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# Richmond College Messenger.

1871

VOL. XII.

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NO. 3.

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## Drifting.

As my boat, bedecked with colors,  
Moves along the drifting sea,  
I do not hear the roaring billows  
Waiting, watching there for me.

I see nothing in my pleasure,  
Of the things around me now,  
Forgetful of my existence  
From Him who received my vow.

Zephyrs soft, with sweetest fragrance  
Lull me gently now to rest,  
While the music from the seraphs  
Seem the songs of Heaven's blest.

No pain disturbs my peaceful dreams,  
No care my mind has entered;  
Enwrapped beneath these blissful folds,  
My hope on earth is centered.

But shall we glide forever thus,  
Upon the smooth sea of life,

Disturbed by no conflicting songs,  
Hindered by no earthly strife?

Shall our life run quietly on,  
Dotted with no thorns of care,  
Shall roses' perfume round us cling,  
Having only this to bear?

Ah, 'tis pleasant thus to slumber,  
Drifting with the tide of time,  
With no troubles to engross us  
In the realms of earthly clime.

But, rise ye from this pleasant trance,  
For this earth is not your home;  
Use your time for some good purpose,  
And not thus around to roam.

Steer your barks, thus brightly decked,  
Safely o'er this raging sea,  
And may your driftings land you there  
Where then you will safely be.

RABNUD.

That popular selection for public readings, "Curfew shall not Ring To-night," was written nineteen years ago by Rose Hartwick, a Michigan girl of sixteen years of age. She is now Mrs. Thorp,

of Grand Rapids. The "Curfew" is the only thing of note she has written, though she derives considerable income from children's stories furnished various publications.



### Bacon.

History furnishes us with no man possessing a mind better constituted or more comprehensive in its grasp than that of Francis Bacon. Francis Bacon was born at York House, in the Strand, London, on the 22d day of February, 1561. He was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was Lord-Keeper of the Great Seal of England, and one of the leading statesmen of Elizabeth's reign. Francis Bacon's mother, Anne Bacon, was a highly cultivated lady. He exhibited signs of quick perception and minute observation at an early age. We would naturally suppose that a boy with Bacon's surroundings and advantages would have the loftiest aspirations. His body was delicate, and this explains to a great extent his precocity. He was, when a mere child, very sober and dignified in his deportment, on account of which, Queen Elizabeth used to call him her little Lord-Keeper. He entered Cambridge at the age of thirteen. Here he laid the foundation of that philosophy which was afterwards to be of so much benefit to future generations and to exert such a great influence over them. At sixteen years of age he visited France, and remained there for some time under the care of Sir Amias Paulet, who was at that time the English minister to France. There he devoted himself mostly to the study of diplomacy. After spending two years on the continent, travelling and gathering material for his first literary work, *Of the State of Europe*, he was summoned to England on account of the death of his father.

At this trying period of his life, father-

less and without money, he resolved upon law as a profession, and was admitted to the bar in 1582. He wished to obtain some lucrative office with slight duties, and, accordingly, made repeated appeals for the patronage of Lord Burleigh, his uncle. Notwithstanding his relation to Lord Burleigh, and notwithstanding that his father had done so much for his country, he failed to procure the desired office. His hopes being thwarted in this direction, he solicited the patronage of Lord Essex, who was the rival of Lord Brougham, and was fast rising in the favor of the Queen. In Essex he found a generous patron and a staunch friend, untiring in his efforts to promote him. Essex assisted him by giving him large sums of money, and helped him in many other ways. It was not long before Essex began to decline in the favor of the queen as rapidly as he had risen. Making a complete failure in his government of Ireland, on account of recklessness and lack of caution, he became unpopular among the higher classes, although the greater bulk of the people were still attached to him on account of his courtesy, generosity, and bravery. Bacon finding that Essex had declined in the favor of the queen, and thinking that he could be of no further benefit to him, and that, probably, he might injure himself by further connections with him, soon severed the ties of friendship. Essex was charged with treason, and Bacon, who had been appointed Queen's counsel, prosecuted him. A short while after this he was called upon by the queen to write "A Declaration of the Practices and



Treasures Attempted and Committed by Robt. Earl of Essex."

When James I. came to the throne, Bacon obtained his favor very easily. On the day on which James was crowned, Bacon was knighted, and soon after this he married Alice Barnham, the daughter of a London alderman. Bacon was now rapidly advancing. He attached himself to Villiers, whom he foresaw, with that keen discernment which was peculiarly his own, would outstrip his rivals. Although Villiers exerted his influence to secure Bacon's promotion, yet he was by no means so warm a friend as Essex had been. Preferment after preferment followed upon each other until Bacon was honored with the title of High Chancellor of England. In the next year he was made Baron Varulam, and shortly after this, Viscount St. Albans. But, alas! this great man was disgraced. He was charged with corruption in office. He was compelled to give up his office, and was declared ineligible to any office after that. He was sentenced to imprisonment, and a fine of forty thousand pounds was imposed upon him. He was released from all of these penalties afterwards.

In 1624 Bacon began to receive a yearly pension of twelve hundred pounds. From this time until his death some of his best literary work was done.

In 1626, while preparing to try an experiment on a very severe day, he took cold from the exposure, and died shortly afterwards. In the words of Lord Macaulay, "The great apostle of experimental philosophy was destined to be its martyr."

In glancing at Bacon's character as an author, we have the display of the work-

ings of a mind whose range knew no bounds, whose productions are the embodiment of profundity of thought, scholarship, and originality, and show the touch of a master-hand. He himself did not fail to discover his superior powers. For it was on account of the recognition of these that he wrote, "I have taken all knowledge to be my province." Although he has made such valuable additions to our literature, we regret that he did not devote more of his life to literary pursuits; and we are affected by this regret the more when we remember that he employed his powers in this direction merely as a relaxation from toil, as a diversion after his brain had been burdened with the cares and duties of public life. Although a man with Bacon's intellect could thrive under any conditions, whether, as an advocate, he pleaded for his client, sat as a member of Parliament, or acted in the capacity of judge; yet, undoubtedly it would have been better for him and the rest of mankind if he had given himself entirely up to literature. "The great secretary of nature and all learning" might then have completed that grand system of philosophy and seen some of its wonderful results.

His philosophical works show the breadth and depth of his great mind. His philosophy advocated *fruit* in opposition to that taught by Aristotle, which had held sway for centuries. His was not the mind to accept an opinion rashly and without thought, nor to shrink from an undertaking, if that undertaking could be carried out by the most protracted and strenuous efforts. This explains why it fell to Bacon's lot to point out the fallacies of the Aristotelian philosophy. His essays show his wonderful power of



expressing much thought in a few words, and contain examples of the richest fancy and the loftiest flights of eloquence. All of his writings are remarkable for accuracy, clearness, and force of language.

We now turn to a less attractive spectacle. It seems almost incredible to us that a man possessing one of the finest intellects that has ever been given to man, and endowed with such transcendent natural gifts, should present personal qualities other than admirable. But the truth is that Bacon often employed those extraordinary powers to accomplish ends unworthy of them. He had an unconquerable desire for wealth and power. To obtain these he would resort to the worst expedients. He was always afraid of offending authority, and when he had offended it, he would humble himself at its feet in the most servile submission. He had a low, mean spirit, which could not

be trusted. Rather than incur the displeasure of the queen, he appeared as an advocate against his best friend, and afterwards helped to blacken his memory. Notwithstanding Bacon's many faults, as a general thing no one was more gentle, more prudent, less revengeful or less governed by his passions. He was so courteous and accomplished that he was always respected. There was a certain dignity which pervaded the man, even when weighed down by ignominy and shame, which impressed all those with whom he came in contact with a feeling of inferiority. We are disposed to sympathize with a man, and to overlook his weaknesses, in whose path were thrown so many obstacles and temptations, and we remember Bacon not by his faults, but by the grand and glorious achievements which he wrought for mankind.

S. B.

### **A Horseback Ride Through the Mountains of Virginia.**

FROM RICHMOND TO STAUNTON.

To many people there may be little attractiveness in the thought of a horseback ride through the rugged mountains of Virginia, but the very mention of such an idea was sufficient to wake up the drowsy spirits of what was left of two last-session students of Richmond College (to which number this humble scribe belonged) and put them in a high state of enthusiasm. The project, which was the thoughtful suggestion of our parents, loomed up before us and fascinated us at once. We laid hold of our father's nags and turned them loose to fatten upon the grassy campus of the college. They devoted a week to that single business, and

they did their part nobly. In the meantime we patched and brushed up our modest apparel and went into a general state of preparation, and when Monday morning, July 12th, dawned, we each had a pair of saddle-bags and a valise closely packed, and our steed stood ready at the door. Everything appeared auspicious. Even His Solar Majesty seemed to have taken on a little extra brilliancy for the purpose of lighting up our pathway. We left our valises to be expressed to us at Fluvanna, threw our saddle-bags over our horses, scattered kisses among our home folks, and started upon our eventful pilgrimage.



It was 8 o'clock when the last rumbling of our horses' hoofs on the Free bridge died away. We hurried through the streets of Manchester and were soon raising the dust of Chesterfield soil. By special invitation, we rode up to the home of Judge B. A. Hancock, where we were treated to a royal breakfast. After an hour of pleasant chat we bid them adieu and began again our dusty journey. Midlothian Pits came in view about 1 o'clock, and here, seated on the green grass, we devoted our attention to some fried chicken and biscuits. A six-miles ride in the cool of the evening brought us to the home of Mr. David Watkins, of Powhatan county. We came upon him unawares, but his welcome was none the less cordial.

The sun was not far ahead of us next morning when we shook hands with our generous host and started our animals up the road. 12 o'clock found us at Powhatan Courthouse. We prowled about the place for two or three hours, keeping a respectable distance from the jail (as all other tramps do), and at 3 o'clock we were on our way again. After a twelve-miles ride, and as the sun was sinking out of sight, we rode up to the gate of Mr. Geo. W. Hurt. As he came down the walk he scanned us, with our dusty saddle-bags and dilapidated-looking horses, with a questioning glance, and did not seem skilled in the art of recognizing us, but our faces soon presented a familiar look, and in he carried us. Beneath his roof we spent a most delightful night, and it was with a strong desire that we could stay longer that we packed up our traps next morning and left them.

A two-miles ride brought us to the neat little Baptist parsonage where lives Rev.

Jno. R. Bagby. We walked in upon him, and a most kindly welcome he gave us. Mr. and Mrs. Bagby caused the evening to pass away rapidly and pleasantly by their entertaining music. To these tramps it was a treat.

When we left them next morning, we had in mind the village of Deatonsville, Amelia county, as our destination, but it seems that the Fates had mapped out a different programme for us. Our first point of inquiry was Stony Point. For the first three miles our journey was serene, but by some unlucky circumstance we got into the wrong road, and went jogging along in blissful ignorance of our mistake. We were at last informed by a gentleman of dark extraction that Stony Point was in one direction, and we were going in another. This little bit of information had no special charm about it, and yet we did not think any less of our colored friend on that account. He pointed to a distant field, and there started us in the right direction. Can we ever forget that ride? We tramped over bushes and briars, through corn-fields and wheat-fields, over roads that had long since lost their personal identity, through marshy bottoms with the mud from one to two feet deep, and over bridges of a wavering frame of mind. Oh, the trials and tribulations of that trip from Ballsville to Stony Point.

We gave up all hope of ever reaching Deatonsville, and made our way, six miles, to the residence of Mr. J. H. McRae, in Cumberland county. Our reception and treatment was in happy contrast to our afflictions of the morning. I had shared his hospitality before, and was not surprised at the many kind attentions from him and his wife. Their kindness



to the tramps will not soon be forgotten.

We left next morning and rode eight miles to Mr. Ned Gilliam's, a good old Baptist brother. Here we enjoyed a good dinner and spent a few hours in pleasant talk with the old gentleman.

At 2 o'clock we left for Fork Union, Fluvanna county, seventeen miles distant. When our feet touched the banks of the James and we stepped into the ferry-boat the sun was already out of sight. We then had before us five and a half miles of a country abounding in forks and cross-roads. To make the situation still more dismal, darkness soon appeared upon the scene. We trotted along for about two miles, when we came upon a fence built directly across the road. We floundered about for several hours, disturbed the peaceful slumbers of a colored brother to ask directions; meditated upon the sad lot of man, and it was not until the dark hour of 10 o'clock that the lights of the village of Fork Union glimmered through the trees, and we rode up to the residence of Capt. Chas. G. Snead. The house was in a slumbering state, but the head of it welcomed us in, put us in beds of a first-class order, and we were soon on intimate terms with our old, cherished friend—Morpheus.

We remained in the Fork neighborhood five days, spending most of our time in visiting. On Sunday we attended one of the largest country Sunday schools in the State, at the Fork Union church. Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday we devoted to seeing the people. One of the most delightful features of our visiting was that we were several times accompanied by three bewildering, fascinating young damsels. My brother tramp is a stern youth, to whom Cupid has been

able to do but little damage with her darts, but I must say that one of the above-mentioned damsels touched the strings of his obstinate heart and laid him a helpless victim at her feet. As for this unworthy tramp, he retired from the field as soon as he saw his fellow-traveller step to the front, and it was only when he saw him mortally wounded (shot through the heart) that he reappeared upon the field to bear him off.

In the way of having a royal time, our stay in Fluvanna was a shining success, and it was with a melancholiness of spirit that we bundled up our traps on Wednesday evening and started once more on our pilgrimage. So far our trip had been booming, and yet we felt that there were still richer times ahead of us. We jogged along by persimmon bushes for a distance of fourteen miles, when we knocked at the door of Mr. Courteny Adams. He gave the travellers a hearty welcome, and it is with feelings of grateful pleasure that they look back to the night spent beneath his roof. His two attractive daughters added much to the delight of the occasion. I began to think that my fellow-traveller's heart had been knocked into splinters for a second time, and I have even yet a lingering suspicion on that point.

We made an early start next morning, and at 1 o'clock we were hurrying through the little town of Scottsville. We travelled on through Albemarle county, fed our horses in Nelson, and as the sun was taking its last, lingering peep over the western hills, we rode up to the home of Mrs. Elsom, having come since morning thirty-five miles. Mrs. Elsom is the mother of Rev. P. G. Elsom, of Richmond, and has a beautiful home on one



of the pretty hills of Nelson. I was not a stranger to her hospitality, and was therefore prepared for the kindly reception she gave us. How agreeably we could have spent a week at this quiet place, but our trip was mapped out, and we had to stick to our plan. It was early next morning when we returned our grateful thanks to Mrs. Elsom, and turned our faces in the direction of Lynchburg. We had another long ride before us. How unmercifully did the sun fling its scorching rays upon us! I had had the misfortune to lose my umbrella the evening before, and as a consequence the sun smote me with redoubled ferocity, but I hung my head and jogged along.

