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# Richmond College Messenger.

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## Where Shall we Spend Eternity?

Where will you be when earth's sun-  
beams fade,  
And the hand of death is upon you laid;  
When the toil and pain of this life is o'er,  
And the smiles of friends you can see no  
more,  
When the night is passed and the shadows  
flee,  
Oh! where will you spend Eternity?

Where will you be when life's cares are  
borne  
To the verge of that world where the  
crown is worn;  
When the billows of darkness around you  
roll,  
When the river is crossed by the speeding  
soul;  
In the gloom of night, or by pearly sea,  
Where will you dwell through Eternity?

Where will you be in the midnight gloom,  
When decaying manhood is in the tomb;  
When the lips are silent and the heart is  
cold,  
And the wasted cheeks wear a blighted  
mould:

When the soul from the pulseless form is  
free,  
Oh! where will you spend Eternity?

Where will you be when the mystic bark  
Glides o'er the river deep and dark;  
When the boatman points o'er the sunless  
stream,  
To that far-off home where the sun doth  
gleam;  
Where the crown is waiting for you and me,  
Oh! where shall we dwell in Eternity?

Where will you be when this toil is done,  
And endless rest from earth's cares is won;  
Will it be for weal? Will it be for woe?  
For morn above or night below;  
In a sunless gloom, or by pearly sea,  
Oh! where will you spend Eternity?

Where will you be in the last great day,  
When the clouds of ages shall roll away;  
When the dead come forth at the Saviour's  
call,  
And the living change with no shroud or  
pall;  
When the night is o'er and the shadows flee,  
Oh! where will you spend Eternity?

C. M.



### Experiences of the Earthquake.

The subject of Earthquakes is getting to be so old and has been so talked about as almost to be an uninteresting theme, and it is with hesitancy that I have consented to pen a few of the incidents which came under my immediate observation during the recent earthquake. To experience the horrors of an earthquake is in this country considered a misfortune and a fortune—a misfortune at the time of its upheavings; a fortune after all is over and one is safe from its destructible influences, for there seems to be a certain degree of renown attached to it.

On the evening of the 31st of August, 1886, the writer was sitting on the steps leading into a fine stone building in old Charleston. Seated with a friend he was discussing certain passing topics, when suddenly a terrible noise was heard, resembling that made by a hundred or more large vehicles on a stone causeway. Not dreaming of earthquakes he was for the moment completely bewildered to know the cause of such a stampede, when the word "earthquake" was heard to come from the lips of his companion, causing an indescribable chill of fear to come over him. Immediately we arose and started to run as fast as the billows of the earth would allow us, though staggering like one under the influence of whiskey.

It seemed to have been an inclination, providentially infused, which caused us to move, for the moment we rose a large part of the side of the house fell with a crash upon the steps where we were sitting. Reaching a large public square, free of houses and trees, we were almost paralyzed with fright at seeing the huge building of the South Carolina Military

Academy (Citadel) about a hundred and fifty feet from where we were standing, rock like a cradle and be hurled to the earth with a thundering noise. Here the writer and his companion parted, both going to find what the results of such a calamity were at their respective homes. The former walking across the square met a lady acquaintance, thinly attired, fleeing from the fallen ruins of her house, and almost frantic with fear, wringing her hands and calling upon God to protect her. Stopping here for a moment he helped to secure some clothing for her, then pressed on to his own home.

His path was over the ruins of houses filling the streets and fallen telegraph wires. In the streets he met groups of people, some kneeling, some running hither and thither, wringing their hands and offering short but earnest prayers to God. Men, women, and children, regardless of race, were mingled together. Such cries as "God save me," "God protect my children," &c., were heard on all sides. But not paying attention to anything he hurried on home, and here the sight which greeted his eyes caused his heart to fail. Though trying to conceal it he hurried about the house trying to find something to wrap the little ones in. The rooms were full of smoke and dust. The floor was covered with dust about a quarter of an inch thick, ornaments were lying about the room, some shattered into atoms. Having clad the children sufficiently we took chairs into the street and there sat, as it were, almost waiting to be ushered into the jaws of death. Finding it too damp out doors we took our chairs in, and,



sitting on the piazza, at the least rumbling noise we would make for the street. It was fearful. It is beyond the limit of description or of even imagination. To add to the terror of the situation almost the entire city was lighted by immense fires, there being no less than six during the short interval of two hours, and at times all blazing at once.

After things became settled around the house the writer hurried down to the lower part of the city in the vicinity of the fires. The flames seemed almost to leap to the sky. The water mains were broken, and for over an hour no water could be secured. The fires were making such headway that we were beginning to think the whole city would be consumed by the flames in their mad career. But at length water was secured, the flames checked. As morning dawned the

writer, in a party, went to see the work of the hand of God in his wrath. We came across one of the several spots where the earth had belched forth matter, red, black, and dark-blue clay, having the smell of gas.

People were now living in tents, pitched on public squares and in the streets. At night, with the tents all lighted, it was a truly picturesque spectacle; but if it takes an earthquake to produce such a sight, may you be spared the sight of beauty!

But in all this affliction, the cry of its being too heavy to bear was not heard. And "let honor be to whom honor is due," therefore let it be said of old Charleston, the "City by the Sea," the "Star of the Palmetto State," "She stands unconquerable, and as firm as a rock."  
W.

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### Our Warriors.

The world is greatly indebted to her soldiers, and never has she allowed herself to be without them, so necessary are they. We intend, however, to briefly enumerate some of the different kinds of *modern soldiers* with their various duties and occupations.

First, there is the gallant captain of a militia company, who, at the head of his little band, parades the streets on all public occasions and holidays. This species of soldier is usually characterized by his flashing sword and his fierce countenance and blood-thirsty eyes and stentorian voice. The crowd who flock to witness the procession, usually recognize in the militia captain the very attainment of greatness (as who would not?), while he

is at once the envy and terror of all small boys, for who can help coveting such a dazzling uniform and such a lofty plume, and who can but dread such a ferocious warrior, with sword drawn? The militia captain appears to great advantage in a sham battle. There it is that an opportunity is afforded him to display his personal prowess—his wonderful self-control in so much confusion and in such a time of danger. Then, to the admiration of all, his commanding voice soars above the din and confusion and havoc issuing his supreme commands. But what causes most applause is the noble bayonet charge of the militia, headed by their gallant captains, who, rushing headlong into the very mouths of a hundred



well directed muskets, loaded with deadly (blank) cartridges, regardless of his personal peril, and bravely urging on his men. Surely the militia captain is a great man!

There is another kind of soldier, however, who deserves to be ranked, as he is, next to the militia captain, and he is he militia lieutenant. He is in very truth a worthy descendant of Mars, and is, in the opinion of many, not inferior even to Julius Cæsar. He is usually employed by his company on the occasion of a political speech or some other public occasion "in keeping the crowd back." He has in some degree acquired (by long practice, I suppose) the ferocious countenance of his commander, which is sufficiently appalling to the cowardly rabble. He usually paces about, with his musket on his shoulder, in snow-white gloves, and enforces his authority by bravely punching the crowd back with his gun. It is hard to account for such extraordinary powers as this, and I would like to know what the old Romans, who considered their soldiers braver than any in the world, would have thought of this man.

Again, there is a third class of soldiers, hardly inferior to the two I have already mentioned, and he is the cadet. Although the cadet is comparatively a beginner in warfare, indeed has never been known to take part in any battle, still his stern and determined brow betoken future success. He is usually characterized by a uniform and a cartridge-box, which is attached to his belt. Moreover, there are several brass buttons upon his coat, which immediately identify him either as a cadet or a Western Union telegraph boy. The cadet, as a

rule, promises to annex Europe to the United States and to utterly exterminate the Chinese; in truth, he won't spare any country on the globe, but intends to make the Roman Empire dwindle down into base insignificance in comparison with the great Republic of America. Oh, in a few years the President may count upon a world-wide empire, and I for one thank my fates, that so decreed it, that I should live in the same age as the cadet! Well, this is all the time that I can devote to the cadet, although he is worthy of a separate article. Here, let me say, most people class the Tin Soldier, but I am afraid I have not the space to describe that renowned military gentleman.

The next division is the Colored Soldier. The Colored Soldier is noted for his ambition, and has but one fault—conceit. He knows that he is the greatest man the world has ever seen since Noah. He knows that he has reached the topmost round of human splendor and renown. The Colored Soldier, when arrayed in his uniform, is supremely self-satisfied and self-contented, as who would not be, were he allowed to put on that uniform which would justly make the Czar of Russia proud?

The Colored Soldier is to be distinguished more than any other class of his brethren-in-arms by his dazzling white gloves. He is the Lion of his race, and upon any public occasion, such as the birth of Ham, when a ball is to be given in honor of that event, he is sure to be invited, and the ambition of every wool-headed lady is to receive his gallant attentions. On this account the Colored Soldier is the envy of all his non-military race, who cannot but be mortified at the crushing defeats received at his hands.



The colored race is by nature war-like, since during peace there is no negro who would not like to be a soldier.

My last class is the Domestic Soldier, who has no prescribed uniform, nor is he admitted into the military fraternity by his companions in arms, yet since he is usually engaged in over twenty pitched battles per day, I do not think his claims to be ranked among the soldiers should be by any means ignored. This foot-soldier has to be exceedingly cautious and wary in his movements, for he is liable to ambush and all sorts of devices; such as undermining him and various other cunning tricks of a like nature. He is usually attacked unexpectedly by some flying dishes, or by hot irons, or coal-seuttles, and numerous other deadly missiles, coming whence he knows not. This soldier, since he very seldom has the opportunity

even to see his enemy, is employed by continually dodging, which is in the opinion of many as disagreeable as any other kind of warfare. His enemy is usually a bulky personage with bare arms, with a uniform after the fashion of a Roman toga. She has a terrible and bloodthirsty countenance, and is generally armed with a broom-stick and sauce-pan, in the art of throwing which she has acquired great dexterity. She is generally victorious, and then has a triumphal march over the battle-ground, leading her vanquished enemy about by the ear, degrading her prisoner according to the manner of the Ancient Romans.

Of course there are many other soldiers, but this was only intended to describe the most prominent, and I'm sure you will say, with me, "What does our country not owe to her soldiers?" J. C. S.

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### Character.

By this we mean those peculiar traits or distinctive qualities which distinguish one person from another. In this I wish to mention only a few of the most important elements which go to make one's character. There is nothing of more importance to the youth, and nothing better deserving his careful consideration, than this question: What sort of a character am I building? It is impossible for any one to live and not form some character, either good or bad.

Every young man has some ambition to live a noble and useful life, to be a man well worthy of the name of *man*. In order to do this he must have a good character, for character is the true basis of manhood. The first thing after that

serious thoughtfulness which appreciates the realities of life in preparation for it is a good character—sound notions of good and evil, of right and wrong, of virtue and vice, of success and failure, and a character conformed to such notions. It matters not what one's calling may be, whether president of a college or keeper of a stable, whether a polisher of souls or a polisher of boots; nor what his place in society, whether he resides in a palace or in a hut; whether a genius of quick insight, great breadth and penetration of thought, or a plain, simple-minded man, he has need of essentially the same character.

