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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XV.

APRIL, 1889.

NO. 7.

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The Fairy Castle.

I.

By a placid stream of silver,
In a clime of dates and palm,
Where each flower's fragrance mingles
In an air untouched by storm,
Stands a castle, heaven piercing,
With its ancient, arched doors;
Precious stones of pearl and rubies
Decorate its walls and floors.

II.

Treasured gems and gems of value,
Works of sculptors world-renowned,
Portraits of our sainted dead ones,
In these spacious rooms are found.
Creeping o'er the stained windows
To the utt'most turret's top,
Vines of ivy hide each crevice,
Save when withered leaflets drop.

III.

Down the steep and sloping hillsides
Myrtle trees and cypress grow;
Bending o'er the mossy marshes,
Willows, waving to and fro.
In the winding path that leadeth
To the castle's gate ajar,
Mortal foot hath never trodden,
Mortal eye ne'er seen as far.

IV.

Pennons bearing godly mottoes
Wave their colors on the air;
Massive doors are closed and opened
By those who inhabit there.
Sunshine enters through the arches,
Let in by the will of God;
Moonbeams creep o'er ancient statues,
Where the sainted ones have trod.

V.

Sometimes in the shades of evening,
When a deadly silence falls,
Chants are heard to ring and echo
Through those dim, enchanted halls.
Sometimes, when the bell is tolling,
And the moon is full and clear,
Fairies o'er those hills are treading,
Sleeping 'neath the silv'ry glare.

VI.

Haunted castle! 'cross thy windows
Many forms move slowly by;
From thy dark, secluded dungeons
Struggling ones are heard to cry.
What a myst'ry thou hast hidden,
Castle, in thy fairy halls!
What a myst'ry thou hast hidden,
Castle, in thy dungeon walls!

Hope.

The aspiring mind that would soar beyond the realms of earth, to pierce the mysteries of an unknown world, is, by a power mightier than its own, hurled back to earth again. The impatient intellect, grasping for knowledge beyond its reach, is checked by the impenetrable barrier of the future. We are but creatures of the moment, children of the present. Behind us lies the unalterable past; before us, the great ocean of the future. On this side we tread the shore of the present; on the other, far out of sight, lies the shining beach of eternity. Like ships, we launch ourselves upon this unknown sea, and seek to reach the heavenly haven—rest. Our compass—love; points us to the source of love; our rudder—faith; we steer a straight, unchanging course; our anchor—hope; we fear not stormy seas, and thus at last our ships roll safely into port.

Hope is the gift of Heaven to man. To love is universal, but to hope is man's alone. Faith may exist without hope, for we may believe that certain states exist without ever hoping to attain them; but hope necessarily implies faith, for how can we hope to attain that which does not exist? Hope, then, is that which makes us happy in our faith, and, in the very face of calamity and ruin, fills us with new energy and strength.

In the fierce battle of this earthly existence, when we are almost ready to yield to the enemy, hope bids us with a cheerful voice, turn to the fight again.

The mother by the cradle fondly looks

upon the darling of her heart. With love which only a mother knows, she draws a picture of the future. Her boy shall be a noble man. He shall be honored and respected by his fellow-men. But as the years roll on, how different is the course her child pursues! His crimes and vices almost break her tender heart, but still she hopes to turn him from his evil path. The days pass swiftly by, and darker grows each dismal hour, but still, with a tenacity that only death itself can break, she hopes.

The sailor, as he leaves his native land and comes to other climes, holds sweeter than the sights which greet his eyes the hope of reaching home. He thinks of her who fondly 'waits his safe return, and sometimes, through the howling storm, he hears a gentle, lisping voice that sweetly says "papa." 'Midst foaming seas, through raging storms, the good ship plows her way until at last reality succeeds expectant hope.

By iron bars and locks detained, the convict pines within his prison cell. He thinks of violated laws and realizes only too truly that justice has required the penalty to be paid. It may have been a dark, foul crime that brought him to his present woe, but with an anxious heart he views each setting sun, and daily hopes for freedom. Freedom! ah, what does freedom mean to him? With blood his hands are stained; his foul nature is yet reeking with sin, and his name must bear a stigma that only time can efface; but low as he is, hope has not left him desolate in his grief.

The sustaining power of hope cannot be estimated. Strength may fail us; friends may desert us; riches may have flown on wings swifter than the eagle's; but hope never leaves us, even to the dying hour.

As a tree stripped of its green attire withstands the stormy gales of winter, so do we, rooted in hope, bid defiance to the treacherous tempests of life until the coming of the sweet summer of success.

Inventions have been one of the most potent causes of the advancement of civilization, yet the path of the inventor has not been one calculated to excite envy. For years men have labored to perfect the object of their care, only to find at last they had not won success; but, enthused with their plans, they bravely tried again and triumphed over fate. Hope lay like a crushed and broken flower until, by some auspicious shower refreshed, it sweetly bloomed again.

To the expended energies of the past we owe our present state. Up mountain-side, down deep ravines, now plunging through the darkened tunnel, now high above the foaming river, the steam horse drags his precious freight. Cleaving the billows, the steamship plows her ocean bed till port is safely reached. From continent to continent are flashed the happenings of each hour.

Such are the accomplished hopes of persevering men.

The world has been but seldom willing to lend to genius a helping hand. Mark but the hard-earned glory of the pen. Oh, how bitter has been the struggle of those who sought to shed the light of learning upon an ignorant world, and for whom well-deserved praise was but too often reserved for the "dull, cold ear of death." Franklin contending with poverty; Johnson seeking the patronage of Lord Chesterfield, only to be repulsed; Goldsmith wandering as a vagrant in a foreign land, until at last he built himself a beautiful and a lasting monument of literary fame. Amidst all the vicissitudes of fortune they never ceased to hope, nor hoped in vain; and so in all the walks of life is man sustained by hope.

In prince and subject it is found alike; o'er rich and poor it holds an equal sway; and human beings, both of high and low degree, are bound together by one common tie.

When greedy death commands all blushing honors fade, hope lends a comfort to the trembling soul and bids it not despair. From the natal to the dying hour sustained; from the cradle to the grave. Ah! truly hath the poet said—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

MUS.



The Elements of Success.

One cannot fail to see that conviction is one of the elements of success in any department of life. It keeps a man from occupying a neutral position; it hinders him from being negative, and puts him upon the one side or the other of any issue. The men who have exercised the most influence in the world are those possessed of this element. A man of conviction is apt to be, too, a man of purpose; he will have something definite in view; the path of duty is to him clearly defined, and he remains in it, turning neither to the right nor to the left, save for the securing of that which will lead him on with quicker step to the object of his pursuit. I know of no better illustration of a man with a purpose than Richard Fuller, and of one without a purpose than Edward Everett. Mark the comparison.

Self-reliance is another characteristic of a successful man. Indeed, it is an indispensable element of success. The college student who ranks highest in his classes does not entrust his work to the

care of another, but confides in his own innate energy for what he hopes to attain; and on the other hand, he who, like a parasite, clings to the opinion of others will be left far behind in the race.

As an element of the highest kind of success, I recognize integrity; and by it I mean, a holding aloof from low and despicable things—a refusal to do anything which warps the better nature, and benefits us at the expense of others. This principle, it must be allowed, is not regarded by many in secular pursuits; it is not an uncommon sight to see men stooping to something dishonorable in order to carry out their designs. It was no doubt the lack of this element in the character of Themistocles which degraded him in the estimation of his countrymen, and the possession of it which exalted Aristocles; which caused the one to die an ignominious death, and the other to pass away with the sweet approval of all Greece.

W.

Uses and Abuses of Imagination.

The work of the imagination is noble and high. It broadens the field of mental vision. "It fills the empty space which lies between the things that are seen, and gives a peep into the void which lies beyond the visible sphere of knowledge." It enlarges and broadens the mind by extending the boundaries of thought, and by bringing to view an ideal beyond the real world. It has

power to widen the field of enjoyment and to add intensity to pleasure. It has been said, "it peoples the waste and supplies society in solitude; it enlarges the diminutive and elevates the low; it decorates the plain and illumines the dim." The power of imagination has been likened to the setting sun; as, sinking beyond the horizon, its piercing rays sent forth reach the dark clouds that

deck the skies, and change their black veil into rich robes of golden hue, so the power of fancy turns the evil and disagreeable tendencies of man into bright and gilded moods of pleasure. And yet this is not all; it can elevate the sentiments and motive power of the mind by presenting pictures fairer than any realities. The imagination has its work to do in all scientific investigations. Well has it been said that the imagination is not less essential to the inventive geometer than to the creative poet. It suggests hypotheses to scientists for the explanation of phenomena which would otherwise remain unexplained, and these hypotheses, when properly adjusted and verified, can be recognized as the expression of nature's laws. In every department of science the imagination bridges the gulf between discovered truths, and goes deeper and deeper in search of richer pearls, and lays open greater mines of precious gold. The imagination is of practical value to man, whatever may be his vocation, and nothing is more conducive to prosperity than it when subordinated to the judgment. What is it that suggests to the inventive warrior new methods of exploring an unknown country and hastening his march, over land or sea, to fall upon his enemy unawares? What is the source of the work of the great statesman in behalf of his country? What suggests to the farmer new ways of preparing his fields, planting his seed, and working it until the harvest? What suggests to the merchant the devices continually employed to open up new avenues of trade? What constructed the scene made visible in yonder fine building, or painted on yonder

canvas? What constructed the scenes and invented the plots so often wrapped and given to the world in the shrine of poetical rhyme? The answer is one and simple: 'twas the power of imagination.

The imagination has power to awaken deep sentiment. When by our imagination, or by the imagination of another, a picture of circumstances of joy or sorrow is presented to the mind, a corresponding feeling is immediately awakened. We read tales of fiction, and if they are true to nature we rejoice or weep over the success or failure of the hero or heroine as if we were in the midst of real joy or sorrow. The prevailing sentiment will be according to the cherished imaginations. Low images will lead to low motives, and lustful pictures to licentious passions, which, if indulged, will hurry the possessor to wreck and ruin. When properly regulated, the imagination broadens the field of pleasure and raises the standard of character; and yet it is not free from error and excess when abused. Melancholy and wretched have been the lives of many men possessing in a high degree the great gift of genius. Sir Walter Scott, a man of unsurpassed genius, was wont to thank God that his son possessed no trace of poetical talent. For, as another has said: "In how many cases has the elevation of men of genius above other men been like that of Icarus; they have mounted into a region purer and more fervent than this cold earth, only to find their wings melted by the heat, and their flight followed by a melancholy fall." All young men covet this gift, and rightly, too. If they possess it, let them use it. But let

them remember that if they abuse it, that in proportion to the greatness of the endowment will be the greatness of the punishment. If they create for themselves unreal worlds, they will meet in them horrid ghosts bent on their chastisement. The miseries of men of genius are the deepest of all miseries, for the imagination intensifies the real evils which they suffer, and adds new ones, thus giving a denser blackness to the night in which they are enshrouded.