At half-past 5 o'clock we landed at Amherst Courthouse, dust-begrimed, dilapidated, and dinnerless. My brother tramp was bent on reaching Lynchburg that night, so he left me here and started off at double speed. I uttered a sigh for his innocent beast, and wished him well. I brushed up my straggling locks, tried to look as little like my natural self as possible, and rode out to the elegant home of Capt. Jesse Adams. He was on the lookout for me and gave me a kindly welcome, and to add to my delight my college-mate of last session, Rev. W. C. Tyree, was on hand. The Captain and his cultivated family surely know how to make things pleasant for the visiting brother, and the evening spent in their midst will long be remembered by this scribbling tramp. It was a hard tug to decline their invitation to remain longer, but the other tramp had my promise to meet him that day in Lynchburg, and there I arrived at the scorching hour of 3 P. M. It was the first sign of a city that I had seen since I left Rich-

mond, and things began to look more natural. My headquarters while in Lynchburg were at the charming home of Mr. Wm. L. Bowman, a prominent member of the Baptist church. He and his wife treated this scribe with royal kindness. Of course the most attractive point of interest for the Baptist traveller is the new Baptist church—one of the most imposing church edifices in the State—and there I had the pleasure of worshipping on Sunday. The next four days of my stay were spent in visiting friends and kindred, and a most delightful time I had. Friday morning was the time for our departure. I bid my hosts an early adieu, joined my brother in the travelling profession at Dr. Thornhill's, and by half-past 8 o'clock we were shaking the dust of Lynchburg soil from our feet.

After a ten-miles ride, we drew up at the beautiful mountain home of Mr. Robert McDaniel, where we had been invited to pause in our wild career. We spent a night beneath his roof, and we would like to have spent a dozen more in the same way, but we had to hurry on.

One o'clock Saturday found us ten miles on the road, and at the gates of two of this tramp's uncles — Dr. Spott Thompson and Mr. Henry Hatcher. They live on opposite sides of the road, and in their midst we spent a day and a half. Mr. Hatcher belongs to the illustrious brotherhood of old bachelors, and he stands in the front ranks of his profession. Much of the delight of his old age seems to consist in raising peaches, grapes, and honey, for the enjoyment of his friends. We spent a restful and very pleasant day at Dr. Thompson's on Sunday. In the morning we attended Sunday school at old Mt. Hermon church.



We were in full view of the Peaks of Otter on Monday morning, when we shook hands with our kin and resumed our journey. After riding twelve miles we came upon the town of Liberty, a place of about two thousand inhabitants, and commanding a magnificent view of the Peaks. Here we spent two hours talking to friends and kindred (and the woods were full of them). At 2 o'clock we spoke our last word and moved on. We rode six miles through one of the prettiest sections of Bedford to the home of Mr. Jerry Hatcher. In the company of his lovely family we spent a most delightful night and day. What a capital place his is for two tired tramps to make their resting place.

Five o'clock on Tuesday evening found us on our horses enquiring the way to Mr. Calvin Hatcher's. The road lay over a very rough, mountainous country, but we were on horseback, and with the Peaks of Otter towering high before us, our ride was a charm. We had travelled eight miles when we rode up to the gate of Mr. Hatcher. As he took us to be book agents of the worst order, his countenance did not wear a very inviting look; but as he recognized in one of the tramps one of his youthful nephews, his face took on a beaming smile, and things went well with the tramps thereafter. His house is at the foot of the Peaks, and is a No. 1 stopping place for visitors to the mountain. Wednesday evening was the time set apart for our trip to the top. We were fortunate in securing as our companion and guide a young man who dwelt far up on the sides of the Peaks and who knew the mountain by heart. At 4 o'clock we packed a satchel with juicy apples and started on our mountain trip. The dis-

tance to the top was two and a half miles. The road was steep and rocky, and covered to such an extent that it was almost impossible to get a view from it until the summit was gained. After a two-hours tug, puffing and blowing we reached the top. Here we found a snug little hotel built away among the rocks. After resting our weary bones for a few moments we climbed upon one of the tallest rocks, and there for the first time, the view burst upon us! It seemed to me that I had been suddenly transported to some lofty pinnacle many miles high. The feeling of awe that comes over one as he beholds mountains and valleys spread out before him for miles and miles is almost overpowering. The picture, with its farms and forests laid out in irregular fashion, resembled a crazy quilt. Liberty, a little town seven miles distant, makes one imagine that a handful of pebbles had been scattered over the ground. I attempted the novel feat of writing a letter upon the topmost rock, and although it was the 4th of August, the winds began to howl by me at such a shivering rate my teeth began to clatter, and my hands became so benumbed that I had to surrender and come down lower.

We soon turned our attention to the western portion of the sky to the setting sun. There were just enough clouds on hand to make the thing a success. The sun made his retiring bow behind the long, level range of the Alleghanys, and just as he touched the edge, it seemed to be a flaming ball of fire resting on a level surface. The sight was glorious. We spent the night in the hotel, and next morning at 4½ o'clock we were sitting up on the highest rocks, wrapped in blankets, waiting for His Solar Majesty to put



in his appearance. He began to warn us of his approach by flashing his rays upon the clouds banked up in the eastern sky. We had been watching for some time for him to rise above a certain point, each claiming that he would catch the first glimpse of him, when one of us spied him, already three fourths above the horizon, at a point a little distant to the left. He had stolen a march on us. The sky was quite cloudy, and the view did not equal in grandeur the one of the night before. We lingered on the rocks until the sun was high in the heavens before we began our descent. We made the trip in almost a continual run.

We remained at our stopping place at the foot of the mountain until Friday morning. What a quiet, restful time we spent! What delightful chats we had with the old folks! This scribbler had not seen them for ten years, and may probably never again. They are both far down on the other side of the hill of life, but their hopeful faith makes their path grow brighter the longer their journey grows.

We packed up our traps early Friday morning, and started for a pilgrimage across the Blue Ridge mountains. For about a mile we ascended the Peaks, then we turned to the left, followed a ridge a short distance, and then began to ascend until we came within about a hundred feet of the tallest portions of the mountain. At this height with slight variations we continued our journey for a distance of  $8\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and then we began gradually to descend. The morning was lovely, and the scenery, as valley after valley would burst upon our view, magnificent. When the sun had reached its zenith, the Blue Ridge mountains were behind us,

and we could see in the distance the spires of the little town of Buchanan. Here resides the Baptist pastor, Rev. Geo. W. Beale. We rode up to his house, and were kindly welcomed in, treated to an excellent dinner, and graciously allowed a refreshing nap. At 4 o'clock we shook the parting hand, and struck out at a lively jog from the famous old Valley turnpike for the town of Fincastle, 12 miles distant, where we landed about sunset. These two frazzled-out tramps had received an invitation from Judge Swann to make his home, in Fincastle, one of their resting places. We had not ridden far along the streets of town before we were taken in hand by the Judge, and given a most hospitable reception. He has his home at Rev. Mr. Gray's, a popular Baptist minister of the Valley, and at their home we received royal treatment. On Saturday the Judge carried us around to see some of his town friends, and in the evening we visited a few of the objects of interest in and around the town. Sunday we had the pleasure of hearing two excellent sermons—one in the morning by Rev. Dr. C. Tyree, and one at night by Rev. Mr. Wildman, a former pastor.

Munday was court-day, and to add to the glory of the day a political convention was down on the programme. The farmers were swarming in from every direction at 10 o'clock, when we bade our friends adieu and left. The kindness of Mrs. Gray and the Judge to the two shattered tramps was delightful, and will make the memory of their summer trip all the brighter.

For a distance of 12 miles, in the middle of the day, the sun had a clear sweep at us, and he did his best on us. What was left of us arrived at Hollins Insti-



tute at 2 o'clock. What a beautiful place it is, with its splendid buildings and lovely grounds. We were not surprised at the large number of students which crowd the school every session. Prof. Cocke gave us a kindly welcome. In the evening we were taken in hand by Mrs. Turner and shown some of the principal and most attractive features of the place. Mrs. Turner teaches English at Hollins, and I congratulate any young lady who will have this ticket in her course. We felt mournful, indeed, that our stay at Hollins was compelled to be so brief, but we had to shake hands with our friends early next morning and start for the town of Buchanan, 20 miles distant. We made the trip in five hours. For 10 miles of our journey we enjoyed the luxury of a drizzling rain.

As we rode into Buchanan, we found that the Valley Association had just adjourned for dinner, and we were quite in a frame of mind to do the same thing.

We were simply acting according to the orders of Mr. Wm. Boyd, given us at Fincastle, when we rode up on the hill to his elegant home overlooking the town. Here we found a great Baptist host assembled, and what a royal dinner he gave us. I think if Pizzini had seen it he would have taken down his sign. We attended the Association in the evening and at night. It was gracefully presided over by Mr. Walter N. Johnson, of Buchanan. At night we had the pleasure of listening to a very touching address by Dr. Diaz, of Cuba.

Seldom have we visited a more delightful home than that of Mrs. Boyd. It was with many regrets that we turned our back upon Buchanan next morning (Wednesday) at 10 o'clock and moved

on, with Natural Bridge, twelve miles distant, as our objective point. I had heard that people sometimes ride across Natural Bridge without being aware of it. I could but smile at their seeming stupidity; but when we had ridden about twelve miles my companion suddenly stopped, and asked me if I had seen the Bridge. I nodded in the negative. He informed me that I had just crossed it, and as I turned and looked behind me, I saw that it was a fact. We rode up to the hotel, put up our famished beasts, and determined to test Col. Parson's skill in the dinner line. We were late getting in, and *alarmingly late getting out*. We had only half an hour in which to pay our respects to the Bridge. We began to descend a hill by many little winding paths until we reached a ravine. After walking a few yards up this and making a turn to the right, we came suddenly in view of the massive wonder rising up before us. I take for granted that most of my readers have seen this curiosity. It far surpassed my highest expectations. Its massiveness impresses one with awe, and holds him spell-bound as his eye moves up and down the mighty structure.

A small stream flows under the bridge, and for a mile up this stream the scenery is picturesque and beautiful. But our time was short, and our visit hurried and a little unsatisfactory. But we had seen it! We hastened to the hotel, jumped upon our beasts, and at 4:40 P. M. we were on our way to Lexington, 14 miles distant. We travelled through a country surrounded by mountains and rich in natural scenery. I think that nature, when she came to make the counties of Virginia, put out her strength on Rock-bridge, and lingered longer over its adorn-



ment than usual. It was half-past 8 o'clock when we set foot on Lexington soil. We found our way to the residence of Rev. Jas. B. Taylor, where we had been invited to pause in our journey. Even in the moments of our highest expectations we had not anticipated such a kind and cordial welcome as the Doctor and his charming wife gave us. It seemed never to have entered their heads that we were simply hard-looking vagabonds, but during our brief stay they treated these no-count tramps in a manner that made them fairly tremble with gratitude. What a delightful time we spent in their lovely Christian home.

The next morning, under the chaperonage of Dr. Taylor's oldest son, Poindexter, we visited the principal objects of interest in Lexington, viz.: Jackson's grave, Lee's sarcophagus, his study, W. and L. University, the Virginia Military Institute, etc. The tramps will ever have a tender spot in their heart for Poindexter.

At 2 o'clock that evening (Thursday) our pleasant stay came to an end, and we embarked for the residence of Mr. Davis, a Baptist brother, 12 miles from Lexington. He did not know before that we were in existence, and yet he treated us as if we had been friends of long standing. If he treats all of his visitors as he did us, then I congratulate any one who falls into his hospitable hands.

The sun was not in sight next morning when we saddled our horses and began our day's march. After travelling four miles we began to enter the famous Goshen Pass. I had supposed that this pass was simply a short-cut through some mountain range and only a few hundred feet in length. Imagine my surprise when I found that it was five miles in

length. In the centre runs a sparkling river, one of the most beautiful streams this tramp ever saw. The road runs along on its side, and on both sides tall, rocky mountain cliffs rise almost perpendicular many hundred feet. In some places great masses of rock overhang the road. The scenery in this pass is constantly changing, and one's head is kept continually turning in every direction during the five miles. I give it as my opinion that for grandeur of scenery, Goshen Pass excels either Natural Bridge, the Peaks of Otter, or Luray Cave. After leaving the pass our journey was not so radiant. We kept true to our natural instincts, and got lost. Our objective point was Staunton. At 1 o'clock we stopped at the little village of Craigsville, and fed our famished horses, having come since 5 P. M. twenty-two miles. We were informed that between us and Staunton lay twenty-four long mountain miles. After this soothing announcement we gathered up our broken spirits and melancholily moved on. At half-past 9 o'clock a dilapidated-looking duett were seen moving along Main street, of Staunton, on horseback at the rate of one mile an hour. A single look at them would have been sufficient to touch the hardest heart. Friends, I was half of them. We turned what was left of our nags over to the tender (?) mercies of a livery-stable man and dragged our weary bones up to the gate of Rev. Dr. Nelson. Here, for the first time in five weeks, this tramp had the pleasure of looking upon the faces of his home folks. Dr. Nelson was away, but at the hands of Mrs. Nelson we received superb treatment. If we ever start out on another summer trip the name of Staunton shall be put in italics in our list of stopping places.

(To be continued.)



### Hayne.

If we should attempt at one rapid glance to review the lives of all the great statesmen that our "Sunny South" has ever produced, and endeavor to recognize the one whose memory we would most revere, for the combination of those virtues which go to form the character of a true and noble man, a patriotic and brave citizen, and a public servant with an irreproachable career, our attention should be centered upon that distinguished son of South Carolina—Robert Young Hayne. This noble son, whom the old State delighted to honor, was born November 10th, 1791. He was the son of Col. Wm. Hayne. As a lad he was not brilliant, and was the very opposite of what we call a precocious boy. He lived with his aunt, at Beaufort, S. C., 'till about his tenth year, when he came to Charleston and entered school, having for his master an educated gentleman, who was graduate from one of the great European universities. He was a quiet, studious, unassuming youth, with gentle, affectionate manners; still, he had a "certain reserve," which went with him all through life. As I have remarked, he was not brilliant, but he was very industrious, and hence soon won the affection and sympathy of his master.

