This is the end, then, of striving; that is what comes of it all;
Darkness and foes just behind one; before,
an impassable wall.
What does it matter how staunchly one may have battled for truth,
When with his weapons all broken he sits by the grave of his youth?
What did it profit in past years that one did the best that he knew,
When in the gloom of the present, virtue herself seems untrue?
Why should one fight any longer when nothing remains but defeat?
Surely such labor were useless and idle the stirring of feet.
Ah! but the soul that is faithful knows it is good to have fought;
Knows it is good to have acted, whatever the doing has brought.
This is the crown of the conflict, this the reward of all strife—
Faith in one’s self and one’s motives, no matter how darkened the life.
Flesh may be bruised and defeated, but spirit is never disgraced;
Spirit is always triumphant, whatever sharp pain it has faced.

Here, at the end of my conflict, I counsel not yet with despair,
Though to all seeming my struggles are his who but beareth the air.
Darkness and foes are about me, yet I stand with my back to the wall,
Facing whatever Fate sends me, and facing Fate thus I shall fall!
At 7 o'clock the next morning we arose, feeling much refreshed after our night's rest. We wanted to take the early train for Baltimore, therefore had but little more time to spend in the Capital City. Before going to the depot we went down to the navy-yard and saw a good many interesting things during our short stay. We boarded a large man-of-war occupied by naval cadets who were off on their cruising expedition for the summer. We were at once struck with the neatness in which everything was kept. Every man on board was at work cleaning the boat. Some were down on their hands and knees scouring the deck; others polishing the brass-work, while others were washing their clothes. Leaving there we went to the water's edge and beckoned to a man on a monitor at anchor a few yards off, and were soon being rowed across the harbor and entering this great iron-clad. It was used in the late war on the Northern side, and was the second one built. It is covered with iron eleven inches thick, and there was a cannon on board large enough to admit the body of a man. There were a good many deep indentations in the thick iron sheeting, showing that it had not escaped some fierce engagements. But it will never be used for war again. It has been condemned, and is now used only as a powder magazine. There are a good many captured cannon planted on the grounds.

From the navy-yard we hastened to the depot, where we took the north-bound train on the Baltimore and Potomac road, and soon reached Baltimore. We got off at Charles-Street depot and boarded one of the Blue Line cars, which took us down on Baltimore street, where most of the business is transacted. Here we ate breakfast, for we had not had time to engage in this pleasant occupation before leaving Washington. After eating a hearty meal we felt much better, and prepared for another day of sight-seeing.

After walking around on the street for awhile, looking at the principal buildings, we boarded another car, bound for Druid Hill Park, which place we reached after a ride of three miles. This is a beautiful place. One of its most striking features is its country-like appearance. There are hills and dales, streams and lakes, majestic elms and low shrubbery; all of which go to make up a model park. Upon the lakes there were some beautiful swans, while here and there throughout the whole grounds there were cages of animals, such as coons, opossums, foxes, prairie-dogs, &c., &c. There were birds of every size and color, which, each one with a different note, kept up such a noise that we could hardly hear ourselves talk. The most interesting thing we saw here was a cage of monkeys, twenty-five or thirty in number. They were running all through the cage, playing with one another. So amusing were their antics that we were compelled to spend some time looking at them, although we had several other places to visit that day. The Maryland
Institute, situated in the park, has a very good collection of curiosities, but we had seen such a fine collection the day before at the National Museum that we could not appreciate this. One very attractive feature connected with this park is a house for refreshments, where luncheon and all kinds of fruits can be had. We spent some time at this department, drinking soda-water and admiring the Baltimore girls.

On our way back down town we stop, ped at Johns Hopkins University. One naturally associates with an institution of learning a broad campus and high trees, but this is situated right in the heart of the city, with no more room than just enough to build upon. This is indeed a grand institution, and complete in every particular. Each of the departments has its own library, consisting of every book in English, German, and French that can be had upon the subject taught. There are about fifty-five professors and instructors altogether—an able corps. A very polite janitor showed us through the buildings, and he was so well acquainted with everything that, had he worn little better clothes, we would have mistaken him for a professor. There is a fine gymnasium connected with this institution.

Leaving this place, we strolled through Lexington Market, which is immense. It occupies the space of six blocks. Here can be seen everything the epicurean might desire. There are all kinds of meats and vegetables and tropical fruits and beautiful flowers in abundance. (We stopped at one of the stands, presided over by a very pretty girl, for such a place, and bought some bananas, peaches, and delicious pears. It is probable that the pretty face and not the tempting fruits attracted us to this stand rather than to any other.)

The next place of interest toward which we turned our faces was Patterson Park. Though this is by no means so large as Druid Hill Park, yet it is rather attractive, especially on account of its beautiful flowers. As we entered, the words "Patterson Park" caught our view. They were made by growing foliage of every hue, and so perfect were the letters that they seemed to be painted. We had not gone many steps before we entered the botanical department, where could be seen plants of every description. In beauty they rivalled those we had seen in Washington. In this park there is a lake, upon which were a great many pleasure boats, and a good many persons were enjoying their gliding movements. After having taken a sail, my companion and I sat down upon a bench beneath a dense shade and partook of the refreshing fruits which we had procured at market. All together we must have eaten at least a peck. But that was nothing for two college boys, especially when they were on such a tramp as this.

By this time it was 4 o'clock, one hour previous to the time at which we had to leave; so we hastened up to Baltimore street, and after walking around for awhile among the busy throng, started to the wharf. We were not certain at which street to turn, so stopped and inquired of a peanut roaster, but he seemed dumb. We readily perceived, however, that he was a German, and not acquainted with our tongue; so we spouted some "Deutsch" to him, and soon received the desired information.
Just before reaching the wharf we entered a restaurant, and my "old lady" called for two or three lunches, whereupon the proprietor of the establishment prepared three, but upon presenting them we told him we wanted only two, as there were only two of us. "But," replied he, "you said 'two or three,' and I always have an ear for the largest number." We did not refuse the third, as we thought we could very easily make way with another man's allowance.

We boarded a steamer of the York River Line, "Danville," which plies between Baltimore and West Point, and at half-past 5 o'clock we were making our way out of the harbor. It was amazing to look upon the great number of boats. They were of every description and from all parts of the world. They almost made a city by themselves. They were in constant motion, some coming, others going. Just as we entered the bay, another large steamer was seen making its way along the same course which ours was following. In a short while our boat reached it, but did not pass so easily as it had overtaken it. The other boat, "The Maid of the Atlantic," seemed determined not to let us pass, and for half an hour we ran nearly side by side. All were upon deck witnessing the scene, but after awhile we began to leave our opponent, and finally it was lost sight of in the darkness. So beautiful was the view on deck that it would have seemed a punishment to remain in our state-room. We sat and watched with peculiar interest the placid waters through which the numerous boats were gliding until the sun, like a great ball of fire, sank beneath its waves, and the stars one by one appeared, and Luna shone out in all her beauty. Moonlight upon the Chesapeake! It was indeed beautiful. By the reflection of the placid waters it seemed that the heavens were both above and below us, and that we were suspended in the centre of a hollow sphere. As darkness approached, we could see many lights from the lighthouses on the shore. Some were steady, others revolving, making their appearance every minute. The electric lights in Annapolis could be very distinctly seen, also, as we passed down the bay. While standing at the bow admiring the beauty of the surroundings, an old sailor, who had spent twenty-three years of his life upon the water, joined us and related many interesting adventures of the sea. He seemed to be perfectly at home when talking about his experience with storms and shipwrecks. It was with reluctance that he withdrew when his little son came and told him: "Pap, Ma says come there." He turned to us and said: "If you fellows will wait here till I go and give my wife the 'room to her key,' I will come back and talk with you some more." As it was getting rather late we did not wait for the old man, but started to our state-room. Our attention was attracted for awhile, though, in the saloon by a couple which were evidently either in the last stages of love or the first of matrimony. They were both occupying the piano-stool, and she was playing, with one finger, "What Bliss is This!" When they looked up and saw that we were witnessing the proceedings, he, a rough-looking country fellow, started through what he thought was a door, but was surprised when he collected himself, to find that he had broken a panel mirror into atoms,
PHILOLOGIAN PUBLIC DEBATE.

while she disappeared to parts unknown.

By this time the spectators consisted of most of the passengers on board, and we retired to our state-room.

We arose the next morning just in time to see the historic old place, Yorktown. We were very sorry our boat did not stop here, as we would like to have visited the spot where the patriots gained their independence. At half-past 7 we reached West Point, on the York river. We were for some time undecided whether to take the train then waiting or remain till the next, which left in a few hours. We knew some sweet "calico" here, which fact almost induced us to stay, but we decided that we could have a more pleasant time in Richmond among our more intimate friends; so we hastened on and reached our destination at 8:15 A.M. We stopped at the only college boarding-house then in operation. It is needless to say how the time was spent here, for every Richmond College student knows how a few days of his vacation would be spent in this city, especially if he has made much progress with the "calico" ticket. Two days were here spent in a most delightful manner with the friends dearest to our hearts, at the expiration of which time I bade farewell to my "old lady" and other friends and returned home.

J. E. TOMPKINS.

Philologian Public Debate.

(Resolved, That our national prosperity demands the disfranchisement of the Negro.)
By Mr. C. L. Laws, first on negative.

We are to discuss a deep and important question to-night, and the limits of our discussion will not permit us to deal in metaphor and simile; nor has attempted sarcasm and cutting invective, in which the gentleman has so freely dealt, any place in our discussion save as the legitimate offspring of blind, bitter prejudice. Let us bear in mind to-night that our broad, fair, and beautiful land, from gulf to lakes and from ocean to ocean, was all afire with this question, and that even now, whilst we cannot see the lurid light, the fires are smoldering in their dens and caverns, increasing day by day, and ere long they will burst upon us in all their fury. Then let us banish prejudice and hatred and discuss the matter fairly and honestly and upon principles.

I. Let us come fully to appreciate the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. A retrospective glance is necessary that we may understand this fully. When the yoke of British oppression became galling to our forefathers, with characteristic bravery and indomitable courage, they said "We are free and of right should be." They determined that out of the hands of Sovereign and Pope should be wrested this fair western empire, that under the free and noble institutions of a republican government our people might realize indeed that they were free, each with a voice in the administration of justice, and that now they were to acknowledge no lord save the Lord of lords, and no king save Jehovah.
As with the Declaration of Independence came magnificent privileges and unparalleled opportunities, there came also corresponding responsibility and momentous consequences. Our country had been governed by those whose entire training had been such as to guarantee a profound knowledge of the sciences of politics and sociology—in the hands of those who were then ruling the most opulent, powerful, prosperous, progressive nation of modern times. Weighty was the responsibility of cutting a country adrift from such influences and placing her as a progressive government, a young republic, a nation among nations, "a home of the free," "a land of the brave," where every man might worship God according to the dictates of his conscience. All praise and honor to the men who stood bravely at the helm and guided the "ship of state" safely through the turbulent waters and at last anchored her in the calm and peaceful harbor, and there, strong and intrepid, has she stood and ever will stand, though at times the waters around her foam and froth as they are lashed by the mighty storms of political agitation. At once our country starts upon an era of progress unsurpassed in the annals of time. All is peace and prosperity, and it seems that the very heavens themselves are bowing over and smiling upon the breadth of our views and the freedom of our institutions. But alas! whilst all appeared so fair and prosperous a cancer was eating in the vitals of our nation. Satan had not been idle. Gradually and subtly had come into our land a dishonoring and degrading traffic. It did not come without protest, I rejoice to say; for as early as 1770 the King of Great Britain commanded the Governor of Virginia, "under pain of the highest displeasure, to assent to no law prohibiting the importation of slaves." And in 1772 Virginia addressed the King in remonstrance, using these remarkable words: "The importation of slaves, a trade of great inhumanity, will endanger the very existence of your Majesty's American dominions." Then came Maryland and Carolina with the same solemn protest. Although the founders of our republic were bitterly opposed to this miserable traffic, it had become so general that no steps were taken to check it, though statesmen like Jefferson saw in it contradiction to the spirit of our constitution.

