Hope Adrift.

How fondly cling the days gone by,
The changing scenes of other years;
Sunshine and storm, desert and bloom
Were mixed with smiles, with doubts and fears.

How slowly passed those days away,
Of darksome gloom, of brightsome gleam;
They tarried long on youth's bright page,
And left a mark like turbid stream.

We watched for dawn of brighter days,
And hope unseen and faith afar,
We gave o'er to the shades of night
To push the golden gate ajar.

A cherished prize we strove to gain,
No dream of fame or regal pow'r,
The simple hope of possessing;
A pure and lovely God-made flow'r.

But Oh! the prize we sought in vain,
Protected in its natal spot,
It grew upon the thorny hedge,
A lonely, meek forget-me-not.

And yet like stream in desert place,
Like star on rugged, mountain height,
It drew our soul on upward wing,
In hope and peace, in pure delight.

We thought perhaps in time to come,
When heart is tired, and life is run,
Our hope might rise to joys unknown,
And burst forth like the noon-day sun.

Years pass, and hope is now adrift,
And life has felt the band of care;
But yet upon the thorny hedge,
That flower blooms in sunlight fair.

O thou Unknown, let dews descend,
That blighted it may never be;
When sun is set, O may it dwell
Where all is perfect melody.

Glide on, O years, for thus it goes,
On land or on the ocean wide,
The hope that's led us on thus far
Is drifting on the mystic tide.

O stream, bear us along the way
To where the even-tide doth lift;
Where all is peace, and all is love,
Where hope can never be adrift.

J. E. H.
Mu Sigma Rho Public Debate.

Resolved: "That a Nation's Greatness depends more upon her Generals than upon her Statesmen." By Mr. E. W. GREENER, First on the Affirmative.

Life has been indeed rightly compared to a mighty book, of which day by day a new leaf is unfolded to us. It may be divided into three great sections—the warning of the past, the reality of the present, and the hope of the future. To us is given the privilege of reading the past and by it shaping our actions for the present, while we look forward to the unread future with a brightened hope. When in the misty long ago the Almighty swung this globe into space and clothed it with beauty and touched it with his powerful finger, all things responsive to that touch took on the garb of life, and man, proud owner of them all, was happy then indeed. But man tempted, fell, and Eden was his no longer, and from that time on strife, dissension, and discord were to fill the world with misery and woe. As the ages rolled, the earth was gradually peopled, who as they spread became more and more unlike and more estranged from God, until, with the exception of the Hebrews, we find them more like brutes than men. We look back with horror into those dark ages, when the law of might was the law of right.

Crimes innumerable, deeds atrocious, bring before us scenes of bloodshed that we cannot fully realize. Man is and always was ambition's slave, and soon discontented with his small territory he reached out for more and took it by force. Then tribes were formed, and petty jealousies led to battles with their neighbors. Constant fighting soon taught them that skill in warfare was very much to be desired, and soon we find appointed leaders directing their attacks upon the adjoining tribes—the first step towards generalship. The result of these battles was that the weaker tribes were subdued and had to yield to superior skill and force.

This frequent warfare gave them territory constantly, and with the acquisition of this territory came a new want, how should it be cared for? The warriors were absent from their homes engaged in strife fierce and deadly, and often would they return with shouts of victory and exultation, while at home some remained framing the laws that were to govern a newly conquered nation. Thus did statesmanship receive its birth and first perform its office; and this statesmanship, under the fostering care of generalship, became a mighty factor in a country's welfare; and so have they continued from the uncertain ages of antiquity to years more recent and authentic. What, then, is the relationship existing between them? Both have their place. We are not here to deny the value of statesmanship, but to show which is the more conducive to a nation's greatness. Like many other questions of this character the line of distinction is extremely hard to draw. We would say that statesmanship is internal, while generalship is external. It is a well-known fact in nature that the internal is protected by the external, without which the internal would die, and likewise statesmanship
being internal if unprotected by external
generalship would also die. The Eng-
lishman makes his proud boast that the
sun never sets on English soil, and points
with pride to the dominions of his coun-
try governed so wisely and so well: he
calls it statesmanship, and so it is; but
to-day her war-vessels plough the seas
protecting English rights, while the
mother country keeps a standing army
ready to suppress the first outbreak or
insurrection. That is why English states-
manship is enabled to accomplish such
mighty ends. Gladstone, the greatest
statesman of the age, realizes fully the
necessity of keeping the nation prepared
for war, while members of the English
Parliament are clamoring loudly for more
efficient armaments for their vessels and
larger appropriations to the war depart-
ment. Take away English defences, and
soon her dearly-bought glory will be
stricken to the dust by an envious nation
across the channel.

But why need we turn to England,
have we not proofs at our very doors?
America, does she not furnish us an ex-
ample worthy of our attention? From
Mexico’s gulf to Canada’s soil our coun-
try peaceful lies, while from the Atlantic
to the Pacific the tide of national pros-
perity smoothly, steadily flows; but hark!
the Senate chamber at Washington! We
almost hear those earnest appeals that
have been made in favor of coast de-
fences, and appropriations for the manu-
facture of guns. The ship-yards of San
Francisco, Philadelphia, and Baltimore
are building for us gun-boats and steel
cruisers that shall be entitled to the name
of navy, for we can scarcely dignify our
present excuse for one by that title. Why
all this vigor and clamor for proper forti-
fications? My opponents will say that
it is statesmanship. Granted, but why
should this be so? There is an old ex-
pression, “In time of peace prepare for
war”; and the explanation is simply this,
that statesmanship, realizing that a time
must come when, if unprotected, the na-
tion must be subdued, is providing now
for such an emergency. Then with her
generals called forth, and her devoted
sons in arms, will a new wreath of vic-
tory be placed upon Liberty’s brow, and
then shall generalship add another link
to the chain of greatness of which we are
so justly proud. Yes, we are at peace,
but it has been secured at the sacrifice of
many precious lives. The Revolution,
1812, and civil strife tell the story. We
are noted for our prowess of the past, and
the names of Washington, Jackson and
Lee must be honored and revered by the
generations of the future as men who,
by their military skill, gained for their
country a glory and a greatness which
she must maintain unsullied. We point
with the finger of true admiration also
to our statesmen, who, faithful to the
mighty trust confided in them, have
guided the ship of state safely through
the troubled seas of internal discord to
which she has been too often exposed.

It is in their power, by the exercise of
wisdom and prudence, to delay warfare,
but they cannot avert the final bloody
struggle which our fair land must make
to maintain her supremacy. Who is he
so blind as to deny the benefits which
statesmanship confers? But who so dull
as not to comprehend the greatness and
glory given by generalship? I do not deny
the fact that statesmanship seems to be
productive of more greatness than gen-
eralship, but this comes from giving the
subject merely a superficial glance. From New York to Brooklyn there spans the East river a mighty bridge—a masterpiece of engineering skill and perseverance—the Brooklyn bridge. We look with wonder at its huge dimensions, but we seldom think of the foundation that gives it support. Beneath the surface of the river, far out of sight, rest the bottom stones that sustain the weight of the entire structure. Remove those stones and in one single moment the work of many years will be undone; and so, though statesmanship is constantly before our eyes, remove the foundation stone of generalship and the work of centuries will be as naught. Though from the Senate chamber have gone forth acts promotive of the general welfare; though great men have lived and died as true patriots should; though we speak with admiration of our beautiful land, do away with generalship, and the bright picture of the past, the prosperous condition of the present, and the on-coming evil will be commingled in one awful chaos too fearful to conceive.

But my opponents will say that the statesman declares war, but they may forget that the general conducts it, and the statesman confidingly puts his hand into that of the general and says, "I've done all in my power, Mr. General, now you protect me." It reminds me of a little child. He plays joyfully around, but at the first sign of danger, seeks his father's sheltering care. And again they will say that statesmanship produces good government. Granted. But why have we good government? It is because we have been so long unmolested at home. Twice have we wrung the British Lion's tail, and John Bull's handkerchief is yet wet with tears at the loss of his American colonies. When oppressed by tyranny and taxation, our forefathers were constrained to throw off the yoke of the mother country. Those patriots assembled in Philadelphia, sent forth that memorable sheet, the Declaration of Independence, the greatest stroke of modern statesmanship. The whole country sprung to arms, and under the leadership of him of immortal memory independence was established. Can we doubt Washington's skill as a general? Or can we say that without his generalship we would ever have been the glorious republic that we are? Many with their hearts beating with love for the father of our country have, perhaps, with justness compared his military skill to that of Alexander and Napoleon. As the terrible picture of Valley Forge is presented to our vision, how our very natures seem to yearn towards him who was not oblivious of his meanest soldier's want. There in the lonely solitude of the forest, nature's own chapel, we see him as he breathed a prayer to Him who is able to help, for guidance and support.

There were hungry mouths to feed, and he loved his soldiers as a father loved his children. There were menacing difficulties to surmount, but he was not the child of despair. The die was cast and defeat meant ruin, but the bright star of hope shed its kindly ray upon his path, and he led them not to defeat but to a glorious victory. Why this bloodshed and this strife? Was it to gratify a man's ambition, that a nation's vales ran red with blood? Did our country sacrifice her sons that Washington might be crowned with the laurel wreath of honor? Shame on the thought! Do you ask me why it
War was a grim necessity. The relentless hand of tyranny held the struggling colonist with a grasp of iron, but responsive to the call her dauntless sons were massed in battle, and by the shedding of their blood broke the cruel bands of oppression. The war clouds rolled away and the young republic, leading Liberty by the hand, came forth, wearing the smile of conscious merit and success. America, thou art the land of the free—the home of the brave. Long shalt thou stand an abode for the oppressed and a warning to the tyrant. I need not confine myself to America merely. The annals of history furnish many examples of men who have contributed to their country’s greatness by their military skill. My opponents will give you, perhaps, instances of tyrants who, having conquered many nations, have ruled them with a rod of iron.

The people have been brought to poverty by the grinding hand of Taxation, while the coffers of the treasury have been emptied in useless expenditures to gratify a brutal ruler’s wishes. But what can be the comparison between a few years of hardship to the long eras of prosperity that have been the result of a united people? It took war to unite them, and then many years to wear off the rough edges of petty hatred and jealousy; but at last we see them contented and prosperous. They called Caesar a tyrant, but he made Rome bright with glory. Napoleon was ambitious, and he made France the fear of Europe. Alexander surmounted all obstacles and made his nation mistress of the world. Hard though it seems at first, the fact must still remain that generalship is more conducive to a nation’s greatness than statesmanship.

On every hand, wherever we go, we note the nation’s tribute to her honored dead. What mean those monuments, that speak so plainly the glory of some heroic deed? They mean that we love the memory of those who have purchased our freedom at the risking of their lives, and that we wish to hand down to posterity a sign of our admiration for those who served their country in her time of need. From the monuments of Capitol Square we turn to that now in course of erection, almost within a stone’s throw of this college. Who does not honor Lee? Who dares say his praise is undeserved? Is there one who does not love him for his gentleness, his bravery and his skill? Richmond is only an example of what is universal. Does not this show a nation’s regard for generalship?