From his boyhood his character was irreproachable. He was honest, candid, upright, and moral. A large proportion of his boyhood days was spent in the country. It was this country life and country sports, of which he was so fond, that gave him that magnificent *physique* by virtue of which, in after life, he was enabled to undergo such mental and bodily

labors as would have exhausted one of less vigorous constitution. Mr. Emerson says, in speaking of the ever-changing scenes which country life presents, and of their priceless value to the orator and statesman, that long after, "amid agitation and terror in national councils, these solemn images shall reappear in their morning lustre as fit symbols for the language of the hour. At the call of a noble sentiment, again the woods wave, the pines murmur, the river rolls and shines, and the cattle low upon the mountains, putting the spells of persuasion, the keys of power, into his hands"; and thus it was that Hayne received the major part of his education. In addition to his natural industry in the acquirement of knowledge, he *always* pursued that which he had in view with great fervor and determination. He aimed at nothing but what was high and noble, and this, his imperial will generally enabled him to conquer.

At the age of eighteen years he entered the law-office of Hon. Langdon Cheves, a lawyer of great reputation, for whom he had an unbounded admiration. Because of his indefatigable study and perseverance he was admitted to the bar before he had attained his majority. In a short time, circumstances so shaped themselves that the immense law practice of his partner passed into his untrained hands. He was equal to the great responsibility. He devoted himself entirely to his duty, taxing all his powers to the utmost, and in a few years he was an acknowledged peer of the leading spirits of the Charleston bar. As a lawyer the



depth, clearness, and keenness of his intellect shone forth with resplendent beauty. His self-control and self-possession whilst in the excitement of heated debate was complete. With his great legal knowledge, his extraordinary memory, his massive intellect, his fervent eloquence in presenting his full, clear, precise, analytic arguments, and above all, his coolness in listening to his opponents and the dexterity with which he silenced them, indeed made him a mighty power in the legal profession.

At the age of twenty-three years, he was elected to the State Legislature. He soon distinguished himself in this body as one who combined "powers of clear perception and solid argument," suitable language, distinctness of pronunciation, and general persuasiveness of manner, which rendered him a very fine parliamentary debater. His career in the Legislature was brilliant, and his advance steady, though rapid, for at the beginning of his third term we find him elected Speaker of the House. In this capacity he distinguished himself as a wise executive officer. But he was not left long to enjoy the position to which his brilliant talents had brought him in so short a time, but heard the call, "Come up higher," and in 1817, in the twenty-sixth year of his life, he was elected to the honorable position of Attorney-General of South Carolina. For five years he held this responsible position with ever-increasing reputation as a great constitutional lawyer and a prosecutor of rare powers, ever trying to "temper justice with mercy." But in this, as in all other things, that which was dearest to him, was cold, stern duty. Never once in his whole term as the attorney for the State,

did he lift his hand to strike, because it was in his power to do so.

His rule was

"The rule of noblest pity, qualified

By the wise strength of conscience and of law,

Humanity with temperate reason fused,

Mercy with ire, as most becomes our race,  
All forfeit once to fires of wrath divine,

But ransomed now thro' our fair master,  
Christ."

Further up the ladder of fame and usefulness Mr. Hayne steps. Now was to be realized that of which he had dreamed, and for which he had labored, hard and patiently, since the days of his boyhood. Just as he arrived at the age required by the Constitution, he was selected to represent South Carolina in the United States Senate. At this time he was the youngest senator in the body. At last he was in a position where full scope was given to his magnificent genius; in a position where, by the proper use of his God-given powers, he might wield a power for good unknown and render his name immortal and his memory dear to the heart of every patriotic citizen. He did not aim at mediocrity. His aspirations were noble and lofty. His expectations were soon realized; for in the shortest conceivable time he successfully contested deep national issues with many of the most illustrious men upon the senatorial floor.

So far as we are able to judge, his career was brilliant, useful, and irreproachable. That his worth as a man of thorough business capacity, soon became known, is attested by the fact that he was early appointed chairman of the "Standing Committee on Naval Affairs," then one of the most important Senate committees. It is said that he performed the



duties devolving upon him in this capacity with such marked ability as to secure the confidence of the entire Senate and the esteem of the officers of the navy. For one thing the people of South Carolina were especially indebted to him : he never for a moment lost sight of the interests of his constituency, as so many congressmen have done and are still doing. He always jealously guarded the interests of his State. It would give me much pleasure to glance at the many debates and national issues in which he figured, but the limits of my sketch forbid me this pleasure. I shall have space to glance at only one of the great debates in which he took a conspicuous part.

A great controversy had arisen between his beloved State and the Federal Government. South Carolina claimed that Congress had acted unjustly with her, concerning certain high duties that had been imposed on foreign exchanges. This affected her interests materially, as she was a commercial State. By the Constitution, Congress was to protect her commerce : she claimed that instead of so doing, certain laws had been passed, which, if executed, would bring certain ruin to some of her most important branches of commerce. [Now, as to the justness of this complaint we have nothing whatever to do.] The South Carolina delegation, both of the House and Senate, were infuriated at what *they conscientiously believed* to be a trespass upon the rights of the State. Then Robert Young Hayne came to the front, and for the first time the doctrine of "State sovereignty"—that doctrine out of which grew, in a few years, a bloody civil war—was boldly vindicated upon the floor of the United States Senate. Then

it was that the encounter, which will never be forgotten in our fair land, took place between Hayne as the champion for "State sovereignty," and Daniel Webster, the "great apostle of consolidation." The time had come. Each surrounded on all sides by brave supporters—one, by those who believed that the State should be sovereign ; and the other, by those who believed in the centralization of power—they were suddenly in the position of

"Men on whose shoulders at a moment's warning,  
The weight of mightiest interests was flung ;  
Who in the conflict cannot shrink, nor pause,  
Tho' for mere breath, and still must lift their crests,  
Knight-like, and 'mid the clang and crash of blows  
Gigantic hold their fame up with firm hands,  
And a grand issue grandly vindicate."

The senatorial chamber and galleries were crowded to overflowing with representatives from all parties, classes, and factions, embracing many eminent personages. The debate grew in intensity, and the general interest became wider and more manifest. Hayne was urged on by what he deemed a malicious attack upon his State, and it has been said that he defended the actions of South Carolina "as he would have defended the fair fame of his mother or the honor of his wife." When he closed his speech tumultuous applause greeted him, and triumph shone from the eyes of his friends. So compact and close was his reasoning ; so earnest and fiery his retorts, and so dazzling and impassioned his eloquence, that his friends thought surely that the palm was his ; that no mortal man could answer him.

But when Webster came forward he was fully equal to the demands of the occasion. His production on this occa-



sion surpassed even his great reputation. It was perfect in style, illustration, and language. Victory was claimed, and is still claimed, by both sides. [We can all judge for ourselves, as both arguments are incorporated in nearly all our books on oratory.] It is sufficient to say that this was perhaps the crowning point of the senatorial career of the subject of our sketch.

For about three years South Carolina remained inactive. Then a convention assembled, appointed a committee of twenty-one, of which Hayne was chairman, which drafted and passed the "Ordinance of Nullification." In this she defied, to a certain extent, the Federal Government, for allusions were made to the right of the State to make void any unconstitutional law. In the midst of all this, Hayne was called upon by the almost unanimous voice of his State to turn from the brilliant career just opening before him in the council-chamber of the nation, to lay aside all the hopes and aspirations so long fostered, and to place himself at the head of his State as its "Chief Executive." All honor to his memory for the step he now took! He was a loyal son. Duty called, he must obey. Dangers threatened from all sides, possible oppression by the General Government, a probable civil war, accompanied by "murder, anarchy, and utter disorganization of society."

All these things passed clearly before his mind, and in the light of them, he abandoned that which was the glory of his youth, and did not hesitate a moment to take his place at the head of this disorganized State; and all simply because duty called him to it. I would that we had space to show what a signal blessing

he was to South Carolina. How, by his imperial will, he stepped before mobs and uplifted that hand and uttered a few kind words; how peace reigned instead of the rude chaos, and how those bent on bloodshed became obedient citizens. We can only say that he boldly and bravely stood at the helm and guided the "ship of state" through the turbid waters of that dark period 'till the honor of old South Carolina had been saved.

It was in December, 1834, that his term of office as Governor expired. He then retired to private life, though not to inactivity. He identified himself with several enterprises which were directed toward the public welfare. For the next five years he was an influential railroadman, being president of one of our southern companies. Whilst busily engaged in transacting the business that duty placed upon him, on the 15th of September, 1839, he was stricken down by a bilious fever, and ten days later he died, trusting in the "meek and lowly Jesus." Although his life had been so eventful, he had not yet completed his forty-eighth year. His death was mourned by the whole country. Cordial expressions of deep sympathy and sorrow were received from the North, East, South, and West. But it was his native State that grieved most for her noble son. His remains were deposited in a private burial-ground, near Asheville, N. C., (where he died,) but were afterwards removed to the "fair city by the sea." Now, in the quiet grave-yard of old St. Michael's, he reposes in sweet rest, awaiting the "reward that God gives those who love and serve him."

C. L. L.



## A Day on the Peaks of Otter.

In silence long the gloomy night  
 Had wrapt the mountain's rugged top,  
 Till forced by morning's breaking light  
 To let her sable curtain drop.  
 Where boulders lift their towering heads,  
 And in eternal silence gaze,  
 Where stillness long and deep and dread  
 Upon this lonely mountain stays:  
 Here waits the traveler for the morn,  
 To see this dreadful silence break,  
 To hear the huntsman's mellow horn  
 When Nature from her slumbers wakes;  
 Beholds Aurora bright and gay,  
 Her crimson curtain fringed with gold  
 And penciled by the rising day,  
 Begin in beauty to unfold.  
 The morning star that took its place  
 To tell the coming of the light,  
 Begins with sweet and modest grace  
 To fade in beauty out of sight.  
 Across the dome of heaven fair  
 The breaking light of morning rolls,  
 Till every star that twinkled there  
 Is hid behind the curtain's folds.  
 Look quickly to the east again!  
 Another vision meets the eye:  
 The steeds of *Sol* with glowing mane  
 Begin their course across the sky.  
 As if he rose from crimson seas,  
 And of that color still partakes,  
 He sheds his dimness by degrees,  
 As he his upward journey makes,  
 Till from the zenith's lofty throne  
 He pours his blazing, burning light.  
 Just now is heard a distant moan  
 That echos back from height to height!  
 But, hark! a louder sound breaks forth,  
 A rumbling echo answers back,  
 And in the distant west and north  
 Are heaped colossal piles of black  
 And rolling, thick'ning thunder clouds,  
 Which every hill and vale and dell  
 Beneath with darkness thick enshrouds.  
 How solemn, dread, the sudden spell!  
 We stand in solemn silence wrapt,  
 While nearer comes the rolling mass,  
 Within whose bursting folds is kept  
 The vivid lightning's gleaming flash.  
 A moment more, and like a pall,  
 In awful, dreadful silence spread,  
 The clouds upon the mountain fall.

Still reigns the silence deep and dead!  
 Then, *crash!* the thunders far below  
 Break forth in sudden, awful sound,  
 As, like a belt, the lightning's glow  
 Engirts the shrouded mountain round.  
 Methinks we stand on Sinai's top,  
 Where God the "Fiery Law" proclaimed,  
 And let His awful presence drop,  
 And gleaming fires of Heaven flamed.  
 Methinks the Voice that spoke the "Law"  
 In tones of thunder from its brow,  
 In dreadful, solemn, sacred awe,  
 Declares His presence with us now.  
 But, hush! the thunders now have stopped,  
 The lightning's glare is seen no more,  
 The sable mantle now has dropped  
 And falls beneath us lower and lower.  
 And like an ocean foaming white,  
 Or like a sea of drifting snow,  
 This cloud beneath the noon-day light  
 Is floating o'er the land below.  
 'Tis gone; no more its beauty seen;  
 No longer other beauties hide:  
 The world beneath, in gold and green,  
 Now stretches far on every side.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 But now the day is almost done,  
 The vesper breezes come and go,  
 A scarlet drapery veils the sun,  
 And shadows dark and longer grow.  
 Before the hand of God unseen  
 With stars pins back night's curtain blue,  
 Turn from the fading landscape scene,  
 This lofty, turret mountain view.  
 O, mount so lofty, grand, sublime,  
 What thou hast seen couldst thou relate.  
 On thee are seen the marks of time;  
 And thou hast seen the warrior's hate,  
 The red-man driven from his home  
 With stern yet saddened dusky face,  
 Across the western wiles to roam,  
 A wronged, despised, and cheated race.  
 And thou didst see the blood which bought  
 The freedom of this nation grand;  
 And saw the heroes brave who fought  
 And died to save our southern land.  
 But silence now forever keep;  
 The days of war and blood are o'er;  
 May buried hate forever sleep,  
 While peace shall reign forevermore.

AMATEUR.



### Our School of English.

#### I. AN HISTORIC FACT.

The question, which of the colleges in Virginia, the South, or the country at large, won the honor of being the first to establish a School of English, does not appear to be yet settled. Now and then the boast is made by one of our sister institutions that the distinction is hers, while Richmond College repeats her claim and appeals to the record in proof of that claim.

In June, 1866, the friends of the college assembled in Richmond, and members of the Board of Trustees, supported enthusiastically by a few of the Alumni, took such decided ground in favor of reopening the college that the incorporated Trustees on the 12th of the same month adopted a resolution appointing a committee to recommend a *plan of organization* for renewed work.

On the 5th day of July, 1866, that committee submitted a report, which was adopted, providing for the following "course of instruction": 1. Ancient Languages. 2. Modern Languages. 3. Mathematics. 4. Natural Sciences. 5. Moral Science. 6. The English Language and Modern History. For this sixth school it was provided that, "In the School of English Language and Modern History the instruction shall embrace a course in the history, structure, and practical use of the English Language, together with Rhetoric, and also a separate course comprising a general view of Modern History with special study of English and American History."

These data are taken from the records of the college, and clearly show when and

how the new departure from the old dispensation began in this institution. If any one can produce from any other college or university evidence of an earlier movement in this direction, we shall be ready to withdraw the claims of Richmond College to the honor of being the first of all the institutions for higher education in this country—certainly in Virginia and the South, which put the English language "on its proper plane as of equal dignity with Latin, Greek, French, or German."

All honor to the college which first honored English!