Character is not as some suppose hereditary. While this principle may be



accepted as an explanation of certain peculiarities seen in certain individuals, yet it does not hold good for all; for we often see even in the course of one generation characters of as different natures as are possible to exist. If this principle of heredity was true it would be impossible for there to exist in the course of one generation such diversity of character as is often seen.

Thus we see character is not an inheritance which we may become heir to; but is a thing to be acquired only by our own labor. Every stream makes for itself a channel—the little brook as well as the great river. So every man makes his way and his style of life. The great question is: What shall it be, good or bad?

As character is the basis of true manhood, just so honesty is the basis of character. It is the fundamental principle; it should be in the grain and substance of the man. A man of crooked ways, devious thoughts, and deceitful aims, is no man at all; he is rather a fox, a serpent.

No matter what his position, his talent or wealth, he is a sham. Honesty, then, is the first requisite of a good character.

One cannot be a cheat—a deceiver in youth, and then strike out into honest principles and manly worth as soon as he reaches his majority. Honesty is the harvest of seed early sown. It is a part of the work of youth, therefore, to establish honest ways of thought, to cultivate sincerity and genuineness. So that when he enters manhood there shall be no adulteration of character, but a true, noble, and elevated character, making its possessor well worthy of the name MAN.

There is another very important ele-

ment in the make-up of a good character. It is generosity. Honesty might oppress with heartless severity. Generosity will not only prevent the oppression, but lead honesty to join with it in doing good. In this great work generosity, therefore, is the equal of honesty. It puts mercy into trade, hospitality into society, and makes friends.

It is the great force that binds man with man, individuals and races of men into one great brotherhood.

While honesty and generosity are such mighty factors in one's character, yet they are not all-sufficient. A person may be honest and generous, and yet corrupt. Gamblers may divide the spoils with the needy.

Unprincipled men may be tender to the widow and orphan. So you see that honesty and generosity are not all that is needed to build a good character on.

There must be purity of thought and sentiment, a genuine virtue of mind and heart, to give the highest quality to character.

The only way to prevent evil thoughts is to cultivate good ones. The soil must of necessity be planted with some kind of seed. If good seed is not sown weeds and tares will grow and flourish.

Character is not formed in one day, in one week, or in one year, but in years. It is made of many little things. It is the product of an innumerable number of thoughts, emotions, purposes, and acts. No one sees the process of its formation, or the looms in which its intangible and wondrous webs are formed.

It is carried on in recesses and ways more inscrutable than those that conceal the coral art. We have no art so fine as that which we are daily practicing in



those invisible factories where we are weaving the real yet marvellous fabrics of character.

We know that we make character, and it determines our weight, worth, usefulness, and happiness. And we know that it is the product of all the little things in our lives.

Materialists, skeptics, and Christians must all stand together here, and acknowledge the facts and forces that exist in the formation of human character, and must have faith in the power of little things to produce great results, and must regard character as the most valuable thing that is in our power to produce.

SAN-DALPHON.

### Little Things.

One of the best things in the Gospel of Jesus is the stress it lays on small things. "It ascribes more value to quality than to quantity; it teaches that God does not ask how much we do, but how we do it."

When we turn our eyes to the movements of nature, there is a grand lesson for us to learn. As the great Amazon or Mississippi, which flows through half a continent, comes from the blending influences of sun and shower, of dew and snow-storm—comes from the affluents fed in many a quiet valley—so the great river of happiness, the kingdom of truth and love, comes from the co-operation of thousands of hearts and lives, which are ignorant of each other now, but which are working together unconsciously.

Suppose that we wish to be loved by our friends. That is right. We all need to be loved in order to be happy. The man who has no friend may have everything else, but he must be an unhappy person.

The whole secret here, also, is in doing what you can for your friends. You cannot get affection by looking for it or

seeking it. It must come of its own accord, if at all.

It comes from little things, not great ones. We communicate happiness to others, not often by great acts of devotion and self-sacrifice, but by the absence of fault-finding and censure, by being ready to sympathize with their notions and feelings, instead of forcing them to sympathize with ours. If we are capacious and querulous, if we complain of this, and find fault of that, we may be right in our judgments, but we repel sympathy. It is so much better, and so easy, to look at the good side of things first, and, if we must find fault, do so afterwards.

We cannot, to be sure, make ourselves attractive and amiable by an effort. But this is something we can do: We can think and speak of what is pleasant, rather than of what is disagreeable; of sunshine more than storm; we can, in little things, try to make others happy. And by doing this, we shall increase our own progress in society, and solicit the love and favor of all with whom we come in contact.

W. E. W.





### Success in Life.

Perhaps there is no thought that ever comes to the mind of a young man oftener than the thought of having success in life. At an early age we see signs of his ambitious spirit—a desire for honor and a thirst for prosperity in life. And as he grows older that desire for greatness is greatly intensified. When the time is fast approaching when he must launch out upon the sea of life he does not unfrequently ask himself: What course shall I pursue in order to attain to a high degree of eminence?

In attempting to discuss this subject we shall notice, in the first place, that in order to be successful a young man must place the proper value on time.

It is the most precious thing in the world. It is so precious that there is never but one moment in the world at once, and that is always taken away before another is given. It is a blessing when rightly used, but a terrible curse when abused. It is that bleak and narrow isthmus between two eternities upon which man, a frail and trembling creature, walks. Gladly would he take an observation as to whence he has come, or whither he is going. But he has not the means; his telescope is too dim, his compass too wavering, his plummet too short; nor is that little spot, his present state, one whit more intelligible, since it may prove a quicksand that may sink in a moment from his feet. It is the short period of life which God has given to every person to turn to the best possible account every advantage within his reach, to accomplish great and noble deeds; but so few of us duly appreciate it. We loiter during the day-time of life,

and ere we know it the night draws near, "when no man can work." It has been written that, "he who toys with time trifles with a frozen serpent which afterwards turns upon the hand that indulged the sport and inflicts a deadly wound."

There are many persons who sadly realize this in their own lives. When age with its frosts of years has come, their afflictions cannot be otherwise than of the saddest kind as they ponder over wasted time.

And these wrecks along the shore of life should be warnings to us of the dangers of that sea. They should deeply impress us with the inestimable importance of so using our time and opportunities that our lives will be, instead of a failure, a success, and that the world will be benefited by our having lived.

Death often teaches with a terrible emphasis the value of time. But the lesson comes too late. It is for the living wisely to consider the end of their existence, to reflect on their possibilities of life, to resolve to waste no time in idleness, but be up and doing in a manner befitting one who lives here a life preparatory to another and better existence.

Again, in order to be successful, a young man must be temperate. Why are there so many young men through our land and country to-day who are out, or as good as out, of business and cannot get good positions? The principle reason is because they have unfitted themselves for business by riotous living and prodigality. Who wants a young man in his factory whose muscles are all withered from self-abuse? Who wants a young man at his desk whose brain is stupefied



by liquor and whose palsied hands show unmistakable evidences of a fast life? What merchant is there in our broad land who would have a young man behind his counter whose tottering steps, drooped shoulders and sunken eyes, show that from sinful practices he has shattered his constitution, whose own shadow frightens him when there is no danger, whose blighted and diseased imagination enables him to discover loathsome insects feeding upon his flesh, fiends with daggers at his throat, and whose room when he retires at night is haunted by demons?

Intemperance has caused the wreck of many a noble young man's life; and before they become middle-aged men their minds are filled with remorse, visions of splendor rise before them and mock them, romantic pictures of fame and honor that might have been theirs laugh at them, and the grim monster of failure asserts himself monarch of a devastated principality that would have been prosperous under the reign of integrity.

Then, again, in order to be successful a young man must be firm, he must not allow himself to be bent or biased by the opinions of others. There is no trait of human character more needful in order to be successful than firmness, a determi-

nation. To the business man it is all-important. Before its irresistible energy the most formidable obstacles become as cobweb barriers in its path. Difficulties, the terror of which causes the pampered sons of luxury to shrink back in dismay, provoke from the man of lofty determination only a smile.

As the eagle, the storm-defying bird, the child of the sun, rises above the tempest and bathes his plumage in thunder's home, where he can get the warm kisses of a smiling and radiant sun, when all below is darkness and storm, so the young man, who has a purpose in life, a determination to succeed, and who will not allow himself to be discouraged by defeat, or awed by opposition, will be able to remove all difficulties, to surmount all obstacles, and rise to that high position in life where he can enjoy the richest blessings of the great Father of light and life.

A young man's path may often lie amid rocks and crags, and not on lawns and among lilies; but if he will go out upon life's highway with a determination to succeed, there awaits him, on the voyage of life, a sea of fame and glory.

J. W. R.

In a copper mine in Webb county, Ga., is found natural ink. It is a peculiar liquid of a deep wine color, and when a few drops of nutgall are added it turns jet, and at once becomes ink of the best quality. The records of the county have for years been kept in this natural ink, which neither freezes, fades nor corrodes.

An immense stone bridge has recently been completed by Chinese engineers over the arm of the Chinese sea at Lugang. The bridge is five miles long, entirely of stone, and has three hundred arches, each seventy feet high. The roadway is seventy feet wide.



### The Present Outlook.

Every country has its crisis.

There has never existed a kingdom, empire or republic that has not had its turning point. And our country is fast approaching the period when there will and must be a revolution either for good or for bad. May it be for good; but from the present aspect we dare not hope for it.

Some claim that, as our republic passed safely the late civil war, she cannot be overthrown by the now opposing factions. But such open strife, where there are but two parties, but serve to join them in a stronger union.

We see that the nations of the past have not been overthrown by open combat between themselves, but by social rifts, discontent and dissensions. The nation thus weakened becomes an easy prey to other nations.

Let us notice a few facts about our country and its growth, and how it has grown to the present time.

When the American colonists withstood the Revolutionary war they were a homogeneous people. They spoke one language; they were of the same religious faith; they belonged to the same social class; they were at once men of thrift and industry, and therefore all laborers and all capitalists.

Their means of inter-communication, though poor, were adequate. Their interests were common, and the danger which threatened them now by a sterile soil and a hostile winter, now by a barbarous tribe and now from their selfish and unnatural mother, bound them together and made them one.

The American revolution forced the

colonies into a united nation. The discovery of steam navigation facilitated immigration and the untold wealth of the country invited it. The rapid development of mechanical arts facilitated the development of the country's resources, but not its equal distribution. People from foreign lands poured across the bridged Atlantic in numbers so vast and in time so brief that their assimilation and nationalization was impossible, and now a little more than a century after the Declaration of Independence our empire consists of a territory already more vast than that of the Roman empire in its greatest grandeur.

It is a nation comprising every living language, every religious faith, every political opinion, and every social class.

A country which but two centuries ago had hardly a social rift, is now as full of social crevices, broad and deep, as the snowy sides of the Alps—a country whose faith so uniform and so simple that the primitive churches thought it unnecessary to state it in formal creeds, has now on exhibition a larger assortment of religious opinions than is to be found in any other equal area upon the globe; a nation in which but one language was heard from Boston to Savannah now boasts of a single city in which all the German dialects can be heard with a greater perfection than in Germany itself.

We do not for an instant regret that these immigrants have come, coming was their right, and no prohibitory tariff should, and none ever can, shut the laborer out.

They have built our railways, cultivated our prairies, operated our mills,



and dug our gardens. But the babe, welcomed to the mother's breast, brings a new burden to the mother's heart. So this new population, welcome as it is, brings with it both peril and duty—peril to be overcome by the faithful performance of duty.