In time this traffic came to be confined to the portion of our country most blessed of God; in development it kept pace with our free institutions, till at last it came to be a withering, blighting curse, threatening the very existence of our nation. But in the course of time and the progress of events, another portion of our country became jealous of the South. Urged on by some sympathy for the poor, enslaved negro, by some benevolent and beneficent purposes, by much of envy and more of hatred, the North determined by one crusade to strike the shackles from the negro and to "abase and crush the envied South," which had prospered notwithstanding "this running sore in its body politic." We are not here to speak of the glaring injustice of this war. But we do say, and with the greatest possible emphasis, that it illustrates to our minds that the God of heaven is the God of nations. For out of this cruel, bloody war God has brought glory to Himself and has
given the greatest possible impetus to His cause by breaking down this stronghold of Satan; and now, as the chariot of Christ rolls among the nations of the earth, bringing all under His sceptre, we cannot hear the cry, wafted to us from beyond the seas: "You give the lie to your profession; you seek to give us liberty through Christ, whilst you hold tens of thousands of our fellows in the bonds of abject slavery." You wonder, my friends, that I have dwelt so long upon this phase, which is really but introductory to my subject? Simply because I propose to prove that the change proposed by my opponent will bring about just the state of affairs that I have described, with all its attendant consequences.

Now we find the negro a free man. What shall be done with him? A weighty question, the decision of which is pregnant with mighty consequences. Democracy is victorious. The aristocratic institutions of the South are crushed. The victory is complete. The negro is declared a free man. Whilst our Congress was in session gravely consulting as to what privileges the negro was entitled, there came a letter from the little republic of Switzerland, congratulating the Union upon her success in arms and praising her that in 1862 was pronounced the talismanic word of freedom, urging her to complete the work so loyally begun and so nobly prosecuted, and lamenting the condition of the freed man should he not be declared a citizen, with the right of franchise.

"Between slavery and full citizenship there exists no safe middle ground." This maxim fired the breasts of all Union men. Its profound, invincible logic was recognized, and the negro became equal in his civil and political rights with the most highly cultured and enlightened. The people of the North doubted the expediency of this radical movement. The people of the South fancied they saw in it slavery and woe for themselves and their posterity. Prayers rose from pulpits and firesides all over our land for the protection of our homes and our sacred rights; and, my friends, would you believe that this is the identical city upon which it was expected would fall the earliest and heaviest showers of wrath and desolation?

Have the prophecies been fulfilled? Has woe come to you? Has the fury of the gods burst upon you? Have you been compelled to associate with and intermarry with negroes? Has your property been confiscated or even jeopardized by negro authorities? Have your children been enslaved by that grim specter abolitionist whom you once so dreaded?

Then again we must not compare today with the days of reconstruction. Do the interests of our nation demand the disfranchisement of the negro? Not the interests of Virginia or of Georgia or of the South, but of the nation?

At the institution of our government we recognized the God of heavens as the God of nations, and impartial justice became our motto. Hence it is unphilosophical to claim that national prosperity in its ultimate analysis, can ever be brought about by means which in themselves are unjust and tyrannical to a large portion of our body politic.

First of all, we must come to realize, however crucifying it may be to our
boasted intelligence and our aristocratic ideas, that the men, women, and children whom God has seen fit to create with black skins, flat noses, thick lips, high cheek-bones, and nappy heads are not brutes, as many suppose them to be. They are men endowed by God with intellect, sensibility, and will—constituted just as we are, the same blood coursing through their veins, the same hopes, desires, aspirations, longings, and fears pulsating within their breasts. Before we can form any clear and right conception of this question we must divest our minds of the tendency to associate civil and political rights with social privileges. They are entirely distinct, and such we should regard them. Should there ever come a time when men and women mingle together irrespective of color or race distinction, it will arise by a revolution caused by other things than civil rights. Political rights neither presuppose nor guarantee any social privileges whatsoever. But you tell me to observe. What do I see? Why, a gradual amalgamating of the races—a withering, blighting curse upon our fair land. You say it is because the negro has been raised to a position where he feels his importance, and hence the result. I tell you it has taken place, not because of the enfranchisement of the negro, but notwithstanding it. Beginning with the introduction of slavery, and necessarily progressive, we have reached the present state of affairs. In my own mind, my friends, I have argued the matter pro and con., and if time permitted I am sure I could satisfy you that to remove the educating and refining influences of citizenship, instead of doing away with the tendency you would add fuel to the flame. My friends, every argument that the ballot should be withdrawn on account of race or color rests in prejudice, which has arisen from fostering the idea that since "the negro is inferior to the white man he should have none of his privileges." This position is untenable upon any principles of human nature or sound logic.

A word more upon this phase of the subject and I will leave it.

If political equality has a tendency to social equalization, how is it that at the end of the one hundred and twelfth year of our independence, the lines of demarcation between the classes of the white race, who have always cast the ballot together, are deeper and broader to-day than ever before? Why the numberless classes and grades of social life in Richmond to-night? Simply because the political privileges which each class has always enjoyed have had no tendency to draw them into social relations other than existed before. The bands that bind men socially are not, and never can be, the iron bands of law and legislation, but an intangible influence binding men together who are by nature equal—intellectually, morally, or socially.

Now a little more definitely.

"Monarchial governments are founded upon the idea that the sovereign is the source of all power, and hence is expected to guard the rights of the populace; but our republican government is founded upon the idea that the people are the only source of legitimate authority, and the guardians of their own rights, through the instrumentality of the ballot." Essentially, then, a gov-
ernment of the people, for the people, by the people. The strongest position which the opposition has taken or can take is that taken when it is said that the right of suffrage should not have been conferred because of the ignorance of the negro, which effectually incapacitated him from exercising intelligently the privileges of citizenship; and, secondly, that the right of suffrage should be withdrawn for the same reason.

The first proposition we cannot discuss here. The mistake in the theory is in the supposition that the second proposition necessarily follows from the first. They are distinct, essentially different. We acknowledge the grounds for the argument in the widespread ignorance of the negro race. We lament it as a fact, but we deny it as a governing principle, for reasons which will appear later. We grant that the negroes are far behind the whites in intelligence, and for the sake of argument we will admit, further, that the negro race is, as a race, not capable of successful self-government. But is this to be wondered at? By what rapid, unnatural, inconceivable development can you bring in twenty-five years an unlettered, uncultured race, which has been kept in ignorance for generations, to a full understanding of the duties devolving upon the citizen? The development is coming. You say remove the right of franchise till this state of development has been reached. Then, my friends, the inevitable consequence will be retrogression.

Suffrage itself is an educating principle, and the use of the ballot will necessarily lead to its intelligent use. It would have been absurd to have expected the negro to have made much more rapid progress than he has made. Mr. Gladstone, in speaking some years ago about the peasantry of England with reference to citizenship, said: "It must not be forgotten that the formation of habits of self-government and active co-operation for useful objects must be very gradual." "Where the people of a country have been in a state of comparative dependence, even on the removal of their fetters it will be long before they can walk at ease." If this be true, in any degree, of freemen, who have risen from dependence, how vividly it speaks for those who have risen out of the galling chains of slavery—ont of absolute dependence. We must tread lightly when we come to speak of negro education at Richmond College. But yet we must remember that among negroes we find men endowed with brilliant intellects, of broad and deep culture.

Again, my friends are arguing for the unconditional disfranchisement of the entire negro element of our population, irrespective of educational prerequisites. By what code of morals, what laws of justice, and what rules of logic can you allow the white man, who may have been raised under some monarchial and tyrannical government; and who, therefore, is without sympathy for our democratic institutions—in a word, how can you let your uneducated, uncultured, and almost uncivilized white man cast his vote, without so much as raising your voice in protest? But when a man in every sense his superior comes to cast his vote, you say: "No, sir, you cannot vote here." He asks, "Why?" You have but one answer to make—"Because your skin is black." Hear, oh Heavens! and
give ear, oh earth! Reject the negro's vote because his skin is black! Why not because his nose is flat? Why not because his lips are thick? "Ah," you say, "that would be absurd." One ground would be as tenable as the other. In both cases I have reasoned from true premises to legitimate conclusions. I do not transcend my limit when I compare the highest negro with the lowest white. I do it not for practical experiment, but to meet your argument by reductio ad absurdum. Away with your boasted democracy, your republican government, your free institutions, when such infamous, glaring injustice is even suggested. We have neither time nor inclination to discuss the relative mental calibre of the white and black. We grant the native superiority of the white race, and yet can but remember that negroes are to-day, with marked ability and great acceptance, filling pulpits, pleading at the bar, and sitting in both houses of our National Council.

Again: Since the negro is no longer a slave, but a freeman, he must have certain inalienable rights, and he must have the ballot for the protection of his rights.

I do not believe that in all cases and under all circumstances the maxim, "Taxation and representation are correlative rights," is true. But it was one of the cries of our forefathers in severing our allegiance with our mother country, and one of the foundation stones upon which our government was built. The white man has property, is taxed, and by his vote protects his property and levies his tax. Why should not the negro be accorded the same privileges? He has his own house, his own servants, his own horses and carriages, and tills his own land. And even if the negroes owned but $20 each, either in personalty or real estate, the principle would be exactly the same, for our Government guarantees equal protection to rich and poor.

To sum up this argument, then, disregarding educational or property qualifications, the negro and white man should stand alike before our Government.

Now leaving the practical for a moment, let us turn to the speculative, and improve our present systems by going into Utopia. As we are not talking for argument's sake to-night, we are quite willing to put the negro to the test. We have practically proved that the unconditional disfranchisement of the negro is an impossibility; now let us see whether we can disfranchise him by his inferiority, as evidenced in a competitive examination. Of course we now have reference to the two proposed prerequisites to suffrage—educational and property qualifications. Require an educational prerequisite and one of two things will follow: either, because the standard is too high, you will place the government in the hands of the M. A.'s and Phd.'s of our country, many of whom, as you very well know, have no practical knowledge of government; or should the standard be lower, you will have thousands of the educated, cultured negroes voting, whilst tens of thousands of the whites will be disfranchised, and you will see by the experiment you have not gotten rid of the negro yet.