#### II. AN HONORABLE RECORD.

For the first two sessions English was taught by the accomplished President T. G. Jones, D. D., but the first incumbent of the new chair, as full professor, was Hon. J. L. M. Curry, LL. D., now United States Minister to the Court of Spain. For twelve years Prof. Curry gave to the study and teaching of the language the best powers of his quick, discriminating and logical mind, and succeeded in investing the "School" with dignity and power as a strong factor in the unusually high work of the college. When he resigned, his successor, Dr. A. B. Brown, received the robes of office from loving and admiring hands. In urging upon the trustees the appointment of Dr. Brown, the retiring professor made one of the happiest efforts of his life. In the hands of this scholarly man the English Department suffered no detriment, but continued to reap the excellent fruits of a wise start, a steady aim,



and a growing excellence. In consequence of the death of Prof. Brown the chair was left empty, and remained for several months draped with mourning.

On the 24th of June, 1886, just twenty years from its incorporation into the regular course of instruction, the trustees tendered the important trust to Dr. John Pollard, who was known as an exact, painstaking, and laborious student, whose heart was glowing with love for his mother-tongue, and who it was believed would bring the warmth of an earnest devotion to the instruction of the language.

Thus the trustees have proved their faith of twenty years ago by their works, and have done all in their power since the establishment of the School to render it permanent and efficient.

Special friends have been raised up to guard the infancy and support the early years of this enterprise in the field of learning. Conspicuous among these have been Mr. James Thomas, Jr., and Mr. Thomas C. Williams, of Richmond, whose abiding friendship and generosity have made an honorable place for this youngest but fairest daughter in the family of college-taught languages. If the purpose of the trustees, as declared in 1866, shall bear the generous fruit it deserves, the happy result will be the best praise which can be given to these noble citizens and friends of learning. Already *one hundred and sixty-eight* industrious and brainy men, bearing the diploma of this school, are making their mark upon the destinies of their country and their race. Already the study of English has not only its assured place in our college and "will go no more out," but is finding a welcome into every respectable institution

around us. Let the children rejoice with their mother, but let them never forget their father's house.

### III. AN ASSURED FUTURE.

In his excellent inaugural at the opening of the session Dr. Pollard gave every needed indication that he fully grasps the work before him and will leave no effort untried to sustain the reputation of the school to which he has been called. After giving clearly the reasons why English is late in taking her right position in our courses of education and congratulating Richmond College upon her place as pioneer in the needed reform, he ably discussed the question whether the English language can be made a fit instrument of liberal culture. We cannot reproduce the exact language of the speaker, but in effect he said :

A study must possess at least two elements in order to be adapted to such an end. It must embrace a sum of facts, which, when required, will enrich the mind both by their number and their value. It must be sufficiently difficult to demand a laborious exercise of the intellectual faculties. In addition to these, it will be all the better if it possesses a third, viz.: capacity to refine the taste. The English language possesses all these in a high degree. From it a valuable store of facts may be gathered.

The study of this language leads us into many broad fields whose luxuriant harvest can furnish us with many a sheaf for an intellectual garner. Look at the history it will teach us. Telling of the revival of learning in the 16th century, it will lead us through the Norman Conquest, the introduction of Christianity into England, the Roman invasion, the



descents of the Danes, the settlement of the Saxons, and finally trace the Aryan race itself back to their original home in the Highlands of Asia. What historic periods shall it not traverse, if it be true, as Trench alleges, that the language we speak is the result of processes which have been going forward for hundreds and for thousands of years.

The English also meets the second requirement in demanding laborious study for its mastery. Properly taught and studied, it involves a knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon; a study of the stages through which our mother-tongue has come; the quarters from which it has been enriched; the gains it has made; the perils which have threatened it; the losses it has sustained; its latent capacities; the characteristics in which it is superior to, and those in which it comes short of, other languages, and the authors who have best illustrated its strength and beauty. In all these directions the student

of English must push his investigations, and none can deny that in these wide fields the mind can find sufficient exercise for its highest faculties. For refinement of the taste the speaker cited the long roll of English authors whose works have been accepted the world over as models of beauty both in thought and expression.

In conclusion, the Professor indicated the incidental advantages which must arise from a critical acquaintance with English in the support it gives to true reputation in scholarship and emancipation from "intellectual vassalage."

As the eye sweeps over this chart, which, though here imperfectly drawn, clearly marks out *the course to be pursued in the future*, we are led confidently to expect that, as in the past, the highest standards will be maintained and every effort made to guard the noble heritage of which Richmond College is a proud and experienced custodian. C. H. R.

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"All Aboard for Malvern Hill."

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This was not an unexpected announcement. Ever since the visit to Cold Harbor a year ago some of those forming the party on that occasion and others who, when a report of the day's pleasure was given, regretted that they had missed it, were anxiously expecting the promise of a similar excursion to be fulfilled.

The words which stand at the head of this article were uttered on Saturday morning, November 6th, by one of a party of twenty students, who, in company with the chairman of the Faculty, were seating themselves, some on horse, the rest in a handsome vehicle drawn by

four spirited bays, with a view to spending a day visiting the battle-fields of Malvern Hill and Seven Pines. We were soon on our way, which way, of course, leads by the Institute. As we passed, a few waved to us in token, we suppose, of their wishes that our journey might be prosperous and pleasant.

When only a few miles from the city we came to an embankment, which was pointed out to us as the place where was stationed in '62 the line of defence of Lee's army. A few feet in front of this we saw the picket-posts, consisting of trenches which were dug about three feet



deep and fifteen feet long. Here, through the long, weary hours of the night, the lone picket stood, we may imagine, unrolling the scroll of his memory, remarking the happy scenes of other days, when surrounded by fond friends amid the joys of home, never dreaming of the hardships of war, while at the same moment, perhaps, the cheeks of an anxious mother were moist with tears falling from sleepless eyes, as she thought of her boy exposed to the perils of war.

A few moments survey of these grounds satisfied us, and on we rolled. As we were nearing Malvern Hill we halted at a blacksmith's shop to get some information concerning the locality. The man who undertook to inform us proved to be one of the "boys in gray" who took part in the battle at Malvern Hill. He was a tall, brawny huntsman, not an advocate of temperance, uncouth in dress and manners, holding in one hand his gun, one end resting on the ground, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, and murdering the king's English as he pointed out the course to the battle-field, calling attention now and then with peculiar pride to a scar just beneath his right eye from a wound received in the battle on the hill. The last thing we heard him say as we drove off was "Yes, sir; I was one on 'em that wus thar; an' it wusn't very healthy thar them times, nuther." We cheered and passed on.

When we next halted we were on Malvern Hill. The only habitation there is an ancient dwelling at which was McClellan's headquarters during the engagement. From the family which occupies this time-worn dwelling we obtained some further information regarding the location of the battle-field. We found that we

were yet one mile from the spot where the conflict took place, and we set out to reach it.

A brief description of the hill, perhaps, is not out of place. From east to west it is a mile or more in length. Toward the north it stretches out into an undulating landscape, partly wooded, partly cleared. On the south it breaks off abruptly, affording a magnificent view of the country below. In the distance can be seen City Point nestling on the right bank of the historic James, rolling its turbid waters meandering to the sea. It was near this place on the river from which McClellan's army was protected from the attack of the Confederates by the Federal gunboats. From the hill the river can be seen for several miles winding its way to the bay.

Just before we came to Frazier's farm, which was the scene of battle, and located one mile northeast from the house referred to above, we stopped to partake of a bountiful and excellent repast, provided for us by our skilful caterers. In a most enjoyable manner we whiled away an hour beneath the same sun which twenty-four years ago shone through thick clouds of smoke upon a scene of blood. Our repast over, we strolled out upon the surrounding hillocks, which once echoed the roar of cannon and din of battle, but are silent now, save that the rustling of the autumnal breezes among the withered leaves seems faintly to whisper the tale of human sighs and groans which filled the air while life was fast flowing in crimson on every side.

Could the winds bring back the words—the tender, thrilling words—which they caught up and bore away from the dying lips of fallen heroes of '62, they



would furnish a theme for poets, and kindle the fire of eloquence in the souls of surviving comrades ; and yet the silence which broods over this historic ground, filled us with solemn reverence for our fallen braves.

Just beyond the battle-field, we visited the Glendale National Cemetery, where sleep a host of the Federal dead.

"The neighing troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast ;  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout are past."

The battle of Malvern Hill was fought July 1st, '62. It was the close of a furious struggle which had lasted almost without cessation for seven days. It had begun by the Confederates under Gen. Lee attacking the Union army at Oak Grove ; the next day it was fought at Mechanicsville, resulting in a Federal victory. On the following day Lee's army won a victory at Gains' Mill. The scene of battle changed to Savage's Station, then to White-oak Swamp, next to Glendale, and then to Malvern Hill, where, at nine o'clock at night, Lee's shattered columns fell back exhausted. Of this seven days' struggle Mr. Redpath, in his history, says, "No such dreadful

scenes had ever before been enacted on the American continent."

After leaving Glendale there was a debate whether we should come directly back to Richmond or go by way of Seven Pines. The gathering rain-clouds would have suggested to a prognosticator of the weather that it was wisest to come the nearest way to Richmond, but the question was decided in favor of Seven Pines, and a two hours' rain repaid us for disregarding the sage advice of our professor. When we passed Seven Pines the rain was beating a tattoo on our "derbies," and the music it made was so sweet that we stopped but a moment, and on we came.

As the sun began to gleam through the breaking clouds an hour above the horizon, casting a beautiful "bow of seven colors" across the heavens behind us, the city, with its many church steeples, began to appear in the distance ; and when the shades of night gathered, their gloom dispelled only by the city lights, the jolly caravan stood again on the college campus. Roll round, ye wheels of time, and bring us another such day.  
W.

In the village of Meyrin, Switzerland, some disused wells have been transformed into barometers to warn people of approaching storms. They are hermetically sealed, and a small orifice, about an inch in diameter, is made in the cover of the well, by which the interior air is put in communication with the exterior. When the air pressure outside diminishes upon the approach of a storm, the air in the

well escapes and blows a whistle connected with the orifice. If, on the contrary, the pressure increases, a different sound is produced by the entry of the air into the well, and the probability of fine weather is announced. The device, though not always accurate, is said to act with sufficient exactness for ordinary purposes.



### The Education of Moses.

[A Biblical Lecture delivered in the College chapel, November 18th, by Rev. E. C. DARGAN of Petersburg, Va.]

[We have the pleasure of copying for our readers from Dr. Dargan's manuscript. It is, however, simple justice to him to say that his manuscript was prepared only as a preliminary study. He spoke without any reference to it, and while he followed the line of thought here indicated, threw in many sparkling touches suggested by the occasion, expanded some points here merely outlined, added many other facts and incidents gathered from his researches, and in general gave us a flow of oral diction quite superior to what he had written. We have undertaken at several points to supplement by reproducing from memory.—EDS.]

The theme assigned for this hour is a grand and noble one. The country, the times, the race, and the man himself are all full of interest. The place of Egypt in the history of human progress is of the utmost importance. To the traveller and antiquarian, its ruins present objects of wondrous interest. To the historian and philosopher, its history and civilization are a marvel and a charm. To the Christian student, its varied but ever important connection with the People of God is a subject of great moment. On questions of geography and race we cannot here spend time.

In the dawn of history a king of Egypt, Menes, emerges from the gloom of previous obscurity. This was the beginning of Egyptian narrated history, probably B. C. 5004. He founded Memphis, named after himself. We cannot here

follow the story, but the history goes on through fourteen dynasties of kings until a foreign horde rushes in from the north-east and subjugates the country—holding it in subjection for about five hundred years, or three dynasties. These foreign invaders are called Hyksos or Shepherd Kings. It was in their time, no doubt, that Abraham "came to Egypt to sojourn there."

Later on, Joseph was sold into slavery there, under the reign of Apepi or Aphobis, one of the later kings of the seventeenth dynasty. Then came the Hebrews to Goshen, the northeastern part of this country—fertile then, but now a waste.

The principal cities were Zoan or Ramesses, and Heliopolis (On), and Pithom or Ka Tum.

Encouraged and helped at first, they soon fell on troublous times, for even in the reign of Apepi himself, there were movements among the natives indicating already the coming expulsion of the Hyksos. They were gradually driven back, holding on to the cities of Goshen to the very last. Finally under Aahmes, or Amoeris I., the land was rid of the hateful Shepherds, and the great Eighteenth Dynasty begins. This was how "there arose a new king which knew not Joseph." But it was a sad change for the Hebrews. They had been allowed to settle by the Shepherds, and being of a kindred race, had probably sympathized with and aided them in their long struggle with the uprising natives. So under Amoeris and his great successors of the



eighteenth dynasty, a period of wonderful splendor and prosperity in the history of Egypt, the Hebrews were accomplishing a large part of the four hundred and thirty years of their bondage.

With the rise of the nineteenth dynasty we are approaching the history as given us in Exodus. Rameses I. was the founder of the nineteenth dynasty. Not much is known of him. He was succeeded by Sethos or Seti I. He reigned long and well, and during the latter part of his reign associated with himself his son, the great and famous Rameses II., known by Greek historians as Sesostris. The reign of Rameses II. was long and brilliant. Sayce calls him the "Louis Quartorze" of Egypt. He had many wars, and according to the monuments was a mighty victor. He was a great builder. Many ruins still extant are blazoned with his name and prowess. He was succeeded by his son Menephthah I., under whom the Exodus occurred. The life of Moses, then, runs parallel with three Pharaohs (such was the title of all the kings of Egypt)—Seti I., Rameses II., and Menephthah I. He was probably born during the joint reign of Seti and Rameses; fled from Egypt during the reign of Rameses, and returned after the death of that monarch to accomplish the deliverance of the Hebrews from Menephthah. The period of his education was therefore that of Rameses II., when Egypt was at the height of her splendor as the most mighty and civilized nation of the world. Yet it was just at this period that the Hebrews were oppressed, and "their lives made bitter by hard bondage." The proudest name in Egyptian history is the "Pharaoh of the Oppression."

In Goshen the Israelites built "treasure cities for Pharaoh, Pithom, and Raamses." Ruins of Pa-thum may be found near Tel-el Kebir and at Zoan or Tanis. Bricks are found, some with straw in them and some without, bearing the mark of Rameses II. The poem of Pentaur and an ancient papyrus also describe the glories of the city of Rameses. It was often the residence of the court. Now while the court was being held at Zoan, there was a fierce order given that all male children of the Hebrews should be destroyed. In the household of a Levite, there was born a beautiful infant, whom his mother hid for three months, and finding it impossible longer to hide him, she made the little boat of papyrus reeds and committed her darling to the care of the Nile. It chanced—nay, it was providentially ordered—that the daughter of Pharaoh came to bathe in the river, and the babe was found. Touched by his wail, and doubtless interested by his extreme beauty, she determined to adopt him, and thus rescued a jewel far more priceless and beautiful than that which the dark, unfathomed cave of ocean ever bore. This princess probably was the daughter of Seti, and both the sister and wife of Rameses. If so, her name was Thermutis, or, as it appears on the monuments, Thermut; or possibly it may have been Bent-Anath, the favorite daughter of Rameses, or even Moeri, a younger one. Or it may have been ——— neither. The most probable theory is that it was Thermutis. Miriam's quickness in getting the babe's mother for a nurse is worthy of all praise. So Miss Thermutis engages Jochebed as the nurse for the infant Moses or Mesu, (*i. e.*, drawn out,) and the



first stage in the great man's education is begun.

