

# The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

---

Volume 12  
Number 4 *The Messenger*, Vol. 12, No. 4

Article 1

---

1-1887

## The Messenger, Vol. 12, No. 4

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



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

---

### Recommended Citation

(1887) "The Messenger, Vol. 12, No. 4," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 12 : No. 4 , Article 1.  
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol12/iss4/1>

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

# Richmond College Messenger.

1954

VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1887.

NO. 4.

## EDITORS:

*Mu Sigma Rho.* { H. W. STRALEY,  
W. C. TYREE,  
R. C. STEARNES.

*Philologist.* { C. R. CRUIKSHANKS,  
W. A. BORUM,  
H. W. WILLIAMS.

*Business Manager*—W. A. BORUM.

*Assistant Business Manager*—W. C. ROBINSON.

[Written for the Messenger.]

## My Pipe.

JOSH.

Old pipe, now battered, bruised, and brown,  
For many years we've been together;  
With hopes high up and spirits down,  
I've puffed thee in all kinds of weather;  
And as I fill thee with the weed  
That steep my brain in dreamy vapor,  
Pegassus for a time is freed,  
And like a colt begins to caper.

When we were young, my pipe and I,  
The world looked golden to my vision;  
I thought the Fates without a sigh,  
Would lap my soul in sweet Elysium;

*Centralia, Va., Oct. 19, 1886.*

But time has used us rather rough,  
We've drifted down the sea, still dreaming,  
'Till now we'd feign sing out enough,  
And say farewell to idle seeming,

Old pipe, had but thy smoky bowl  
A tongue that could to life be started,  
Knowing the secrets of my soul  
In many a midnight hour imparted,  
Thy pleadings could perhaps renew  
The ties of love that time has sundered,  
And with an unknown softness woo,  
Where my rough speech has only blundered.

Among noted features of college commencements this year is the fact of the semi-centennial of two eminent professors—Professor J. L. Lincoln of Brown University and Professor W. S. Tyler of Amherst College. An academic life of fifty years with one institution is not common, but these men are wearing their armor where they put it on. Both of these men carry the spirit of youth.

The University of Jena has received a bequest of \$75,000, to be applied to zoological research upon Darwin's theory of evolution.

William and Mary College in Virginia is dead in all but name. Every morning the aged President rings the college bell, and, though not one student responds, the college is open and the charter is not revoked.



### Language—Its Origin, Use, and Abuse.

What is that strange institution which we call language? What is its origin? What are its uses? Such questions as these present themselves to the minds of thoughtful persons, but to get a sufficient answer to them is not easy.

Perhaps the best definition of language is that it is the means which beings employ in communicating their thoughts and feelings to one another. This includes both the articulate speech of men and the inarticulate utterances of brutes, for the one is as truly language as the other. Animals seem to understand the various sounds to which they give utterance as really as men catch the import of spoken words. This definition also includes the sign language used by deaf mutes. Restricting ourselves to articulate language, we say that its origin is partly divine and partly human.

According to the most orthodox philosophy, man cannot create something out of nothing. Hence, the origin of language is divine in the respect that God endowed man with the capabilities of speech, and human in so far as mankind have made use of these innate capacities, and from rude beginnings have developed the present beautiful and complicated fabric of language. In trying to get back to the origin of a language it would be necessary to trace the history of each separate word which it contains. But an attempt of this sort, interesting as it might prove to the linguistic student, would not give a full solution of the problem, as the origin of many words is lost. The rise of many names may be explained on the onomatopoeic principle. Objects are named from some prominent

feature or quality which they possess. Thus the falling of a tree in the forest was called a "crash"; the striking of a heavy body on the ground, a "thud"; a peculiar cry suggestive of pain, a "howl,"—the words themselves being derived from the sounds produced. Other words, chiefly interjections, came into use to express feeling, such as "Oh," "Alas," &c.

Our purpose, however, is not to trace the history of one particular language, but of language in general, as the embodiment of thought and feeling, and as the means of communication between man and man. Each member of the human race is by nature a social being, and needs company. As a consequence men require some means of making themselves mutually understood. Imagine a recluse inhabiting some lonely cave on the mountain's side: such a one would have no need to speak, and very likely never would. But let him give up his hermit's life and mingle with society, and language becomes a necessity for him.

The great use of language is to convey thought and feeling. Thought and speech are not identical. The former is requisite for the latter; but whether language is necessary for thought—that is, whether we think by means of words—is a mooted point. It would seem that ideas and concepts can be formed without the help of words; for the deaf and dumb evidently think, as their actions prove. Yet it is undeniable that words are a great aid to accurate thinking and to the clearness of ideas. Of the adaptability of language for this use, much might be said. The sculptor can take the plain and



lifeless block of marble and transform it into the fine and life-like statue of a man.

The painter can depict upon the canvass, scenes so true to nature that the very birds are deceived, and yet with all their art, neither the sculptor nor the painter can so stir men to action as the writer whose logic carries conviction, or the orator whose well-turned periods move multitudes. For the superiority of language over the fine arts in this respect, several reasons may be given.

First, language is much more flexible than either sculpture or painting; it can be used to express more delicate and various shades of meaning. The artist can present a number of expressions, but the material which he uses is more limited in capacity for embodying thought than that with which the linguist deals. Another advantage of language consists in the greater proficiency which can be attained by the majority of men in its use, as compared with sculpture or painting. True, only skilful men in either calling ever rise to the front rank, but the number of good speakers and writers is greater than the number of famous artists. Among the orators may be mentioned Pericles, Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Chatham, Gladstone, Webster, Henry, and others. The illustrious writers in prose and verse compose a company too great for us to mention. They appear in every country and every age. The artists, however, would not include so many names. Phidias, Canova, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Reubens, Vandyke, and Landseer well-nigh complete the list.

Notwithstanding the great beauty of language as a means of intercourse between the members of the human family,

we hear frequent and violent abuses of it. Among those which need to be specially guarded against are slang and superlative expressions, and euphemistic language used to cover the most heinous sins. Slang shows intellectual weakness in the person who employs it. Many people use it—college students not excepted. Slang phrases probably arise from the fact that the person using them has no clear conception of what he is about to say. He makes use of such terms to conceal his temporary embarrassment, thereby proclaiming his ignorance or indolence.

Superlative language is due most likely to the same cause. Some people declare that a very common occurrence is "the funniest thing they ever saw"; about something, of which they have often heard, they protest that "they never did hear of such a thing in all their lives." A serious objection to this overcoloring in the use of language is its tendency to falsehood. Hyperbole indulged in occasionally lends force and vivacity to speech. To say that a certain man is as high as a church-steeple simply conveys the idea that he is very tall; no one understands the statement literally. The frequent employment of such language has, however, a bad effect on the mind. It leads to the habit of telling lies. If we use such exaggerated terms with regard to every-day events, what shall we do when we have something grand to describe?

Perhaps the greatest perversion of language is the use of high-sounding terms to cloak wicked acts. The newspapers of to-day are full of this error; one example will suffice. In current phrase a bank-cashier "appropriates the funds for his



own purposes, and absconds to Canada;" but in plain Anglo-Saxon he "stole the money and ran away." May it not be long before men cease to hide sin under bombastic phraseology, but see it in all its hideous deformity!

Let language be studied; neglect it not in order to learn science, but let both go hand-in-hand, for each disciplines the mind. Let language be used grammatically; let it be used simply; let it be used forcefully.

ALBION.

### My Moustache.

I am now 21 years old, though there is nothing surprising about that, for I once knew an *unmarried* lady who was that age. Ever since I was a little boy who used to eat green apples when I did not wish to go to school—preferring colic to school—I have looked forward to this age. Ever since I used to hang my sisters' kittens, and then guess with the seriousness of a judge that I had seen the neighbor's dog prowling around that morning, I have looked forward to this age. Yes, even from the earliest recollections of childhood, I have looked forward to this age. Why was it that I looked forward to my 21st birthday with such delight? Ah! it was then that I would "turn out" my moustache and let it grow unmolested. Well, that fond dream has been realized—I mean as far as my 21st birthday is concerned.

The eve of my birthday was a lovely day, and I stood before the mirror to shave my moustache for the last time. The next day was just as lovely, and as it was autumn, the leaves which had clothed the trees for the few preceding months in a coat of green were now fading, dying, and falling noiselessly to the earth. But I did not think much of these; no, no; I was thinking of the *something* which was *not* fading and dying, but which was springing and grow-

ing. Of course the things which were springing were small in comparison with the things which were falling; but my father has always told me to "take care of the little things," and I was obeying him on this special occasion.

Well, a week passed, in which time my moustache progressed finely. I watched them daily—I could almost see them grow. Two, three weeks passed, and as my moustache was quite long and even had some color, I ventured to call to see a fair damsel. We chatted for several hours, but she never once alluded to the change in me since last she saw me. I was expecting her to say that a moustache was or was not becoming to me; but she did not mention the subject. I was disappointed, to say at least about it.

Upon my return that night, after having looked in the mirror about six times, I felt sure that my moustache was not in fault, but attributed it all to the lady's eyesight. About a week later (my moustache had grown wonderfully in that time) I called to see another lady, a sweet girl, a blushing maiden of—of—well, of course, they are never over "sweet sixteen."

We got quite familiar with each other before the evening was over; so much so that—well, in the course of conversation



she alluded to my hair. Then I knew that she would say something about my moustache, and I felt glad. She would tell me that there was a beautiful contrast between my hair and moustache, or something of that kind, I felt sure. Well, she didn't, but somehow our talk drifted from that line of thought, and we began speaking of our ages. "Well," I said, "how old do you think I am?" She guessed I was 19. I said, "Most of my friends think I am about that age, but I am 21." "Indeed," she exclaimed, "You look younger than that, though I guess the reason is because you are *clean shaved*." Holy Moses!!

I turned blue. I turned purple. I thought Wiggin's prophecy had been fulfilled. I looked up to see if the gas was

burning, and having satisfied myself that it was, I began to wonder why she was so nearsighted. I don't know how long I paused, but I remember saying, "Yes, yes—my father wears no beard, and he looks younger than he really is." I left in about ten minutes; did not wait for the "sweet good bye," but hastened home. I rushed in my room, and again stood before the mirror; this time with the instrument of destruction in my hand—a razor. With this I cruelly robbed my upper lip of its moustache—I call it this through respect for the dead.

Now I am looking forward to my next 21st birthday. Then, and not till then, will I try to grow a moustache.

HOPEFUL.

---

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

---

#### FROM STAUNTON TO RICHMOND VIA LURAY CAVE.

On Monday morning, August 16th, we did a big lot of handshaking among our kinfolks and friends, took a lingering look at Staunton, and turned our faces toward the Blue Ridge mountains. At 1 o'clock we halted at the little village of Waynesboro and fed our horses. At 3 P. M. we began our second ascent of the Blue Ridge. The view from the Mountain Top Hotel was magnificent. Seldom have I enjoyed a ride as much as I did this trip across the mountains. During our ascent we had a sweeping view of the country west of the Blue Ridge; the country east of us, towards Charlottesville, broke upon our view as we reached the summit. Directly under us lay the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad tunnel.

About three fourths of the way down the mountain-side we came upon the pretty summer resort known as Afton. As we were sauntering up and down the platform, feeling strangers in a strange country, our gaze fell upon the form of E. P. Lipscombe, an A. M. of last session of Richmond College. The sight was refreshing. He laid violent hands upon us, and demanded that we make his home our stopping-place for the night. My fellow-tramp finally yielded an affirmative nod. This scribe wended his weary way to the residence of Mr. Wm. Grayson. He had tried the hospitality of this Albemarle farmer before, and knew what to expect. Mr. Grayson has an elegant home, and seems to be surrounded by



all that can make life comfortable and happy.

On Tuesday morning the Albemarle Association convened with the Hillsboro Baptist church, five miles distant, and there the tramps spent three days. It was at this meeting that I took the first look at my paternal relative since leaving home.

On Thursday evening my brother tramp turned his back upon me and set out for Free Union, the land of his kin. I determined to rest my weary bones under the shade-trees at Mr. Wm. Grayson's for a few days. I spent four days in that business. Mrs. Grayson seems to have graduated in the art of making things pleasant for the visitor. I imposed upon her kindly hospitality until 1 o'clock on Tuesday, when I jumped astride my beast and started in quest of that other tramp. The sun was viciously hot, and the roads dusty, mountainous, and lonely. Darkness had been on hand for half an hour when I drew rein at the gate of Dr. Wm. Bibb, of Free Union, where I found tramp No. 2 in the height of his glory. Here I spent a most delightful and restful night. It was with unfeigned regret to both of us that we could not prolong our visit, but we had to say the parting word next morning and continue on our pilgrimage.

At 1 o'clock we were feeding our horses at Greene Courthouse, and as the shades of night were beginning to have things their own way, we came in sight of the lights of Madison Courthouse, having come during the day thirty miles. This village consists of one long street a mile in length, and when you have travelled that, you have travelled the whole village. The place for which we

were aiming was Capt. F. M. McMullan's. The Captain lives at the old home of ex-Governor Kemper, and it is surely a superb place to visit. They took us in and seemed to forget entirely that we were nothing more than two woe-be-gone tramps. Their welcome and treatment was refreshing, and it was one of the hardest tugs of our life next morning when we had to resist their invitation to stay longer.