Again: Admit a property qualification and one of two results will follow: either, because the prerequisite is too
large, our government will be run entirely by millionaires and monopolists, who will crush any government out of existence; or, by the prerequisite being lowered, you will have your thousands of well-to-do negroes voting, whilst your tens of thousands of educated, cultured Caucasians, including statesmen, politicians, college professors, ministers of the Gospel, and large representations from every learned profession, will be disfranchised along with the poor, unlettered, penniless son of Vulcan. And yet you haven't gotten rid of Mr. Negro, so it seems. So this ground for the disfranchisement of the negro "is false in philosophy and defective in logic."

Again: We are willing that the past shall copy fair the future. We are assured that negro suffrage has been in no sense a failure, but to the opposite it is the strongest argument for its continuance. Local and superficial observation might convince us to the opposite. The people of the North, with strong prejudices, consider negro suffrage a failure, not because of the negro's inability to perform the function of an elector, but because of Southern hatred and Southern oppression. People of the South believe negro suffrage a failure, because we have seen that in the past year the negro has been to a great extent under political despotism. But, my friends, the mists are gradually clearing away, the negro has realized and is realizing his functions in government as a political factor, and on every side he is asserting his liberty, and, better yet, his individuality. In 1869 the white people of Mississippi unanimously voted at the polls for the ratification of the enfranchising amendment to our Constitution.

Mr. L. Q. C. Lamar, believing as he did that when once the negro was made a free man, a property-holder, and a tax-payer, he could not be excluded from the remaining privileges and duties of citizenship—that is, the right and obligation to vote—has said that if the "same question were again submitted to the people of Mississippi they would vote for negro suffrage in the light of experience with more confidence than they voted for it in the light of an experiment." This in effect is the position of the statesmen of our country, North and South, irrespective of any party political affiliations. That a certain class of negroes vote quite as intelligently as any white men, and that for the ignorant and uneducated among the negroes there is a stand-off in the same class of whites, the same in principle and nearly the same in proportion, are facts undisputed and indisputable. My opponents say disfranchise the negro. Then I ask: "Well, what position is he to occupy?" They say it is irrelevant to the question. Wise men make no changes except for the better. We ask, and in all sincerity, those who denounce the enfranchisement of the negro as impolitic, unwise, and dangerous, to "show us a better adjustment of his status."

Where will you place the negro? Recurring again to Mr. Garfield's maxim, "Between slavery and full citizenship there is no middle ground," we can say with him "that to strike the shackles from the negro's limbs, to declare by law that he should not be sold, scourged, or bonded at the will of his master, and then leave him with no means of defending his rights before the courts and juries of the country—to arm with no legal
and political weapons of defence—would be an injustice hardly less cruel to him, and a policy even more dangerous to the public peace than slavery itself."

Slavery the world will never have again. It is now being driven by the advance guard of civilization from the face of the earth, and God speed the flight.

Take the right of franchise from the negro, you either place him in servitude or you must transport and colonize him. The first has been branded as an in­famy which modern civilization will not endure. The second should deserve the wrath and curse of God, for its glaring injustice and cruel treatment of the race which, if properly treated and educated, would love and defend the Stars and Stripes.

Or keep the negro here and tell him he is to have no voice in the government of his country, no appeal to the courts of justice, and hence no pride in his country's supremacy, and, naturally and necessarily, you will transform a tamed, docile race into a revolutionary element of our population, and place in his hands the weapon by which he will cause violence, bloodshed, and revolution. And if rebellion is ever justifiable, in this case God would never frown.

I would that we had time to speak of the remarkable progress our country has made during the time the negro has been a political factor. Propor­tionately, greater progress has been made than ever before, and now our Union stands out, with her unparalleled resources, the peer of any government of the world, and leading in science, arts, and politics.

In closing, let me say that we, as a nation, have a moral responsibility. The right of citizenship is a means, if rightly used, of raising men morally as well as intellectually. The darkness and superstition of the race is, under our free institutions, melting away; for now all classes of our citizens alive, from mountain and from valley, from hill and from dale, from the walls of prisons and the gates of palaces, are being called by the sound of the gospel trumpet from the darkness of ignorance and superstition to the light, that is the light of the world, to the light which, through the darkness of the blackest night, has been a beacon star to the dying hopes of man. Thus the negroes as well as the whites are gradually growing into the ideal citizens, which must be the bulwark of an ideal government.

To conclude, the propositions that I have stated, if true, prove beyond per­adventure, that the disfranchisement of the negro is undesirable, impracticable, impossible. C. L. L.

Permanence of Literary Fame.

The world has produced a few men whose names, by the common consent of mankind, have become immortal; and of these none occupy more prominent and conspicuous places than those who have made the greatest contributions to the world's literature, "that avenue to glory ever open for those ingenious men who are deprived of honors or of wealth." Permanent and enduring fame is the
peculiar, and often the sole reward of the literary benefactors of mankind. In their age and generation they have been less appreciated and less substantially rewarded than any other class of men. Milton received the paltry compensation of twenty-five dollars for his *Paradise Lost*, that grandest production of human genius. Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith were allowed by a negligent and unappreciative generation to live for several years in want and poverty, and often to approach the very verge of starvation. The former of these is better known to us than any other man in history; the latter possesses the proud distinction of being "the most beloved of English writers."

When the great and powerful of the earth die, grand and imposing monuments are erected to their memory; when an author dies, a mound of earth, or a simple slab, at most, marks his resting place. But the world's greatest authors need not crumbling marble or corruptible bronze to propagate their immortality, for they have left to "the posterity of those who are yet unborn" "imperishable monuments of their genius."

Except by incorporating them in literature "there is no other method of fixing those thoughts which arise and disappear in the mind of man, and transmitting them to the last periods of time." Books can be indefinitely multiplied, so that the works of the best writers may be preserved through all coming ages. The products of the painter's and even the sculptor's and architect's art must eventually perish; the works of the masters of the literary art will live forever. Greece has lost her most splendid works of art, her finest paintings and sculpture are gone, her once magnificent temples are in ruins; her literature alone is preserved to us intact and undisturbed amidst the surrounding decay.

We read of powerful kings and princes who rose, reigned, and fell; of mighty generals and commanders who lead their armies to victory through blood and carnage; but all these fail to excite in our hearts those feelings which we entertain towards the highest of human intellects. The most ardent and intimate friendship is preserved between us and the great writers of the past. An intercourse exists, which is "ever new, active and immediate." We go to them for knowledge and information; for pleasure and relaxation from the toils and fatigues incident to human exertion. Thus the most pleasant and agreeable relations are sustained between the author and the reader. "Plato is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. No difference of political opinion can alienate Cicero. No heresy can excite the horror of Bossuet."

The love which we bear towards the author is manifested in various ways. "Even the most common objects are consecrated when associated with the man of genius." Love and admiration prompt travelers yearly to visit Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of the world's greatest dramatist. It has been said that visitors to Westminster Abbey remain longest in the Poets' Corner, gazing on the simple memorials of England's greatest geniuses.

When we consider what self-sacrifice the author has always subjected himself to; what difficulties and discouragements he has had to meet, and finally, what he
has contributed to the happiness and to the advancement of civilization in the world, we would say, in the words of Washington Irving: "Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden views of language." There have been many so-called authors, whose works have justly sunk into oblivion; but there are a few productions which have gained for their producers "that lasting fame and perpetuity of thought" of which Milton speaks, and which, after withstanding the severest attacks of Time, will still survive and "perish only in the general wreck of nature."

"Gold of the Dead, Which Time does still disperse, But not devour."

A. S. H. B.

Making the Most of One's Self.

What is it to make the most of one's self? Is it not to develop all of one's powers in such a way as to be able to honor and glorify God, to be useful to mankind, and at the same time to be just to himself?

Many a young man has the desire, and, if spent in the proper direction, the power, to make something of himself; but starting in the wrong way, he spends his best days in merely changing from one occupation to another. Whatever is presented to him as a lucrative business, that he immediately undertakes, without, for a moment, considering whether or not he is qualified to prosecute it with advantage to himself and the community. It may be that one out of a hundred, in this way, hits upon the proper employment the first time. But in the majority of cases the poor fellow finds to his sorrow that he is not the proper man for the work, and has to give it up with a feeling of more or less disgrace and shame. Could he from the first experience learn the needed lesson, it would perhaps save him from many a sad failure. But not seeing the error of his way, he undertakes something else in the same thoughtless manner and is apt to meet the same sad experience. By thus trying first one thing and then another, he may finally, with unabated energy, enter into that work for which he was intended. But the probability is, that if he ever finds the vocation for which he is best fitted, it will not be until after he has passed the day of his greatest usefulness, and had his mental energy weakened by frequent disappointment. Who would say that then, in such a condition, he is likely to accomplish much?

Observing such failures in life leads us to inquire, how one can make the most of himself.

Of all the problems that man has to solve, the most difficult and therefore one among the first to which he ought to turn his attention is, to find the voca-
tion to which he is best adapted. This he must solve by carefully noticing and measuring his powers, physical, mental, and moral, and becoming well acquainted with his natural disposition and power of self-restraint. In order to reach a correct conclusion in this, as in all other matters, he must have due regard for the assistance which his Creator is ready and willing to give, upon the proper application. For a man to make his application for such help effectual, he must abide by the precepts of God's Word. Of these, the one bearing most directly upon our subject seems to be this: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

People speak of a man, as being called of God to preach the gospel, and think that he ought to be very careful to find whether or not he has the divine approval, before he enters into so sacred a work. We most heartily agree that, by prayer and careful study, a man ought to become thoroughly satisfied that he has been called of God to preach the gospel before he undertakes to do it. But we would ask whether or not a man ought to give himself up to the profession of a teacher, or lawyer, or doctor, or merchant, or mechanic, or farmer, or sailor, or any other work, until he is satisfied that it is the will of his Creator for him to do it. Did not God create each man for a particular work? And, if he created the man for the work, did he not prepare the work for the man? If it is true that God has thus arranged all things, and surely no man, under the light of Divine Revelation, will deny that it is, can any one expect to make the most of himself without finding the sphere in which he can best develop the faculties that have been given him?

Having found the proper vocation, the next great problem for a man to solve is to find how he may become most proficient in that work, for which he finds himself naturally fitted. This he may solve by studying the lives of other men, who have followed, or are following, the same pursuit which he has chosen. In doing this he must note their defects as well as their excellences, endeavoring to avoid the former, but to attain unto the latter. By grouping together the excellences of all, he must get clearly fixed in his mind, the model to which he wishes to conform himself. In order that his labors in this direction may be successful, he must find in what particular he differs most widely from his model, and then make some special efforts to develop the weaker powers.

He will find that it is not always the man who has the greatest natural ability and the greatest advantages that is the most useful, honorable, and happy; and hence that a man's usefulness depends not altogether upon his natural ability and favorable circumstances, but to a great degree upon what use he makes of his opportunities. How often young men of elegant physique, with minds capable of being trained for great usefulness, and with sufficient means to support them while obtaining an education, spend their money in dissipation, thus weakening both body and mind, instead of strengthening them; while others, with weaker bodies, less active minds, and little or no financial strength, struggle on, amid many difficulties, until by prudence and perseverance they have
strengthened their bodies, secured an education, and stepped forth into the arena of life, under the title of self-made men! So, then, he who would make the most of himself must use and not abuse his favorable opportunities. Indeed, he must not wait for circumstances to make him, but must seek circumstances under which he can make himself. He must realize that time once lost can never be regained, and that an opportunity once past will never return.

