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Richmond College Messenger,

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VOL. XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1887.

NO. 2.

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Culture.

A garden rich, and kept with care,
Two lovely blossoms blooming there,
Each in its creamy petals found
Itself with equal glory crowned,
And as the dew-drops and the sun
Their jewels east on either one,
No choice between the two could be,
For they were equally fair to see.
And yet the flowers were not the same:
From one no breath of fragrance came;
No stamens, pistils, fruit it bore,
A wealth of petals, nothing more.
It surely was an evil hour
When Culture seized a pretty flower,
And made the sweet wild blossom grow
Simply into a thing of show.
The other from its jeweled cup
Delicious fragrance yielded up,
While thread-like stamens, waving 'round
The branching pistil might be found,
And at that pistil's base be seen
The many little ovules green—
The prophecies, as sure as mute,
Of coming germs, of future fruit.

The College is the garden rare;
The flowers the students blooming there,
O'er whom fair Science seeks to reign;
The bright corolla is the brain;
The jewels of the dew and sun
Are Youth and Hope combined in one,
Which clothe in transient beauty all,
And on the meanest blossoms fall.
The fragrance is the better part
Of Man—a sympathetic heart;
The stamens, pistils, and the fruit,
To love that God-ordained pursuit
For which the student is designed,
Whatever be its form or kind.
One student, who the better part
Forgets to cultivate—the heart—
Whom Culture seeks and not in vain,
Giving him nothing but a brain,
Although wise is yet untrue
To what God meant that he should do.
The other student is the one
Who, when his college course is done,
Not only has a brain more strong,
But clearer views of right and wrong.

America's Influence on the World.

Nations, like men, have each an influence with ample power to render that influence good or bad; and there is no other nation with *so much of good* and *so little of evil* with which it has affected the world as *our own free America*.

Whatever may have been the unascertainable power exerted before Columbus, lured by bright anticipations of opening a new route to the opulent Orient, had touched the borders of the New World, since that time she has swayed the nations of earth by means of her civil, scientific, literary, and religious power.

America's discovery enticed navigators of every nation onward into the unknown seas and the unexplored wilds of the Western Continent until innumerable isles of the sea and a broad expanse of fertile lands, before unknown save to the savage Indian or the ferocious beast, were opened to a wondering world.

Impelled by a desire for the acquisition of territory, the bright prospects and the promising opulence of this strange land, nations vied with one another in gaining possession on American soil, until, ere long, the savage war-whoop gave place to the chiming of church-bells, and the thick cane-brake, or dense forest, passed away and in its stead rose a thriving town, or spread the fields of the "honest husbandman."

But the pioneers of this vast wilderness were not without privations and difficulties of almost every nature, the enduring and surmounting of which served as a noble and striking illustration of what energy, fidelity, and "indomitable perseverance can do even when sur-

rounded by the most adverse circumstances."

In the inter-colonial wars were exemplified the courage and conscientious designs of the American people; but the greatest influence of these wars was the preparation of the colonies for that revolution which more than any other has effected permanent changes in the world's history.

When Patrick Henry, expressing the universal sentiment of a justly incensed people, exclaimed "in accents that burned all over Europe," "Give me liberty or give me death," the throne of Britain trembled, and the world stood aghast to see English colonies asserting their rights.

When "Old Liberty Bell" announced the Declaration of Independence it proclaimed to all nations, "Unto you this day is a sister born in the solitudes of the New World."

With the surrender of Yorktown and the Second Treaty of Paris, it was clearly established that thenceforth a new actor should play the national drama upon the stage of the world.

In the *organization* of our government was exerted an influence unparalleled in any history. The profound philosophy, the scientific principles involved in the constitution and successfully tested in the enforcement of the laws; the theory and practice of a National-Bank system; the Protective Tariff, and the Internal Revenue, were all as wonderful and as admirable as they were new.

These principles constitute a model for the formation of new governments, and for the revision of old ones throughout the world; and concerning them Lord

Brougham appropriately said that the establishment of the government upon such principles was the very greatest refinement in social policy to which any state of circumstances had ever given issue or to which any age had ever given birth.

The petty states of northern Africa had for years been traversing the seas with their piratical ships, capturing goods and men and imprisoning their captives until redeemed by excessive ransom.

European nations had shamefully submitted to these barbarous proceedings and illegal exactions until our young republic, insulted in the same manner, checked the wanton robbery, and bade these haughty Tripolitans no longer infest the seas with their hostile outlaws; then other nations, following her example, refused longer to make this waste upon these worthless pirates.

In the war of 1812-'14, as in the previous trouble with France and other transient difficulties with haughty powers, the United States asserted her ability and intention to enforce her rights.

While the civil war had little influence beyond the limits of the United States, when that struggle was over, the disbanding of the armies without any evil result, and the pardon of the offenders, demonstrated to the world the power of a well-organized, highly civilized nation to act justly and honorably, even when most unfavorably situated.

From its organization to the present, in its principles, advancement, and enforcement, our government has been the pride of every nation, and many are the cherished elements of other civil institutions that are modelled after this.

The Monroe doctrine, the neutrality

policy which is the safeguard of international harmony, the centralization principle, and other fundamental features from the high standard of government to which other nations aspire and steadily approximate.

The new constitution of France had for its foundation the principles of the American republic.

America has ever been the home of scientists, and here have been made many of the wonderful inventions and discoveries that have so greatly enhanced the progress of civilization.

When in every clime men racked their brain in fruitless efforts to devise some contrivance for the application of steam to transportation, Fulton placed upon the Hudson the first steamboat; thus beginning the mighty revolution in ocean travel, and giving to seamen a vessel that should bid defiance to the contrary winds and adverse tempests that had before driven the dependent sailor whither they would.

Franklin harnessed the vivid lightnings and planned the safe conductor for the preservation of mankind against this dreaded and hitherto unconquerable foe; but not content with this, he made them the "pliant minions of power" in the hands of the Lord of Creation, and laid the foundation for a wonderful change in mechanical forces.

By his cotton-gin, Whitney relieved the burdened housewife and laid the ancient distaff and the more modern spinning-jenny away in the garret, thenceforth to be looked upon only as mementoes of the past—gentle reminders of what had been the lot of man—and made the production of cotton one of the most

important industries upon which men relied for sustenance.

Who but Americans were first to apply steam to inland travel? They conceived the idea and constructed the locomotive, which soon became to all nations an indispensable means to internal development.

Soon the nearer and the more remote provinces and divisions of every country were united by the steel rail, over which rattled the swift-travelling cars, facilitating commerce and enriching the financial, social, and moral stores of every district through which it found its progressive way.

Again the care-worn housewife was to be relieved, for Howe gave to the world a machine with which to execute the work that before was performed with the slowly-progressing needle plied by weary fingers.

McCormick reformed the manner of harvesting from the slow, cumbersome cradle to the easy, ready-reaping machine which, with its many improvements, has so greatly increased the profitableness of grain production.

Morse astounded the world by making it possible to communicate with distant cities "in the twinkling of an eye," and gave to man an invention which ere long was not only to afford a quick and perfect means for inter-State communication, but the mystic wire was to *span* the mighty deep, and, regardless of the howling blast or the raging billows, permit one nation to distinctly transmit to another any message with ease, readiness, and accuracy. As "love is a golden cord binding human hearts together," so the electric wire is an emerald band connecting the hearts and interests of nations.

The telephone is among the great achievements of mental labor, and promises soon to become a means of international communication.

The electric light, driving away the blackness of night, and rendering the gloomiest darkness light and openness, presents a startling example of the power and utility of electricity.

These serve as an index to America's inventions, which find a bound for their influence only at the limits of earth.

Steam has been applied to almost every department of industry.

Manufactories, furnishing mankind with the luxuries as well as the necessities of life; agricultural appliances for cultivating, harvesting, and garnering; many varied and increasing mechanical devices are all the outgrowth of American thought and development.

The manifold applications of electricity now extant and ever on the wing of progress are the result of Franklin's successful experiments; and the ambition of the present philosopher and scientist is the further application of this great force.

America's civilizing influence has not a parallel in all history. In religion she is a shining star in the constellation of nations, ever increasing in vividness and yet to gleam with a brighter lustre.

In education and literature she has been constantly rising until she holds her rank among the highest.

In the *earliest stages* of her history she was to the oppressed of every religious sect what the ancient cities of refuge were to the fleeing homicide—a place for security and rest.

