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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XIII.

APRIL, 1888.

NO. 6.

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Philologist. { W. C. JAMES,
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To pass—or not to pass—that is the question ;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and taunts of outrageous examinations ;
Or to take flight from such a sea of troubles,
And, by a cut, escape them? To flee, to skip ;
No more, and by a skip, to say we end
The many heartaches and the thousand natural
shocks,
That students are heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To pass,—to stick ;—
To stick ! perchance to swamp !—ay, there's the rub ;
For, in exams to think what yet may come,
When we have shuffled off uncertain text-books,
Must give us pain. There's the respect
That makes the monkey paper a necessity ;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of Fate,
Good students' jeers, professors' contumely,
The thoughts of hated tasks, the shortened grades,
The insolence of seniors, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself far better grades might make
By simply knowing? Who would this labor bear
To grunt and sweat in a weary examination,
But that the dread of something after this term
Puzzles the will, and makes us rather stand
Those examinations that we have, than wait for
others that we know not of.
Thus ignorance doth make cowards of us all.

[*University Echo.*]

Articles of Confederation and the Federal Constitution.

At Philadelphia, in the "State House,"

There, "All solemn inside,
Sat the 'Continental Congress,'

Truth and reason for their guide."

In the "Second Continental Congress" of 1776, two committees were appointed to consider questions which bore an importance seldom connected with any topic. The objects of these committees were, the one, to draft a declaration of independence; the other, to prepare a "plan of confederation" to be submitted "to the respective colonies for their consideration and approbation."

Eight days after the announcement of the Declaration of Independence, the committee on confederation reported "Articles of Union" which were now of primary importance to that country which the Declaration of Independence declared to be free and independent; for any government without some means of union will be short lived and the place that knew it once will soon know it no more.

These "Articles of Confederation," while they granted to Congress some little authority, retained the chief power for the individual States, allowing them the privilege to accept or refuse the actions or suggestions of Congress.

When the entire population were engaged in a terrible struggle for their very existence, the slightest ties could bind them close together. As they had in view but one aim, one endeavor, and from millions of souls ascended the one prayer for deliverance from bondage, they naturally clung together, and with the throb of one heart was the simultaneous beat of the hearts of the entire people. Homes and lives were at stake, and lack of money

or comfort wielded no influence toward the separation of this struggling mass of humanity.

So the Articles of Confederation, weak as they were, were sufficient for the emergency, and not until liberty was gained and the English scabbard sheathed its mighty sword, leaving America's well nigh exhausted army to engage in the pursuits of peace, did the weakness of this union appear. Now, though weak indeed was the Union, it had a burden under which the strongest would have reeled and shaken as a reed swayed by the wind. The financial resources had been exhausted, millions had been borrowed from other nations; still the troops were unpaid and ill-fitted to return to the ordinary avocations of life; and some, who made gain and renown instead of patriotism their chief end, endeavored and partially succeeded in inducing Washington's noble army to turn its strength against its own government and demand redress for grievances which reason should have taught to be unavoidable.

Then did the "Father of his Country," in the magnanimity of his great soul, "speak forth the words of truth and soberness," and teach his men that a nation is its citizens, and that true loyalty "never faileth," though subjected to the severest test.

When the ambitious States began to condemn the government, to refuse to act in accordance with its suggestions and each to raise its own cry of sovereignty, when total separation was threatened, then the noble leader of the Continental army was made to exclaim, "We are

one nation to-day and thirteen to-morrow."

Calamities increased and evidences of weakness of government became more manifest. As before stated, Congress was powerless to enforce its own requisitions. There was no money in the treasury, no credit abroad; there were millions of dollars of paper representation which had almost ceased to have even a *nominal* value; the States refused to furnish the money asked by Congress to meet the immediate demands, and should another war arise the States might, with *legal* right, decline to furnish troops.

Decisions of Congress were of no avail when the State stiffened its neck in opposition, and when even its own *members* could refuse attendance with impunity.

Existing treaties could not be enforced, nor could profitable treaties be made. When the treaty closing the Revolution was agreed upon, it was not until six months had been consumed in transmitting it from State to State for ratification, that the people could with joyful hearts exclaim, what Lord North had uttered in despair, "O God! it is all over." Foreign trade could not be regulated and even the interest on foreign debts could not be met. The National Government was viewed by many of the citizens as if it were a foreign institution. Domestic trade had been ruined by unequal imposts on foreign goods and articles transported from State to State, inter-State navigation laws, unlimited issue of paper money, and transmission of all coin from the country. Foreign trade had been destroyed by the States underbidding one another and imposing different duties on the same imports and the unwillingness as well as the inability of the States to

abide by the conditions of their pledges. Manufactories had been ruined by importation of goods at cutting rates, a consequence of not vesting in the central government authority to improve and equalize duties. Debtors were numerous and courts powerless to enforce the claims of creditors. There was no demand for either labor or produce, and as a climax of this "social anarchy," the people entertained unreasonable ideas of liberty, considering it a license for each man to be a law unto himself.

This was indeed a dark night in our country's history; all light was obscured by the lowering clouds of selfishness, ignorance of right and desire of the States for individual pre-eminence. But as "it is ever darkest before the dawning," a better day and more-to-be-desired state of things was close at hand.

Merchants of Virginia, realizing the deplorable condition of trade, called a convention, which met at Annapolis, Md., September 14th, 1786, for the purpose of examining the relative situation of trade of the United States, deciding upon a system of commercial regulations, and reporting to the States an act which, ratified by them, would enable the United States in Congress to provide for such regulations.

This convention, composed of commissioners from New York, Delaware, Virginia, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, recommended to the States the appointment of commissioners to meet in Philadelphia the next year to consider the situation of the United States.

This recommendation received the sanction of Congress, and the convention met, May 25th, 1787. This body, says Alexander H. Stevens, "was unques-

tionably the ablest body of jurists, legislators and statesmen that had ever assembled on the continent of America." Among its members were Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Pinckney, and Franklin, whose names will ever adorn the pages of history; while the noble Henry, disapproving the design of the convention, refused to be identified with it.

The instructions to these delegates from their various States were to revise the articles of confederation, all the States being represented except Rhode Island, some of whose leading men sent letters of approval to the convention.

The convention elected Washington president and William Jackson secretary, agreed upon rules of order, quorum, &c., decided that each State should have one vote, and then proceeded upon the prosecution of their work.

In the beginning two plans of government were presented, known as the "Virginia plan," and the "Federal plan;" and on the 30th of May the body went into a committee of the whole for their consideration.

The first of these plans, presented by Edmund Randolph, provided that the Articles of Confederation be revised; that representation in the National Legislature be in proportion to quota of contribution or number of free inhabitants; that the National Legislature consist of two branches; that the members of the first branch be elected by the people for a fixed term, and those of the second by the first branch from nominees of the State Legislature; that the National Executive be chosen by the National Legislature for a fixed term of office; that a National Judiciary of supreme and infe-

rior tribunals be chosen by the National Legislature for life; and that there be a council of revision, composed of the National Executive and members of the National Judiciary, to examine the acts of the National Legislature, with veto power.

The second, presented by Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, was lost, and its exact contents are unknown.

On the 13th of June the committee of the whole reported a "National Plan" compiled from the two plans, with various amendments.

The "New Jersey Plan," a "Federal" or "States Rights" plan, in opposition to the "National Plan," was then presented by Mr. Patterson, and again the assembly went into a committee of the whole for the consideration of *these two plans*.

This latter plan provided that the Articles of Confederation be so revised as to meet all exigencies; that Congress remain in one body, with enlarged powers; that requisitions be made on the three-fifths basis; that a Federal Executive of a certain number of persons be selected by Congress for a term of office; that a Federal Judiciary be appointed by the Executive for life, and that the acts of Congress be supreme law, and be enforced by the Executive by sufficient force called from the confederated States.

While these plans were under consideration, Hamilton reported his plan, which was to vest the supreme legislative power in Assembly and Senate, the Assembly to be elected by the people for three years, and the Senate to be chosen for life by electors; to elect, as Supreme Executive, a governor, to serve during good behavior; to have a Supreme Judiciary of judges to serve for life; and to

have the Governor of each State appointed by the General Government.

All these plans having been considered, the committee of the whole *again reported* a "National Plan," and the convention proceeded to discuss this plan.

It appeared that they could not agree, everything ceased to progress and dissolution was threatened, when Dr. Franklin made a motion for prayers, after which a committee of detail was appointed, which, having considered the proceedings of the convention, presented, July 26th, 1787, a draft of a constitution containing twenty-three articles.