At half-past 4 on Thursday evening we bid them adieu with a promise that we would pay them a return call, and rode twelve miles up a most charming valley to the residence of Mr. Mat. Graves, who resides at the foot of the Blue Ridge. We rode up to his gate about dark, and he looked upon our innocent faces for the first time in his existence. We told our melting story, and paused to hear whether we should find shelter beneath his roof or be compelled to pass the night on the mountains, with rattlesnakes as our bed-fellows. Our case seemed to touch a sympathetic chord in his heart. He took us in and tendered us most generous and hospitable entertainment. We have a high regard for that old Baptist brother, and it will be many a day before we forget him.

We left him next morning at half-past 5 o'clock, with the Blue Ridge towering before us. We soon began the ascent. We wound our way slowly up the mountains in a zigzag course, the road sometimes nearly coming back upon itself. As we were moving along, our eye fell upon a rattlesnake. We led our horses a little distance up the road and came back, armed ourselves, and prepared for war. The enemy acted solely on the defensive and we on the aggressive. He stood his ground



bravely until he was desperately wounded, when he beat a hasty retreat under a huge rock, and thus ended the battle.

This was our third trip across the Blue Ridge. The distance from the foot on one side to the foot on the other is thirteen and a half miles. As we reached the top we came in view of the beautiful Valley of Virginia. It spread out before us in all its loveliness, and we would fain have spent the whole morning in feasting upon the scene, but many miles of our day's journey still lay before us, and our time for viewing was hurried and brief. After a six miles' ride in a perpendicular direction to the mountain, we turned our horses' heads to the right and started up the Valley. We had not proceeded far before the pretty tower of Luray Inn began to loom up in the distance, six miles ahead.

The atmosphere was unfriendly, but the country was magnificent. Splendid farms and beautiful residences were scattered on both sides as far as the eye could reach. We felt that we had reached the garden spot at last. At 2 o'clock we arrived at the little town of Luray. After prowling about the place for a while, we rode a quarter of a mile out of town, to visit that wonder of the nineteenth century, Luray cave. The hill over the cave is one of the most unpretending hills that I ever met, and the last thing any one would accuse it of having under it would be a cave. We tied our horses, entered a small house near the foot of the hill, handed over some of our fast-crumbling loose change, procured the services of a guide, and with candles in hand began our journey to the cave. Our party consisted of six besides the youthful guide and two dilapidated

looking travellers. We descended a long flight of stairs and crept through a small opening in the earth, when we found ourselves in the Grand Entrance Hall, a room about fifty by thirty feet. Leaving this, we visited in regular order the other rooms and objects of interest throughout the cave. I shall not attempt a description of it in detail. In fact, I could not if I would. I spent most of the hour and a quarter in which I was in the cave in attempting to recover from a feeling of wonder and awe. I moved from point to point dazed and bewildered, and spent little time in examining the different objects of interest. What I sigh for, is a second visit to the cave. No one can fully appreciate the cave unless he spends several hours in it. Our guide was a charming youth, and possessed a lovely voice, but he seemed as anxious to see the outside as we were to see the inside.

We left the cave at half-past 4 o'clock, committed our hungry horses to the care of a liveryman, and went, by invitation, to the house of Col. Spittler. He and his family gave the youths such a kindly welcome and treated them so royally that even now it makes their hearts jump with grateful pleasure to think of it. We fell in love with the Colonel, and if he shall ever show his face within the corporate limits of Richmond we will prove it. We had to end our pleasant visit next morning at half-past 10 o'clock and start out for our fourth ascent of the Blue Ridge mountains. We crossed at a gap, and consequently our journey was not so long as that of the preceding day. On the top of the mountain we passed the old and now dilapidated home of Barbeé, the sculptor.



At half-past 3 o'clock we rode through the little town of Sperryville, and two hours later we were on the streets of Little Washington, the county-seat of Rappahannock county. As we were walking up Main street we came upon Geo. W. Kinsey, one of our college-mates of '83 and '84. After recovering from his surprise at seeing us, he informed us that we were to go to his house. As he seemed determined to have his way, we decided not to make ourselves disagreeable about the matter. He lives at a beautiful place on one of the Rappahannock hills, commanding a lovely view of many miles of rich, pretty country, and of the Blue Ridge stretching out as far as the eye can reach. We spent a quiet Sabbath day at Mrs. Kinsey's, and oh, how elegantly she did minister to our enjoyment! We will remember her when our hairs are gray.

We left Monday morning and rode fourteen miles to the little village of Jeffersontown, where resides Dr. Alex. Harris. He and his family treated "us twins" with unbounded hospitality. On Tuesday morning two buggies were placed at our disposal, and each of us, with a blushing damsel at his side, whirled away over the hills of Fauquier ten miles to the town of Warrenton. I had heard that Warrenton was a beautiful town, and I could but feel as I travelled through its streets that the man who made that remark knew what he was talking about. The delight of our trip was heightened by the fact that we were enabled to make a visit to the home of Rev. H. H. Wyer. It is not often that one comes across a Baptist pastor who is as comfortably and elegantly housed as is Dr. Wyer. What a charming place he has! I managed to

slip over to the Baptist parsonage, and have a very pleasant chat with Rev. Mr. Boston.

At half-past 4 we cracked our whips and were soon taking our last look at Warrenton. As we were nearing the suburbs we caught a glimpse of ex-Governor Smith seated on his porch. Though nearly eighty years of age, his form is erect, his step elastic, and his strong mental powers untouched by the palsying hand of age.

Jeffersontown appeared in sight at half-past 6 o'clock, and this put an end to one of the most delightful trips of our summer's ramble. This was the night of the earthquake, and be it said to its credit that it touched Jeffersontown with a gentle hand. My stay at Dr. Harris's was filled with pleasures, and it was only when I came to say good-bye and was compelled to separate from my fellow-traveller that a feeling of real sadness came over me.

At 2 o'clock on Wednesday I made my parting bow, cast lingering glances at the other tramp, and moved on in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse. It was my purpose to accept Dr. James' invitation, extended me at the Valley Association, to make his home one of our halting places. The first ten miles of my trip were lonely and gloomy, but I soon began to travel through a country abounding in such magnificent views that I became so enraptured as even to forget that my fellow-equestrian was not along. Dr. James was away, attending his Association, but Mrs. James received and treated this straggler with great kindness. My visit here was one of continued pleasure. I had visited Culpeper before, and the renewal of acquaintanceships



formed then was one of the chief delights of this my second visit. I spent many pleasant hours with the Waites, Chelfs, Bells, and Allans. In the list of my stopping places Culpeper stands at the head. Dr. James returned on Friday, and added still more to the pleasure of my visit. Beneath his roof I enjoyed most hospitable attention, and it was with a mournful feeling that I had to pack up my traps on Saturday and say farewell to Culpeper.

The time of my departure was 12 o'clock, and at half-past 5 I had gotten on the other side of twenty disagreeable miles and was riding up the pretty lawn to Judge McMullan's, at Madison Courthouse. Their treatment was a continuation of their former kindness and hospitality. In their home and under their shade-trees my weary carcass found much needed and refreshing rest. On Sunday I had an interesting visit to a Lutheran church three miles from the Courthouse. This church has a remarkable history. It is 150 years old, and has a pipe-organ which was presented to them by the King of Sweden. They also have a solid silver communion service which was a gift to them from one hundred citizens of London. They have a strong membership and a pastor full of sense and religion.

On Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, I disturbed the blissful rest and happiness of my faithful beast, said farewell to the friends who had so lavishly entertained me, and was once more on the march. I was directed by Judge McMullan to the home of Mr. Fray, a good old Baptist, who lives twenty miles from Madison Courthouse. I wended my way steadily along, and as the sun was making its re-

tiring bow, I passed a brother on the road and inquired of him the distance to Mr. Fray's. He gently informed me that Mr. Fray and he were one and the same. Notwithstanding the fact that he took me to be a travelling dentist, I managed to overlook the matter on account of the generous entertainment which he extended me. He cared for me so superbly that I came near congratulating myself on being such an attractive youth, but I soon concluded that it was his nature to treat everybody kindly, be he no more than a poor tramp.

I shook hands with him next morning and set out for Charlottesville, fifteen miles distant. The trip was made in four hours, and at 12 o'clock I was knocking at the door of Mr. Luther Snead. Here the appetite of this weary traveller enjoyed the most complete satisfaction in the shape of a dinner. We spent a few hours in social chat, and at half-past 3 o'clock I was on my way again. I enjoyed a hurried ride through the classic grounds of the University, saw several of the "Hebrew" children loitering about, and started on a parallel course with the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. The evening was delicious and the scenery of the highest order. About dusk I tied my horse at the gate of Mr. Wm. White, and walked in upon him. He grasped my hand with a cordial grip, and made me feel that he was glad to see me.

On Saturday I mounted my burden-bearer and rode over to Bellevue, the home of Mrs. Grayson, and there I spent a delightfully quiet and restful time, interspersed with visiting in the neighborhood, until Thursday morning. At 1 o'clock on Thursday I was back again at Mr. White's, and at 5 P. M. I was



riding past the University grounds into Charlottesville. I passed a pleasant night in the home of Mr. L. R. Snead, and at 9 o'clock next morning I was crossing the mountain on which stands Monticello—the home of Thomas Jefferson. Ah, me! what a melancholy ride I had that day! For about ten miles of my journey I hardly saw a sign of humanity. But I jogged along and tried to think of everything except the dismalness of my situation, and at the shady hour of 6 P. M. I disembarked at the residence of Capt. Charles G. Snead, of Fluvanna, having left this place on my outward-bound trip about nine weeks previous. I found here a kindly welcome and a refreshing night's rest.

At half-past 5 o'clock next morning I was on the road again. By 8 o'clock I had reached Columbia, a little village on the James, and from there I pushed on twenty-two miles to Goochland Courthouse. It was after dark when I found my way through the village of Manakin to the house of Mr. Duval, having covered during the day the neat little distance of forty-five miles. I was pleasantly surprised to find here my old teacher, Professor Harrison. He is the Baptist bishop in the village of Manakin.

At the barbaric hour of half-past 5 o'clock the next morning, and with feelings of gratitude towards Mr. Duval and his family, I shook hands with my host and set out for Richmond, eighteen miles distant. At half-past 9 o'clock the Richmond College tower loomed in sight, and gradually there began to steal over me the mournful consciousness that the most novel, delightful, remarkable, instructive and lengthy trip of my life was about to breathe its last, and yet I felt glad to get back to Richmond. Let a

Richmond youth go where he will; let him become absorbed in the beauties and attractions of other places, yet when it is all over, and the feeling creeps over him that he is on his way back to Richmond, there comes to him a secret joy which the thought of no other place can awaken.

The town clock was striking 10 when I rode up to the same spot which I had left on a balmy Monday morning ten weeks before, and my horseback trip suddenly became a thing of the past.

And now, kind reader, if you have followed me to the end of my long and tedious journey, your feeling of weariness will enable you to appreciate the feeling with which I alighted from my faithful and tried animal. I will impose no longer upon your good nature, but will relieve you, with one word of advice. It is this: Do as I have done. If you are fond of mountain breezes; if you have no objection to seeing some magnificent scenery; if you desire to get better acquainted with country people, their habits, etc.; if you would like to take a many-sided view of human nature; if you wouldn't mind learning something about the size and condition of your State; if you wish to take a peep at all sorts and conditions of people; if you wouldn't object to occasionally taking the wrong road and getting ignominiously lost; if you would like to learn the real definition of "Old Virginia hospitality"; if you think you could stand being called a book agent, travelling dentist, fruit agent, sewing-machine agent, etc., and at the same time hold on to your religion; if you can get a horse, and especially if you can induce one like-minded to go with you, then my parting advice to you is, make a horseback tour next summer through the mountains of Old Virginia.



### The Great West.

Surely there is no American reader whose heart is not filled with enthusiasm at the sound of these words. No section of this country has been more grandly endowed with nature's richness than the West. Though her early history be not characterized by such beautiful legends and tales of fiction as that of early Greece or Rome, yet this is a subject highly interesting to us, as pertaining to the history of our own country. What youth has not dreamed of the Great West with her magnificent mountains and picturesque scenery indescribable? Indeed the lofty crests of her towering mountains would be a fit resting place for the King of day, as he moves slowly through heaven's arched vault, and gradually sinks out of view beyond the Golden Gate. But these dreams have been long since turned into realizations.

Not many years have passed away since this region was looked upon as a fit abode for naught except here and there a lurking grizzly or a wandering Indian; but note the change.

We find her interlined with the very best systems of railway; we hear the rumbling noise of vast machinery used in the various factories and flouring mills; in a word, everything bespeaks for her a bright and prosperous future. Her great grain and pork markets alone have a world-wide influence. Why was it that old Horace Greely gave utterance to the words, "Young man, go West"? Did he not realize the fact that every young man of energy and determination had before him there, treasures of *untold wealth*?