When in England and France the haughty rulers in the established church-

es plied upon the conscientious Protestants the rod of oppression, and led to the stake the unfortunate victims of original thought and free worship, where should the oppressed go for deliverance and religious freedom but to the colonies of the New World? The exiled Pilgrims turned from wanderings in the Old World, and steered the ever dearly remembered *Mayflower* to the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts, and chose there, amid savage wilds and uncultivated lands, to suffer the privations of pioneer life rather than to enjoy the blessings of older civilization attended by almost unendurable oppression.

The despised Huguenots sought in the wilds of Florida, amid Indian depredations and French incursions, what they vainly petitioned for in their native land.

The Quakers, driven from England, found perfect freedom in the honestly-gotten lands of Pennsylvania.

When from the various nations of the earth arose the cry of the oppressed, loud sounded America's invitation, "Come unto me and freely worship God according to dictations of conscience."

America thus became a home for exiled and persecuted Christians, and from a moral infancy she has grown into a religious maturity.

Those fleeing persecution naturally permitted freedom of thought and speech; and this principle more than any other has been the cause of that high degree of moral and political influence of which the United States boasts.

But America has not been merely inductive in religious influence. As "out of the heart proceedeth the things that are therein," so, out of that country

which had been filled with religious sentiment and practice, flowed a copious stream of religious and civilizing influence. The religious denominations early began to hearken to the cry, "Come over into Macedonia and help us"—to send to the benighted lands of heathendom the gospel with a zeal and energy unknown in other nations. Our government, recognizing missionaries in other lands as citizens of the United States, protected them from insult, and thereby secured to them the greatest success in the prosecution of their godly labors.

The Christianization of these pagan nations was their civilization, and they, spreading their light and knowledge to others, enhanced the glory and honor of the original benefactor.

This influence shall continue to widen until the Millennial Harbinger shall bid man no longer pursue his worldly avocation, call the righteous to meet the Lord in the air, and begin the final purification of the terrestrial globe.

Though for a time education was almost without the sheltering wings of protection, with the pace of years mental advancement came to be considered as of paramount importance.

The United States is a resort for the seeker of high and thorough education. As evidence of this, we find within our borders citizens of India, China, Japan, and other nations qualifying themselves for the mental and moral instruction of their countrymen.

America's orators—Henry, Otis, Clay, Webster, and Calhoun,—have won for themselves reputation and admiration beyond the seas. Longfellow and Poe are among the world's most distinguished poets.

We can judge the future only by the past or by speculative imagination, but bringing these to bear, we see for America a grand and glorious influence. By wise statesmanship she will with each advance of the times and demand of circumstances push forward the standard of her government.

Prohibition shall soon become a corner-stone in her statutes, and her temperance influence shall go forth as a "mighty rushing wind" to sweep the demons of drink, with their fiendish liquid, from the face of the earth.

Science must advance so that designs and inventions now in the embryo shall burst the fettering shell and startle the world by the potency and beneficence of their influence.

The sun of Christianizing and civilizing influence is high in the heavens; but

the dark clouds of superstition and lack of sufficient energy have veiled his face from thousands. But these clouds are passing away, and in the future, as education and religion approach their zenith, we shall see an almost unhoped-for splendence and an influence wholly incomprehensible.

When we recount the past, scrutinize the present, and contemplate the future, we are wont to exclaim, "Where shall America's influence cease?"

Along the line of future ages we see the bounding influence of her advancement in every department of civilization penetrating the dark unknown, and backward resounds the echo, "Where shall it cease?" then goes on echoing and re-echoing until it dies away in the distance, "Where? oh where?"

W. OWEN CARVER.

On Horseback for Two Days.

Every person who takes any interest in summer resorts has heard of Asheville. It is situated in the mountains of Western North Carolina, 'mid some of the grandest scenery which it has been the lot of mortal man to behold. Travellers who have traversed the Old World, who have stood in silent wonder as they beheld the grandeur and wonder of Switzerland's towering mountains, have had to confess that the scenery around Asheville was equally grand, if it did not surpass any they had seen. However, it is not my purpose to extol Asheville—many a better man has done that—but to describe a short horseback trip of two days taken by a friend

of mine and myself to view some scenery which far surpassed that in the immediate vicinity of Asheville. I had been in Asheville all the summer—in fact, I had already spent two summers there, and therefore had often admired the inspiring scenery viewed from Battery Park Hotel, Ferinharst, Richmond Hill, and several other places. I had never tired of seeing these, but they had awakened in me a desire to see something grander. I had heard that the object of my wishes existed in and around Hickory Nut Gap, some twenty miles from Asheville, in a southwesterly direction. Therefore when a friend who was going by there proposed to me to

accompany him, I gladly seized the opportunity, and got myself and horse ready.

We left on a bright Monday morning in September, after having supplied both ourselves and horses with a good breakfast. We did not leave as soon as we intended, as Morpheus held us within his embrace rather late, and a craving appetite detained us. Nevertheless, we shook the dust of Asheville off our feet about 8:30 A. M., feeling fresh and lively. Both of our horses were fine trotters—those trotters, you know, whom it is better to be behind than on—that is, for comfort's sake. For a long journey, however, they are better than good riding horses, since they can hold out longer. On account of their tendency to jolt, therefore, we took it slowly. The road was very good, but gradually ascending as we approached the mountains. Now and then we could catch a fine view of the mountains, for which we checked our steeds and admired the glorious scene before us. Here and there we came across an apple-tree or a vine covered with wild grapes. Who could resist the tempting fruit, notwithstanding it belonged to some other man? Our appetite overcame our conscience, and like Adam of old we partook of the forbidden fruit.

About half-past one o'clock we came to the Widow Sherrel's, a stopping-place for the weary traveller to dismount and get his dinner. As travellers before us had done, therefore, we dismounted and went on the porch. The house is a wooden building on the old style. It gave evidence of being a handsome mansion in the days of its youth, which was sixty or seventy years ago. The white-wash had all worn off, and the balusters

were decaying, and as one beheld the old house fast going to decay, his thoughts were taken back to the old times when the early settlers used to gather around its hospitable board, and the hand of change, which effects everything, was brought to his memory. After resting awhile we were invited into the dining-room, where a regular old-fashioned country dinner awaited us. The Widow Sherrel presided at the head of the table. Her calm serenity and queenly dignity impressed us with the idea that she used to own all she surveyed, and that she could serve up the best dinner in the country. Of course, with one of the women of ye olden time like this, the conversation turned on the good old days before the war. She regretted the present day, and delighted to dwell on how prosperous affairs were then, and how honest the people use to be. Before the war was her constant theme. After finishing our dinner we paid our bill and started again.

After going a few miles we entered the Gap. We were now hemmed in by mountains on both sides, but who could regret the roughness of the road, when wherever he looked he could see Nature in all her grandeur? I will not attempt to describe any of the views, for I could not do justice to such a subject.

As we joggled along we came across a country maiden with a pail of water in her hand. "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most" is an old saying. Therefore we could not resist the temptation to stop—ostensibly to ask for a drink of water, but really to notice this "beauty unadorned." Having satisfied ourselves in one long, lingering look, we went on, with thoughts of her now and then flitting through our brains.

The next object of interest was the waterfall flowing from the top of a mountain to our right as we went along. The fall is said to be 1,400 feet. It was a grand sight to look upon a body of water falling from such a height, appearing like crystal in the distance. We saw it at the most unfavorable time, however, as it is said that early in the morning when the sun first shines upon it it forms a rainbow, which greatly heightens the effect of the same. Besides that, the amount of water is greater in the morning.

After going a little further, we came to Judge Logan's, which was to be my stopping place during my short stay. Here my friend left me. I had come to see the beauties of the mountains, natural scenery, but he was on the road to see another beauty, by whom all nature sank into insignificance in his thoughts. He did not care to stop and see the grand scenery by which he was surrounded, for the delay of even a few moments would shorten his stay with his "beauty." So, therefore, bidding me adieu, he went on, and, I trust, was well rewarded for his eagerness. The man who will not stop for a few moments to see the inspiring scenery around him just because he is going to see a daughter of Eve, must, in my opinion, be deeply in love.

It was about 5 P. M. when I reached Judge Logan's. After tying my horse, I went in and rested awhile. This house also is old-fashioned; not so large, however, as the Widow Sherrel's. Judge Logan has only been living there about eight years, being compelled by ill health to give up his official position and retire to this garden spot, hoping to regain his lost

health, which, I am glad to say, he has done very effectually. Who could not be restored to health with such pure mountain air and water all around him?