This vast immigrant population belongs for the most part to what we call the laboring class. They are generally without capital; often without education; almost always without culture, and sometimes densely ignorant.

They have never learned the difficult art of self-government. They come, having learned lessons of anarchy in their native land. Freed from the restraints of the Old World, they are at the same time endowed with power to which formerly they were utter strangers. In other lands the ballot is the privilege of a favored few; here it is the recognized right of manhood.

In other lands, education, even when free, is under the control of a religious or political hierarchy; here is given free to all classes that knowledge which is power.

In other lands meetings for the discussions of right and wrong are held under the surveillance of the police; here words are as free as the air in which they are spoken, and the gathering of men is as unrestrained as the flocking together of sparrows.

With these powers of ballot, education, free speech, and free organization, modern science puts into their hands a power more dangerous than all of these combined. With dynamite carried in a carpet bag, or in an easily concealed cart-ridge, the modern Guy Fawkes can de-

stroy, within an hour, the product of a half century's industry.

In a war between classes for the possession of property, civilization has every advantage. In a warfare by anarchy against all property, the anarchist has every advantage.

Such is the aspect of one of the elements that threatens danger to our society and state.

One half of our workers are wage-workers, one third of our population are foreigners. They are restless, and growing more so. There is no power in the State, no police, no military able to quell them.

Believing that property is theft, they believe that spoliation is redress. Believing that the world's wealth is their inheritance, of which they have been so long deprived, they are ready, with no gentle hand, to demand their portion.

Then labor is organizing for protection, as they say, of its interests, and is thus deepening the chasm and intensifying the hostility between capital and labor.

Nearly every trade has its union. They exist in every State in the Union except Florida.

They are founded on the assumption that the interests of employers and employed are antagonistic, and that combinations are necessary to protect the interests of the employed from the employers. A condition of society in which the working class is leagued together in a clan whose hostility to employers is not concealed, whose aim is to widen the chasm between the classes, is a dangerous condition, and the danger is but hinted at in the frequent strikes.

Every new strike, whether it fails or



succeeds, widens the chasm and increases the danger.

There is another danger threatening us from the Southwest. Mormonism, which though but a half century old, already overspreads the entire Southwest, setting the laws of God and man alike at defiance, and sweeping out the Christian home for the Turkish harem, ruining the women of our land, aiding in every way to destroy the morality of our people, and turning their whole attention to social dissolution. Romanism, alike, is obtaining a strong footing in our country.

The Pope himself says that America is the only hope for the Roman Catholics. They are striving hard to get hold of the reins of the government, and if they succeed no one can tell how soon the old days of inquisition will return.

Again, our country is fast tending to a financial ruin. All of our country's currency is being locked up by the large brokers and banking establishments.

How do these men acquire this money? We grant you that a man has a right to his earnings.

The industrious man has a right to the fruits of his industry, and the sagacious man has a right to the fruits of his sagacity. But no man has a right to take the fruits of his neighbor's industry or sagacity without giving an equivalent therefor.

That the railroad president should receive ten thousand a year for his services and the brakeman five hundred dollars for his work would arouse but little complaint. But that the speculator in railroad stocks should receive from three to four million dollars a year and the brakeman but five hundred does arouse a well grounded complaint, and the bitterness of

that complaint is increased when he sees that the inequality is not due to difference in intellectual qualification, but to injustice in social organizations. They see that this money has been made not by individual industry but by gambling, and that this gambling has been made possible by means of great corporations.

These corporations are a contrivance for the concentration of the wealth of many men into a few hands, in order to increase the power and to enhance the facility of its administration.

They are already a power in the State greater than the State itself.

They control the United States Senate, if not the House of Representatives, and the Legislatures in several of our States.

They fix the rates of transportation.

They determine the prices at which and the condition on which telegraphic communication may be carried on.

They are complete and absolute masters of the nerves of the body politic.

Thus every year the burden of the laborer's life grows heavier and the danger of revolt more threatening.

The bitter cry of the outcast of London is faintly echoed from New York and Chicago, from St. Louis and Cincinnati, and from a hundred smaller manufacturing towns and mining villages. Think what this means, and wonder not as the wealth and poverty increase and the rift between the poor and the rich grows wider, that many a thoughtful citizen begins to ask by what means the country may be saved.

"One side of a narrow valley capital is concentrating its forces, small in numbers but compact in organization, powerful in equipment, and not always either scrupulous in its means or generous in



its spirit. On the other side labor is concentrating its forces, an ever increasing host, loose in organization but with content at heart, which a great disaster might easily convert into bitter wrath, armed by modern science with fatally efficient equipments for destruction, and officered by daring and unscrupulous men. Every morning paper brings us a notice of a strike or lockout, which is like the shot of a picket along the line, and now and then we are startled by a murderous riot, which is like the skirmish of advance guards, and who can tell that

the next skirmish may not bring on a battle?"

Such is our present outlook.

Our trade is dull and clogged, our factories are not at work, and our produce sells at a very low figure.

Our empire, which but a short time ago bid fair to become equal to if not superior to any in the world, whose influence was felt everywhere, and whose prosperity was extolled by all nations, is hastening to ruin with all the impetus that a wrecked and dissolved society and a bad government can give it.

SUILLENROC.

#### The Origin and Development of the Art of Music.

What is Art? It has been defined as the "medium by which man's mind reveals to man that mystery called the beautiful." What is the beautiful? Much has been written on this subject, but it is hoped that what is to follow may cast some light on the enjoyment of that quality in music.

The Art of Music, originating as it did in the feelings and aspirations of men, first gave itself expression in vocal sounds.

These were developed into vocal forms, and combining with words made the art of vocal music. At first perhaps it was nothing more than a cry. "But taking this cry in all its gradations of violence, from a soft desire to the deepest sorrow or despair, we have not much less reason to wonder at the immediate intelligibility of that cry than the origin of an art from such a source." This is true, as all arts have had their origin in the wants and necessities of humanity—the useful arts developing first and the

others only as the *capacities* and immediate *demands* of the race increased. To prove this we have only to observe of Architecture, the first.

In the beginning men were migratory; tents, caves and hollow trees served for shelter, and many were even without any particular place of abode; their first architect was God, and his fairest groves their temples. But after a time they realized a necessity for permanent places of dwelling, and rude huts were built. The sense of the beautiful, and of practical utility, which existed from the beginning, invented ornaments to adorn these, and they learned to handle wood, shape stone, and make buildings of them.

In this way originated the art of architecture, and even in the time of the Pharaohs of Egypt it had reached its highest practical development.

So also sculpture originated in attempts to imitate the shapes and forms of things. In this same manner can be traced the origin of all arts.



Almost all arts and sciences have had their birth in a mother art, or science has become an independent one, and exerted a reflex influence over the parent one, promoting it to still higher growth and development, and finally each requiring the assistance of the other. Physiology, having its foundation in the science of anatomy, has grown up to be an independent science, and is to-day the foundation on which the whole progress of the future science of medicine depends.

Harmony, originating in the art of counterpoint and acoustics, has in our day assumed the place of an independent science, and combined and developed with the laws of counterpoint is the foundation on which depends the art of the music of the future.

Music, having its beginning in emotion and emotional language, has become an independent art, and is exerting a strong influence over the emotional nature of humanity at large.

All arts in their origin were in some way connected with religion, and received their first and most important nurture from that source.

We have only to observe that the Christian Church protected and cultivated the art of music during the changeful period of the Dark and Middle Ages. After that time vocal art was cultivated in all civilized countries under the Romist Church. But there was also cultivated among the common ignorant people the simple song, emanating from a pure and artless feeling. These were principally influenced by the minstrels, troubadours, meister singers &c., &c., the germ of whose art existed from very remote times. While these and other secular forms were cultivated to some extent by

composers who principally wrote for the church, it was discovered that the emotional natures of men were expanding, and far-seeing minds evinced the necessity of cultivating and developing the pure emotional content *per se*.

Let us notice this *emotional element*. We have already found that music expressed ideas and sentiments which were beyond the power of words or spoken language to express.

Spoken language can express *only* ideas which appeal to the intellectual cognition.

But where language ends there art begins. To understand this let us go further.

It is through our consciousness we are able to feel, to will, and to know. Our consciousness, then, has two sides. One, the consciousness of one's self, which includes the will; the other, the consciousness of other things, which includes the perceptive cognition of other things and objects, and the apprehension of the world.

"The more one of these sides comes forward, the more the other recedes."

Now, musical conception, as it can have nothing to do with the common apprehension of an idea, must surely have its origin in that side which we shall call introverted, or directed within. Besides a world which reveals itself to us through our perceptive cognition, we find there is also another world which we are only able to know through the hearing. Then we exist in a two-fold world—a world of sight, or of light, and a world of hearing, or of sound. We can now see the difference between music and plastic art; the chief element of plastic art being the employment of the semblance of objects from the visible world to convey idea exhibit-



ed before us through the agency of light. In this way we are able to account for the unusual effect of music during the silent hours of darkness. The perceptive cognition is at perfect rest, there being nothing by which it can be attracted.

From the foregoing we see a great difference between the designing artist—one conceiving through the agency of objects perceived, and combining these by his imagination in many strange and fantastic shapes—the other through an introverted will, playing upon his own consciousness, bringing to the cognition of others that same experience, and teaching a language as pure as the soul.

If ever after a hard day's travel in a

stage coach you stop in the dead of night upon the side of one of the high Alps, and after a sleepless night, as the gray dawn is breaking you sit at your window overlooking the deep valley below, you will hear the cry of a herdsman ring out over the hills. Again it will answer back from the opposite mountain-walls; then rolling down the valley join in an exulting chorus.

So the child wakes up in this world with a cry of longing and the caresses of the mother's reply. So the youth understands the song of the birds and weeping of the forest pines. So the moans of animals and the shriek of the wild hurricane speak to the meditative man.

A.

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### Home.

In this little word is folded up a world of meaning. Perhaps few words in the English language have more music and sweetness in them than the word home, and especially to one who has learned how to appreciate and value home. The very utterance of this word calls into lively exercise all the tender emotions of the heart, and wakes up all the finer sensibilities of the soul, and causes every element of our nature to vibrate in happy response to the music of its call. No matter whether the home be humble or one of royal splendor, it has many charms, attractions, and memories for its worthy possessor. He who is blessed with a pleasant, quiet, happy home, whether it be filled with grandeur and magnificence, or characterized for its simplicity, is indeed under the smiles of a kind, benevolent and gracious Providence. Home is the place of our first

and purest thoughts, and of our highest and truest joys.

It is also the place of our first aspirations: those soul-yearning desires that were born in the young, tender mind, and would not be pushed aside, but seemed to take a firm grasp upon the future. 'Twas then we looked out through the darkened glasses of time into the dim vista of the future, building air-castles upon imagination's fair, enchanted grounds. How we longed for the rolling years to bring the full realization of youth's fondest and brightest dreams. We waited impatiently for time to unfold the glories of the coming future. We fancied ourselves keeping step with the march of the circling years until they unveiled for us the sublime realities which seemed locked up in the vaults of time. While many of the fond dreams which filled our future vision have been



realized—alas, many have been cruelly blighted.