But while we respect the general, let us not forget the common soldier, who, when the sun flashed bright on the bayonets and the cannon belched forth its death-dealing missile, and the air rang with shouts of exultation, yells of consternation and groans of despair, bravely fought for the cause which duty taught was right. In you silent city of the dead, those nameless graves, and that rugged granite pile, tell the pathetic story of a State’s recognition of her slaughtered sons.

But why argue thus? We acknowledge the use of statesmanship and recognize its dependence upon generalship. We are not here to condemn statesmanship. Honor and praise to all those who labor for the universal good, but there comes a time when the awfulness of war cannot be averted by the most skilful diplomacy. Oh, warfare! how terrible
thou art. The thunder of the cannon, the flash of the sabre, the dead and the dying. Ah! let the funeral pall of smoke wrap the horrid scene within its murky folds. On one hand the sigh of the orphan, the sob of the widow, the grief of the father and the heart-broken mother; on the other, the song of victory, the shout of exultation, words of praise and a rejoicing nation; while the mangled forms upon the battlefield, the causes at once of grief and joy, remain awful reminders of a glory too dearly bought. Do we love warfare? How gladly would we all forego its perils and its path to glory for peace, sweat peace. If statesmanship be more conducive to a nation’s greatness than generalship, why all these wars with their blackening trains of desolation and ruin? Have they been waged unnecessarily? or has it been for sport that conquered nations have striven for years to rise from the dust of defeat, once more to stand erect, honoring and honored? Why has not magic statesmanship prevented all this carnage?

When the tidal-wave of foreign onslaught threatens the republic it is military skill versus military skill, generalship opposed to generalship, or statesmanship, with all its crowning brightness, must fall. Could warfare be banished from the hearts of mankind, then statesmanship could pursue its peaceful functions to the welfare of the commonwealth, and all disputes would be settled by arbitration. When the sun of disension shall have set and the rosy hue of a new dawn shall have been seen by the world, how glorious shall be that beautiful era of peace. Then the statesman shall be a general and the general a statesman. Discord shall give place to brotherly love, and prosperity shall reign supreme. No more a land seared and blackened by the ravages of war, but a country peaceful, contented, and happy. National barriers demolished, the nations of the earth shall walk hand-in-hand together, supporting parts of one stupendous whole, a united world. But sad, sad the thought, this golden age of peace has not yet been reached. Even now the war-cloud is hanging ominously over Europe, which when it bursts may alter the geography of the Old World. The vapor of English ambition and the fumes of French hatred mingle above the narrow waters of the channel.

From the Emerald Isle comes the cry for home rule that must finally be granted. With strained eyes John Bull regards his far-off dominions, and his heart beats with anxiety as he remembers the story of the American colonies. Samoa feebly warns us of the coming strife, as Bismarck seeks to fold her in his dread embrace, while even our peaceful nation has had to threaten Hayti. Three thousand miles roll between us and the Old World, and the mutterings of the approaching storm are distinctly heard, but we need not be afraid, for high above the darkened earth soars the American eagle, alike observing and ready to strike when necessity requires. The clutch of those terrible talons is justly to be feared, for it is the power that has preserved us intact as a nation through all these years. We have seen how generalship gave rise to statesmanship, and how it now protects it, and how statesmanship would fall without its fostering care, and how for perfect happiness it is necessary that both be present.

Statesmanship alone cannot protect
from foreign invasion the territory allotted to its care; but generalship not only protects the territory but enlarges it also. With statesmanship alone we would be conquered and wear the fetters of servitude to a foreign power. With generalship alone we would be ruled by martial law, but we would be intact as a nation. Intact as a nation, we would be free. Subject to a foreign power, we would be slaves. Therefore, since generalship preserves us intact as a nation, increases our territory, and saves us from slavery, it is more conducive to a country's greatness than statesmanship.

Speech of Mr. A. S. H. Bristow, First on the Negative.

The history of antiquity is but one grand narrative of a long succession of bloody and horrible wars—wars, some of which are presented to us in the form of interminable contests between petty tribes and kingdoms; others of which we see resulting in the conquest and complete subjugation of whole countries and nations by a braver and a harder race, and in the establishment of vast and extensive empires. The first accounts we have of mankind are but so many butcheries. Greece, the most highly civilized nation of antiquity, for more than ten centuries was the arena of a continuous hostility between the various tribes within her borders. A constant depredating warfare was kept up among the nations; incursions for plunder and aggrandizement were made by one country upon another. War was but a trade. History displays before us a series of mighty and powerful empires cemented in blood, and attaining their greatness by the sword—the Assyrian, Median, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman—empires which held all nations bound by the hand of imperial power. In such times as these, when nations went to war on such slight provocation, it was but natural that the general should be the leading spirit. He it was who, goaded by ambition and thirst for military glory, directed armies in their work of destruction, causing the waste of wealth and resources, and the needless loss of thousands of lives.

Yet mankind bestowed more liberal applause on its destroyers than on its benefactors. The conqueror was regarded as a hero. Upon him were showered the highest honors attainable. No office in the State was too high for his aspirations; no dignity was beyond his reach. He it was to whom Rome gave her ovation; he alone of all men in Greece could wear the coveted olive wreath. He was the all-important theme of the poet. Homer sang of "Achilles' wrath," and Virgil tuned his lyre to the ever-memorable words, "Arma virumque cano."

Thus did blinded antiquity exalt its destroyers, the conquerors of mankind—"a race with whom the world could well dispense."

There was another class of men in ancient times whose praises have been less sung than the conqueror's, but the influence of whose labors upon their countries and the world at large has been inestimable—the statesmen. We would not attempt to estimate the immense influence exerted by that noble band of men constituting the Areopagus, who for so long deliberated on matters relative to the welfare of their native Greece, nor can we judge of the benefits derived by Rome from that famous body of senators whose names will ever be associated with
fortitude and fidelity to country; who, reverencing the memories of the past, cherishing its patriotic impulses and practicing its virtues, will always be remembered as the noble spirits who, when Brennus and his barbaric horde were advancing against the "City of the Seven Hills," remained seated in the Forum and bravely and fearlessly awaited the approach of the on-coming numbers; the same body of men who at an earlier date by wise and active measures saved proud Rome from immediate destruction at the hands of the victorious Hannibal.

However pleasant the task might be to enumerate the services rendered to Greece by such a statesman as Pericles, who has given his name to the age in which he lived and under whose administration Athens was adorned and embellished with fine temples and public buildings, and attained that lofty eminence which so distinguishes her from the cities of other times and countries; however much we might desire to speak of the stern virtue and loyal devotion to country of such men as Cato and Cicero, the nature of the question does not permit us to give to them more than passing notice.

The question must be settled in the light of more modern times, when the civilized nations of the earth look upon wars of aggrandizement as violations of the first principles of government, when the peace of the world is disturbed by no such merciless conquerors as Cæsar, Hannibal, or Alexander, save when by some unaccountable conjunction of circumstances, some remnant of the past in the person of a Napoleon arises to convulse and shake a continent; when, in a word, the powers of the earth have acquired a truer and more exalted idea of national greatness. The time has come when man is beginning to learn that the war of all against all is not his natural state; that those successes are more glorious which bring benefit to mankind than such ruinous ones as are dyed in human blood. It is now that the statesman's influence can be more justly estimated since on the field of controversy between nations, where formerly nothing was settled except by the sword, the reason of man has stepped in and in fair argument the rights of nations are settled and upheld.

It is an observation of Mr. Gladstone that while there have been many things in the general policy of Europe since 1815 to be condemned and regretted, there is at least one great new principle which has met with universal recognition in Europe for more than half a century: there has never been any question of a war of ambition for the sake of conquest. No European Power has attempted by mere force to aggrandize itself at the expense of the other Powers; and respect for international law and peace has become the fundamental maxim of international policy. Disputes which in former times resulted in disastrous wars, and as a consequence invariably ended in the weakness of all parties, are often decided now by the timely intervention of the diplomatist. International troubles are thus settled by arbitration, which if arms were appealed to would cost each country involved many lives and vast expenditures.

Bismarck, to whom is owing more than to any other one man the unity and greatness of the German Empire, by patiently bearing many affronts and avoid-
ing all entanglements for his country, is believed to be the one man who has contributed most to the preservation of peace in Europe.

On all occasions when Gladstone has represented England in her negotiations with foreign Powers, he has ever had an eye to the maintenance of that code of international principles which serve for the preservation of the future brotherhood of nations.

This code of international principles, of which the world was ignorant while under the domination of the sword, was in great part established and is now upheld by the world's statesmen.

No more shall we see a world consisting of but one extended empire, possessing a greatness of which she is destined to be deprived by the same instrument with which it was attained, but instead we may see a vast community of nations, each of which by virtue of certain recognized relations existing between them, is the possessor of certain inviolable rights in the exercise of which it cannot be molested. This is an indispensable requisite for true national greatness, and this is the work of the statesman.

But there do come times, even at this advanced stage of civilization, when after the most strenuous efforts of the diplomatist have been unavailing for the preservation of a country's honor and her rights, war is inevitable. And even in war the statesman has to act a part, and that, too, no despicable part.

Behold the "Great Commoner," William Pitt, as he directs the armies of England in every part of the globe, infusing his spirit into every soul and imparting to the commanders whom he employs his own impetuous, adventurous, and defying character, until he makes his country honored and respected as the first nation of his time. Also when in the course of human events it became necessary for the thirteen American colonies to dissolve the ties which had bound them to the mother country, it was the pen of a Jefferson which wrote the Declaration of Independence; it was the voice of a Henry which aroused in a whole people that spirit which was invincible in war; it was the lips of a Franklin, with their persuasive eloquence, which induced France to come to the assistance of an infant republic struggling for liberty.

But the services of the statesman are required no less in peace than in war. If in times of war the general, whose operations he directs, shares part of the glory, it must be admitted by the most prejudiced and unobserving that in times of tranquility the statesman is preeminently the man upon whom a nation must depend for the direction of her affairs. Here surely he guides with undivided authority.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." Nations in all ages of the world have been convulsed with such political contests as those between high birth and wealth, between rich and poor, between conservatives and progressives. All of these difficulties the mind of the statesman has to encounter.

The statesman must by one comprehensive grasp of his mind grapple with vast schemes of government; he must take in all nations and all ages; he must advocate those measures which are for the best interests of his country; he must take hold of the different elements of which a country is composed, elements
which, perhaps, are adverse and even antagonistic, and with a necromantic power fuse them into one grand, complete, and harmonious whole. Above all it must be his constant care to provide against all agencies at work within a country which tend towards her disruption and disintegration, civil dissensions must be quelled, animosities of factions must be restrained—animosities compared with which the mutual animosities of countries at war with each other are tame and languid. With the assistance of the statesman a country may justly hope to attain to the loftiest ideal of earthly greatness; without him, the most she can expect is anarchy.

Such is the stupendous vastness of the work apportioned to the statesman; such is the charge committed to his care, the destiny of a nation; such are the services for which the countries of the world are indebted to their Foxes, Pitts, and Burkes; to their Calhouns, Clays, and Websters.