We do not know how long he remained under his mother's care, but probably for at least seven or eight years. It is only said "the child grew and she brought him to Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son." But even during his residence at the court as the foster-son of royalty, it is not unlikely that he was often allowed to visit his "old nurse." We may therefore set down as the first part of Moses' education the teachings and impressions received from his mother in his childhood. How valuable and vivid such impressions are, the lives of many great men distinctly show. We cannot fail to see in the subsequent career of Moses the traces of this child-life. He never forgot that he was a Hebrew. Doubtless he sympathized with his brethren all the while, and only waited for what he thought a fitting time to do them good. Beyond a doubt, too, he here learned the great doctrine of the Unity of God—a doctrine which was to find the most emphatic and famous statement in his law: "Hear, O Israel," &c. Again, we may suppose that he was taught all the traditions and history of his race. The teachings of the Creation and Fall and all that followed. Here, as is often the case, he laid the foundations of character and belief. But the fond mother must at last, doubtless with regret and yet with pride, give him up, and he becomes "the son of Pharaoh's daughter." He is introduced to a new world when Thermutis brings him to the court of her husband-brother, Rameses II. Now the scene changes from the lowly huts of an enslaved people to the lovely palace and capital of Egypt's great king. As a

prince in Pharaoh's household he lives till he is forty years old. What he learned while there we may now attempt to set forth.

We are told that he "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and was mighty in words and in deeds." This pregnant saying covers the time of his training up to his fortieth year. Scripture is silent as to the details of that education, but we can be at no great loss to indicate its general outlines from what we know of Egyptian customs, laws, and learning at the time under review. The social life of the time must have greatly influenced and affected him. Eber's wonderful reproduction of that social life in his brilliant story of "Uarda," gives us great insight into the manners and customs of Moses' youth and manhood. The Egyptians had a distinct and gay social life. There was in the higher classes where Moses would move, a great deal of vivacity. There were feasts at home and on public occasions. There was much freedom of social intercourse between the sexes. There was much in that lively sociality to develop the acuteness of a ready mind and to refine and polish the manners. There was also the very important military element in his training. It is not to be supposed that a person of Moses' prominence in the court of the great warrior Rameses could have been without important military training. Stephen tells us "he was mighty in words and in deeds." Doubtless these "deeds" were military. Josephus tells us some traditions of Moses' having been a great warrior in his young manhood. There is a tradition of his exploits in an Ethiopian war, when he won both a city and a wife. Curiously enough, mention is made



in Scripture of his having a "Cushite wife"; whether this is the one, we cannot say. [When I say Ethiopian woman, I do not mean Negro.] How valuable this military training was in his subsequent career is easy enough to see.

Further, as a prince in the court of Egypt, he would naturally have the best opportunities for training in the arts of government.

Political and governmental science as it existed in his time, must have been continually forcing itself upon his notice. Egypt had not only its own people, revenues, laws, &c., but it had important relations with other peoples. It was the great world-power of the time. In the light of Moses' after-work as a legislator and the founder of the national life of his people, how important is this part of his education. These were the things that came to him from his surroundings and by virtue of his being a prince in the household of his foster-mother. But there was another sphere of his training which, in accordance with our use of terms, may be more strictly called his "education." We are distinctly informed that he was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." There was one class of persons who were the teachers of the youth, and that was the priests.

There is a tradition in Josephus that Moses himself was a priest, known to the Egyptians as Osarsiph. However this may be, it cannot be questioned that he must have been for a considerable time at least under the tutelage of the priests. The great seat of learning at that time was the famous "city of the sun," called by the Egyptians On, by the Hebrews Beth-Shemesh, by the Greeks Heliopolis.

[You remember it is said that Pharaoh

gave Joseph, Asenath the daughter of Poti-pherah, the priest of On, to wife. He therefore probably had the honor of marrying the daughter of the chairman of the faculty of this university of Heliopolis.]

There remains of it to-day above ground one solitary obelisk. It stands not far from the modern city of Cairo. It purports to have been erected by User-tasen II. of the twelfth dynasty, and was probably one of a great number.

[Young gentlemen, should you ever visit the land of Egypt, you can, while looking at this obelisk, behold the same object which Moses looked upon while a college-boy.] Here there was the most ancient university in the world. It was a fount of learning and culture. The arts and sciences were not unknown. Astronomy was studied. Medicine was almost as far advanced as in the later days of Galen. Literature was not neglected. The art of writing was cultivated. We have a few papyri from this date; and on the walls of the Ramesseum at Thebes, there is inscribed a poem by Pentaur glorifying the power and courage of Rameses. It is not beyond the bounds of probability, as Eber makes out in "Uarda," that Pentaur and Moses were contemporaries at college. Still, the chief teaching of the priests was in philosophy and religion. We cannot dwell long on this point. They held to the doctrines of immortality and even of a resurrection. And it is said that the priests held as one of their sacred mysteries the great idea of the unity of God. Such in brief was the wisdom of the Egyptians, in all of which Moses was trained.

Let us pause a moment to consider the man as he now appears before us. If he



fulfilled the sweet promise of his infancy, he was now as a full-grown man, fair and of noble make and appearance. All that Egypt, at the zenith of her power and glory could give him, in the way of education and training, was his. A fine, well-educated man in the full flower and vigor of his manhood. Now he remembered the race from which he was sprung. It may be supposed that all along he was not unmindful of their sufferings and hardships, but when he was "full forty years old it came into his heart to visit his brethren, the children of Israel." What was the object of this visit? It was, no doubt, to try to get his brethren to understand that he was willing with all the advantages at his command to throw in his lot with theirs if they would accept him as a leader.

In the full convictions of his powers, and in the flush of his bravery, he thought he and they were ready. But, No! God's time had not come. But Moses was right on one point: he must now break, and forever, with the court of Pharaoh. His slaying of the Egyptian, in taking the part of one of the enslaved nation, was that wall of separation. His rejection by his people cast him off from them. What now? He must be a fugitive. Whither? How strangely led by God's providence to the land of Midian, where he must spend another forty years in an education of a very different but no less necessary kind than that of Egypt. Glance at the land. The Sinaitic peninsula, between the gulfs of Akaba and Suez. Wilderness to the north. Mountainous and barren, except in the fertile wadies. Even that early called the Mount of God. It is now a wonderfully barren place, but was probably in better plight

in the times of Moses. Yet how different from the fertile level of Goshen! Vast solitude and silence.

The land is still redolent of traditions, both Arabian and Christian, of Moses. Here were the turquoise mines that had been worked since the sixth dynasty. Such was the land of Moses' forty years sojourn. What learned he here? The story of his reception by Reuel or Jethro, and entrance into his family and employment, is familiar.

[The handsome and courtly young man having fled out of Egypt into the land of Midian, encountered at a well the daughters of Reuel, who had come to water their father's flocks. We can imagine that he quite fascinated these country girls by his easy and graceful address and polished manners. With true gallantry and courage he aided them against the shepherds to water their flocks, which enabled them to get home sooner than usual. When their father asked how this happened, they related the conduct of the brave and handsome young man at the well. He then, with the hospitality that still characterizes the Arabs, enquired where he was, and why they did not bring him home with them. Doubtless the explanation lay in their modesty rather than any indisposition to have him come, for as soon as the father expressed a wish to see and know the young man, Miss Birdie (Zipporah), with flying feet, if not upon wings, ran out to call him. And thus Moses won his wife.]

What a change from the court of Rameses to the tents of Jethro! Perhaps this was not the least important of his lessons. If we can see traces of pride in his first efforts to free his people, his change of place was eminently fitted to



produce humility. Here at any rate was the time for reflection. Here now for forty years must his mind be turned in upon itself. No more the busy camp and court and school, but the eternal silence and the mountains. What food for reflection did he find here? 1st. His own past. Stored as his mind was with much learning, he could have had no lack of abundant and mighty thought. Now time was given him to go over it all, not in the haste of action, but in the silence of thought; not in the flush of progressive youth, but in the calm of mature manhood. Of what value this was we cannot estimate. 2d. His environment. Allusion has already been made to this. The desert, the mountains, the lowly occupation of a shepherd, all afforded much food for thought. 3d. His communion with God. Of this we dare not speak. But it must have been constant, and, as always, so good.

What was borne in upon his mind in his prayers and meditations amid the silence and solitude of the desert we can never know. How much of that which he afterwards wrote was given him in this time we may not say; but we need not hesitate to say that he could never have written as he did but for those forty years of reflection and communion with God in Midian. Apart from this there is a practical side of the matter to be considered. This desert was to be the scene of his labors in leading the children of Israel. Here he was to receive the law; here he was to be leader and guide to the people; here he was to meet with many opposing tribes and peoples. How important this providential element in his education. Here he had contact, or at least frequent communi-

cation, with Egypt by means of the miners and traders. Here he learned the habits of nomad and wandering people.

The Hebrews had been an agricultural and mechanical people for years. But they had forty years to wander in the desert! There he must be prepared for that. In following his sheep throughout this land he learned every mountain and valley. He knew the springs and fountains and the best places to go. He was thus being prepared in every outward circumstance and detail for that time when God by his hand would lead his people as a flock. So, too, his acquaintance with the people of the desert, their situation, character, manners, and customs, would be of great benefit to him in his dealing with them as the leader of Israel. Such was his desert education.

Now, at the end of forty years he is to be sent forth for his life work. Curiously enough his life is divided into three periods of forty years each.

The first forty was spent in acquiring secular education in Egypt, the second forty was occupied with his period of reflection in the desert of Midian, and the third forty was filled with the labors of his life. Two thirds of his life spent in preparation for the work of the other third. At the end of the first forty years he supposed himself ready for his work, as a deliverer, but God by his providence showed him that he was not. At the end of the second forty years, God calls him to his work, and then he feels unprepared and tries to beg off.

But now the well prepared man must be called to his work. His training time is ended. Long it has been and varied in its phases. Much has he learned of



all that was necessary for his work. Now comes the finishing stroke. God appears to him in the burning bush, and over-riding his fears and scruples, sends him forth fully equipped for the great task before him. He was to be the deliverer of his people from bondage, their law-giver, the founder of their national life, the greatest of the prophets, and in all respects one of the noblest and best of men.

When God will accomplish great things he chooses fit instruments for his work. And in the noble soul of Moses, formed and elevated by all that he had learned, God found a fitting instrument to mould a nation's destiny, and through them the destinies of the world. How different would history be without Moses, or without Moses trained as he was.

### De Ole Virginny Darkey.

Ise wand'rin' hongry an' alone  
Through country an' through town,  
No money in my pockets, an'  
Nowhar ter res' my crown.  
Ise trabbled ober menny states—  
New York ter Illinoy—  
But nebber foun' one like my own  
To gib de ole man joy.

So, gripsack on my shoulder, an'  
My stick widin my han',  
Ise shufflin' back wid all my speed  
To Ole Virginny lan'.  
Oh, dar's whar good Ole Massa John  
An' sweet Miss Sally died,  
And dis ole creetur now 's a-gwine  
Ter lay down by dey side.

Dar's whar I hoed de baccer crap—  
An' *chawed* dat baccer, too;  
Dar's whar I nussed Miss Sally's boy,  
When he cum home shot through.  
Dat war! it wus a awful thing!  
An' all ter set us free;

But times is wus on niggers now  
Dan slab'ry used ter be.

Down in dat Ole Virginny home,  
Aside de kitchen fire,  
We used ter set on Sad'day nights  
An' chune de darkey choir;  
Ole Jim—an' dat wus me, yer know—  
Wud make de baanger sing,  
An' den de niggers' heels wud fly  
An cut de pijjun wing!

But all dem happy days is gone—  
I 'members it so plain;  
Nobody 's lef' ersides Ole Jim  
Ter see de home ag'in.  
'Taint long, I know, befo' dem good  
White anjuls yander 'll call,  
An' den Ole Jim 'll say, Far'well,  
An' res' at las'—dat's all.

Den pity dis ole darkey now,—  
His een' is almos' nigh,—  
And gib him jes a dime or two  
Ter help him home ter die.

L. R. HAMBERLIN.

Reputation is in itself only a farthing candle of wavering and uncertain flame and easily blown out, but it is the light by which the world looks for, and finds merit.—*James Russell Lowell.*

The *Musical Isches Wochenblatt* describes the newly found symphony by

Wagner. It is only a sketch began in 1834 and never finished. The allegro in E major is practically complete. It is written in the accepted classical form. Of the slow movement there are only twenty-nine bars, when the work breaks off.



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

Last May there appeared in Harper's Weekly a very favorable notice of a book entitled "Ben-Hur, or a Tale of the Christ," by Lew Wallace. That notice was sufficient proof of the genuine merit of the book, but the work speaks for itself wherever it is read. One interest that attaches itself to this book is the fact that its author was once a sceptic, and yet a part of his object in writing this work seems to be to contribute to the testimony of Christianity. None of his readers will ever think that he is a sceptic now.

The scene of his story is laid in the countries of Palestine, Greece and Italy at a time when all these countries were subject to Roman rule; at a time, too, which marked the beginning of a new era in the world. In his story he also introduces a character from Egypt, and the combined history of these countries which he gives is well worth a reading of the book. His characters are representatives of different nationalities. His hero is a Jew of the sect called Sadduces. He is a true type of his race, with their peculiar pride of being a descendant of Abraham, and unchangeable attachment to the Holy City, and their disposition to think it right to get into possession by any means of that which belongs to any people not Jews. A prominent character is a Roman with the haughty ambition characteristic of that people which had overrun the world with their power. In the part which he plays is seen that self-assertive and self-confident spirit, which in individual Romans contributed as much as any other one thing to the un-

broken march of Roman arms to the conquest of the world. The subtle, bewitching daughter of Egypt, is introduced that through her loquacity we may get a glimpse of that ancient, rich historic land. Why is she permitted to relate so much of Egyptian folk-lore except that we may learn of the superstition which pervaded that people? and after all, nothing is a truer index to the general character of a people than the sentiment contained in that people's folk-lore.