This draft of a constitution having been discussed for one month, a committee of style and revision was appointed, which reported September 12th. And after deciding upon a method of ratification, and having had the constitution engrossed, all the representatives in the convention, except Gerry, of Massachusetts, and Randolph and Mason, of Virginia, agreed to it September 17th, 1787.

The work of the convention was now done, the United States Constitution was now framed, and those noble men, from all the States except Rhode Island, having completed the grandest work of the age, adjourned *sine die*.

No one could claim the honor of presenting the plan upon which our Constitution was founded, for, though some have claimed that one and some that another plan was adopted, we know that all were gleaned, and the best from each taken to constitute the grand whole.

Did this convention revise the Articles of Confederation, or did it frame an entirely new constitution?

By some it is claimed that it only revised the *old*, while others say that it framed a *new* confederation or constitution not even based upon the old.

Mr. Samuel Adams says, "The change consists much less in the addition of new powers to the Union, than in the invigoration of its original powers."

It may be noticed that while this is designed to uphold the idea of revision, the author terms it "a change," and we find that A. H. Stevens, while he stubbornly contends that the constitution is but a revision of the Confederation, practically contradicts himself by referring to it as the "new constitution," in different connections. If it was not a new Constitution, it was a most remarkable revision; a complete change of basis and structure.

The defects and weakness of the Articles of Confederation have already been noticed. None of these disadvantages attended the new Constitution.

Now Congress might speak with full assurance of obedience from the States.

Union was the head, and the States took their appropriate positions in respectful subordination.

The Government said, "Men of the Union, help," and a hearty response came from the very corners of the Republic, and all was peace and happiness.

The government that before was weak and almost unorganized, now boasted of its superior organization under the three general divisions, Legislative, Executive and Judicial. This Constitution, with its fifteen amendments, is of so perfect a character that Lord Brougham in his Political Philosophy, says, in speaking of the Government of the United States, "It is not at all a refinement that a

Federal union should be formed ; this is the natural result of men's joint operations in a very rude state of society. But the regulation of such a union upon pre-established principles, the formation of a system of Government and Legislation in which the different subjects shall be, not individuals, but States ; the application of Legislative principles

to such a body of States, and the devising means for keeping its integrity as a Federacy, while the rights and powers of the individual States are maintained entire, is the very greatest refinement in social policy to which any state of circumstances has ever given rise, or to which any age has ever given birth."

V. RACER.

We Must Fight Our Way Through.

In every part of this great universe of God, so intricate and wonderful in its construction, and so marvelous in the perfect adaptation of its parts, as seen by the keen optical vision of the scientific and spiritually minded man, we find that *work*, which is simply overcoming resistance, is the universal rule. The sun, in his majestic power, and by his chemical action upon the vegetable world, has stored away inexhaustible supplies of potential energy for coming generations. To-day we enjoy the energy of the sun's primeval rays, in the form of heat and light in our homes ; whether it be produced by the combustion of the common fuels, as coal and wood, or from gas or electricity. And not only do we enjoy his light and heat as stored away in the long-ago centuries of the past, and his present vitalizing energies ; but also his propelling power in sending great ships across the bosom of the mighty deep, in propelling the steam engine, with his lungs of fire and muscles of steel, as he draws his long train of cars, with their tons of freight, across the continents, in moving ponderous machinery and in distributing animal and vegetable life upon

the surface of the globe, as well as causing the process of evaporation to go on with uninterrupted constancy, saturating the clouds with moisture, which under suitable conditions falls to the earth again in the form of rain, to refresh the thirsty soil and revive vegetation. There are also ten thousand other forms of his almost unrecognized power displayed around us in the mysterious process of his daily operations.

In this complex system of nature, with its intricate dependencies, that mysterious force known as gravitation, is linking together worlds and systems of worlds as with the bonds of omnipotence, while the moon and other planets are joining in to help the sun in his work of illumination by sending out their floods of reflected light to mingle with the shadows of revolving worlds. Were the planets to move through space, without any resistance, they would do no work, neither do we perform work in the great battle of life unless we overcome resistance. And it seems as though the planet on which we live has been fitted up with the special view of giving man something to do. This is

probably not the best world that could have been made, but it is doubtless the best world that could have been made for *us*. A world full of resistances. Battles to be fought all the way from the cradle to the grave. And one has beautifully and truthfully said, "When the child first makes its advent into this world, the event is signalized by a plaintive wail, because oxygen, the royal king of the material universe, has made an assault upon the muscles, the nerves and the vital tissues of the child. And the child seems to know instinctively that it is now in the hands of an enemy, that will never relax its grasp or intermit its blows until it has brought it to the open door of an eternal future." So we enter into battle as soon as we enter upon life. Life is not a ball-room in which we waltz our way through, but a battle field in which we must fight our way through.

It is a stern and solemn reality, and we must meet it fairly and squarely, and as gladiators upon the arena contend manfully against all enemies that would antagonize our physical, our mental and our spiritual progress. We are not to glide through this world "On flowery beds of ease," but toiling and struggling, fighting and praying, to win our way onward, and upward and heavenward. We may be called to pass through mysterious darkness, sore poverty and bitter opposition. Foes are within and without. These foes must be met and overcome. And it can be done *only* at the expense of personal energy. And furthermore, this conquest is made possible from the fact that our powers of endowment are more than equal to our environments. Every contest that ripens into

victory, distils fresh dews of hope along our future pathway.

Emerson, in his famous essay on Spiritual Laws, struck very near the source of a sublime truth when he declared that "the talent is the call, and that all space is open to the man who under the general incarnation of the soul, will follow the leadings of his own mind and the promptings of his own heart."

This world is a world of decision and battle. There are certain grave and important questions to be decided by every man before entering fully into the sublime realities of life. And the decision of these questions depends somewhat upon the man, his natural endowments, his kindling aspirations, his Providential limitations, &c. But sooner or later he must meet and decide these questions, form his plans, secure his weapons, bend his energies and begin the battle. And if he begins, influenced by right motives, inspired by lofty principles and guided by sanctified reason and judgment, life will begin to organize, its powers to develop, its possibilities to brighten, and every conquered foe will add new strength and courage to his life, enshrine his name upon the brightest pages of the world's history, and will eventually place him under a victor's crown, and link his future existence with immortal glory. The path toward the future is a path through the battle-field. And we must *fight* our way through. It must be one continual struggle, never retreating, but always advancing, until the last attack, with its enemy conquered, brings us to the grave.

No matter what road we take or in what direction we travel, no matter what profession or calling we may choose, no

matter whether they are pleasant or unpleasant, these battles *must* be fought. We see the practical demonstration around us in every-day life. What is that man doing wielding the ax, following the plow, using the spade, driving the nail, swinging the sledge, carrying the bricks, sowing the grain, cultivating the crop and reaping the harvest, but simply driving back hunger and death, which are attempting mighty inroads upon himself and family? What is the raising of cotton, the growing of wool, the knitting and spinning, the weaving and sewing, the erecting of houses, the kindling and feeding of fires, but merely pushing back the chilly breezes of earth, and the icy hand of death from these tense nervous bodies of flesh? Why ring out the hammers in all the shops, why turn all these wheels and buzz all these spindles in our great factories, why this mad whirl of business in every department of enterprise, but the driving back of ten thousand wants, that gnaw with the teeth of death upon the very vitals of our being? Why are medical skill and care exhausted in the discovery and applications of remedies, but to disarm maladies of their deadly power, to tear down the white flag of disease that has been hung out upon the once rosy cheek, and to fortify the earthen mound, behind which disease and death are rapidly approaching, and writing their inevitable decrees upon the face?

Why these modern inventions and improvements, and what explains the almost universal and practical application of electricity, but an increasing sense of the fact that the burdens of life in this busy, bustling age, are becoming too heavy for frail mortality, and must

be shuffled off on the wings of science? Why the rod, constructed on scientific principles, making the lightnings act and react upon itself, as it dashes from the clouds with infuriated leap, except to push back the possibility of its destructive power upon human life and property? What means the wielding of so many pens, the revision of antiquated methods and systems of education, and such faithful and earnest teaching, but the crowding back of ignorance and illiteracy that are trying to sway the sceptre of power over human mind and hold under their dominion, man, who was created in the likeness and image of God?

Why so much lecturing and preaching, but to eliminate the shadows of darkness and doubt and to push back the power of sorrow and sin? And so it is throughout the whole range of human affairs. Well may we join the poet in singing:

"Sure I must fight,
If I would reign."