The young often abuse the imagination by indulging the very hurtful tendency of castle building. They sometimes imagine themselves king of some great country, sitting upon its throne with its subjects bowing to do them homage. They imagine the honor conferred upon their friends, and the low position they have forced their enemies to occupy. Others imagine themselves in most prosperous circumstances, piling up around them the luxury and wealth of states, or rising to renown higher than the world has ever known. They indulge these fancies until they are so riveted in the mind that it is impossible to bring them to more natural thoughts.

Others abuse the imagination by the habit of melancholy and dreamy excursions into imaginary scenes and among unreal personages. They imagine themselves in an unknown world, in the most peculiar circumstances, and amongst monsters of unearthly size and shape. But such vain thoughts are unfriendly to rational pursuits, and will at some time end in sadness. After the crest must come the hollow, deep in proportion as the crest is high. After the flow the ebb must come, to leave such a mind stranded upon the sand. And yet others

abuse the imagination by indulging fancies of the most degrading character, imagining themselves enjoying the fulfilling of their evil desires and lustful passions, until at last they are forced to seek for their gratification, and sinking deeper and deeper into this sinful revelry, they pass beyond pure and lofty thought. But the mind will some time awake from this sleep, and when it awakes it will revenge itself for these deceitful dreams. Such imaginations for the time weaken the will, loosen the resolution, enfeeble the energy, and often terminate in disappointment and bitterness of spirit.

As the close, hot, and disagreeable summer day, gathering the rain into clouds, is ever liable to be broken upon by a storm of thunder and lightning, so the clouds gathering over such a mind, though they seem light and floating, sooner or later must break forth into a mighty tempest. "They that sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind." How plainly and forcibly do we see set forth in this instance, as in all others, the truthfulness of the Scripture, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." "Vain thoughts," says Dr. McCosh, "will raise around the man who creates them a succession of empty shows, in which he walks as the statues of the gods are carried in the procession before pagan temples. The perpetual dwelling on our supposed merits will produce a self-righteous character and a proud and disdainful mien and address. Gloomy thoughts will give a downward bend and look, and darken with their own hue the brightest prospects which life can disclose. Envious or malignant thoughts will sour the

spirit and embitter the temper, and ever prompt to words of insinuation . . . or deeds of revenge."

But this is the darker side. Turn now to the brighter. As the bright summer day, when the air is pure and clear, free from all clouds, winds, rain, thunder, and lightning, with its warm and brilliant rays of sunshine, scatters life, growth, and beauty to the world and good cheer and joy to the soul, so the imagination, when properly used—picturing something better than we have ever realized, some high ideal of excellence, and sets its possessor out to attain it—helps to cheer, to elevate, and to ennoble the soul. All excellency, of

whatever kind, has been and can only be attained by keeping before the mind, and dwelling upon, the idea of the great, the good, the beautiful, the grand, and the perfect. Imagination, when badly used, unfits its possessor for usefulness, for life, and for happiness in this world and the next. It wrecks both character and mind, and finally damns the soul. *It is a curse.* But when put to its proper use *it is a blessing.* It enriches and ennobles the character; it broadens the capabilities; it prepares for a life of happiness and usefulness to others; it insures success and prosperity in life, and raises and confirms the hope of a better life to come.

Tramp to Drewry's Bluff.

The afternoon and evening of April 13, 1889, will ever be a memorable occasion to the twenty-two students and the two professors who took such a delightful stroll down James river. To be in old Richmond at this season is truly a delight to the soul. This is the time when the pansy bows its modest head to kiss the early dews of morning and the dainty violet sends forth its sweetest perfume upon the evening zephyrs. Mother earth has clothed herself with a carpet of green, and the trees are putting forth their buds and leaves. December's winds have changed to balmy breezes, and the earth and the heavens seem full of spirituality and beauty. As one gazes into the upper deep and then at the emerald sward about his pathway, his mind runs into delicious reveries and revels in heavenly

musings. All nature is awake, and our train of thought "runs to melody," or trips in poetic measures—in iambs, trochees, anapests, spondees, and dactyls.

Such were our feelings when, at 2:04 P. M., Prof. H. H. Harris, who was our commander-in-chief for the occasion, dashed around upon a spirited charger to the front of the campus. His slouch was thrown back gracefully from his noble brow. His keen eye twinkled with delight. As he sat in the saddle and managed his fiery animal with the grace of Richard the Lion-Hearted, he reminded us of Virginia's great hero, "Stonewall" Jackson. Prof. Fred. W. Boatwright now stepped to the head of the column, which was composed of gents partly in Continental dress and partly in the garb of the present day.

As we moved off at a quick step, "the boys we left behind" wished us well by giving us the yells, grunts, and pow-ows of Buffalo Bill's Indians.

"Don't step so fast," said a short student, as we began to tune our feet to the scientific stride. "O, young fellow," said another, "you had better save your breath, for Drewry's Bluff is just forty-nine miles and a half from here." This Bluff was the point for which we were tramping, and is eleven miles from the College. We moved down Grace street a short distance, and then turned through Monroe Park, which is in the midst of handsome private residences, and grows yearly more attractive with its shrubbery, shade-trees, and enclosing hedge of the Osage orange.

Now we are pressing the bricks of Main. Twenty-two boys, with no "blue and brass" in sight, are not as quiet as "mice under a sifter." The young Americans along Main shouted as they looked at our stockings and shirts, "Richmond nine," "Base-ball," "Knock out on the first!" A "stewardint" never gets left; so some began crying, "Tickets for the grand-stand," "Base-ball at 5 P. M.," "Peanuts," "Everybody come!" At the southeast corner of Fifth and Main streets we passed the home of Edgar Allan Poe, the distinguished Virginia poet.

"Column to the right" is the word, and down Ninth street we go. We are now crossing Manchester Free bridge, which spans the historic James. Four other bridges are in view. Just to the west, on the left bank of the river, are the Tredegar Iron Works. They were founded in 1837, and are among the most extensive manufactories of locomo-

tives, cars, and railroad materials in the United States. Belle Isle is opposite these works. It is now occupied by a great nail company and the houses of its operatives. It was the largest prison camp for Federal soldiers in Virginia. The prisoners were kept in tents, and were guarded by a company of infantry, and a battery of artillery placed on the heights in rear of and commanding the camp. There was no escape, except by swimming a rapid and dangerous current, even if the guard was eluded. Looking below, we see the falls rushing, raging, and rolling over its rocky bed. Street-cars, hacks, and pedestrians pass us while above the waters.

We step from the bridge into the city of Manchester. It is situated on an eminence gently sloping to the river, which gives it a picturesque appearance as viewed from the Richmond side. It is noted for its water power and its manufacture of flour, cotton, paper, and cedar-ware. It is said to have many handsome residences, but we didn't see them. Perhaps we were only on the suburbs.

We now strike out into the country. "My! what land! This section must have been 'born poor,'" said a barbarian. "Yes," said another, "this is where they have to let down the fences for the kildees to get over." "It is, ha?" said a Greek; "you haven't seen a fence since you left Manchester. Do you suppose they would put boards around broom-sage and baby pines?"

All this time we had been walking "like a horse going to a corn-crib." When about a mile below Manchester, Prof. Harris stopped and pointed far across the James. The interesting point

was the place now known as Powhatan. Here, at the time of the settlement of Jamestown in 1607, the Indian emperor Powhatan, an old and famous monarch, had his summer residence. He ruled over all the Indians of Tidewater Virginia. It was a little village of about twelve cabins, on a hill opposite three islands in the river. Here Captain John Smith and his companions, who had come up from Jamestown, paid a visit to the old emperor. He was a tall, strong old man, clad in a royal robe of skins, with moccasins on his feet and a plume of feathers on his head. Thus clad, and surrounded by his many wives and a hundred bowmen, who always guarded his person night and day, he received the "pale faces." A boulder in the garden of the residence now there, tradition claims, marks the grave of the savage chieftain. Here we suppose Pocahontas spent many happy days, and often upon the beautiful James paddled her little bark canoe.

In a short time we had reached the "inner line" of the noted earthworks around Richmond. We had been on the tramp just an hour when we reached this point. It is four miles from our campus. Ten minutes later we came to the "intermediate line." A boy remarked, "I certainly am glad I wasn't here to have to help throw up all this dirt." As we passed on by the old pines, sassafras bushes, and broom-sage, we thought of the time when we used to go to grandpa's in Piedmont Virginia. Here we would get uncle's fleet-footed hounds and the musical fox horn, and off we would go to make the rabbit and 'possum "dance the racket" o'er the autumnal leaves. Now we are passing

the peach, apple, and wild shrub, whose blossoms of pink and white send up a sweet incense to greet the clouds above. The frogs in the marshes seem to be singing, "O, I'm so glad I'm in Dixie," and we join in the chorus.

All the afternoon "behind the clouds the sun had been shining," and now little drops of rain began to play about our feet. We bivouacked awhile beneath the spreading pine and lofty oak, but not long. The clouds could not keep the sunshine from our hearts, for—

"We love our country's vine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms,
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air,
In wild, fantastic forms."

"Come on, boys! come on! There goes a chicken! Call up the rear guard! Flank to right and left!" How we did charge that hen! The rear ran and we flanked, but the hen was the only one that didn't "flunk." Prof. Harris now rode out to "a little log cabin in the lane" and said, "Auntie, can you tell me how far it is to Drewry's Bluff?" "Lor', masser," answered Aunt Dinah, "you see dat creek down dar, don't you? Well, when you git dar, 'taint nowhar." We soon found out that "nowhar" meant a mile and a half. On we tramped through bushes, briars, branches, broom-sage, and over bluffs and boulders.

As we stopped at the great bluff and looked far below upon the noble James, like a stream of gold flowing through a groove of a great emerald, we could contain ourselves no longer. Rising on tip-toe, in chorus we exclaimed: "Yah! yah! yah! R-a-t! Hurrah! Tiger! R-C-V! Whoo-oo-oo-oo-oo-ou!" As

we got to the Bluff we saw a great owl fly off into the pines. It was as big as an intermediate math. original. There, almost among the clouds, stood an old house, like an ivy-mantled tower on the banks of the Rhine. Being somewhat damp, we built a fire and gathered around the blazing hearth.

We made the eleven-mile walk in about two hours and a half, and now, having seen Fort Darling, by which name the "outer line" at the Bluff is known, we started homeward.

As we neared Manchester the weight of our feet began to increase by geometrical progression. "Uncle," said Prof. Harris to an old ante-bellum negro and his wife who were driving by in their little ox-cart, "how far is it to town?" "'Deed, boss," said he, "I dunno. I'm so full of my likkers now, I dunno nuthin'." The stars and little moon now began to appear, and when we walked into Manchester and rolled over on a porch to wait for several of the boys, our feet weighed about twenty pounds. One of the boys bought a bag of apples and "set up" our crowd.