Anticipating by a glance into the future the results of the tendencies now in operation, we can picture to ourselves a time in the history of the world when all countries will be united into one grand brotherhood, when the services of the general will be no longer in demand, while the statesman remains as ever his country’s chief stay and support; when the sorrows and the pains attending the departure of the youthful soldier from the paternal roof, the parting with mother, father and sisters, and that saddest of all separations, of lover from lover, will be forgotten; when Peace shall begin her golden reign, and “grim-visaged War” disappear forever from among the nations.

Imagination.

The imagination is the most active and energetic of the representative powers of the mind. But notwithstanding its activity, it has no power to produce new material, but only to arrange the old into new and varied forms. It has power either to diminish or enlarge the object that has been previously before the mind. It has power to separate the different parts of the object and to single out any one of its parts. It also has power to combine the parts of different objects and form them into a new. It is therefore always constructive, never creative. Like memory, the office of the imagination is to represent or reproduce what has previously been before the mind; but memory represents the object in the same form in which it previously appeared, with the belief that it has been before the mind, while the imagination represents the object in new forms without any belief of its having previously been before the mind. Both are reflective of the object, but memory reflects it in its original form, while the imagination reflects it in an infinite variety of forms. Memory only discloses facts, while the imagination enlivens by a variety of pictures. In order to the exercise of imagination there is implied a retentive and an associative power. All the images produced by the imagination come from ideas retained in the mind of objects.
which have previously been before the mind, and these images always arise according to the laws of association. These laws are two—the law of contiguity and the law of correlation. The character of the images in the individual is determined by native taste and energy.

The imagination of some people is disposed to follow the law of contiguity, and things wholly unconnected come up, delighting their possessor with their unexpected appearance and variety. These imaginings involve little if any intellectual effort, and are likely to be followed by persons in dreamy moods. This tendency finds its full gratification in a great deal of the fiction and trashy literature of to-day, and sad to say, it is too often indulged by our young people, rendering them light and frivolous in mind, averse to exertion of any kind, less likely to turn to sober thoughts, and less able to grapple with weightier subjects. On the other hand, the imagination of others is more disposed to follow the law of correlation, and things come up that are connected with each other. This tendency is indulged by the more sober-minded, and finds its fulfilment in our best prose and higher poetry.

As we have said before, the native taste and energy determines the character of the imagination in the individual. The tastes, whether native or acquired, are more readily and clearly shown by the imagination than by anything else. We are then able to direct our imagination by associating with the exercise of our intellect, feeling and will, what we wish to represent either in old or new forms. We therefore have great power over our imagination, and can to a great extent determine their character for good or evil, for what we think of oftener and attend to more closely will be our most frequent visitor whether we desire it or not.

The imagination has power to bring back or picture what has previously been before the mind. For example, in my boyhood, my father owned a horse that I loved and petted almost as a human being. A friend offered what my father considered a good price, and he sold the horse. As the man mounted my pet and rode away, I stood with my eyes riveted upon it, and almost in tears, for I was loath to give it up. I planned in my heart revenge against the man who I thought had so injured me. I stood gazing upon the horse until far down the road it turned the bend and passed away from my natural eye, but the image still lingered in my mind, and not only did I imagine the horse as I last saw it, but I pictured it in other and far different circumstances, and the cruelties it was suffering at the hands of its new owner, and so affecting and forcible was the scene that even now my imagination presents to my mind the picture as fully and clearly as when I saw it with the natural eye. The imagination has also a constructive power and makes the old material into a variety of new shapes. As the prism separates the different colors of the sun's ray that falls upon it and forms the spectrum, so the imagination separates what passes before the mind, shaping it into new and richer pictures. This is the highest property of the imagination. It is one of the characteristics that make up genius, and is the foundation of invention, while the character of the invention must be determined by the tastes and habits of the individual.
The person whose mind turns to forms, and whose imagination shapes them into new combinations, he who loves the beauties of nature and from old scenes can picture new and lovelier ones, need have no fears, if his talent is cultivated, of not becoming a skilful painter, and so all the tastes govern the success of our pursuits.

This is a gift that cannot be acquired by industry, or bought with a price, but like the other powers it can be cultivated, and great care must be taken in its cultivation, or it will become useless and often injurious to its possessor. Therefore he who would follow his native taste must guard well the cultivation of his imagination if he would rise high in his pursuits.

The imagination not only pictures and puts into new forms the old material, but it also pictures the mental and spiritual worlds. In the illustration used, I not only pictured my pet horse under new circumstances, but I pictured my own disappointment and feelings of revenge which I felt at seeing my horse taken away. The poet, taking what is fairest from scenes of landscapes of earth, pictures scenes far more beautiful than any of nature. So Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," describes a garden fairer than any earthly Eden, and shows a still greater achievement of his genius in combining and intensifying all the evil tendencies of man to set forth Satan contending with the angels and with God himself. We see, therefore, that the imagination is no mean factor in the make up of the mind. Its influence and power cannot be discarded, for they are such that if neglected, they will dwarf the other faculties.

If we would be sound thinkers and good reasoners, we must make the best use of our imagination.

Then, young men, guard well the cultivation and exercise of your imagination. Abuse it and it will be your worst enemy, but treat it well and it will be your friend.

Does Our Nation’s Prosperity Demand the Disfranchisement of the Negro?

This is a question the very statement of which we know will touch a responsive chord in the hearts of all people who have been truly informed as to the Negro, and especially will an affirmative answer meet the universal approval of those whose faces bloom with Southern beauty, whose eyes sparkle with Southern pride, and whose hearts pulsate in unison with the music of our great nation’s prosperity. It is a question which seems almost an axiom within itself; yet notwithstanding its self-evident features there are some, strange to say, in this age of many ideas who possess a sort of colored sympathy (we say “colored sympathy” because we think that a better term than sympathy for the colored) who would make the world believe that the safety of America depends upon the Negro vote. It is sweet to recline among the roses and lilies of hope and be lulled to sleep by the gentle zephyrs of indifference. It is sweeter far to linger amid
the sweet flowers and dally with fringed petals and fragrance of love, and listen to the heaven-born music of birds and dream of beauty, than to stand upon the field of battle amid the rain of shot and shell and listen to the shrieks of dying men.

And it would be far more pleasant to speak of peace, liberty, and a national sky untouched by gathering clouds, than to disclose to your sickening gaze a picture of the decline of American prosperity.

It is a stern fact, to which all history attests, that republics are prone to indulge in that indifference and indolence under the influence of which they anticipate not the danger until it has come.

How long was the almost heaven-inspired eloquence of the great Grecian orator heard in thunder tones before the Athenians realized the startling fact that Philip was at their gates! And as we have been gliding down the stream of our nation's prosperity, we have been too indifferent to the sad truth that our political sky has been growing dark with coming storm, and already the hail-stones from one and a half million black clouds have wounded the heart of National Prosperity, and for four long years these wounds must bleed, without any healing balm from those to whom this heavenly favored land is most dear.

First, then, our nation's prosperity demands the disfranchisement of the Negro from an intellectual point of view.

Intelligence is the moving power of the world to-day, as it always has been. And at this day of great possibilities and achievements of thought, at this day when the world stands upon a platform of advancement in science, literature, and art never before attained, does not reason itself teach us that our government, the grandest on the globe, should be wholly in the hands of and under the control of the intelligence of the land? Allow it to go on as it is now, increasing at the same ratio in favor of the ignorant ruling, and what will become of a land once so justly fair?

As we cast our eyes over this broad country, whose Southern soil is yet stained with patriotic blood, and whose hills and valleys re-echo the sound of those principles of true government which once leaped from the hearts and fell from the lips of Washington, Jefferson, Lee, Jackson, Patrick Henry, and others, and behold a thick and yet thickening mass of illiterate, debased, stubborn, mulish, prejudiced, unpatriotic, and in many respects uncivilized people, taking full share in matters of so much importance as national as well as State elections—matters that require the profoundest thought, the most logical and calmest reasoning, and the most far-reaching look into the future—matters which are the very foundation of all national prosperity—these matters decided to a great extent by a people whose hearts throb with no patriotic love, whose thoughts do not reach further than their neighbor's hen-roost, whose principles of right and care for self-respect are wrapped up in the greenback dollar that bought their votes, and whose care for future prosperity prompts them to do anything under the blue canopy of heaven, and to show their independence keep the grogshops in full supply of the very poison which is curdling the blood in the nation's veins—we believe that at this day, when intelligence is the morning star of hope,
and when we are living in an "age upon ages telling," with the history of ages and governments spread out before us, teaching us that wherever the ignorant and prejudiced mass began to gain upon the nation's power, that from that very time conspiracies and desolating conflicts swept over the land, and the loveliness of the proudest governments the world has ever known began to fade, their strength began to decay, and their glory to sink forever—we believe that in the light of this truth and in obedience to the voice of experience coming from the mouldering ruins of once proud governments, that we ought to throw off this mass of ignorance and prejudice, and hold as sacred as a mother's grave the prosperity, the power, the name of this great nation, before the galling yoke has become so great that we cannot shake it off.

Take, if you please, a glance at the picture presented to us on the 6th of November. See a solid mass filled with whiskey and burning prejudice marching in unbroken ranks to the polls to cast their ballot, regardless of principle, against the very men upon whom they must depend for their sustenance in this fair Southern city. Hear them joining in glad accord and approval with the notice on every lamp-post, "Let us stand together and show the white people that we are as good as they." And that is the principle by which they are governed and the wave of impulse by which they are swept along. Look, if you please, at the seven millions of colored people in these United States, and then grasp the fact that thousands of these every year are becoming old enough to vote, and that this vote is not divided, and that the stronger they become the more impatient and determined to rule do they become; and then without prejudice, in the face of these startling facts and in the light of the sad experience of nations gone by, answer the question, if you can, What is the prospect before the fair daughters and patriotic youth of America, who ought to wear the freshest laurels and obtain the highest honors this great government can ever bestow?

No, no, no, a voice rings out loud and clear, prompted by reason, and as it leaps from hill-top to hill-top, from State to State, and from home to home, it accords with the note of that old liberty-bell that made glad a nation's heart in 1776.

No, comes back the answer, whatever destroys the prospects of our young men and young women weakens their patriotic love, and is necessarily detrimental to our nation's prosperity.

2d. We view the subject from a moral standpoint.

We can only judge of the future by the past; and as we scan the historic page, and listen to the voice from the great buried realms of the past, we hear the cry, from all the wrecks of time, from all the wrecks of great cities, from sand-enshrouded Egypt, from the marble wilderness of Athens, from every falling, crumbling stone of once proud Rome, "No nation founded upon injustice can stand."

The blackest chapter in English, Irish, French, or American politics is the chapter of bribery. And this land, once untouched by the unhallowed feet of the monopolist, has now become the tramping ground of those who with their hoarded millions lead the Negro race whithersoever they desire.
Is it for the interest or prosperity of our nation to have an element who have no higher motives, no firmer principles, and no more of love for self and country than this, sharing equally with those who have their country and its abiding interests with a heaven-born love, who bless the day that made them American citizens, and who vote from principles of right, justice, and truth, and who, like Socrates of old, would die, if needs be, rather than renounce those principles? Reason itself answers, No. The breathings from every Christian home and Christian heart condemns this spirit, and the very foundation principles of American government brands it as an infamous and corrupting practice, and therefore as striking a death-blow at our national prosperity.