The future, once all gilded with the tinting rays of hope, has become black with despair and grief. Yet we glory in the triumphs of the past, and hope in the possibilities of the future. Home is also a place of tender memories. To us who have gone out from home made sacred to us by tender ties and hallowed associations, there is something sublimely pathetic in the name, that kindles the fires of love in the heart, and causes the soul to throb and beat under a deeper sense of the true nature of the filial ties that bind us in everlasting affection, kindly sympathies and common interests with one another, though separated by intervening space and time.

As we stand surrounded by the intricate and entangling alliances of this world's labor, sorrows and cares, attempting to solve the mysterious problems of human life, it is pleasant to let our minds revert to the happy scenes of childhood joys, and the sunny pleasures of youth. Or when thrown out upon the cold mercies of an unfriendly world, how pleasant it is to remember the tender embrace of the loving arms that once pressed us to a heaving breast full of tender sympathy and love.

Home is the foundation of our Republic, and the basis of civil government.

There the true and permanent foundation of education, civilization and Christianity is laid. There the seeds of future usefulness are sown in the tender minds, while the unsuppressed conscience pronounces its approval, and the heart assimilates their power and influence by interweaving them into our very nature.

How inseparable our lives are from the first influences that surround us, and the early impressions that took hold of our hearts.

The first impulses of the heart give shape and character to the life. How often we carry the early influences of our earthly home to our heavenly home.

Our earthly home may afford us many blessings and joys, it may be hallowed by sacred relations, brightened by dazzling hopes, made dearer by kindly associations, and sweetened by all the joys and memories of the past; but alas, it is unreal. It is unabiding. It's only a temporary habitation—a tent along the way. We are hastening to our eternal home. Oh, the glories of the Christian's home beyond! The joys of the celestial city! Oh, the unmitigated horrors of the home of the lost! Its dark, unending shadows. Pleasant homes now; but soon we'll exchange them. To what home shall the exchange introduce us?

QUIDAM.

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A new bicycle handle has been designed by an Englishman which can be attached to the bar by a universal joint, and can be fixed in any position so as to give relief to the hands on long rides.

An order has been issued in Lower

Austria forbidding manufacturers and tradesmen to sell *nickel plated cooking vessels*. It is stated that vinegar and other acid substances dissolve nickel; and that this, in portions of one-seventh of a grain, causes vomiting, and is even more poisonous than copper.



## The Gypsy Girl.

“ Give me the turf and my tambourine—  
I scorn your waxed floors;  
I love the the free air and nature’s green  
And the moonlight out o’ doors.

“ Unbind my tresses to the breeze,  
My girdle, fit it loose—  
There! I’ll bend and sway and whirl as I  
please  
O’er the sward in my easy shoes.

“ A song? Oh, yes! Tra la, fa la!  
The pure sweet air for me!  
Where the sunlight beams or the moon-  
light gleams,  
And the birds are gladsome and free.

“ Tra la, fa la! fa la, tra la!  
To the brooklet’s music I dance;  
And the heavens look down on my sunny  
crown,  
As my gay feet trip and glance.

“ Tra la, fa la! la zingara, la!  
The earth and the sky and the air—  
They are mine, all mine, with their shade  
and their shine,  
And all the bright things they bear.

“ Tra la, fa la! la zingara, la!  
Oh, who is more merry than I?  
With the brooks and the trees and the  
bonny breeze  
To love me alway till I die.

“ Come in’?—Oh, no! leave me loose  
and free,  
Your lights are smoky and dim,  
And the walls are too close and too small  
for me,  
And I am too wild for them.

February 6, 1887.

“ Ah, leave me be ’neath the sky and tree”—  
(Ter-r-r-r-am, bang, tram, per zip!)

“ At my will I go—or fast or slow,  
While my tambourine times my trip.

“ And Bela’?—he dances, but not like you  
He would tire you out in an hour;  
Dear Bela and I dance the whole day  
through,  
Then stop just as fresh as this flower.

“ You ‘wish I would stay’?—For what,  
young man?  
How long would you love me, pray?  
You cannot love like Bela can—  
With the truest I choose to stay.

“ Away to your life, and I to mine—  
Your fair, girdled mistress awaits;  
Nor tell her the trinkets you offered  
so fine  
To a Gypsy girl whom she hates.

“ Ha, ha! tra la! away—away!  
Come, Bela, my own—I’m true:  
I’ll not tell him how tempted I was  
to-day—  
Yet how little tempted—by you.

“ O wild sweet air, come kiss my hair!  
And cool my cheeks with your breath!  
And, Bela, my own, we’ll speed alone  
From the city and sin and death.”

And her mate, strong and tall, came quick  
at her call,  
And bore his sweet-heart away;  
And her bright tambourine with its bells  
was seen  
No more in the city that day.

L. R. HAMBERLIN.





## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

With this number of the *Messenger* the present corps of editors make their bow and hand over their duties to their successors. As we step down and yield the chair, there are two or three things we desire to say. We shall first take the liberty to say a word in general for the whole corps. Of course the parts which have fallen to each of us respectively have been different, and each one has seemed to try to make his own department the best. Yet we have co-operated with the one aim to hold our paper to its former standard.

Our "fighting editor" has had a few "tilts" with his contemporaries, but from the fact that he has had no occasion to call any of his colleagues to his assistance, we infer that he has made a very successful fight, and we know that he has not allowed one of his combatants to exceed him in courtesy.

Our LOCAL man has avoided as much as possible "chestnut-cracking." He added a new feature to his department, which he called the "Letter Box," and which we know was quite interesting and instructive to his numerous correspondents.

In the EDITORIAL department we have pursued a plan somewhat different from that followed by our contemporaries.

Of course we have an atheletic association, foot- and base-ball clubs, &c., but we have not regarded it important that our readers should have a monthly report of their games. We have tried to give a variety of readable matter, sometimes on literary topics, and again on subjects entirely local in their character.

We have appreciated the fact that our department is read less than any other, but we have not on this account been less desirous of making it worthy of a perusal. We have read the similar department in many of our exchanges without feeling that we were in any respect liable to be regarded as imitators of their style and methods, still we have been indebted to them for many suggestions. We have no method to recommend to our successor, except that he have a plan of his own, and that he treat subjects which have more immediate relation to the general interests of the college than some of ours have had, taking care, however, to avoid mentioning the petit occurrences on the campus, leaving such matters for the local column. Wishing the *Messenger* much success, we make our bow.

Any one who takes but a brief glance at human progress within the last hundred years can see how races advance in human science not in a straight line, but by series of tacks like a vessel beating against a strong wind. The development of physical science within the last century has not been accomplished within any short period, but by brief intervals, gradually rising in the scale of development.

The most important invention within the last hundred years is the steam-engine. Its most effective applications have been to manufactures and the propulsion of ships. When steam navigation was first proposed, the President of the Royal Society said, "It is a pretty plan. One point it lacks. The steam-



engine requires a firm basis on which to work." This was theory, but William Symington proposed to test the theory by experiment. For this end he placed a steam-engine in a double-hulled boat and launched it upon the waters. It worked to some success, but not satisfactorily, until Fulton improved upon the plan, and steamboats going against tide and blast proved the truth of the theory "One point was overlooked,"—the mechanic's ability to construct a stable foundation on an unstable boat.

The "wooden walls" of England have given place to the "walls of steel." When it was proposed to build a man-of-war of iron, people scorned at the idea and said: "Iron sinks, only wood can float." But experiments proved differently, and now not only war vessels but also merchant steamers are constructed of iron and steel.

This change in the construction of vessels was a timely one, for wood is becoming scarce and dear in the forests of Britain.

The last wooden war-vessel built for the British navy required four thousand two hundred loads of timber, or the growth upon seventy acres of land in eighty years.

Just the merchant vessels which Great Britain builds annually, if constructed of wood, would require the growth of eight hundred thousand acres of timber land.

Another example of the gradual development of men's thoughts is in the invention of the telephone. If we allow any credence to the testimony in the various telephone suits throughout the country, not one man but an half-dozen invented it. Whether this is true or not, there can be no doubt that the manner in

which each was experimenting would soon have brought him to the invention of the instrument.

Another example, of less value, but noteworthy, is the "elevator," as Americans call it, but by the English called a "lift." But as it was invented by the ingenuity of a Yankee, he should be entitled to preference in naming it. Before the day of "elevators," anything above the third story was practically useless, except for storage, but now the only thing that checks the construction of a building, heavenwards, is the strength of the foundation and the weight of building materials. In cities where land is scarce and costly, high buildings are necessary, and in fact the upper rooms are more desirable than the lower ones, as they afford better light and ventilation. These and other inventions have grown from small beginnings and have attained to utility at the time when the progress of the nations has rendered their service actually necessary.

Southern authors are few. We have a right to be proud of our country because of its varied resources of mineral and agricultural wealth; but it is humiliating to an ambitious southerner that we are so meagrely represented in the literary world. It is a matter of still greater chagrin to us that the works of those who have written merit, or at least receive, so little and such unfavorable comment by literary critics and historians. Even in the text-books of English literature scarcely the name of a southern writer is mentioned.

Yet that we have been thus ignored we claim is due not to the fact but to an oversight. Southern literature has me-



rited and in the future will receive a more favorable notice by the rest of the literary world. Tennessee has already been the home of several graceful writers, and recently several books and meritorious articles in standard literary journals have appeared from the pen of an authoress of Tennessee, who has taken a new departure as a novelist. Reference is had to the authoress of "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," "In the Tennessee Mountains," etc., whose literary title is Charles Egbert Craddock. Most generally novelists select the heroes of their stories from among the educated and cultured. Not so with the one mentioned above. She chooses hers from among the rough, untutored mountaineers. She deals with rural life, and has given the refined world an opportunity to know what are the ambitions, the emotions, customs, hopes, and actuating principles of their brethren and sisters of humanity who dwell among the mountains, and heretofore have been ignored as elements of our civilization.

It is strange that this has been neglected so long. Real human nature is not to be discovered bound up in a bundle of artificial coverings imposed by the social customs of high life, but as it develops amid the picturesque scenes of mountains and valleys in the persons of simple rustics. Some might think that such an unenlightened race would be incapable of any thoughts or emotions that are worthy to be called noble. But there are no people that have a higher sense of honesty, greater courage, more tender sympathies for each other; that form more lasting friendships; that appreciate more highly a favor, and are more care-

ful to return it. These rustics are also found to be rich in romance, and their traditions and folk lore attach great interest to the ingenious stories which Craddock has made the product of a careful study of their lives and natures combined with her fine imaginative and descriptive powers.

She has also transmitted to history a vernacular which as spoken will pass away before the tide of culture and education. In this she has made a valuable contribution to the study of Philology. Much of the language which she represents them as using is quite unintelligible to those who have not been accustomed to hear it, and should serve to remind us how much the South needs to be educated. There are other merits in the writings of this authoress which a want of space will not allow us to point out.

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For many weeks rumors of war have been coming up from one part of Europe, then from another. The Atlantic cable has been kept busy bearing its messages of approaching conflict from across the waters. Every European nation seems to be in arms and watching his neighbor with fear and suspicion. The European people have been living, as Gladstone says, "as men live, by custom, under some impending cliff, or the huge toppling mass of a ruined castle."

The approach of war seems to come, especially, from two different points. In the East, Russia and Austria confront each other; the one eager to undertake a march upon Constantinople, the other ready to strike a blow, if Russia should get a foothold in the Sultan's country.