Then, punctuality, which holds a high place among the virtues, must be cultivated. This habit is often difficult to form. So when dilatory propensities have once been subdued, they must be carefully kept in subjection until they become powerless, and the habit becomes, as it were, a part of the man; and then he can move on with dignity and honor, punctually fulfilling all engagements and promptly responding to every call of duty.

While good habits are to be formed, bad ones are to be avoided. The best way to avoid these bad habits is to have all of one's time employed in either physical or mental culture. Idleness is sure to breed wickedness. It is natural for the human mind to dwell upon evil thoughts; and unless restrained by being placed and held upon some worthy theme, it will lead us to say and do what we should not. May we not illustrate this, also, by what we constantly see in college life? Those who have little to do spend their spare time in thinking and talking over some means of employment, and often decide upon something both injurious to themselves and disagreeable to those about them. They soon become so engrossed in such employment, that they thus spend the time demanded by their studies. So we find, also, that if one forms the habit of spending his spare time in idleness or improper employment, he will soon be thus spending that which should be spent in the discharge of important duties.

In order for a man to be useful to his country he must be a close observer and thinker. He must have opinions of his own, and they so maturely formed that he cannot be "carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." He must aim at a noble end and have the energy to surmount all obstacles in order to reach the desired goal.

Lastly, he must have the courage, when duty is presented, to say "I will," and act it, and when temptation comes, to say "No" and stick to it.

Rolyat Iché.

Cranks.

In glancing at the heading of this article, doubtless the reader will at once decide that he knows already what is going to be said, and will pass on.

That such may not be the case, the writer would beg leave in the beginning to express his utter inability, in a very great degree, to correctly define all the varied specimens of this world-wide and highly useful article.

A crank, according to our honored friend Worcester, is anything bent or
turned; a conceit in speech; something easily overturned. Now that this is a living subject, and abundantly supplied with living evidences, no one will question. All around us in this great machine-shop we see things bent, things conceited, and things easily overturned.

In looking out for specimens of the first class, we notice first the cranks bent to turn the machinery of men's minds, to manufacture new ideas, to set the tongue in motion, and to form new thoughts, different from those which were fashioned by the machinery of the infinite mind, in regard to the end of time, the Bible, and man's evolution. The great difficulty with this class is that they are not bent enough, or else they are too crooked, or it may be—and we think that the best reason—they are not fastened on to the Great Power which governs all the rest of the machinery.

This is a very useful class of instruments, however, because it destroys all Bible truth; in fact, it is not fettered by truth of any kind much. It simply turns out ideas to suit each man's individual occupation who uses it. It is a living example of the fact that this is an advanced age, and develops out of the old religion of our fathers a religion of advanced thought, in which we no longer have the confused idea that a certain man of Judea was divine and also human. It does away with the old fogey idea that the Bible is inspired, because there are things in it that are always hindering the progress of these modern cranks, and even sometimes, when at rapid revolution, a strand of inspiration becomes entangled in the machinery, it so entirely demolishes the whole invention that it can never again be replaced. For this admirable reason this new and first class of cranks are wonderfully adapted to grind out every trace of inspiration from the Bible, and thus richly adorn it to suit the pressing needs of Infidelity and Rationalism.

This instrument (because it is bent thus to do) admirably turns all the way around the great obstacle in the machinery of Nicodemus, and avoids all friction by rubbing against Regeneration. On its first revolution, when the attempt was made to manufacture man, the machinery then being imperfect, of course, the result was a baboon. When this yet crude specimen of humanity was passed several times through the wheels of Development, turned by a few of these large cranks, he came out a fair sample of modern man. Now, at this same ratio of improvement, no one will for a single moment question that all that man needs to make him absolutely perfection is to run him through this wonderful machinery a few more times.

O, what a pity Nicodemus did not find this out without going to so much trouble, and exposing his ignorance!

This instrument is useful in another respect, also—viz.: it is easily changed. If the machinery of Religion, of Truth, or any part of the great machinery of Life, does not run right, all that is necessary to be done to reverse the whole apparatus is simply to change the size and bent of the cranks, and employ one crooked enough to turn whatever number of wheels, and in whatever direction the manager may desire. And then, perhaps the greatest advantage of these modern cranks is that when they are used there is no great, everlasting, all-powerful, indispensable Generator of
motive power used, too, for these cranks themselves set in motion all the force needed for these modern inventions without going to the extra expense and trouble of relying upon one Supreme Power. The saving of time, means, and talent by employing these highly-recommended cranks is ample inducement, of course, to engage the patronage of all business, energetic people who would keep ahead of the times; and for all these, and many more reasons just as plausible, the writer feels perfectly safe in recommending this class of modern inventions.

The next class is also becoming quite popular in these days of great achievements. This instrument is made in the shape of a man (though it does a vast deal more work than its Maker intended it to do). The Great Builder did not intend that it should be a conceited crank, yet it has been so long since the first one was built that there have been marvelous improvements, which the Great Crank Selling Company of the World will tell you are very great advantages.

The first advantage I desire to mention is that there is in this nineteenth century such a demand for broad culture, profound learning, and unerring judgment that, without these conceits, these demands could never be supplied. What an untold relief it is, when some perplexing question of government arises, to have on hand a conceited crank, who has watched it all from the beginning, predicted it even before it began, and can readily suggest a plan for its solution, without any possibility of doubt or hindrance! Of course everybody yields the point, because what he doesn't know about it is not worth knowing, and it is utterly useless to spend time to hear another's suggestion, unless it coincides with his. Therefore, by his presence and wonderful knowledge and judgment, the matter is promptly and forever settled. How often would the great cause of Christianity suffer were it not for these conceited cranks! Why, there would be a lamentable cry for young theologians, full-fledged, without entering college walls, who know enough by nature to preach equal to Robert Hall, and are gallantly following the good old veterans who went from the field into the pulpit. O! no, time is too precious to spend it in the study. These favored models of modern heroism do not need it; they are talented, because some kind sister of our dear churches says so. O! what a blessed (?) thing to be, and have, conceited cranks.

The third class is most valuable of any to our colleges and universities. It would, indeed, be a difficult matter to run college machinery without some principal cranks to govern the subordinate or dependent cranks. These subordinate cranks are easily overturned, and but for these larger ones, whose business it is (or at least they make it their business) to overturn, or rather to turn over, the smaller ones to the principal department of the college machinery—viz., the Faculty—there would be no end to the blowing of horns, breaking of stoves and windows, arousing the tired student (tired, because he has just run up four flights of steps and jumped in bed with his boots on, to prevent being caught) from his peaceful slumber, making the night hideous by the unpleasant tolling of that sacred, and yet despised, instrument, called the bell;
creating young earthquakes in the halls, and altogether acting their part so perfectly and so effectively as to carry the professors back again to those hallowed days when they themselves were college boys.

These cranks are also useful to overturn all the furniture in a student's sanctum, and furnish the occupant with an excellent half-day's exercise. They are not only easily overturned themselves, but easily overturn whatever they come in contact with. All that is necessary to keep your mind turning over from one subject to another for two or three hours at a time is to simply take one of these cranks into your room and give him a chair in which to perform. And then they are such a great relief to a poor student who is diligently preparing for examination, and has his mind altogether on that, because they always introduce some interesting subject (carefully avoiding books and examinations), such as girlology, sweetheartism, and vacation anticipations. They are useful, too, because they save so much time. He who is so fortunate as to possess a crank needs not to worry over Math, originals, and Latin and Greek exercises; he can simply turn his crank into a room or two and allow him to overturn his neighbor's exercise once or twice, and in some mysterious way the work is almost miraculously done. No time lost from outdoor amusements, night "calathumps," or morning hours for loafing, while the professor wonders at such marvellous genius of his two linguists, to write their exercises alike, and marks them accordingly. Surely it would be a great advantage to the health and progress of hard-working students if our colleges and universities would furnish each room with one of these useful and time-saving articles.

And now, in closing this imperfect recommendation of cranks, the writer begs leave to say that all three classes are not only proving to be the marvel of the age in the sphere of usefulness, but are highly ornamental.

Whether they be used to turn the machinery of Evolution and Development, to act as conceited cranks, or fill the two-fold position of being easily overturned and of easily turning over things, in each case they are heavily plated with unchanging brass, which not only fits them for all purposes, but renders them very conspicuous, and all who witness their operations are involuntarily attracted by them to such a degree as to unhesitatingly exclaim, "They are as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals."

Hoping that this faint description will add to the rapid sale of this modern invention,

I am yours truly,

Witness.
Blasted Hopes.

Time, in its remorseless flight, makes sad havoc with our treasures. It wrecks our dearest idols, thwarts our most fondly-cherished plans, and disappoints our highest expectations.

I have seen, in the early spring-time, a beautiful tree covered with blossoms, giving promise of abundant fruitage, but when gathering time came it was found bearing "nothing but leaves." The chilling frost had done its cruel work, and every promising bud and blossom had been blasted.

And so many a bright-eyed boy, who might have risen to positions of honor and usefulness, has yielded to the blighting influences of the tempter, and disappointed all the high, heaven-born hopes of a devoted father and loving mother.

The proud, happy husband, fresh from the marriage altar, looks forward to many years of delightful companionship with her who is to be the sharer of all his plans and joys; but while he plans and dreams, the heartless monster, Death, invades the sacred realm where love reigns supreme; the light fades from the holiest of altars, and his heart and home are left dark and desolate.

The fair, blushing bride, leaning upon the strong arm of the man who has vowed life-long protection and love, dreams of a peaceful, prosperous home, where she shall reign a queen, wielding the golden sceptre of unselfish affection; but, alas! when too late, she finds that the object of her affections is the victim of a ruinous habit—the slave of drink, perhaps,—and the home which her fancy had painted in glowing colors is forever darkened. Oh, the bitterness of such disappointment!

How the heart sinks, as one by one its cherished idols are snatched away and its dearest hopes vanish.

The aged man sits down amid the gathering shadows of life's evening, and as he glances backward over the years that have flown like swift-winged messengers of mercy, he remembers the inspiring hopes that glowed in his joyous young heart, in the bright days of long ago. Perhaps, of the glorious constellation that once illumined his pathway, some few stars of hope have remained through all the shadowy years, to cheer and guide him, but far the larger number have gone down in rayless, cheerless gloom. Like morning flowers withered by the scorching heat of the noon-day sun, his sweetest hopes have been blasted by the blighting breath of earthly changes. Life, for him, is far less bright than it once was.

Even the young may sometimes know what disappointment means. Who has not been rudely awakened from the enchanting dreams of childhood? What heart does not sympathize with the plaintive wish of Burns concerning the innocent day-dreamer:

"O, that daddy care wud let the wean alone, Wi' his castles in the air!"

But let us not despair, gentle reader, though our fondest expectations often end in disappointment. We may yet find fresh flowers blooming on the graves of dead hopes. And amid the glories
of the golden hereafter some of the sweet hopes that we had thought were lost forever may come to us again, radiant and glory-crowned; for evermore hope rises, phoenix-like, from the ashes of the dead past and the ruins of earthly prospects.