After resting awhile, with one of the Judge's stalwart sons as guide I rode by a circuitous route to the Pools, as they are called—one of the principal objects of interest in the neighborhood. Here an interesting sight met my wondering gaze. There are three different pools, each one some little distance above the other. The highest is sixty feet in depth, the next one hundred, and the bottom of the lowest has not been found. It is a grand sight to see the huge body of water flowing down from one pool into the other. The water is clear and cold. The rock on one side has been cut into by the action of the water, forming a very beautiful semi-circle. Above the pools are the cascades, of which there are also three. I had seen cascades before—some of them very pretty—but I must confess that these excelled them all. One who loves to see water and its wondrous works would have the desire satisfied when he saw this sight. What a number of centuries it must have taken Nature to form these pools! It showed what "little drops of water" can do if you give it sufficient time, and should teach a person not to "despise the day of small things." After looking once more in wonder at the pools, I returned to the house.

The next thing that happened was the ringing of the supper-bell, which was very entertaining. After partaking heartily, I went out on the porch to see the stars. Then, being very tired after my day's ride, I retired early. My dreams were a confusion of mountains and rivers, mingled up with each other.

in direst confusion, presenting an awful scene.

Having gotten up and eaten breakfast, I was ready to start for another object of interest—the Cave of the Winds and the fissure in the Bald Mountain.

While waiting on the front porch for my horse, I took a view of what was around me. Mountains on all sides and everywhere. I would not attempt to remember the names of all of them. The name of the most important one is, however, Bald Mountain or Shaking Mountain. This was in front of the house, a little to the right. It has become distinguished since 1876 on account of what is commonly called the eruption of Bald Mountain, which occurred in that year. One dark night there was a terrible shaking of the mountain and surrounding country, accompanied by a loud explosion, which was heard for miles around. When the startled inhabitants examined the results they found a fissure across the top of the mountain which varied from six inches to two feet in breadth. The only effect of the eruption was to “skeer the moonshiners” and make them join the church, the result of which was the scarcity of poor whiskey and the increase of poor religion. There were some houses at the foot of the mountain, but after that eventful night the owners moved to safer quarters. The place was visited by many scientific men and newspaper reporters, who tried to find out the cause of the eruption. On the side of the mountain you can see what is commonly known as “Esmeralda’s Cabin.” It is a rock jutting out on the side of the mountain, and appears very much like a hut or cabin situated there.

This was the scene of Mrs. Burnett’s “Louisiana,” and her play of “Esmeralda,” from which the cabin derived its name. There is a cave in the mountain called the Cave of the Winds. It was an object of right much interest, so I determined to visit it and see as much of the mountain as I could. Therefore, attended by the guide, I started. We rode as far as we could up a steep mountain road, and then, tying our horses, walked the rest of the way. It was a new experience to me, pulling against gravity over impediments of all sorts. At last we reached the Cave, and from its opening a grand view of the surrounding country met my eyes. Lighting a torch, we entered for a little distance, but did not proceed further, as my time would not permit. When we came out I wrote my name on the opening of the Cave, like many a one who had preceded me. The question for me now to decide was, whether I should go to the top of the mountain to see the fissure or return and visit Chimney Rock. Thinking that the latter would be more interesting and instructive, I decided upon it, and descended from the Cave to where our horses were tied. The Rock was situated about a mile in the opposite direction, so we returned the way we came. It was not long before we commenced climbing another mountain. The same experience that I had had a little earlier overtook me, but at last, tired and breathless, I reached the foot of the Rock. The Rock is separate from the mountain, and shaped very much like a chimney, whence its name. It is about three hundred feet high. From the road it does not look large, but when you reach its foot it is hard for your eye to take in the

magnitude of it. I must say that I saw here the grandest sight I ever witnessed. On one side the towering Chimney, whose top has never been reached by mortal man. On the opposite side a river flowing between mountains, with the green fields on both sides. After trying to take in for a few moments the grandeur of the scene, my watch reminded me that I must come down from such lofty heights, both literal and figurative, and return to get my noon-day meal. It is a bad thing for a person to be compelled to pay attention to such matters of minor importance when his mind is engaged in feeding on such wonders, but yet he has to yield. This I did, and got back just as the bell was ringing. Of course I went in. After dinner I ordered my horse to be saddled preparatory to my start for home. I would like to have spent several days, and could

have done so with profit, but duties called me home. I asked the landlord for my bill. He gave it to me. What! O ye towering mountains, overwhelm me! What was this that had come so suddenly o'er the spirit of my dreams, and had changed my bright hopes to black despair? What had I done? The landlord asked of me exactly *twenty-five* cents more than I possessed. I will throw a veil over what followed. Suffice it to say that I got on my horse and left. The journey homeward was without incident worthy of mention. Here and there I met some weary traveller like myself. At last just as the bright orb of day was setting behind the western hills, I reached home tired and jaded, having seen a great deal in the two days which ought to delight and profit any one.

TAR HEEL.

Our Heroes.

No fear is entertained that a single dissenting voice will be raised when we denominate the Southern soldiers heroes. This is a theme that has oft received and oftener deserved honors of a nobler sort, praises tuned to higher strains, and eulogies clad in far more eloquent and poetic language than lies within the compass of my ability to bestow upon it. Men whose eloquence has stirred nations and whose poetic genius has won them universal fame have dedicated to this subject their mightiest efforts. Yet could my unbounded admiration and endless devotion acquire from Eloquence and the Muses their mightiest strains, freely, gladly, and abundantly

would I bestow them upon the heroes of the Southern Confederacy. And when I say "heroes," I mean not to specify a chosen lot of brilliant lights, who, perchance, by their daring and diplomatic achievements, shrewd and commanding generalship, have won greater laurels than the rest and placed for themselves stars in the firmament of fame that will never grow dim, but I mean to include the valiant soldier from the lowest rank and upwards. Whilst Lee, Jackson, Johnston, Hill, and the remainder of that catalogue of distinguished commanders will ever live enshrined in the hearts of those who love the noble, yet our love and praise is justly due to the humble private

for his gallant sacrifice and patriotic devotion to the South. Therefore, with greatest propriety do we include him under the title of "Our Heroes."

The world has never produced a band of men who, sacrificing their lives in a just, yet unsuccessful cause, have received less sympathy and praise than the gallant men who died bleeding in defence of the South, and worse still, than those who survived but to yield those rights to a victorious foe; and yet there never was a class more justly entitled to universal sympathy and praise.

With heartfelt gladness we can say that the day has come when all prejudice and sectional animosity have been thrown to the winds, and that we all can take pride in our heroes. Men, however prejudiced, cannot fail to admire bravery even displayed in an enemy, yet in years past some men allowed the gall of hatred to rankle with such unrestrained license, their true sense of justice being completely effaced by blinded prejudice, that they have dared to denounce the Southern soldiers as cowards. Never was charge more unjust! Never was there an accusation that would arouse more indignation and resentful feelings within us than this against our warriors! Never was a word more entirely misused than cowardice in connection with the Southern soldier.

It is not my purpose to discuss the motive of the formation of the Southern Confederacy; besides, it is well known. Whether constitutional to secede or not, has been submitted to the arbitration of war, and decided in the negative, and is not for me to say. Sufficient to say, it is, that the motive that filled their breast, that urged to valiant deeds, that incited

them to oppose enemies double in number; that induced them to leave their peaceful homes; to break their family ties; to tear themselves from the embrace of tearful wife and dependent children; to desert their interests and fortunes; to take up arms, bleed and die,—such a motive, I say, was the noblest that ever entered the heart of man.

