

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 16
Number 1 *The Messenger, Vol. 16, No. 1*

Article 1

10-1889

The Messenger, Vol. 16, No. 1

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(1889) "The Messenger, Vol. 16, No. 1," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 16 : No. 1 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol16/iss1/1>

This Complete Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger (archival - 1870-) by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XVI.

OCTOBER, 1889.

NO. 1.

EDITORS:

Mu Sigma Rho, { A. S. H. BRISTOW,
R. L. MOTLEY,
W. B. LOVING.

Philologist, { W. B. MCGARITY,
C. T. TAYLOR,
R. M. PENICK.

Business Manager—W. OWEN CARVER.

Assistant Business Manager—W. E. FARRAR.

“The Legend of the Poplar.”

TO MADGE.

I sat, one day, 'neath a poplar tree,
That had lifted its head so high,
For more than a hundred and fifty years
Towards the clouds and the clear, blue sky.

So stately and strong, the last of its race,
'Twas the tallest tree in the grove;
Deep were the wrinkles of age on its bark,
And gnarled were the branches above.

I sat on the roots at its foot, Madge, and dreamt
Of your curls, and your dark, lovèlit eyes;
And I whispered and told the old tree of my
love,
And the wind-tossed leaves echoed my sighs.

And a voice from the tree called my name
and did say,
“O youth, I've a story to tell!
Thou art happy and young and true is thy love;
But others have loved just as well.

Long years ago, ere the pale face came
From his home far across the deep sea,
When the red man hunted and fished at his
will
Over every wild valley and lea, '

An Indian maiden came here and stood,
With her lover, beneath my boughs;
And here, as the summer sun went down,
They lovingly pledged their vows.

But the maiden's father was chief of a tribe,
And many had sought her hand;
For a maiden more winsome and fair than she,
Dwelt not in all the land.

And he liked not the lover the maiden had
chose,
So he said that they should not wed,
And swore, if her lover left not the camp,
Ere the sunrise he should be dead.

So, sad at heart, they parted; but oft,
As the sun o'er the hills did bend,
They secretly met 'neath my boughs and did
vow,
That each would be true till the end.

But a rival found out and bore word to the
chief,
And his anger was great, as he sought
The place where they met, and an arrow he
held,
Fitted close to his bow-string taut.

Wildly I shook my boughs over their heads,
But they heard not my vain alarms;
And the chieftain strode on and discovered
the pair,
Fast clasped in each other's arms.

Then quickly the bow was bent and the shaft
Aimed straight at her lover's breast,

When the maid sprang in front with a gesture wild,
And—need I tell the rest?

The arrow sped swift as the wind, towards its mark,
And quickly its work was done.
Aye, and done too well, for its point had pierced
Two hearts instead of one.

And they buried them both, as they fell, at my feet,
Each clasped to the other's breast.
And there, till the Manitou calls them away,
Their bodies shall silently rest.

But oft, in the moonlight's spectral gleam,
Their spirits come now as of old;

August, 1889.

And again and again their sweet story of love
'Neath my trembling limbs is told.

And their spirits endow me with wond'rous power,
That is dear to the hearts that love,
For vows that are made 'neath my gnarled limbs,
Can never faithless prove."

The voice had ceased, and I sat and mused
On the old tree's tale of woe,
And I watched the sunbeams chase the shadows along,
From the leaflets, to and fro.

And wert thou but nigh me, my own peerless love,

We would test that old, magic spell!
For here, where no lover can faithless prove,
My love for thee I would tell.

JAS. C. HARWOOD.

Day by Day.

[Oration delivered at the Reunion of the Philologian Society, Sept., 1889, by W. E. FARRAR.]

When the curtain of ages which intervenes between the present and the remote past is unfolded by the hand of tradition and history, and the mind of man is permitted to take a comprehensive glance down the dim vista of time, beauties rich and golden are opened to his contemplation, whose magnitude and glory overwhelm and dazzle his astonished gaze. But amid the rapt admiration of his soul, when he begins to ponder and search for deeper and more subtle principles underlying this immensity of wonder and beauty, what does he find? Meditating upon nature's glory, with the eye of Geology he penetrates the years that separate him from creation's morn, and from the unmistakable traces which science interprets and makes plain to him, he can but note the marvelous developments which time

has wrought in this sublunary sphere we call our home.

Making a still greater draft upon the resources of science, he sees all space once filled with a glowing mass of matter, which, formed and fashioned by the plastic hand of nature, now rolls in harmony and order through an infinity of ether, shaped into worlds and systems of worlds.

