "Can you tell me from what race Napoleon came?"
S. F.: "Of Corsican."

Count Yongi, son of the Premier of Japan, is in Chicago arranging with publishers for text-books in the English language for use in the Japanese schools. The Mikado has commanded that English be taught in all the schools of his Empire.

A revised edition of Webster's dictionary is in progress under the direction of Ex-President Noah Porter, of Yale College, assisted by one hundred associate editors and clerks. It is said that the word "boycott" will be added, and also the word "dude," although Ex-President Porter thinks that it will be hard to give a definite description of the meaning which the latter word conveys.

The aggregate income of all the colleges in this country is $4,500,000.

The trustees of the Chicago University have elected Dr. R. L. Harper to the presidency of the institution by an unanimous vote. Dr. Harper is now in the Hebrew chair at Morgan Park, Ill. Later intelligence, however, states that the new chair of Oriental Languages at Yale College has been finally accepted by Professor Harper.

The German Government has ordered the establishment of chairs in Hygiene in all the Universities of the Empire.

The Rev. Dr. George B. Stevens has resigned the pastorate of the First Presbyterian church of Watertown, Conn., to
accept the chair of Sacred Literature at Yale University.

Prof.: "Archimedes, you say, discovered specific gravity on getting in his bath—why had the principle never before occurred to him?"

Student: "Probably this was the first time he ever took a bath."

President McCosh, of Princeton, vigorously repudiates the idea that he is a Scotch philosopher. He wishes to be known as the founder of an American school of philosophy with natural realism as its watchword.

The number of "special" students at Harvard College having grown in four years from 34 to 110, the Faculty has decided that hereafter each special student shall appear before five examiners and show on severe test that he has heretofore been a good student and that he will while at the college work in a thorough and honest way. This policy, it is believed, will decrease the number of these students.

Logical sequence—a comfortable reflection for the indisposed—a lazy boy is better than nothing. Nothing is better than a studious boy. Therefore a lazy boy is better than a studious one.

Professor Libbey, of Princeton, has gone to Alaska to explore the mountains there with Lieutenant Schwatka.

There were one hundred and sixty-five candidates for the West Point examinations this year.

Yale College library is annually increasing at the rate of one thousand volumes.

On July 7th, about one o'clock, while the juries of professors at the Brussels University were examining candidates for the doctorship, a terrible fire broke out in the vast building. Very many valuable books and precious collection of minerals were destroyed. Almost the entire building is in ruins. There was no insurance at all, and hence the loss is very great. Last year had witnessed the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the University.

Columbia College has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York.

Seventeen colleges in the United States are looking for suitable men to fill the president's chair.

Teacher in Mechanical Department: "How is a stove pipe made, sir?"

Student: "Take a long cylindrical hole and wrap a piece of sheet iron around it."

The University of Pennsylvania nine is the only college team which has succeeded in defeating Columbia this season.

A silver cup has been offered to that member of the Bowdoin nine who makes the best batting average during the season.

Now does the Yale freshman mourn. They lost both games with the Harvard freshmen, and hence cannot sit on the Yale fence.

Prof.: "What direction is Greenland from the North pole?" Student: "Northwest."

At Minnesota State University all Senior work has been made optional.

The tower of the new gymnasium at Williams will contain a chime of bells.

Professor Winnecke, formerly director of the Strasburg Observatory, and discoverer of numerous comets, has been obliged to retire from scientific work, his
mind having become unsettled. He is not yet fifty years old.

Society Senior (to a store clerk): "Have you any blue neckties to match my eyes?" Clerk: "No, but we have some soft hats that I think will match your head." Exit Senior.

Five colleges have been founded during the past year in Dakota.

"Nehemiah, compare the adjective 'cold,'" said a school-mistress to her head boy. "Positive, cold; comparative, cough; superlative, coffin," triumphantly responded Nehemiah.

Ladies in the cadet club of the State University of Kansas are said to drill with guns.

Vassar Alumni are trying to raise $20,000 for a new gymnasium.

Jumbo's heart, weighing 47 pounds, has been sent to Cornell University.

Oxford has facilities for printing books in one hundred and fifty languages.

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

No cat has two tails. Every cat has one tail more than no cat. Therefore every cat has three tails.

"Give me a kiss, my darling, do," he said, as he gazed in her eyes of blue. "I won't," said she, "you lazy elf; screw up your lips and help yourself."

Of the late ex-President McLean it is stated that he was born in Princeton; the son of a Princeton professor; graduated from the college in 1816, and immediately became a tutor in the institution. He was made Professor of Mathematics in 1823, and President in 1854. After 1868, when he was succeeded by Dr. McCosh, he continued to live in Princeton, his whole life thus being passed under the shadow of the college.

Prof. John E. Davies, of the Wisconsin State University, one of the greatest mathematicians in the country, is to succeed Prof. Edward S. Holden, a director of the Washburne Observatory at Madison, Wis. Prof. Holden resigned some time ago to assume charge of the Lick Observatory, in California.

The late Dr. J. Norman Steele, of Elmira, N. Y., author of numerous school text-books, bequeathed $8,000 to the Baldwin-Street Methodist church; $40,000 to found the Steele Professorship of Theistic Science in Syracuse University, and mortgages and lands to the amount of $50,000 or more to maintain the chair.

Prof. R. A. Proctor, the astronomer, has come to this country with the intention of remaining, if the climate agrees with him.