As a result of youthful adventures, not only young men, but men of capital

and enterprise have cast their lots with the West. Their investments have by no means been fruitless. Cities have sprung up as if by magic, and various enterprises of no small value have been the results.

Endowed as she is with a pure atmosphere and a healthy and invigorating climate, she is destined to be the leading section of the Union.

In this respect, (influences of climate) does she not present a striking contrast to the South? While on the one hand, we find the people of the West characterized with that degree of energy and determination which insures success, on the other we find this thorough-going spirit wanting, even to an alarming extent, throughout the South. In some portions the farmers are to-day in a worse condition than they were ten years ago. Why is this? Because they have not that energy and spirit of rivalry which should possess every true southerner.

Indeed, under the existing credit system, the negro has become a worthless and almost an oppressing element to the farmer. Yet from the very nature of her "delightful" climate, he is indispensable.

In some of the States, however, cultivators and fertilizers are taking his place. If this example be followed by the other States in no distant day I ween, this glorious South will again occupy her aspiring position in the Union.

But this, by the way.

The West offers superior advantages and inducements to men of every profession.

The school teacher might possibly



have a little trouble should he undertake to prove to the aspiring youth that he was master of the locality.

But they soon learn to love each other, as teacher and pupil generally do.

The young physician may not get a very extensive practice, but he will certainly receive *pay* for what he does.

Even the poet can find no better place in the world to develop the powers of his imagination. The invalid whose life-tide is fast ebbing away, turns with supreme delight to the mountains of Colorado, there to be reinvigorated and made anew. Every trickling rill bids the newcomer *welcome*, and speeds him on to *success*.

"Each mountain gives an after-birth,  
And has a shrine to worship given;  
Each breeze that rises from the earth,  
Is loaded with a song of heaven."

Her mining interests surpass those of any other country in the world.

New discoveries in this respect are constantly being made, and capital and labor are by no means spared to make this one of her leading pursuits.

The growth of the vine and cultivation of various fruits has been made a success beyond human comprehension. At the World's Exposition held in New Orleans, the West made a finer display than any other section of the Union, and visitors from the East were especially attracted by the care bestowed upon her selections.

Why should people visit Europe to fix their unremitting gaze upon the snow-clad peaks of the Alps, or bathe their imagination in the silvery lakes of Switzerland, when they have not seen the beauties of their own country?

Gray's Peak, Colorado, affords one of the finest views in *this or any other coun-*

try, and the scenery which surrounds it is grand beyond description.

This is accessible by a carriage road which leads to the crest of the Rockies through Argentine Pass, the highest carriage road in the world.

The lakes of Miun, where rests the head of the Father of Waters with their silvery surfaces and crystalline depths, are beautiful in the extreme.

Who has not heard of the Yellowstone National Park?

This is indeed the land of wonders, set here and there with deep grottoes and foaming geysers.

The fountains of all the palace gardens of Europe would not compare with the scenes of this fable land.

Again, there is the Valley of the Yosemite with its ever-increasing beauty and emerald-like scenery.

But, lo! behold the grand canon of the Colorado!

As we stand on some tall cliff and fix our gaze on the awe-inspiring scenery below, beholding mountains carved of rock and rivers of the purest crystal, the contemplation is beyond the power of our frail nature. We can only turn ourselves from the magnificent scene and say, alas! what is man when compared with Him who made and fashioned these! This will afford one only an imperfect idea of the true granduer of western scenery.

She too has been awakened to the necessity of higher education. In many of the States we find even now fine graded schools, and a few very good universities. In no distant day California, the "Empire State" of the West, will be able to boast of one of the finest universities in the land.

Already has she begun to exert an en-



viable influence over the gubernatorial affairs of this nation, and we find her gradually coming into the folds of the old Democratic party.

It will be a grand day for the "old party" when the South and West shall have united their interests and formed a union worthy the title South-West.

The commercial interests of the West are being rapidly united with those of the

South and East, and we can but predict for her a bright future.

Our thoughts of her are not associated with any feelings of sadness, as is the case with respect to other sections of our beloved Union. Yet how much happier will be our thoughts when this grand and beautiful outline shall have attained that glorious development toward aiding in the foundation of the greatest nation of modern times.

ORESTES.

---

### The Press vs. Public Speaking.

---

[As we were not able to publish all four of the excellent speeches delivered at the Public Debate of the Philologian Society, on Friday night, December 17th, we content ourselves with publishing the speech of Mr. T. R. CORR, first speaker on the affirmative.—EDS.]

*Mr. President, Fellow-Societymen,*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

We are most happy in the privilege of debating the question of to-night before your impartial hearing. While each side has striven to prepare the best argument in its support, both alike sincerely desire to reach the truth. Your decision will relieve the restless hours of suspense. We are conscious, in a maiden effort on such a subject, and at such an occasion as the present, that we are laid bare to the criticism of Emerson addressed to Lincoln during the war: "Hitch your wagon to a star." Should your youthful aspirant fall in the attempt, it is hoped that the criticisms which strike may not be mortal.

With such a hope we proceed at once

to define the question and examine its merits.

*Resolved*, That Public Opinion is shaped more by the Press than by Public Speaking.

Resolved is a strong term, but is used here simply as a big interrogation point.

An opinion is based on knowledge, and is the "result of reading, experience, or reflection." It is a product of the intellect, and as such is distinguished from sentiment, which is chiefly a product of the heart. Public Opinion is not different in nature from the opinion of an individual. Both alike are based on knowledge (or facts), but the knowledge may be adequate or inadequate, and hence the opinion inferred may be true or false. This truthfulness or falsity does not affect the question at issue. Therefore Public Opinion may be defined as that which *the majority of the community think*. Community is coextensive in time, space, and numbers, with the interests that are common to the people. If a limited area in time and space be taken, the interests which constitute it a community are more



numerous and complex. Increase the area, lengthen the radius of the circle, and the interests binding the people together are less numerous and less complex; so that there are circles within circles, communities within communities, each bound together by ties whose strength and number vary inversely with the length of the radius. Contract your curve, shorten your radius, and when at the centre you have reached the individual here, now. The multiplicity and complexity of interests as they flow out in every direction like light from a point, are at their *maximum*. Each individual is the centre upon which is adjusted the microscope and telescope of his intellect. These in their sweep survey the near or distant fields, to examine in detail or view in general. Each according to his capacity and disposition thinks upon and forms opinions respecting what he observes without and within. But there are at present about 1,350,000,000 people, centres from each of which numerous circles radiate. These must intersect each other in places without number. Take a thought or opinion and follow it in its circuits through each intellect with its special coloring. Trace the curve through this vast maze. Who can do it?

The term Press is much less difficult to define. Its sphere of application is large. A sensitive, unseen toe may receive a press to the discomfort of its owner. The results of presses are imprints, or prints. These are numerous, and we must exclude from our discussion all such as are given on farewell and extraordinary occasions. Other prints are widely diffused, and very effective in shaping public opinion, which, to our regret, are excluded from the subject—

namely, calico prints. Having marked off what the Press is not, as here used, we will define it as a term transferred from the instrument employed in imprinting signs of ideas or thought on appropriate material, to the imprinted material put in convenient and durable form, and the complex machinery of its distribution. All this material—books, periodicals, pamphlets, papers—is effective only so far as the mind is capable of interpreting the signs, and entering into sympathy with the original thinker.

Public Speaking embraces all speaking in which the speaker delivers a speech, discourse, or harangue before a public assembly. The speaker's theme may be science, religion, politics, or any subject touched with interest to the human soul.

With men there is a type of mind held in common by the whole great mass, and from which each differs according to his individuality and idiosyncrasy. On account of this similarity of mind, this identity of type, whatever one of the race has thought or felt is fraught with interest to another, as he either has thought or felt, or may think or feel the same; and that fact goes thus far towards explaining his nature. Shakespeare lives and is read with delight because what he wrote is true to our nature. This nature is dual and is essentially social. The solitary man is weak, with but few avenues through which to exert his powers. To secure to him "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," societies are formed, having names according to the various modes of administering governments. To institute and sustain the complex machinery, needs, and interests of society—the more advanced civilization, the more complex—a means of communication be-



tween minds is absolutely necessary. This necessity is supplied in language, the vehicle of thought.

Language has two modes of expression, speaking and writing, the one appealing to the ear, the other to the eye. The subtle mind interprets the effects of sound-waves upon the ear, or of signs and symbols presented through the eye. Which first awoke thought or feeling in Adam, we are not told; but in the absence of direct statement, from reason we must conclude, the eye. For there is no sound where there is no ear to receive and mind to interpret, and we cannot conceive that our venerable old ancestor, upon appearing on the stage of life, broke that great silence with some exclamation like, *Hu!* Even then he must have looked around to locate himself. It is a fact of observation that acuteness of sight is developed earlier than acuteness of hearing. The intellectual superiority of vision over hearing is acknowledged by all who treat these subjects. What is seen is clearly and vividly reproduced in memory; the mental images are stored up and become the fruitful source from which the imagination draws its supply in minute delineation, or in those bold and startling flights which freeze or transport the soul. So great is the influence of what and how the youth sees over the mental powers, that it is potent in giving tone and tendency to the man's mind and life. But try to reproduce and hold before your mind the image (or idea) of a sound heard. The attempt is like grasping at receding gossamers that float away in the air.

It may be objected that the ear is superior for acquiring a language. Where the object is to speak the language, it is;

for, in speaking, the ear is the organ addressed, and it must guide, as well as receive the articulations.

It is the vividness and clearness of vision in conveying thought and feeling that have given their power to gestures, and caused signs and picture-writing to be used in primitive times to convey ideas. These signs and symbols in due time were developed into the several alphabets employed in writing, and writing, by Gutenberg of Mentz, in 1436, into printing; which, up to the present, has been perfected into a thing of marvellous power, and of influence inestimable.

The following figures are approximately correct. More than 25,000 new books are annually issued from the press. Within the United States alone there are 15,043 periodicals, such as newspapers and magazines; 1,021 of these are dailies, but the great majority are weeklies. The daily papers of New York city alone have a circulation sufficient to supply a daily to every sixty-five persons in the United States. Multiply the periodicals by their circulation, and the product is equivalent to a weekly for every family, and a daily for every two; estimating five in a family. Of our population ninety-one out of every hundred over ten years of age can read. The remaining nine usually are of such mental calibre as to be incapable of holding or transmitting any very decided opinions.

There are currents in the ocean deep and strong which keep their course for centuries, while at the surface, waves, billows, or lighter currents are formed at the sport of the changing winds, tides, and temperature. So in the sea of minds certain opinions, more or less true, have been



and are still held respecting the great facts, nature and issue of human life. These, usually gathered and given in permanent shape by some great thinker and reformer, become drilled and rooted into his followers, so that thenceforth they serve as criteria in harmony with which they form opinions and give judgments respecting all questions and circumstances which passing time presents them.

These questions and circumstances are the surface currents on the ocean of life. As the sea in time, by filling in some places and washing out others, may become pent up and then burst out in a new direction, so the power of the Press and the Speaker may shape or deform the once formed opinions until there is a social earthquake, a convulsion in society and politics, such as produced the French Revolution, with its Reign of Terror. The succeeding argument, it is hoped, will prove that in all such cases the Press is the power behind the throne and no small part of that upon it.

Writing is not the Press, but the Press is a refined mode of writing. The question refers only to the present. But if there are instances, before printing was known and when writing was little practiced, where what was written shaped more the opinions of communities and nations, those instances become *a fortiori* arguments for the affirmative. If simple writing accomplish such, what would the Press of to-day with its multiplied power do? But if the negative cite cases during the same period when speaking was almost the only way of communicating intelligence, such cases for them are argument without force. To show the power of thought (arguments and facts) put in permanent shape, so that men

may read, study, leave and return to find it unchanged, we would cite the work of Confucius (550-478 B. C.), the great Chinese philosopher and reformer, whose precepts are learned and whose name is held sacred by one third of our race. His teachings have moulded their private life and national institutions for 2400 years. He, with the aid of his followers, was enabled to effect this by collecting, preserving, and giving a new impetus to the Chinese literature, which was then threatened with complete destruction. The following gives you his opinion on our subject. One of his most notable precepts was, "What you do not like when done to you, do not do to others." This, through the symbolical nature of their language, he represented by an ideogram, which told its meaning when looked at. Added was, "A thing seen, weightier than a thing heard." Mohammed, or "the praised," wrote the Koran, a book full of things wise and unwise, true and false, and gave it to his followers. He wrote in it, "Paradise is under the shadow of swords." At the electric call of this great religious teacher from the desert of Arabia, a following gathered holding dear his doctrines. They burst the limits of their desert lands, and ultimately overran Asia, Africa, and Southern Europe, threatening to gain for the Semitic race the position which the Indo-European now holds.