Every schoolhouse, academy, college, university, seminary or church, is a tree of knowledge to which we must cut our way through the thick, tangled undergrowth of ignorance, of superstition and prejudice, if we would make excursions, with all the great men of earth, into the fields of knowledge. Literature, Art and Science will bow at our feet and acknowledge our sovereignty, only when we have led them as unwilling captives from the field of battle. There is no sphere of life possible to man, where he may move along, in line with the Divine purposes of his being, and be exempt from battle. No matter whether we turn our minds to literature, to painting or

sculpture, to music or oratory, to mathematics or metaphysics, to architecture or agriculture, to geology or astronomy, to anthropology or theology, we must bend every energy of the soul toward the acquisition of that specific branch of art or science. Under the spirit of the times, when the progress and development of the nations are rising upon the friendly wings of science, the increasing demands of the hour upon us, are being greatly intensified by the weight of accumulating responsibilities. Scientific principles are being interwoven into the most common-place affairs of life. Man is binding the warring elements of nature by the chains of human science, and compelling them to walk the earth in peace, and share the burdens of the race.

If we would rise to sublime heights in any sphere of life, it can be accomplished *only* by patient toil and industry. And the amount of knowledge we gain, will be measured by the energy we put forth. There is no action without a reaction. This is true in nature, and in a higher and more solemn sense is it true in the realm of human thought and human action. If we would reach that high mental development that God and our possibilities demand, we must, by taking advantage of the grand facilities now offered us, fight our way back toward that mind whose infinite wisdom devised the work of creation, the scheme of redemption and the operations of Providence. In this mighty battle of life, the millions of earth stand together. And as our very existence and influence are strangely and intricately interwoven

into the fabric of other lives and destinies, so we should, in this earnest battle for truth and the right, let the warm current of tender human sympathy gush from our lives and hearts, that it may touch responsive cords in other lives and flow back in heavenly benedictions to bless and gladden other hearts.

In this grand battle of earth, we must march to the music of the heavenly orchestra, if we would cut our way back to the sunny heights of pristine glory from which we fell, as the shock of sin and death struck the line of Adam's posterity and ran down with electric speed until it had poisoned the very nature of future and unborn generations. We fell out of the "Garden of Eden" into the battle-field of the world. We fell out into a world of darkness and sin. We must fight our way back toward light and holiness.

We have fallen out into a world of ignorance, of sorrow and toil, we must fight our way back toward knowledge, happiness and rest. We have fallen out into a world of disease and death, we must fight our way back toward life and health. If we ever reach positions of honor and distinction, we must fight our way up to them. If we ever come back to the garden of spiritual life, we must fight spiritual battles, and come back by way of the Cross. And then, if we would enter the heavenly Canaan, its everlasting hills set with the gems of God's glory, and flashing with the gleaming light of His presence, we must fight our way from earth to the skies.

"CIVIS."



Portia.

Of Shakspeare's numerous female characters, there is none more worthy of praise and admiration than Portia, appearing as one of the chief characters in the play of the Merchant of Venice. And her character is worthy of being made a study, though simply a picture of Shakspeare's imagination, by all who desire to seek an ideal to follow. She seems to have been Shakspeare's ideal of true womanhood, and consequently is worthy of being taken as a model. Her character partook of the nature of her surroundings. Everything around her was magnificence. All that wealth could furnish and nobility could command surrounded her. Pleasures had ever been hers, care had been kept away, and she had never known want or sadness. Accordingly in all her words and actions there is an elegance and grace, a lofty spirit of refinement, such as is characteristic of one surrounded by splendor.

When the play opens we find her the heiress of an immense fortune. The report of her beauty and wealth had extended over the wide world, and in consequence "the four winds blew in from every coast many suitors, and many Jasons came in quest of her." Was not this enough to turn the head of many a poor girl? To be flattered and sought for by Dukes and Counts and Princes? Her father had provided against this to some extent by not giving her the privilege of choosing, but yet this very condition itself was enough to make her fretful. The fear that the wrong one might choose the right casket and thus obtain her hand, was almost enough to drive her mad. They did indeed make

her little body "awearied of this great world," but the equanimity of her temper was not disturbed. She treated them all politely and dismissed them in the same way. Here some think they see a flaw in her character. She made fun of her beaux behind their backs, they say. We see this in her talk with her maid, Nerissa. She had them all named over to her and every one of the list received a cut from her sharp sarcasm. I don't think we can say this was unwomanly. She had her opinion of each one of them, and, as characteristic of her sex, expressed it. It would, of course, have been disagreeable to them, but they deserved it, and, not in a public way but in private conversation with her maid, she said exactly what she thought. Do not the young ladies of our day act likewise when they hold private chats with each other? It is fortunate for the young men, I suspect, that they do not hear these. Not much farther in the play what is called another fault seems to appear. When the Prince of Morocco came to try his fortune, Portia seems at first to have flattered him, and then when he had chosen the wrong casket and departed, to have called it "a happy riddance." How prone human nature is to flatter, we all know, but we cannot attribute this to Portia. Her words were words of simple truth, not at all sugar-coated. She told this "renowned prince," "yourself then stood as fair as any comer I have looked on yet for my affection." No one yet had stood at all fair for her affection, and therefore there is no flattery in these words. If all the women in this world,

who are as fair as Portia, were only as free from this fault, it would be fortunate.

But let us pass on a little farther. Morocco had failed and left, Arrogan had come and gone, and now Bassanio comes to try his fortune. He had seen her before, and it seems to have been a case of *love at first sight*. Ever since that eventful moment he had been wishing for means to come as a suitor, and at last having obtained them through the kindness of Antonio, he had come to try his fortune on the three caskets, the doom of many a lover. Portia, too, remembered him with those feelings which one in similar circumstances alone can describe. Bassanio seems to have declared his love on his arrival, and found that, as far as she was concerned, he had not come in vain.

How beautifully she shows her love for him in praying him to pause before he hazards. Her womanly nature now has the supremacy. She cared not to conceal her love though she might lose its object. With what tender words does she beg him to delay, but he is on the rack for fear of losing her and will not. At last she consents and he goes to the caskets to make his choice. What feelings must have been hers while he was hesitating! Her heart must have almost stopped beating, suspense and anxiety must have been felt in every nerve, and hope her only preserver. At last he chooses the right one. She best describes her emotions at this:

"How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash, embraced
despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed
jealousy.
O, love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess,
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit."

The two lovers have now nothing to separate them. Bassanio has become her lord. How gracefully she yields up all her possessions, and wishes for him she were "a thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich!" How womanly she is in all her words! No pride, no arrogance, show themselves, but in a womanly manner she turns over all she has into his hands. What a true devotion was hers! She saw every charm in Bassanio, no fault, regarding him as every true woman ought to regard her husband. Their moments of happiness, however, were short, for soon a messenger arrives announcing Antonio's misfortunes. Her sympathizing nature overcomes all selfishness and she urges her husband to leave her at once and go to Antonio's assistance. He is a true friend of her husband and, therefore, is as near and dear to her as if he were a kinsman. She bids him "dispatch all business and begone," after a honeymoon of only a few moments. She told him at his departure that she and her maid would live "as maids and widows;" but this is not her purpose. Her anxiety is for her husband's friend, and she sets her wits to work for a plan to save him. She retires, attended by her maid, to a monastery not far off, there to perfect her plans. She is often blamed for having deceived Lorenzo in the way she did, but she is excusable for the little stories she told him. She had a plan in her head for the good of a fellow being, and it was best for Lorenzo not to know it yet. Hence she told him what she did and should not be blamed for it. He would have perhaps prevented her daring project, or at least hindered her, and, therefore, she had the right to conceal it from him. The

success of her benevolent plan depended on secrecy. With all her energy and wisdom she prepares to perfect her plan and appears in Venice in good time as Doctor Balthasar. Before, her womanly nature has been showing itself, her heart's good qualities have been appearing, but now we find her in her intellectual nature, manifesting wisdom and learning, and proving herself to be equal to any in mental powers. The trial scene is of intense interest. The part that Portia played would in any other woman have seem forced and unnatural, but in her was the simple result of her character. It required such quickness of thought as she possessed to conceive the sudden plan, such sagacity and decision of purpose to carry it out, and such penetration to bring it to its happy termination. With perfect self-possession she conducts her case, watching patiently every point. She first appeals to Shylock's mercy in that beautiful piece of eloquence, beginning, "the quality of mercy is not strained."