About half of the fellows boarded the street-car as soon as possible, but the other half of us said we were going to walk all the way if we had to crawl. We reached home at 8:30, and went

straight to the mess hall. Mrs. Brown had kindly kept our suppers, which we enjoyed as much as anything since Christmas. We had taken in everything in the twenty-two-mile walk in six hours and a half, and most of us felt like we could sleep on a brick for a week.

Thus ended our long tramp to Drewry's Bluff. As the days come and go, we can look back upon this delightful day with joy and gladness. On this walk, here we saw a thorn, there a flower, now a marsh and anon a silvery stream, there a cloud and yonder a twinkling star; and how this reminds us of the great walk of life! And now—

"As we sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,
We shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's
oar.
We shall watch for a gleam of the flapping
sail,
We shall hear the boat as it gains the
strand,
We shall pass from sight with the boatman
pale,
To the better shore of the spirit land.
We shall know the loved who have gone be-
fore,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry us."

HAPPY TROUT LAKE.

Self-Knowledge.

Of all kinds of knowledge there is none more important, and yet none more neglected, than knowledge of self. Self-ignorance is not only strange, but also culpable; yet there is no kind of ignorance which prevails more extensively

in our universe to-day. What would you think of one who had a twin brother, with whom he was raised up, who was his daily companion, who went where he went, stayed where he stayed, and slept where he slept, and yet was

utterly ignorant of him? Is not even the idea strange and absurd? But yet we have in our breasts an inmate who is even more nearly related than a brother, who is the controller of all our actions and the subject of all our emotions. How strange and culpable, then, is ignorance of self! But yet how common it is! There are many people who seek after knowledge of languages and sciences, who make learning their life-aim, and yet never stop to study that which acquires knowledge.

“What is self?” one might well ask; “this self of whom we should not be ignorant.” When we notice what we call ourselves in a mirror, we see a something with head, trunk, and limbs. We have eyes to see, ears to hear, hands to feel, and legs to walk with. But this which we see is not self, but what we call body. With this body we can perform a variety of actions. We can grasp with our hands, see with our eyes, and hear with our ears. But all these actions are not spontaneously performed by the organs used. “What causes them to act as they do, then?” It is because there is an internal something which has governing power over all our organs and members, and causes them to act at its bidding. This something, which is the originator of all our bodily actions, is what we call self, and the body is simply its instrument to use at its pleasure, as the carpenter uses his tools or the merchant his yardstick.

Now, by knowledge of self, we mean knowledge of this originator and controller of all our actions, not only that it is, but also what it is, what are its dispositions and impulses, what its natu-

ral tendencies, and what its leading motives and desires.

And now, having seen what we mean by self-knowledge, we will next notice some ways in which its importance is exhibited.

In the first place, every person has certain capabilities and powers implanted in him by his Creator, and given to him for the uplifting of himself and of mankind. These capabilities and powers, if properly exerted and exercised, will exalt a man to his proper position in life. They will make him what his Creator intended him to be. Every man is created for a purpose; there is a life-work for him to do, and for this reason he is endowed with capabilities and powers, and generally ambition to exercise them. This life work, or final object, is determined by the nature of the being, according to the faculties and powers possessed. A being with limited powers has a lower life-work to perform; one with higher and more extended powers, a far more nobler and exalted one. Hence it is every man's duty to exercise to the utmost all his powers, that he may well acquit himself in the performance of his life-work. Every one will acknowledge that the greatest essential to the accomplishment of this end is knowledge of the faculties and capacities to be exercised. How absurd would it be for any person to try to make use of something of which he was entirely ignorant! This knowledge may be obtained by acquiring knowledge of self, to whom they belong. Let him study self, and he will discover what he is able to do and become. Having this knowledge, he will be able to rightly train himself for life's duties.

Knowing his capacities, he will be able to use them in a way by which he can best fulfil his final object in life. Moreover, he will also know what is best to leave alone. He will not have to spend his life in making doubtful experiments, trying to find out at what he could best succeed, thus failing to perform his true end in life.

Secondly. Self-knowledge tends to make one, more manly and moral. This attention to one's inner states shows him what are the strong points in his character, what the weak ones. He can discover where one passion, which perhaps is injurious, has the ascendancy, and where one trait of character is ennobling. Some traits which are predominant may be injurious, and these he can suppress. Others, which are undeveloped, may be needed to elevate and ennoble his character, and these he can bring forth and exercise. Thus, by suppressing his failings and strengthening what is elevating, he can become far more manly and moral. It is like one having a handsome mansion long left unoccupied. It is filled with handsome paintings and statuary; there is attractive furniture in all the rooms, and precious ornaments are scattered about here and there in profusion, but yet there is rubbish and dirt there almost as abundant. The possessor finds out on examination what is useful to improve and ornament his building, and arranges these in the most prominent places, but all that is injurious and defacing he takes away. In a similar manner, self-knowledge can be used for self-correction and self-improvement, and thus the true man can be made. How sad it is that so few make use of it in

this direction! They sail along the sea of life, never noticing whither they are drifting, and what will make their course more beneficial, nor what will wreck their boat if they are not careful. Not striving at all to discover their weaknesses, so as to overcome them, these soon get the mastery, and, just as if caused by a leak, they disappear forever, or their wrecked lives, as shattered vessels upon the breakers, remain there to remind men of the folly of not overcoming their weaknesses. How necessary that these dangerous tendencies be overcome, for the development of the moral nature!

Having seen, to some extent, the importance of self-knowledge, we will now notice how it can be obtained.

In the first place, it can be obtained by introspection, or what we commonly call reflection. We have simply to close the eye, turn our wandering thoughts from things around us, and concentrate them on the inner world, there finding our study. We must notice our motives, our desires, and our dispositions.

We have simply to withdraw our thoughts from the busy world without, in order to "wander through the scenes and explore the phenomena of the still more wondrous world within." By critically studying these scenes and phenomena we can find out knowledge of our true selves.

Or, secondly, we can simply give ourselves up to reverie and notice the spontaneous train of thought, as it flits by in its wondrous course. When we are off our guard, and our thoughts have complete liberty to come and go, then those that are truest to our nature will

pass by, and by judging of them we can tell the nature of self.

Thirdly, if we will notice our spontaneous actions, those that are not performed after deliberate thinking, we have an excellent clue to our inner nature.

Fourthly, what a man's aspirations are, decides *ethically* what he really is. So, therefore, by carefully discovering the nature of these, he has an insight into his true nature. If his ideals are lofty and noble; if his aspirations reach forward to the ennobling and emolument of his fellow-men, it is an evidence that his nature is lofty and noble. But, on the other hand, if he only desires to be rich and fashionable, if his aspirations are only for selfish ends, we have conclusive evidence that his nature is stunted and marred. Yet it is a pleasing fact that each one's ideal standard may be constantly corrected and improved, and therefore, when one sees from his own experience and that of others, wherein his ideal is low and degrading, he is able to correct it, and advance to a more perfect rule of feeling, of manners, and of life.

To acquire other knowledge, there is great expense and labor necessary. To discover the condition of the stars and

the movements of the planets requires great and costly instruments. To solve the mysteries of buried cities and to resurrect forgotten languages, is at the expense of time, of money, and of hardships. There are, therefore, few who become well acquainted with these subjects. But the power of reflection, and the ability of noticing our actions and discovering our ideals, are possessed by all, from the highest to the lowest. Is it not strange, then, that with all the unequalled facilities for acquiring this the most important of all knowledge, so many will neglect it, while they spend their resources in acquiring knowledge far less beneficial to them?

"Know thyself," was one of the celebrated mottoes inscribed in the Delphian temple, intended to remind every one, as they entered, of this important duty. It must have come like a voice from the oracle to many a one, who, if they had only learned to practice this in their early days, would have been freed from many of the perplexities which overwhelmed them in after life.

The poet Pope well expresses it:

"Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man."

A. M. CARROLL.

"Should a Representative be Bound by the Will of His Constituents?"

This question seems to be one of the insolubles, one of those which cannot be answered with an emphatic "no," nor with a hearty response of affirmation. You cannot say "nay" to it, nor can you say "yea." I don't suppose any one will say that a Representative should

unconditionally be bound by the will of his constituents, or on the other hand, that a Representative should be so intolerant and demagogue-like as to scatter the wishes and regards of those who exalted him to his position, as wind does the autumn leaves.

Again, there are some propositions that are patent; they are evident; they have the truth written upon the face of them, and to an unbiased mind the right decision comes easily. And then there are some which are not so plain, and in our judgment about them we are apt to be deceived. Of the latter class we have an example in the question which heads this article. For when I ask you, "Ought Representatives be bound by the will of their constituents?" the majority of you very readily, and very reasonably, too, without any forethought, say, "*Certainly they ought*"; for when a man sends his son to market or on business, he is expected in every case to comply with his father's request; when a master sends his servant on an errand, he is required to carry out his master's wishes and act in strict accordance with his demands; and therefore, going upon the supposition that a Representative is a servant of the people, he is expected to act and vote according to the wishes of his constituency.

But notice the analogy between master and slave, on the one hand, and Representative and constituency on the other hand, fails; it *does not hold good* throughout. For will and inclination rule in the one case, while reason and judgment prevail in the other.

If a father or a master sends his son or slave upon an errand, or to transact some important business, they have beforehand determined what is to be done, and it only remains for the son or servant to carry out their desires; but it is not the case with a Representative of the people; he is not sent to carry out the pre-ordained plans of his constituents, plans which they, within a limited hori-

zon, have decided upon. But it is his duty to deliberate upon issues. When we elect a man to represent us in the Senate or in Congress, it is expected that he shall show the utmost consideration for our wishes and do what he can to uphold our interests; and it is not going too far, perhaps, to say that in minor matters, involving results which are immaterial, and not amounting to much one way or another, that he should be governed by our will in the matter, although it may be at variance with his own; and such a course would not involve any compromise of principle on the part of the Representative.

I suppose you can call it one of those actions which has no moral consequence at all attached to it.

But if, on the other hand, great interests are at stake; if the lines of demarcation between political parties have been squarely drawn; if the issue of the contest has been fairly defined; if both sides are hot and ready for the fray, and if the result of the contest is to be regarded as something which will radically change the political status of a government; if the surrounding circumstances be these, and then if a party leader, or, to use the language of the proposition, if a Representative lays aside his own private judgment in the premises; if he divests himself then of his convictions and panders to the popular side, simply for continuance in public trust, then he has acted in a way not to be reconciled with true and genuine statesmanship.