Equally suddenly and brilliantly they shone in literature, science, art, and philosophy. But some of the teachings of the Koran tended directly to produce the voluptuary. Its followers began to direct their attention from the severer and nobler portions to that which sought ease and gratification, and hence have sunk



to their present voluptuous worthlessness. It were needless to mention the wonderful moulding power the Vedas exerted and still exert upon the ancient and modern Hindoos, the Old Testament upon the Jews, the Iliad upon the Greeks, the Bible upon Christendom. Indeed, to know the genius and character of any people, one must know the book which they have stood by, which they have studied, upon which their opinions have been formed, and by which their character accordingly has been moulded.

We admit with pleasure that in the days of republican Greece and Rome, our intimate friends Mr. Demosthenes and Mr. Cicero shaped public opinion more than the Press. For the latter was not, and they were the people's newspapers. But few others had access to the public records, or were acquainted with the home and foreign relations of their governments. The *Daily Dispatch*, *New York Herald* and *Times*, failed to make their daily appearance discussing measures of administration and matters of general interest respecting religion, education, fashion, philosophy, labor and capital; railroads, commerce, mining, manufacturing, tariff and protection, with 1,001 other things.

Besides the regular newspapers there are periodicals, weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies, &c., devoted to special topics, such as the religious papers of the various denominations, literary, scientific and educational magazines, and in fact specialties made of every subject in which men seek development and progress. These, like as the rains and dews of heaven permeate and make beautiful as well as fruitful the earth, find their way to the office, or the homes and firesides of townsmen and country-folk, of the mountaineer or man

of the plains, educating and shaping public opinion on every topic, and producing a harvest of intelligent, well-informed men and women.

In a literary point of view the characteristic of our age is the newspaper and novel; the one the universal educator, the other shaping our opinions respecting the sweets of love-making and matrimony. The girls are charmed with such books as Roe's "A Young Girl's Wooing." The boys like to read both sides, and so thoroughly has novel-reading shaped our opinions its own way on these subjects that the poor fellow who sets out to win his prize entirely ignorant of the manoeuvres expected, is destined to a desolate path unpitied (unless he finds a sympathizer). Besides the above productions of the Press there are millions of books treating all subjects within human ken systematically and more or less exhaustively—a rich heritage left us by sage or saint of old, or modern thinker and writer. Some of these are texts-books over which in youth we plod, and according to the tendency of their teaching, are influenced in our opinions of affairs in general. Some are the delights of the cultured, a great variety are for the religious, many for scientists and philosophers, others are the studies of lawyers, doctors, and politicians, and all alike, by disposition of facts and arguments, are creating and shaping the opinions of those who peruse their pages. What a power! Who can compute it?

None can deny the speaker's power in educating and shaping public opinion. It is great, and all honor to those who use it worthily. The preacher, the politician, the lawyer, the lecturer, each has his power, his sphere of action, and his mede



of praise, and we could ill do without their public speaking. Indeed, they are essential to our civilized society. But several things may be essential to the existence of an object, and one may even try to institute a comparison between them. This we do. The shaping of Public Opinion which preaching does is, perhaps, more than offset by that which the Bible does, omitting to mention the numerous nearly related books. For surely the words of God are wiser than those of men. See what gross sins, superstitions and ignorance the early church fell into as soon as deprived of the Bible, though the copies were few and they written on parchment.

On the other hand, witness what a blow was struck the Papal power and a wonderful change wrought in Germany during the Reformation, when by special arrangements the then young Press published Bibles and furnished them to the people almost at present prices. The effect of M. Luther's preaching could not have been permanent and pervasive had not the people, when aroused, read and with horror seen for themselves into what gross darkness and perversions of the truth they had been led. The politician and statesman can't stir unless he studies from his books the science of governments and gives to the people a platform in harmony with previous opinions derived from the Press and environment. The lawyer is at sea without his codes, law books, and precedents. The lecturer will address laughing or yawning audiences, and then empty benches, unless his hearers have previously acquired some knowledge of his or kindred subjects.

A vast deal of speaking now is ad-

dressed to the will, to persuade men to act upon knowledge which they have, opinions already formed. There is often but little need for instructing and shaping opinions. The preacher endeavors to persuade the people to quit sinning and serve God. This they, as well as he, know to be their duty. Politicians try to arouse citizens to poll their votes. They are promised great benefits, almost a ride upon the moon, if they will but vote. Speaking generally we read as superiors, we listen as inferiors, we read at our will, we listen at the speaker's will. In particular we read Shakespeare, Macauley, or Hawthorne, and are at home whether the scenes and events be of kings' palaces or hovels of the poor. We read, if need be stop and re-read to get the thought, follow it out, weigh and pass judgment like kings on the most learned or lordly author. This we do because the author in person is absent, and each recognizes his individuality and right of reason. If we do not agree with the author he at least nourishes thought, calls up facts and we form conclusions, having our opinions either modified or rendered more fixed.

It often is that one can in private read and master a subject when the mind has less to distract it. In speaking, one's prejudices against the subject or speaker have often sealed the judgment against conviction. Such a person, when alone, will read and consider with a comparatively unbiased mind. If one desires to think closely and accurately on a subject, he writes down his thoughts as they come in mind. If a student ask you to translate a sentence or work an original, you at once look at the book, or get out your paper and pencil, without waiting to attempt the task from simply having heard



it. This is because you can fix your attention better when the subject is before your eyes ; beside, you are relieved of the effort to keep the whole in mind while it is thought upon. Where there is thinking, there is shaping of opinion ; without it, there is none. The Press reaches more people, reaches them oftener, occupies them more, and has its advantages in awakening thought. The conclusion is evident.

From the nature of public speaking, the statements made are of a more general character, and less accurate. Speakers frequently repeat the same idea in new words. They treat their subject less logically than it would be treated in an article, essay, or book. In consequence of the inaccuracy in statements and the fallacies of arguments and the imperfections of memory, some predict that the day is not distant when lawyers will present printed arguments to judge and jury to be weighed and concluded upon.

The day when the orator can "guide the whirlwind and direct the storm" in political and social crises is past. The men of the present are too cool and calculating to be thus led. They prefer what the Press offers, crisp facts, with the honor of forming their own opinions respecting them. Enlightened men refuse to adopt and act from what to them may be a mere sentiment of the speaker, unless they know somewhat his grounds. This and the additional fact that reporters are always present at speeches of worth to give their contents to the world, have greatly changed, and in some respects improved, the nature of public speeches. But where the speaker addresses 1,000, the Press addresses 10,-

000 on the same and perhaps a million on other subjects.

The precedent exists in Congress that a member writes a speech, moves and is granted its publication, without delivering it, for the benefit of his constituents. In national assemblies much less speaking is done than formerly. These bodies are more occupied with the details of business, and the speaker for buncombe fails to secure attention. When these facts are considered it is seen why every cause presented to the people has its paper and literature to advocate it. It is the Press on both sides that is so ventilating at present in civilized lands the question of Labor and Capital ; and it is hoped that the chaff may be winnowed away and their true relation preserved and enforced. It is the Press that is educating England up to the point of giving Ireland "home rule," and also removing the props of the Establishment from the public mind so as to sever the existing relation of church and state.

It is the Press that is breaking the yokes of despotism and giving to civilized lands more liberal forms of government and better citizenship by revealing to the people usurpation and crime, teaching them their duties and upholding their rights, which they learn to cherish and in time procure. The power of the Press is greater to-day than ever before, yet in the past it was the Press disseminating a skeptical literature, a false philosophy of society and government that produced the French Revolution. Helvetius, who by his writings aided in bringing it to pass, wrote that "man is possessed of the same two fundamental faculties as beasts,—memory and sensation," that his superiority is due to



his external form, and that virtue and duty have relation only to his sensibilities. Condillac added to the follies of Helvetius and ignored all "ideas of justice and moral good."

The blasphemous Voltaire, by his criticisms, wit and satire, fascinated France, and with but little exception converted Germany into a nation of infidels. Rousseau, a forcible thinker and brilliant writer, but a complete failure at speaking, argued that revolution was justifiable. Another says, "He writes, and Paris is fascinated; he advances theories of legislation, and the French nation watches for the dawn of a Utopian freedom." These men, not orators, wrought through the Press, and that in the 1800th century, when the reading public was comparatively small. Those who read were led to false conclusions and expectations by the talented writers. Seeking all for self, they overlooked the rights and needs of the lower classes struggling with poverty. These, though ignorant and oppressed, had brawn, and those that were ready to lead them to battle against their tyrannizers, elegant gormandizers, and fanciful philosophizers, so that all Europe shook—

"When France in wrath her giant limbs  
upreared,  
And with that oath that smote earth, air,  
and sea,  
Stamped her strong foot, and said she would  
be free."

Cervantes wrote Don Quixote to correct the extravagances of knight-errantry among his countrymen. It wrought so great a change in the minds of the people, a worthy Spaniard said that "the history of Don Quixote has been the ruin of the Spanish monarchy; for since then men have grown ashamed of honor and love."

The negative is the *speaking* side, and may so present its merits as to excite our uneasiness; but in a word, the Press, "the art of preserving all arts," presents the accumulated wisdom and knowledge of the centuries; offers and secures to men, with their effort and co-operation, education in its different degrees, and hence, wherever it is found, is most effective directly in shaping public opinion. Indirectly the speaker himself studies his books, keeps informed, and holds his opinions received and shaped chiefly at the hands of the Press.

To this extent he is simply its echo, and when he receives from another speaker, its *reëcho*. The majority of speakers are deficient in originality. They cull their thoughts, arguments, and curls from products of the Press, and glitter in them. The morning's sun, when the earth is wrapped in its ample folds of white, converts the stately snow-clad hills into sparkling gems, and fields and forests into fairy land. But suppose, as by a magic wand, the Press with its products were removed to Mars. How it would war against the speaker's interests, as well as ours. Then he would appear in his meagreness and poverty. The sun in his shining at length disenchant the earth of its resplendent yet unproductive glory.

Finally, the hope is indulged that, limited to men, it has been proved that the Press shapes Public Opinion more than Public Speaking. There are more women in the world than men. Your speaker is happy in saying that he has never heard a woman speak in public; but few do. Yet the world is full of their writings, especially poems, stories, and novels, and these are the productions



that prove most effective in shaping the opinions of the masses.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe had her story, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, published in 1852. Within a few years several millions of copies had been circulated in this country and Europe; it had been translated into seventeen languages, and acted in every European capital. So wonderful was its effect at home and abroad, it has been averred that all the speeches North did

less to free the slaves, and for a time bring war, bloodshed, and blight upon our fair land, than did this one book.

It is the silent forces that are the most powerful in the world of mind as well as of matter. Will the negative, in addition to the superior influence of the Press as exerted through men, meet the united power of the bristling pens as wielded by 700,000,000 of the fairer sex?

---

#### A Brief Glance at the Nation's Birth.

We are now entering upon a new year, and it might be profitable for us, and it might awaken within our bosoms feelings of a nobler patriotism, and afford an inspiration to greater exertions in the future, to cast a glance into the dim vista of the nation's birth and call before us the year of which this new one is the hundredth anniversary. This year brings with it the first centennial of the birth of the Federal Constitution, and it is meet and proper that all true Americans should be exultant over the fact that this constitution still stands as firm as the foundations of the everlasting hills, though the tempests of national disunion have striven to rend it to atoms and the storms of party faction and political animosity have aimed blow after blow at its destruction. Upon this anniversary of our national constitution, we should indeed rejoice that the government instituted by our forefathers as a mere political venture, a scheme of government unknown and unheard of before in the annals of history, has stood the test of a century, and has given the lie to the prophecies of the European Powers who

sneered at and scorned our idea of a democratic government, and predicted its overthrow in the first popular uprising. But their predictions proved wonderfully untrue, and in place of inevitable destruction, the sinews of our political fabric waxed stronger and stronger until the brightness of its glory has eclipsed the nations of the East, and by uniting strength of government with constitutional liberty, is truly the brightest star in the galaxy of nations. Men are mistaken when they attribute weakness to our system of national life, and assert that the English Government is stronger than ours. The English Government has no constitution, and for that reason is liable to be overthrown at any moment by the vengeance of its own people, and tumble headlong into national annihilation.

Our strength is in our constitution, and it is so framed that it can never be destroyed by political demagogues and corrupt legislators; for the branches of the government—the legislative, executive and judicial—are totally distinct and separate, each department presenting an



insurmountable check and barrier to the encroachments of the others.

Let us glance for one moment at the condition of American affairs at the close of 1786, and the beginning of the ever memorable 1787, as contrasted with the present. The Revolutionary war had terminated five years before, successfully to the colonies. Affairs were in a deplorable condition. The colonies were knit together by no bond of union, save the articles of confederation, which, being wonderfully deficient, were scarcely able to hold them together when the British Lion was at their doors, and now what would they suffice, when the enemy was driven beyond the waters, peace was established, and poverty, distress and restlessness reigned supreme?