We would not deprive him of his educational advantages, we would not destroy his liberty, but we would increase his powers, cultivate his morals, arouse his ambition, heighten his ideal, stimulate him to greater self-respect, and fit for him a government which would not only prove a blessing to himself, a panacea to America, but a joy to the world.

But again, think of the baneful curse of intemperance—that evil which is making widows and starving children, destroying the manhood of the youth and murdering wives and daughters, filling our asylums and prisons, burning the wealth of our nation and starving Christianity, stabbing the nation’s heart and drinking her life blood. Who is it most of all, as a class, that vote to continue this direful curse?

We answer, unhesitatingly, the Negro. Oh, let the fair women of this curse-stricken land, whose cheeks have long been flushing with shame and sadness at this horrid spectacle, answer.

This one thing alone is sufficient ground for their disfranchisement.

Oh, ye gallant youths who would de-nominate woman the crown of all creation, the most priceless jewel on earth, the model of perfection and the grace of innocence, let not your lips utter again such words until you have nobly come to her rescue, and blotted from this liquor-saturated soil every saloon, with all its cursed effects, by taking from him the power to vote who supports them and stabs our mothers’ and our sisters’ hearts with the very knife which he yet holds in his merciless hands to stab you.

Yes, fair women of the South, I would that I could tell to you, yea to all the world, that this curse is no more. What a happy hour it would be for our lovely land! What a glad shout would echo and re-echo from stately mansion to lonely cot, and from the ocean that roars to the ocean that sleeps! Yea, were my pen a quill plucked from the snowy pinions of the highest seraph that burns in gleaming glory and dipped in the rich effulgence of the rainbow’s fountain, I would write in indelible colors upon the old Star Spangled Banner flag, and erect it where all the world might see and join in the glorious jubilee, that the cursed fire had gone out forever. Woman’s highest joy on earth was found and the Devil’s strongest fort was closed with bars never to be broken. Then! oh, then! the earth, and air, and sea, would ring with one continuous strain of soul-stirring melody, and at last the angelic choir would catch the glowing theme of earth, and dwell with increasing rap-
ture throughout the eternal courts of glory on our nation's song.

When, oh! when the last vote shall be cast by an unpatriotic and prejudiced class; when the last chapter of bribery and fraud shall be closed forever; when the last vestige of intemperance shall be blotted from earth's battle-flag; when intelligence shall be a universal and not local possession; when morality and truth shall hold their easy sway as gently as moonbeams rest upon the bosom of the lake, and when the Negro race shall have been elevated to a platform of intelligence and self-respect, then, and not till then, let another Negro vote be cast.

H. W. Jones.

Memories of Childhood.

"O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive."

The past is not dead; it cannot die. Memory possesses a wonderful power in resurrecting and presenting to us again images which perhaps we had thought long since buried forever. It kindly permits us to live over again, in thought and feeling, the varied experiences of other days. But of all the pictures which memory brings before us, by far the brightest—those upon which we gaze with most constant delight—are the reproductions of the scenes and experiences of childhood.

Amid the cares and disappointments of mature years, the burdens that press heavily upon our hearts, and the fierce conflicts of this sinful, struggling world-life, we love to think of the time when in "the innocent brightness of a new-born day," fond mothers, in their joy and pride, tossed us upward that they might catch us, wild with excitement and glee, in their arms again, and press us closer to their warm, loving hearts. Ah! we were nearer heaven then than we have ever been since.

Recollections of childhood never leave us. The aged man, whatever may have been his lot, has perhaps forgotten most of the stirring scenes and circumstances that once filled his soul with intense enthusiasm; but as he lingers on "the sunset shore of time" his thoughts still wander back through the checkered years to the scenes of his boyhood. He may have been a great leader among men, he may have marched at the head of victorious legions on many a field of conquest, but these things delight him no longer. He cares not for the tramp of armies or the shouts of triumph and applause that once thrilled his heart with exquisite delight, but he lovingly remembers the tramp of childish feet in the long ago—feet that have long since rested from their wanderings—and the music of child-voices that are silent now. The sceptre of influence and power which he once wielded has fallen from his hand and been forgotten, but the lost kite, the broken toys, the many little griefs and disappointments of his child-life—these are remembered still. He may not be
able to recall the names or faces of the many friends who thronged around him in the days of his prosperity and power, but he remembers a mother’s smile and loving words, and her good-night kiss at the close of each bright day. He even remembers the thoughts that rushed through his active, restless brain, and the hopes that filled his young heart—

“Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young, like things of earth.”

Cowper, after he had given to the world those splendid productions of poetic genius that have made his name immortal, brought the richest gem of all his works and laid it as an offering of affection upon the altar of his mother’s memory. Although that mother, when he was but six years old, had gone to “that blest shore where tempests never beat nor billows roar,” yet after the lapse of fifty-three years her image comes up before him unforgotten, and from the lofty heights of fame which he had reached, he seems to cast one long, lingering look backward through the misty years to the home of his childhood—a home illumined and glorified by a mother’s love—

“Short lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart, the dear delight,
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.”

And who would not? Amid the vicissitudes, the dark shadow, the pitiless storms that life brings to every heart we would bring back, if we could, the days that were all sunshine. Amid the world’s cold skepticism and mistrust and despair, our hearts yearn for the unquestioning faith of childhood, when we did not think that doubts would ever cloud our minds, or that hope would ever die in our hearts.

There is a touch of pathos in the story of little Paul and Mary, longing to see the “wide, wide world,” setting out with no guide except the faithful old hound, losing their way amid the intricate mazes of a wheatfield, and tired out at last, they lie down under the stars, and sleep soundly till morning.

O youthful explorers! be not impatient. You will see the world soon enough. All too soon the freshness and beauty and glory of the early morning of life fade away. The fair scene passes while we gaze upon it. “Like as when you watch the melting tints of the evening sky—purple, crimson, gorgeous gold—a few pulsations of quivering light, and it is all gone.”

But the precious memory and the hallowed influences of those thrice happy days will linger with us until we reach the borders of that land “where all our dreams come true.”

“Whatever life may be or bring,
In May-time or December,
The sweetest burden of its songs
Will always be—remember!

“Though we have seen our youth depart,
Lost friends, and still re. ret them,
Beheld our dear ones fade and die,
We would not yet forget them.

“Nor yet, nor ever; for when age
Cowers o’er life’s dying ember,
The way to keep our old hearts warm
Will still be—to remember.”

AULD LANG SYNE.
The place that is dearest to our hearts is the one which we call home, and the tenderest memories ever awakened in our minds are those which respond to the music of that word. Whether it nestles in some mountain glen, or sits in the lap of the smiling prairie, or stands by the "white wave's foam"—whether it be a towering mansion, or a vine-covered villa, or a "lowly, thatched cottage," still the hallowed name has magic charms which awaken tender memories and better feelings in the minds of even the most reckless and depraved. Nowhere does the sun shine with half the brightness that it does over that sacred spot, and no music is half so sweet as that which is warbled by the feathered choirs from the bowers which shelter the ancestral roof.

Home—what dreams of tenderness and reverence does that word awaken! Nor is it a vain reverence which we cherish for the hallowed shrines of home; for it is the most important place on earth; and how to govern the home is a more momentous question than how to rule a nation.

The pliable character of the child is moulded by the influences of home, and the impressions received in childhood are the ones which linger through life. Every word that he hears, every scene that he witnesses in his home, makes its impress upon the character of the child, and thus plays its part in framing his destiny for weal or woe. If the language of the child would be chaste and elegant, no rude word should be heard in his home; if his disposition would be sweet and lovable, his home should be redolent of affection; if his character would be pure and noble, the very atmosphere of his home should be pure. As the sweetest flowers grow in sunny climes, so the loveliest characters are developed in genial homes. On the other hand, many ruined characters can trace the history of their fatal course to the very shrines of home. The first seeds of evil were received into their minds while under their mother's watch-care. They were first charmed by the serpent of the wine-glass by seeing it on the paternal board. The first lesson of deception was learned from the broken promises of parents. Many of the seeds of vice were received from the impure literature of the family library. With what vigilance, then, should parents guard the portals of home against the intrusions of evil, and the children, too, should strive to fill its sacred halls with sunlight and gladness; for home should be the happiest place on earth. Places of evil would have less power to win the young if their homes were more attractive. But how easily is its happiness destroyed. The boy who is disrespectful to his parents and unkind to his sisters, or the girl who disobeys her mother and is impatient with her brother, can destroy the happiness of the whole household. Each one should cherish the happiness of home as a thing of priceless value.

It is the one place on earth where we are known, where the mask is laid aside, where every word and act are correctly interpreted, where even our weaknesses meet with a tender forbearance and strengthen the cords of love. How sweet it is to unbosom our griefs to hearts
that beat in unison with our own, and to have our sorrows healed by sympathy's soothing balm.

Home is the heart of the world, and its throbbings control the destiny of nations. Many of the great questions which are being agitated in our government are to be decided by those who are now being trained in our homes. The future of our nation depends upon the training received by those who are to hold the reins of government. Shall America in future years be a land of purity, of Sabbaths and Bibles, the home of peace and liberty? Ask the mothers who preside over the homes; for "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." Society grows out of the homes and the homes control society.

Shools and colleges are only their auxiliaries. Many are decrying the evils of society and are meditating social reforms, but are neglecting the interests of home. Let that be unspotted, and all will be well.

As home is the heart of the world, so is mother the queen of home. Here she reigns supreme. Mother is our ideal of patience, gentleness, unselfishness, tenderness, of all that is pure and good. Her tender sympathy alleviated our pains, her loving caresses soothed our sorrows, and it was her hand that moulded our character. All that we are or ever hope to be we owe largely to our mothers. The lessons that she taught wove themselves into our characters, grew with our growth, and will never be entirely eradicated. A young man leaves his home and drifts out into the world. In the giddy whirl of business, or amid pleasure's enchanting scenes, he may for a time stifle the memories of home; but they only lie dormant, and a familiar scene, or word, or song will arouse them, and they will lead him back to the hallowed shrines of youthful purity. Many a hardened man has been won from the toils of vice by memories of home and mother. Home is the proper sphere of woman's influence and power. This is her empire, and it is one which angels might wish to rule.

"All true trophies of the ages,
Are from mother-love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Mr. Moody attributes his usefulness to the influences of home. He says: "My mind runs back to one of the best of early homes, prayer like a roof over it, peace like an atmosphere in it; parents the personification of faith in trial, hope in darkness. The two pillars of that home years ago fell into dust; but shall I ever forget that home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warmed it; when the mariner forgets the star that guided him; when love dies on the heart's altar and memory empties its urn into forgetfulness. The family altar of a father's importunity and a mother's weeping, the voices of affection, the burial of our dead; the Sabbath twilights which were the golden shores of Sabbath days; father and mother with interlocked arms, like intertwining branches of trees, making a perpetual bower of peace and rest;—when I forget these, then will I forget the home of my childhood."