In the West, the ancient quarrel be-



tween Germany and France—a quarrel which has lasted two hundred years—has been again revived with deadly hatred. France is eager to recover her lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, whilst Germany is determined not to give them up.

As a consequence all the nations, but especially these two, have been improving the condition of their armies, building fortresses, purchasing arms of more recent invention, and making speedy preparations for the coming crisis.

Of the relative strength of European forces, it is not easy to speak with accuracy, as each Power, as much as possible, keeps its military strength a profound secret.

But the French army is doubtless considerably superior to the German army, numerically; and it is the prevailing opinion that the French infantry service

is superior to the German; but, on the other hand, the German cavalry is more effective and better equipped than that of the French government. But in point of a navy, France again has the advantage.

In regard to the strength of the parties in the West, the Russian army is larger by one third than the Austria-Hungary forces. This advantage is partly counterbalanced by the vast area of the Czar's dominions, which makes the collection and transfer of troops very difficult and costly. It must be borne in mind that neither of these countries is in a financial condition for a protracted struggle, as the expenditures of each government far exceeds the revenues.

While wise legislation may protract peace for a while, yet the storm in the near future must burst forth, and drench the East in blood.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

**THE LATEST YANKEE CRAZE.**—At the forthcoming American Exhibition in London, we are promised, among other novelties, a house of straw, which is now being made in Philadelphia. This house is to represent an American suburban villa, announced to be “handsome and artistic in design,” two and a half stories high, and covering a space of 42 feet by 50 feet. It is constructed entirely of materials manufactured from straw—foundations, timbers, flooring, sheathing, roofing, everything in fact, including the chimneys—the material being fire proof as well as water proof. The inside finish is to be imitation rosewood, mahogany, walnut, maple, ash, ebony, and other fine woods, the straw lumber taking perfectly

the surface and color of any desired wood. This straw house is, in the first place, to illustrate Philadelphia's commercial, financial, and industrial interests by means of large photographs of the leading buildings; but it will also demonstrate how far the inventive Yankee has succeeded, not in showing us how to make bricks without straw, but how to produce timber from straw. If, after this brilliant exhibition of inventive genius, we do not bow down and worship him as the “licker” of creation, we may consider ourselves lost to all sense of what is proper under the circumstances.—*Iron.*

**ANALYZED THE ASHES.**—Two barns said to be filled with unthreshed wheat



were recently burned in Germany. They were insured, but it was impossible to collect, because the claim was made that the contents of the barns were simply straw. When the affair got into the courts, chemical experts were called to analyze the ashes. Wheat contains a large quantity of phosphoric acid, almost ten times as much as does straw. Naturally, in the burning of these barns, wood ashes, cement, and other mineral substances were mixed with the ashes submitted to the chemists, but none of these admixtures contain phosphoric acid. The experts found that of two samples placed in their hands one contained 10.2 per cent. and the other 19 per cent. of acid, thus proving conclusively that the farmers were in the right, and the insurance companies, as is generally the case according to public sentiment, in the wrong.—*Fireman's Herald*.

**NITRATE OF MERCURY FOR BURGLARS.**—Dr. Edwin F. Rush, whose house in Chicago has been despoiled by burglars eight times during the past year, recently conceived a plan to play havoc with the marauders, claiming that the police have afforded him no protection. He has a fine home at Warren and California Avenues. Three days ago the doctor placed tubes, containing fulminate of mercury, with nitrate of mercury, at all the windows. The poison, it was claimed, coming in contact with the skin of a human being, would cause blood poisoning. The raising of the windows was expected to explode the tubes and scatter the poison into the faces of the intruders. The facts came to the attention of the fire marshal, and he ordered the doctor to remove his deadly tubes. The marshal ex-

plained that he would not allow the lives of his men to be imperiled in order that a house might be protected from burglars and sneak thieves. He thought that section 1281 of the municipal code, relating to the storing or keeping of any explosive in a building in the city, would cover the case.

**THE MEDICAL POSSIBILITIES OF PHOTOGRAPHY.**—The *Evening Post* says: "In the *Camera* magazine a very curious phenomenon, in connection with photography, is recorded by the person who observed it. He took a portrait of a child apparently in full health and with a clear skin. The negative picture showed the face to be thickly covered with an eruption. Three days afterward the child was covered with spots due to prickly heat. 'The camera had seen and photographed the eruption three days before it was visible to the eye.' Another case of a somewhat similar kind is also recorded, where a child showed spots on his portrait which were invisible on his face a fortnight previous to an attack of small-pox. It is suggested that these cases might point to a new method of medical diagnosis."

**HAND GRENADES.**—The liquid hand grenades which have come into considerable favor for extinguishing fires, consist of sodium chloride, ammonium chloride, and hydrochloric acid, diluted with water, with the addition of potassium carbonate, and subsequently sodium bicarbonate, and to these is finally added a small quantity of free crystallized tartaric acid. The object of such a mixture is the generation of carbonic acid at the time of the fire, so that, if it can be arranged to



have a solution of some carbonates, sodium, or potassium—so placed that in the event of a fire, a free acid can be brought in contact with the solution, thereby generating carbonic acid—the purpose will be accomplished. This method is claimed to be the simplest and most effective yet devised.

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#### THE WORK OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Patents was laid before Congress on February 5. The report calls attention to the utter inadequacy of room and facilities for conducting business in the present office. The Commissioner believes the salary list of the office should be completely revised, which, he thinks, would result in great good, and in no aggregate increase of the total. The total number of applications filed during the last year requiring investigation and action, was 41,442, and the number of patents issued was 23,915. The total receipts were \$1,154,551, and the expenditures \$992,503, leaving a balance of receipts over expenditures of \$162,048. The amount to the credit of the patent fund in the treasury was \$3,107,453.—*New York Sun.*

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**PYROFUXIN—A NEW TANNING SUBSTANCE FROM COAL.**—A new extract of coal is being introduced in Germany for industrial purposes, especially for tanning leather and disinfection generally, to which the name "pyrofuxin" is given by the discoverer, Pro. Paulus Reinsch, of Erlangen, Bavaria. Unlike the generality of such compounds, this new material is not a derivative of coal tar, or any of the distillates of coal, but is obtained directly from coal itself. Pit or bituminous

coal contains most of it, and is prepared for treatment by being broken into nuts. The crude pyrofuxin is extracted by repeated boilings in a solution of caustic soda. The pyrofuxin enters into solution, and is allowed to stand for a time. It is then poured off, and a carbonic acid gas is passed through it. The resultant liquor has a specific gravity of 1.025 to 1.030, and holds from 10 to 15 grammes of pyrofuxin to the liter.

In its purified form the compound is a fine, non-triturable substance, without taste or smell, non-poisonous, and in appearance like catechu. Some Russian coals contain 18 per cent. of pyrofuxin. After the extraction of this material the coal remains combustible. It is described as being one of the most powerful and effective antiseptics known to science. On this account it is expected to be most valuable for tanning, as being twenty-eight times quicker in action than bark, and producing a better result at decreased cost. It will be soon enough to give credence to this alleged leather-tanning agent when specimens of good leather are produced.

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**ANCIENT ENGINEERING AMONG THE CHINESE.**—The most remarkable evidence of the mechanical science and skill of the Chinese, so far back as 1600 years ago, is to be found in their suspension bridges, the inventor of which is a sign to the Han dynasty. According to the concurrent testimony of all their historical and geographical writers, Sangleong, the commander of the army under Baoutsor, the first of the Hans, undertook and completed the formation of the roads through the mountain province of Shanse, to the west of the capital.



Hitherto its lofty hills and deep valleys had rendered the communication difficult and circuitous. With a body of 100,000 laborers, he cut passages over the mountains, throwing the removed soil into the valleys, and where this was not sufficient to raise the road to the required height, he constructed bridges which rested on pillars or buttments. In another place he conceived and accomplished the daring project of suspending a bridge from one mountain to another across a deep chasm. These bridges, which were called by the Chinese writers very appropriately flying bridges, and represented to be numerous at the present day, are sometimes so high that they cannot be traversed without alarm. One, still existing in Shense, stretches 400 feet from mountain to mountain, over a chasm of 500 feet. Most of these flying bridges are so wide that four horsemen can ride on them abreast, and balustrades are placed on each side to protect travellers. It is by no means improbable, as the missionaries to China made known the fact more than a century ago that the Chinese had suspended bridges, that the ideas may have been taken thence for similar constructions by European engineers.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

LIQUID FUEL.—It appears, after an experiment of several months, that ferry boats plying between San Francisco and

Oakland, which had been fitted up for burning petroleum, have now gone back to coal. The economy, as we understand, so far as the consumption of fuel is concerned, is said to be decidedly in favor of petroleum; but the trouble in its use came from the intense heat produced, by which, or by the peculiar nature of the combustion, the iron of both the furnaces and boilers began to indicate rapid deterioration—hence the return to coal.

ARTIFICIAL SPONGE.—Artificial sponge, made out of cotton, rendered absorbent, and treated with antiseptics, has been invented in England. A piece the size of a walnut has absorbed water until it has reached the size of a cocoanut. It is so cheap that it need not be used but once.

“Who is that poor, old, ragged-looking man, papa?”

“That’s an inventor, child; he invents entirely new ways of saving time, money and labor in the production of useful articles.”

“Who are those gentlemen with big gold chains and diamond studs; they aren’t inventors, are they?”

“No, dear, they improve the machines the other man’s invented.”—*Scientific American*.

Satire is a composition of salt and mercury; and it depends upon the different mixture and preparation of these ingredients that it comes a noble medicine or a rank poison.—*Jeffrey*.

A Concord school philosopher makes

it as plain as the noonday sun when he says that there are many; there is one; and their unity by the oneness of the many enables us to grasp the manyness of the one in the three-foldness of its totality.



## LOCALS.

Now doth  
The days of  
Balmy Spring so  
Lazy make you grow ; you'd  
Like to bid farewell to work ; but  
You can't do it, you know.

Aye,  
Spring hath  
Brought her fever  
Out ; we ask you now  
To show one student who  
Is not diseased ; but you  
Can't do it, you know.

" Ah  
There, my  
Little tennis  
Ball," you say ;  
You'd like to go and  
Cut your classes for  
A game, but you can't  
Do it, you know.

Baker is engaged at writing a play.

When is a second heat of tennis going  
to be trotted against Randolph-Macon ?

Would it not be a good idea if Dr. Ry-  
land had a telephone at the disposal of  
the students ?

We have heard it intimated that bath-  
ing facilities for the students will be in  
operation next session.

A deep religious interest has been  
manifest at the college ever since Christ-  
mas. Room prayer-meetings are now  
being held every evening. We never re-  
member of seeing more religion in the  
daily walk of students than we see now.  
This is what we want.

Tennis and base-ball players have been  
induced by the mild weather to resume

their sport. The croquetters have never  
made an intermission in their game, we  
believe, despite all the bad weather, ex-  
cept at night, after it was too late to see  
the handkerchief tied over the wicket.

It has been said that, "All Gaul is di-  
vided in three parts." We know one  
man's gall that is not. He ate around  
for two weeks at all the boarding houses  
in the neighborhood to decide where he  
would locate. We think it would take  
an *undivided gall* to do that.