Well might all Europe look eagerly at the sight, cherishing the hope, and wrapped in the expectation, that the thirteen colonies, now in such a deplorable condition, restless, miserable, and without government, the bonds of union rapidly dissolving between them, would soon be buried in anarchy; and thus be an easy prey for their relentless hands. The wise men of the colonists saw with prophetic eye the approaching crisis. Spain was taking advantage of the turbid state of affairs, and was not only asserting her claim to the supreme navigation of the Mississippi, but was also inciting the Indian tribes of the South to commit depredations upon the frontier, and plunge the tomahawk into the brain of the helpless frontiersman. The general government was ignored, for in fact there was no general government, and the States executed justice within their own territory, and repelled the invasion of the merciless savage. The finances of

the country were also in a horrible condition. The government had obtained loans from France, and the first instalment fell due in 1786, and though it amounted to only \$3,500,000, yet there was no way to liquidate the instalment. The States were called upon by a powerless Congress to raise their respective quota of the funds, but "they all with one accord began to make excuses," and by flatly refusing, proved to the country that there was no government to enforce authority.

Congress seeing their efforts were fruitless, resorted to other means. We find that this period of our national life was by far the most dangerous and the most trying. With no power to enforce authority, neither one's property nor life is safe from the depredations of his neighbor. At the close of the year 1786, we find that the trouble is increasing. There was no sound currency anywhere to be found. Each State had its own mint and issued its own money. Paper money was as bountiful as it was in the gloomy years of the Southern Confederacy, and equally as depreciated in value.

The large importation of foreign goods subject to little or no duty, and sold at low prices, was fast sapping the life blood from the mechanical and manufacturing interests of the colonists.

The people were just drifting to the conclusion that a protective tariff was the only elixir to infuse life and spirit into the industries of the land. As it was then, so it is now, and ever will be, the life and breath of our country. Without protection the manufactories would be deserted, the foundries would be forsaken, thousands would be wandering through the streets of our cities beg-



ging bread, and business would be enveloped in general stagnation from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

During the last month of 1786, and the beginning of the following year, affairs had reached their crisis. The courts of justice were crowded with suits, and the lawyers were growing fat over the spoils of their hard-working and poverty-stricken countrymen. The clamors and threats of the old soldiers who were as yet unpaid for their services in the late war, were growing loud and dangerous.

Finally the storm bursts forth, the insurgents headed by Daniel Shays caused the colonists to tremble for their safety, and Congress, fearing the result of a general uprising, sent General Lincoln with a body of men to disperse them. After

some trouble and bloodshed, the insurgents were finally quelled before the conflagration had reached all the States.

Thus terminated the last great struggle under the "articles of confederation." Many have been the insurrections, uprisings, and popular revolts since then, but we can celebrate the anniversary of the birth of the Federal constitution rejoicing in the thought that nothing thus far has been able to shake the foundations of our free institutions and civil government, and cherishing the firm conviction that Divine Providence will guard with eagle eye the destiny of the nation, so long as the people cling to Him and acknowledge in their legislative decrees the wisdom and omnipotence of the Ruler of Nations.

---

#### Sir Walter Raleigh.

---

The court of England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth presented an interesting spectacle. Here in the principal place stood the Queen herself, who has been aptly described by one of her courtiers as "more than a man, and in truth, somewhat less than a woman." And, in fact, in administering the affairs of her kingdom, and in making use of the best and most talented men in her kingdom, she showed in many respects she far exceeded masculine ability. But on the other hand, by her extreme vanity and intense love of flattery, and by her cruel jealousy and envious disposition to all other members of her sex who exceeded her in beauty, she showed a weakness which proved her to be "somewhat less than a woman."

Next in importance came William

Cecil, a man of great ability, and one whose services were indispensable to the English people. On account of his cool judgment, indefatigable vigor, and great intellect, he enjoyed the friendship and confidence of the Queen, and continued to maintain it during his lifetime.

His sole effort in life was for the aggrandizement of his native land. Next, and far different from the former in character and disposition, came the utterly unprincipled and selfish Dudley, Earl of Leicester, handsome in person and manly in bearing, but unscrupulous and deceitful. He gained the regard of the Queen by stooping down to flattery. Between him and Burleigh there existed a personal enmity. The one striving to elevate self on the ruins of his victims; the



other exerting himself for the good of his country.

Next came the true and noble Essex, who was unjustly beheaded. Thoroughly honorable and generous, and a true gentleman, he could not lower himself to the contemptible position of a flatterer. Offending the Queen's vanity was the chief cause of his fall.

Following these came Robert Cecil, the "arch deceiver," as he has been truly called, the son of William Cecil, and far different from him in many respects. Deformed in body, a misanthropic spirit towards all better favored than himself, seized him, and he followed up his victims with fiendish tenacity and finally destroyed them.

And now we come to Sir Walter Raleigh, handsome, noble, witty, and thoroughly patriotic. Such characters as those above described had he to contend with. He was one of the Queen's favorites, was appreciated by William Cecil, and was the firm and lasting companion of Essex. But in Dudley he had an enemy, and Robert Cecil hated him with all the unquenchable hatred a disposition like his could possess, and finally caused his fall.

Sir Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes, Devonshire, in 1552; sent to Oxford to complete his education. Here his great intellectual strength and studious habits were exhibited. His sparkling wit here displayed itself, and the habits which elevated and ennobled his future life were formed. Leaving college at the age of seventeen, he joined a troop of some English gentlemen and went over to France to help the Protestants in their struggles for religious liberty. The first signs of bravery and

valor were here displayed by him, which afterwards enveloped themselves into great usefulness in the cause of his country. His next scene of action was in Ireland, where he went after his return from France as captain of a company, to suppress a rebellion, and amid the carnage of fiercely-fought battles, he gained a well-earned reputation at one time by his superior tactics, at another by deeds of personal bravery.

After his return from Ireland he came into favor with the Queen on account of his superior qualities, and she appointed him to many offices of trust. About this time the newly discovered country of America was of great interest in Europe. Spain had sent over several vessels, and the glowing tales of the riches and beauty of the new country were attracting universal attention. The imaginative mind of Raleigh was fascinated by these reports, and his ambition led him on to this new road of discovery. Though his brother had met with many humiliating failures, yet he obtained a patent and sent over two ships, which succeeded in reaching the new country. The result was that he was made a knight, and continued in his course of discovery and colonization though he met with many failures and discouragements. At this period a fearful cloud of danger was hanging with threatening aspect over England. Philip had for many years been the most powerful enemy of England and now determined to wreak his vengeance upon her and overwhelm her at a single blow. For this purpose he prepared the *Armada*, one of the greatest and most formidable fleets that ever appeared upon the English channel.

In this moment of peril Raleigh



greatly assisted the English people by his excellent generalship and knowledge of navigation. Not long afterwards he incurred the enmity of the Queen by his marriage. Though her enmity was strong against him, yet she relented to some extent, and Sir Walter not striving to breast the current which with all its terrific force had come upon him, retired for awhile to private life, hoping to again come into favor with the Queen. His efforts towards colonizing America having again failed, he turned his attention to Spain. Philip had not been entirely crushed by the failure of the Armada, but was striving to rise from the ruins, and was preparing another fleet at Cadiz. Raleigh's bold mind formed the project of destroying it in its own harbor, and through his own instrumentality it was accomplished, and the merit of the victory belongs entirely to him. But even this could not entirely bring him into favor again with the Queen, who never forgave an injury. Therefore, wearied and discouraged by the hardships and failures he had undergone, he retired from public life. He now gave himself up to the enjoyments of study, and indulged to a great extent in poetry.

About this time the Queen died, and by that he lost his best support, for though he was not in her favor, yet, on account of his superior qualities, she would never have consented to his ruin. She was succeeded by James, the King of Scotland, and he, much to his discredit, chose the crafty Robert Cecil for his confidential secretary. Now the time for him to accomplish his purposes had come. He had for many years, under the garb of hypocrisy, professed friendship for

Raleigh, but all the time deceit and hatred were in his heart, and he was seeking an opportunity to destroy him. He first strengthened his power over the weak and foolish King, that through his instrumentality he might cause his ruin. He then began to look around for a cause to accuse him, but the purity of his life and character was such that it was hard to find one. At last he caught in his toils a certain Lord Cobham, who was suspected of treason, and caused him to assert that Raleigh was guilty with him. With this testimony, and by moulding the court to suit his ends, and having a vindictive lawyer for the King's attorney, his plans were well laid.

Having thus prepared his plans with all the fiendish malice a nature like his could contain, Raleigh was arrested on the charge of treason as having entered into a secret engagement with Spain, the country he most hated, and would like to have seen destroyed. During the trial his dignity never forsook him, and in many instances his innocence was displayed; but the villainous and sagacious plans of Cecil were too well laid, and he was sentenced. He was then carried to his cell to await a traitor's death. When the day of execution came he was relieved by the King, not at all moved by motives of affection, but hoping thus to prolong his misery, that the sword might fall heavier when he so decided. And now he was to spend twelve long and weary years in prison. While there he gave himself up to literature and study. Poetry also claimed his attention, but by far the most distinguished of his writings was his history of the world, which created quite a sensation among the literary circles at that time. All his



writings were characterized by great learning, profound thought, and beauty of style.

Finally he obtained his release, though it was accomplished by very humiliating conditions. Immediately his thoughts turned to the New World, which he had never forgotten during his long imprisonment. With the remaining wreck of his fortune he prepared a fleet and came over. But his plans were again blighted. Through the perfidy of the King, Spain had gotten possession of his plans, and when he landed he found the Spanish troops prepared for him. A battle ensued and he was worsted. He therefore returned broken in spirit and fortune, having been defeated in all his plans. By the most contemptible treachery he was again committed to the tower. James feared Spain, and Spain regarded Raleigh

as one of her most dangerous enemies. Therefore to please her, James looked around for a cause to put Raleigh to death. Not finding one, he at last hit upon the sentence passed upon him fifteen years before, and charged him with treason, of which he had never been formally pardoned.

He was sentenced to be beheaded on the 28th of October, 1617, and informed that his execution would take place the next morning. He walked boldly and cheerfully up to the scaffold, and after exhibiting his piety and bravery in his last words he placed his head upon the block, and at two blows it was severed from his body. Thus died Sir Walter Raleigh in the sixty-sixth year of his life, one of England's noblest and yet one of her most unfortunate sons.

RAT LEEH.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

There is nothing, perhaps, to which a public speaker should give more careful attention than to the cultivation of good taste. Many times a speech, which is otherwise meritorious, fails in its effect by a little bad taste. When we speak, it is for the public, for those addressed, and their pleasure, and their choice of sentiment must in part be regarded. Especially in the presentation of views not generally held, great care should be taken to present them in the most pleasing manner, if the speaker hopes to influence others to think as he thinks.

It is bad taste in a speaker to apologize for non-preparation, if he intends to speak at all, as such apology is generally construed as an attempt to persuade the

audience that they will not have an opportunity to judge correctly of his ability; and this construction is most often correct. But no method would more completely defeat itself. A considerable amount of self-confidence is essential to a successful speaker, but the concealment of this is not less essential. A man can have self-confidence without self-esteem, or egotism; but while the former is permitted the latter is condemned, and it is unfortunate for any one who is so self-confident as to appear egotistic; therefore it is quite right for him to study the art of concealing his confidence in self.

It is a gross violation of good taste to refer to an auditor by name, whether the reference be complimentary or sarcastic,



and it very rarely happens that an allusion of any kind to one who is present, even without calling names, is permissible. Although there is a taint of vanity in every human nature, yet it is unpleasant to a man of sense and modesty to be praised to his face, and especially in the presence of others. In the introduction of a speaker a few moderate praises are allowable, but on an occasion of this kind it is better that they be too few than that after the speech the audience should feel that they were too profuse. In this connection we venture to assert that were it not understood that newspaper "puffs" do not signify anything, some of them would be offensive to people of modest taste.

Nothing can contribute more to the happy effect of a speech than appropriateness, both in the choice of subject and regarding the length of time spent in its discussion. People go to church expecting to hear a sermon, but there are occasions when a religious exhortation is not looked for, although the speaker may be a preacher. Protracted attention makes weary both body and mind. More time and care are necessary in deciding what should not be said than in finding something to say. A long speech means repetition, the use of stale thoughts, but worst of all, wearied patience of the audience, and a depreciation by the hearers of the speaker's best sayings. We are of opinion that a genteel refusal to speak when called upon unprepared is better than to respond and exhibit the bad taste which cannot be avoided without preparation.

No one would expect this number of the *Messenger* to contain nothing about

Christmas. We could report many "good times" which the students enjoyed during holidays, but space admits of but one allusion. We refer to the excellent dinner given by Mr. J. T. Ellyson to his Sunday-school class of the Second Baptist church. It will be impossible for any of us who were present ever to forget the royal feast and other pleasantries of the occasion. We did not go home, and during the time spent at Mr. Ellyson's we were almost glad that we did not go. The friends of the college do more than they think when they extend an opportunity for pleasure to the boys, who, on account of an unavoidable "concatenation of concurrent circumstances" (by which we mean the few holidays given, distance, &c.,) do not meet with friends at home, where Christmas was once more happily spent than it will ever be again. This scribe knows that he expresses the sentiment of every one who composed the party when he returns hearty thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Ellyson for the most hospitable manner in which we were entertained.