But you say if he acts contrary to the desire of his constituency, then he is no longer their Representative. Well, I say he is, unless he is instantly

recalled from his place and divested of his royal insignia. In this connection, notice what the idea of a Representative implies. A certain district casts about for a man to look after their interests, to represent them in the nation's Congress. And what is required of such an one; simply that he be a good man, one of the rabble, who will do them no harm, even though he can do them no good? No; but they want a man, broad-minded and liberal, whose mind, like a kaleidoscope, can reveal every side of a question, and whose knowledge of the history, social and political, of the different governments, will enable him to see far ahead of his constituency, and so discern with prophetic vision what is best for them and their interests.

And now when this man goes to his post of duty, and is called upon to cast his vote upon a measure involving ideas and principles, and not merely temporal and transient good, is he expected to lay aside his own opinion, his own better judgment, and vote for what he believes—yea, knows—to be detrimental to the interests of his people, because his constituency are urging him to this course? Certainly *not*; and I say *not*, because that which now appears to them to be for their advantage may in the end be for their disadvantage, and in nine cases out of ten this is the result. But this they do not, as a general thing, know, while their Representatives at least know more about public issues, and so are enabled to cast a more judicious vote.

Now, you may gain a good idea of the relations existing between Representatives and their constituencies by

regarding the Representative as stationed upon some high outlook—a watch-tower, or some distant hill—and whose business it is to signal the approach of danger to the people below him.

Now drop the figure, and let Washington be the watch-tower, where our laws are made, where public issues germinate, grow, are discussed, and so disseminated over our country. It is there, too, that our Representatives assemble; they have intercourse with one another; they talk about future events and public issues in the light of the past, and it is their entire business to look after and conserve the interests of the people.

Now, looking at it in this light, tell me who is better capacitated to know of the approach of danger, the watchman on the hill or the people in the valley? and who is better qualified to arbitrate, to decide and judge over matters of legislation, the Representative at Washington or his constituency, who live perhaps two thousand miles away?

Now, one more point and I am done. Some people say that to deprive a man of the right of voting and acting according to his own wishes, or in other words, to bind a Representative by the will of his constituency, would not destroy his individuality. With such persons I beg leave to differ, and assert that such a principle, carried to its ultimate analysis, would deprive one of his individuality, would make a man not himself, but some one else, and thus turn the car of progress backward. Now, in order to show the full strength of this, let me particularize. Suppose one of you, my readers, should be sent to Congress, and after taking your seat

in that august assemblage there should arise some issue entirely new to the public, and concerning which your views differed materially from those of your constituents, and the discussion of this question is carried on and on until it becomes a red-hot factor in politics, and is made the bone of contention between political parties. You go into the Congress chamber from day to day, and the majority of time is consumed in the discussion of this important issue; you watch the Congressmen as they debate the question; you see these men, like armed and redoubtable athletes, meeting upon the arena of debate; you imagine the silver age of American oratory has returned, when Webster and Hayne crossed lances, when Clay pleaded for Grecian independence, or in thundering tones pushed his omnibus measure. Now the time comes for you to decide one way or the other; then which will you choose? Will you then be governed by the will and inclination of your constituents, or will you arouse yourself, shake off your apathy, assert your manliness, and vote and act according to your own judgment, reason, and convictions? Which would be the true, the manly way to act? Would you drown your convictions, put a check rein on your reason, and float along with the tide like straw and brush, simply because your constituents say so? or will you stem the torrent, and say here I stand, though the heavens fall? Let a man do away with his convictions, and all is gone. But the men who mould opinions have not acted thus.

In 1885, Congressman Lanham, of Western Texas, when the tariff was beginning to be agitated, returned to his

people from Washington, told them if they wanted high tariff they must send some one else *instead of him* to advocate it. His constituency, although they were sheep-growing men, and wanted all they could get for their wool, admired him for his candor, and sent him back to Washington for a second term.

In the year 1744, a Mr. Cruger, of whom little is known, and Edmund Burke, a star of the first magnitude amid the galaxy of statesmen, were elected to represent Bristol in the Parliament of England. Now, it was a doctrine much insisted upon then at Bristol that a representative should be subject to the will of his constituency; whereupon Mr. Cruger told the people that he would be what they said; that his will should be subject to theirs, thereby making himself a mere machine for the people and a figure-head in matters of legislation. But not so with Mr. Burke, for on hearing that his colleague had made this concession to his constituency, he came before them and in language eminently characteristic of him said: "Gentlemen, my worthy colleague says his will ought to be subject to yours. If that be all, the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of will on *any* side, yours *without question ought to be superior*. But government and legislation are matters of reason and judgment, and not of inclination. And," says he, "what sort of reason is that in which determination precedes discussion, in which one set of men deliberate and another decide, and in which those who make the conclusions are *three hundred* miles distant from those who hear the arguments?"

Mr. Burke went to Parliament, and

it was *during troublous times, too*; the civilized world was in a state of convulsion, and prominent among the issues of that time was conciliation or non-conciliation with America. The Bristol people said: We don't want conciliation with America; we want war with America; we want to reduce her to the condition of a province, and draw immense revenues from her. Mr. Burke said: Although I am your representative, still I am not in favor of war with America. I am in favor of making peace with America, and giving her an opportunity to become a free and independent land, and I shall work for that end.

The Bristol people said: We want to enslave Ireland, and make her dependent upon us for all her commerce. Mr. Burke said: No, I am in favor of free trade for Ireland, and shall do what I can to secure it.

The Bristol people said: We want to impose severe measures upon the Catholics and exclude them from office. Mr. Burke said: No; the Catholics are human creatures even as we, and it is not becoming to treat them harshly because they differ with us in their religious views, and I shall do what I can to relieve them from all oppression.

What did he do? He stood by his convictions, and his speeches on the above-named issues, and in vindication of his course, are the most brilliant of

their kind in any language. When Mr. Burke's term expired he went back to Bristol, and, as was natural, was rebuked by friends for not obeying their instructions. Whereupon Mr. Burke said:

"I did not obey your instructions. No; I conformed to the instruction of truth and nature, and maintained your interests against your opinion, with a constancy that became me. A representative worthy of you ought to be a person of stability. I am to look indeed to your opinions, but to such opinions as you and I must have five years hence. I was not to look to the flash of the day.

"I knew that you chose me in my place, along with others, to be a pillar of state, and not a weathercock on the top of the edifice, exalted for my levity and versatility, and of no use but to indicate the shiftings of every fashionable gale."

What did he do? He had convictions, and he stood by them. And tell me, does not the voice of posterity bear attestation to the fact that he was right in regard to America, right in regard to Ireland, and right in regard to the Roman Catholics? He and a host of others, by such a course, have left an example worthy to be admired, and linked their names on to an immortal destiny.

NEMO.



Philologian Public Debate.

("Resolved, That it would be detrimental to our nation to extend her territory.") The following debate was made in the Philologian Society last Friday night. We copy from the rough manuscript, which the gentleman did not have time to rewrite.—Eds.

Shall, then, the United States extend her territory? A weighty question the decision of which can never be accomplished by broad generalizations from historical data, but which must be decided upon principles of the soundest of logic of government, both as to its nature and end, and with clear distinctions as to the difficulties arising from one government for a heterogeneous people and with due regard to economical and socialistic questions.

First of all, then, we take it for granted that those who propose that the sun shall never set upon our dominions desire our country to remain distinctively a government of the people, for the people, by the people. Now, to distinguish between the two forms of government. Monarchical governments are founded upon the idea that the sovereign is the source of all power, and hence is expected to guard the rights of the populace; "but republican government is founded upon the idea that the people are the only source of legitimate authority and the guardians of their own rights through the instrumentality of the ballot." Hence we can but realize that in a government such as ours the citizens are those upon whose shoulders is flung the weight of the greatest responsibility.

And now to the special treatment of the subject in hand.

I do not regard historic instances, which have been or may be cited of the rise of progress and fall of mighty nations, as of much weight in this discussion, and why? Well, you may cite Greece, Rome, and other grasping nations of antiquity as proof that no government may extend its territory indefinitely without increasing the diversity of interest which in time will prove a disintegrating force. These are cases which are true, but true under circumstances vastly different from those which now surround us. Let us remember in the outset that we do not *deny* that it might be better for those countries which are contiguous to ours if they could be brought under the mighty protection of the "American Eagle," that in the time of home insurrection or foreign invasion, they might safely and tranquilly rest, wrapped in the stars and stripes of the Union, realizing that they were the wards of a government which, being founded upon the principles of strictest democracy, guarantees alike freedom for all and protection for the weakest within her dominions; but whether it would be better for us, as a nation, *thus to encumber ourselves* is a question which, in my own mind, I have unhesitatingly answered. No; it would be far better for us, a nation, to lose territory than to gain it.

First of all, then, I am opposed to extending the territory of the United States, because to do so will bring into one union, States whose people are of different blood, customs and habits, which must prove detrimental to the States already forming the Union, unless the civilization of

the annexed States is superior, which, as all know, is not the case.

To admit Mexico and Canada and the islands of the sea as States into the federation of states, will be to place in their hands the ballot, whereby they may wield a mighty power. To admit these States upon any other than a representative basis, would be the grossest injustice to them, and would violate the fundamental principles of democracy. Now shall we admit as States, with equal rights and powers as we have vouchsafed unto us, countries whose inhabitants are, by their education, training and customs, unfitted to intelligently exercise the rights of citizenship; shall we place in their hands the power which, with their rapidly waning numbers, would give them, at least, sectional supremacy, and in time would render them an important factor in national legislation? For years a mighty howl has been going up from the South because the negro has been made a citizen. Beware lest a worse fate befall us when we admit whole nations, which, though as a mass probably more intelligent, are yet more ignorant of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship.

In Mexico the smallest proportion of the men upon whom we would be duly bound to place the right of suffrage are capable of understanding the diverse interests of a great national economy. Canada, again, though highly cultured, has reared her children to think that they have their protector, not in their strong arm and cultured mind, but in their humane and generous sovereign, and among true Canadians will the shout ever be raised, "God save the queen." British America to-day is one hundred years be-

hind the advance guard of civilization and the liberal ideas and views of Republicanism; and to place her in the American union to-day with equal rights with our people, would be unjust to her by giving her a position which she could not fill, and it would be to jeopardize the best and highest interests of our national government.

Now, as I before remarked, while monarchical government can span with her powers and dominion, ocean and continent, subjugating nation after nation, ever adding jewels to her sparkling diadem, till like Great Britain, her flag proved mistress of the seas, floats over one-sixth of the habitable globe, this cannot be the policy of Republican governments. For, in the first place, it would be contradictory to live and govern under a constitution whose key-note is *freedom*, and then to hold other nations in subjection or in dependence. Then you say we contradict our policy by holding the Territories of the West and Alaska. We do not. We only await the day when each of these shall have attained the requisite population, when each will be admitted as States into the Union, and even now the Territories are entitled to their representation in Congress, for we cannot hold, as did the mother country, to taxation without representation. Hence we cannot admit them without violating our policy, which is incorporated in our constitution, and which for one hundred years has been the glory of our nation.