Any people who will allow their rights to be infringed upon, who will submit to effrontery and suffer insults without an opposing struggle, are the most abject slaves. When the North, by repeated legislative acts and by the formation of organizations that endangered the very existence of the South as equal to the North, had exasperated her and driven her to the naked question of submission or war, she chose the latter freely. She uttered in perilous tones her cry for help, and obedient to her call her noble sons quickly responded by placing themselves and their property at her disposal. They came issuing from her peaceful vales and stirring cities—young men just entering upon the realities of life, about to experience the culmination of their happiness, sacrificing their hopes of fortune and education, departing from a tearful and fond mother, the spirited blood sent with thrills of pure patriotism more swiftly through their veins, their manly breasts swelling with indignation at the abusive treatment of what they had been taught to venerate and protect—their lawful rights. Husbands with mature plans, leaving their wives and children to the Protector of the sparrows and changing their pursuits for the vicissitudes of war; men of highest rank and noblest blood and men of humble parentage—all determined to protect her or die in the at-

tempt. Companies were soon formed, and by means of that promptness of action which marked them during the whole struggle, they quickly had their army. There they stood ready to uphold their cause. They had no powerful government to uphold them by its resources and acquire for them foreign aid. Theirs was the weak side. But can we fail to give them praise in that a government was formed, an army raised, a nation made that could oppose with success for a period of four years a government over a century old, powerful in resource and reputation abroad and possessing overwhelming advantages? Can we lose ourselves too much in admiration when we see them, half fed, ill clothed, and as well as not paid at all, contending against overpowering numbers, holding at bay and often defeating the disciplined and well-equipped armies which the North was continually sending to crush them? How can we explain their wonderful success and resistance? The answer is easy. They were *men*, high-born, brave, and warlike; confident of their own superior prowess and despising that of the enemy, and above all, confident of the rectitude of their cause, and possessing that which if lacking in any army renders it comparatively useless—true patriotism. They had in their breasts hatred for the foe rendered frenzied by their wanton acts of violence to their most sacred rights, that made them accomplish almost supernatural deeds. Look at them in battle. See the scorn with which they hurl down the sycophants and mercenaries compelled to face them by the swords of their commanders. Hear the old rebel yell that sends terror to the heart of the stoutest Yankee! See the fearlessness

with which they face danger; the indomitable stubbornness with which they withstand the overwhelming attacks of the enemy and the determination with which they rush into the thickest of the fray and meet death! Can we, in reviewing the many brilliant victories achieved by them, fail to see the true warrior? Look at them in camp, on the march, “amid plunging shot and shell,” in the flood of bloody battle, in glorious times when victory adorned their banners! They were always characterized by the essential qualities of true heroes. At night their song of praise to God bespoke the hero, and helps to explain, we all believe, their success. In defeat they were heroes. How our hearts must bleed to see the gallant old veteran turn sadly away from the last scene at Appomattox, as with heart bowed down with grief, dropping the musket so long his companion, wiping an unbidden tear away, he turns to take leave of his faithful general, who grasps his horny hand and in silence more expressive than words speaks the inexpressible sorrow he feels at parting.

Do we not weep with him, when returning, where he left prosperity, plenty, and joy, he finds privation, desolation, and sadness, his loved ones in want, and his fortune, interests, all—gone? But does he give up in despair? Does his stout heart sink at the barren prospects before him? No! But with characteristic bravery and indomitable courage he sets about rebuilding his scattered fortune with his own hands, and thus taught to rely on his own labors he proceeds to prosperity.

Thus were our warriors all heroes. But towering above the rest, gaining im-

mortal glory and fame by their magnificent generalship and bravery, stood our beloved Lee and Jackson, whose mighty deeds and brilliant victories have won laurels for their brows, always refreshed by the tears of grateful love and sympa-

thy of their countrymen and by their devotion to the "Lost Cause," have won them places in every heart to whom the cause was dear.

BUT.

How to Learn.

Trite as the remark may sound at first, it is nevertheless true that the only way by which we learn anything is through study. This rule holds good in every calling. The merchant learns the way in which to manage his business correctly and the intricacies of the cotton or tobacco exchange solely by attention and constant study of the fluctuations of the market. The beginner in music cannot on the start perform one of Bethoven's sonatas or a passage from that grand oratorio, Handel's "Messiah." Earnest, persistent practice of the scales and simple exercises come first; and step by step the learner progresses, until the playing of the classic music is rendered easy. So the principle that we have laid down, that practice must precede perfection, is no new one. As well might one try to peruse a book without attending to what he reads, as to attempt to learn without study.

But just what do we mean by study in this connection? Merely the work done during school and college days as preparatory for the struggles of after life? By no means. That is simply the foundation laid for that structure of character which each one must erect for himself. The word signifies, rather, the careful, patient bending of the mind to-

wards any object; and this leads us at once to the next requisite for answering the question, "How to learn."

Of all the faculties of the mind, none is perhaps so subtle as attention. It marks the difference between men. Some time ago two young men from widely separated parts of this country came to the same college. They were then bright and intelligent, and the future loomed up magnificently before each. Months and years rolled by, and that rigid training-school of college life developed their true characters. One of them made a brilliant start, and his fellow-students boasted of his skill; while the other plodded along, sometimes finding it hard to keep pace with his class. As time passed, however, it became evident that the dashing, showy fellow lacked the power of attention to the minutiae of the lessons. He would readily grasp the salient points, but paid no regard at all to the connection and similar things. It was not long before he had fallen to the foot of the class. But the other, keeping on in his quiet, methodical, attentive way, gradually rose in standing among professors and students; and when he left his *alma mater*, he carried with him her highest honors. Where are these two men to-day? One—I need not say which one—is the worthy and

esteemed professor in a prominent Southern college; while the other has sunk into kindly oblivion, nothing having been heard of him since he went out from college. This case—and there are many others like it—show beyond dispute the importance of study.

Another thing necessary in learning is perseverance. This is different from attention. We may attend as long as the way is smooth; but if we give up at the first difficulty, we shall miss the goal after all. Perseverance in the face of obstacles proves conclusively what sort of men we are. Robert Bruce had tried again and again to obtain the independence of Scotland, and after repeated failure had given up in despair. But the perseverance of the spider in climbing the web put the blush on Bruce's efforts. He tried once more, and soon was seated on the Scottish throne. Four months ago the Philadelphia Base-Ball club stood fifth in the race for the pennant; she persevered and surmounted the obstacles in her path, and finished a fine second. Difficulties are our discipline; we ought to conquer them, and not let them conquer us.

Just as soon as a man begins to think how much he knows, the chance for his learning anything ends. Humility is absolutely necessary for training. Before one can learn aught, he must have the feeling of self-poverty of knowledge, which will never appear if he be conceited about the little learning he possesses. It is always a sign of great ignorance to boast of acquired knowledge. Sir Isaac Newton, one of the greatest scientists that ever lived, said on his death-bed that, like a child playing on a beach, he had picked up some pebbles that had not been found before; while the great ocean of unfathomed truth lay unexplored before him. If this was the sentiment of the man who formulated the law of gravitation and well-nigh discovered the calculus, ought we to boast, who have done nothing for mankind?

Attentive, persistent study, accompanied by a humble spirit, will certainly tell in the long run. For this we have the voucher of the Great Teacher, who has bidden us, "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart."

MIDDLEBROOK.

Aimlessness.

So far as we know, there is *nothing* in all this universe that is inactive. Everything is performing some function, and helping to perfect the one grand universal system of God's visible and invisible creation. Even the solid rocks embedded in the earth are undergoing a process of decomposition. Old earth is working—she is producing the vegetable kingdom. The trees and plants are working—they

are producing their fruits. The waves of the ocean are surging back and forth, keeping up a process of purification. The gentle breezes fan our brow, encircle the globe and modify climate. The clouds, knowing their destination, float lightly as a feather through the air, and send forth their gentle showers to refresh the thirsty soil and revive vegetation. The vivid lightnings flash athwart the heavens,

burning out the poisonous and obnoxious gases of the atmosphere, rendering it pure and wholesome. The glittering stars set in the eternal deep, open their fiery eyes, and send forth a flood of gilded light upon the sable curtains of light, that have fallen like an awful pall of death over a slumbering world. The sun, millions and millions of miles away, lays bare its fiery bosom and sends forth a flood of needed light and heat to warm and enlighten this cold, dark earth. Planets, worlds and systems of worlds are wheeling and revolving in and through space. Everything is moving, or tending to move. Universal activity! And all these actors are moving on this universal stage for a purpose. No lawlessness. But everything has some *definite* aim—some *special* object—and is fulfilling exactly the great design that was intended in its creation. And this activity is confined not only to inanimate objects, but is seen more strikingly in connection with human existence. Action is one of the necessary conditions of human life. But when we reflect—when we remember how much *careless* acting there is—acting without any *special* or *definite* object—simply drifting upon the current of life, our hearts tremble and grow sick within us, and we cry out, Oh, for that touch of wisdom upon the mind, and that touch of grace upon the heart, that would make them organize under definite purposes, as naturally do the rose, the air and the sun! In order to strong, determined effort, no matter along what line, there must be a clearly defined purpose, which serves both as a helm and a propeller to these human lives of ours. If the motive is low, and unworthy of our intelligence and immortality, day by