Memories of home—how sweet, and yet how sad! How fresh in our memories are the faces of those who loved us there! How clearly is the old homestead pictured in our minds! The trees that sur-
rounded it, each article of furniture, the places where old portraits hung. We visit the scenes of our childhood, and as we near the old home we recall, one by one, the little playmates whom we loved in days of yore. We remember each face as it was when we sported together over the fields, through the forests, and by the babbling brooklets. Dear little friends of long ago, through all these years no truer friends have we found. But the little friends are gone. Dearer than these are the memories of little brothers and sisters whom we loved as we loved ourselves. They, too, are gone, and the little mounds in the neighboring church-yard mark the place where their dust reposes. We draw nearer, and father appears in memory, with his hoary locks and feeble form, just as he was when he gathered his little flock around the altar of prayer. But father has gone to join the company of worshippers on high. Nearer still we draw, and we can almost fancy that mother is there with open arms to receive us. But mother will greet us no more on earth. One by one the loved ones have passed from an earthly to a heavenly home, and as each loving link was severed from our earthly home, it bound us more strongly to the "home over there."

The sweetest words that a poet's fancy could combine are "Mother, Home, and Heaven," but oh, how sweet 'twill be to meet with mother at home in heaven!

Albert G. Roy.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

With this issue of our paper the present corps of editors retire. For five months we have spent our best endeavors to make the Messenger a success.

In all particulars we have not realized expectations, but this is ever the case with those entering a new field of labor, especially one so difficult as college journalism. (?) In days past, with a spirit of generous rivalry, we have longed for a place on the editorial staff. When at last we entered upon the discharge of our duties as such, we began to realize that earnest, persistent labor was a prerequisite to success, and that this labor was attended with innumerable difficulties. We thank the students for their kind and courteous co-operation. For whatever success we have had, much of the credit must be given to those who have so generously aided us. We retire with best wishes for the Messenger, and a hope that it may rise higher and higher in the list of college papers.

Let the students contribute frequently, and thus aid the new corps of editors. The retiring editors promise their aid and co-operation. Let us all labor to make ours a good paper. The students of Richmond College do not take sufficient interest either in the literary societies, or in the society paper.

Many of the new students have been anxious to learn something of the early history of the Mu Sigma Rho Society. We decided that we would look into the old records for information, and would
then write up a sketch in accordance with their request. We accidentally learned that about 1870 there was published a history of the Society. We failed to find a copy of this valuable pamphlet both in the Society archives and in the college library. Dr. C. F. James, of Culpeper, Va., furnished us with a copy. As the students have never seen this little book, and will have no opportunity to do so, we will substitute for our article upon the Society and its predecessors some of the published statements which, we understand, were written by Prof. H. H. Harris, our honored Professor of Greek.

OUR PREDECESSORS.—"The earlier organizations, to whose labors in marking out the path for a Literary and Debating Society, we are much indebted, were three in number. It is to be regretted that fuller information has not come down to us with regard to their organization, condition and membership. The records of only one have been preserved, and they are neither full nor complete. We gather, however, the following scraps of information."

"The Columbian Society, named evidently from the locality, was apparently the oldest of the three. It seems to have maintained a tolerably prosperous existence from far back in the days of the Baptist Seminary, down to 1846, when it was merged into the Mu Sigma Rho. The earliest extant record is of a meeting held December 5th, 1840, and is signed by T. T. Forbes, president, and W. R. Barbee, secretary."

“At the first meeting of session 1843 and '44 he [E. S. Dulin] introduced a resolution appointing a committee to consider the propriety and feasibility of establishing a Library."

The Library was established, and soon after a reading-room was added to it."

"The Columbian was pre-eminently a debating society."

"The Franklin Society is known to us only from occasional mention in the minutes of the Columbian."

"It seems probable that the Columbian lived only one session, or at least changed its name, and so was perpetuated in the following."

"The Washington Society is first mentioned in the minutes of October 12, 1844, when a resolution was adopted by the Columbian proposing a union of the two societies. "In May, 1846, the Washington invited the members of the Columbian to participate in a picnic to be given by the former. Savory viands proved more potent than arguments, and the kindly feelings engendered and cultivated by these mutual courtesies soon led the two feeble organizations to combine their strength and unite under a new name."

THE MU SIGMA RHO.—As already intimated, the Washington and Columbian Societies united to form "the Mu Sigma Rho."

The union was celebrated at the first regular meeting by an oration delivered by P. S. Henson, and an anonymous communication "in rhyme."

"According to credible tradition, the name and motto of the Society were suggested by Professor George Frederick Holmes, who at that time filled the chair of Ancient Languages in the college," (now Professor of English at the University of Virginia.)

"Frequent mention is made throughout the minutes of additions to the library, partly by purchase and partly
by securing donations. We find also
that a well-supplied and well-regulated
reading-room was constantly kept open,
sometimes by the Mu Sigma Rho alone,
sometimes in conjunction with another
similar society."

"Of these sister societies the Concord
is mentioned in the record of April '47;
but it seems to have been dissolved not
long after. The Dardalian appears to
have existed in '51, but it, too, was short­
lived. When, however, the number of
students began to increase considerably,
there arose a real necessity for the organ­
ization of another society, and accord­
dingly on the 12th of October, 1855, sev­
eral of the most valuable members of the
Mu Sigma Rho withdrew, and gathering
around them a number of new students,
formed the 'Philologian.' The Star
owes its origin to the lamented Z. Jeter
George, and was established in 1850.

"The motto of the Star, Hic patet
ingeniiis campus, was adopted on the 20th
of January, 1860, having been recom­
mended by a committee consisting of
Messrs. W. S. Kent, R. W. East, and
M. B. Wharton." "In 1859 an effort
was made by the two societies, acting
jointly, to publish a printed monthly,
but after inquiring into the cost and other
difficulties the design was relinquished."

"At the close of the session (1859 and
'60) Dr. Addison Blair was declared, by
a vote of the society, to be the best de­
bater, and to him accordingly the first
medal was publicly presented in con­
nection with the final celebration."

"When, after the war, the College was
re-opened, one of the professors, who
twelve years before had been an active
member of the Mu Sigma Rho, under­
took to reorganize the society, and for
this purpose drafted a form of constitu­
tion and by-laws and called a meeting of
such students as favored the design.
Seventeen assembled in the chapel on
Friday evening, October 5th, 1866,
adopted, after some amendments, the
constitution as presented, and proceeded
to organize by electing C. F. James presi­
dent."

"During this session the society num­
bered only thirty-eight members in all."

"The final celebration, held at the
First Baptist church, consisted of an
essay by C. F. James, and an oration by
P. B. Reynolds, with the usual musical
performances. The cost of this last item,
which had to be met by voluntary contribu­
tions, led to the raising of the initia­
tion fee from one to two and a half dol­
ars."

"In April, 1868, on motion of C. F.
James, a committee was appointed to pro­
cure and fit up a room to be used exclu­
sively by the society as a hall. On ap­
plication, endorsed by the faculty, the
Board of Trustees granted them permis­
sion to remove a partition, so as to throw
two dormitories into one room, and to
occupy the same so long as it should not
be imperatively needed for other pur­
poses."

"The committee promptly availed
themselves of this permission, fitted up
and furnished this new hall at a cost of
$15 or $25, most of which they raised
by soliciting private contributions. The
hall was dedicated in public meeting, on
the 29th of May, 1868, by addresses
from Drs. T. G. Jones, J. L. Burrows,
Maj. A. R. Courtney, and several others."

We are sorrow that our space will not
permit us to publish more of this inter­
esting sketch in this issue.
SCIENCE NOTES.

The direct use of electricity as a labor-saving machine has been applied at the great steel works, Cleveland, Ohio, where a large electro-magnet is used, suspended from a crane, to pick up steel bars and billets. It will pick up 800 lb. billets and drop them where wanted by the touch of a key, the movement of the crane being done by steam.

A DEEP ARTESIAN WELL.—The deepest artesian well in the world is now claimed as supplying the baths at Pesth in Austria-Hungary. It is said to be 8,140 feet deep and supplies 176,000 gallons daily at a temperature of 158° Fah.

STREET TRAMWAYS IN NEW YORK.—During the year ending September 30, 1888, the number of passengers on the street railways and elevated railways of New York city was 376,913,586, an increase of 18,000,000 over the number for 1887. This, at the uniform fare of five cents, represents a total revenue of $18,845,679.30. There are nineteen "city railway" companies, eighteen of which are horse car surface lines, and the other is the elevated railway system, with its four parallel lines. The equipment consists of 3,054 cars and 13,586 horses. The elevated lines have 921 cars and 291 locomotives. The number of employees is 11,725.

PROPOSED SHIP CANAL BETWEEN BRISTOL AND ENGLISH CHANNELS.—A scheme for connecting the Bristol and English Channels will be brought promptly before the public in the course of a few months. The route fixed upon by the engineers who have recently surveyed the district is from Stolford, in Bridgewater Bay, passing through the towns of Bridgewater, Langport, Ilminster, and Chard, to Seaton, on the English Channel. The total length of the canal will be about 45 miles, and, with the exception of the Chard range of hills, the work of excavating, etc., for the whole distance will be comparatively easy, no engineering difficulties presenting themselves. The Chard district is formed of lias, so that in excavating through the high ground an ample supply of lime will be obtained, which will be useful for the other portions of the work. The canal is intended to be in every way capable of admitting the largest mercantile steamers afloat, as well as the ships of war. From a national point of view, therefore, this new canal will be of immense importance, as our iron-clads would be able to steam across from channel to channel in a couple of hours, instead of having, as at present, to go round the Land's End. The greatest benefit would also accrue to the trade of South Wales, for, when shipping to London and the Continent, by using this canal a distance of 300 miles would be saved, to say nothing of avoiding the great risks to which vessels are liable while sailing around this part of our coast.—*London Times.*

RUSSIAN PETROLEUM.—M. De Tchitchatchef, a Russian writer, asserts that the average flow of petroleum in the
Baku region is 88,000 barrels per day, as against 25,300 barrels in the United States. The chief drawbacks encountered by those who have worked the Baku oil fields have been lack of transportation and want of cheap package. A railway to Batoum, on the Black Sea, opened two maritime routes to Europe, and met the first difficulty. Cars and vessels constructed to carry crude oil met the last, and enabled refineries to be built in the interior of the empire wherever fuel might be cheapest. It is confidently predicted, since the completion of the Batoum railway, that Russian oil will displace American in European markets, and that it will even be possible for the Russian product to compete for the markets of the United States. M. De Tchi-hatchef points out a probable demand in the near future for petroleum to serve as fuel on the great lines of railway completed and still building in Asia.

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**LOCALS.**

He! he! he!

How's your tugability?

The year of Jollification has come.

Mr. P. informed us that Mitchell Angelo was one of the greatest artists that ever lived.

*A Warning to the Professors of Richmond College.*—Six students have cut off their index fingers during this session, in order to avoid examination. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

Mr. S.: "I say, Quiz, what can I get my hair shampooed for?"

Mr. E.: "Say, boys, I intend to take Junior II. Arithmetic next year."

Mr. E. to Mr. S.: "Is this some of your own composition?"