So long as the great heart of God throbs in loving sympathy with struggling humanity, there is hope. So long as the bright stars penetrate the midnight gloom with gleams of silvery light, there is hope. So long as the happy birds fill the morning air with sweetest melody, and beautiful flowers, radiant with glowing colors traced by the divine Artist, and fragrant with the breath of Paradise, deck every hill and dale, there is hope.

"Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes; And in the hereafter angels may Roll the stone from its grave away."

W. B. L.

---

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The Messenger wishes its many readers a bright and happy New Year. We are a few days late, we regret to say, with this issue. Our only excuse is a press of class work. Our intermediate examinations are upon us, and our time must be devoted to them.

Unlike many colleges, we have our regular class work to keep up all through the examination season, and each matriculate pledges himself to attend classes regularly; hence our work at this season is very difficult.

We will endeavor, however, to keep the Messenger alive through it all, and about the 15th of February it will again visit you.

In our next issue we promise the old students and friends of our literary societies a brief sketch of "The Philologist" and "Mu Sigma Rho," from their organization to the present time.

We are in receipt of communications from Professor R. M. Smith, of Randolph-Macon College, asking our interest and co-operation in organizing unions among our colleges, with a view of a settlement of the Virginia State debt. We have not had the opportunity of bringing the matter before the students, and hence what we shall have to say about the matter will only voice the sentiments of the Messenger. We regret that we have not the space to publish the correspondence between Professor Smith and the Virginia Committee of the Council of Foreign Bondholders. Professor Smith, after conference with members of his Faculty and other friends, has determined to organize unions among "college students, lawyers, and the ladies of Virginia, to make a final and united effort to pay our State debt." In pursuance of this plan, on the 19th of November, 1888, he mailed a letter to the Council of Foreign Bondholders, stating the purpose of the proposed organization, and asking them to make us friendly advances, and thereby to increase the "zeal and friendly feeling of the people," and enable the work to be more properly
started. He further assured them that an offer from them was a necessity, because in the progress of the work the unions would always be met by two considerations, which would "greatly hinder effective action":

(1) "Will we have an offer from our creditors?" "What are we trying to do?" and

(2) "The larger and more influential organization we show the worse will be the terms granted us."

The Professor closed his letter with the following: "If possible, make it [the offer of terms] just a little more favorable than the one made the State through your commissioners a year ago. Our State, as a State, deserves a great deal of sympathy. Make us a generous offer, and I hereby pledge myself never to give up the cause. Many will join such a union. . . Appeal to the honor and Christian principles of the people. Make an offer to us, yet without expressing any criticism of the State. All things are possible if we only get up enthusiasm. Do you, gentlemen, therefore, do all you can to inflame it. Let there be nothing in your reply to cause division or irritation of any class, for we shall try to get all to unite."

An answer from the Council of Bondholders assured the Professor that they had heard of the plan with sincere pleasure and interest, and that they would give him and his associates every support that they possibly could give.

The Secretary of the Council wrote further, that—

"With regard to your various inquiries, I am to state, on behalf of the Committee, that they made a strenuous endeavor last year to meet the feelings of the people of Virginia on the debt question, with every desire to arrive at a reasonable and practical issue, and they cannot take any blame to themselves for its failure. The commission was of the highest standing, perfectly above all suspicion, all personal bias, and anxious only to find a solution, honorable to both sides, of this perplexing question. With the same desire for a settlement, and with a view to facilitate your action in the direction desired, they will be prepared to make, in due course, an offer to the citizens of the State, in case the success of the movement contemplated by you should justify the Committee in the hope that such an offer would lead to a final settlement of the debt, and to its definite removal from the field of party contention between the citizens of the State. With reference to your appeal that such offer should be a little more favorable than the one made to the State by the commissioners sent to you in 1887, you will not fail to perceive that the solution of the question is daily becoming more difficult, because the volume of the debt is daily increasing, and has been increased since 1887 by about two years of unpaid interest. In addition, the rate of interest on the 10-40 bonds will shortly be 4 per cent. instead of 3 per cent."

The Secretary further wrote that the bondholders would require "for any increased sacrifice of their claims such increased security for the remainder as, in the light of their past experience, they may consider absolutely indispensable for their protection, both for the payment of the interest and the redemption of the principal." They further urged these unions to use unremitting diligence
in seeing that the interest of the debt be paid regularly, pending their action, in paying the principal, and suggested that this might be done by the friends of the movement purchasing coupons and using them extensively in the payment of taxes. In conclusion, they said that they were ready to give practical proofs of their cordial sympathy with and appreciation of this movement.

We have given above the gist of the correspondence, and a short account of the plan proposed.

We feel that after an editorial in the November issue of the *Messenger*, in which we criticised very severely some of our exchanges for allowing political matters to be discussed in their columns, we are due them an explanation in consideration of the above. Our reasons for discussing the matter are as follows: This is a question which concerns all political parties, whatever may be their positions upon the question. It is a question which concerns all honest Virginians; and, again, this is a movement with a view to removing the question, forever, beyond party contention. With this statement, we think we are entitled to a word about the matter.

The *Messenger*, irrespective of all party political affiliations, believes with our honored Professor Puryear, "that a State that will not pay her honest debts has lived too long." But we are proud to say that we do not think this applies in the slightest degree to Old Virginia. She is willing to pay what, in her judgment, she owes. Nothing more, nothing less. We honor our State government that it realizes that it has no moral right to squander the money of its people in paying debts that the State does not owe. We believe, further, that the committee from the Virginia Legislature which met and conferred with the Commission of Foreign Bondholders in this city during the year 1887 was composed of men as honest, as patriotic, "as perfectly above suspicion, all personal bias, and anxious only to find a solution, honorable to both sides, of this perplexing question," as were the gentlemen who composed the foreign commission.

Evidently it was a difference in judgment as to the amount of Virginia's real indebtedness which rendered it impossible for the two committees to agree.

In view of the foregoing, and the great difficulty of raising so large an amount by private subscription, we are constrained to think that, while the movement was organized through loyalty and patriotism, it is destined to be a failure.

We believe it impossible for the people of any State to pay a State debt, or to greatly reduce one, without the aid of the government, and were it possible, we think it would be impolitic and undesirable.

Should Virginia, as a State, refuse to pay her honest debt, even though a number of her people should pay the debt by private subscription, the State would still be disgraced in the eyes of "both contemporary and future generations," and rightly so.

But it is absurd and contradictory to talk about an honest people and a fraudulent government. The one cannot follow from the other. Then let our loyal, patriotic citizens work unremittingly for the settlement of the debt, but let it, in all cases, be through the government; that our State may not be placed at a
disadvantage. For the honor of our State government, at home and abroad, we will discountenance any movement which will bear for her her burdens, or take from her her just and irrevocable prerogatives.

Again, it seems to us that this movement must die in its infancy, because of the following difficulty: Professor Smith, in his letter, gave the bondholders clearly-defined reasons why it was necessary to have an offer from them, before the unions could organize, or at least before they could do any definite work. The Secretary of the Foreign Commission answered as follows:

"I am to add that your reply determining the amount of money which you think could be made ultimately available for the objects of your organization is absolutely necessary, before any scheme could be constructed by the Committee, as it would form the datum on which such a scheme could be formed."

We cannot see how it would be possible to approximate an amount which could be raised in Virginia by private subscription, remembering the immense amount involved; and without some such approximation the bondholders are not willing to make an offer.

We have written upon the matter in all seriousness, because of our respect for the gentlemen who have organized the movement.

We hope we may be pardoned for saying that the impracticableness of the scheme inclines us to treat it as a huge joke, and if it were the 1st of April it would be in place.

---

**LOCALS.**

Well! Well! Well!

"Ram and cabbage!" How is that for an evening dish?

Examinations!

Mr. W., just returning from a wedding, is met by Mr. S., who accosts him thus:

"Say, Whit, how many bridegrooms did they have?"

Curry your ponies, boys. Train them well; for Gen. Cam will soon order his cavalrymen out, and every steed will be put to the test.

Professor to Mr. N.: "Write the Latin for this, sir: 'He was very near falling.'"

Mr. N. writes: "Minimum abfuit flunkeret."

Prof. W. to Mr. S.: "Can you see heat?"

Mr. S.: "Yes, sir; it looks something like dust."

Prof. P. to Mr. J.: "What is an oculist?"

Mr. J.: "One who believes in the best."

"Rats, I'm with you."
Prof. P. to Mr. H.: "What language did the Romans speak?"
Mr. H.: "The Chinese."

Mr. S. declares that his uncle built the Natural Bridge.

Mr. M. to Druggist: "Say, Mr. B., I don't know what you call it, but I want one of those things with whiting in it, what Quiz uses on his face."

A young ministerial went out to preach, and after preaching a very flowery sermon an old brother said to him: "Young man, pluck a few feathers out of the wings of your imagination and stick them in the tail of your judgment, and you will get along better." For further information call on Mr. Q.

Mr. L., studying heterogeneous Latin nouns, says: "I can't pronounce that long name, but I know that he is some kin to Orgetorix."

Mr. S.: "Our Society says that one dollar per month shall be devoted to defreight the expenses of the Hall Manager."

Mr. B., looking over German books, says: "This is the mixed-uped-est German I ever saw."

Prof. P., who had been carefully explaining the nature of Eremacausis to his class: "Well, Mr. K., what does oxygen do with houses? Ain't they burned down?"
Mr. K.: "No, sir; some of them rot down."

Professor: "What do you think of that, sir?"
Mr. Z.: "I think, sir, that you have proven it to my entire sanctification."

Ye Sweete Miss: "Say, do you know that fellow at college that wears a sarcastic smile and his hair pompadoured about two feet high?"
"Yes, Miss, he is 'our great and living only' wonder from Zululand."

Mr. N.: "That girl I took home was ugly, but, golly! she is smart."

Strange how people will admire their opposites.

We intend this for a compliment, "young feller."

Mr. B.: "I'm so sorry Miss N—can't be here to-night. Poor girl! She sprained her wrist, and had to send for the dentist to set it."

Another one of Ye Sweete Misses: "I'd never in the world thought that Mr. Schoosenberry was a ministerial student."

Mr. H.: "Is Richmond really on the James river?"

We shouldn't be surprised if it is, young feller.

Mr. F., contemplating his love affairs, exclaimed: "O! that I could see my mama; she'd tell me what to do."

Prof. T. to Mr. H.: "What are the products of aesthetic imagination?"
Mr. H.: "Well, I suppose you might say love for one."
Mr. E. F., upon being asked to pour out a glass of water, remarked: "My arm is so tired from taking that large girl home from church that I'm unable to use it."

Prof. P. (in chemistry class): "When I say protanto, what do I mean?"

Mr. H.: "Dead, sir." Smart boy. (?)

Mr. R.: "Professor, did you know that the bell have rang?"

Prof. T., questioning Mr. Q.: "Well, sir, natural laws of what, sir?"

Mr. Q.: "Natural laws of nature, sir."

Mr. D. (in Junior II. Latin): "I wonder if I will have to span this line?"

Our Would-be D. D.: "Well, as Orpheus has laid her leaden fingers upon my eyes, I think I will retire."