We are glad to announce that the  
Faculty has formally granted permission  
for a Jollification this session. This was  
the severest obstacle apprehended for a  
good entertainment, as we had heard it  
rumored that the Faculty would oppose  
it. Professor Puryear has been com-  
missioned by his colleagues to look after  
their interests in the matter.

A movement is on foot for an excu-  
sion to Washington by the students un-  
der the management of Professor Har-  
ris. About thirty-five students have  
signified their desire to go, and the Pro-  
fessor has consented to lead the van.  
We hereby give notice to the railroad  
authorities that the staff of this maga-  
zine will apply to them for "Editors'  
passes." This will be the only means of  
our joining the party, hence for the rail-  
road to get a notice at our hands.

Rev. S. C. Clopton delivered a bibli-  
cal lecture in the chapel February 17th,  
1887. His subject, "The Physical Ge-  
ography of Palestine," was treated in  
masterly style, and the large audience of  
students and visiting friends were well



entertained and instructed, notwithstanding their rapid rate of travel, "making the whole course of about 300 miles in an hour."

Our Young Men's Christian Association failed to be represented at the General Convention at Staunton, in February. This was not due to neglect on the part of the Association, as delegates were elected and expected to be present, but by some unforeseen circumstances were detained.

The free-heartedness of some people, these hard times, is amazing, and as an ultimate reward of this virtue we predict something great. We know a professor of this college who in the highest degree deserves our hearty applause for his rich possession of this virtue. To convince beyond a peradventure by illustration: we have seen him, after leaving the irksome

toils of his lecture room, going down the walk on his way home, stop, nod his head as though some philanthropic possibility lay out before him, turn and walk all the way across the campus, down to the corner of the fence to stop two idle fellows from catching ball. And all this when it is hardly expected of him. Some of the boys don't appreciate this. Base ingrates! There are not many professors who would do it.

We regret this very much, and hope that at the next meeting we shall be there with double ranks.

Dr. W. W. Landrum delivered a very interesting lecture in the chapel March 9th, upon "The Life of Samuel."

The weather was too inclement for many city friends to be with us, but the students were out in full numbers and felt the hour profitably spent.

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### OUR LETTER-BOX.

"*Star and Crescent.*"—Tickets of admission to Jollification will be issued this year, as before.

"*Four Brown Eyes.*"—The author of "The Mustache," in January number, is too modest to have his name reach you through the press, but desires us to say for him that if your arms are still open, he will "arrive" just as soon as you forward your address.

"*Mark Anthony.*"—Before we established this department in our magazine, we had not seen it in any other college paper. Others have since adopted it.

"*Professor.*"—Washington's birthday has come and gone. We were sure you

had lost sight of the date. It will be celebrated next year on 22d February.

"*N. S.*" would like to know "why gold coins have milled edges." Have they milled edges? Bring one around some time, and we will look at it and tell you.

If "*One who Knows*" will reveal his identity, we will hand him back his communication uninjured.

"*Anonymous.*"—Parties desiring to bequeath money, land or other encumbrances to the *Messenger* can will it to the account of the Business Manager. Parties indebted to us for small amounts



may feel free to forward to the same address.

"*Frisco.*"—No, we have no idea that Goldsmith was thinking of any member of our Faculty when he wrote :

"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many jokes had he."

You should have made no such insinuation.

"*Subscriber.*"—

"His coat-tail has no slit at all,  
But gets there all the same,"

is from "*Alexandria.*"

"*Algretto.*"—A mixture of melted lard, laudanum, nitre, kerosene and cam-

phor. is good for the earache. We had it tried on us, and in less than four days our earache was gone. We will be able to hear again as soon as the doctor can unclog the treated organ.

"*Juno*" sends us the following :

"C O<sub>2</sub> is odorous ;

Respired air is C O<sub>2</sub> ;

. . . Respired air is inodorous.

Where is the fallacy ?"

Our experience would tell us to hunt for it in that third line ; but we will leave it to some unprejudiced reader to inform "*Juno.*"

"*Ivanhoe.*"—Shakspeare, we think, was the author of "*Poe's Raven.*" If we are not correct, will some kind reader inform us ?

## PERSONALS.

W. Wythe Davis has left college to engage in business.

R. A. Cutler is in the coal business in Richmond.

Thos. L. Lawrence has left for his home, in Churchland, on account of ill-health.

W. T. Clark was detained from college this session, suffering with weak eyes. We hope he may soon recover and come among us again.

W. W. Reynolds and C. T. Kirtner are preaching in Giles county. We hear good reports from their work.

W. S. Morris is studying medicine at his home in Washington county.

Rev. W. Y. Abraham, now preaching in Augusta county, recently made a valu-

able contribution to the library in the way of books, magazines, &c.

E. B. Pollard sends us an article for publication. We are sorry it reaches us too late for this issue. We would like to hear often this way from our alumni.

J. F. Slade, 1884, passed through Richmond lately *en route* home after finishing the session at Bellevue Hospital.

B. F. West has left college to enter commercial life in Richmond.

W. T. Anderson, '85, is in business in Norfolk, Va.

J. M. Coleman, 1884, has been compelled by sickness to leave the Seminary at Louisville, and has taken charge of churches in King William county.

Rev. M. S. Wood, '84, now pastor in



Petersburg, was recently in the city on a visit with his accomplished bride. He paid us a short visit.

G. R. Horne has withdrawn from college and entered Smithdeal Business College.

## EXCHANGES.

With this issue of the *Messenger*, the term of office of the present editorial board expires.

Accordingly, we yield up the "badge of office and pomp of power," and return again to the private walks of college life.

Before leaving our sanctum, however, we desire to say "good-bye" all around, and also to leave a short memorial of how much pleasure we have derived from the discharge of our duties.

We have found the work somewhat difficult, but all the while pleasant; and it is with genuine regret that we leave the position and the friends it has made us. Among these friends, we are especially loth to take leave of the exchange editors of our sister magazines. This circle of editors is a very large one, numbering considerably more than a hundred, and the dispositions of its individual members are almost as varied as their number is large. But, altogether, we have found them as goodly a company of "lads and lassies" (we beg pardon, dignified seniors,) as one could wish to see; and as we now give to each one a parting grip, we assure them that they shall be for us as "auld acquaintances," who can never be forgot.

We are glad to add to our exchange list this month the *McMicken Review*. It doesn't take one long to look through the *Review*, as it only contains ten pages, but it is certainly worth reading. We

suppose then that it might be styled "short and sweet." We shall always be glad to see you, Mr. *Review*.

As another new exchange, we introduce the *Manitou Messenger* to our students. It is published by the students of St. Olaf's school, Northfield, Minn., and will attract special attention as the representative, the only one we believe, of the Scandinavian element in our country, or rather in our educational institutions.

The first page of the *Hillsdale College Herald* generally contains an admirable poetical selection and a good prose article but the rest of the paper, according to our notion, is decidedly weak and uninteresting.

The *University Voice*, Wooster, Ohio, is decidedly the best weekly that comes to our table.

Its literary articles are always worthy of careful attention, but it is in the character and quantity of its general news items that we find the chief excellence of the paper.

The editors do not disdain, also, to relax their features in a small column of "Wit and Wisdom," and never fail to give their subscribers wholesome Sunday reading in the shape of a sermon from Dr. Talmage.

The *Roanoke Collegian* is specially fortunate in being able to offer to the



readers of its February number such able sketches as "Across the Continent" and "Heidelberg and the Five Hundredth Jubilee of its University."

Such are the titles of the two first pieces of an unusually fine issue of the *Collegian*.

We feel very highly complimented that the *Virginia University Magazine* should have noticed so promptly and in such pathetic language the non-arrival of the *Messenger* for one issue—at least we judge that such was the cause of the following poetical effusion :

The *Magazine* observes :

"We feel like saying to the *Richmond College Messenger*—

"We loved her, but she left us,  
Like some sweet vision nigh,  
That early came and blessed us,  
Then passed forever by."

'Tis very sad, truly ; but we hope that our friend may be able to feel even when it sorrows most, that

"It is better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all."

We were sorry to see that our good friend despaired so easily as to use the word "forever," and we promise to make it our special care that our neighbor's fears shall not be realized.

The *Magazine* comes to us all the way from one to two months late, but we have always managed not to lose faith in it, for having once seen this paper, we can but feel that our table could never be complete without it, and so could almost "hope even against hope" for its arrival.

In the intrinsic excellence of the magazine, its very evident relationship to the *Album*, and the kind remarks its ex-

change department has about the *Messenger*, we have three reasons for bidding the *Semi-Annual* thrice welcome.

The young ladies of Hollins Institute offer the *Annual* as a substitute this year for the *Album*. It is eminently worthy to take the place of the *Album*, with the one exception that it only comes to us two-ninths as often as its predecessor did.

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Scott, Tennyson, and the "Charleston Earthquake" furnish the themes which inspire the pens of the contributors to the first number of the *Annual*. The result is an assemblage of literary articles that cannot fail to improve the minds and elevate the thoughts of all those who read them.

In the majority of articles that are founded on the writings of some standard author, the chief point of just criticism is, that an undue and disagreeable amount of quotations from the original author is inserted.

The February of the *North Carolina University Magazine*, however, there is an article, Shakespeare's *Ethics*, which avoids this fault most successfully.

In this piece, quotations are used only when they are absolutely required, and then they are made as brief as possible.

In other words the article is the author's and not Shakespeare's production.

Before putting the *Magazine* aside, we desire to compliment the editor of the department, "College World," on an original feature, which he has introduced.

We refer to the insertion in each issue of the *Magazine* of short sketches of the different American colleges, giving their numbers, form of government, &c. This



is a kind of information that college students want and need, and we heartily applaud the idea.

In a recent number of the *Niagara Index* the editors have admitted an article headed "Southern Illiteracy, which marks, in fact, just as good a case of "northern idiocy" as any one could wish to see.

The article is at best only a disorderly mass of broken grammatical laws, reared on a foundation irreparably weakened by the absence of facts.

No southerner will be at all apprehensive that "Southern Illiteracy" can ever be established (before intelligent people)

by such combination of words as "We have but to remark that with all the freedom given to American citizens *that* a want of appreciation is rendered for this right," &c.; and "It speaks little for the educators who *do* allow it, and who do not strive with might and main," &c.

We hope that the author has satisfied his venom and convinced his friends that he is getting old enough to manage such large words as "illiteracy," "obliterate," "retrogression," and "ephemeral." Those who do not know him well enough to thus cast the mantle of charity over him can but regard him as a combination of about "52.1 per cent." knave and 47.9 per cent. simpleton.

## COLLEGE NEWS.

The University of Pennsylvania has a Professor of Assyrian Art.

It is rumored that there are fifty applicants for the presidency of the Kentucky University.

The Professors of Oriental Languages recently held a congress at Vienna. Professors from Johns Hopkins and Union Theological Seminary were present.

The idea of the Inter-Collegiate Y. M. C. A. Convention originated at Princeton.

Money is being raised by the Boat Club of the University of Pennsylvania for the purchase of a steam launch.

Hillsdale and Alleghany Colleges have changed their weekly holiday from Saturday to Monday.

A Madrid scholar, Senor Canella, has completed a rhyming Bible. There are 260,000 verses.

James Russell Lowell has accepted the

presidency of the Modern Language Association for the ensuing year.