day will be woven into our lives the coarse, rough tow-threads of character and destiny. But if, on the other hand, our motive is elevated and worthy, the mystic shuttle will ply back and forth, carrying the delicate silken threads that are to be woven into the intricate fabric of a character which will be sublimely grand and beautiful. If our lives are spent simply at random, we will fail to fulfil the great mission for which life was given. We will fail to fill the divinely-appointed sphere of life. Its duties will be unmet, its possibilities unrealized, its powers contracted, its beauties marred, and its end sorrow and ruin. Let us remember that the purpose of life is *sacred*, its calling *noble*, its work *real*, and if well rounded, its end is only the beginning of a life the measure of which is eternity, and the fullness of which is Christ. Therefore, if you are going to be a MAN, *be* a man. Life, after all, is just what we make it. We have faculties of mind and soul silently inviting us thither to endless exertion; and if we stunt and dwarf these powers, life's purpose will be crushed and broken and its brightest hopes lost. Our life will be as a shadow, our very existence a riddle. It will be as a world without a sun, a cloud without water, as the channel of the great and mighty deep without its rolling billows of water, as a musical instrument without notes or strings. But if we only obey these natural impulses of the mind, these wordless longings of the soul, and the grand upheavals of our spiritual nature and move under a strong, steadily increasing purpose, with high resolves, and with a true ideal before us to stimulate and strengthen the soul, to open our eyes, our hands and our hearts, we may make

life a grand success. We may bravely meet every enemy upon life's battle-field, and successfully contend against them. If you have an aim in life, it will make it easier, sweeter, happier, more helpful and more hopeful. No matter what your occupation your vocation or calling—no matter whether you are to be a farmer, a lawyer, a doctor, a merchant, a teacher, or a preacher, have some fixed ideal ever before your mind as a standard by which to measure and square your life. And let not that standard be found among the human and sin. Give to life some *real* purpose, and its outlook will grow brighter every day, its experience richer and deeper, and its influence and power more sacred and sublime. First read the meaning of personal responsibility, then the possibility of human greatness and true usefulness, and determine to educate yourself—and when I say educate,

I use the word in its broadest and truest meaning.

Determine to be kind, generous, noble and true, and life will not—yea, *cannot* be a failure. But life without a purpose as a guiding-star must inevitably be a failure. And a life without a purpose, oh, how sad! Nothing to do, no God to serve, no Saviour to love, no battle to fight, no victories to win. "He lived and he died," the only epitaph. Let not this be the epitaph that shall be inscribed upon our tombstone. But let our lives be well rounded, filled with labor and duty, have a circle of hallowed light about them, and thdu open into the clear, radiant light of an eternal home, and the epitaph carved upon the wooden or marble slab at our head—"He hath done what he could."

RELSUC.

The University of Pennsylvania has \$50,000 in hand for the erection of a classical theatre, which is to be built adjoining the new library, following the precedent of the University of Oxford.

In this theatre it is proposed to hold the commencements, lectures, concerts, and arrangements will be made to produce classic plays.



EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

We enter upon our new duties as editors of the *Messenger* with a sad feeling, occasioned by the loss of the October number of the *Messenger*. What has become of it we cannot say. Editors, Business Managers, and paper—all lost. We have been hoping for some time to hear something of our paper, but, as yet, not a word. Blessed word is *hope*, but when we have been hoping for so long to get a glimpse of the *Messenger*, and do not see it even now, our hopes turn to despair, and we seriously ask, Shall we ever see the October number of the *Messenger*?

There is one thing that we have decided to do as best we can, and that is to be prompt in getting out our numbers. We do not feel capable of wielding the editorial pen, but it has fallen to our lot, and what we lack in brightness of thought we shall try to make up in promptness of time. Be prompt, is a motto which should ever be before the eyes of all, and especially students. By so doing you will not only save others trouble and inconvenience, but you will benefit yourself more than any one else.

The men upon the editorial staff who have preceded us have placed our paper among the foremost college papers of the land, and it is very natural that we should feel the heavy responsibility resting upon us to uphold and carry forward, if we can, the high standard which our paper has taken.

Perhaps it is not fair to attribute all of the delay of the *Messenger* to the editors, but let the printers share their part of the fault. We suppose the reason that they are so far behind this time is on

account of having had to move their place of business. Of course, this is a great deal of trouble, and we will excuse them to a certain extent, provided they will be prompt in the future.

This number of the *Messenger* is behind time, because we did not think it advisable to get out the November number before the October number was gotten out.

Come, boys, let us go to work in earnest now. Write us *good* pieces and hand them in *early*, and we shall be prompt in the discharge of the duties which will devolve upon us.

Among the many laurels to be won by the student at Richmond College, there is one that deserves special mention—namely, the Reader's medal. This medal is given by Dr. Geo. B. Steel. He desires that it be given to the best reader in college, the faculty being judges. Some two years ago there was a contest in which the best reading talent of the college participated, and after some of the young men had read twice, the faculty retired and brought in a decision which was to be read before the whole audience. It was that although there was no standard, the faculty thought that no one had read well enough to be entitled to the medal; consequently, it was not given. Of course the young gentlemen who participated in the contest felt very much complimented. The trustees of the college, who always have the students' interest at heart, thought that they would relieve the boys of this embarrassment, and when they elected a new professor of

English, they instructed him to form a reading class which should meet once every two weeks. They say that every one who contests for the medal must be a member of this class. Two views may be advanced why this action was taken by the trustees. The first one is that they may have thought that a student who did not have the advantages afforded by this class would read so badly as compared with those who had availed themselves of these advantages, that he would never attempt to read before an audience again. The other view is, perhaps they thought that there might be a man who, although he did not attend the reading class, would get the medal.

We feel some delicacy in criticising the action of the trustees, but it seems to us that it is not exactly right to compel a student to attend the reading class in order that he may contest for the medal. Simply because we have a reading class it does not necessarily follow that all the best readers will join it. Some of them may be otherwise occupied, and although they are the best readers in college now, and probably will be the best at the close of the session, nevertheless they can take no part in the contest. We do not wish to say anything derogatory to the reading class; for we believe that it is a good thing, and that those who attend it may be greatly benefited; but the point we are trying to make is that it ought not to be compulsory to attend it in order to compete for the medal. But there are some things that we cannot change, and so we advise you to join the reading class and try to get the medal, but remember that there is not as much honor in it now as there used to be, for formerly it was given to the best reader in college, but now it

is given to the best reader in the *reading class*.

The clouds that for several days had shut out the sunshine still obscured the skies. Rain seemed to be the only obstacle in the way of the enjoyment of the thousands of people in the city. Richmond was all alive. The roar of cannon was heard early in the morning. The beating of drums and the blowing of horns were to be heard on all sides. Flags and streamers hung from every window of almost every house in the city. Everybody was in a state of excitement. Men, women and children, black and white, were hurrying to and fro to find out the cause of the commotion. It was not this time the "first egg of the gray hen" of our jollification, but actually the laying of the corner stone of the Lee monument! However incredulous it may seem, it is a fact.

Just to the rear of our college was laid, on the 27th of October, the corner stone of the monument to be erected to our fallen hero.

The college was represented in the parade by a very small number, owing, perhaps, to the inclemency of the weather. At the head of our number was borne a banner bearing the inscription, "Sic semper tyrannis." It was a sad day for some, for it recalled the sad recollections of the bitter times of 1861-'65. The old veteran soldier who had stood by the side of this noble general in his surrender at Appomattox, was called into line to do honor, however humble, to our beloved warrior. Well does he remember the time when he had marched at the command of Gen. Lee; when he was surrounded by a volley of fire and smoke;

when the rattling of musketry and the clash of steel were deafening to his ear; when he was brought face to face with the enemy, and when it was life or death, victory or defeat.

Well does he remember the time when "at midnight in his guarded tent" he would lie, and his thoughts would wander back to the home which he had left not long since—left to fight for his native land. And while thus dwelling in his own thoughts, not unfrequently did he wipe away a stray tear, longing for those so dear to him, so near to his heart. Well, too, does the wife or mother, or sister, remember how eagerly and anxiously she waited for the bringing of some news or the return of her loved ones. But

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

Now that all is o'er, it is but right that we should perpetuate the memory of him who fought so bravely for his country, in the erection of a monument; but though this should crumble into dust, the memory of such a man will ever be fresh in the minds of our people. What man could have done more than he did? He did all that mortal man could have done. What man deserves more praise and honor than this man? He was a superior general, a man

endowed with the true sense of manhood; a true and noble Christian! There is none more worthy than he; and let all mankind bow their heads in honor to the name of Robert E. Lee.