"Chippy," old boy, you will have to study a few more myth before you get there.

Prof. P. to Mr. W.: "What is the art of building called?"

"Mr. W.: "Sculpturing."

Mr. S. (in Philologian Society): "If you abolish this free-school system, it will be like Hotel de Vou—a thing of the past."

Mr. J. has no use for a blower. He simply places his foot on the grate.

Mr. H. can't understand why we have forefathers. He insists that he has only one.

Mr. R., upon being asked about chemical compounds, illustrated the change of nature of the elements by saying: "Oxygen is the most brilliant supporter of combustion, and hydrogen is the most combustible of all bodies; but the two together form water, the great distinguischer of combustion."

The silence of the midnight hour has of late been often broken by the whines and mews of a certain alphabetic cat, who is well known to us all by his peculiar name. Oft-times has he kindled the wrath of the quiet, hard-working students, and more than once has our bearded man threatened to land this peculiar cat into the depths of oblivion, but he turneth a deaf ear to all the earnest entreaties of his neighbors, and still whineth the whine of a cat.

Lo! the days of miracles are not yet past, for, as the new year dawneth upon us, our peculiar cat (mirabile dictu) turneth to a skunk.

A few days ago Mr. M. received the following note from his girl:

"Mr. M——:

"Mama says she peeped through the window last night and saw what was going on. She therefore thinks it best for you to discontinue your visits.

"Very respectfully,

"Miss M."

Mr. P., while promenading in the Library with his best girl, says to her:

"Here is our Greek Goddess."

Mr. S. says he has graduated in Hippopotamus Rhetoric.
Little B.: "Ain't I my aunt's niece?"

Mr. H.: "Mr. President, has the ballot closed?"

"Loud blew the horn in midnight hour,
Aloud the bell did ring;
Across the floor, through the open door,
'Dat skunkum,' frightened, sprang.

"It awoke us with its horrid din;
Quick rushed we forth, I trow;
To search for the boy who rang that bell;
Alas! where is he now?"

"A person who is continually brag­
ing about his descendants has, in my estimation, indeed descended."—Dr. Landrum.

Mr. J. says he always takes a bath once a month, whether he needs it or not.

"Public opinion is usually expressed by those who have the greatest mouth and the least brains."—Dr. Landrum.

Our friend Robert Harris, who has been so long connected with the College, had his dignity very much offended by Mr. H. going up to him and inquiring if he was the "snoe fixer."

"Waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both."—Franklin.

Mr. H. (a clever lad from the country), upon going down Franklin street, noticed a very fine stable, and innocently inquired: "What church is that?"

"You kissed me at the gate last night,
And mother heard the smack;
She says its naughty to do so,
So please to take it back."

I took it back, and then she said:
"You rogue, you stole another;
Please take it back." I did, and then I kissed her for her mother.

Mr. H.: "I tell you, boys, I may flunk in my class, but just put me on a platform, or by the side of a pretty girl, and I get there."

Notice!

As I am about to retire from the active Latin business, I hereby advertise my entire stock, fixture, and good-will for sale—especially the good-will. Also, one first-class thorough-bred "pony." His sire was Hart and his dam was Osborn. He has a record of 200 lines an hour.

For further information apply to Cottage No. 36.

Lawn-tennis, foot-ball, croquet, and "pony riding" are the principal athletic sports now indulged in.

A short while ago the conductor on one of the electric cars was discharged. Soon after he was standing on a car in company with the conductor, when the wire overhead fell and killed the latter.

"Why did the discharged man escape?"

"Because he was a non-conductor."

A young lady down town wants to know if the College furnishes "ponies" free of charge for the students to ride around the campus on.
The Foot-Ball Player.

"My nether ear was neatly nipped,
My collar-bone was broken,
My shoulder from its socket slipped,
My larynx bruised and broken;
I left five teeth and smashed my nose,
My left leg's very lame,
But all the same we thrashed our foes;
It was a dandy game."

Ye recital of ye trials and ye tribulations of ye Local Editor seemeth to amuse ye common rabble, but verily it awaketh no response of enjoyment in ye hearte of ye Local Editor. His trouble increaseth and multiplyeth as ye days go bye. He walketh down ye street with a bundle of ye exchanges, and ye smalle boy taketh him for ye bill-poster. He taketh ye very particular pains in writing ye locals, and lo! when ye proof cometh back from ye printer he seeth that ye printer also conspireth against him, and maketh ye Local Editor to appear to say things he never dreameth of. Then ye business manager, in order to expedite matters, attempteth to correct ye proof, and verily he maketh it worse than ye printer. Ye Local Editor, being ye goodly man, uttereth not a word of complaint, but looketh forward with much pleasure to ye day when he can lay aside ye pontifical robes of ye office. Ye Local Editor having ye class of convicts at ye Penitentiary, upon ye Sabbath day he locketh his door and goeth over to teach ye convicts, and when he getteth back he findeth two William goats in his room, and his room smelleth ye smell of ye Araby the blest (?). Permit ye Local Editor to say to ye miscreants who putteth ye goats into his sanctum, that he hath not a word of censure for them; yea! his heart feeleth sad for them, for verily their days of pleasure are few. Any man that spendeth ye Sabbath day in concocting ye plans to annoy ye poor but deserving student hath but ye alternatives ye gallows or ye penitentiary. To pull ye student's toe is an outrage upon ye civilization; to try him is ye atrocious crime; to report him to ye Faculty is almost parricide; but to injure his Penates—what shall I call it? Ye Local Editor shall continue his work at ye Penitentiary; verily! he goeth to prepare a place for ye practical joke-playing student, that where he is, there ye may be also.

A 'Possum Hunt.

The nox was lit by lux of luna;
And 'twas nox most opportuna
To catch a 'possum or a coona;
For nix was scattered o'er this mundus,
A shallow nix, et non profundus.
On such a nox, with canis unis,
Two boys went out to hunt for coonis.
Unis canis, duo puer.
Nunquam braver, nunquam truer,
Quam hoc trio, unquam fuit.
If there was, I never knew it.
The corpus of this bonus canis
Was full as long as octo span is;
But brevior legs had canis never
Quam had hie dog, et bonus clever.
Some used to say in stultum jocum
Quod a field was too small locum
For such a dog to make a turnus,
Circum self from stem to sternus.
This bonus dog had one bad habit,
Amabat much to tree a rabbit,
Amabat plus to chase a cattus,
Amabat bene to tree a rattus.
But on this nixy moonlight night
This old canis did just right.
Nunquam chased a starving rattus,
Nunquam treed a starving cattus,
But circuerit, on, intentus,
On the track, and on the scentus,
Until he tried a 'possum strongum
In a hollow trunkum longum.
Loud he barked in harrid bellum,
Seemed on terra venit bellum.
Quickly ran the duo puer,
Mors of 'possum to secure.
Quam venerit, one began
To' chop away like quisque man.
Soon the axe went through the trunkum,
Soon he hit it all kerchunkum.
Combat deepens, on ye braves!
Canis, pueri et staves.
As his powers non longius tarry,
'Possum potest non pugnare.
On the nix his body lyeth,
Down to Hades his spirit flyeth.
Joyful pueri, canis unus
Think him dead as any stonus.

Now they seek their pater's domo,
Feeling proud as any homo,
Knowing, certe, they will blossom
Into heroes when with 'possum
They arrive, narrabant story,
Plenus blood, et plenior glory.
Pompey, David, Samson, Caesar,
Cyrus, Blackhawk, Shalmaneser,
Tell me where est now the gloria?
Where the honors of Victoria?
Quum ad dormun narrent story,
Plenus sanguine, tragic, gory.
Pater praiseth, likewise mater.
Wonders greatly younger frater.
'Possum leave they on the mundus,
Go themselves to sleep profundus.
Somurent 'possoms slain in battle;
Strong as Urse, large as cattle.

When nox gives way to lux of morning,
Albam terram much adorning,
Up they jump to see the varmin,
Of the which this is the carmen.
Lo! 'possum est resurrectum
Ecce pueri dejectum!
Cruel 'possum! bestia vilest!
How the pueros thou beguilest:
Pueri think non plus of Caesar:
Go ad Orcum Shalmaneser.
Take your laurels, cum the honor,
Since ista 'possum is a goner!

IGNOTUS.

The public debate of the Mu Sigma Rho Society will take place on the evening of the 8th of March, 1889. The following gentlemen are elected to conduct the exercises of the evening: Mr. M. W. Thomas, reader; Mr. C. W. Trainham, declaimer. Debaters: Messrs. E. W. Greaner, R. L. Motley, A. S. H. Bristow, J. W. Whitehead.

On the first Friday night in January the election of officers was held in the literary societies. The following are the officers for the ensuing term:

Philologian—President, W. E. Farrar; Vice-President, C. T. Taylor; Recording Secretary, Willie Smith; Corresponding Secretary, E. M. Whitlock; Treasurer, R. M. Penick; Critic, C. T. Kincannon; Censor, J. R. Brown; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. M. Jones; Hall Managers, H. H. Street and J. E. Hutchinson; Monthly Orator, M. J. Hoover; Final Orator, C. L. Laws.

Mu Sigma Rho—President, W. O. Carver; Vice-President, H. T. Louthan; Recording Secretary, H. O. Wicks;
Corresponding Secretary, H. A. Tatum; Treasurer, R. E. Chambers; Critic, C. W. Trainham; Censor, J. E. Noftsinger; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. C. Johnson; Hall Manager, T. W. Dew; Monthly Orator, J. A. Broaddus; Final Orator, R. L. Motley.

At the regular business meeting of our College Y. M. C. A., held Saturday night, January 5th, the following officers were elected: President, H. H. Street; Vice-President, R. L. Gay; Recording Secretary, J. R. Bagby; Treasurer, W. R. Keefe.

The President of the Y. M. C. A. has appointed the following committees for the ensuing term:

Committee on Membership—R. E. Chambers, C. B. Fox, E. P. Wright.
Committee on Missionary Work—W. C. James, W. B. McGarity, R. M. Penick.

The following gentlemen constitute the Final Committee:
Philologian—H. N. Quisenberry, Virginia; W. C. James, Texas; J. M. Burnett, Tennessee; H. F. Williams, Virginia; R. M. Penick, Louisiana; J. E. Hutchinson, West Virginia.
Mu Sigma Rho—J. R. Bagby, Jr., Virginia (chairman); J. N. Johnson, Virginia; J. H. Franklin, Virginia; R. E. Chambers, Maryland; J. M. Wilbur, South Carolina; D. H. Johnston, West Virginia.

Notes by the Way.
No. 2.

The present is pre-eminently a day of action. The maelstrom of business requires men of action. It may be they will act thoughtlessly, but they must act. The day of quiet meditation and introspection seems past for all but the recluse and the hermit. Men must needs think faster than formerly. The danger here is two-fold.

First, that we will not think for ourselves at all. Ideas and opinions are accepted at second-hand, and inquiry is made neither of the basis upon which they rest nor of the processes by which they were reached. Results only are asked for. Details are deemed burdensome and unnecessary.