Again, we cannot admit them as dependencies, because we know from practical application of true principles as well as from extended observation that a "spirit of dependence is not calculated to produce the best results in the politi-

cal advancement of a State, nor does it tend to develop the highest type of manhood." Hence it would be an injustice to admit into our Union any country upon these grounds. As an illustration of this fact, take the united colonies, once fettered by chains which, with characteristic bravery, our forefathers snapped, and friendless save France, set our country sailing down the tide of time. Now she stands undisputed the grandest nation upon which the sun shines—this the result of her independence; and had it not been for her noble institutions and freedom of views the vast population of the world would not have rushed hither "as driven by the mighty hand of God." And liberty, liberty, liberty, has been the advance guard as the "course of empire has westward taken its way."

Canada, on the other hand, has been and is a dependency, and she to-day more than any other British colony illustrates the truth which we would now enforce: that to be great we must be independent.

I have endeavored here to prove that a confederation of our nation with those contiguous to it is impracticable, because a federation presupposes equal rights and privileges to all who form a part of the body politic; and justly so. But I have already shown that no nation which we can reasonably suppose willing to join this federation is sufficiently advanced to be admitted into our Union. Hence, as equal States we cannot admit them without dragging our nation down. We cannot admit them as dependencies, because we have none such, and because the spirit of our constitution and our national policy forbid it, and even if it were possible for us to violate both these,

to admit them would raise them no higher among the nations of the earth.

Again, I am persuaded that some might maintain that the greatness of our nation depends upon our influence as a nation, and that hence we must work to raise others to our level. Beautiful and grand conception, the duty of man as man, the function of church as the instrument for propagating moral principles, as the bulwark of honest and successful legislation, but alas! foreign to the function and province of government. Whilst our nation as a nation recognizes Jehovah as the God of heaven and earth, the minute that she appropriated one dollar for the evangelization of the world she would, as a nation, cast a shadow upon her bright record by taking a long stride toward that which Christ condemned when he said, "My kingdom is not of this world"—the union of church and state. But moral consequences will follow. If we annex a country whose morality is higher than ours then we will in our poverty beg supplies; but such a country does not exist.

Annex a country whose moral standard is lower than ours, as will inevitably be the case, vice like a contagion will tend to vitiate our national code of laws and to enter into our national councils as a vital moving force.

I have yet to touch the strongest argument—the economic question—the increase which will come to our material wealth. This, for convenience, we shall subdivide. First, the greater impetus that will be given to trade by breaking down political barriers; secondly, the increase of our national resources.

First, we will admit that the opposition

might rightly claim that the production and trade of a country depend largely upon its international relations. In other words and more explicitly each nation's wealth depends upon the relation which subsists between the given nation and other nations as regards the interchange of articles of commerce. Doubtless my opponents would claim that to extend our territory by annexation would produce a greater home market for articles of manufacture, &c., which are the sources of our wealth. But, gentlemen, we claim that this annexation would create no market at all. If the market does not already exist, it cannot be created by such circumstances. But you may justly say that under the new *regime* the difficulties which so trouble our custom-house officers as well as our ambassadors and consuls, might be removed, and we would trade with Canada and Mexico and Cuba and the Central American republics, as Virginia does with Maryland, or Maine with Florida. Grant it, and what as a nation, or as individuals, have we gained? We would not receive a penny more for exports, nor pay a penny less for our imports. For the trade is evenly balanced. Long experience with clear ideas of exchange has wrought a system of international policy which the proposed measure could not improve and has nourished all trade between the nations and settled all difficulties as to international values, and to-day each country offsets each other country's tariff by a system of home protection when this is necessary.

Throw all the nations of the world together. Let one nation or federation continually extend her dominions and increase her power, till the war drum throbs

no longer and the battle flags are furled. In the parliament of man, the federation of the world, the economical solution of our country with regard to exchange would be no better, but worse than it is to-day. But, finally: Some claim that to extend our territory would benefit our nation, because it would increase our wealth. At once it is necessary for us to realize that unrestrained accumulation of wealth has proved itself the shoal upon which many a "ship of state" has been stranded. The enervating and corrupting power of wealth to national security and greatness has been abundantly evidenced in the history of Babylon, Thebes, Carthage and Rome,—and of all other nations where mammon has been made god, and where Bancroft's wise words have ever been fulfilled, "Sedition [and weakness are] bred in the lap of luxury." Instead of increasing our already almost phenomenal wealth, let us beware lest already this cancer is eating into the vitals of our national grandeur. When a country's wealth is sufficient to support the government without taxation alling heavily or unjustly, that country's wealth is large enough. With your permission I will read you the statistics of 1880, relating to our country's material wealth.

Statistics taken from page 112 of *Our Country*, by Dr. Strong:

"The wealth of the United States is phenomenal. In 1880 it was valued at \$43,642,000,000; more than enough to buy the Russian and Turkish empires, the kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, Denmark, and Italy together, with Australia, South Africa, and all South America—lands, mines, cities, palaces, factories, ships, flocks, herds, jewels, moneys,

thrones, sceptres, diadems and all—the entire possessions of 177,000,000 of people.”

“Though Great Britain’s flag floats over one sixth of the globe, our wealth exceeds hers by \$276,000,000, and our wealth is increasing in geometrical ratio.

“Seven eighths of our arable lands are now under cultivation. A much larger portion of our mineral resources are yet undeveloped.”

So we do not need to extend our country to increase our wealth.

Now, to recapitulatè. Remembering that a nation’s prosperity depends in the main upon wise and prudent government, we have argued that this wisdom and prudence would both be surrendered were we to admit the States contiguous to ours either as independent political functions or as dependencies. For, in either case, they would prove a running sore in our body politic. Again, we argue that as a nation our moral function lay in just

and righteous legislation and not in the evangelization of the world. Again, we have argued that an extension of territory would be an economic loss and that we need to have our material wealth reduced, rather than increased, and now I shall close, hoping that our country may continue to grow in prosperity and honor, and believing that in ages yet to come that grand policy which aims at development rather than extension will be consummated in the progress of our infant nation, which is but the earnest of that which future ages shall witness, for already it seems to me

“I hear the tread of pioneers
Of nations yet to be;
The first low wash of waves where soon
Shall roll a human sea.”

“The rudiments of empire here
Are plastic yet, and warm,
The chaos of a mighty world
Is rounding into form.”

C. L. LAWS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE PARADOXES OF SCIENCE.—The water, says a writer in *Blackwood’s Magazine*, which drowns us, a fluent stream, can be walked upon as ice. The bullet which, when fired from a musket, carries death will be harmless if ground to dust before being fired. The crystallized part of the oil of roses—so grateful in its fragrance, a solid at ordinary temperatures, though readily volatile—is a compound substance containing exactly the same elements and in exactly the same proportions, as the gas with which we light our streets. The tea which we daily drink with benefit and pleasure produces palpitation, nervous trembling,

and even paralysis, if taken in excess; yet the peculiar organic agent called theine, to which tea owes its qualities, may be taken by itself (as theine, not as tea) without any appreciable effect. The water which will allay our burning thirst augments it when congealed into snow; so that it is stated by explorers of the Arctic regions that the natives prefer enduring the utmost extremity of thirst rather than attempt to remove it by eating snow.

Experiments have recently been made, says *Science*, showing in what order a fatigued eye recovers the power of per-

ceiving different colors. The important factor is what color has been used to induce fatigue. If the eye has been fatigued by long exposure to red, the sensitiveness for green is the first to reappear, then for blue, then yellow and finally red. After a "blue-fatigue" the order is yellow, red, green, blue; after a "green-fatigue" the order of recovery is red, blue, yellow, green; after "yellow-fatigue" it is red, blue, green, yellow. The eye recovers last the perception of the color by which the fatigue has been induced, and first recovers the sensitiveness for the complementary color.

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FALL OF BLACK SNOW.—At Aitken, Minn., on April 2, at 4:45 o'clock, it became so dark that lights were necessary in business houses, and the air was filled with snow that was as black and dirty as though it had been trampled into the earth. Six ounces of snow and one-fourth ounce of dirt and sand were found in the bottom of a dish. The dirt is very fine, something like emery, and contains particles that have a metallic lustre. This dirty snow fell to the depth of half an inch. The atmosphere at the time presented a peculiar greenish tinge. There was a little wind blowing at the time from the northwest, though there seemed to be considerable wind higher in the air. Solid chunks of ice and sand are reported to have been picked up in various places.

—

RECENT CHANGES AT NIAGARA FALLS.—There have been recently two very heavy falls of rock at Niagara Falls. At first a mass of rock fell from the Horseshoe Falls, and twenty-four hours later another mass was precipitated into

the abyss below, with a noise so closely resembling that of an earthquake as to alarm the residents of the neighborhood. The result of the displacement is a change in the shape of the fall. Formerly the Canadian portion of the fall could be described as a horse-shoe, but the breaking away of rocks in the centre some years ago made it V-shaped. Now that a further displacement has occurred the fall has returned to its old condition. It is, of course, generally known that the falls of Niagara are gradually moving to the south. The deep cut through the solid rock marks the course they have taken in their backward movement. It is a wonderful excavation, a chasm dug out by the sheer force of water.

Not less astonishing has been the removal of the debris. The rock has been thoroughly pulverized, and has been swept out of the river, to be distributed in Lake Ontario. Once it was thought that in the wearing away process the falls would reach Lake Erie, and there degenerate into a series of rapids. But the theory has been set aside by one which retains the cataract, although the latter will be the shadow of its present self, and much reduced in size. The latest idea is that the falls will recede two miles and then remain stationary, their height at that point being eighty feet instead of one hundred and sixty-four, as at present. The supposition is supported by an argument which appears reasonable. The present site is a limestone formation, some 80 or 90 feet thick, with a shaly foundation. As the shale is washed away the limestone breaks off, and the falls take a step backward. But the end of the shaly deposit will be reached two miles from the present falls, and then

the rushing water will have more than it can do to wash away the solid precipice over which it will be projected. *Iron* suggests that it would be a waste of time to attempt to estimate the number of centuries that will elapse before Niagara Falls will have found their permanent site.—*Scientific American*.

A NEW GUNPOWDER.—A new gunpowder, the invention of Mr. Hengst, has recently been tested, and the results point to it as a promising substitute for black powder for military and sporting purposes. The new powder is prepared from straw, which is pulverized, chemically treated, and finished in granular form for use. It is claimed for this powder that it is smokeless, flameless, practically non fouling and non-heating, and that both the recoil and the report are less than those of black powder, with superior penetrative power. From the

powerful character of this explosive, which weight for weight is 150 per cent. stronger than gunpowder, and is not explodable by concussion, it is probable that in a compressed form it will be found to be applicable for blasting purposes. In every respect it appears to be a powder of great promise.—*Ex*.