There appeared in the locals of the last *Messenger* a very good hit upon one of the boys, as the *writers* of it thought, but as there was not a word of *truth* in it we do not see where the point comes in. As well as could be found out, it seems that two gentlemen had a hand in the affair, who were especially adapted for such work for two reasons: First, because one of them is a *sub*-professor, and the other has been here so long that he thinks himself a privileged character; but for fear that some one may not know this particular individual by the above allusion, he is known as Sleepy M.; secondly, because one of the above received some time since a package of *old letters*, which, of course, made his imagination very fertile, and as he is a very *smart* young man, of course he had to take his spite out on somebody else. We could not help it; but we must say that we admire the young lady's pluck, *without calling her name*; the other has met a similar fate, and to those that know him it appears that the sentiment uttered in the last *Messenger* is not a dream in *his* case, but one of those stern realities of life.



SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

SIMPLE METHOD FOR REVIVING PERSONS APPARENTLY DEAD.—At a meeting of the last congress of German scientists this subject was discussed, and Dr. H. Frank mentioned that there are but two ways to stimulate the heart—electricity and mechanical concussion of the heart. The first is considered dangerous by him, as it may easily destroy the last power of contraction remaining in the organ. But what is termed “pectoral concussion” is decidedly preferable. Dr. Frank’s method is as follows: He flexes the hands on the wrist to an obtuse angle, places them both near each other in the ileo-cæcal region, and makes vigorous strokes in the direction of the heart and of the diaphragm. These strokes are repeated from fifteen to twenty times, and are succeeded by a pause, during which he strikes the chest over the heart repeatedly with the palm of his hand. In favorable cases this method is early successful, and sometimes a twitching of the lids or the angles of the mouth appears with surprising rapidity as the first sign of returning life. As soon as the symptoms are noted, the simple manipulations above described must be earnestly continued and persevered in from a half to one hour, for, with their cessation, the phenomena indicating beginning return of life also cease. Generally, the face assumes a slight reddish tint, and a same pulsation may be felt in the carotids. By this method Dr. Frank has seen life return in fourteen cases, among whom were such as had hung themselves, drowned, and asphyxiated by carbonic oxide, and in one case by croup. In

three cases of asphyxia by coal gas and in one case of apparent death by chloroform the method described alone succeeded.—*Med. and Surg. Reporter.*

THE NORTHWESTERN GOLD FIELDS.
Dr. Dawson, Assistant Director of the Geological Survey, who headed the party sent by the Dominion government to explore the country adjacent to the Alaska boundary, has returned to Victoria. Two of his party, Messrs. Ogilvie and McConnell, will winter in the district, making astronomical observations, which will give data for the establishment of the international boundary. The exploration so far has secured a great deal of geological, geographical, and general information of the country, and indicates that it is far from being the Arctic region it is sometimes represented to be. The point from which the Doctor turned back was at the junction of the Lewis and Pelly rivers. It is 1,000 miles north of Victoria. There the flora was found to differ but little from that on the banks of the Fraser. A great deal of open, grassy country exists along the streams tributary to the Yukon. No areas of tundra or frozen swamps, such as are to be met with in the interior of Alaska, were discovered by the expedition. The Doctor’s conclusion is that the whole country from Cassian to the vicinity of Forty Mile Creek, on the Yukon River (which must be near the eastern boundary of Alaska), yields more or less gold in placer deposits. This would constitute a gold-bearing region fully 500 miles in length by an indefinite

width, and which, so far, in comparison to the area, has been very little prospected.—*Scientific American*.

Prof. Loisettes new system of memory training, taught by correspondence at 237 Fifth Avenue, New York, seems to supply a general want. He has had two classes at Yale of 200 each, 250 at Meriden, 300 at Norwich, 100 at Columbia Law Students, 400 at Wellesley College, &c. Such patronage and the indorsement of such men as Mark Twain, Dr. Buckley, Prof. Wm. R. Harper, of Yale,

&c., place the claim of Prof. Loisettes upon the highest ground.

A railroad switch has been patented by Mr. Walter R. Coppedge, of Floyd Court House, Va. Switching rails are combined with the main line rails, the switching rail at one side being made in sections that are hinged together, one of the sections being mounted on a pivot bolt and normally held so that its end adjacent to the main line rail shall be in a lower plane, with other novel features, whereby the main line will be always open.—*Ex.*

LOCALS.

Did you ever see so many rats?
What did you think of the Fair?

Old student—Have you ever read Romeo and Juliet?

New student—No, I haven't read any Latin but Cæsar.

C.—Say, P., don't hurry off. Take a seat and make yourself at home.

B. (in Sen. Greek)—I would, but I must make myself at Home-r.

We were glad to see our dude of former sessions roaming about the Campus. However, he had only come to pay us a visit, and has now left us without that necessary appendage to the success of a college. Nevertheless, "if we cannot get a Southern dude a Yankee dude'll do," so we are glad to have Mr. J., of Pennsylvania, to take his place.

We have some hard students among the rats. This is shown by Mr. J.'s get-

ting up about two in the morning, dressing himself, and starting to work *in his sleep*. When he woke up, he found himself studying, i. e. how it was he was not in his downy couch. It did not take him long to get there, however. "Is that a fact, J.?"

We had two days holiday for the Fair, one more than usual on account of the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee monument on Thursday, the 27th. The students were invited to take part in the parade, and the invitation was accepted. Had it not been for the continual bad weather there would have been a fine representation, but notwithstanding the mud and rain, quite a number of students showed their patriotism by joining in. We wish there had been more. Ninety-six tickets to the Fair were sold to the students, which showed that bad weather could not keep our rats from satisfying their curiosity. Perhaps there

were other attractions for some of them in the shape of friends from home.

Latin class—Rat: "I don't know how to parse that sentence, Professor. I was never taught parsing."

Prof—"Well, sir, if you don't learn how to parse now you will not *pass* at your examinations."

How is that for a pun?

Mr. J. A. Bostwick, of New York, who gave the College \$25,000 last year, has lately presented it with another gift, this time of \$50,000. The students should join with the trustees and other friends of the College in being grateful to its benefactors.

Prof. Harris has gotten out Part II. of his Bible study for session 1887-'8. All of last year's students remember with how much pleasure and profit Part I., including from Genesis to the reign of Solomon, was revised. The part for this session is known as "The Times of the Prophets," and includes the remaining portion of the Old Testament. In addition to the every-day readings, he lectures every Tuesday evening from 6 to 7 o'clock on the weekly portion. It is to be hoped that every student will get a copy, and keep up with the readings.

Junior English—Prof.: "Mr. W., what is the meaning of the preposition 'from'—for instance, in the clause 'from Dan to Beersheba.' What do you mean by that?"

Mr. W.: "Why, it means 'from Dan to Beersheba,' and not from Beersheba to Dan."

Score one for W., or, rather, zero.

Same class—Prof.: "What are the uses of a pronoun 'it,' Mr. W.?"

Mr. W.: "Well, sir, one use is when the gender is not noted. For instance, in the sentence 'it is a cow.' It is not known by that whether a male or female cow is meant."

Ministerial No. 1: "What was Dr. L.'s text this morning?"

Ministerial No. 2: "I don't know what it was. It was somewhere in Habakkuk, or some book like that in the New Testament. I never heard of it before."

One hundred and fifty-nine students have matriculated thus far, and more are expected. This is the same number that we had the whole of last session. Every room in the college is taken, showing an increase in the number of resident students. On noticing the roll, we find the following duplicates: Four Williams, none of them kin to each other; three Harrisons, three James, three Longs, and three Martins. Two Bakers, two Farmers, two Hazens, two Hunts, two Hurts, two Jones, two Pollards, two Ramseys, two Whites and two Whiteheads, two Wrights, and, strange to say, only one Smith and one Brown. Another striking feature is that there are no students whose names begin with A or E.

At the first regular meeting in October the election of officers was held in the literary societies. The following were elected for the ensuing term:

Mu Sigma Rho Society—President, C. B. Tippet; Vice-President, M. A. Coles; Censor, S. A. Long; Recording Secretary, J. H. Corbitt; Corresponding Secretary, M. W. Thomas; Critic, C. W.

Trainham; Chaplain, R. P. Rixey; Treasurer, F. C. Johnson; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. F. Savell; Hall Manager, W. O. Carver; Editors of Messenger—M. E. Parrish, H. W. Straley, and J. G. Dick-
inson.

Philologian Society—President, H. W. Jones; Vice-President, C. T. Kincannon; Censor, J. T. Noell; Recording Secretary, Garnett Ryland; Corresponding Secretary, C. T. Taylor; Critic, H. W. Williams; Chaplain, W. B. McGarity; Treasurer, W. E. Farrer; Sergeant-at-Arms, B. M. Overton; Historian, S. C. Dorsey; Hall Managers, E. E. Dudley and J. E. Hutchinson; Editors of Messenger, J. R. Hundley, J. T. Noell, and A. M. Carroll.