Second, that our judgments will be erroneous. Prejudice is ever ready to enter at the door of intuitive judgment. If it is human to err in judgments concerning others, this is especially true as regards ourselves. We deceive ourselves twice where we deceive others once. It was a favorite fancy of ancient satirists that Jove gave to every one two wallets; one, placed on his back, contained his own faults; the other, hung before his face, was filled with those of his neighbors. False estimates of our fellows will often be attended with evil consequences to ourselves and others, but a misconception of our own worth will prove ruinous and fatal.

Kiah Playfair.

The annual public debate of the Philologian Literary Society took place on the night of the 14th of December in the Main Hall of the College. The spa-
cious room, as is common on such occasions, was filled to overflowing with Richmond's most intelligent ladies and gentlemen. How could it have been otherwise, when every youth's heart was pulsating with joy at the thought of sharing such a pleasant occasion with his best girl? And even fair Luna lent her enchanting presence to the young as they walked and talked of happier days yet in store for them.

It is needless to say that the presence of such an audience is always highly gratifying to the students and greatly appreciated by them. The rostrum was quite tastefully decorated with flowers, and near by were seated the Mozart Amateur Orchestra, who had been secured to render the music for the occasion.

The Committee on Arrangements deserve much credit for the taste which they displayed in performing the duty assigned them.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. W. W. Landrum, D. D., in which he earnestly implored divine blessings, not only upon the exercises of the evening, but upon the Society in all its relations.

The President, Mr. C. T. Kincanon, of Tennessee, then made the welcome address in his happy style. He then introduced the declamer, Mr. E. G. Trumbo, of Virginia. His subject was, "Emmett's Defence," which he rendered in a very good manner.

Mr. E. C. Garrett, of Virginia, was introduced as reader of the evening. He had selected a very humorous piece, entitled "Spring House-Cleaning," which he read with entire satisfaction and pleasure to all.

Next came the debate—"Resolved, That the Nation's Prosperity Demands the Disfranchisement of the Negro." Mr. H. W. Jones, of Virginia, was the first on the affirmative. He came forward with his usual dignity, and with his eloquence produced quite a flowery and impressive speech. Although it was a very good one and was loudly applauded, yet had he omitted a bit of college slang his speech would have been more acceptable.

The first on the negative was Mr. C. L. Laws, of Virginia, who appeared with the air of one who feels that he has the best of his opponents, and is in every way equal to the occasion. His was more than an average speech on such occasions. And while it was not decked with flowers nor sprinkled with star-dust, we must confess that he produced the soundest argument on the debate.

Mr. A. J. Ramsey, of Virginia, then made the closing speech on the affirmative. He came upon the rostrum in his graceful style, which in itself promised a treat to the audience. He handled the subject with that ease which characterizes a free and easy speaker. It should be gratifying to him to know that his speech was very entertaining and was complimented by many.

The closing speech of the debate was made by Mr. H. N. Quisenberry, of Virginia, last on the negative. All awaited his speech with pleasure, expecting that they would be borne by rhetorical flights of imagination through infinite space, and have their souls filled with beauties conceived of only by the few. He did not present himself in the most graceful manner, and yet he was not at a loss for something to say, and
in every way proved himself equal to the occasion.

It is to be regretted that this speaker also indulged too freely in college slang, but we can assure those who were present that neither of the speakers meant what their language would naturally convey.

No vote, of course, was taken, and it was for the audience to decide whether or not the right of suffrage should be withheld from the sons of Ham. All of those engaged in the exercises appeared in full evening dress.

The President closed the exercises by announcing that the Jeter Memorial Hall would be opened for promenading, which offered the last, but not the least, enjoyment of the evening. Quite a number of ladies and gentlemen availed themselves of the opportunity, and remained in the hall for some time. Upon the whole, the exercises of the evening were conducted with much credit to the Society.

One thing, however, greatly marred the pleasantness of the occasion. It is to be much regretted that some of our students seemed to forget the respect and courtesy that they, as gentlemen, always owe to visitors to our College.

The noise raised in the entrance was very embarrassing to the ladies, who were compelled to pass between two lines of boys, yelling such expressions as these: "Check your baggage!" "Hot Coney Island sausage!" "This way to the American House," &c. We know this was done in a spirit of thoughtlessness, and we sincerely hope that no Richmond College student will so forget himself as to ever again become a participant in so ungentlemanly an act.

PERSONALS.

R. A. Tucker, '84-'85, has charge of the Baptist church at Clifton Forge, Va. He expects to return to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary next session.

At Norwood, Va., December 19, 1888, George B. Taylor, Jr., B. A. of '81, now of Chapel Hill, N. C., and Miss Jessie Cabell were united in marriage.

Rev. James M. Coleman, '84-'85, was married on December 20, 1888, at the Fourth Presbyterian church, in this city, to Miss Maggie B. Johnston.

While there has been rejoicing in so many homes during the past few weeks, a black cloud of sorrow has shrouded in gloom the home of one of Virginia's most respected citizens. Judge Gunter, of Accomac county, has been called upon to put another noble son beneath the sod—Wm. Frederick Gunter.

Fred. was for a number of years a student of the College. He was diligent in his studies, and was much beloved by both faculty and students. He received his M. A. diploma in June, '85, being the only M. A. of that session. Since that time he had read law, and been admitted to the bar. At the time of his death he was practicing law at Accomac Courthouse. We tender our sincere sympathy to the bereaved family.

T. J. Shipman, '83-'84, is pastor of churches at Carrollton and Sanders, Ky.
Rev. W. W. Reynolds, '85-'86, begins the new year auspiciously. On the 1st of January, at 6 P. M., at the Twenty-second and Walnut-Street church, Louisville, Ky., he was united in marriage to Miss Alice Belle Davidson.—Religious Herald.

Dr. J. W. Carter, who delivered the sermon at our last Commencement, has removed from Parkersburg, W. Va., to Raleigh, N. C., whither he has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist church.

Quite a rich joke is told on T. R. Corr, M. A. of '87. It is said that upon being called to the Seminary 'phone to speak to his girl, he first went to a mirror and carefully brushed his hair.

Besides the marriages noticed above, we are also called upon to mention two others—that of Reaumer C. Stearns, M. A. of '87, who is now teaching in the Alleghany Institute; and that of W. C. Robinson, also a M. A. of '87, who is teaching at Moore's Academy, in Chesterfield. We tender our congratulations to all of these contracting parties.

"The Publication Society has invited Prof. H. H. Harris to take charge of the Lesson Notes in The Baptist Teacher, and to make the Advanced Quarterly for 1890, and he has accepted the invitation. This seems to us to be eminently wise in every way. Anybody who has had the privilege of studying under the wise direction of Prof. Harris knows that he is a born teacher; that his analytic mind, his unsurpassed power to simplify the truth, make it an unceasing delight to be his pupil. For many years he has been a Sunday-school teacher; but in 1890 he will teach an immense Bible class. The Teacher, we know, circulates widely, and the Advanced Quarterly has a circulation of 430,000. Considerably over half a million of people, of all ages and grades of culture, will sit at his feet in 1890. May God richly endow him with physical strength for his great work!"—Religious Herald.

W. E. Robertson, '87-'88, now attending the University of Virginia, has accepted a call to Orange Courthouse, Va.

Eldridge B. Hatcher, M. A. of '86, has been called to the pastorate of three churches in Chesterfield county. He has accepted, and has already entered upon his new work. We wish him much success.

J. Newton ("Dude") Johnson wishes his many lady friends to know that he has withdrawn all of his attentions from the fair sex, and that he expects, henceforth, to live the life of a hermit, devoting all of his time to his studies. Please note!
EXCHANGES.

We are glad to welcome the Tennessee University Student. It presents a neat and attractive exterior, a respect in which many of our exchanges are sadly deficient. Upon looking within, the first features that we notice are its excellent paper and type, together with the neat arrangement of its matter. The literary department contains several very readable articles, of which we note the one by "Esau" as being well written for an article of its kind. The local department is admirably sustained. Many of its items are quite interesting and amusing, and we are glad to notice the conspicuous absence of the slang phrases ordinarily found in this department of our college magazines. In a word, we congratulate its editors upon their first issue, believing that, if the Student attains to the career that is promised for it in its first number, it will soon be the equal of any college paper in the South.

In our first issue (November) we spoke in complimentary terms of the Niagara Index. Since that time the Index has either obtained a new exchange man, or the old one has swallowed something that has disagreed with him. However that may be, one thing seems very palpable—the present exchange editor is to be greatly pitied as a hopeless victim of dyspepsia.

In the issue of December 15, 1888, he begins with these words: "We wish to all our exchanges a merry Christmas. * * * * No doubt most of our exchanges will lay aside the quill for a week or two and seek rest and relaxation in the company of friends and relatives at home. Many of them need it. If a few days' vacation will enable them to write more common sense, less nonsense, and better criticisms than they have been giving us lately, let them take it by all means."

We are of opinion that the Index would not only infinitely benefit itself, but would confer a never-to-be-forgotten favor upon those who have to read it, by granting its exchange man an indefinite leave of absence; and we would gladly head a subscription list to enable this young wiseacre to spend his vacation among the jungles of India.

In this issue he pays his respects to eight exchanges, and yet the only complimentary remarks that we have been able to find are these: "The cover of your paper has a very neat appearance, but that will stand a little paring down too;" and, to another paper, "Your first issue is a good attempt, and gives promise of something better in months to come."

Let us notice one of his so-called criticisms:

"The ex. man of the Simpsonian is bellowing yet. This time he presumes to institute a comparison between the literary department of his paper and that of the Index. His presumption is exceedingly great. Suppose we come down to particulars. Let us look at some of the essays contained in the literary department of the Simpsonian."

Then he quotes some figures of speech which are undoubtedly correct, and tries to be very funny in criticizing them. For example: "Finally we read that * the hands of charity dug his (Goldsmith's)
EXCHANGES.

grave!'. Poor Goldsmith! he cannot be buried very deep.

In speaking of the exchange editor of the Swarthmore Phænix, who has handled him quite severely, this exchange sorehead uses language that decency prevents us from quoting—language which no man would belittle himself sufficiently to use; and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that in the next number of the Index he claims to be "a gallant and a gentleman," while another exchange editor is "a love-struck, hayseed dude," and goes "into disgusting ecstacies over a piece of calico."

In the last named issue this presumptuous blackguard, while he asserts that others display "an egotism which is truly astounding," gives unmistakable evidence that the epithets which he so lavishly heaps upon others, as well as the one by which we designate him, but mildly set forth his real character.

Thus this modest gallant speaks of the ladies:

"Those giddy girls of the 'Lutherville Seminarian' are darting their shafts at us again. Of course they are too coy and circumspect to come out very openly. We may as well tell the girls first as last that all the enchanting artifices at their command can have no effect upon the poor old solitary of the Index."

As if he thought the girls were trying to captivate such a shrewed old bachelor as he.

In another paragraph, while speaking of the cover of an exchange, he writes:

"The artistic work of Miss Hart has made a deep impression upon the mind of the indomitable and unconquerable individual who runs the exchange column of the Index."

When editors have to stoop to so low a plane as to use disrespectful and even indecent language, whenever their paper receives an unfavorable criticism, the sooner they are deposed and banished, or their paper discontinued, the better for them and the community at large.