The "Julius Pam" diamond, which is valued at from £15,000 to £20,000, has arrived in London from Kimberley. It weighs 241½ carats, or fully 90 carats more than that beauty, the Porter-Rhodes diamond, and was found in the New Jagersfontein Mine, of which Mr. Julius Pam is principal owner. It is longish shape, and of exquisite color—a pure blue white. The only larger diamond in existence is the Imperial, but it is said to be inferior in quality to the "Julius Pam."—*Ex*.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

With this number the *Messenger* comes to you equipped with a new corps of editors. While we recognize and appreciate the work done by our predecessors, we believe there is such a thing as *progress*, and accordingly it shall be our constant care to improve the columns of the *Messenger*; but should we fail in this we hope at least to preserve its hitherto exalted standard.

We call special attention to the letter from Rev. J. V. Dickinson in another part of this issue. We heartily approve of the plan proposed. We think it most

fitting and appropriate that those who in former years enjoyed the rare privilege of listening to the profound wisdom and learning of Dr. Brown should thus unite in doing honor to his memory.

The contestants for medals in our literary societies are alarmingly numerous at this season of the college year. Many have recently entered the lists who heretofore have put forth no really honest efforts and have shown the most utter lack of interest in their respective societies. If they had striven throughout the session for real and lasting benefit as

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earnestly as they now strive for medals ours would be unsurpassed as literary societies.

Since the last issue of this magazine the friends of the College have been shocked by the sudden death of Mr. T. C. Williams, one of its staunchest friends and most faithful trustees. In his death not only has this college sustained a heavy loss, but, indeed, the entire Baptist denomination. Wherever he was known he was recognized as a man noble in good deeds, yet a simple, pious Christian. So widely and favorably was he known that it would be useless to dwell upon his virtues; nevertheless, we cannot pass them without a word of admiration, and without pointing to his life as a most worthy example. The students of this and other institutions have for years felt, but not seen, his generous hand. Oh, that there were more such men, whose examples, as well as their fortunes, might be a source of benefit to young men! We assure his grief-stricken family that the heart of every student of this college goes out to them in sympathy; for the loss which we have suffered in him as a wise trustee and liberal benefactor fits us, in a great degree, to sympathize with them in their much greater and severer loss. Mr. Williams will ever be remembered by the students and professors of this institution as an earnest promoter of education and a supporter of every deserving cause.

It is rather unpleasant that amongst our first duties we should feel forced to condemn a practice which exists to some extent among the students of this college, and, we venture to say, is prevalent more

or less in every other institution of learning. We have at times noticed students, while reciting, deliberately refer to their books without the least compunction, apparently. This practice is highly objectionable for several reasons. Such a practice is attended with the most deleterious influences. It offers encouragement to an inborn bent and inclination of our nature to look to external sources rather than to ourselves for support and assistance. It causes us to distrust and lose confidence in our powers. But, besides its pernicious effects on mind, and above all, it is morally wrong. We thereby wrong our professors, we wrong our classmates, we wrong ourselves. Such conduct should not be practiced by the students of an institution of such standing as ours.

Richmond College, like other colleges in the land, has realized that there is more to be learned at college than is to be found between the covers of textbooks, and much worth knowing which is not discussed in the class-room. We must develop our bodies as well as our minds. While we apply ourselves to books we must not in our zeal for study forget the principle embodied in the old saying, "*Mens sana in sano corpore.*" It was with an eye open to this principle that the trustees established this year a special department for physical culture. The wisdom of this movement has been clearly demonstrated in the marked success of our first and hereafter annual "*Field Day.*" This day should mark the commencement of an era in the history of the college. In almost all of our colleges we find that more and more attention is being paid to sports and out-

door exercises in general. Oftentimes the sports and athletic standing of a college influence a young man's choice as to what college he shall attend, as much as do its professors and its course of studies. We may reasonably expect that many students will be influenced to come here by the knowledge that here they can learn to play ball, swing Indian clubs, and so develop their muscles and establish their health, as well as learn to read Latin and Greek. Another feature which should prove an attraction, or, at least, an advertisement for the college, is the annual course of scientific lectures, the second series of which we are now enjoying. The men chosen to deliver these lectures are men who rank among the first in their special departments. Last year our lectures were by one of the best known of American astronomers, and this year we have the pleasure of hearing one of the most learned of living biologists. So learned have been the eminent lectures and so deeply scientific the subjects discussed that we are sometimes led to wonder if in their desire to do the best for us those who have the matter in charge have not selected men and subjects beyond some, at least, of those whom the

lectures are designed to benefit. Last year we soared with Dr. Young among the distant heavenly bodies, so far off in space that we almost reached the unknown, unexplored and uncared for land (if land it be), where parallel lines intersect and the circle turns into a square. Now with Dr. Martin we probe into the microscopic world seeking to explain, if explain we can, the growth of plants, the development of the egg, the vital principle, and other mysterious matters, our previous ignorance of which is simply amazing. Lectures are designed to help the student in his work, and that they may be the greatest help, two things are necessary: first, the lectures themselves must be of the right sort; secondly, there must be a certain preparation on the part of the student to enable him to receive and appreciate the good things he may find in the lectures. Some of us feel that we have not derived as much benefit from the lectures here as we might, and we are of the opinion that this is because the lectures are on subjects about which the majority of the students know but little, and so are not prepared to appreciate them.

LOCALS.

Ah-e!

April Fool!

Pollen and humble-bees.

Mr. M.: "Say, T., you didn't sit up to cream, did you?"

Mr. T.: "No, I sat down to it"

"Has anybody seen anything of my friend, Mr. H.?"

"The pen is mightier than the sword," provided it is not in the hand of a fool.

"What shape is a kiss?"

"Elliptical—(*a-lip-ticle*)."

"I take my tex dis morning," said a colored preacher, "from dat po'tion ob de Scripture whar de Postal Paul pints his pistol to de Fessions."

“One of the greatest evils of the world to-day is card-playing.”—*Rev. H. M. Wharton.*

Mr. H. (translating Cæsar): “Ariovistus expul gated to his fullest ability concerning his own virtues.”

“Can I stay here to-night?” inquired a traveler at the hotel in Charleston, W. Va.

“Sorry to disappoint you, sir,” replied the clerk, briskly, “but our house is full and running over. All the Governors of the States are stopping here.”

[West Virginia seems to be very productive of Governors just at the present.]

Mr. M.: “Well, I went down town this morning and had my beauty struck off.”

Mr. H.: “I should think you did, as you appear to have none now.”

“A debt of gratitude is too often compromised at about ten cents on the dollar.”

Mr. T.: “Say, H., will you be so kind as to deliver my message to Miss L.?”

Mr. H.: “Certainly, I’ll do it with the greatest *ambiguity*.”

“The weakest man intellectually is better able to judge his own personal needs than any other man or legislative body.”—*Prof. Puryear.*

A phew tipergrafikal erruz wur in the Martch Lokul headed Phield Day. If any 1 wuz hert bi sed mistaik we beg hiz phardun.

There is a young man in our institution whom, it is said, spends a great deal of time trying to sprout a moustache, while for fifteen cents he could purchase a handsome one; and still he openly avows that “art is more to be admired than nature.”

Consistency, consistency, thou art a jewel!

Prof. H. to Mr. W., who had been to the inauguration: “Well, Mr. W., what place did you get?”

Mr. W.: “I got left.”

Prof. P.: “Why, gentlemen, you may taste this quatiz, and you can’t taste it, and yet it tastes sour.”

Mr. D. (in society hall): “Mr. President, may I adjourn?”

City cousin (at ball, to country cousin): “Considerable difference betwixt this and a hop in the country, is there not?”

Country cousin: “Well-er-yes. “Ye see they wear clothes all over ’em in our parts.”

Mr. R.: “Come on boys, the prayer bell”—*alias sacred bell*—“has rung for breakfast.”

Mr. T.: “H., do you take laudanum to put you to sleep?”

Mr. H.: “No, I just read Greek history for about one hour, and then I’m gone.”

Mr. S. sets up a sweet Miss to an orange at Second Baptist Church Apron Bazaar. Sweet lassie must not have liked “Floridas” or Mr. S. (which we

know not), for she soon turned over said
"yellow sphere" to another fellow.

She's a philosopher; she knew she
couldn't serve two *misters* at once.

Mr. L.: "Is Mr. S. married?"

Miss H.: "Yes, and so is his wife."

Messrs. F. and H. catechising on the
Bible:

Mr. F.: "Where is the book of Ja-
cob?"

Mr. H.: "In the Old Testament."

Mr. H.: "Where is Jeremiah?"

Mr. F.: "I don't know."

Mr. W. (in English): "Professor,
when did the observance of the Sabbath
originate?"

Prof. P.: "If you will read the *Herald*
of last week you will see my view on
the subject."

Mr. W.: "I saw that."

Prof. P.: "Well, I should imagine
that you merely *saw* it." (*Tableau.*)

RUTH AND I.

Invocation.

O muse of mine, where hast thou gone?

I feel deserted quite;

Twice I've essayed to tune my lyre,

But know not what to write.

Come back, inspiring spirit, come,

And soothe this heart of mine;

Though "*she*" has faithless proved her-
self,

Yet will I not repine.

I.

A year or so ago I met

The girl of whom I sing;

I then was going to school, and she

Was too; the time was spring.

II.

It must have been the reason (as
Some poet says is truth);
For lightly then my heart did turn
To thoughts of love and "Ruth."

III.

She smiled upon me graciously,
She looked so very sweet;
That from that time my heart, pierced
through,
Lay bleeding at her feet.

IV.

I walked with her to school quite oft,
We wrote a note or two;
In one of which she said, "I'll give
A place in my heart to you."

V.

I was in heaven; but ah! how soon
Life's happiness doth fade,
For scarce a month elapsed, ere she
Revoked the vow she'd made.

VI.

She gave her heart and hand away
To another chap, and said:
'We could be friends, but nothing more'—
I think I lost my head.

VII.

I *may* have said harsh words, I know,
I *thought* them if I didn't;
And now I'm doomed to bear around,
A heart with grief all hid in't.

VIII.

"What makes the girls so cruel be?"
My eager readers cry;
Oh, 'tis natural to the girls, you see,
I hasten to reply.

IX.

Young man, put not your faith in girls,
Take warning by my fate;
Distrust them all *most* when they smile,
And you will do first-rate.

Jacobus Dorum-lignum.

"How is the pig, Pat?"

"Faith, an' he's a glutton."

"How is that?"

"Be jabbers, he drank two pails full of milk, and when I put the little rascal in the pail he didn't half fill it."

Mr. H. (in debate): "Here we have to study 16 hours a day, and sleep the other 6."