But there is no mercy in Shylock. He craves the law and will take nothing less than "the penalty and forfeit of his bond." Seeing this has no effect upon him she next attacks his avarice. "Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee." But even this, generally considered his greatest passion, was not equal to his desire for revenge, so he would take no amount. Next she appeals to his mercy and gets Antonio to speak for himself. Even this touching appeal could not move the stony heart of the Jew. "We trifle time, I pray thee pursue sentence," were his words to all this. She had failed again in her persuasions. It is a thrilling, an awful moment. The life of Antonio seems to

have been lost. She had to grant the justice of Shylock's claim, and he was ready with his knife keenly whetted to execute the sentence. "Come, prepare!" are his words to Antonio. What? Is all lost? Must this noble man be sacrificed to the malignant hatred of a Jew?

"Tarry a little," are the words which checks his desirous hand, and she tells him he cannot have one drop of blood, but *only* a pound of flesh. The Jew now slinks back like a cur and Antonio's life is saved. This legal quibble has turned the tide of affairs in his favor. How grandly Portia appears throughout it all! What coolness and nerve she possesses. She shows now her intellectual nature, her perfect command over self, and quickness of insight. It had been a trying moment for her, but she had overcome and succeeded in her purpose. The sad scene has been turned into a happy one by the keenness and sagacity of one woman.

But now we come to a far pleasanter event. What has almost been a tragedy is followed by a comedy. Portia, who, a few moments ago, was the stern doctor of laws meting out justice with all solemnity and dignity, is now ready to play a joke on her husband to test his fidelity to her. At their betrothal she had given him a ring which he had promised never to part with while life continued. This was the only fee which she, as a lawyer, would take for her services. He at last reluctantly gave it to her. Just see the stern lawyer now turned into the loving wife, seeking to find out the devotion of her husband. Many have condemned her for this, considering it too serious a matter. But when we think what a pleasant aspect it threw over the preceding sad

scene, and how joyfully it causes the play to close, we cannot blame this affectionate wife for her love of fun. It turned out all right, the joke was at length explained and the play closes with all happy and joyful, having forgotten the sad fate which would have been Antonio's had it not been for Portia. It caused Bassanio many pangs, but the result only made him love his wife more ardently, if that were possible.

We have thus briefly sketched the most important features, exhibiting the character of Portia. What do we see? We see a woman in the truest sense of the word. There is nothing whatever in the play exhibiting her as bold and manly. Shakspeare seems to have pictured his ideal woman in her. Reverence, modesty, and sympathy, three fundamental virtues, are made manifest, with all the dependent virtues which they carry with them. She is lively, fascinating, and attractive. She has all those womanly traits and that fineness of nature which elevates and refines the stronger nature of man, on whom woman leans for support. Notice what a man she

made of Bassanio. Before his marriage he was a wild, reckless youth; but under her benign influence he seems to have become a noble man.

Portia was intellectual. She had a smattering of an education only, such as many of our society belles of the nineteenth century have, but her education was well rounded and natural. In all her conversation it shows its effects. She was brilliant, as well as beautiful. What more could one desire than to see a woman beautiful, intellectual, and of a sweet disposition all in one? Portia thus seems to have been a model woman. And what nobler character of fiction could any one desire to follow!

In conclusion, it might be asked, "Do we see many Portias in our time?" There are some, it cannot be doubted; but it is a pity they are so rare. Every one can recall a few here and there, who come up to this ideal, and if she were only taken as a model by more, there would be many a Bassanio changed from a wild, profligate youth into a strong and noble man.

TAR HEEL.

Evolution in the Ideal of Life.

The primitive man possessed a very different notion of the object of life from that of a man of the nineteenth century. In ancient times the object of a nation or government was not so much to better the condition of the people as to make conquests. Men lived to be warriors. Education, agriculture and even religion were all used as means for making soldiers. He who had never lowered

his arm in public fight or private brawl, had reached the highest ideal of life.

The literature contained this ideal. Homer's beautiful song is burdened with deeds of battle. Virgil begins his immortal poem by telling of "arms and a man." Indeed almost every ancient poet took a warrior for his hero. Ancient history dwells but little on the arts, agriculture, forms of government and

modes of living. Instead, it pictures bloody fields of battle and paints brave generals in the likeness of gods. Alcibiades and Themistocles were far greater men than those who built the Parthenon, or those who carved the statues that are objects of the world's admiration.

The weight of human greatness lay in successful generalship. To work was dishonorable. Slaves did the toiling while their masters did the fighting. This was the ideal for many centuries.

But after awhile it became necessary to till the soil and develop material resources more largely; then the ideal of life began to change. Wars became less numerous and the industrial arts began to grow. It was then that thoughts of something better than continual strife and bloodshed began to occupy the minds of men; 'twas then that the principal of *work* began, which soon put in motion the wheels of civilization, and as they advanced, while with every revolution increased momentum was given, the insatiable thirst for war vanished as the darkness was dispelled. In our country, even more than in England, the gospel of labor has been preached and practiced. The Puritans who came here, found a vast country. A conquest was to be made—a conquest of labor. Civilization was to be attained by work. Labor was to be their only watchword.

It seems reasonable that as we come near attaining the highest wishes of our forefathers, that as we approximate the highest civilization ever known, our energies should slacken; but they increase. The more we do, the greater our power, the more we want to do. So Spencer says, we have "converted a means of life

into an end." Though pleasure is the distant aim, work is the real and immediate ideal. We live in order to learn and study, when we ought to learn and study to live.

Labor, our poet's greatest theme, buoys us onward to greater exertions. Also our prose literature embraces this ideal. Carlyle's rugged utterances came thundering across the ocean terrifying us to fiercer efforts. That pleases because it touches the ideal of the people. Once the orator reached his sublimest heights and caused the heroic blood to stir by telling of victorious war, or eulogizing the fallen brave; now the orator grows eloquent and merits our highest praise when he dwells on the virtue of immense toil, and from the pulpit also, we hear the gospel cry of labor. It is even inculcated into our very being that the purest pleasure of life is in work. And thus with many the immediate *aim* of life is work.

Steam and electricity have gotten not only into our factories and trains, but into the muscles and brain of our people. Everybody is rushing on after money or honor. The principle seems to be that the one that goes the fastest gets the most. To stop is to be left, and to be left is the saddest calamity. Hence more than fifty millions of people are rushing through life and trying to rush the world about them; trying to rush the wheels of complicated machinery faster than steam can turn them; trying to rush the seasons and make the earth bear before its time; trying to make a reputation in a day; trying to learn all about science during one collegiate year; trying to fill the world with books; in short, trying to do everything in one

short life. Truly, our ideal of life is continuous labor.

Now, what are the results of this never ceasing labor? It has built unnumbered factories; robbed the earth of its valuable deposits; built great cities; erected magnificent colleges and churches; cast a net of railroads over the face of this great continent; scattered the elements of truth and knowledge over the world; in fact, it has developed the highest civilization the world has ever known. But these immense benefits are not unattended with some serious evils.

First, this tendency of continuous rush is to sever the social relations which our Creator intended should exist. Society is merely a name. The man of to-day finds not time to engage in easy conversation with his fellow. There is no time to linger leisurely around the festal board and have

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

The student must be at his books, the farmer at his plow, the merchant at his counter, the blacksmith at his anvil, and notwithstanding our boasted talk of sympathy and humanity, men are becoming individualized *egoists*.

A second deplorable tendency of this continuous toil is to destroy physical manhood. The excessive over-work and constant strain on the nervous system is telling on our people. On account of it, disease is creeping into the system of vigorous manhood, and soon life is robbed of all of its joys. Nothing can be sadder than a nation of dwarfs, a people of aches and pains cursing posterity with their maladies.

A third unhappy tendency of our busy working is to lead us to live too much in the future.

We work to-day that we may have pleasure after awhile, but that time perhaps will never come, and so we are robbed of the pleasure which might be enjoyed at present. Pope has said, and truly too, "Man never is, but always to be blest." The time is coming when he can be happy, but that time never comes that he can retire and enjoy the sweets of life.

That time, like the stream, is always coming, but never comes. We go on this way looking for a shadowy good in a distant future, like the withering flower in the field looking to the time of the refreshing dew, until we are suddenly turned by the Great Ploughshare under the sod.