In every part of the story is seen how impassable are the lines of race distinction, but there is no more noticeable example of this than is found in the exactness with which the Jews observe this instinctive law. There is something more than mere prejudice on account of previous condition of servitude that asserts the superior political rights of one race above another; it is only the natural result of a constitutional law of humanity.

The author's descriptive power is not surpassed in any writer. As he takes you over the threshold of Jerusalem you behold the city with an interest which takes away the consciousness of your wide separation from the place. One of the finest pen-pictures ever drawn is his graphic description of the chariot race. We regret that lack of space forbids a more extended notice of this interesting book.

The elections now are over and the political destiny of the country is fixed at least for two more years. On the 2d of November thirty-five of the thirty-eight States and all the organized Territories



held elections. The chief issue was the tariff. In each of seventeen States a governor was chosen; in others, minor State officers.

The contending parties seem to have come out of the fight in about the same relation in which they went into it. The gains and losses have been almost equal, with a slight advantage in favor of the Republicans.

The Democratic governors of Pennsylvania, California, and Nevada will be replaced by Republicans, while on the other hand, Colorado elected a Democrat instead of a Republican; and in several States the Republican majority was almost overcome. In Connecticut and New Hampshire, where clear majorities are required to elect, the result was so close that no governors were elected, thus throwing the whole matter into the State Legislatures, where Republican governors will be chosen.

Congressional elections were held in each of these thirty-five States. Whilst the result will not change the complexion of the Fiftieth Congress, yet it was quite a surprise to both parties. The changes will be numerous. In the present Congress, there are only four members from the New England States. In the next there will be at least eight. Minnesota, which now has a solid Republican delegation, in the next Congress will be represented by three Democrats and two Republicans. The Republicans also sustained losses in South Carolina, Nebraska, and California.

But their gains have more than offset the losses mentioned. They gained five members in Ohio, four each in Illinois and Virginia, three each in Indiana and Michigan, two in Kentucky, one in New

York, New Jersey, Tennessee, and Iowa. By figuring up the result, we find that the Democratic majority, which is now more than forty, will probably be reduced to ten. Whilst the Republicans are jubilant over the reduction they have made in the Democratic majority in the House, yet in the Senate they have met with considerable loss. On the 4th of next March the terms of one senator from twenty-five States expire. Nine of these are Democrats, the remainder Republicans. Of the Democrats whose terms expire, only one, Mr. Fair of Nevada, will be replaced by a Republican, whilst the present Republican majority of eight in the Senate has been reduced to four. Accordingly we find that the last two years of Cleveland's administration will be similar to the first two—a Democratic President and House of Representatives, with a Republican Senate. The majority in either branch of the national Legislature is so small that it will require the strictest discipline to carry party measures through either house.

Party lines will be drawn very sharply, and each party will view the actions of the other with the deepest interest and scrutiny. Under this state of affairs, we may expect no bad legislation, for each party will be a continual check to the other; on the other hand, we may look for no good legislation, or virtually no legislation at all; for it is only when the President and both branches of Congress are in harmony, that much that is either good or bad can be accomplished.

Indeed, the country at large ought to be congratulated on the result. For the gains and losses which each party has sustained, have been in those sections of the country which have to a great extent



heretofore been solid in their party affiliations. This will tend to knit together more firmly the States of the Union, and banish more effectually party strife and animosity.

According to the custom heretofore observed, regulations were suspended that we might attend the State Fair, and we went. The fact that the Chief Executive of the Union was to be present was the occasion of an unusually large attendance. The President came, and was given an enthusiastic reception. After being presented by Gov. Lee, he made a brief, fit, and eloquent speech. It was the President's first visit to Virginia, and the first President who has visited this State since the visit of President Hayes on a similar occasion during his term of office. In his speech, President Cleveland recurred to the proud name which Virginia has ever borne in the sisterhood of States, and said several things that made one proud to be a son of Virginia's soil.

In his manner of address was seen the caution, decision, and candor which has characterized his administration. It is the verdict of most fair-thinking men that the man who sits to-day at the head of our government tries to do right. The majority of men do not know how to judge fairly the course of a man in the President's situation.

The fair was about what it usually is, with one exception. It was remarked by several who have attended the fair on other years that they had never seen as many forms of gaming for money at the State fair before. It is a shame that such practices should be allowed on the fair-grounds. There is no more proper name for practices in which the practitioner

schemes to get something for nothing than dishonesty, which is the very bane of social customs, as well as civil laws. At the Lynchburg fair this was prohibited on the grounds by the authorities, and it is time for Richmond to inaugurate such a rule of reform. Our State has laws which forbid gambling; but it seems that these laws are not in force during the State fair. It is surprising that there is not a greater outcry against this neglect. Perhaps it is because these practices are so common that their corrupting influences are overlooked. May we not hope to see a reform in this direction 'till another year?

Europe, as some writer has truthfully said, seems "bending beneath the weight of her armaments." Truly, as we look at the mighty armaments supported by the different Powers of Europe, it seems incredible that nations can endure such drainage on their treasuries. Each nation stands in jealous array, armed to the teeth, awaiting in silent majesty the course of its rival, with the expectation of having soon to plunge into the horrors of international war, or repress aggression from its own borders. The military preparations of the Powers of Europe are indeed gigantic and fearful, and their standing armies and reserve forces threaten the peace of Europe. France and Germany have each an immense standing army, and if necessary, each can bring into the field two million and a half of well drilled soldiers. They are now standing face to face, ready, at the slightest provocation, to spring upon each other, and convulse Europe in torrents of blood.

Austria-Hungary has a standing arma-



ment of three hundred thousand men, and can bring into the field a million, for war-like purposes. Italy keeps well equipped an army of over one hundred thousand men, and a "permanent army" of seven hundred thousand.

Great Britain provides for an army of one hundred and fifty thousand men, exclusive of the forces in her Indian provinces, and can swell her army by her reserves to half a million.

Now, let us inquire what these armaments cost the Powers of Europe. We find that they expend annually for this purpose \$550,000,000, exclusive of naval expenditures, construction of fortresses, cannon, mortars, &c. Of this amount Russia takes the lead, her soldiers costing her annually about \$160,000,000. France is next in order, spending over \$100,000,000 on her armies.

Thus we can easily account for the cries which are continually ascending from the Powers of Europe as they lie crushed and overburdened by excessive taxation, inflicted by tyrannical governments. No

wonder that the whole breadth of the East is alive with the threats of Socialists, Anarchists, and Nihilists, and the eagle-eye of the detective is continually alert to prevent government buildings from being blown to atoms by nitro-glycerine and dynamite. European countries certainly pay dearly for their proximity to each other.

What a striking contrast to the above figures does the army of the United States present. With an immense territory and a coast line longer than that of all Europe, yet an army of 25,000 men and a military and naval expenditure of \$60,000,000 keeps us safe from trouble both foreign and domestic.

Thus, it has been that our government has been able to reduce her enormous war debt more than one half in twenty-one years, whilst the public debts of Europe are steadily increasing at a rate which may soon bankrupt them.

What a blessing it is to live under the "Stars and Stripes," in a land of civil liberty, economy, and union.

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## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

M. Bartholdi recently remarked that his colossal statue is, he thinks, the first example of the use of repoussé copper mounted on iron trusses, and is the best known example of that kind of work. He added that he never calculated the total cost of the statue, and had never had its material value in mind. He gave all his work on it for nothing.

Professor Vogel, in *Science*, makes some interesting remarks concerning the effect upon plants of growing them under

unnatural conditions. He states that the hemlock does not produce conine in Scotland, and that the cinchona plants will not yield quinine when grown in hot-houses. He finds that tannin is produced in greatest quantity in those plants which have had a full supply of direct sunlight.

The suggestion made by a correspondent of the *Scientific American* for obtaining a standard inch—namely, by taking the measure of the sun's disk as re-



flected in a plain mirror anywhere on the equator—is objected to by another correspondent for three reasons: (1) Because, according to the theory of contraction, the sun's diameter diminishes about 220 ft. per year, or about four miles per century, and is not, therefore, a constant quantity; (2) because the diameter of the sun's image varies at the different points on the equator, the sun being exactly vertical only on two points; (3) because the personal equation with different persons would vary, and therefore render the unit of length derived in this way, variable.

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MAGNETIZED WATCHES. — The chances of injury to watches by magnetization have been greatly multiplied by the development of the dynamo and its extensive application to electric lighting and other purposes, so that it is very common to find magnetized watches in the hands of persons having no connection whatever with electrical matters. A watch readily becomes sufficiently magnetized to derange its action and render it entirely unreliable. Proximity to a dynamo is necessary to accomplish it. The remedy is administered on the homœopathic principle, *similia similibus*

*curantur*. If the watch is suffering from an attack of magnetism, magnetism must effect a cure. The watch is tested to ascertain in the first place whether it is magnetized and in need of treatment, and afterward to determine whether the treatment was effectual by presenting its different sides to a compass needle, or, better, an ordinary cambric needle magnetized and suspended by a single fibre of silk attached to its center. The attraction of the needle by the watch is not positive evidence of its magnetization; but if one end of the needle is attracted by one side of the watch and repelled by the other side, it indicates that the watch is magnetic.

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Dr. T. Palisa, of Vienna, has discovered a new planet, No. 260. This raises the number of planets found by him to fifty-five.

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The deepest artesian well in the world is now being bored at Pesth. It is already 3,120 feet deep.

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The average life period of 1,741 astronomers is 64 years 3 months.

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The President of the United States, Grover Cleveland, never attended a college of any kind. The acting Vice-President, John Sherman, is a graduate of the common schools of Ohio. The Secretary of State, Thomas F. Bayard, never got any further than a Delaware rural academy. The speaker of the House of Representatives, John G. Carlisle, is a self-educated man.

In a Toronto college a certain classical student, learning that his professor had a translation of a difficult Greek author, went to borrow it from him. "Ah—um," said the professor, "this is a practical illustration of the old and well-worn saying, 'The ass seeketh his master's crib.'"

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Some wealthy Japanese have opened a Christian school at Sendai.



## LOCALS.

Nights of Labor—College students study hours.

A Straight—When you know you are to be called on next.

A Cape—A superfluous appendage to an overcoat.

A Coincidence—A student to have his toe pulled when his room-mate has just stepped out for a minute.

A student dubs himself a "rainbow" because he overtook his girl in a storm and saw her home.

The chestnut bell has at last forced its way into the lecture-room. We hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh.

When a wagon load of students bound for Malvern Hill was leaving the city by its eastern terminus, Mr. W. observed the reservoir of the gas-works and remarked, "There must have been a pretty big fire out here, judging from that old frame left standing."

The Y. M. C. A. of Richmond College observed the week of prayer for young men, holding a prayer meeting every evening about an hour before supper. Much interest was manifested.

A tennis club has been organized at college with twenty members, electing Mr. A. H. Hill president, and Mr. L. B. Fontaine secretary and treasurer.

Rumor has it that Mr. Cr...lin is

going to start a paper, *College News and Fun*. It is to be tri-monthly, come out one month and *try* to come out the next.

Mr. B., who sits on the front bench, at one of his recitations was called up by the professor to demonstrate the atmospheric pressure upon his body. It was shown that he must have enormous internal pressure to counteract this. The professor remarked that Mr. B. was a "gas bag." Mr. B. says he reckons he became inflated by sitting on the front seat.

The Philologian Society has decided to have its annual public debate on Friday evening, 17th inst. The debaters elect are: Messrs. J. D. Martin, C. R. Cruikshanks, H. W. Williams, and T. R. Corr; Orator, Mr. C. A. Folk; Disclaimer, Mr. J. W. Avery; Reader, Mr. J. T. Noell, Jr. The exercises will be held in the chapel, and friends are invited to be present.

It has been suggested that Richmond College, as other similar institutions have done with success, make arrangements for spending some holiday in the early spring in athletic sports.

We are not devoid of talent in this direction, and we believe a creditable display could be made.

Let the Athletic Association take the matter in hand and begin preparations as soon as possible.

The third in the series of biblical lectures was delivered Thursday morning,



November 18th, by the Rev. E.C. Dargan, pastor First Baptist church, Petersburg. His subject was "The Education of Moses." We are glad to be able to publish it in this issue of the *Messenger*, and would urge all, for their own edification and enjoyment, to give it a careful reading.

The second match-game of foot-ball between teams of Randolph-Macon and Richmond colleges, was played Saturday, November 20th, on the grounds of the former.

Both clubs seemed to have been in good training, and four good goals were played, Richmond College boys winning three of them.

The victory was not easily won, and we bespeak for the rubber a close contest.

Our team was manned as follows: Goal, M. A. Jones and W. A. Borum; half-backs, H. H. Harris and W. F. Lewis; enemy's goal, W. W. Davis and C. A. Folk; Rushers, A. H. Hill, J. S. Sowers, J. H. Willis, E. M. Pilcher, and H. R. Hundley; Captain, H. H. Harris.

The next game will come off at an early day on Richmond College campus.

We have authority to state that the Thomas Memorial Hall will be formally opened at the beginning of next session.

About \$4,000 has been well spent in beautifying the room, and with this expenditure, the fund appropriated by the trustees for this object has been exhausted.

Contrary to the general opinion, this money was not a donation of the heirs of the late Wm. Thomas, to whose memory the hall will be dedicated. But they

have made a liberal endowment of \$10,000, to institute a course of scientific lectures in the hall, which will prove of great value to the students.

On Saturday, November 27th, a tennis tournament was played upon our grounds between representatives of the clubs at Randolph-Macon and Richmond Colleges.

The day was almost a perfect one for the games, and a large crowd, interested in the event, was present. The result proved in favor of Randolph-Macon. Our men hope to return the visit soon.

Our Y. M. C. A. has been much pleased with a visit from Messrs. R. P. Wilder and J. R. Forman in the interest of foreign mission work.

These young men, born in India, are sons of missionaries. They are recent graduates of Princeton College, and expect soon to return to foreign fields for their life's work. They talked to the students upon the importance of young men entering this work, and as a result, thirteen consecrated themselves to it. We trust that this may be but a nucleus around which many more may be gathered. We wish these visiting brethren much success and Godspeed in speaking to college men upon this great question.

Our Y. M. C. A. sent the following delegates to the Intercollegiate Conference, Y. M. C. A., held at the University of Virginia, December 3d, 4th, and 5th: Prof. H. H. Harris, C. D. Roy, W. A. Borum, H. W. Jones, J. D. Martin, W. C. Tyree, W. C. Robinson, C. A. Folk, and C. L. Laws.