We suppose Mr. H. spends the remaining two hours either "upon the rostrum, or by a piece of calico."

"There is a great deal in a name."—
Rev. H. M. Wharton.

The following note and reply came into our possession a few days since:

"RICHMOND COLLEGE,
March 22d, 1889.

Kind Friends,—A small band of college refugees (not white caps) will make their appearance this aft as the hour groweth late and the evening shadows falleth; and if permission beeth granted and it meeteth the approval of the fair "Butes" within, we will with inestimable felikity escort those of you who desire to come to the sacred realms to a Public Debate.

Sincerely,

BARBARIANS."

'No. 1000 E. Cupid street,

City Barbarians,

Richmond College.

We'll be ready."

[Did they mean that the whole street would be ready?]

Mr. W. (translating Greek): "But he had on also the breast-plate of the horse."

The following lines found upon our college walls are supposed to have been written by a *bright* (?) young lady visitor:

"I am within the walls of the R. College,
Where green boys acquire knowledge."

Prof. S. to Mr. R.: "Mr. R., if K, B, C is a right angle, what is K, B, D?"

Mr. R.: "It's a left angle, sir."

Mr. W. says that Dr. Wharton holds his meetings too long to suit his (W.'s) after meeting.

About the latter part of January the Rev. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, came to Richmond for the purpose of holding meetings with several of the Baptist churches.

He first conducted a meeting of two weeks with the Venable-street Baptist church. He next spent two weeks with the Second church, and from there he went to Grace-street Baptist church and remained there for more than two weeks.

This meeting was probably the greatest one of the three. The meeting grew in interest from night to night until the Baptist pastors of the city decided to take Mr. Wharton into more spacious quarters, where the multitudes of people that thronged to hear him might be accommodated.

They secured the "First Regiment Hall," the one in which Mr. Moody held a meeting a few years ago. This is probably the largest hall in the city. It seats over 3,000 people.

This immense hall was packed to its fullest capacity every night, and hundreds, and some nights thousands, were unable to gain admittance.

This meeting resulted in several hundred conversions, and was considered by all to be the greatest meeting ever held in this city.

The sermons of Mr. Wharton were simple, earnest Gospel talks, suitably adapted to every age and class. He accomplished a great work, and made many warm friends during his stay in our midst, and his visits to Richmond hereafter will be hailed with pleasure by all.

On Friday night, the 5th of April, the regular election of officers was held in each of the literary societies. The following are the officers elected:

Mu Sigma Rho—President, C. W. Trainham; Vice-President, J. N. Johnson; Recording Secretary, J. H. Franklin; Corresponding Secretary, N. H. Harris; Treasurer, J. W. Whitehead; Critic, A. S. H. Bristow; Censor, B. B. Robinson; Chaplain, R. E. Chambers; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. O. Carver; Hall Manager, M. W. Thomas; Monthly Orator, J. R. Bagby; Final President, J. W. Whitehead.

Philologist—President, A. J. Ramsey; Vice-President, H. N. Quisenberry; Recording Secretary, E. D. Booker; Corresponding Secretary, C. G. Trumbo; Treasurer, J. M. Burnett; Critic, W. C. James; Censor, W. B. McGarity; Chaplain, H. H. Street; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. E. Farrar; Hall Managers, W. M. Jones and Richard Edwards; Monthly Orator, C. C. Yarbrough; Final President, C. T. Kincaanon.

At a joint session of the two literary societies, a committee, consisting of Dr. Thomas, Prof. Smith and Prof. Puryear,

was chosen to award the "Joint Writer's Medal" of this session.

Hon. J. T. Ellyson was elected Final President to preside at the joint celebration of the two literary societies in June; and Conway R. Sands, Esq., was chosen to deliver the medals at our final celebration.

FIELD AND ARBOR DAY.—This delightful occasion took place on the 5th of April. Signal success crowned the plans of the trustees and faculty on this the first "Field and Arbor Day" in the history of this institution. The weather was splendidly suited to out-door sports. This, in addition to the perfect arrangements and well-arranged programme, resulted in a very pleasant and profitable day for all. Professor Cornelius, the Hazen brothers, H. H. Harris, Jr., Dr. William Matthews, Morry McGuire, Mr. B. F. Johnson (the financial backer of the department of physical culture), and Mr. I. C. Kemplin (umpire for the foot-ball teams) rendered kind and satisfactory services on the field. The committee in charge were Messrs. C. H. Ryland for the trustees, H. H. Harris for the faculty, and F. W. Boatwright for the Athletic Association.

At 9:30 A. M. the lawn-tennis contest began, and Mr. J. M. Wilbur, of South Carolina, won the prize. The further contests of the day occurred as follows:

One hundred yards dash, won by H. E. Jones, of Pa.

Quarter-mile run, by C. H. Baker, of W. Va.

Standing high jump, won by J. W. Whitehead, of Virginia, who cleared four feet eight inches.

Running high jump, by same, clearing five feet one inch.

Throwing ball, by same, 102 yards.

One-mile walk, won by T. W. Dew, of Virginia, in nine minutes and twenty-seconds.

One-mile run, won by M. W. Thomas, of Maryland, in five minutes.

Putting shot (16 pounds), by C. H. Baker, of West Virginia, thirty feet seven inches.

Base-ball, won by the team of which J. R. Bagby, of Virginia, was captain.

Gymnasium drill by a large class, from whom were selected eight to contest for first and second prizes. These were Messrs. C. T. Taylor, F. C. Johnson, C. T. Kincahon, Garnett Ryland, E. C. James, E. P. Wright, H. C. Burnett, Jr., and W. H. Ryland. C. T. Taylor won the first, and F. C. Johnson the second prize.

Prize running given to the winners of the 100-yards dash and quarter-mile run, made by C. H. Baker, of West Virginia, 200 yards in 30 seconds.

The hurdle race, 200 yards, over ten hurdles two feet high, twenty yards apart, won by C. H. Baker, of West Virginia, in 27 seconds.

The "tug of war" was won by the Junior II. Greek class in two straight tugs.

Foot-ball was won by the team of which C. H. Baker, of W. Va., was captain, making 8 points to 6.

The tree planting by the graduates of 1888-'89, assisted by several young ladies, was quite a novel feature of the programme.

The splendid company who had borne themselves so patiently through the day, and remained till sunset, were richly re-

warded by an address from Mayor J. T. Ellyson, who made the presentations.

The students, to show their appreciation of Mr. Boatwright's faithful labors in their behalf, had purchased a beautiful gold-headed cane as a slight memento of their regard for him.

This was delivered by Dr. W. W. Landrum, in a very graceful and amusing manner.

Thus ended the most delightful day with us, perhaps, in the history of our institution.

We hope that this is the beginning of a brighter era, in some respects at least, in our college, and trust that this movement may go on and accomplish that good among the students which it is calculated to do.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

No. 3.

"Never be afraid of a black chunk, my boy," said a father to his son just starting to college. What did he mean? What is there especially to be dreaded about a piece of charred wood? Why, just this: A young man after being at college a while comes to have white, dainty fingers in exchange for the horny, blackened hands of toil with which he left the farm or workshop. He would dislike exceedingly to touch a piece of smutty charcoal and soil his snowy fingers. Much more would he shrink from doing the manifold things represented under the figure of a black chunk. His tastes have grown to be fastidious, and many things he formerly would have thought nothing of performing are now beneath his dignity. Do you think a young man of this stamp will succeed in life? Don't you know that the man who

is ready and willing to put his hand to anything which may need his attention is the one who will win life's battles? If you do not, it is high time you were learning the lesson.

A prominent and successful business man of this city, in conversation a few weeks ago, said: "A short time since, I went to my store one morning, and found it unswept, and the clerks shivering with cold. Upon inquiry I learned that the porter had failed to appear that morning, and as each clerk considered it beneath himself to perform menial duties, they had allowed things to remain as I found them. I made no remarks, but executed the porter's duties myself, while my clerks looked on in amazement. I said nothing to them, because of course it was none of their business, but I took occasion at my earliest convenience to dispense with the services of the whole crew."

Such was his story; and so it will be, my young friend, all along the pathway of life. The man who is afraid of a black chunk, and stands back on his assumed dignity, will go to the wall, being driven there by his more enterprising neighbor, who does not stand back for trifles, but does with all his might what his hands find to do.

'KIAH PLAYFAIR.

TO THE OLD STUDENTS OF RICHMOND COLLEGE WHO STUDIED ENGLISH

UNDER THE TUTORSHIP OF PROF. A. B. BROWN, D. D.—Gentlemen: I have thought it would be quite an appropriate addition to the *College Library* to have the portrait of Dr. Brown placed therein, and that it would be a grateful thing for those who studied under him to unite in having it put there. At the request, therefore, of Dr. C. H. Ryland, I have decided to mention the matter to you, and receive any donations, have the work done, &c. I suggest, therefore, that each of you send \$1.00, or fifty cents, to me, or to Dr. C. H. Lyland, and I will have painted such a portrait as the money received will pay for. It ought not to be less than \$100.

J. V. DICKINSON,

Richmond College, Richmond, Va.

I appreciate the words of our retiring local editor, and with many misgivings receive the robes of that sad office upon my own shoulders. I am not ignorant of the many trials of ye local editor, and shall, therefore, brace myself for the same fiery struggle through which my predecessors have passed. Let me say, however, in the beginning of my editorial duties say that I have religious scruples about fighting—*stronger men than myself*; for I, like my predecessor, am a weakling youth of less than thirty summers. Therefore, dear friends, rest assured that each one will receive justice at the hands of your humble editor.



PERSONALS.

Dr. W. Warren Talley, B. A., of '83-4, paid us a pleasant visit on Field Day. He is now practicing medicine in New York city.

We are glad to see W. B. Cridlin, our musician, '86-7, in the city again. His health is entirely restored. He is now with Hume & Minor, music-men of this city.

C. H. Martin, of '87-8, after graduating at Poughkeepsie, is now book-keeping at the Gallego Mills of Richmond. We miss his melodious voice, "There's a lach on," &c.

B. F. West, '86-7, calls on us occasionally. He is with one of our largest dry-goods houses. Frank, old boy, how is Int. Math.?

C. M. Hazen, B. A., '86-7, and missed M. A., '87-8, on account of trouble with his eyes the latter part of the season, is teaching at Bon Air. Hazen is virtually the father of physical culture at Richmond College. He looked on with peculiar delight Field Day, since the exercises were but the outgrowth of his efforts of last season.

C. D. Roy, '86-7, is studying medicine at the University of Virginia, and we feel sure will be an M. D. in June. Come by and let us shake your paw.

G. W. Quick, A. B., '84-5, is now preaching at Springfield, Mass. Every commencement since his graduation he has been with us. We shall feel a little disappointed if he does not come down next June.