Ann Arbor University has a student sixty-five years old.

Of the fifty-nine bright Indian girls at the Orphan Girls' Industrial School, at Wheelock, I. T., twenty-four are church members.

Edinburgh University will elect the Prince of Wales its rector.

Fribourg is to have a \$500,000 Catholic university.

Mr. Gladstone says: "I utterly deplore whatever tends to displace a classical education." John Bright declares that "the study of the ancient languages is not now essential to education."

A picture of Hon. Wm. E. Gladstone has been presented to Notre Dame University.

Forty-five thousand dollars have been subscribed by the members of the Cor-



nell Y. M. C. A. for the purpose of erecting a building for the association.

Baber Sogore Dutt, a wealthy convert in India, bequeathed \$1,200,000 for educational and charitable purposes at Calcutta.

At Princeton a prize of \$1,500 is given yearly to that member of the Sophomore class who passes the best examination in the classics.

There are 17,000,000 persons in the United States that should be in school. So says Commissioner Eaton.

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

The Vassar commencement will be attended with a tennis tournament.

The Senior Class of Princeton have decided to pay the expense of lighting the college campus with electricity as a Class Memorial.

The Princeton Theological Seminary has a student who is sixty-eight years old.

The California State University pay their president a salary of \$8,000 per annum.

Over \$500,000 have been collected for the proposed National Catholic University at Washington.

A joint debate has been arranged between two literary societies of the University of the City of New York and Rutgers College.

A student may graduate from Harvard after 1887 without a knowledge of Latin or Greek.

Amherst has the finest fraternity chapter houses in the country. All are finely furnished and owned by the fraternities.

Brown University has recently been presented with five thousand volumes of

American poetry, the best collection in existence.

It is said that \$500 will support a student easily in the German universities.

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

The Utah State College, a Mormon institution, is the best endowed college in the West.

Forty thousand dollars and a million acres of land have been recently given to the State University of Texas.

The first college paper published in America was the *Dartmouth Gazette*, of which Daniel Webster was an editor.

The Russian National Academy has offered a prize of \$1,000,000 for the best work on the life and reign of Alexander I.

Thirty-eight cadets of the Annapolis Military Academy have been dismissed on account of deficiency in their studies.

The University of California has now over one hundred professors and instructors.

The students of a Spanish college tarred and feathered a member of their faculty some time ago.

Yale has furnished the first president for seventeen of the leading colleges in this country, among them Princeton, Columbia, Williams, Dartmouth, Cornell, and Johns Hopkins.

A book exchange for buying or selling second-hand books has been established by students at the University of Pennsylvania.

At Emory-Henry College's semi-centennial Sam Jones will deliver the Y. M. C. A. lecture, Bishop Hargrave the Baccalaureate sermon, Hon. John Goode the



Alumni address, and Prof. T. A. S. Adams will read the poem.

At many of our prominent colleges it is the custom of each class to give the college library a class album containing the picture of every member of the class.

By a decree recently issued by the Government of Russia all women are excluded from attending the universities of that country.

Dartmouth has received a four thousand dollar scholarship, on condition that no student who uses tobacco shall receive any benefit from it.

Tulane University, New Orleans, has received a donation of \$100,000 from a New York lady, with which it is to establish a college for the higher education of women.

The demand for technological schools is spreading. The State of Georgia has decided to locate its school of technology, with buildings and equipments, costing \$100,000 at Atlanta.

Prof. C. F. Richardson, of Dartmouth, is receiving subscriptions toward the fund for the erection of a monument to Paul H. Hayne, the Southern poet.

Johns Hopkins University publishes seven magazines—one devoted to mathematics, one to chemistry, one to philology, one to biology, one to historical and political science, and three of local interest.

Governor Foraker has sent to the Senate the nomination of ex-President R. B. Hayes, to be Trustee of the Ohio State University. It is also reported that the Presidency of one of the Ohio colleges will be offered ex-President Hayes.

Harvard has adopted a new grading system, which is divided into groups, as

follows: A equals above 90 per cent.; B equals 90-78; C equals 78-60; D equals 60-40; E equals failure or non-attendance.

Senator Staniford has decided to put up a large number of small cottages at his California University, instead of dormitories. He thinks the dormitory system unhealthy.

Italy has declared its seventeen universities open to women, and Switzerland, Norway, Sweden and Denmark have taken similar action.

A new college for the higher education of women is to be built almost immediately in Montreal. It is a result of a bequest of nearly \$400,000 by the late Mr. Donald Ross, of that city.

There are said to be over fifty applicants for the office of president of Nevada University, on condition of the legislature voting a salary of \$5,000 for the position.

Justin McCarthy, General Lew Wallace, Henry George, Carl Schurz and James G. Blaine are expected to address the students of the University of Wisconsin during the spring.

Earlham College, at Richmond, Ind., is probably the highest-toned (from a purely moral standpoint) institution of learning in the country. Its faculty recently expelled five of the students for attending the play of "Richard III."

The Junior class of Cornell has decided to invest a surplus of fifty dollars accruing from the class ball in a gold medal. This medal is to be competed for annually, and is to be held by the best general athlete for one year.

A new scheme of recitation cuts went into effect at Williams recently, by which a student is allowed twenty cuts,



and is permitted to spend one Sunday in each term out of town. Absence from church is equivalent to four recitation cuts.

Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage has accepted an invitation to deliver the annual address to the Literary Societies of Washington and Lee University, at Lexington, on the 15th of June.

The Librarian of Congress receives gratis a copy of every American book under the copyright act, and also has a yearly appropriation of several thousand dollars from the government for the purchase of foreign books and periodicals.

Garfield University will soon be established at Wachita, Kansas. The building and grounds will cost \$200,000, of which the town gives \$100,000 in order to have the university located there. This is a sample of western liberality, and shows that the people of Wachita possess the characteristic "push" of the West. The university will be under the management of the Disciples of Christ.

A Latin lexicon, containing the history of every word in the language, beginning with the earliest records and including the ecclesiastical writings of the middle ages, is being prepared by several noted scholars, headed by Herr Wofflin of Munich. It is expected that this tremendous work cannot be completed in less than twenty years.

At a recent meeting of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia it was determined that compulsory attendance upon lectures be abolished, that national holidays be hereafter observed, and that the University be lighted by electricity. Permission was granted for the reorganization of the German Club

also, and for the giving of as many Germans as that association may desire; and steps were taken to check the tendency towards gambling in the institution.

Father Duffy, of Brooklyn, has issued an order to the young ladies of St. Agnes Seminary interdicting the bang and frizz, and insisting that the scholars shall not make themselves look like poodle dogs, but wear their hair plain and neatly brushed back.

Ten per cent. of the students in the University of Zurich are women. Twenty-nine of them are studying medicine, fourteen philosophy, and two political economy. There are now forty-eight female students of medicine in London, and in Paris one hundred and three. Within the last seven years eighteen women have taken a medical degree in Paris.

The statement that "among the positions of honor and honorable success in life, the per cent. of college graduates who gain them increases in proportion as the office or place is higher or more important," is supported by the following:

House of Representatives, thirty-two per cent. college graduates; United States Senate, forty-six; vice-presidents, fifty; speakers of House, sixty-one; presidents of United States, sixty-five; associate judges of supreme court, seventy-three; chief justices of supreme court, eighty-three.

Princeton has made a new departure in her mode of conferring the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Literature. The applicant for said degrees must be a Bachelor of Arts from some approved college or university, and must pursue a special course of study in



his department for two years, one year of which period shall be in Princeton, or a course of three years with residence outside of Princeton. The course in either case shall be under the supervision of the faculty. At his application the candidate will be subjected to a preliminary examination, and at the conclusion of his course a rigid examination will be required of him on the chief subject and the two subsidiary subjects which he has studied. Before getting his degrees and prior to the final examination, a thesis of not less than 12,000 words will be required of him. He also shall pay the sum of \$40

on application; \$20 at each examination, and \$50 on the conferring of the degrees, all of which sums shall be expended in the expenses incurred at examination. The whole plan is modelled after the system in vogue at the German universities.

In 1409 the University of Prague contained not less than 60,000 scholars, who were presided over by sixty deans. Some new opinions which were embraced by the rector, John Huss, gave offence to the German students, all of whom departed from the institution, and from this year is dated the decline of Prague.

### COLLEGE FUN.

A new arrival in a Chinese homestead has been christened Ah There.

It has been suggested that we say "Hawthorne" instead of "Chestnuts," because he wrote "Twice-Told Tales."

Prof. (to a boy who has a chew of tobacco in his cheek): *Quid est hoc?*

Student: *Hoc est quid.*

The following is taken from a Freshman's oration: "Throughout the history of the world, the *foot prints* of nature's *hand* may be traced."

Every lassie has her laddie,  
To whisper words of love—  
But every lassie has a daddy  
To knock on the floor above.

The great reason why no woman can ever become President is that the law requires that official to be thirty-five years of age.

A student who evidently enjoys Hebrew has kindly given directions how it should be read: Turn the book up side

down, open at the end, put it in one corner of the room, stand on your head in the other corner, begin at the bottom and then read backwards.

At the Mercy Hospital there is a man whose only words are: "Next! Next!" The doctors are in doubt as to whether he is an old college professor or a barber.

What language do the Arabs speak, father? asked Johnnie. "Arabic, my son." "Well, if our Arab lost his teeth would he talk gum Arabic?"

A rhyme for the poor speller:  
I before e,  
Except after c,  
Or when sounded as a,  
As in *neighbor* and *weigh*.

A student in want of money sold his books and wrote home: "Father, rejoice! I am now deriving my support from literature."

Professor in English literature: "Who is the fallen angel that Milton speaks



about?" Quick student: "Mercury, sir; I heard but the other day that Mercury fell 15 degrees."—*Coup D'Etat*.

Book agent: "Now, then, here is Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress——"

Aunt Susan: "No, sah; I's got two bunions already, and dey's never been no help to dis yer pilgrim's progress."

To distinguish genuine kid from rat-skin: Place the glove on a table, and by its side place a small piece of cheese. Then, if the glove is kid, it will not move towards the cheese.

#### FOUR EPITAPHS.

"Deep wisdom—swelled head—

Brain fever—he's dead—

A Senior."

"False fellow—hope fled—

Heart broken—he's dead—

A Junior."

"Studied Physics—'tis said—

Missed question—he's dead—

A Soph'more."

"Milk famine—not fed—

Starvation—he's dead—

A Freshman."

*Stolen and adapted.*

An Irish clerk who was snowed up in a train during a severe storm, telegraphed to his firm in the city: "I shall not be in the office to-day as I have not got home yesterday yet."

Brown to Jones: "I say, lend me a dollar until to-morrow; you see, I changed my vest this morning."

Jones: "I'm sorry, but I've just invested my change."

"I understand, sir, that you are a connoisseur in diamonds." "Yes, sir." "What kind would you select nowadays?" "Well, I'd have the infield

clear of grass, but outside of the bases I think I'd have a fine lawn. I've laid out lots of ball grounds."—*Albany Journal*.

"Kiss me, Will," sang Marguerite

To a pretty little tune;

Holding up her dainty mouth,

Sweet as roses born in June.

Will was ten years old that day,

And he pulled her golden curls

Teasingly, and answer made:

"I'm too old—I don't kiss girls."