Mr. S.: "Certainly; didn't you see the quotation marks?"

S.: "Do you know where I can get a computator on Mark?"

Mr. N. says he wants to study astronomy in order to learn how to curl.

Mess-Hall Boarder in Chemical Class: "Professor, what sort of food ought a man to eat?"

Prof. P.: "The best that he can get, sir."

Zukety hopes to take a few Greek medes this session.

Mr. J. (to young lady friend): "I believe I will commence to wear knee-breeches."

Young Lady: "Let me beg of you, Mr. 'Chippy,' not to think of such a thing."

Mr. J. (in astonishment): "Why?"

Young Lady: "Because you would be arrested for not having any visible means of support."
Mr. B. to Mr. T.: "I say, Peanuts ain’t going to wear his shoes any longer."
Mr. T.: "Why?"
Mr. B.: "'Cause they are long enough now."

Interesting Recent Discovery in History.
Sam II of Egypt was always called Sam by his intimate friends. Because Cyrus the Persian first fitted out his army with boots without cost, some historians claim that he deserves the name of "free-booter."

Julius Cæsar suffered his first defeat at the hands of his mother, who found him drinking Roman punch.

Mr. B. received a cake of soap through the mail a few days ago. We hope he will not use it as a mantel ornament, but put it into practical use at once.

Prof. P.: "Can any one tell me where Mr. G. is?"

Mr. J.: "He says he done killed himself studying, and now wants to take a long-needed rest."

"Ye shades of our departed fathers! And this man expects to graduate in English this year."

(In the Medical Museum in Washington, D.C.) Mr. P. to Mr. S.: "Tommy, whose skeleton is this?"

Mr. T.: "Guiteau's."

Mr. P.: "Ah! indeed; well, I suppose this little one next here is Guiteau's when he was a little boy."

Mr. H.: "Boys, I may use bad English around college here, but I tell you when I get with the girls I talk English equal to Cicero."

Young lady at Second church: "I certainly do think Mr. Kingstretcher is a fine Sunday-school teacher."

We regret exceedingly that Mr. S. has been detained in his room so much lately on account of his bad health. What a blessing it is to him that he has not been deprived of the use of his fingers, and can still make night hideous with the twangle of his banjo.

Mr. N. to Mr. J.: "I say those boys must be practicing for the jubilation."

"The impression made by one step on a stone is not discernible, but impression made by one million is very noticeable. Just so with a little act, whether good or bad. One little may not be noticed, but one hundred may lead to lasting results."

WM. SMITH."

Mr. H. to Mr. J.: "Do you see that dog over yonder in the corner (referring to a plaster cast)? Well, I've been trying for the last ten minutes to get him to take some notice of me. I believe he is dead."

Mr. J., in speaking about a little article concerning himself that appeared in the locals of our last number, said: "There wasn't a bit of truth in that peace about me and the cow. Why, I never saw a cow in my life." We would advise the young man to look in the glass if he should ever want to see a calf.

Mr. E. B., walking through Hollywood Cemetery, said: "H., where is Jeff Davis' tomb?"
Mr. H. B.: "Is Mr. S. an adorned minister?"

Prof. S. to Mr. C.: "Can't you rush to the board and do that right quickly?"
Mr. C.: "No, sir; I cannot rush. I am a goal-keeper."

Mr. B.: "Some boys say cowcumbers."
Mr. W.: "Would you call the small ones calvecumbers?"
Mr. S.: "What would you call the big ones, boys?"

Big B. to Little B.: "Why is St. John's church preserved so long?"
Little B.: "Because Thomas Jefferson made the Declaration of Independence there."

"An old fogy is a man who sits down on the coat-tails of progress and says: Whoa! Whoa!"—Prof. Winston.

Mr. H. wants to take Physical Chemistry next year.

Mr. B.: "Even Sir Walter Scott speaks of Church(h)ill."
Mr. L.: "I knew Sir Walter was a calico man."

Mr. E.: "If a man is called a Mich-a-gander, what would you call a girl?"
Mr. T.: "A Mich-a-goslin, of course."

Which?—"Young gentlemen, centre your affections upon one sweet girl."
—Dr. Peddie.

"Boys, don't you do it! Every fellow in Richmond College would be kicked inside of six weeks."—Rev. H. M. Wharton.

Mr. Old H., when studying, generally sits in an easy chair and throws his feet up on his mantelpiece; then he's fixed.
West Virginians, you know, are noted for their short legs.

Mr. S., trying to drum up a quorum to have a society meeting, said: "Boys, if you don't come on we won't have a choir."

WOMAN.—Woman is the masterpiece.
—Confucius.
Woman is the crown of creation.—Herder.
He that takes a wifes takes care.—Franklin.
Women teach us repose, civility, and dignity.—Voltaire.
All that I am my mother made me.—John Quincy Adams.
I wish Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.—Boucicault.
No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—Richter.
Women detest the serpent through a professional jealously.—Victor Hugo.
All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of woman.—Voltaire.
The sweetest thing in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.—N. P. Willis.
But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.—Leopold Beecher.
Women are a new race, recreated since the world received Christianity.—H. W. Beecher.
For where is any author in the world catches such beauty as women's eyes?—Shakespeare.
Woman is born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from it.—Margaret Fuller Ossli.
Woman is the Sunday of man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.—Michlet.

MU SIGMA RHO.—The Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society of Richmond College held its regular annual public debate in the College chapel.

As usual, the young gentlemen were greeted by one of Richmond’s fairest audiences.

At 15 minutes past 8 o’clock Mr. W. O. Carver, the president, called the meeting to order, and in a few happy words welcomed the audience.

He then introduced Mr. B. B. Robinson, of California, who declaimed “The Convict’s Soliloquy,” a difficult piece well rendered. It was highly enjoyed by the appreciative audience.

Mr. M. W. Thomas, of Maryland, was next introduced. He read a humorous selection entitled, “A Railway Matinee.” His selection was a very difficult one to read, but when he closed he was greeted with continuous applause, which testified to the very favorable impression he had made upon all present, especially the young ladies. His part was probably the best performance of the evening.

Next came the debate upon the following question:

Resolved, “That a Nation’s Greatness depends more upon her Generals than upon her Statesmen.”

Mr. E. W. Greaner, of Baltimore, was introduced as the first on affirmative. This gentleman came upon the platform with calmness and grace, and at once proved that he had gained that which is most difficult with young speakers—absolute control of himself while speaking. He argued that it was through the results of generalship that we have need of statesmanship. That the continuity of any country’s greatness depends upon her ability to defend herself against foreign oppression. Instanced the standing armies and navies of all great nations. His illustrations were frequent, and aptly taken. At times he was highly oratorical. This is the gentleman’s first appearance as a representative of his Society. He is to be congratulated upon his success.

Mr. A. S. H. Bristow was then introduced as first on the negative.

This gentleman came forward and without spending time in introducing his side of the question began a speech which showed thought and research. He argued, from Mr. Gibbon’s standpoint, that there is a tendency “to bestow more liberal applause upon our destroyers than upon our benefactors.” The first part of his speech was replete with classical illustrations, showing upon how slight provocation men in ancient times waged war, and hence the necessity for generals.

He then showed clearly, that with advanced civilization, it was not the sword which settled international difficulties, but arbitration.

The general aids his country only in the time of “grim-visaged war,” whilst the statesman must ever stand at the helm and guide the ship of state. “Peace has her victories no less renowned than war.” He closed his speech amid loud applause. This is this gentleman’s first appearance before a public audience. He did well, producing a continuous flow of clear, succinct argument upon his side of question.

Mr. R. L. Motley was then introduced as the second affirmative.
This gentleman has had much experience as a public speaker, hence he was perfectly at home, and was never at a loss for a word.

He argued that without generalship there could never have been established any great nation—without cause, no effect. That it was the strong arm of the general who brought peace out of the ancient anarchy.

Statesmanship is but the tool with which generalship establishes the grandeur of nations. A nation's greatness consists in just laws, well enforced. The general is a necessity, that we may have peace among the nations and within our own borders.

The statesman is in the hall of legislation, attends to matters of national honor and national economy. The gentleman did honor to himself and sustained his reputation as a speaker.

Next came Mr. J. W. Whitehead, the second negative. He argued the question from the standpoint of the nineteenth century.

Acknowledging that in ancient times the general was an important factor in spreading a country's dominions, he claimed that in advanced and civilized ages the statesman is the one to whom we must look for security of national and individual rights, and that it is to his wisdom and integrity of purpose that a country must look for continued prosperity.

"Statesmanship, pure and practical, is the Gibraltar of any nation."

This gentleman, by his pleasant address and clear, forcible, concise arguments, proved himself an able debater, and at the close of his debate he was greeted with overwhelming applause.

With Mr. Kirk Matthews at the piano, Capt. Frank Cunningham and Prof. Greenwood interspersed the exercises with sweet singing.

The young gentlemen made a fine appearance in full-dress suits. Messrs. C. W. Jones, J. H. Franklin, H. T. Louthan, and J. K. Johnston were attentive and graceful as ushers.

Mr. Carver closed the meeting with a few remarks, and then the young ladies and gentlemen promenaded till 11 o'clock in the Jeter Memorial Hall.

A COLLEGE ANNUAL.—We are glad to learn that the publication of a College Annual will be an established thing on and after June next. For several years past we have had something of a beginning in this direction, but it has been a limping sort of movement. In 1884 there was put out an historical sketch of the College. In 1888 the catalogue contained a list of the Alumni. The June issue of the Messenger one year was enlarged and made to serve a good purpose, but the effort now will be to put the enterprise on a permanent footing, and to publish every year along with the catalogue a college book, chronicling all the session's work—and play, too, as for that. We hail the "Annual"! Let us see it, gentlemen!

Apropos of this, we warn the Field Day contestants that their record will be kept in this College Register for the gaze of coming athletes. Do your best, brave lads, you are to be booked.

NEW BOOKS IN OUR LIBRARY.—The librarian informs us that over three hundred and fifty volumes have been added to our College Library since the opening
of 1888-9. These books cover a wide range. They are heavy enough, some of them, for the most erudite; others are light enough to tickle the literary palate of those most devoted to fiction. There are poems and novels, there are histories and scientific works and encyclopedias. To these are added religious works of the highest order, especially commentaries on the New Testament.

The aim of the Library management seems to be to provide the fullest line possible of "works of reference." Hardly any book that can help the student is overlooked. Our Library is certainly a fine one in this direction, and all the time growing. Books of this class are usually costly, but no expense is spared in the effort to aid the "boys" who want to "dig and delve" in the fields of knowledge.

FIELD DAY.—Yes, campus was as green as a hoppergrass. The upper-deep was as blue as a biscuit, the air as fine as duck down, and the sun was pouring forth his raze with so much tenderness that it reminded us of Gulliver when he invented the horse-fly. Boys, us of us what couldn't get there ought to have sold the last shirt we had, bought a pair of nee britches and yonited with the other phellers.