Labor is not to be despised. It is the means by which we attain all of our greatness. It pushes men over Alpine difficulties to Italian flower lands. It enables a man of lowly heritage to break through the environments that are about him, and prove himself a hero in the strife. It lifts nations and people to the highest plane of civilization, cultivation and renown. But it is only a *means* in life, not an end. It may be the object of the brute's life to work, but man has a higher, a nobler object in living. He who has seen nothing more sublime in life than to perform the greatest deeds, has yet to understand what life means. Our experience of it tells us that there is more in it than a simple, changeless state of being to be spent in never ceasing toil. The joys that thrill our hearts, the sorrows that unnerve us, the hopes that brighten the hours of gloom that fling dark shadows across our pathway, all tell us that we must look for something more than mere existence, more

than heroic deeds, more than human approval.

But this ever busy world is rushing on, and instead of developing the grand and noble idea of Longfellow, "Life is real, life is earnest, and the grave is not its goal," it is evolving into *complete enjoyment* at any risk. Truly, life ought to be enjoyed, but not to such an extent that pleasure is the sole aim, while the struggle for such attainment never ends until the high ideal which was intended by its Creator has faded into eternity.

Yet we rejoice that those who stop in the busy scenes of life long enough to think, have a truer and more exalted conception of human existence. That they are beginning to see that man was not placed in this great parlor of God, with its starry ceiling of blue in which hangs the great chandelier, with its floor

carpeted with green, boquetted with flowers of countless hue; with its furniture more gaudy and beautiful than art has ever known; with its multitude of songsters joining continually in notes of praise; with its million mirrors ever reflecting the beauty of the scenery within; that man was not placed here simply for drudgery or for pleasure, that his highest ideal ought neither to be centered in military skill, nor in the accomplishment of mighty deeds or Herculean tasks, nor in the attainment of the sweetest pleasure, but in the sublime and ennobling thought that life rightly spent will not be wanting in real pleasure, and that this life is a great school, intended to educate us for the inconceivable joy that awaits us in the Great City of which "the stars are but the suburban light."

ORLINDO.

Oliver Cromwell.

Oliver Cromwell, one of the most illustrious captains on the field and legislators in the cabinet of any age, was born at Huntingdon, April 25th, 1599. Born, as he was, during the latter years of Elizabeth's reign, he first studied at a grammar school, then entered Sidney Sussex College on the day of Shakespeare's death, April 23d, 1616. After his studies here, he entered Cambridge, but was recalled by his father's death to the old family estate.

Oliver's father, whose name was Robert, was a brewer, and for a while a justice of the peace for Huntingdon. He also sat, with three of his brothers, in the later Parliaments of Elizabeth. His

mother, Elizabeth Steward, was of Celtic, and his father of Welsh stock. His ancestry is a very curious one, more like the Tudors than that of any other royal house. He personally resembled the Tudors and was a ninth cousin of Charles I. Cromwell's great friend was his cousin, John Hampden; they were associated not only in boyhood but also in all their after life. Cromwell's uncle, Sir Oliver Cromwell, was a very rich and loyal subject of James I., and cared little for his young namesake. It is related how Charles I., when a boy, came with his father on a visit to the home of Cromwell's uncle, and that during a quarrel the future King and future Pro-

lector came to blows. And, as a presage of their after conflict, Cromwell struck the Prince so hard that the royal blood flowed from his nose. On August 22d, 1621, Cromwell was married to Elizabeth Boucher, a beautiful daughter of a wealthy Essex knight.

Cromwell was returned to the Parliament of 1628, and the town of Cambridge sent him (as their representative) to the Short and the Long Parliaments. Sir Philip Warwick thus gives us a glimpse of Cromwell as he appeared in the Long Parliament. "I came into the House one morning, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor. His linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat band. His stature was of a good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, and his eloquence full of fervor."

Cromwell had sought for fighting men among the "godly" farmers of England, and the work of his famous "Ironclades" demonstrated the wisdom of his choice. He gathered dissenters of every sect into his "New Model." And, though the problem was a new and difficult one, he brought to bear upon it his practical mind and his stern religious enthusiasm, and the problem was solved.

At Marston Moor, July 2d, 1644, he utterly defeated the King. The year before this battle, John Hampden died. He was a member of Parliament before

Cromwell. On the following year (1645), at the battle of Naseby, the war was practically ended. Cromwell and the brave men, who "trusted in God and kept their powder dry," now made overtures to the King, but they could not agree, on account of the falseness of Charles. In these attempts at reconciliation, Cromwell stood almost alone.

Of those who tried the King for "tyranny and murder," and signed the death-warrant, was Cromwell. After the King's execution the real power was in the army, and the head of the army was Cromwell; without him the Commonwealth would not have stood a day. Still even Cromwell's stern abilities were taxed to the utmost to meet the needs of the hour. He had to deal with religious sects, composed inevitably of some fanatics; and also with political parties, all of whom he *could not please*. There was also constant danger of a reaction. It takes a *man* to bring order out of such confusion, and Cromwell was *the man*. By his thorough common sense the political face of England was changed.

As soon as Cromwell could quell a rebellion in Ireland, he was called to Scotland, where he defeated the Pretender at Worcester. The Scotts had just been routed the year before at Dunbar.

Cromwell now summoned a Parliament commonly called Barebone's Parliament. A council presented a constitution called the "Instrument of Government." Cromwell was now Lord Protector, and took upon himself the redress of grievances. Like Washington, the crown was offered to him, but he refused it. There is a difference of opinion among historians as to whether

he refused for honorable motives. He had many enemies, and some say he was afraid to accept the crown; but he was practically a King, if not one in name.

Commerce and trade increased and the country was prospering and improving. How different from the preceding reign! "The King," said Cromwell, "is a man of great parts and great understanding, but so great a dissembler and so false a man that he is not to be trusted." Never had the fame of an English ruler been wider spread. "The hour is come," cried Cromwell, "for the Parliament to save the kingdom and to govern alone."

Cromwell saw that Death was approaching, and he had long been weary of his task. "God knows," he once said in Parliament, "I would have been glad to have lived under my woodside and to have kept a flock of sheep, rather than to have undertaken this government." Early in August (1658) his sickness grew more serious. A terrific storm on the first day of September, which tore up trees and unroofed houses, was a fitting prelude to the departure of so great a man. He died on the third of September, 1658, the anniversary of the battles of Dunbar and Worcester.

"JACKSON."

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The new corps of editors will depart from the usual custom of writing a salutatory for the first number edited by us.

Almost the same ideas in *almost* the same language are ALMOST invariably expressed, and we are disposed to think that our readers are so sufficiently acquainted with these ideas, and their expression as not to care to have us repeat them. Our apology for not writing something new in this line is Quintil-
 lion's reason for warning against the use of new words. "If the new * is well received, small is the glory; if rejected, it raises laughter."

If, however, anything new that would be appropriate for us to say occurs to any of you, please imagine that we have said it, and congratulate us for the brilliancy of the idea. And it may, possibly, be that some of you may not find out at all that the "editorial staff" has been revised. Should such be the case,

and should you be desirous of knowing the fact, you can get the desired information from our Local Editor. For however reluctant our former editors may have been to retire, or expire, if you please, it is nevertheless a fact that we are not the same men who were the power behind the *last* number of our paper.

We think the addition of English History to the English course of our college is a step in the right direction.

A complete understanding of the English language cannot be secured without a knowledge of the history of the language. A knowledge of the history of the *language* cannot be mastered without a knowledge of the history of the *people* who have spoken the language. There are, in the history of the English nation, many political circumstances that have wrought great changes upon the lan-

guage; and these changes can be understood only when the political history and its relation to such changes are understood.

The idea that a man knows history before coming to college is, in a majority of cases, incorrect. And while it is true that a man may *read* history away from college, it is also true that most people will not then read it with the same clearness and accuracy that they will if they study it at college. A man might read philosophy at home; he might study grammar, literature, etc., in his library; and all these things ought to occupy a part of every student's time, whether at or away from college. But as in philosophy and literature there are certain underlying principles that must be mastered in order to a thorough understanding of these subjects, so in history there are certain philosophical and analytic principles that are necessary to the proper study of this subject. There is no better place to get these principles than in the classroom.

Then, aside from the interest and advantages of history in general, we have a peculiar interest in English and American history that makes it the more important that we study it thoroughly.

"The world's history is a divine poem of which the history of every nation is a canto and every man a word."

If we can learn only one canto, let it be our own, and let it be *thoroughly* learned.

The former editors have all the session had occasion to complain that it is exceedingly difficult to get a sufficient number of contributions for our paper.

"These things ought not so to be."

Here we, as students, have an excellent opportunity for the cultivation of that art which should be desired by all—*good writing*.

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel, Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

It is, to be sure, important that we have knowledge—all the knowledge we can get, if at the same time we get wisdom. But of what value will knowledge be to us unless we have power to impart instruction to others? It is indeed a selfish sort of satisfaction that that man must feel who enjoys his knowledge "all to himself."