They report themselves as having a most delightful time, and are loud in



their praises of Charlottesville hospitality. A sketch of the meeting will appear in the next *Messenger*.

### IN MEMORIAM.

John Alexander Powers, of King William county, Va., entered college September 22d, 1875, aged 18; remained, with several interruptions by sickness, till the fall of 1880, when his health completely gave way. For six years he slowly wasted with pulmonary consumption, and on the — of last November passed quietly away.

He was a patient and successful student, beginning at the bottom, graduating in two schools, and attaining to senior classes in several others. As a devoted Christian he left his impress on all, and died in the midst of such work as his failing strength would allow.

Alexander Mason Harris, born March 24th, 1853, in Culpeper county, Va., entered college at sixteen (October 1, 1869). After two sessions of very successful work he engaged for three years in business, earning means to complete his education; returned to college, October, '74, and in June, '76, obtained his degree as Master of Arts.

Removing to Texas, he sought employment as a teacher until he could prepare for and enter upon the practice of law, soon obtained a place as assistant profes-

sor of ancient languages in Waco University, which he held with great ability for seven or eight years. Meantime, after much private reading and a summer course at the University of Virginia, he commenced the practice of his chosen profession, and in the recent elections was chosen by a handsome majority and over strong opposition Commonwealth's Attorney for his town and county. Special preparation for these new duties broke down his vigorous constitution and left him a prey to fever. He died November 19th at Waco. His mortal remains were brought to Richmond and laid to rest on the 25th in Hollywood in the section of Geo. A. Hundley, Esq., whose only daughter he had married two years ago.

His Christian character was strong and decided. In early boyhood he had been baptized. Subsequently, mistaking the natural withering of the fresh flowers of his young hope, he deemed himself unworthy of a place among church members, but when his piety assumed a more manly type and began to bear fruit in useful services, he recognized his mistake and returned to communion with the people of God. In his last letters he adverted with peculiar pleasure to the fact that he had passed through an exciting contest for office with no stain on his character, no diminution of his Christian influence.





## OUR LETTER-BOX.

"A. T. L." Richmond, would like to know whom she has to thank for the "kind remembrance of a November Messenger."

"Subs."—Your subscription is due at your earliest convenience to remit. Others will also make a note of this.

"H. T. P."—The expression, "The Lord forgive me, I'll never try it again," was first used by a college student who spent a part of his vacation as a book agent.

We think it too solemn a phrase to use in trifling matters, but we make no criticism of it in the book agent.

"A."—We hardly know *what* to recommend for your corns. We remember of curing one with a poultice of wheat bread and vinegar, but it was so small a one that it was not irritated by our usual foot covering. Suppose you bathe the troublesome member in nitric acid; if the corn is not cured, we think *its* pain will be imperceptible.

"Subs."—The word "flunk" is a crystallized expression among college students. Its *general* significance is "Calico the night before."

"Ex-Student."—Yes, it is very probable that we shall have a jollification at the close of the present session, "Facultate volente."

"Minnie A."—The latest stamp flirtation we are *posted* on is as follows: "A stamp put on face inward indicates absent-mindedness. (2.) Placed on back of

letter, in place of seal, he is trying to fool you. (3.) Two stamps when one is required, he loves you. (4.) One stamp when one is required, he likes you. (5.) If no stamp at all—*i. e.*, collect at the other end—he loves another girl.

"Raleigh."—We do not profess to have a gymnasium. Our prospects in this line were once encouraging, but our hope has fled. If any friend wants to immortalize his name among Richmond College students, let him donate a liberal fund for gymnasium apparatus.

"Curious."—The term "Boss" is used among Richmond College boys as a refined synonym for *desert*. It is from the Sanskrit *Bossa*, meaning a *heifer* or *calf*—*i. e.*, it follows the old cow.

"A. B. C."—The following is the stanza we suppose you refer to:

"There was a young man with a name  
That threatened to hinder his fame;  
So he drops double O  
In u and i go—  
Like the b-b- it gets there the same."

"Tourist."—Thanks for your kind (?) offer, but we object to giving you credentials for the little service you could render us by foreign correspondence. We doubt not that the *Messenger's* testimonials of your identity would be of service to you, but we depreciate their value by disposing of them at so low a price.

"Sufferer."—The instrument known as the "flesh-crawler" is in appearance similar to the violin. Its *strains* may be heard any time while passing cottage No. 16. It is made to play one tune, from



which the name of the instrument is taken. It is intended to accompany a bagpipe or steam piano.

"*Allentown.*"—We have no student this session carrying a "post-graduate ticket in calico." We have a vast number in that school, not quite so far advanced, applying for the various degrees of M. C., B. C., D. C., E. T. C.

"*Progress.*"—Our mess building is preserved for its ancient architecture. It was built after Gothic design in the spring and summer of 1349. We believe, though, that its value as a relic is depreciating, and as soon as a plan can be drawn guaranteeing the building to stand at least six centuries, the present one will be displaced.

"*Fay & Fairy.*"—(1.) You can get the photo of the young man in question by sending your address to this office. (2.) Gracious only *nose* the size, we don't. It was intended by nature for a rack to hang spectacles on, and at the same time as a store house for a winter's *cold*. (3.) The young man is not at college this year. His overcoat was bought long especially so that he might keep on wearing his low-quartered shoes.

"*Proclamation.*"—We did *not* keep Thanksgiving day. We didn't want to keep it. What good would it have done us if we had have kept it? Now, if it had have been a holiday it would be

something of a keep-sake—we would have kept on keeping it; but it wasn't, so we just let it pass on along with other days of neglected opportunities.

"*Junior.*"—A "trial," *objectively* speaking, is anything very disagreeable which one has to bear with: for instance, haughty *airs*. *Subjectively* speaking, it is a proceeding against one who in some unlawful manner disturbs the peace of another. *Objective* and *subjective* trials sometimes confront each other, the result of which is the verdict of the jury,—and as have (?).

"*Alex.*"—If *you* are satisfied with the coat you ought to wear it; we would not care what the girls say.

If the tailor intended it for a frock coat and forgot to slit it up behind, you are not compelled to take it. See "American Decisions, Tailor vs. Dude," §§ 61 and 62, page 99.

"*1848.*"—We do not know when the brick walks between the college and mess-hall and in front of the cottages were laid. They ante-date the recollection of any mechanic we have been able to consult. We are to have new ones—in the sweet by-and-by.

"*Tom Thumb.*"—A good way to treat a burglar is to lie in bed and try to stare him out of countenance. If you find in the morning this didn't work, try some other plan next time.





## PERSONALS.

We are glad to hear that M. G. Field, '84, will return to college next session for his B. A.

Mat. B. Harrison, B. L., '82, who has been practicing in Minnesota, was married recently in Richmond to the daughter of Hon. Wm. Wirt Henry.

Allen Potts, '86, is attending McCabe's university school in Petersburg.

Jno. B. Williams, '86, is preaching to four churches in Halifax county.

C. E. Davidson, '86; W. Y. Quisenberry, '86; J. H. Pearcy, '85; J. B. Timberlake, '85, are among old Richmond College boys at the Seminary in Louisville this year.

W. J. Wright, '83, is in the insurance business at Suffolk, Va.

John Hume, '85, is at Pantops Academy a second term.

George Ainslie, '86, is at V. M. I. A letter from that institution tells us that

George is studying hard this season. Think of it, fellows.

We desire to state very privately that congratulations to M. L. Wood, '84, are in order. The day is set, we believe, for Wednesday, December 22d, '86.

J. B. Lemon and E. L. Stone, '85, are back at Rochester Seminary this session. We hear that J. Bunyan has been appointed musical director of the seminary.

G. W. Quick, '85, is putting in his second year at Crozer Theological seminary. We would be glad to have an article from this able writer when he has time to prepare us one.

T. C. Gordon, '86, is at the University of Virginia this session.

W. J. H. Bohannon, '84, is taking law at the University.

Barton Wise, '84, is applying for B. L. this year at the University.

## EXCHANGES.

To the *Yale News* we give the first place in our exchange column this month, and, we might also add, not by any means the last in our estimation.

It comes to us daily filled with just such items as would give one the best idea of the daily thoughts and doings of the students of the great university it represents.

Its news from the general college world is also fresh, crisp, and readable. As is perfectly natural, the majority of its space is given to athletic matters, but frequent

and pertinent remarks in regard to the intellectual pursuits of the students indicate that a great deal more attention is paid to the latter at Yale than might be supposed.

Lippincott's *Magazine*, in its November number, makes an innovation which we rather think will merit and receive a cordial welcome from its readers.

It discontinues the publication of serial stories and will have instead a complete novel in each issue. By this



means its regular readers will not suffer the anxious expectancy from month to month in waiting for "what comes next"; and those who are prevented from seeing the *Magazine* regularly every month will not of necessity lose eight or ten pages in each number. This change should enlarge its circulation.

The novel "Brueton's Bayou" in the November number is from the pen of John Habberton, and covers ninety pages.

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A former student, F. W. McKay, '84, has shown his loyalty to his Alma Mater by naming his breezy little sheet, the *Warren Messenger*, after this magazine. In return we desire to express our pleasure at seeing his paper on our exchange table and our satisfaction on account of its general excellence.

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Among other good things in the *Academy News*, Kingston, N. Y., we notice that it asks for short and condensed pieces; and in reading over the article "Sir Thomas More," which might be measured by this rule, we found that it contained a great many more good thoughts than are usually met with in many of the long pieces in the larger magazines.

"How to Preserve the Results of Reading" is also worth careful attention. Taking the *News* all and all, we think the academy ought to be very proud of it, for it is not surpassed by a great many college journals of much larger pretensions.

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We ventured to open the November number of the *Swarthmore Phoenix*, hoping to find therein something bright

and fresh that would dissipate the gloom and depression into which its dark and forbidding exterior had thrown us. We were specially disappointed where we hoped to find something specially good—namely, in the Exchange department, for many of the exhalations from that office were quite as *swarth*, malignant, and sulphurous as the name and external appearance of the paper would indicate. We had, however, in the editor's remarks about the *Messenger*, a striking instance of the truth of the saying that there is nothing so mean or insignificant but that one can learn something from it, and so the *Phoenix* has increased our amount of knowledge by its ideas on the meanings of the words, "far-fetched" and "culture." We have often deplored the fact that in the *Messenger* the subjects discussed, however well they may have been treated, were generally so nearly in accord with the common run of subjects in college magazines, and have many a time wished to see more of them have unusual headings, even though they might sometimes possibly be called by the most rigid critics "far-fetched."

Still we submit that such subjects as "Trades Unions Discussed," "Causes of Earthquakes," "The Greatness of Our Country," and "Lafayette," in the October *Messenger*, counterparts of which can be seen in all our college magazines, cannot be justly styled "far-fetched." Moreover, the *Phoenix* says that we lack "culture"; and looking over our able (?) contemporary to find out what was considered *culture* at Swarthmore, we found that it consisted in having in the sixteen pages of its magazine only two pieces, hardly four pages, of literary matter, and the rest filled with moderately interesting



chit-chat and, principally, with new (?) and original (?) thoughts on athletic matters, such as "The Necessity of Out-Door Exercise," "How Advantageous a Systematic Course of Training is," "Smoking Injurious to Athletes," &c., &c. We are glad that the *Phoenix* brings prominently before us the fact that the Richmond College idea of culture doesn't run that way.

And all this severity at the hands of the *Phoenix* simply because other college journals sometimes make the mistake of giving the *Messenger* a favorable comment when they must have meant the *Phoenix*.

We have a habit of publishing some of the comments about the *Messenger* because we think that is the best way to show our appreciation of them, and also to give our students an idea of what other papers think of their magazine; and we are heartily sorry that the sight of these in our exchange column has so completely filled the heart of the *Phoenix* with the green-eyed monster that it cannot make a decent criticism.

- Never mind, one of these days, when the *Phoenix* advances its culture anywhere near that of the Nassau Lit., on which it dotes so entirely, the *Messenger* will feel that it can justly say something complimentary about it, but — not yet.

Most of the matter contained in the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* is of a local character, and is therefore of more interest to the alumni and students of the college than to the outside world.

The poem "Forest Scene in Autumn," and prose piece, "Education and the Professions," are good. An old and fre-

quent criticism applies very well here, viz : that more literary and less local matter would very much improve the magazine.

The *Messenger* desires to give the *Scientific American* this special acknowledgment for the valuable aid it derives from it in getting up its Scientific department. This paper comes to us every week full of the latest news on all scientific and mechanical subjects; and we only hope that our selections from it may be the means of inducing all our students to read carefully the whole paper.

It is, of course, specially valuable to those interested in science, but any one who reads it will find matter in it interesting now and useful for all future life.

The October number of the Greensboro' *College Message*, a new and welcome exchange, did not arrive in time to be noted last month.

Its articles, especially "Hints on Reading" and "Talks on Elocution," are, however, of such excellence that continued meditation upon them only intensifies the admiration one has for them at first reading.

In "Selection from the Debate" on the subject, which is the more sensible—Ancient or Modern Dress—the arguments on both sides were just rare enough to be entertaining, just varied enough to be pleasant, and just weighty enough to leave one undecided which way the advantage lies.

We fancy that the article headed "Letter" might probably be better appreciated by the fair residents of the college later in life. We would also suggest that it would be a good idea to give the full



name of the editors, for with this frail mask thrown off, we think we could recognize familiar faces.

Besides the preceding, our students will find good reading-matter in the following papers, which can be found on

the reading-desk in the library: "Calliopean Clarion," "Cap and Gown," "University Cynic," "Nassau Lit," "Wake Forest Student," "W. T. I.," "College Rambler," "Marietta College Olio," "Southern Collegian," "Exponent," and others.

## COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

The principal event in the college world during the past month has been the celebration of Harvard's 250th anniversary. It was the most complete and successful celebration of the kind ever witnessed in America, and the results of the very elaborate preparations must have been entirely satisfactory to all those who had it in charge. The exercises, consisting of games, boat races, torchlight processions, literary and religious exercises, occupied four days. The most notable features of the occasion were the number of distinguished alumni who participate in the exercises, the large number of college presidents and other distinguished visitors that were there, and the presence of President Cleveland with several members of his Cabinet. On Monday, the last and principal day, at Saunder's Theatre, James Russell Lowell delivered the oration, which has been best described as fully equal to himself and the occasion. Oliver Wendell Holmes read a poem composed for the anniversary, and at the dinner in Memorial Hall, President Cleveland made a speech which has been very highly spoken of. Let other American colleges consider how nobly Harvard has surmounted all difficulties and attained her present position and determine

to do likewise, so that their 250th anniversary may equal hers.