During the last few months we have been treated to a rare variety of public lectures. In the first place, we have enjoyed semi-monthly lectures on Bible topics, one of which contributed greatly to the merits of the last issue of the *Messenger*. The last lecture was by Mr. H. H. Levy, M. D., an alumnus of Richmond College. His subject was the Hygiene of the Mosaic Code, and he remarked at length on leprosy. His lecture was full of interest.

During the meeting of Good Templars in this city, two representatives of that body paid us a visit, and favored us with



excellent speeches. They failed to convince some of us, however, that America will ever be redeemed from the curse of intemperance through the Good Templars' organization, only inasmuch as they may influence legislation on the subject.

We were visited also by two young men from Princeton, Wilder and Forman, who were born in India, and are soon to return to that country as Christian missionaries. They addressed us several times during their stay, presenting different phases of missionary work, their object being to induce some of our number to join them in their work. While we are in full sympathy with missionary work, and feel gratified that several of our associates agreed to join them in carrying the "good news" across the waters, yet we could not help observing how much their zeal perverted their judgment. We should not venture the following remarks, were it not that they have been spoken in substance by an experienced missionary.

The natural inference drawn from the argument presented by these two young men, is that no man is doing as much for Christianity as he could do by entering the ministry, and that no minister can effect as much good working in this country as in a foreign field. Of course such a conclusion is drawn without considering the inadaptability of some men to such work, either at home or abroad. It is a fact often overlooked that very few men are adapted to the ministry as a life work, and fewer still are suited to foreign mission work. Such a theory overlooks another fact—that a strong force of able and consecrated men are needed to conduct the affairs of both church and state

in such a manner that the support of foreign work may be kept up; and it is taking a narrow view of the matter to deny that men in various vocations may be important factors in evangelizing the world.

We began this editorial with the intention of discussing chiefly the address made a few days after the visit of the young men referred to above, by Rev. Mr. Bagby, a missionary to Brazil, but a want of space will exclude anything more than a mere allusion, and we reserve what we have to say about it until another time. We must say, however, that the manner in which he presented the subject bore a striking contrast to the method pursued by the young men. Those who failed to hear Mr. Bagby missed a rare treat. He succeeded in arousing an interest in his work that the others failed to arouse. One thing is worthy of mention: he did not assume that the students of our college were not competent to decide upon their life-work without the dictation of their equals in age and intelligence. We should seriously regret it if this editorial is understood as underrating the two noble young men from Princeton or their work, but we do say that their excessive zeal causes them to be narrow in their views respecting other callings in life.

---

The interest which our government, within the last few years, has taken in "civil service," and the light in which it has been viewed by our national parties, may well call our attention to civil service as administered by other nations. We are all, more or less, aware of the position taken by England on this momentous question, and also the manner in



which she administers civil service codes ; but probably few of us are aware of the part that civil service plays in the empire of Germany. It is, indeed, very interesting and curious. In that country it is quite different from the United States. For to hold an office under the German government is considered a social honor and distinction. One of the highest ambitions of German youth, especially those of high birth, is to belong to the diplomatic or civil service. This is a position which a German boy most regards, and which is considered throughout the empire as one of the most aristocratic.

The German people, though slower than their neighbors in consummating their efforts, and reaching the object aimed at, yet they are more thorough than any other nation and especially in the matter of thorough literary attainments. This is the essential feature of their civil service, and in order to attain the highest branches of it, the German youth has to pursue a long course of study. In the first place he must spend four or five years in a gymnasium, or high school. Then he must pass a three years course in a university, and undergo an examination at the end of this period. He has also to study law, which is necessary for entering the service, and then he must pass another examination which requires two or three years preparation. Now comes his final "State examination," which is conducted both orally and in writing ; after this he

must write a treatise on some subject, assigned him, which usually requires about six months. After this long and thorough training, he is then, generally at the age of twenty-eight or nine, ready to enter on his official duties.

The young Government official now enters upon his work at the very bottom of the ladder. At first he receives no salary ; but finally when he has actually received an appointment, he begins his life-work with a salary of about seven hundred and fifty dollars. They are now allowed to show their genius and worth, and gradually rise as their course warrants it. As he is promoted in rank, his salary is likewise increased. But it is a remarkable fact, and seems to be an exception to the other European Powers, that the salaries of German officials are nearly all lower than those of the United States.

After a certain number of years, varying according to the office held, the German official is allowed to retire on a pension, which is generally about three fourths of his salary, at time of retirement. Taken all in all, the German civil service seems to be the most thorough and efficient, though at the same time the most strict and rigid in its regulations and qualifications for membership, with which we are acquainted. It might be well for our government to study the German system, and amalgamate in our policy many things connected with their system.





## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

**THE PROPOSED ROCKY MOUNTAIN RAILWAY TUNNEL.**—A project is on foot for tunneling the "Great Divide." The Divide is the Rocky Mountains, and the point proposed to be tunneled is under Gray's Peak, which rises no less than 14,441 feet above the level of the sea. At 4,441 feet below the Peak, by tunneling from east to west for 25,000 feet, direct communication would be opened between the valleys on the Atlantic slope and those on the Pacific side. This would shorten the distance between Denver, in Colorado, and Salt Lake City, in Utah, and consequently the distance between the Missouri river, say at St. Louis and San Francisco, nearly 300 miles; and there would be little more required in the way of ascending or descending or tunneling mountains. Part of the work has already been accomplished. The country from the Missouri to the foot of the Rockies rises gradually in rolling prairie, till an elevation is reached to 5,200 feet above the sea level. The Rockies themselves rise at various places to a height exceeding 11,000 feet. Of the twenty most famous passes, only seven are below 10,000 feet, while five are upward of 12,000 feet, and one, the Argentine, is 13,000 feet. Of the 37 important towns in Colorado, only twelve are below 5,000 feet, ten are over 10,000 feet, and one is 14,000 feet. Passes at such a height are of course a barrier to ordinary traffic, and the railways from the Atlantic to the Pacific have in consequence made detours of hundreds of miles, leaving rich plains lying on the western slopes of the great snowy range practically cut off from Denver and the

markets of the east. The point from which it is proposed to tunnel is 60 miles due west from Denver, and although one of the highest peaks, it is by far the narrowest in the great backbone of the American continent.

**MECHANISM OF THE HEART.**—In Dr. B. W. Richardson's recent Canton lectures on "Animal Mechanics," speaking of the mechanism of the heart, he described the number of the pulsations of the heart in different animals—in fish, frog, bird, rabbit, cat, dog, sheep, horse—and made a few comments on the remarkable slowness of the heart—40 strokes per minute—in the horse. Then the number of pulsations in man at various periods of life, and at different levels, from the level of the sea up to 4,000 feet above sea level, was brought under review, and was followed by a computation of the average work performed by the heart in a healthy adult man. The work was traced out by the minute, the hour, and the day, and was shown to equal the feat of raising 5 tons 4 cwt. one foot per hour, or 125 tons in twenty-four hours.

The excess of this work under alcohol in varying quantities formed a corollary to the history of the work of the heart, Parkes' calculation showing an excess of 24 foot tons from the imbibition of eight fluid ounces of alcohol. The facts relating to the work of the heart by the weight of work accomplished was supplemented by a new calculation, in which the course of calculation was explained by mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of 69 strokes per



minute, and at the assumed force of 9 feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 207 yards per minute, 7 miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of eighty-four years. The number of *beats* of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,776,000.

**ELECTRICAL INVENTIONS.**—According to the *Courier-Journal*, Mr. Buckel, a genius of Louisville, has succeeded recently in making some marvellous inventions. It says: "One of the most important of his creations is a patent cooler. This is a small iron contrivance, about the size of a wooden bucket, which throws out rays of cold just as a stove radiates heat. It will freeze water in a room during summer time, and will prove a priceless boon to laborers in the hot sun, who can cool themselves by this instrument. Another one of Mr. Buckel's inventions is a patent electric whip. This is so contrived that the driver, by touching a button on his seat, can form a circuit which will shock the horse and urge him on. Still another patent is a coffin, which will forever preserve a corpse in a life-like state. Mr. Buckel has also improved the telephone so that the listener standing at one end can see the person talking to him, and also hear the loudest yell or smallest whisper as distinctly as if the speaker were at your elbow.

The latest invention made by Mr. Buckel is an electrical apparatus to quiet uncontrollable maniacs in asylums. Other inventions are soon promised to the public by this young man. He is at present searching for capital to back him, and says that he will make the man a mil-

lionaire who will properly encourage and set them before the world."

**ECONOMY OF HEAT.**—The steamship *Blevile*, of Havre, recently built and engineered by Messrs. Alex. Stephen & Sons, of Linthouse, is a steel screw steamer 300 feet long, and is fitted with triple expansion engines of 210 N. H. P. The principal novelty is in the design of the boilers. In the uptakes of these—Kemp's patent compound high and low temperature—tubes are so arranged that the water, before it enters the high temperature boiler, is heated by the gases from the fires, which would otherwise be lost. On her trials, the feed-water, which leaves the engine, and in ordinary cases enters the boilers at about 120°, was raised to about 360° Fah. The temperature of the waste gases on leaving the tubes of the ordinary boiler was shown by pyrometer to be about 630° Fah. This was reduced to about 300°, showing how much of the heat that generally is wasted is absorbed in this design.

**METEOR SHOWERS.**—Prof. Richard A. Proctor maintains that most of the meteor streams with which the earth comes in contact are derived from the earth itself; that is, thrown off by volcanic action at a time when the internal forces of our planet were sufficiently active to give the initial velocity, some twelve miles a second, requisite to carry them beyond the earth's attraction. Comets, which he regards as the parents of the meteor streams, he thinks may have originated outside our solar system. Most of the comets whose orbits belong to our system, he thinks originated in the larger planets. The sun is now, per-



haps, giving birth frequently to comets which probably pass beyond the limits of its attraction.

---

The magnetic wells of Michigan are being inspected by Prof. Jarenski, of Paris. The theory is that at some depth there will be found a stratum of mineral heavily charged with magnetic electricity, which may be brought to the surface and used to run mills and factories independent of other force. The wells are now flowing water from the depth of 800 feet, so highly charged with electricity that a knife-blade held in the water a few minutes becomes highly magnetized. While at work the drillers found their tools becoming magnetized. A steel used in measuring the depth became highly charged.

---

**A NEW ALLOY.**—A new alloy is announced which is especially adapted to various important uses in the arts. It melts at the low temperature of 116 degrees F., the temperature of moderately hot water, and considerably below that at which the magic spoons of long ago melted in a cup of tea. Its composition is: Bismuth, 48; cadmium, 13; lead, 19; tin, 20. It is said that it will withstand quite a severe pressure.

---

**THE COMBUSTIBILITY OF IRON.**—Professor Magnus, of Berlin, demonstrates the combustibility of iron by the following beautiful experiment: One of the poles of a straight magnet is first sprin-

kled with iron filings, when the particles of course arrange themselves in accordance with the lines of magnetic force. The flame of a spirit lamp or gas-burner is then applied, when the finely divided iron readily takes fire and continues to burn brilliantly for a considerable time. By waving the magnet to and fro while combustion is going on, a beautiful rain of fire is produced.

---

A new fluid for preserving museum specimens, so as to keep their color, size, form, and consistency for several weeks, has been devised by Professor Grawitz. It consists of 150 grms. of sodium chloride, 20 grms. of saltpetre to 1 liter of water; to this is added 3 per cent. of boracic acid.

---

The magnificent stone building at Cleveland, occupied by the Case School of Applied Sciences, was totally destroyed by fire recently. It was but recently finished, and contained the finest geological collections in the country. The loss is about \$200,000.

---

Cremation by electricity is the latest proposal of the advocates of that system of disposing of the dead. The bodies can be, it is asserted, instantly consumed by this means, causing no odor, and leaving only "a handful of sad-colored ashes."

---

It is claimed by some that as soon as the powerful Lick glass shall be turned on Mars, there will be discovered evidences of animal life on that planet.





## LOCALS.

College exercises were suspended only three days Christmas. This affected about 30 students who live too far away to return home for a few days holiday. The rest of the students took leave of absence for a week or ten days.

We are beginning to realize the near approach of Intermediate Examinations. Our watchword must be *work*. Loafers will please take notice, or not be offended at the consequences.

There was a very enjoyable reception given at the Institute by Miss Hamner during the holidays. The college boys as usual were kindly remembered.

Many of us were absent from the city, and regret having missed so pleasant an occasion.

A student writes a feature of his trip home, as follows :

Our people hung our stocking up  
Without our voice or knowledge ;  
They put in good things—not a few,  
But, *plague* it, all came tumbling through  
That sock we brought from college.

We asked them why they *hung* that sock,  
For any misdemeanor ;  
If they had looked our trunk around  
We're very sure they might have found  
A newer and a cleaner.

With one consent our home folks all  
This reason at us flung :  
TIME had *condemned* it, well they knew,  
And thought the verdict should go through,  
And so they had it *hung*.

A movement has been started among the students to fit up a suitable room in handsome style for Y. M. C. A. meetings. \$300 is desired for this object, of which the boys are to contribute just as

much as they can after making every possible sacrifice, then for the balance we shall appeal to the generosity of the Faculty and Board of Trustees.