Ten years pass and Marguerite

Smiles, as Will kneels at her feet,

Gazing fondly in her eyes,

Praying, "Won't you kiss me, Rite?"

Rite is seventeen to-day;

With her birthday ring she toys

For a moment, then replies:

"I'm too old—I don't kiss boys."

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine*.

"The weather is over me a little this morning," recently remarked a Frenchman, who is zealously studying the idioms of the English language. He had meant to say he was a little under the weather.

"Pants for two dollars" is the inscription on a sign in front of the Court-street clothing stores. "So do I," remarked a hungry-looking tramp printer, rummaging through his pockets for a nickel.

"I say, Brown, that dog walking on three legs must be good at mathematics."

"How so?"

"Why, just see how naturally he puts down three and carries one."

A young orator began his maiden speech: Ladies and gentlemen, I-I-I feel-feel, ladies-and-gentlemen, I fee-feel—Oh, ladies and gentlemen if there was



only a window in my heart you could see the feelings which agitate me!" A small boy in the audience: "Wouldn't a pane in your stomach do?"

A gentleman of fine discrimination and delicacy while riding in the outskirts of the city with his best girl, passed a stable in the door of which stood a couple of calves. "See," said the young lady, "those two cute little cowlets." "Those are not cowlets, Araminta; they are bullets," and the procession moved rapidly on.

Cribbing, like electricity, is a word to cover the ignorance of great and wise men concerning a mysterious power—a power which has baffled many professors in long and tedious examinations. It is the strange psychological phenomenon of a student recalling that which he never learned.

Young lady (in book-store): A volume of poetry, please. Clerk: Yes, ma'am. Er— what author? Young lady: O, I don't care anything about the author, but the cover must harmonize

with a cherry parlor table with a red plush top.—*Puck*.

First student to another: Do you believe Mr. Levi, the tobacconist, is an honest man?

Second student: Certainly. Will he not always give you a *quid pro quo*?

"A school girl refused to multiply 1,000,000 by 1,000,000, because it was, as she said, too 'naughty.'"

Our devil suggests that 10 by 10 could more correctly be styled two "naughty."

"Ah! Miss Roseleaf, how I envy that fur arrangement you wear around your neck. What do you call it?

"It is a boa, Mr. Snodkins."

"Oh! would I were a boa!"

"Your wish is gratified, you are one."

Niagara boy (twentieth century): "Ma, can I swim the whirlpool and rapids this afternoon?" Mother: "No, my dear, not this afternoon. But the first time we go to New York perhaps I will let you jump off the Brooklyn bridge."

## SELECTIONS.

CHANGES IN BASE-BALL RULES.—The Rules Committee of the National League and American Base-Ball Association, in session at Chicago, on Tuesday made several great changes in the present rules. The majority of them were aimed at a more equal distribution of the work among all the men on the nine, and thus to increase the interest in the game. The most important changes are given below:

Either a high or low ball will be a fair

ball, and five balls and four strikes will be allowed; the batter to be out on the fourth strike, whether the ball is dropped or passed by the catcher, and when the batter takes his base on balls he is to be credited with a base hit; he will take his base when struck by a pitched ball, and any motion whatever on the part of the pitcher made to deceive the batter shall be considered a balk. The pitcher's box was shortened to five and a half feet, and the pitcher will be required to



keep his forward foot fixed on the ground when about to deliver a ball, with his other foot on the back line, and he will be allowed to take only one step in delivering the ball. The umpires' rules were also modified, and only the captains of clubs can question their decisions. The home club will always have choice of position, thus doing away with the present tossing for choice. The question of having two umpires and a referee was brought up, but it was outvoted and so dropped.

Only two coaches will be permitted, and they shall have the right to talk to base-runners only, and for violation of this rule at the first offence, the coacher shall be warned, and at the second, be forced to give up coaching.

In scoring, all battery errors will be charged in the summary only, and the pitcher will be given no credit for a strike-out. In the place of total bases the record of stolen bases will be kept. Any attempt made by a player to steal a base, if successful, must be credited, whether an error is made or not.

Most of the important changes were made at the suggestion of an advisory board, composed of Captains Anson, Ward, Comiskey, and Smartwood, who are carrying out the views of the majority of the players in both organizations.

[We saw the above in the *Yale News* some time since, and put it away, thinking it would be a good plan to publish it just at this season of the year. We hope it may be of interest and advantage.—ED.]

**KNEE-BREECHES.**—There is said to be a movement on foot in Chicago for the restoration of knee-breeches, and a number of men are exchanging pledges to

wear them. Whether such a movement can succeed is doubtful, but there is no question that the opinion is spreading through the civilized world that the introduction of trousers at the beginning of the present century was a mistake, and that the advantages they were at first supposed to possess over knee-breeches have proved illusory. These advantages were the saving of trouble in the matter of buttoning at the knee, and the deliverance from criticism of persons with ill-made legs, or, in other words, the diffusion of equality in the matter of legs. The trousers have, however, revealed another sort of inequality still more odious—inequality in wealth. No article of clothing more distinctly reveals the condition of a man's purse than the trousers.

The fraying at the lower edge of the leg, which is sure to come with much wear, is generally taken as a sign of very narrow means, and the bagging at the knee, which is also inevitable, besides producing a foundered appearance like that of a horse which is "gone" in the forelegs, is a sign that a man has only one or two pairs. It is assumed by the world generally that nobody would wear trousers bagged at the knee with all the term implies, if he could afford the number of changes necessary to prevent this phenomenon. In fact, almost the only marked difference remaining in our day between the clothes of a man of fortune and leisure and those of a toiler of moderate means lies in the straightness and smoothness which marks the trousers-legs of the former.

His wardrobe always contains a great many pairs. At any theatre, too, the



make-up of a poor teacher or literary man, or poor devil of any kind, includes invariably a pair of baggy trousers. And though last not least, the condition of the trousers in muddy weather is something which it is painful to dwell on. The conversion of an inch or two of the bottom into a wet and filthy band is only preventable by turning them up, and we all know how this looks. An effort has recently been made to meet the struggles of men of few trousers to escape the bagging at the knee, by an invention of a machine called "the trousers stretcher," which is literally a metal rack on which offending trousers are stretched overnight, and the deformity effaced by a powerful tension in the direction of their length. But neither nickel-plating nor any other ornamentation will ever render this device a grateful one to refined and self-respecting men.—*The Nation*.

The first appropriation for the Congressional Library was \$5,000, in 1800. One thousand dollars a year was appropriated till 1818. The library of ex-President Jefferson, 6,709 volumes, was purchased in 1814 for \$23,950. In 1860 the appropriation became \$10,000 a year. In 1867 \$100,000 was given for the purchase of the Peter Force historical library of 60,000 volumes and pamphlets. There are now 560,000 books and 200,000 pamphlets.

All the colleges are considering religious education. Prof. Noah K. Davis, of the University of Virginia, says: "Any religious instruction whatever in a State school is a violation of religious liberty." President Galusha Anderson, of Chicago University, says: "The peo-

ple need to be taught religion for the good of the State, but the State is not the proper teacher." Dr. Malcolm MacVickers, of Toronto, says: "No teachers can appear before their class." Dr. J. C. Welling, of Columbian University, says: "Elementary education is all the State should assume." Dr. Nunally, of Howard College, says: "Moral training must be had or the Government must be destroyed. The Government cannot give this moral training without being a violator of its own organic law."

THE BANQUET OF THE DIETY.—Once it occurred to the Most High to hold a great banquet in his azure-hued halls.

As guests, all the virtues were bidden. Only virtues——no men, nor yet women.

Many assembled, both great and small. The small virtues were more agreeable and more lovable than the greater ones; but all appeared satisfied, and conversed politely with each other as if they were near relatives and friends.

But the Most High noticed two beautiful ladies who appeared to be unknown to each other.

So the Master of the house took the hand of one of these ladies and led her to the other.

"Charity!" he said, and pointed to the first.

"Gratitude!" he added, presenting the second, and both virtues were unutterably astonished, for it was long since the creation of the world—and now they met for the first time.—*From the Russian of Ivan Turgeneff*.

Richard A. Proctor sometimes turns his attention from the celestial regions to



the mundane affairs of common life ; and one of his studies has led him to calculate the hands at poker. He finds that the following are the chances :

Of flush sequences there may be	40
Of fours,	624
Of full hands,	3,744
Of common flushes,	5,108
Of common sequences,	10,200
Of triplets,	54,912
Of two pairs,	1,098,240
"Bob tails,"	1,302,540
<hr/>	
Total number of possible hands,	2,598,950

—  
DON'T YOU TELL.

If you have a cherished secret,  
Don't you tell,  
Not your friend—for his tympanum  
Is a bell,  
With its echoes, wide rebounding,  
Multiplied and far resounding ;  
Don't you tell.

If yourself you cannot keep it,  
Then who can ?  
Could you more expect of any  
Other man ?  
Yet you put him, if he tells it—  
If he gives away or sells it,  
Under ban.

Sell your gems to any buyer  
In the mart ;  
Of your wealth to feed the hungry  
Spare a part,  
Blessings on the open pocket,  
But your secret—keep it, lock it,  
In your heart.

—*Guardian.*

—  
A celebrated Scotch divine said : "The world we inhabit must have had an ori-

gin ; that origin must have consisted in a cause ; that cause must have been intelligent ; that intelligence must have been supreme ; and that supreme, which always was and is supreme, we know by the name of God."

—  
MEMORIES.

Hark ! let me listen. Recalled by that strain

Past hours of bliss ! I live them again.  
Oh, tell me what power dwells in a song  
To waken a heart-string now silent so long ?

To turn back the tide of time in its rush  
A call from the soul a sigh or a blush ?

Oh, Fancy ! wild child of the swift fleeting hour,

What is thy strength ? Wherein is thy power ?

A touch of the hand, a stroke of the pen,  
Long slumbering memories waken again ;  
We find them the sweeter for the rest they've had,

The gay and the gayer, the sad and less sad ;

We find them like children, that calm repose

Brings balm for their healing—their power grows.

Strike, then, the heart-string till ringing again

Awaken sweet memories long silently lain !

Give back the joys of forgotten days  
Till self e'en is lost in that dreamy maze.

—  
HARTWELL.

Owing to defective punctuation the following absurd passage appeared in a German provincial paper : "Next to him Prince Bismarek walked in on his head,



the well-known military cap on his feet, large but well polished top boots on his forehead, a dark cloud in his hand, the inevitable walking-stick in his eyes, a menacing glance in gloomy silence."—*Erfurter Zeitung*.

A recent conflagration in a remote Chinese village destroyed the ancestral home of the family of Confucius with all its contents—texts on stone, commentaries, wondrous carvings in jade and alabaster, priceless jars of porcelain, jewels and precious metal work, in brief one of the most remarkable literary and artistic museums in the world—containing, as it

did, nearly every extant memorial of the great teacher. The building was erected about 600 B. C., and has stood for 2500 years.

As Dr. Scovel says "Billiards is purely a game of skill, and therefore not wrong," why not get a billiard table and place it in the gymnasium? It is a delightful game and is a practical way to apply some of the principles of mathematics, by studying the angles necessary in making caroms, and in applying the "english" and "draw" which make the ball describe hyperbolas and curves of different magnitudes.

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