At Racine College the examinations are now given without previous notice.

At Cornell they have a "mock congress," which is thought to be superior to the ordinary letter society—at least, the students seem to take a more lively interest in it.

"Ergo," remarked the professor to his class, after a long preamble. "Ergo," then he stopped to take a breath. "Well, let ergo," sung out one of the students, and the conclusion was ruined.

The door-plates of three houses standing side by side in Boston read as follows: "Godman, Kneeland, Pray."

Lehigh University is about to lose its prospective \$10,000,000 endowment from the Packer estate. Asa Packer died in 1879, leaving a widow, two sons and a daughter—all are dead save the daughter, aged 45, who has married, and if an heir is born, he and not the university will get the \$10,000,000.—*Courier-Journal*

High tied—the bow on a bonnet.

The man with rheumatism is every inch a'king.

According to an eye-witness, the Boston girl don't say, "Let's skip the gutter." She remarks, "Let us suddenly



overlap the marginal depression of the public thoroughfare."

Why is a telephone feminine? Because it talks back.

When is butter like Irish children? When it is made into little Pats.

When is the best time to study nature? When Autumn turns the leaves.

The latest pronunciation of the word matrimony is "matter o' money."

Why are stars the best astronomers? Because they have always studded the skies.

There have been established at Harvard two scholarships with a present income of two hundred dollars, the requisites for which are rather novel. They are to be termed the George Emerson Lowell scholarships, and excellence either in the classics or athletic contests are to be the qualifications for candidates.

At Wellesley they have a professor of cookery.

In the election for Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, the Earl of Idesleigh was chosen. He received 1,094 votes and the Rt. Hon. Sir Lyon Playfair 747.

William Clark, D. D., the only survivor of the Dartmouth class of 1822, is still living in Amherst, Mass., at the age of eighty-eight.

"I see the scoundrel in your face," exclaimed the judge to the prisoner. "I reckon, judge," was the response, "that theat 'ere's a personal reflection, ain't it?"

President Fanstable, of the Imperial University of Japan, is travelling in the United States.

The Trustees of the East Pennsylvania Wesleyan University have decided upon calling their institution the Grant Me-

morial University. General Grant was the first subscriber to their building.

"You remind me," shouted Mr. Milderib to his wife's cousin, who is as deaf as a post, "you remind me of Tom Moore." "Why?" quired the listening one. "Because," shouted Mr. Milderib, "you'er de bard of Erin."

The color line is giving trouble at Dickinson College. Robert G. Young (colored), who graduated with honor from Carlisle High School, made application to enter Dickinson College, but President McCauley said he had no authority in the premises. Some of the students threaten to leave if Young is admitted.

Two hundred thousand dollars are said to have changed hands, during the final game of ball between Yale and Harvard, at the close of the college year.

At the recent National Convention of German Physicians the conclusion was reached to use all endeavors to dissuade young men from entering upon the study of medicine. This step was necessitated on account of the alarming increase of students in this particular profession. In Berlin in 1876 the medical students numbered 281; now they are 1,279. The increase in other places is proportionally as great.

Vienna has more medical students than Paris.

Dr. Victor Pierre, Professor of Physics at Vienna University, is dead.

Jay Gould is so short that youths' sizes in trousers fit him.

Yale College Y. M. C. A. building, Dwight Hall, costing \$60,000, is done.

Boarding-house wit. Adolphus (takes the last piece): This is very good bread, Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. Thompson, the



landlady: Yes, and I think it better bred than some of my boarders.

'Gray ha'rs am entitled to respeck only when de owners of gray heads respeck deirselves.—*Brudder Gardner*.

"I say, Jobkins, can you let me have that dollar you owe me?" "Want it to-day, particularly?" "Well, you see, I have the toothache." "What has that to do with it?" "A great shock will cure the toothache, Jobkins, and I thought perhaps if you paid me I — er. Thank you."

Forty Dartmouth students spent their vacation in the White Mountains as hotel-waiters. Sensible young men.

One of the girls recently startled the professor and her class-brothers in declining the pronominal adjective "hic," by starting off: "Hic, hæc, hoc, hug-us, hug-us, hug-us, quick! quick! quick!"

Among the suspended Sophomores for hazing, of the Maine State College, are two young ladies.

The marking system with reference to the seniors has been abolished at the College of New York.

A fund of \$800,000 has been secured for the founding of a polytechnic school in Chicago.

How an Englishman spells saloon: A hess and a hay, a hell, two hoes and a hen.

Among other incidents of the earthquake, the *S. C. Collegian* mentions the following prayer offered by one of the colored brethren: "O handsome Lord! do come down and help us durin' dese utquakes, or ef you can't come yo'self, sen' yo' Son, but do, dear Lord, ef you kin, come down yo'self, 'case durin' dese troubl'some times dere ain't no 'pendence to be put in chilluns." Such was the

verbal utterance of the heartfelt emotions of that darkey. The earthquake certainly brings out previously undiscovered traits of character.

Elihu Yale, founder of Yale University, lies buried in a little church at Wrenham, Denbighshire, Wales. His monument bears the following inscription:

Born in America, in Europe bred,  
In Africa travelled, in Asia wed;  
Where long he lived and thrived,  
And at London died;

Much good, some ill he did; so hope's  
all even

And his soul through mercy is gone to  
Heaven;

You that survive and read this tale, take  
care

For this most certain event to prepare;  
When blest in peace, the actions of the  
just

Smell sweet and blossom in the silent  
dust.

The Seniors of West Point Military School had their first engagement in warfare. They were utterly routed. The attack was made upon the plugs and canes of the Juniors. President Cleveland ordered a court martial, which found five cadet captains guilty of "conduct prejudicial to good order and military discipline." The sentence was "dishonorable dismissal from the service of the United States." The proceedings of the court being submitted to the President, sentence was mitigated to "reduction in grade of cadet officers to that of cadet privates." Thirty other Seniors were ordered to be confined to the area of the barracks till July 1, 1887—i. e., two weeks after graduation in June. More medicine of this kind would doubtless



entirely cure the "rush" fever everywhere.

At a recent dinner party, the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a lengthy discussion, in which Mark Twain took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him and exclaimed, "Why do you not say something? I want your opinion." Twain replied, gravely, "Madam, you must excuse me. I am silent of necessity. I have friends in both places."

"Learning by study must be won,

'Twas ne'er entailed from son to son."

The Emperor of Russia has lately donated \$20,000 to the Hydrophobia Hospital under the charge of M. Pasteur.

The change in a dog's eyes as he goes from light to darkness, or vice versa, occupies three seconds. This is the time when you want to jump the picket-fence.

Military discipline at West Point is so strict that a beetle may crawl down a private's back when he is in the ranks and he must not indulge in the slightest evidence of perturbation. He must simply hope that the beetle will crawl up again.

THE HARVARD STATISTICS.—The following statistics were brought to light at the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Harvard. They are very interesting and show the remarkable growth of that institution: During the first century there were 1,275 graduates; during the second, 4,222, and during the first half of the third, 5,436. The number of men on an average in a class the first century was 12.75, during the second, 42.22, and during the last fifty years 108.7, and for the five years just past 198.5. The two oldest graduates graduated in 1811. The

class of 1812 has no living member, '13 only one, '14 none, '15 one, '16 none, but '17 five. Only one man graduated in 1652 and 1654, while in 1644, 1648, 1672, 1682 and 1688, there were no graduates. As late as 1704, only four graduated. The first class over fifty was in 1765, over one hundred in 1860, and over two hundred in 1883. The largest class that ever graduated was in 1886, which numbered two hundred and twenty-two men, five and a half times as many as in 1836. The first degree of D. D. was conferred on Increase Mather in 1692, and the first LL. D. on George Washington in 1776. The average age of deceased graduates since 1836, is 58.4 years, doctors 57.3, ministers 64.9, and lawyers 50.9. One of the most interesting things left by the celebration was the registration book of the graduates present at it, and is a fitting companion to a similar book preserved from the two hundredth anniversary in 1836.

#### TO MY PARTNER AT WHIST.

Oh lovely *Queen*, all *diamond decked*,  
Hear my audacious prayer,  
Or else the *Deuce* will take your *Jack*  
And plunge him in despair.

Do not *deceive* him, or betray  
A love till late so shrinking,  
Or *lead* him on to *throw away*  
His life in *cards* or drinking.

No *Knavish tricks* my *game* shall show,  
But bold my *suit* I'll *press*,  
And *force* your *heart* to *echo* to  
My own—a sweet *finesse*.

Then happier than *Kings* we'll be,  
If never heretofore,  
And when the judgment *trump* shall play  
*Love all* will be the score.



## SELECTIONS.

The Paris *Figaro* has begun to print all foreign names with the simple prefix "Mr." Why not? Why should we write about Mr. Mackenzie, M. Gounod, Signor Verdi, Herr Wagner, Señor Sarasate, Pan Dvorak, Per Nordblom, and Gaspodin Pachmann? A Frenchman writes them one and all "M. —," and a German "Herr —." Still further, why should we not say "Miss" instead of "Mademoiselle," and "Mrs." instead of "Madame"? To be sure, Mrs. Patti would look odd for a little while, but not for long.

The word "unique" is one of which careless writers and speakers should beware. As its etymology implies, (unus, one) it is properly used only of an object or concept which stands by itself as the only one of its kind in existence. To speak of a "unique" thing of which there are scores or thousands of specimens is to betray one's ignorance.

Still further, if a thing is "unique," nothing more can be said; and to write "wholly unique," or "quite unique," or "very unique indeed"—all of which is often seen in print—is equally betraying. The lack of knowledge that thus tries to disguise itself by the free use of words a little out of the common is, alas! not unique.

Officers of the English navy advise their government to connect Halifax, Bermuda and England by cable. Among other benefits that England might derive from such a connection is mentioned the fact that it would make her

independent of American weather reports in case of estrangement between the two countries.

Some writer has said, "For once when we take down our Milton, and read a book of that 'voice whose sound is like the sea,' we take up fifty times a magazine with something about Milton or about Milton's grandmother, or a book stuffed with curious facts about the houses in which he lived, and the juvenile ailments of his first wife."

There are flaws in diamonds, flies in amber, and faults in every man.

The excavators at Pompeii have recently found a new street of tombs near the eastern gate.

There are sixty million standard dollars in circulation, with eighty-five million in the treasury.

There is nothing that strengthens a man's honesty so much as to trust him; suspect him, and you weaken his faith in himself and in everybody else.

Buffalo is going to have a tremendous clock. The dials will be twenty-five feet in diameter, 361 feet above the street, and lighted by electricity.

The Chicago *Herald* says that the skull which Edwin Booth uses in Hamlet was willed to the tragedian's father by one Fontaine, a Kentucky horse thief, whom the eccentric elder actor once knew, and



between whom and Booth's father a curious intimacy existed. The elder Booth never used the skull, as he left Louisville before Fontaine died, but it was given to the present star by Dr. Morris, of that city, into whose hands it came.

The "white house" has been so named because it is built of white freestone. The effect is very fine when the snow is on the ground, resembling frost-work.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs  
Don't be haughty and put on airs,  
With insolent pride of station!  
Don't be proud and turn up your nose  
At poorer people in plainer clothes;  
But learn, for the sake of your soul's  
repose,  
That wealth's a bubble that comes—  
and goes,  
And that all proud flesh, wherever it  
goes,  
Is subject to irritation.—*J. G. Saxe.*

The number of persons engaged in the erection of the Temple, by Solomon, has been reckoned as follows, the total being 103,300: There were 10,000 men engaged at Lebanon in hewing timber; there were 70,000 bearers of burdens; 20,000 hewers of stone, and 3,300 overseers, all of whom were employed for seven years. Besides their wages and diet, Solomon bestowed upon these a gift, called *donum Solomonis*, amounting to \$33,069,885. If we estimate the daily food and wages of each man to be \$1.12½, the sum total will be \$469,385,140.

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change it "a bit." If you take off another, you have a "bit" left. If you take off an-

other, the whole of "it" remains. If you remove another, it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a bad habit, you must throw it off altogether.—*Ex.*

A State normal school for colored students has been established by the Legislature of Kentucky.

There is a deal of pathos in the spectacle presented by the ancient college of William and Mary in Virginia, as it sits awaiting the final extinction that must soon come to it. Founded in 1693, it is the oldest college in America, with the single exception of Harvard, and its history has been noble. In its halls were educated many of the most illustrious men of America, among them Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, and Winfield Scott.

The war of secession wrought something like ruin to William and Mary. Its buildings, its libraries, and its apparatus were destroyed by fire; its students were scattered, and those to whose patronage it looked for support were impoverished. Worst of all, its funds were recklessly invested in Confederate bonds.

After the war, efforts were made to re-establish the college. An endowment fund was raised, and new buildings were put up. Again fire destroyed them, and there was no insurance. Year by year the necessary expenses exceeded the income, and little by little the endowment fund decreased. When it was reduced to about \$40,000, all the professors were dismissed, and the president alone remained the sole member of the faculty. During one year he had one student, who constituted the total undergraduate strength of the institution, precisely as



young Clinton, with the professor hired to teach him, once constituted the whole of Columbia College in this city, except that Clinton's solitary studentship was the beginning, while this was the end, of a great institution's career. Now there is a president and no student at all at William and Mary, and within a few years the last dollar of the endowment will have been spent, and the old college will be dead.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

**THE QUEEN OF ITALY'S NECKLACE.**  
—Now, a word about the celebrated coral necklace of the Queen of Italy. It is a well-known fact that she wears it continually, and even on occasions of grand toilette she carries it under a river of sparkling diamonds. The necklace has a history: Five years ago, the Prince of Naples, her son, heir apparent to the throne of Italy, was strolling through a street in Venice, when his eye was at-

tracted by the necklace in the show window of a jeweler shop. The idea at once struck him to buy it for his mother the Queen. But the price was far beyond the capacity of his pocket money, and though destined to be King Victor Emmanuel III., he was compelled to ask the jeweler for credit. The bargain was that the Prince should buy the necklace, pearl by pearl, according as he could save enough from his pocket money.

On leaving the jeweler shop on the first occasion the Prince carried with him five pearls, which he carefully guarded. It was two years before he was able to buy the whole necklace. When the Queen afterward learned the secret of the purchase, she made a resolve to wear this charming exhibition of her son's love on all occasions, and hence she wears it every day, and gives it a place even when she wears her state jewels on great occasions.—*Roman letter to the Paris Figaro.*

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