W. H. Lyons, A. B., '85 6, is now practicing law in the city in connection with his brother, James Lyons, B. L.,

'77-8. "Come up, Crow, and play some tennis."

Maxey G. Field, '83-4, paid us a visit Field Day. He is teaching at Gordonsville, but is as fond as ever of base-ball.

W. H. Worthington, '86-7, also paid us a visit Field Day. He is now with Harper, druggist, Main street.

We are always glad to note the success of old students. J. W. Henson, '83 4, has graduated at the Virginia Medical College, passed the State Board of Examiners, and been appointed physician at the city almshouse.

We are also able to note with pride that J. G. Haley, '84-5, and J. P. Massie, B. A., '86-7, have passed the State Board. We expect to hear still greater things of them in their medical profession.

E. T. Welford, '87-8, is now at Hampden-Sidney, preparing himself for the ministry.

Rev. W. B. Haislip spent a few hours with us recently. He is succeeding well as pastor at Keysville, Va.

The following old students are now at the University of Virginia :

C. D. Roy, '86-7.

C. T. Smith, '86-7.

J. H. Corbitt, '87-8.

W. E. Robertson, '87-8.

O. Hughson, '87-8.

E. H. Gibson, '87-8.

J. C. Southall, '87-8.

It is with exceeding sorrow that we turn from noting the success of our fellow-students, and the honors conferred upon them, to announce the death of

Rev. W. V. Macfee, '83-4. After a successful pastorate of about one year in Lunenburg county, he accepted a call to Hebron and Beulah churches in King William county, October, 1888. He

won for himself many warm friends, although his health prevented his preaching on his last field. He died of consumption at the Retreat for the Sick, in this city, April 5th, 1889.

EXCHANGES.

The new Exchange editor extends cordial greeting to the great brotherhood of colleges represented by the many sprightly publications that come to us. He expects to find much pleasure in the delightful companionship of these welcome visitors; and if sometimes his criticisms should seem a little severe, let no one be offended, for he always writes in a *loving* spirit.

The January No. of the *Vanderbilt Observer* comes rather late, but we are pleased to have it on our table. *The Wonder Land* is in the main well written; it contains some sentences that are quite faulty.

We desire to call attention to *College Chips*. It is only "50 cents a year in advance." The exchange editor has the following to the *Messenger*: "The Local department of the *Richmond College Messenger* consists of five pages of jokes, followed by a few news items. The jokes would be better appreciated if administered in smaller doses. Another fault in the locals is the great number of italics used. They not only disfigure the page, but give one the impression that the jokes must be pointless, since they require artificial means to attract attention."

After long and patient effort to find some *point* in the single page of "locals"

in *College Chips*, we would modestly suggest that it might be well for that paper to use a few italics, or some other "artificial means, to attract attention." Take the following beautiful specimen:

"Go!

Snow!

Birds sing!

Come spring!"

A, B, C, c-a-t, cat, d-o-g, dog.

The information imparted in the third line of the above brilliant quotation, while valuable in itself, is of too general interest to be specially appropriate to the columns of a college paper.

Here it is again. The *Hesperian*, of Nebraska University, following the example of its next-door neighbor, has very much the same witty criticism on the *Messenger* locals, and kindly adds, in regard to "ye local editor": "If we were in hitting distance we think we would add to his 'trials and tribulations' considerably." Why don't he "hit" the local editor of his own paper, who stammers out such poetry as this:

"U! U! u-u-i!

Ver! Ver! Ver-si-ti!

N-e-b-ras-ki!

O-o-o-oh-my!"

The *Hesperian* represents an institution which boasts of four literary societies, a scientific club and a classical so-

ciety, and yet its "literary department" consists of one page of commonplace comment on *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, and a few other magazines.

We find much good reading in the *N. C. University Magazine*. "A Chapter in Modern History" is one of the best articles we have yet seen in a college journal.

It is a pity, however, that an article on a subject of such tender interest as "Biographical Sketches of the Confederate Dead of the University of North Carolina" should be marred by several badly constructed sentences.

We have space for only one. The subject of the sketch is Capt. N. C. Hughes, and the author says of him: "His mother dying while he was yet an infant, his childhood and youth passed away under the guidance of the most devoted and faithful of fathers, giving bright promise of the future." The arrangement of the sentence leaves us in doubt as to whether he or his father gave "bright promise of the future." The author also doubtless meant to say *one* of "the most devoted and faithful of fathers, and not *the* most devoted," &c.

We clip the following from the March number of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*:

"The February number of the *Richmond College Messenger* is a fairly representative example of that periodical: the Exchange department is a model of perfection, if snarling and fault-finding can be considered the highest prerogative of one whose province it is to criticise. 'It is impolitic for those who live in glass houses to throw stones,' and we advise this knight of the quill to wait until his own magazine shows up a little better, before he begins to pick flaws in others.

Its productions show a vain and useless attempt to attain something beyond its possibilities; the editor voices this tendency: 'We are not satisfied with its columns,' and indeed how could he? A chronic literary impotency seems to pervade the whole mass of its matter. If its contributors and editors would be content with what they can do, and stop trying to force it up to what they cannot make it, it would become a very respectable journal."

O what a wonderful flight for a fledgling! How gracefully he soars upon almost featherless wings to heights that would cause our national bird to blush with shame! How beautifully he balances himself, and then how like an arrow shot from Apollo's unerring bow he drops with irresistible force upon his helpless prey. O, ye gods! rush down from your Olympian homes and shield our infant bosom from the merciless beak of this king of the hawks!

Departed shades of Swift and Byron, come forth from your musty tombs to defend us from the scathing criticisms of this prodigy in the world of editorial critics! O, gentle Rebecca, thou who didst with all the tenderness of thy sex nurse the wounded Ivanhoe, return to earth and with thy fair hand pour the healing balm in the gaping wounds inflicted by the unerring hand of this knightly champion whose fame has gone throughout the land until it has reached even to Richmond!

How sad to think that we have met the disapproval of such an editor of such a magazine!

What a blessed thing for Macaulay that he lived long years ago; for did he live in our day, how he would suffer from comparison with this *Randolph-Macon* giant!

What a happy fortune for the celebrated *Blackwood's Magazine* that during its publication the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* was yet unborn!

O, thou who hast so soon reached the very zenith of literary grandeur and renown, pray do not so belittle thyself as to condescend to mention again so insignificant a publication as the *Messenger*, and so unworthy and editor as this scribe.

We are glad to welcome another "new comer" into our *sanctum*. This time it is the *Buchtelite*, from Buchtel College, Ohio. We have not had time to cultivate an intimate acquaintance with this new visitor, but it seems to be one of "the brightest and best." Come again, friend *Buchtelite*.

COLLEGE NEWS AND NOTES.

A wealthy American has given \$300,000 for the erection of a university at Nankin, China.

Shakespeare's works are being translated into Chinese by Aao Yum, president of Pekin University.

College journalism originated at Dartmouth in 1800, with Daniel Webster as one of the editors. In 1809 the *Literary Cabinet* was started at Yale, followed shortly after by the *Floriad*, at Union, and the *Harvard Lyceum*, at Harvard.

A young lady speaks of the time she spends in front of her looking-glass as "moments of reflection."

Several colleges, adopting daily recitations and essays as a criterion of class standing, have abolished examinations.

Miss Rosa Kidnocker, of Muncie, Ind., is credited with indulging in a fifty-seven hours' nap. She ought to be a school ma'am, if there's anything in a name.

A curious custom at Haverford College is that each student must take care of a bed of flowers.

A Vassar girl, in speaking of Homer, her favorite Greek, said: "I have not read his Aeneid, but his Idiocy is perfectly sublime."—*Ex.*

Rev. Dr. E. G. Robinson will resign the presidency of Brown University at the close of the present college-year. He is seventy-four years old, but retains full physical and mental vigor, and he retires from the position only because he thinks it will be better for the college to have a younger man for president. He was graduated at Brown University in 1838 and Newton Theological Seminary in 1842, and preached for several years in the South.

In Carthage—so the story goes,

The tender maidens fair,
Once bravely furnished strings for bows
By cutting off their hair.
But time a revolution brings;
Our belles, with artful care,
Now fasten *beaux* upon their *strings*
With fresh supplies of hair.

—*Ex.*

"All the schools of the inter-communication combination have a fascination for the foundation and classification of their matriculation to be laid in theorization, except one. To preserve the relation, the combination should give heed and accede to the proclamation, dictation and terrorization sent forth in the late edition

of the journal of education, which publication enjoys the supervision of the sage of the combination."

Greece, the fair mother of ancient literary genius, stands yet as a beacon light to the world of letters. It has now six normal schools, which have within the last few years sent out 3000 well-equipped teachers — *Ex.*

When e'er you see two maidens kiss,
And you those kisses covet,
Pray, do not prate of sweetness lost,
Nor think too harshly of it.
They simply try to follow out
A rule of Scripture true,
Which says: "Do unto others
As you'd have men do to you."

Record.

Five hundred and fifty-nine women have graduated from the fourteen leading female colleges of America. Only 117 have succeeded in getting married. — *Ex.*

A few weeks ago a singular spectacle was witnessed in Brooklyn, where a great audience collected in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association to welcome two delegates from the Association of Yale College, Messrs. Reynolds and Stagg. Both these gentlemen are not only active Christian men, but enthusiastic athletics, and as the taller of them appeared upon the platform fresh from a foot-ball contest, with blackened eye, bruised cheek, lame shoulder, and limping leg, and gave forth a simple and earnest appeal for Christian activity among young men, a scene was presented such as we old fogies would never have dreamed of in our college life thirty years ago. And the cheers and applause of the thronging audience were in hearty recognition of the fact that earnest per-

sonal piety and Christian devotion are qualities which a man may carry with him into all the reputable labors and diversions of his earthly life. — *Ex.*

A Connecticut minister received a bushel of potatoes for a marriage fee, and ever since he goes about the house soliloquizing: Tuber or not tuber? that is the question. — *Ex.*

AN OLD STORY.

'Tis the usual rotation,
I begin with dissipation,
Then comes expostulation,
I try an explanation,
She talks of detestation,
And resorts to lachrymation;
Then I promise reformation,
And we end with osculation.

— *The Brunonian.*

A REBUFF.

A rustic seat,
A cool retreat,
Down where a brooklet flows,
A maiden fair,
With pensive air,
Quite often to it goes.

I spy her there
And, in despair,
Thinking my fate quite sealed,
I venture on
Where she has gone,
To boldness she may yield.

Presume to kiss
The dainty miss?
At least it is no harm.
A haughty glance
Checks my advance,

And I remember that I have an appointment with a gentleman at the hotel for this very moment.

— *The Dartmouth.*

When women hold office: Female sheriff: "Is your husband at home?" Wife (suspiciously): "He is not. What do you want of him?" "I have an attachment for him." "Why, you shameless thing!"—*Ex.*



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