If any friend to this object should see this notice and desire to make us a contribution, he or she can forward it to J. D. Martin, Chairman Soliciting Committee, or can make it through any friend they may have among the students. We need a room, and must have one.

It is said that the prospects for the erection of a new mess-hall are better to-day than ever before. Plans have been about settled upon, and it is thought the building will be erected in the early spring.

One of the boys reported to us upon our return that the Mess had been feeding in fine style during the holidays. He said that the dinner on Christmas day was in regular hotel style, except there were no printed "Bills of Laden."

Mr. X. received a very handsome Waterbury watch "with all modern improvements, &c.—agents wanted," as a Christmas remembrance from a friend.

He is very much pleased with his present, but fears he must drop one class to have time to keep his time-piece wound up.

Some of the students who remained at college during the holidays, were hilarious over a note from two "departed brethren," that they had sent them per express a Christmas box.

Joy beamed in their faces until the box arrived and was opened ; and then, somehow, they lost all appreciation of the



thoughtfulness of their absent friends. The contents could not have met their expectations. The old gobbler had waked up and fled; the ham had broken aloose "to save his bacon"; the express employees had eaten all the cake and jelly, and nothing remained but a child's picture book, a limber jack, a pop gun, and a nursing bottle, with a little chestnut coal and kindling wood for a rainy day.

In the absence of their charity, they suspected a *joke*, and proceeded to retaliate in substance as follows: "Dear fellows, we are looking anxiously for your box. Thanks. Prof. H. wishes your immediate return for an important interview," &c. They received the reply: "Too thin"; and the way they got left, explains universally the cold wave of the season.

---

The annual public debate of the Philologian Literary Society took place in the chapel Friday evening, December 17th.

There was a large crowd of Richmond friends present, among whom were many of her fairest daughters, who seemed to enjoy the programme hugely. The exercises began with an address of welcome by the President, Mr. C. D. Roy. He then introduced Mr. James T. Noell, who read a humorous selection in his own inimitable style, and was loudly applauded.

The next star introduced was Mr. J. W. Avery, who declaimed, "Old Times and New" in a masterly manner.

Mr. C. A. Folk, of Tennessee, was then presented as the orator of the evening. His oration had been well prepared and was creditably delivered. He might have chosen a more spicy subject, but

could have handled none in finer style.

The debate was then in order, with the disputants arranged as follows:

First affirmative, Mr. T. R. Corr; first negative, Mr. H. W. Williams; second affirmative, Mr. C. R. Cruikshanks; second negative, Mr. J. D. Martin.

The question discussed was, "Is Public Opinion Shaped more by the Press than by Public Speaking?"

The debaters, without exception, acquitted themselves well.

The programme was interspersed with musical renditions by the Philologian Sextette, Prof. J. I. Ayres presiding at the piano.

The evening seemed to be spent enjoyably by all, the memories of which will linger fondly in the hearts of the "Jolly Philogs" until another twelve-month is passed, when a similar programme will be rendered with a change of actors; for further particulars of which, see small bills and newspapers.

---

Perhaps the most interesting and instructive class that has ever been organized at this institution meets every Tuesday evening to hear a Biblical Lecture from Prof. H. H. Harris. We are forced to believe that there are few theological students equal to this D. D., and cannot say more than that his labor of love is a grand success, and the students do feel grateful to him. To express in words their appreciation of his sympathy and kindness, the students invited Prof. Harris and lady to meet with them in the chapel Friday morning, December 24th, to join them in a Christmas service. At the appointed time all had assembled. Dr. W. W. Landrum was present to



represent the students, which he did by presenting to Mrs. Harris a handsome silver water set, and the Professor a gold-headed cane, appropriately inscribed. His speech was peculiarly fitting, laden with wit, humor, and thought, and the frequent applause of the students showed that they were being properly represented.

Prof. Harris, in response, said that the best speaker of the two would express their thanks if the students would call at their parlors, but *he* would then and there thank them for their presents and especially for their kindly feeling.

Prof. Harris has won the highest admiration of the students as chairman, professor, and friend, which is daily manifested by stronger evidence than silver and gold can indicate.

The *Messenger* tenders its congratulations to Prof. and Mrs. Harris, and with an unselfish motive hopes to be alive to publish a report of their diamond wedding.

---

It is with peculiar sadness that we chronicle the death of Miss MARTHA A. MORRIS, the noblest and truest friend Richmond College has ever known. The sad event occurred December 11th, at her room on the college premises.

She had been a resident at the institution for twenty-five years, having entered it as a nurse when the building was in use as a hospital during the war.

When her duties in this field had been discharged, she accepted the pressing invitation of President Robert Ryland to make the college her home.

Here she has lived, and her pleasure and pride has ever been to minister to the wants of the students, "her boys," as

far as it lay in her power, with no further compensation than the delight it afforded her philanthropic heart. Neither time nor circumstance has ever been known to keep her from the bedside of a sick student. Other friends might have come to her relief, but she would refuse to be relieved; or if perchance, as in some cases, there was no other friend to come to her assistance, yet she cheerfully and unceasingly continued her attention until the patient needed her services no longer.

The essence of all that has ever been written or spoken of philanthropy and self-denial might be inscribed upon her tomb as portraying her own virtues. Yet perhaps no stone may ever mark the resting place of her body, and no epitaph may ever be written at her grave; but monuments to her memory shall live forever in the hearts of "her boys"—"monuments more lasting than bronze."

We append resolutions adopted at a mass-meeting of the students:

### IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas it hath pleased Almighty God in the wise dispensation of his providence to remove from our midst our highly esteemed and dearly beloved friend, Miss MARTHA A. MORRIS, calling her to lay down the garment of broken and afflicted mortality and "be clothed upon with her house which is from Heaven"—the holy, spotless vesture of immortality—and although we feel deeply and sadly the loss of a friend so helpful, kind, and sympathetic; yet be it

*Resolved, 1st.* That while we cannot fully understand the deep mysteries of God's providence in thus dealing with us, yet we bow in meek submission and gently acquiesce in the Divine will, reposing sweetly in the thought that "all



things work together for good," and that our loss is her eternal gain, since her soul is released from its clay tenement and has gone up to the God whom she loved and served in this world.

*Resolved, 2d.* That we recognize in her life an example of true and noble living, of thorough and complete consecration, of true, earnest devotion to the work in which she so faithfully spent her life and in which she so nobly fell—viz., that of ministering to the wants of others and thus serving her Lord by serving those who needed her ministry.

*Resolved, 3d.* That we further recognize in her life a benevolent, gracious, and blessed ministry, touching our lives with deep, true interest, with tender, loving care, and with warm, heart-felt sympathy.

*Resolved, 4th.* That we do deeply and sincerely mourn the loss of one who has so tenderly and so faithfully watched

over our sick beds, and with her health-inspiring presence, her smiling face, and her cheerful words, sent sunshine, gladness, and hope to our hearts.

*Resolved, 5th.* That we strive earnestly to follow the blessed example of earnest consecration, true devotion, and loving self-sacrifice as laid down and exemplified in her life.

*Resolved, 6th.* That in Miss Martha's death we are deeply and sensibly impressed with the solemn assurance that we, too, must sooner or later travel the same road, meet the same Judge, and receive our reward.

*Resolved, 7th.* That a copy of these resolutions be published in our *College Messenger*.

C. R. CRUIKSHANKS,  
C. A. FOLK,  
H. H. HARRIS, JR.,  
Committee.

## OUR LETTER-BOX.

"*Oxford.*"—December 7th fell on Tuesday. So did the snow, and Professor ———.

"*Contributor.*"—We would like to return your unused manuscript, as you request; but in our careful disposition of it we fear it was only saved *so as by fire*.

"*K. L. T.*"—We can't say how many mustaches are worn by the students. We are a poor hand adding fractions.

"*Drummer.*"—We once thought that we *would* like to have a type-writer for our editorial work, but they cost so much;

besides, that miserable old bell that rings at the end of every line is too suggestive. Send us a pair of scissors; then if the bell is rung on us we can't hear it.

"*Miss A. P. F.*"—Let us have your address, and we shall be pleased to send you the lines you desire.

"*Don Quixote.*"—"Squaw" is the diminutive of Thomas Henry.

"*B. A.*"—We are sorry that you or any other graduate of Richmond College should find times too close to subscribe to the *Messenger*. We were in hopes you



were doing well. We filed your postal, and marked your name *null and void* upon our list.

"*Iratus*."—The fighting editor of our corps has not charge of the "Letter Box," but is *particeps criminis* thereto, and will answer your grievances on accommodating terms.

"*Alice K.*"—We have never had an application for membership to our literary societies from a young lady, and do not know what action would be taken in the matter. Members of your beloved

sex have found their way into our recitation rooms, and we extend them a cordial welcome to come often.

"*D., '85-'86*"—We are a poor hand writing recipes, and precious little do we know about "persimmon pudding." However, we can start you: First, get your persimmons. Some kind friend will probably tell you the rest.

"*F. L. T.*" writes: "Please tell me the longest word in the English language?"

Why, Lookinthedictionaryandsee.

## PERSONALS.

Among the students who have left the college, more than usual have come back to the city to spend the Xmas holidays. The boys at the college have been glad to see the familiar faces of Messrs. R. A. Wilbur, E. B. Hatcher, H. W. Hemp, E. B. Pollard, W. A. Harris, A. S. Miller, E. J. Willis, F. R. Steel, — Whitfield, W. H. Lyons, and J. L. Brown. Of these, Harris, Hatcher, and Pollard are teaching, Lyons and Whitfield are attending the University of Virginia, Miller and Willis are second-year men at Steven's Institute, Hoboken, Harry Hemp has charge of a church in Maryland, Lute Brown is resting from his labors on the engineering corps of the Danville & Atlantic Railroad, and Bob Wilbur reports that he, Frank Steel, and Sam Fiery are determined to see matters through in the dental and medical departments of the University of Maryland.

W. H. Reynolds, who entered college

at the beginning of the session, has been compelled to return home on account of ill-health.

Pompey J. Peake, '86, is farming this year at his home in Norfolk county.

We were glad to see the genial face of A. B. Rudd, M. A., '84, on the campus recently. He has charge of a church at Newport News, and during Christmas received, in the shape of a very handsome pile of cash, a very pleasant reminder of how much his people esteem him.

F. R. Holland, '86, popularly known as "Dude," is spending the winter at his home in Goochland county.

J. W. Henson, '84, is boarding near college and studying medicine at the Virginia Medical College.

D. M. Ramsey, '84, who is now at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, has accepted a call to two churches in Woodford county, Ky.



E. J. Woodville, '86, is teaching this year in his native county of Orange. We were very sorry indeed to hear that his health has not been good during the fall and winter.

Dr. H. H. Levy, B. A., '69, and afterwards prize essayist and graduate of the Virginia Medical College, entertained the students very highly recently, by an able lecture on the disease of leprosy. Dr. Levy is now Professor of Physiology in the Virginia Medical College, and has also reflected credit upon his *alma mater* by successfully filling several other important positions in the city.

Dr. C. F. James and Hon. Wm. Wirt Henry, who have for some months been carrying on such an interesting and

vigorous discussion in the *Religious Herald*, are both alumni of this institution, Dr. James having taken his B. A. here in '70, and Mr. Henry being a B. L. of '81.

G. B. Stacy, who attended college last session, is now in the furniture business with his father in this city.

Joe Baker, '78-9, who is living now at Bowling Green, Va., has visited the college quite frequently this session looking after the welfare of his little brother, we judge.

Rev. I. M. Mercer, M. A., '79, who has been taking special courses in Germany during the last two years, returned home recently and now has charge of the Baptist church in Alexandria, Va.

## EXCHANGES.

One of these days, when the *Lehigh Burr* shall have increased its knowledge of geography and orthography enough, so as not to allow itself to be imposed upon by the statement that *Sewanee* is in Kentucky and is spelled *Swanee* and afterwards shall go on extending its field of knowledge until it meets with that very unusual (?) word "chestnut," then we hope that its Exchange editor will be able to understand that the conclusion of the observation, "Now, if the title of our worthy contemporary was only "Chestnut Burr," in the November *Messenger*, is so obvious, that a good critic, so far from noticing it a mark for unfavorable criticism, would be supremely disgusted with a man who would insult his readers by finishing out the sentence.

Our much esteemed neighbor, the *Ran-*

*dolph-Macon Monthly*, is able in every respect, and seems to know what is the best way to proceed, when it wishes to encourage a good and noble enterprise. Accordingly we notice that it devotes a separate department to Y. M. C. A. This is a good idea, and one that should be adopted more generally by college magazines, for we believe in so doing they could very materially aid this cause, which is advancing in our colleges very rapidly year by year.

The Local, Personal, and Exchange departments of our exchange from the Ohio State University are well gotten up, but we think that a "Lantern" of nine-candle power (we mean that its board of editors number nine) might shed a more beneficent light upon the college world, if its rays were directed to a greater ex-



tent upon the many questions which could be discussed to the best advantage in its literary department.