And how can we better acquire ease and readiness of speech and of instruction than by writing? Speaking is good, very good, and should be practiced; but there is a part of education that can be gotten only from practice in composition. A good speaker benefits his own generation; a good writer, his own and *succeeding* generations. To find a man who is willing to write, and does write, for publication in secular newspapers, is an easy matter. In fact, some are beginning to complain that too many write for such publication. But to find a man whose thought, style, and expression are both entertaining and instructive, is quite another thing. The plea that anybody can write for a paper is no excuse for our not cultivating a taste and a proficiency in composition.

Let us, by thought and *practice*, make ourselves such composers as will not be classed with those that write merely to have their names in papers and to have others know that they have written. Let us go up higher, and we shall find that there is ample "room at the top" and a ready demand for the product of our tal-

ent in markets whose exchange is distinction and honor. If we know anything of worth, it is a duty to mankind that we tell it. "Knowledge is common property," and we have no right (if such a thing is possible) to lock it up in our minds and keep it from the world.

Begin now to compose, even if you have to write something not the most entertaining, and when you do have something entertaining and instructive you will be able to present it in a *style* that will not detract from its worth.

An erroneous idea often met with is that good writers are "born, not made." This may be true of poets, but of prose writers it is not. "Practice makes perfect," and by application we may become skilled in almost any art. Take an interest in your work, and you can excel. Put your heart into this work, for "the heart giveth grace to every art." Says Pope—

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.

Doubtless many of our readers will be surprised when they get this No. of the *Messenger*. Instead of the rough, blustery March, with its howling winds, the calm, mild April, with its gentle "breezes," pregnant with the fragrance of the out-bursting foliage.

But we hope this will be a pleasant disappointment; for, as for our part, we are not very partial to March, anyhow. And, acting upon the principle, "do unto others as you would have them do unto you," it is but just to suppose that our predecessors are not unlike us in *this* respect. Also by applying another criterion, judging them by their "fruits," we are confirmed in our opinion.

Our *ex* corps of editors, by some means or other, have been belated in the preparation of the March No. For this and other reasons we have thought it best to exercise a little mathematical genius and transpose the unknown quantity (Mar.) to the other side and bring over July in its stead. We have omitted the March No., but will publish one for July, which we hope will more than compensate for the omission. While we do not believe that this will materially affect the *Messenger*, yet we ought to note some of the difficulties and dangers attending such negligence, in order that we may profit thereby.

1. Although our literary department, for the most part, is filled with solid matter, hence as good at one time as another, still there are some things that get out of season, things that our readers want to get "fresh."

2. It might make the impression upon our advertisers that we are indifferent. They may think that exchanging March for July is not a very good idea; for all do not see alike.

How can we profit by these defects? Just like the Norman hero William, who, while invading England, stumbled and fell, and one of his men cried out, "God preserve us, it is a bad sign," grasped the pebbles of the beach with both hands and exclaimed, "thus do I seize the land." However, whereas he grappled with the pebbles as the result of *his own* fall, we are grasping them as the result of another's fall. The delay in the last few issues of the *Messenger* is not due, *perhaps*, to any "negligence" on the part of the editors. At least, we would not prefer any such charge, for they have *been* "tempted and tried," and we have

not; they have done what we are expected to do (?) and yet, what we sincerely hope, and shall earnestly strive to avoid doing. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." How true!

The obligation to contribute to the *Messenger* rests just as much upon one student as another, just as much upon any other student as it does upon the editors. Trustees can't make a college, nor can editors make a good paper without

the support of the people. It is not only an obligation, but also a privilege to contribute to our college journal, a privilege our appreciation of which we are not careful to show by our works. Now, as all nature is growing and enlarging its borders, let us come to the front and swell the volume of our *Messenger* with solid stuff, so that Prof. H. cannot say of us, if our successors don't do better than we did, they "ought to be turned off."

OUR LETTER BOX.

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

"*Science*."—You ask how the whale could have swallowed Jonah, since, as naturalists tell us, whales have *seives* in their throats through which very fine food only can pass. That was of course before these *seives* were invented. There is no conflict, therefore, at all.

"*M. P. D.*"—A "*model supper*" is thus defined by one of our professional eaters: "It was at an Old Virginia country mansion one gentle summer evening, when the buzzing bugs were uniting their hum with the whistle of the whippoorwill, and twilight had just commenced to gather. The old gentleman was at the head of the table carving a fine ham of a last year's porker, while his good wife was at the other end with the tea-board before her, from which the coffee and tea-pots sent up to the ceiling graceful curves of fragrant steam. Just across from me at right angles sat the lily of the family, and, as the morning dew disappears before the sparkling sun,

so her beaming countenance and sweet smile caused all anxiety about my Greek exercise and Math. original to vanish from my mind. The table was groaning under all the viands of the latest invention. The meal began, and just then the servant, with a plate of steaming rolls, came in, stepping upon the floor like rain drops falling upon the sands of time."

"*Madison*."—The following printed composition, recently received from a *young hopeful*, may suit your purpose at this particular time: "Spring are a *vary* butiful time of the year. In spring, the flowers begin to *blume*—the frogs begin to *holler*—the *snaix* begin to crawl, and the boy begin to go to work."

"*Miss K. T.*"—After having consulted Webster, Stormonth and seven other standard English and American dictionaries, and having gone through several Hebrew, Latin and Greek lexicons, we

can unhesitatingly say that the "Preponderance of Authority and Best Usage" is in favor of allowing the word "*presumptuous*," provided you use it as a term of endearment whenever you are addressed as "*cousin*."

"*Institute*."—Yours of the 18th ult. received. The question—"Co-education"—in which you and your fair friend are so interested, was ably discussed by the Philogs at their Public Debate last

month. The gallant sons and fair daughters of Richmond present on this occasion, were "convinced both ways." If you decide to cast your lot with us next September—provided the trustees report favorably—you need not think of becoming lonesome. Although you may room in a little palace apart, yet from the students' central telephone office on the "Third," we can connect you with *any point* within the campus.

LOCALS.

The following are some of the principal points presented by Prof. Harris in a recent "Bible Study" lecture upon the *Departures of Judah*:

I. 605 B. C., of Princes, including Daniel.

II. 598 B. C., of 10,000, including Ezekiel.

III. 587 B. C., Destruction of Jerusalem.

IV. 582 B. C., Flight of the remnant to Egypt.

In 598 B. C. Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar. Zedekiah was then placed on the throne, but eleven years after this he rebelled against his Chaldean master, who then came against Jerusalem a third time. Nebuchadnezzar stormed the city and utterly destroyed it. The prophecy that Zedekiah should be carried captive to Babylon, but should not see the city, was literally fulfilled. His eyes were put out by the King, and he then was taken to Babylon. Jeremiah, the prophet, was given the choice of going either to Babylon or staying in

Judea with the poor of the land. He chose the latter. It was perhaps during the captivity that the synagogue was founded. Nothing is said of the synagogue in the Old Testament, but it is frequently mentioned in the New. The synagogue system was efficacious in destroying idolatry. From the time of the captivity down to the present day, the Jews have never fallen into idolatry.

Nebuchadnezzar was one of the great men of the world. Under his administration, Babylon was made a city of fourteen miles square. Conceive of a city extending in width seven miles on each side of the Tigris river, and in length fourteen miles up its banks, and you have some idea of this ancient city's dimensions. It was surrounded by a wall 300 feet high, 85 feet thick, and 56 miles long.

Nebuchadnezzar had a season of insanity, during which time he wandered abroad and dwelt with the beasts of the field.

In 598, Ezekiel, a priest, was carried

into captivity. His visions are particularly interesting. He seemed to have a telegraphic communication between Chaldea and Jerusalem, and told his fellow captives the state of affairs in their native land.

The land of Gog, spoken of in Ezekiel 38-39, is undoubtedly what we now know as Russia. There is likely to take place upon the plains and mountains of Israel a great struggle between the English and Russians for the possession of India, although we may not live to see it.

Mr. H.: "I wonder what Prof. P. is going to do with that hay over there on his lot?"

Mr. T.: "That's to feed the College ponies during vacation."

Mr. Q. (sick on examination day, but a short while after got out of bed and went to a convention): "Boys, I've just had a splendid time."

Mr. H.: "Why, Q, you have the most accommodating health I ever saw."

Prof. H. (in Jr. II. L.): "Mr. B., put this into Latin: 'The wife who is good.'"