Bokum, with a graceful Grecian bend, standing on wun phut with the other sliltey razed, made the hole stadia ring with his eloquentee. A huge Bull with a Fater in his mouth, wuz hung up to Bake over a blazing phire. Zenkety were getting there on the "stationary run," while Billy and Maloney wuz packin' ingredience away into the slaweooed animal. They plaist Sister Rabbit between one roe of spair ribs, while Brer Rabbit—a strong Puller—had tew be tide toe the other. A Ramshead, a hardy Coonie, and a red Schoosenberry were then put in to flavor the oisters whitch filled the remainin' space.

After Siger-Ma-Rho had singed the holy paean in his mos touchin' tone, Fatty W. roy, with an athletik bow, more samer than a rhinostrich could dew, and deklamed the Poleish Boy. We suppoze he rephereed to Tomkitten who just then klimed a grezed pole with great speed and brought down from the top two Bags and Broad-ax. Alphabet explained the Peculiar method by which his cognomen, although it has recently become Minus P, is still increasing by geometrical progression; then Pompe-dour stood up bi hiz phrend, an sez he, "I do beleve mi have im phrunt iz az long az you name." He wuzn't fullin' neether, no indeedy. Chippy now related hiz grate Temperance Lecture for the benefhit of nen stewdints; the ole wuns no it by hart.

Big Wash and Little Wash opened the exercizez proper with the Dry Land Swim. Zeukety, Jr., couldn't "get there" on the long stride like Ditto, Sr., but he's got the Head Shake down az phine az phrog hare. Dickey-bit Jimmy, while Waddy and Spotsy wur tellin’ Pa an’ Grand-pa the valyew ov havin there little wards, Trickey, Jr. an’ Foxy, tawt the Chop an’ Grunt. Jentle Johny with a Muff on wun hand an’ a Tin-cup in theuther stood az silenty az a Dew-drop, an tride 2 e a brillient Star, but kudn’t. Phrade he had 2 much on biz hands. You just ought to have seen Tide Water J. and Buck. Dey went thro the mo-shuns samer den a monkey imitatin a Bar.
Sister Sally shode what a Royal tyme he kud hav, while Sleepy J. an' Lilly wur goin' threw the Snap an' Scissors mo­shun. Mrs. Catology looked az mad az a J-bird while the Bearded man wur purphormin' sum revurtleshuns on the parrylel barz; kause the lattur had shuk hiz whiskers at hur husbun wunce. Jumbo an' Beef W. pulled the Tug of War right in tew; Rat an' Commodore got the banner phor braikin' the Lawn Tenice rekkord; an' Slouchy and Ned—well u wud hav dide iph u kud hav sean them playin' Bass Baul. Didn't nobody die, tho', kause S.'s phut hid the seen. Polly an' Tad both got Krakkers just as they kicked the Phut Baul threw the gole and 'sklaimed, "Yah! Yah! Yah! Tigur!"

The sun wuz now sinkin' gently 2 rest, an' only a phew short ours remained. How percephul wur the groups reklining kalmly here an' thier upon the velvetrie carpet or the green. Boots at 7 elevenths of a sekkon aftur haf past foe fin­ished an ate mile run. His breth wuz most au! 'vaporaited, but when the Lether Meddle wuz presented tew him, this vital are returned with the velocity of a shoe butner.

Tus an' the Mummy—our phoreign representatives—walked around arm in elbow an' admired the grait feats—spe­cialy Slouchy J's. Waz so glad 2 c these tew stinguised men on such luvin terms aftur the resent war between their respektiv nashuns.

The exercize wur now "nearly dun." Dude J. N. sthod by Miss ——— (can't give him away) an' stroked his upper down, while Lord Chesterfield with grate dignity tide a blew ribbon round a spaid handle an' handid it 2 a sweet Miss who threw the phirst dirt about the rutss of those trim little California magnolias which will B delightphul memorial ov phield day no. 1, when we shall hav ceased 2 iz.

**TRIP TO WASHINGTON.** — As the clock struck 7:45 on the morning of the 2d of March three of the students of Rich­mond College—namely, Shorty, Grin­ning Jacob (sometimes called Jacob, for short), an' Tommy boarded the train at Elba station. In a few minutes the whis­tle blew, an' the conductor, in a tone of voice as if he was ordering a regiment to charge bayonets, cried "All aboard," an' we gradually pulled out of the station. Just as we were entering the tunnel Jacob remembered that he had forgotten his laundry, an' insisted on stopping the train an' going back after it. (It was the second time he had ever travelled on a railroad.) We quietly but emphatically told him that it would be an utter impossibility.

"Well," he said, "it was only two collars an' an odd cuff, so reckon I can make out without them." As the train dashed past the Coliege, S——, from the window of his sanctu, waved us a fond adieu with his mother-hubbard. A feeling of sadness began to come over me as I real­ized that I was being rapidly borne away from the dear old College, for "with all thy faults I love thee still." After pass­ing the Fair Grounds we began to look around to see who were to he our co-m­panions during our trip. We found that nearly a third of the passengers were ne­groes. Most of them were busily engaged in discussing politics. Judging from the pomposity of some of the negro men, one might suppose that they expected to fill one of the places in Harrison's Cabinet.
Just opposite our party were two of the descendants of Ham discussing John Jasper's theory in regard to the movement of the sun. One of them said, "Mr. Jasper am indeed a smart man; he have astonished wid his philosophy the mathematicians of all six of dese he'ar hemispheres. Dat ar pint of hissen 'bout de fo' corners ob de earth am one ob de mos out-doingest things I ever hearn tell of." The other one said, "I see, my friend, that you am a man dat am post on de topic ob de day. Now what does you think ob dat fellow Robert Elsmere?" "Think ob him! why I think he am one ob de biggest rascals out ob de penitentiary, and de idea ob dat are man tryin to preach, he aint got no more business in de pulpit dan dat are youngest boy ob mine—Abe Lincoln." Just back of us sat two old Confederate soldiers who fought their battle o'er again. If Lee had only had these two men as his aides-de-camp probably the South would not have been defeated in the late unpleasantness.

We were compelled to leave college that morning without our breakfast, and when we reached Milford we were bordering on the edge of starvation. We were the first to reach the lunch counter, and with the little breath that was left in us managed to ask for somthin' t' eat. Our old college mate Sam Dick, with his usual alacrity, hastened to wait upon us. The coffee that he brought us would have melted the hardest adamant that ever was found. Tommy was the first one to attempt to take a swallow of coffee, and as it descended to the lower regions he began to break out into profuse perspiration, and the tears course down his cheeks as they had not done since his best girl went back on him. Shorty, noticing the grief of his friend, said: "Why, Tommy, old boy, what are you crying about?"

"Ah!" said Tommy, "I just then happened to think of my poor old grandfather that was killed at the battle of Lundy's Lane."

The waiter just then handing Shorty his coffee, he took a large swallow, and as the tears began to fall on the floor from his eyes, striking the floor like leaden bullets, Tommy inquired the cause of his grief. "Oh!" said Shorty, "What a pity you wasn't killed when your grandfather was." Before we could half finish our meal the conductor cried, "All aboard." And, like Benjamin Franklin, we boarded the train with ten loaves of bread under each arm and a dozen and a half rolls in each hand. We had our doubts about Benjamin Franklin being able to perform this feat, but we doubt it no longer, we have tried it and found out that it could be done. We have done this act, and we believe that Bennie was as good man as we are any day. One thing I came near forgetting to mention: in our hurry we forgot to pay the waiter. But he had his revenge, his coffee had cooked the inside of our throats and we were compelled to live on ice water during our stay in Washington. Our next stopping place was Fredericksburg. Quite a number of passengers got on here, among whom were two charming young ladies. They came timidly up the aisle but no one offered to give them a seat until they were opposite the seat occupied by Shorty and Tommy, when they, with that gallantry that is ever characteristic of the scions of the old "F. F. V.'s," sprang into the aisle, and, with their hats in their hands and with the
remaining ten loaves of bread carefully ensconced under their arms, offered the ladies their seats. The smile that fell from the lips of these fair maidens was like the dew-drops dropping upon the parched and thirsty soil, and fully repaid Tommy and Shorty for their gallantry.

(To be continued.)

With this number of the Messenger we take off our official robes and turn them over to the incoming editors. Perhaps we have not discharged our duty as faithfully as we ought to have done, and sometimes we may have deviated slightly from the ordinary paths of rectitude.

Other duties have kept us from giving the Messenger as much time as it claims. If we have said anything to hurt the feelings of any one, we gladly acknowledge our fault. What we have said about any one was said altogether in fun, and we trust that as such it was taken by all concerned.

To the new Local Editor we wish to say: You are entering upon by no means a pleasant office, but we hope that you begin with a determination to make this department what it ought to be.

PERSONALS.

We are glad to clip from the columns of the Richmond Dispatch the following brief notice of an honor conferred upon one of our esteemed friends and former college mates:

"Rev. W. C. Tyree, the talented young pastor of the Baptist church in this place (Fincastle, Va.), will preach the annual sermon before the Roanoke College Young Men's Christian Association."

Mr. Tyree won the "Best Debater's Medal" in Mu Sigma Rho Society in 1886, and the following year received his B. A. diploma.

Mr. S. Taylor Evans, B. L. of 1872, was made happy Feb. 27, 1889, when, at the Seventh-street Christian church in this city, he was made the possessor of a fair bride in the person of Mrs. Sheppard. The bride was a handsome and popular young widow. We tender our most hearty congratulations.

From the Richmond Times we learn that Dr. Robert Ryland, the first president of the college, completed his 84th year March 14th. We rejoice that he has been spared so long; and that his has been such a useful career. May his last days be his brightest and happiest.

Mr. H. Wilson Straley, '87-'8, called upon us a few days since while stopping in the city. We are always glad to see the faces of our old friends, and especially when those faces are as handsome as that of the "young orator from West Virginia."

Robert A. Cutler, '87-8, is at Bethany College, West Virginia. We are pleased to learn that "Bob" is gaining quite a reputation as a preacher and a writer.

During the past few weeks we have been glad to see among our visitors Rev. J. V. Dickinson, '85-6; Rev. C. F. James, '69-70; Rev. A. G. McMenemy, '76-7.
EXCHANGES.

The Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly ranks well as a college magazine. First, we notice that its contents are neatly arranged. Its literary department, we think, is larger in proportion to the size of the magazine than that of any other of our exchanges. The editorial and local departments need improvement, both in quantity and quality. The exchange columns are especially well written, showing careful reading and thought. The editor of this department appears to make good his promise to "endeavor to do full justice to our exchanges."

The McMicken Review publishes a miserably written article entitled "At a Virginia Farm-House." The writer would have his readers to believe that he is giving a very graphic description of a boarding-house among the mountains of Virginia. He shows unmistakably in the very beginning of his article the accuracy of his observations when he says that the Squire spent most of his time under a decrepit apple tree in the blazing sun, while he absorbed the Richmond Post. There is no such paper published in this city.

In speaking of Mrs. Squire's bill of fare, this highly-polished writer pays his respects to the South in the following ambiguous sentence: "Now, most parts of the South are still semi-barbarous (italics our own), and Mrs. Squire's bread-pudding was no exception, so it is no wonder if now and then a rebellion seemed imminent."