On October 6th a meeting of the students was called for the purpose of reorganizing the Athletic Association of Richmond College. After some discussion a constitution was adopted, officers elected, and the Association was regularly reorganized. The following are the officers: C. M. Hazen, president; J. S. Sowers, vice-president; H. R. Hundley, secretary, and C. H. Baker, treasurer. Every student is eligible to membership upon the payment of fifty cents. Quite a number have already joined, and it is hoped and expected that every student in College will do likewise. It is the duty of every one to do so, and those who do not show lack of patriotism. Therefore, let every one who has not already joined give his name at once to the treasurer.

The president appointed the following committees, who are to have charge of their respective games: On foot-ball, H. R. Hundley, C. H. Baker, C. M. Hazen.

On base-ball, P. C. Williams, J. R. Bagby, J. S. Sowers. On tennis, J. M. Wilbur, C. B. Tippet, A. M. Carroll.

At a later meeting the following committee on gymnasium was appointed: F. W. Boatwright, F. C. Johnson, and J. R. Comer.

A greater interest than usual in athletic sports seems to be awakening, and it is hoped that we will have a Field Day, as other colleges have done and are doing before the close of the session.

On the 12th of November a match game of foot-ball was played between our eleven and that of the University School of Petersburg. It was the first time our boys had played the Rugby game in a match, and in that way our opponents had the advantage in science and skill. We, however, exceeded them in weight. The game was very exciting from the first, especially the way Hundley, Sowers, Garret, and others of our boys "downed" those of the other side. The game consisted of two innings of forty-five minutes each. On our side in the first inning touch-downs were made by Garrett and Hundley, making us eight points. Potts made two touch-downs on the other side, and also put ball over goal once, counting thirteen points. This was all that was done in the first inning, and it looked rather gloomy for our boys. But in the second inning we made six points to the Petersburg's none, which put us one ahead. Time was called before any more points were made, so we beat the game by one point. Richmond College has not been beaten in foot-ball for a number of years, and long may she continue with such a record. The following are our team:

Hazen, C. M., Hundley, Sowers, Garrett, Johnson, Hazen, Coles, Rucker, Bagby, Savell, and Baker.

On the morning of October 22d there was a large crowd of students gathered in front of the College building to see those who were going to Cold Harbor start off. The trip had been talked of for several days, and about twenty-five of the students had determined to go. The trips of last year—one to Cold Harbor and the other to Malvern Hill—were remembered very pleasantly by the old students, on account of the enjoyable time which they occasioned. Therefore, many of the students, though they had made the trip before, decided to try it again. We had a four-horse wagon, which was very much crowded when all had gotten in. Our commander-in-chief, Prof. Harris, rode on horseback, and also two of the students, whom we may as well call aids-de-camp. The students are very grateful to Prof. Harris on account of the kindly interest which he takes in anything which would be beneficial to them. He certainly knows how to afford a day of enjoyment when he shows the students the battle fields around Richmond, with which, from hard experience, he is so well acquainted. We left about half-past eight, leaving behind us a crowd of students, whose looks signified that they would like to be along. We went out of our way to go by the Institute, which is an object of interest to all the students, not so much the building, however, as what it contains. Many an eager youth, nevertheless, was doomed to disappointment, as not a face, either white or ebony, was to be seen. We have no doubt if it had been known

that the College boys were coming by, every door and window would have been filled with eager watchers. How sad that we had not informed them!

We then came up Broad as far as Second, down which we turned, at length getting on its continuation. We passed Lee's inner, middle and outer line of fortifications, at the latter getting out that we might examine more closely. Our commander-in-chief, by explaining them, gave us an idea of how things really were during the war. It was not long before we got on the Mechanicsville turnpike, where that object of interest to most travellers, the toll-keeper, met us. Of course we "forked out" the change. We passed by Mechanicsville, Ellyson's Mill, Walnut Grove church, and other places on our route, which still show the ravages of war. Here and there we met wagons filled with "sweet 'tatoes," but vehicles of a better sort seem to be scarce in that neighborhood. We next passed by Old Cold Harbor, where we got out and walked over the "scene of action," and at length reached the National Cemetery, where we were to stop and partake of refreshments. While our aides-de-camp were preparing what they had for us, the rest of us wandered through the cemetery to gaze on the resting-place of our Union brothers. The cemetery is in charge of Capt. Savage, who keeps it in splendid condition. We take this opportunity to express our thanks to the Captain and his excellent wife for their kindness and courtesy. We next came into the reception room, where an excellent lunch awaited us. We all pitched in, to use a common expression, and before long the table looked as if it had been stripped of all its beauty. We rested

awhile, and then walked down about one quarter of a mile to visit the scene of battle in 1864. We here learned more of the realities of war. Our wagon came up to meet us now, and we got in to start for home. We did not come back the way we came, but went around by New Cold Harbor and Gaines' Mill. We at length got into the road we came, however, but did not enter Richmond by the

same road. We went by the Institute again, meeting with a little better reception than we had in the morning. It being early when we reached college, we took a ride out to the reservoir, which was very enjoyable. We were all rather tired when we left the wagon for good, but felt that we had spent not only an enjoyable but also a profitable day.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

[Address all communications to LETTER-BOX, Richmond College.]

R. S. T.—Write to Brother Gardner, of the Lime-Kiln Club, for the information you desire.

Anxious Inquirer.—The star you refer to as having recently appeared in the Richmond College firmament just a few degrees below the Professorial galaxy, is not a *fixed* star. It is uncertain, however, just when it will shoot.

1883-'4.—Yes, the college authorities have given us a walk-way from the cottages to the college; but it is the same old slush and mud as in ye olden times. We are hoping for an improvement in this line some of these bright days.

Aristotle.—We can hardly inform you what text-books we are using in the philosophy course. At present, the scheme seems to be a sort of "puss-in-the-corner" game, running from one book to another in our psychological library.

Editor.—Our poet and punster is not back this session. He is missed very much. It is such a relief. If you are

very anxious to have some of his contributions, we will ask him to condescend to write for your columns.

"Giddy Maiden."—Will answer in our next.

"Annie and Mamie."—In answer to yours of the 3d instant we will say that the cause of Mr. C.'s depositing you in the chapel and leaving you so abruptly on that occasion, was the ringing of the dinner-bell. His cheek cannot be surpassed.

Subscriber.—The catalogue is a new feature in the college curriculum. Mr. M. was the first to start it. He was excused from learning all but eight pages.

"General Debility."—Lemon pop has recently been discovered to be an excellent remedy for a sprained ankle. The discoverer will make himself known to any great patent-medicine manufacturer who will apply through the Letter-Box.

"Mozart."—Our warblers have again

appeared. Their music is transcendently delightful, and would suit your company well. It would be a relief to the college for you to take them with you. Please apply through our columns.

“*Constant Reader.*”—No German-speaking element has appeared among the students thus far. We are looking, however, for an outburst of these Socialists. We fear that the daily gathering in the chapel ante-room will produce this pest among us.

“*Jim.*”—After diligent research we confess that there appears no record where a *working* man has been downed; but of course his foot can slip, and even then he'll fall on top—*e. g.*, McCabe's *vs.* Richmond College.

“*Charlotte.*”—The book you refer to, “Housekeeping Made Easy,” is now in process of preparation by our present mess-hall managers. It will contain portraits of the managers and their staff, on the fly-leaf.

“*Progress.*”—A very hard feature has been added to the chemistry course this session. The class meets two afternoons in the week for questioning—those who have to do it think it very hard.

The editor of an illustrated college journal writes us for the photograph of the best looking student at Richmond College. If there is no objection the editor of “Our Letter-Box” will forward his own.

PERSONALS.

Wilburn C. Scott, B. A., 1886-'7, is now at home, at Mansfield, La., waiting anxiously for the *duck* season to arrive. We wish him great success in his favorite pastime.

Chas. D. Roy, B. A., 1886-'7, is now engaged in the study of medicine in Atlanta, Ga.

Chas. F. McMullan, 1886-'7, the renowned fiddler of this institution, is playing his tune this year at the University of Virginia.

S. Lee Kelley, 1886-'7, is now taking a law course at the University of Virginia. Good luck to you, “Pat.”

W. H. Cowell, 1886-'7, has received an appointment to West Point. He is now preparing himself to enter that institution.

T. S. Lawrence, 1886-'7, is taking a business course this year at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Prof. Jesse I. Ayres, formerly of this institution, is now undergoing theological training at Rochester (N. Y.) Seminary.