Mr. B.: "*Femina quae bona est.*"

Prof. H.: "Yes, sir, but *uxor* would be better. Every *femina* is not an *uxor*. If it were so, there would be more than one happy fellow here."

Miss —, (assisting her admirer on with his overcoat): "Mr. D., let me coat you."

Mr. W. (overhearing the remark): "Miss —, you want to retaliate now, I see."

The following students compose the first nine of the college for this season: H. E. Jones, catcher; R. C. Williams, pitcher (captain); E. H. Gibson, short stop; J. R. Bagby, first base; E. E. Garrett, second base; J. W. Whitehead, third base; J. S. Sowers, left field; H. R. Hundley, centre field; S. S. Handy, right field; R. A. Cutler, substitute. These gentlemen have been practicing during the last few days, and expect to arrange for several match games to be played on some of these fine spring Saturdays.

Mr. J.: "Has S. had measles?"

Mr. B.: "No; but I hear he is just recovering from a severe attack of a Jr. II. Math. Original."

Mr. X.: "B., have you ever had measles?"

Mr. B.: "Yes, I've had them on one side."

He was lucky, wasn't he!

Mr. N.: "The first girl I ever went with was about thirty years old. I just did it through *sympathy*."

This gentleman is still quite *sympathetic*.

"Where is Dr. Crinkenshank's office?"

Our Pocomoke Lad (to Senior): "Can you tell me where I can get a registered letter cashed?"

Int. Eng. Man: "We have a composition to write on Joan of Arc."

Senior: "Joan of Arc! I never heard of that man before."

Prof. P.: "Mr. W., who was James I. of England?"

Mr. W.: "He was the daughter of Mary King of Scots."

Prof. T. (in Phil.): "Mr. W., give me in full Locke's theory of consciousness."

Mr. W.: "Well, Dr., he goes on for seven or eight pages to give us a general discussion of this subject—its nature, effects, &c.,—and finally returns to the place whence he started, and closes up by saying he *don't* know *nothing* about it."

Mr. B.: "We see *animalcules* through a microscope."

Mr. J.: "B., what are *animalcules*?"

Mr. B.: "They are little *rays of light*."

Friend W. H. B. writes us that he is studying "*girlology*."

Mr. B.: "G., who wrote that article?"

Mr. G.: "I can't tell you, it is against my *ediket*."

At the first meeting in April, the following gentlemen were elected to fill the offices of the Literary Societies for the ensuing term:

Philologian Society—President, C. R. Cruikshanks; Final President, F. W. Boatwright; Vice-President, S. C. Dorsey; Recording Secretary, E. E. Dudley; Corresponding Secretary, J. E. Tompkins; Treasurer, D. H. Rucker; Critic, C. T. Kincanon; Censor, J. E. Hutchinson; Chaplain, C. G. Trumbo; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. T. Noell; Hall Managers, F. W. Boatwright and W. C. James; Monthly Orator, C. G. Trumbo.

Mu Sigma Rho Society—President, J. G. Dickinson; Final President, C. W. Trainham; Vice-President, W. O. Carver; Censor, W. H. Harrison; Recording Secretary, W. McS. Buchanan; Corresponding Secretary, M. Hunter; Chaplain, J. W. P. Harris; Treasurer, B. B. Robinson; Critic, R. P. Rixey; Hall Manager, W. B. James; Monthly Orator, J. H. Whitehead.

Mr. J., in one of his flights of eloquence, spoke of viewing the planets and other celestial bodies through that great and useful instrument the *microscope*.

The annual public debate of the Philologian Society was held on the evening of March 16th. A new feature of the debate was that all of the participants appeared in full dress. The president, Mr. J. T. Noell, welcomed the audience and introduced the gentlemen in his happiest vein. The reader, Mr. C. T. Kincanon, as he presented his subject—"Curing a Cold"—brought down the house as he prescribed "*sic semper paregoric*."

Mr. W. C. James, the declaimer, presented his selection—"The Clock of Destiny"—with great clearness and effect. The question for debate, "Should the Colleges of the South adopt the System of Co-education," was then presented. Messrs. C. R. Cruikshanks and O. L. Martin represented the affirmative, and Messrs. W. A. Borum and J. D. Martin the negative.

As Philog met Philog,

Then came the tug of war.

Both sides handled the question with great tact and earnestness, and, as the President had predicted, the intelligent audience was "convinced both ways."



EXCHANGES.

We sadly lament over many of our exchanges. They are gone. They have left us like the blazing meteor darting through the heavens and disappearing forever. They have vanished into thin air. At the beginning of the session they smiled at us frequently from our waste-basket. Now, we see them no more. Their lives, transient as the morning dew on the spring violet, vaporized as the steady-flowing tide of the scholastic year, gradually wore away the months. These literary journals were of "a few days and full of trouble." They sprang up as the mushroom on a damp night in an old sheep pasture, but the supreme splendor of the morning sun made them blush and die. Among this number of vanishing spirits, are three college journals, published in the city of Sioux Falls, Dakota. They flitted through the sanctum once, and appeared no more. We prophesied that a town of the size of Sioux Falls must be enterprising, indeed, if it could support successfully three college papers. Richmond, on the James, the capital of a fallen republic, supports with extreme difficulty one such journal. In speaking of Dakota magazines, it would be the grossest injustice to neglect mentioning the *Yankton Student*, which arrives with almost the exactness of the night express. The *Student* is a wide-awake paper, and one of the best college sheets of the Northwest.

The *Georgia Cracker* makes the sanctum lively and expels the blues. Its visits are much appreciated, and it is interestingly perused.

The *Seminary Magazine* (Sunsville, Ky.,) makes its *debut* into the literary field. We have on our desk the first copy. It is a well-filled and entertaining magazine, and should succeeding editions not degenerate from the first as a standard, its success is assured.

The *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* (Tex.) is one of the most entertaining college papers of the South. It is a living example of what a college journal may become by the support and interest taken in it by the students. Its literary columns are especially to be eulogized, as the productions as a general thing exhibit considerable talent. We suppose the broad prairies of Texas lend inspiration to the young and enthusiastic writer.

The *Owl*, from Glens Falls, N. Y., flew into our office for the first time last week. It is a one-sided, deformed journal, being destitute of local column, personals, and exchanges. The only way we can account for the absence of locals, is that nothing local ever happens in that vicinity. In regard to personals, we suppose no one has ever yet graduated from that institution, or else its old students are engaged in pursuits not of a commendable character. We suppose the exchange column is wanting because they have never yet found any paper that would exchange with them. However, to give the *Owl* justice, it must be acknowledged the presence of a few botanical pictures more than compensated for the absence of these departments. We trust that the *Owl*, yet young in

the editorial business, may, in the near future, make its sister journals in the "Bay State" raise their heads in astonishment at the thunder of its eloquent scribe.

The March number of *College Message*, edited by the young ladies of G. F. C., does not quite reach the high standard of excellence attained by its former number. "An Open Letter," however, by Philo, is very good, indeed, and worthy of commendation.

March edition of *The College Transcript* is on the table of the Exchange editor. It is a newsy magazine, and throws credit upon the senior class of Ohio Wesleyan University, by whom it is published. We think the desire on the part of some students of the University to abolish the ordinary speech-making of commencement day, is well founded, and we hope that a short time may work an innovation in that line throughout all the colleges and universities of the land.

The Marietta College *Olio* is on hand, with its accustomed lot of good things. We enjoyed reading the prize oration of Mr. Bosler, which this magazine contains, and are confident that if the sentiments which he sets forth so ably were instilled in all minds, there would be no such thing as socialism and anarchy.

The McMicken *Review* hardly does justice to the University of Cincinnati. There seems to be no way of accounting for it, save by the fact that a Foraker club exists within the walls of the above institution.

The South Carolina *Collegian* is a spicy and well-arranged magazine. We hope, though, no offence will be caused if we say that a little more care should be exercised in the arrangement of its Exchange Department. Many clippings, etc., which should have appeared under the head of Locals, or Personals, or College News and Fun, were found in the Exchange column.

We find a similar mistake in other magazines, and hope that this word of friendly advice will cause the editors of these respective departments to put things where they belong, so that we can look to the Exchange Department for exchanges and to the Personal column for personals.

The Washington *Jeffersonian*, among other things, contains a diagram of the class of 1888. This article is a new departure in college literature, and we hope that the one who conceived the plan of it won't do anything more like it.

The Wake Forest *Student* for March is in every respect a most admirable one. With such a monthly published by the students, Wake Forest College cannot do otherwise than place herself in the forefront of Southern institutions.