Thus this aspirant for literary glory would join the band of blatant political cowards who would brand with eternal infamy and shame the fair land that produced the majority of the heroes who upon fields of blood won our country's independence, and who in her legislative halls made her the wonder and admiration of a civilized world.

But we do not propose to discuss a statement which all except the most ignorant know to be false. We merely wish to brand it as a most unqualified and diabolical lie, and to say that the college paper which has to publish such literary (?) matter has already lived too long.

It is indeed pleasant to turn from such infamous falsehoods to a college paper of real merit.

The Virginia University Magazine has clothed itself in more beautiful garments; and, though excellent before, now surpasses anything heretofore attained. We can truthfully say that we believe it to be the very best college magazine we have yet had the pleasure of reading. In short, the Virginia University Magazine comes very near our ideal of a racy, readable monthly. Sound articles on subjects of history and current thought are interspersed with spicy stories written in clear and charming style. Another thing, the jokes in the "college department" are not the lengthy, meaningless nothings which crowd the columns of many so-called college magazines.

The exchanges are well written, but we would suggest to our brother that enlargement in his department would not
be out of harmony with the increasing size of the other departments of his magazine.

The Guardian, from Waco, Texas, comes to us with its literary department hopelessly intermixed with "resolutions of respect," pithy sayings, jokes, clippings, &c., the whole reminding us very strikingly of a Brunswick stew.

Its literary department is well filled, showing that the students at Waco take a lively interest in their paper. The poem on "The Beautiful" is itself "a thing of beauty," displaying considerable talent on the part of its fair writer.

The other poem (?), entitled "My Mother," contains nothing new, and its verses are very lame. The effort seems to be merely to string together a number of words, so that there shall be a rhyme at the end of each verse, without any regard whatever to poetic thought, rhythm, or elegance of expression. In a word, this attempt seems to indicate that the writer was neither born a poet, nor has since been made into one.

The Guardian fails to give us the opinions of any of its editors upon current topics, nor does it deign to notice any of its exchanges. Let us have better paper, better print, better arrangement, and some little space, at least, devoted to editorials and exchanges.

The exchange editor of the Hampden-Sidney Magazine is exceedingly complimentary. He is very enthusiastic in his praise of the Messenger and its editors. Though modesty forbids our publishing the pretty things said about us, we may, at least, return thanks.

"Thanks," Mr. Editor, "thanks awfully!"

You made one mistake, Mr. Editor. When you extended your sympathy to the author of "Blasted Hopes," you merely succeeded in telling the public that you were a sufferer from the peculiar type of heart-disease indicated. The writer of the article named claims to be ignorant of such experiences, his sorrow being of a deeper dye. It has not been long since the loved companion of his youth was touched by the ruthless hand of death and borne on angel wings to a brighter and happier clime. He extends his sympathy to his friend of the Hampden-Sidney Magazine, and hopes that upon his next attempt he may receive the palm rather than the foot.

While we are writing we wish to congratulate the H. S. Magazine upon its continued prosperity and excellence. We dare not express our opinion in full lest some should think that we had organized a mutual admiration society. We will say, however, that its literary department contains some good reading matter. It opens with an essay on "The Philosophy of Bishop Berkley," which is followed by a pleasant little song. Then comes an article, "Paddle Your Own Canoe," which is in the main well written, but contains some very awkward and ambiguous sentences. "The Reason" clearly tells why students find fault with their professors. We would like for some in our institution to read and profit thereby. The exchange columns are well written, showing considerable patience and care on the part of their editor. The editorials are terse and to the point, but should be multiplied.

May the H. S. M. continue to grow and prosper as the months and the years go by!
England had 1882 5,500 students in her universities, out of a population of 26,000,000, and Germany, with a population of 45,250,000 had 24,000 students. In that same year, with a population of 60,000,000, the United States had 66,437 students in colleges, 4,921 in theological seminaries, 3,079 in law schools and 15,151 in medical schools; total, £9,588.

Election Bets.—What's that, my son? "You bet every dollar you had in this world on Cleveland?" Well, that was every dollar you had anywhere, because I know you had no money in the other world to bet. "And you lost every cent of it?" I'm mighty glad of it. I wish you had lost more. I would have been just as glad, so far as you are concerned, if you had lost it on Hick or Harrison. Bet all your money on Cleveland, did you? On every wagering day, did Cleveland ever bet any money on you? Did Blaine back you up at long odds when you ran for school trustee? Bet all your money on men that never risked a cent on you! I see you have no overcoat; that's good. If there is any virtue in frost, my boy, you'll have some sense by spring; enough, let us hope, to last you four years.—Burdeitt.

A freshman in Princeton bears the name of Edgar Allan Poe.

Gymnasiums at some of the leading colleges and universities cost as follows: Harvard, $110,000; Yale, $125,000; Princeton, $38,000; Columbia, $156,000; Cornell, $40,000; University of Minnesota, $34,000.

Her Invitation.

In the parlor they were sitting,
Sitting by the firelight's glow,
Quickly were the minutes flying,
Till at last he rose to go.

With his overcoat she puttered,
From her eyes escaped a tear—
"Must you go soon?" she muttered.
"Won't you stay to breakfast, dear?"

Tom Masson in Life.

A Phonetic King.—A young New York contestant for the proud title of "King of the Dudes" recently favored his tailor with the following communication:

"Dear Sir: do not fail to have my sattean wastekote done by Tuesday, as I am to wear it to Mrs. Van Williams Ball, also have done my lavender trow- zers by Wensday and make them a good fit, also my prince albert kote to be done friday and my cut a way at the same time and send bill in totel for the amount.

"P. S.—Notify me promptly if any thing new in trowserings or koteiugs comes in and by all means keep me poasted on wasje-kotes or I shall be com;­peled to give my paternage to some other tailer. Wire me at any time if nessaray."

It is reported that one thousand acres of land have been purchased in North Carolina by the Vanderbilts, and that $1,000,000 will be spent in establishing an industrial school.

The first college gymnasiums in America were erected by Harvard, Yale and Princeton in 1859.—Ex.
HE WAS DISSIPATED.—In the chemical laboratory:
Professor: "What has become of Tom Appleton? Wasn’t he studying with the class last year?"
"Ah, yes; Appleton—poor fellow! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals, very. That discoloration on the ceiling—notice it?"
"Yes."
"That’s him."—Journal of Health.

OUR OVER-PUSHED STUDENTS.—"Pa," inquired Bobby, "what’s the meaning of E pluribus unum?"
"Oh, it’s a Latin phrase, Bobby. I used to know when I was at college, but a man is apt to forget most that he learned at college when he gets to be as old as I am."

Just then a procession of college students passed the door shouting vociferously, "Rah, rah, rah!"

Mrs. Garfield, widow of President Garfield, has given $10,000 to Garfield University, an institution situated at Wichita Kan. A fine building costing $200,000 has been erected, and several hundred students are in attendance. The university is managed under the auspices of the Christian Church. Its endowment fund amounts to half a million.

There is some talk about the students of the University of Pennsylvania of starting a new weekly, a prominent feature of which will be special correspondence from the leading colleges.

Astronomy was cultivated in Egypt and Chaldea 2800 B. C.; in Persia, 3209; in India, 3101, and in China, 2952.

The finest college building in the world is being built at Syracuse,

COLLEGE YELLS.

Harvard—Rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah! Harvard!!
Yale—Rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah! Ya-a le !!
Columbia—Rah, rah, rah! Co-lu-m-b-i-a !!
Princeton—Rah, rah, rah; s s-s to boom, ah-h-h !!
Union—Rah, rah, rah; U-n i-o n, hikah, hikah, hikah !!
Cornell—Cor-nell! I yell, yell, yell! Cornell!!!

Hamilton—Rah, rah, rah, Ham-il-ton!
Zip, rah, boom !!
Amherst—Rah, rah, rah! Am-herst i-a !!
Madison—Zip, rah, Mad; zip, rah, Mad; zip, rah, Madison!
New York University—Rah, rah, rah, N. Y. U.; siss, boom, ah!

Lafayette—Hoo-rah, hoo-rah, hoo-rah! tig-a! Lafayette !
Brown—Rah, rah! Rah, rah! Rah, rah! Brown!!

Allegheny—Alleghe, Aleghe; Rah, boom! Allegheny !!
Pennsylvania College—Rah, rah, rah, rah; Penn syl-va-n-yah!
University of California—Hah, hah; Californiah! U. C., Berk-e-lee! Zip, boom, Ah !

Boston University—Boston, Boston, bub-a-bub-a-bub; Boston Varsity, Varsity; rah, rah, rah!!


Ann Arbor claims to have originated the "he’s right," yell.

"E pluribus unum"—my last flunk.
—Yale Record.
"HAVE YOU READ ROBERT — ?"

"Have you read Robert — ?" Stop!
In mercy spare me, just this time.
Ask if I’ve committed any crime
Since last we met—if all are well
At home—speak of the rainy spell,
Election frauds, Lord Sackville’s woe—
"Progressive schemes," perhaps, but O!
Pray hesitate ere you begin
The same old query that my kith and kin
Have uttered fifty times this year,
"Have you read Robert Elsmere?"
"Have I read Robert — ?" Yes,
Thank Heaven! the deed is done!
At last I’ve read it, though it weighed a ton.

Now when a friend I chance to meet,
In church, theatre, or upon the street,
I shall not rush into a store,
Or stand aside as oft before
Lest I should hear that everlasting same—
"Have you read Robert—what’s his name?"
But bow and say with eager zest,
"I’ve read your Robert, and he needs a rest."
—Boston Transcript.

"Love fifteen," the maiden said.
"The deuce you say," said he,
"’Twas but last night you bowed your head
And vowed you loved but me."

"Perhaps I did, but that is past,
It is my 'vantage here;
And if you don’t move quite fast,
You’ll lose the game, I fear,"

How many hearts are crushed by girls,
Who serve the tennis ball;
They sweetly smile, then toss their curls,
And tell you they love all.—Ex.

Brown: "My son John has graduated with honor at the University."
Robinson: "Well, you needn’t brag.
My mules carry off the blue ribbon every year at our fair."

COQUETTE.

That night, Coquette, when at the ball
I stole from you your little glove,
And when you let me keep it, dear,
My heart beat high with hope and love.

Your presence seemed to hide with me;
A sunny, winsome, roguish face,
A tiny little shell-like ear—
A snowy throat half hid in lace.

And when, Coquette, my hope ebbed low,
While others worshipped at your shrine,
I tried to make myself believe
Your heart as well was also mine.

But ah! how true the saying is,
That nothing is as blind as love!
But yesterday I found, Coquette,
You’d given Will the other glove.

L’ENVOI.

What’s this you say, I’m cruel, mean,
I never can forgive—forget—
You never cared for Will at all—
And always loved me?—Dear Coquette.

H. M. Carson.
SHORT AND SWEET,

She isn't an angel,

She isn't a goddess,

Completest and neatest,

A dear little,

Queer little,

She isn't a lily, a rose or a pearl;

She's simply what's sweetest,

Sweet little girl.

—Indianapolis Journal.

THE RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT NO. 1 CIGARETTES,

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.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS,

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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

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.

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and observe that the firm name as below is on every package.

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