W. S. Catlett, 1886-'7, is now attending Crosier Theological Seminary, Pa.

Chas. T. Kirtner, 1884-'5, the boy-evangelist of Southwest Virginia, is now attending Crosier Seminary.

EXCHANGES.

The October number of *New Haven Critic* seems to be quite deficient in its Local column. The difficulty is not in quantity but in the quality of the matter. We find in this department such expressions as these: "Schooner," "kiss papa," "what colors?" The local editor of *Critic* may understand and appreciate this style of Anglo-Saxon, but we think the majority of readers would be as much edified by reading a chapter in the Sanskrit bible.

We gladly welcome to our table the October number of the *Transcript*, and were eagerly devouring the contents of an article entitled "Our Nation's Peril," when to our disappointment the article drew to a close in an unfinished sentence. Upon examination we found pages 28-33 missing. We wish very much that we could have finished an article which so forcibly impressed itself upon us as containing an analysis of that great political evil—unlimited emigration.

The *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* contains an article of much merit, on the subject of "Restricted Suffrage." The subject matter is logically arranged, and its argument is presented in a plain, thorough quite forcible style. We thoroughly endorse the argument presented, and trust it may soon find place in the legislative statutes of the South.

We greet cheerfully and joyfully the *Hamilton College Magazine* as it makes its monthly visits to our table. The October issue was quite spicy and interesting. We cordially congratulate the five

fair editors of our *sister* monthly upon the quantity of literary matter which finds place in its columns and its excellent quality. An article entitled "Heroes and Heroism" was indited with much skill, and contained many things worthy of notice. The article closes with this paragraph:

"The hero is no longer a mere child of the battle-field, more glorious where physical dangers crowd thickest, but he is the pale, calm man of thought, the philanthropist, the political reformer, the disciple of the cross, laboring in heathen lands. Heroism in the nineteenth century has assumed the type of things more grand and beautiful to come."

The *Wilmington (O) Collegian*, a neat sheet, always finds a happy welcome on our table. But we would suggest as an improvement an Exchange column.

We fully endorse what the *Yankton Student* says in his article entitled "Abraham Lincoln" if the writer had been sufficiently wise to omit that dastardly clause which insinuates upon the good faith of a large portion of the people of this broad Union. He says, in speaking of the war: "By it he (Lincoln) demonstrated that this great Union, sealed with the blood of Revolutionary heroes, could not be broken by the capricious desires of traitors." At this late day, when twenty-two years have have added peace and fraternity to a united and devoted people, it ill becomes one who respects his country and his country's good to hurl such diabolical insinuations against the Southern section of the nation. He should remember the South as well as the North was con-

scientious in the principles for which she fought, and regarded her cause as holy. Though she lost, yet no section of the country is more thoroughly devoted to the Union; no section which guards with such integrity the honor of the nation than the South, which the rash youth of Dakota unwisely stigmatizes with that horrid word "treason." We had vainly hoped that the mantle of time had oblit-

erated partisan resentment, and that the bones of our fathers should rest in peace; but we were sadly disappointed.

We gladly welcome to our Exchange list for October, Trinity Archive, North Carolina; Hampden-Sidney Magazine, Virginia; and the Educational Echo, Dakota, and trust that our communion together may be pleasant and profitable.

COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

The English and American schools of archæology at Athens, stand side by side and are inclosed by the same wall.

Professor: "What is the relation of geology to the health?" Student (who has been out late the night before): "It is extremely injurious."

One-third of the young ladies in Protestant schools are in Baptist institutions.

Class in Geology: Professor—"What happens when you dam up a stream?" Senior—"Why, usually the water stops."

The Persian language is taught at Cornell University.

Sunday-school Teacher (after reading the parable of the loaves and fishes): "Do you know, Robert, who wrote that story?" Robert (grinning): "No; but it sounds a good deal like my dad!"

Virgil's tomb is just above the grotto of Pasilippo at Naples.

Professor (looking at his watch): "As we have a few minutes I shall be pleased to answer any question any one may wish to ask." Student: "What time is it, please?"

Mathematicians estimate that the population of London in the year 1900 will reach 7,000,000.

Professor (experimenting in electricity): "Mr. H., will you hold the end of this chain?" (H. takes chain.) "Ah, yes, this works better now on account of the good *earth connection*."

President Adams, of Cornell University, says that Henry George got his land theory from the Gracchi.

Professor (to class): "There are two kinds of absentmindedness. An absentminded man has been said to be either a genius or a fool. I mention this that you may not think yourselves geniuses."

It costs the Government \$10,000 a year to furnish the students at West Point with music.

Professor H. (to Junior in English division): "Mr. O., will you explain to the class the meaning of the word 'centenarian'?" Mr. O. (who never saw the word before): "It is a bug with a hundred legs that inhabits tropical countries." Professor expires and is interred with customary honors.

Of the 2,000 graduates of Williams College ex-President Mark Hopkins has taught all save about forty.

The library of Oxford University is said to contain 375,000 volumes.

What is advice? A superfluous article which everybody is eager to give, but no one cares to receive.

Of the 500 universities and colleges in this country, only nine can boast of a pre-revolutionary existence.

"I would rather be right than President."—*Clay*. (He got his preference.)

Prof. Proctor asserts that 10,000,000 people lived and died in America before its discovery by Columbus.

Professor: "Mr. C, what animal shows the greatest attachment to man?" Mr. C. thinks a moment and then replies, "The leech, sir."

Professor Palmer, of Harvard, holds this principle: "I am not here to teach young men what to think, but how to think."

A sophomore being asked to define faith replied: "That's a senior's mistake, for it's the substance of things not seen."

Rutgers College offers two prizes of \$400 and \$350 for best entrance examination.

A nobleman in society: "If I had a stupid son, I would educate him for the church." One of the guests: "Your honorable father did not think so."

Henry Ward Beecher's average grade at Amherst was but 57 on a scale of 100. "Lives of great men all remind us."

"My son, said a tutor of doubtful morality but severe aspect, putting his hand on the boy's shoulder, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe he has too," replied the boy.

The College of Mexico, the oldest in America, was founded fifty years before Harvard, and the University of Paris, the oldest university in the world, was

founded in 1200, six years earlier than Oxford.

Professor (to promising pupil): "What is bigamy?" Promising pupil: "Having two wives at the same time." Professor: "Correct. Now, what is the name of the crime when a man has three wives?" Promising pupil: "Trigonometry."

It is said that the scientific building now in the course of erection at the University of Wisconsin, will surpass any college building of the kind in the United States.

Student (who has not shaved for a week) to Professor in English: "I hope you will excuse my personal appearance, Professor; I have spent so much time upon this essay that I have been unable to get a shave."

W. H. Vanderbilt gave \$500,000 towards the building of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, just opened in New York city.

A naval cadet at Annapolis was expelled for hazing. He tried to compel another cadet to eat soap while they were on a practice cruise.

The president of Harvard College gets \$4,000 per annum. So does the head cook at the Parker House, Boston.

Class in Latin: "*Ubi fessum aetate parentem linqueris Anchisen.*" Student renders: "When you used to wash your old ancestor Anchises."

There is a movement on foot to found a State University for colored people at Montgomery, Alabama. \$5,000 and three acres of land have already been donated by the citizens.

"It was pitched without," said a clergyman, having Noah's ark for his theme, and an old base-ball player, who had

been calmly slumbering, awoke with a start and yelled, "Foul!" The first bass came down from the choir and put him out.

The Greek Government has presented the American School of Classical Studies with a beautiful site for a building at Athens, and a \$20,000 edifice will now be erected.

A member of the faculty of a Spanish college was tarred and feathered recently.

Cornell has a capital of \$6,000,000, and it is expected that this will soon increase to \$10,000,000.

Twenty scholarships are annually given by Johns Hopkins University to the graduates of that and other colleges who intend to devote their lives to special branches of learning. The holder is

exempt from tuition and receives \$500 per annum.

A new university is to be established at Wichita, Kan., to be known as Garfield University, and to have a capital of \$2,000,000.

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

A college for women, modelled after Wellesley and Vassar, is to be established at Denver, Col., soon.

A bald-headed man who has heard that that the hairs in his head are numbered, wants to know if there is no place where he can obtain the back numbers.

Leyden University, Holland, is the richest in the world. Its real estate is said to be worth \$4,000,000.



—THE—

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