The *College Rambler*, of Illinois, is one of the best we have seen.

Hamilton College *Monthly* always brings some tender recollections to the mind of one of our students. At Hamilton College his first love attended school, but the trouble of it is that she failed to continue as such when she got there.

The Wilmington *Collegian* is one of our most regular and welcome exchanges.

Its literary matter is excellent, while the mechanical execution of it cannot be improved on. The two articles on "The Influence of Books" and "Books at Home," are especially interesting.

One of the most interesting college monthlies is the *University Mirror*, of Lewisburg, Pa. The general make-up of it is very good, indeed, and particularly is this true of the personal and local columns.

Our Dumb Animals is, as usual, full of good things for the cause which it so ably advocates.

We commend the following from *The Lantern* to the consideration of the *Oak*, *Lily* and *Ivy*:

"We clip the following from the *Occident*:

"The Ohio inter-collegiate oratorical contest was held recently at Columbus. The affair excited as much interest and college feeling as athletics elsewhere."

"We are proud to know that in Ohio, brains rather than muscle reigns supreme. We are fast losing sight of Yale and Harvard as the fine education-

al institutions, and think of them as athletic associations, where the question as to which has the better foot-ball team, or the better base-ball nine, is of more vital importance, than which has the more learned faculty or the higher grade of students."

Fordham *Monthly* for March is a most creditable and interesting number. "Authors whom I Love," "Passion Plays," and "Lights in the Dark Ages," are worthy of careful reading.

We are glad to place upon our exchange list the *Seminary Magazine*, published monthly by the students of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. We bespeak for it a tide of success, and feel satisfied that with such a man for business manager as H. R. Mosely, it will be safely launched upon the sea of journalism.

The *Occident* gives us the inaugural address of President Davis, who has recently assumed control of the University of California. His address, devoted mainly to showing the relations of the university to the State, is replete with wisdom and good sense.

COLLEGE NEWS AND FUN.

Harvard has a wrestling class.

President Cleveland has accepted the invitation tendered him by Cornell to attend the twentieth commencement.

The English language will be taught in all Japanese schools by order of the government.

Dr. McCosh says, "Young men are swayed in religious belief more by the

spirit of the college than by the instructors."

Wm. H. Whitsitt, D. D. of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, has accepted the invitation of the graduating class of Wake Forest College, to preach before them on the evening of the 15th of June.

Of the 1563 students of Ann Arbor

University last year, at least 805 were professing Christians.

The University of Pennsylvania will send an expedition to Babylon for archaeological and literary research.

The treasurer's report of the expenses of Harvard for the last year, shows an expenditure of \$702,367.69.

Yale is considering the subject of sending a boat crew to England to contest with Oxford and Cambridge.

A professor having asked his class to write a paper on "The Results of Laziness," a certain bright youth handed in as his essay a blank sheet of paper.

The American school at Athens, has obtained permission from the Greek government to make excavations at Kephissia, where they expect to uncover a long lost temple.

This was written on the fly-leaf of a book on moral science: "If there should be another flood, for refuge hither fly; though all the world should be submerged, this book will still be dry."—*Ex.*

The *Literary Magazine* (Yale) pays each editor from \$140 to \$150 a year. *The News* (same institution) pays to each senior editor from \$250 to \$275 a year.

The Virginia State Senate has passed a bill establishing a State Normal School at the historic old William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Va., the oldest college in the country, and which has been closed for several years.

A bashful young man was escorting a bashful young lady, when she said: "John, don't you tell anybody you beamed me home." "Don't be afraid," replied he, "I'm as much ashamed of it as you are."

Nebraska Baptists are energetically

pushing for the establishment of a denominational university in their own State.

FOOLSCAP.—When Cromwell became Protector, he caused the stamp of the cap of liberty to be placed on the government paper. Charles II. having on one occasion to use some for dispatches, this paper was brought to him. On being told the meaning of the stamp, he exclaimed, "Take it away, I'll have nothing to do with the fool's cap."

Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, is to have its school of engineering much enlarged, Cornelius Vanderbilt having just given \$20,000 for that purpose.

Ex-Governor Stanford is building in California an immense college building, and he says of it, "The poor alone will be welcome; it will not be built for the rich."

Vassar has received \$20,000 for a new gymnasium, which will be built in the spring.

The Queen of Italy is an enthusiast on the subject, Higher Education for Women.

The University of Pennsylvania breaks ground for its new \$150,000 library, building this spring.

Dartmouth's library numbers about 70,000 volumes.

There are 1665 students in all departments at Ann Arbor.

There is an advance of five per cent. in college attendance in the United States this year over last.

Vassar has been invited to become a member of the American school at Athens.

Before the war seventeen per cent. of Harvard men came from the South, at present only three per cent. For the

purpose of promoting closer friendship and making the name of Harvard better known throughout the South, a "Southern Club" has been formed.

Mess. Wilder and Foreman, of Princeton, in their tour of the United States, found 1830 students desirous of becoming missionaries.

The total number of schools, of all sorts, in Russia, is 41,492, with an attendance of 2,488,934.

Miss Menk Meyer, grand-niece of Anton Rubenstein, and a pupil of Liszt, is the musical prodigy of Vienna, Austria. She is not yet eighteen years of age, but has composed the music and written the libretto of an opera.

The Syracuse University has just received the valuable historical library of Prof. Leopold Von Ranke, containing upward of 50,000 volumes. In the collection are a number of Von Ranke's manuscripts, a portrait of the historian, the desk, chair, and inkstand used by him in his study.

President Elliot, of Harvard, has been talking plainly to the students of that college. He says: "The tone of inter-collegiate athletics must be elevated if those who participate in these sports are to retain the respect of the public."

The Columbian College library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished for the visitors, and light meals are supplied to those students who are too busy to leave their work.

The class of 1878, of Princeton, the wealthiest ever graduated from that college, is considering the project of presenting the institution with a life-size statue of Dr. McCosh, to cost \$25,000. The sculptor will be H. Gaudens.

Tennis on the ice is popular throughout New England.

The Ann Arbor "Freshmen" have adopted class caps and gowns.

Latin Prof.: "Mr. T., what did Cæsar say to his men when he saw the enemy approaching?"

Mr. T.: "Soc et tu-um."

As the result of a great revival at Wilberforce (O.) College, which commenced with the week of prayer, all the students but two are now professed Christians.

Andrew Carnegie, of Pittsburg, is to give \$1,000,000 and more, if necessary, to establish a polytechnic school at Pittsburg equal to the one in Boston.—*Crimson*.

Hazing made its appearance this year at De Pauw.

Williams' foot-ball expense last season was \$888.11.

The board of trustees of Princeton College has voted the annual sum of \$2,500 to Dr. McCosh during his life, whether he shall continue to teach in that institution or not.

The largest gymnasium in the world is said to be that of the Young Men's Christian Association at Liverpool. Harvard's ranks next largest.

Cambridge University, England, contains about one hundred distinct colleges.

Dr. Asa Gray, the great botanist, died at Cambridge, February 1. He was born November 18, 1810, and was, accordingly, 77 years of age. He was one of the best known American scientists, and held the Fisher professorship of natural sciences at Harvard for the unbroken space of 31 years, from 1842 to 1873.

Among the recent graduates of the

Women's Medical College in New York City, is Kin Yamret, a Chinese girl, who has taken the highest position in the class. She is an accomplished scholar, able to converse and write accurately in five languages.

The conditions for the admission examinations at Harvard in 1675, were as follows: "Whoever shall be able to read Cicero or any other such-like classical author at sight, and make and speak true Latin in verse and prose, and decline perfectly the paradigms of names and verbs in the Greek tongue."

On the heels of the government appropriation of \$15,000 to Rutgers, comes the news of a \$70,000 increase of her endowment. Rutgers is a live institution and deserves her boom.

During the year 1866-7, Harvard received over \$1,000,000 in bequests, most of which sum was used in establishing

new funds and increasing old ones, and endowing professors. Yale received in the same year \$400,000, a large part of which was used in erecting new buildings, and the remainder in endowing professorships.

Yale University is in need of \$2,000,000 to carry on its work, Columbia College wants \$4,000,000 to establish new departments and develop old ones. The work of Harvard University is restrained by lack of money, and Princeton, notwithstanding the liberality of its friends, could find ready use for a greatly increased sum.

The Sophomores at Columbia propose to celebrate their annual "Triumph over Legendre" by getting up a steamboat excursion for the whole college, and have a burial of Legendre at sea, instead of a cremation or theatre party, as has been the custom in former years.



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