A Soph. being asked the origin of restaurant, showed by his answer that he had profited by his studies in etymology. He said that it came from res, a thing, and taurus, a bull—a bully thing.

A boy always rejoices when his mother takes him out of dresses, but he is not out of them long till he embraces them again.

A Chinaman took the prize in English composition at Yale.

Most lies are hyperboles; hyperbole is a figure; hence most lies are figures; but figures cannot lie; ergo, a lie is not a lie.

Columbia has electric lights in her college.

Mr. W. H. Bocock has been elected Professor of Greek in Hampden-Sidney
College, Virginia. Richmond College students will remember him as the umpire of the base-ball game with Randolph-Macon College last session.

Since the formation of the Inter-collegiate Base-Ball Association in 1879, games have been won and lost as follows: Won—Dartmouth, 16; Brown, 20; Amherst, 20; Princeton, 34; Harvard, 34; Yale, 38. Lost—Dartmouth, 32; Amherst, 36; Brown, 36; Princeton, 23; Harvard, 23; Yale, 12.

Joe asked the bald-headed editor about noon if it wasn't "about time to dynamite."

"That's a bomb-astic question," replied the old man, and went on with his article on the Brachiopods vs. Pachydermata. Joe shrunk.

Dr. Chambers, the noted publisher, of Edinburgh, is to have a $5,000 public monument there.

It was thought an interesting coincidence that Yale should give O. W. Holmes, Jr., an LL. D., while Oxford was doing much the same for O. W. Holmes, Sr.

There are 146 theological seminaries in America, with 5,290 students and 750 professors, an average of one professor to every seven students.

Out of every one hundred freshmen that enter Yale, seventy-five graduate; and at Harvard, seventy-four.

Mrs. Muldoon: "Mrs. Mulcahy, have you heard the new remedy for hydrophobia?" Mrs. Mulcahy, "What is it?" Mrs. Muldoon: "Plasteur of Paris."

Of the 380 Senators, Representatives and Delegates catalogued in the Congressional Directory, 208 received only an ordinary or academic education, 151 went through college, 4 were West Pointers, and 6 are self-educated. Harvard has 8 graduates enrolled; University of Virginia 7; Princeton 6; Yale, Miami and Michigan 5 each; Union 4; Bowdoin 3; Dartmouth, Hamilton, Amherst, Williams, and Trinity, 2 each.

The Northwestern University has received $40,000 for the erection of a science hall. The donor, a New York gentleman, wishes to remain unknown for the present.

The whole number of teachers in the public schools of the United States and Territories is 307,804. Of these 198,000, or nearly two-thirds, are women.

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

It is claimed that over 1,700 college students have been converted during the past year, and that there were 2,270 candidates for the ministry in the various colleges.

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

The heraldic device of the Smith family of Virginia is said to be a club flush and the motto, "Thus doth Poker-haunt-us."

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

"The best school of journalism in the world," said Charles F. Thwing, "is the editorial board of a college paper."
SELECTIONS.

Things were dull in Wall street yesterday, when an aged colored man in a long black coat climbed up the steps to the Stock-Exchange gallery. He had the look of an African parson on the lookout for sermon illustrations. He leaned over the gallery-railing and showed his appreciation of the hurly-burly scene below—brokers wildly gesturing and more wildly howling. It wasn’t long before the sightseer was discovered, nor much longer before a matinee was arranged for his especial benefit.

A dozen of the deepest-lunged songsters of the Exchange strode forward to a spot just beneath the gallery-rails, fixed their gaze on the old gentleman above, and began to be their funniest. They sang plantation melodies and went through a lot of monkey business that to them and their fellows seemed humorous beyond all measure. The ancient observer gazed down unmoved, evidently believing the circus a part of the regular Stock Exchange routine. A hundred brokers further down the room joined in the chorus, and the visitor heard lots of things about “Poor Black Joe,” “The Old Cabin Home,” “The Fiddle and the Bow,” “The Shovel and the Hoe,” and lots of other things that ought to have embarrassed him. Then, as the grand and irresistible finale, one proud broker stepped forward and danced a jig.

The colored gentleman watched this with unflagging attention, too, and when the artist’s heels finally rested on the floor he raised his form from a reclining position on the gallery rail, and with a most matter-of-fact air drove his forefinger into his waistcoat pocket. The audience watched and howled. Poor old darkey! He was routed now. So they hugged themselves—in delusion. Out of his pocket came his forefinger, and with a smile that was almost a grin and a bow that was whole-souled, the visitor lifted his hat and tossed the nickel below in front of the singers and their dancer.

Not poor darkey! Poor singers! Poor jig man! Never such a roar was heard in Wall street before. That colored gentleman could have had Delmonico’s whole bar if he had only waited to accept it.

The year of 1887 will be a jubilee one for England. It will mark the completion of the fiftieth year of Queen Victoria’s reign. Every public enterprise will receive a new impetus in Great Britain, and it has been suggested to Americans the wisdom of holding the “American Exhibition” in London from May to November, 1887.

Goethe’s old house at Frankfort-on-the-Main has now been fully renovated. In the process a hidden closet containing many manuscripts and autographs was discovered.

Of the 408 men who make up Congress only 283 are connected with churches.

Gamboge and sepia in combination, and relieving each other, are excellent in effect for landscape sketches.