If the Index should come to us once with one entirely favorable criticism, we could not, for lack of means, "inclose the whole in a jeweled frame and hang it up in our office as a continual reminder" of the fact; but we would do the best that we could, and carefully consign it to the most prominent place in our College Museum, as a greater wonder than the great cataract from which the Index derives its name.

We are indebted to the exchange editor of the Hampden Sidney Magazine for the following:

"The Richmond College Messenger comes to us for November with its well-known cover, which is neat and modest in color, and well expresses the character of the production—neatness and care, without undue display. The article on 'Fidelity to Truth' is, perhaps, rather too theological in its tone, but exhibits thought, and, what is too often unusual in college essays, time."

"The Messenger has one of the most attractive local columns which comes to our table, and it is gratifying to know that some things worth repeating are uttered by each successive generation of young aspirants for college honors."

"If there is one criticism to which the Messenger lays itself open, it is this: Most of the articles in the literary department are too short for a paper otherwise so well provided for as the Messenger. We are sorry, Bro. Exchange, that there were no notices of the magazines received before our last issue. It shall not occur again, and we are glad to see that the kindly spirit of true charity
seems to guide the pen of him who presides over the exchange department; a spirit which has been conspicuous for its absence in former years."

The *Fisk Herald* publishes an article entitled "Extremes and Extremists," which covers the whole space allotted to the literary department, with the exception of one page. We would like to notice at some length that portion of the article which pertains to John Brown, but time and space forbid our doing so in this issue. While speaking of the *Herald*, we may say that its typographical execution might be greatly improved.

---

**SCIENCE NOTES.**

**THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JANUARY 1.**

The weather conditions for making good observations seem to have been almost perfect along the line of the total eclipse of the sun, through northern California and Nevada obliquely up through Manitoba, on the first day of the year. Extensive preparations had been made for this work, and a great number of good photographs of the sun's corona have been obtained. Prof. Pinkerton, chief of the eclipse expedition which had been sent out by Harvard College, telegraphs that their apparatus worked finely, that the corona exhibited great details in its filaments, and that between fifty and sixty photographic negatives were obtained with their telescopes and spectroscopes, eight negatives of the corona being with the great thirteen-inch refracting telescope. It is said that a striking characteristic of the corona was two forked wings of light polar rays, well defined. Seven photometric observations were made of the light of the corona during a duration of totality of 118 seconds, the drawings showing that the corona extended outward from the sun two millions of miles. — *Scientific American.*

**CURIOSITIES OF THE PHONOGRAPH.** — Subscribers to whom are rented machines can have left at their door every morning the waxy tablets known as phonograms, which can be wrapped about a cylinder and used in the phonograph. On these tablets will be impressed from the clear voice of a good talker a condensation of the best news of the day, which the subscribers can have talked back at them as they sit at their breakfast table.

**VOCAL MUSIC AS A PREVENTIVE OF PHthisIS.** — A suggestive paper by Dr. C. E. Busey, of Lynchburg, was lately read before the Medical Society of Virginia. He stated as a well-known fact that those nations which were given to the cultivation of vocal music were strong, vigorous races, with broad, expansive chests. If an hour was daily devoted in our public schools to the development of vocal music, there would not be the sad spectacle of the drooping, withered, hollow-chested, round-shouldered children. There was too great a tendency to sacrifice physical health upon the altar of learning. Vocal music was a gymnastic exercise of the
lungs by development of the lung tissue itself.  

Phthisis generally began at the apices of the lungs, because these parts were more inactive, and because the bronchial tubes were so arranged that they carried the inspired air with greater facility to the bases than to the apices. During inactivity a person would ordinarily breathe about 480 cubic inches of air in a minute. If he walked at the rate of six miles an hour, he would breathe 3,260 cubic inches. In singing, this increased more than in walking, as to sing well required all the capacity of the lungs. The instructor of vocal music, in addition to his musical education, should understand the anatomy and physiology of the respiratory organs.—New York Medical Journal.

A MILLION DOLLAR TELESCOPE.—Representative Butler, of Tennessee—has introduced a bill in Congress to appropriate $1,000,000 to be expended, under the direction of the Secretary of the Navy, in the construction of a great telescope with a lens 60 inches, or 5 feet, in diameter. The diameter of the Lick object glass, the largest in the world, is 36 inches. In view of the fact that many astronomers regarded the success of the great California telescope as more than problematical, on account of the difficulty of casting and figuring such huge disks of glass, Mr. Butler's proposition is decidedly startling. But it should be remembered that, thanks to the success of the Paris glass makers and the incomparable skill of our great American telescope makers, the Clarks, the L'ck lens has turned out to be so perfect that the crakers have been silenced, and wonder has taken the place of doubt. While it would undoubtedly be an achievement that would tax to the utmost the skill and experience of the artisans and artists who should undertake the work, yet it cannot be said that the construction of a telescopic object glass of sixty inches diameter is impossible.

Such a glass, if successfully made, would be a much greater improvement over the Lick telescope than that great instrument was over the largest of its predecessors. To show this it is only necessary to remember that the light-gathering power of an object glass varies as the square of its diameter. The largest glass before the completion of the Lick lens was the 30-inch telescope of the observatory of Pulkowa. The light-gathering power of the Lick telescope is to that of Pulkowa about as 13 to 9, or one and a half times as great; but the power of a 60-inch lens would be to that of the Lick telescope as 26 to 13, or nearly three times as great. Such a glass would be four times as powerful as the Pulkowa telescope.—New York Sun.
Adam was the only man who never tantalized his wife about "the way his mother cooked."—Ex.

The College of Mexico is the oldest American college, being fifty years older than Harvard.

The Catholic University at Washington will be dedicated October 6, 1889.

"Bric-a-kex-kex, coak, bric-a-kex-kex, coak, coax, whu-op, whu-op, whu-op, parabaloo, '92," is the class cry adopted by the Freshmen of Yale.

White Chief has entered the Kansas State University.

The average expenses of the class of '88 at Yale was $10,000 yearly.

New York has school property valued at $35,000,000, and South Carolina $30,000.

Oxford University is the largest in the world, embracing twenty-one colleges and five halls. It has an annual income of six million dollars.—Ex.

Miss Pallas Fedora Von Blurkey, She didn't know chicken from turkey; High Spanish and Greek she could fluently speak, But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

The Freshman who disappeared lately from Yale has turned up at Chicago and accounted for his sudden departure by his dislike of college life. Rare bird.

By a vote of the faculty, the editors of the Lehigh College papers are excused from the literary work in their courses which corresponds to the work they do on the papers.

As an expression of their approval of the choice of Professor Webster, of Rochester, to be President of Union College, the students voted to cut recitations for one week immediately after his election.—University News.

That a college presidency is a hard place to fill is proved by the fact that sixteen prominent colleges are looking for suitable presidents.

Harvard may again return to the compulsory system of attendance on chapel, recitations, and lectures. A committee has been appointed by the Overseers to consider the matter.

Separate and punctuate the following: Isitahorsenoitisaajackandadaptedtoclassroomwork.—Clipping.

There is a young man named Anchises, One day there befell him this crisis: He ran at great speed, His nose it did bleed, And now he the scrimmage despises.

According to the Pennsylvanian, some ladies of the Riverside Tennis Club, of Hoboken, N. J., have organized a foot-ball team. They emphatically deny, so we hear, that they have sent a challenge to Harvard, Princeton, and Yale.

A maiden sat in the gallery high, One summer night in Music Hall; And brave Apollo stood close by, Proud in a niche within the wall.

She turned and gazed on the lovely god, And eyed his lovely limbs askance, Then said in tones a trifle odd: "Excuse me, sir, do you wear pants?"

—Boston Herald.
A NEW-FASHIONED GIRL.
She'd a great and varied knowledge, picked up at a female college, of quadratics, hydrostatics, and pneumatics very vast.
She was stuffed with erudition as you stuff a leather cushion, all theologies of the colleges and the knowledge of the past.
She had studied the old lexicons of Peruvians and Mexicans, their theology, anthropology, and geology o'er and o'er.
She knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures—ichthyosaurs, plesiosaurus, meglosaurus, and many more.
She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the Basques and Etruscans, their kettles, and the victuals that they gnawed.
She'd discuss the learned charmer, the theology of Bramah, and the scandals of the Vandals, and sandals that they trod.
She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science, all the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man.
But she could not prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor voracious papa, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.
—LYNN UNION.
The fair Freshman at Bryn Mawr, so we understand, is hazed 'by being made to walk up an inclined board with a pile of books on her shoulders. When she reaches the top she is given a lamp, with the injunction to keep it well trimmed and not be a "foolish virgin."

Ann Arbor's rules of government are few:
1. No student shall set on fire the college buildings.
2. Under no circumstances shall a student kill a member of the faculty.—Ex.

This was written on the fly leaf of a book, presumably on Psychology: "If there should be another flood, for refuge hither fly: though all the world should be submerged, this book would still be dry."

Professor: "Are you very careful about whispering and passing notes?"
Young Fresh: "Yes, sir, very; if we weren't, we'd be caught every time."—Ex.

The Coy Creature sat so near my arm, Around her waist I threw it, And then, without a thought of harm, I kissed her ere she knew it.
She cast one ugly glance at me, Her face turned red, and then she said, "I'd like to see you try that again."
"With pleasure, dear girl," I said.
I did. Could I be blamed?
This time she only blushed and calmly said, "You ought to be ashamed."

Stagg, Yale's famous pitcher, is to have charge of the University Christian Association this year, and next year he will enter a theological seminary and prepare himself for the ministry.—News and Courier.

"I know I've got a vein of poetry in me, sir," confidentially asserted the young man to the editor, "and all I want is a chance to bring it out. What would you suggest, sir?" "I think you had better see a doctor, and have it lanced."
The largest university in the world is Rudolph Allreits, at Vienna. It has 5,222 students and 285 professors.—Ex.

All that I am my mother made me.—John Q. Adams.

De Pauw University has received a bequest which will amount to $2,000,000.

J. B. Colgate, by direct gifts, made Madison University worth $300,000.

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1 CIGARETTES.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS, who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarette, will find THIS BRAND superior to all others.

THE RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT NO. 1 CIGARETTES

are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored and highest cost GOLD LEAF grown in Virginia. This is the OLD AND ORIGINAL BRAND OF STRAIGHT CUT Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, and observe that the firm name as below is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,
RICHMOND, VA.

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF
VIRGINIA BRIGHTS and DIXIE CIGARETTES,
OLD RIP, IMPERIAL MIXTURE,
And other high grade SMOKING TOBACCOS.

D. F. FLATAU'S
MANUFACTURERS' AGENCY OF
BOOTS & SHOES.
415 EAST BROAD STREET.
FIRST-CLASS BOOTS AND SHOES RETAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.

J. E. ROSE & CO.,
"Phone No. 574
1512 EAST MAIN STREET. 105 EAST BROAD STREET.
Stoves, Tinware, Crockery, Glassware.
TINNING, PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING.

STOKES & DUNN,
Merchant Tailors,
211 BROAD STREET, RICHMOND, VA., and
456 GRAND STREET, BROOKLYN, E. D., N. Y.
FINE WORK AT LOW PRICES.