We have received from Moses King, publisher, Cambridge, Mass., a copy of *Student's Songs*, which we cheerfully recommend to our Glee Club and all students who wish a good edition of the most popular college songs. This book is handsomely printed, contains 60 songs, with their music, nearly all of which are copyrighted, and is quite cheap, selling for 50 cents.

Not alone in its handsome new exterior and fine general appearance do we find evidence of the æsthetic tendencies of the *Pacific Pharos*, but we notice that it displays great love for, and keen appreciation of, the beautiful in language also. It has a great longing to see its "prose column blossom with verse"; boldly champions the cause of the college poet; deplores the fact that more of its contributors do not invoke the gentle Muse; and makes a blue mark at once, should any of its exchanges lack the higher adornment of poetry in its columns. This large amount of style in the *Pharos* seems, however, to have a solid basis, and so we count it one of our brightest exchanges.

The author of the piece, "A Sketch of Japan," in the December number of the *Ottawa Campus*, doesn't seem to attempt any of the more unusual and difficult feats in composition, but gives a plain, simple account of the past and present of Japan as regards its form of government and educational organization. The story contains a great deal of useful information, which is given in an

interesting manner. The *Campus* has a very full Local department, and, what is somewhat unusual, a column devoted entirely to athletics.

There is nothing truer in the management and publishing a college magazine than that "in union there is strength," and so we think that the Literary Societies of Emory and Henry College have done a very wise thing in uniting their two papers, the *Calliopean Clarion* and *Hermesion* into one, the *Exponent*. We congratulate the editors on the fine appearance of the magazine and its excellent literary department.

The sentence, "Our editors are men of 'talent' and 'information,' and they will allow nothing to go into it that has not been carefully and thoroughly prepared," sounds badly, coming as it does from the editors, and might have been left out, we think, without materially injuring the leading editorial.

The article "Francis Bacon," in the *Georgetown College Magazine*, evinces careful preparation and clear analytic thought. The author has marked out very clearly the two-fold character of this "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind," showing on the one hand that his character, as a politician, was low and contemptible in the last degree, while on the other hand, as a philosopher, he was the patient, beneficent seeker of truth for its own sake and the good of mankind.

We have never seen an inferior number of the *Cap and Gown*, but were specially pleased with the October-November issue. We felt as we read the allegory, "The Magic Potion," almost as if a "magic" spell were upon us, and are



quite sure that no one who begins to read this piece can put the paper down before he has finished it, so ably and cleverly is it written.

The Exchange column of this paper is edited in a fearless and vigorous style.

If the editors will allow us, we would suggest, however, that in justice to the rest of the 'magazine, the department College Notes ought to be made more full and complete.

In the *Butler Collegian*, a great many items in "Locals" are entirely too local in their character, and seem to us to be intelligible not even to the general body of students, but only to the few who may have been personally interested.

Its two literary articles are very readable indeed.

The strong point of "Hindoo Belief" is the ingenuity with which the author puts some of his arguments, and the principal charm of "Paronomasia" is the variety and smoothness of the style, as the writer performs the difficult task of accumulating in a pleasant manner such a very large number of examples to prove his point, that distinguished men of all ages have not disdained to use "that innocent and enlivening piece of wit" called the pun.

The Christmas number of the *Nassau Lit.* is fully up to its usual standard, which is saying a great deal for it. When its editors, however, say that in getting out

a distinctively Christmas number the *Lit.* makes a new departure in college Journalism, it claims too much, and must at least divide the honor, for, not to mention other magazines that incline very largely that way, the *Fordham College Monthly* for December is made quite as distinctively a Christmas number as is that of the *Lit.* We doubt not, also, that should one investigate the matter he would find that the year 1886 could not justly claim the honor of having been the first to see this departure among college magazines.

The *Washington Jeffersonian* lacks order in the arrangement of its articles. In that portion of the paper which one would rather suppose to be intended as the Editorial department, we find editorials, items of general news, and notices of Exchanges all mingled together promiscuously. Moreover, among the Locals also the editors have inserted a notice of an exchange—namely, the *Miami Journal*. We think that if these different subjects were collected under separate heads, the result would be that each department would be made more complete, and the journal would be very decidedly improved.

Notes about the "Various Vocations" of the alumni of the college seem to have been collected with great care, and the articles "Via Abbotsford" and "Latin Pronunciation" are good.

The University of Pennsylvania is the oldest institution in the country bearing the legal title of University. Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia, are only

colleges in their corporate names. The College of Philadelphia became the University of Pennsylvania in 1791.



## COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

The performance of the Greek play "The Acharnians" took place at the Academy of Music, in New York, Friday night, November 19th, and was given in aid of a fund for the endowment of the directorship of the American Classical School at Athens. Being the first Greek play ever presented in New York, it drew a large audience. The performance was in every respect a good production and was warmly received. The music of the comedy, which was composed by Prof. Clarke, of the University of Pennsylvania, received the hearty approval of the audience, likewise the chorus singing by the Orpheus and Cecilia Society of Philadelphia. Each actor played his part with admirable exactness, and Mr. Pepper, who played Dikaiopolis, received a hearty encore. The college presidents who attended were President Barnard of Columbia, President Hall of Cornell, and President Dwight.

Prof. R. L. Dabney has been invited by the Victoria Institute, or Philosophical Society of Great Britain, to furnish a paper to be read at the first annual meeting of that body. This will be the third paper contributed by Professor Dabney.

Mr. R., writing an exercise on the Lady of the Lake, comes to Canto II., and, very much perplexed, calls his friend W. from the next room, and asks him who was Canto II., and when did he reign anyway.

The members of the Senior Philosophy class will appreciate the following from

an exchange, especially the latter clause of the last sentence:

Prof.: "What is it to *know*?"

R. A. A.: "It is to know that we know."

Prof.: "A little more definite, if you please."

"Well, sir, it is to know that we are certain that we know that we know."

Prof.: "A little plainer."

"It is to feel that we know that we know that we are certain that we know that we know."

Prof.: "Please be more definite."

"It is to know that we are confident that we know we are certain that we know that we know, but after all I don't know that I am *positive* that I know that I am confident that I know that I am certain that I know that I know what you want to know."

ACCEPTING THE TERMS.—He (entreatingly): "Won't you give me the next waltz, Miss Violet?"

She (coquettishly): "Perhaps if you press me."

The Bold, Horrid Thing: "I'll do that as we dance."

The deacon's wife wanted to jot down the text, and leaning over to her scapegrace nephew, she whispered, "Have you a card about you?" "You can't play in church," was the solemn reproving answer; and the good woman was so flustered that she forgot all about the text.

A phrenologist says that "fulness under the eyes denotes language." When fulness is caused by another man's fist,



it denotes very bad language generally, we suspect.

At Rutgers the prizes of the graduating class were taken by a Japanese nobleman.

The Cornell faculty have suppressed their student's journal. Too much liberty of the press was the *causa principalis*.

Professor: "Mr. M., what is an aqueduct?"

Mr. M., thoughtfully: "A-q-u-a, water, a water-fowl."

After a lapse of over twelve years, women have again been admitted to the Medical College of Edinburgh.

Said a professor to a notorious laggard, who for once was prompt at prayers, "I mark you, sir, as present this morning; what is your excuse?" "I couldn't sleep, sir," was the response.

Danté and George Washington are said to be the only ones of the world's renowned among whose writings and recorded sayings we fail to find the elsewhere omnipresent pun.

"Professor," said a graduate, trying to be pathetic at parting, "I am indebted to you for all I know."

"Pray don't mention such a trifle," was the not very flattering reply.

The New York Alumni Association of Williams College, at its recent meeting at Delmonico's, appointed a committee for the purpose of securing \$50,000 for the erection of a new recitation hall for the college. F. F. Thompson, of the First National Bank of New York, of-

fered to give the last \$10,000 of the sum.

Bancroft, the venerable historian, is one of Harvard's '17.

The system of government by a joint committee of students and faculty at Harvard gives great satisfaction.—*Ex.*

The Juniors at Colby expressed their joy on completing the study of logic by cremating their text-books with very imposing ceremonies.

"Oh! third-year girl, what makes thee mum?"

Tell us the reason, pray."

"'Tis, cause I've had no chewing-gum All this eventful day!"

The American Protective Tariff League offers prizes to senior students in all American colleges for approved essays on the "Advantages of a Protective Tariff to the Labor Industries of the United States."

Prof. A. C. Merriam, Professor of Greek at Columbia College, has been selected as director of the School of Athens for the year 1887. He will leave for the new post at the close of the present college year.

TALENTED SENIOR.—"Pardon me, Miss Budd, is it true that you are engaged to my classmate, Charley Howard?"

Miss Budd—"That's rather a pointed question."

T. S.—"Excuse my asking, but I am historian of our class, and I am getting all the gossip on the fellows that I can." *Life.*



## SELECTIONS.

In most of the large cities of this country "opium dens" may be found by the anxious searcher after the like. A description of how the business is done is as follows: "The smoker lies curled up with his head resting on a bamboo or earthenware pillow about five inches high. Near him stands an opium lamp, the flame of which is protected by a glass shade low enough for the point of the flame to project above the top of the shade. The smoker takes a wire and dips it into a little box containing prepared opium. A small quantity adheres to the point of the wire, which is then held over the flame of the lamp until the heat has swollen it to about ten times its original size. This is rolled over on the flat side of the clay bowl, the opium all the time adhering to the wire. When it has been rolled to a soft, solid mass, it is again applied to the lamp, and this alternate roasting and rolling is kept up for at least ten minutes, by which time it is in the shape of a pill and ready for use. The aperture in the pipe is so small that it can only receive the smallest quantity, and the most careful manipulation is needed to transfer the tiny ball of opium from the end of the wire to the bowl of the pipe. The point of the wire is inserted into the hole of the pipe and worked round and round till the soft opium forms into a conical-shaped ring about the wire. By twirling the wire the drug is gradually detached from it, leaving a hole through the opium about as large as the hole of the pipe bowl, with which it communicates. The pipe is now ready and the bowl is held over the lamp so that the opium

comes in contact with the flame. A spluttering noise ensues as the smoker sucks at his pipe. After each successive draw he ejects from nose and mouth a volume of smoke, the very smell of which is enough to turn a horse's stomach. By the end of the fourth or fifth whiff the pipe is empty. The smoker scoops up another dose of opium, rolls it into a pit, and repeats the operation with the same patience as before, and smokes away until the pipe falls from his hands and he is lost in dreamland."

---

THE OCCUPATION OF GREAT MEN.—

The *Medical Age* has been investigating this subject, and says that the father of Demosthenes was a blacksmith; of Euripides, a dealer in vegetables; of Socrates, a mediocre sculptor; of Epicurus, a shepherd; of Virgil, an innkeeper. Columbus was the son of a woolcarder; Shakespeare, of a butcher; Luther, of a miner; Cromwell, of a brewer; Sixtus V., of a swineherd; Linnæus, of a poor country minister; Franklin, of a soap-boiler; Rousseau, of a watchmaker; and Murat, of an innkeeper. The writer concludes that the mothers of these men may have been the source from which their genius was derived, and, indeed, it is known that some of them were women of more than ordinary excellence.

---

The doctrine that we should patronize home industries is sometimes carried to a mischievous extreme. A correspondent of *The Nation* says:

"The State of California has even gone so far as to have prohibited the use of school-books from other sources, such



as those written by some of the foremost scientists, historians, and scholars, directing the Board of Education to 'cause to be prepared,' made, and sold textbooks for their own use. Presently we shall have some distant State forbidding the importation of Shakespeare, and undertaking by legislative enactment to produce him on the spot from local talent."

"HEAR, HEAR!"—Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "Hear, hear!" Richard Brinsley took

an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, whom he represented as a person who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation and with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?" "Hear, hear!" was instantly bellowed from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for his ready reply to the question, and sat down amid the convulsions of laughter from all but their unfortunate subject.

## CAMPBELL & CO., **ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHERS,** 525 E. BROAD STREET, RICHMOND, VA.

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

## STUDENTS' EMPORIUM.

NEW STORE, NEW STOCK. CONVENIENTLY LOCATED.

*Stationery, Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes, and a full line of Confectioneries.*

**MRS. MARY KEIL,**  
BROAD ST., NEAR COLLEGE.

## SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

ESTABLISHED 1840

The most popular **Weekly** newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN** is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, \$3.20 a year. Discount to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 361 Broadway, N. Y.

**PATENTS.** Munn & Co. have also had **Thirty-Eight years'** practice before the Patent Office and have prepared more than **One Hundred Thousand** applications for patents in the United States and foreign countries. Caveats, Trade-Marks, Copy-rights, Assignments, and all other papers for securing to inventors their rights in the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany and other foreign countries, prepared at short notice and on reasonable terms. Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the **Scientific American** free. The advantage of such notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents.

Address MUNN & CO., Office **SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN**, 361 Broadway, New York.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

## POTTS, STOKES & CO.,

Successors to A. Y. STOKES & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale Grocers,

AND

**Commission Merchants,**

RICHMOND, VA.