History's pages are backward turned to explore the mysteries of our nation's greatness, and from the crudeness of barbarism he beholds its people step by step climbing up the ladder of improvement, till he finds them in our present glorious age standing on the top round of civilization and enlightenment, and proclaiming the means of advancement to less favored and more backward races.

Viewing the great achievements

that have been effected during the ages that have come and gone, and looking at the advancements made in science, in literature, and in art as time has rolled with tremendous speed along, all things point us undeniably to the fact that the world was not made in a day. Day by day is stamped upon every flower that lends its beauty to decorate our fair land. Day by day is whispered gently amid the sighing of the forest branches, as they mingle their plaintive requiem with the merry voices of the birds. Day by day roar the ocean's billows, while they dash with tremendous fury from shore to shore. Day by day is set in gilded characters in the starry vaults of heaven. A beginning and a growing are indispensably attached to every enterprise, whether good or bad, that has ever been carried to completion. Has war stained our once beautiful country? See the insignificant beginning that became the cause of such a mighty culmination. Down in the hearts of party leaders the tiny spark of dissension first found a lodgment. Day by day it was fanned into a flame, and growing, it spread from heart to heart, till a whole nation was involved in its terrible issue; and, ultimately bursting into a mighty conflagration, like a grand prairie fire, it swept everything in its course.

The field of our subject is too extensive to admit anything like an exhaustive discussion. We can only glean here and there among some of the most important features, and try to deduce some lessons of truth from our observations. On every hand we

are reminded that the principle of development is universal. If we dive into the secrets of nature we find her most wonderful works have been wrought from small beginnings. Nowhere is seen a more striking example of this than in the coral reefs that dot the ocean's surface.

The architects that construct these works of such vast extent are the tiny *polypi*, seldom exceeding the size of a pea, more frequently less than a pin's head, and often quite invisible to the naked eye. However remarkable it may seem, it is true that these minute creatures, among the lowest in the scale of beings, are daily employed in forming solid rocks or deposits of sufficient magnitude to engage the attention of the geologist.

"Frail were their frames, ephemeral their lives,

Their masonry imperishable."

They are building day by day—though without design, yet none the less certainly—vast islands which become the abodes of men and the haunts of beasts.

What signify those subterranean cells in which the sound of pick is heard, and where the swarthy miner daily finds employment? Ages ago, above this now busy scene, a forest waved its beautiful plumage in silence unbroken, save by the gentle zephyrs that played among the branches, or the dismal cry of wild beasts roaming the wooded paths. Behold the wonderful change wrought by the hand of time! One by one the giant oaks fell under the dread influence of decay, and as the cycles of ages rolled on, this immense vegetation was trans-

formed into the grand reservoirs from which is brought forth now one of our most useful articles of commerce.

Nature has in her employ forces too small to be estimated, and "the most stupendous effects are produced not only by the feeblest agents, but by an imperceptible progress."

"A pebble on the streamlet's bank
Has turned the course of many a river,
A dew-drop on the acorn's leaf
May warp the giant oak forever."

Day by day are the world's empires established, and its nations elevated to the zenith of their glory. Greatness is not born in a night, but like the majestic river which has accumulated its vast supply of water from the numberless tributary streams that come dancing along from some obscure place on the mountain side, it owes its magnificence and power to the thousand influences which have aided in its development. Roman superiority and power grew, like the Egyptian pyramids, from day to day. In the one case, stone upon stone, little by little, the structure rose from foundation to summit; in the other, the climax of glorious supremacy was reached by the successive acts and policies of her leaders. No easy path to victory conducted Rome to her seat of eminence among the nations; but over the bodies of her heroic sons, step by step, she marched with gradual tread to take her place as mistress of the world.

Long centuries elapsed before England, our ancestors' home, emerged from the wild and barbaric condition which once characterized it, to the

state of enlightenment and power it has since enjoyed. Once at the very bottom of the scale of progress, its primeval inhabitants scarce intelligent enough to hold the small territory they then possessed, it has by degrees attained a towering position of intelligence and wealth, and the sun never sets on its dominions.

The pinnacle of American independence rises aloft as an imperishable monument to the indefatigable zeal and invincible determination of the men who day after day marched under their country's blood-stained flag, and proudly surrendered themselves to a cause that was dearer to them than life. Had our freedom been gained in a brief campaign, and in one less marked by suffering, where would have been the glory of our success? It was the brave, untiring and tenacious spirit of our fathers who for *seven years* maintained a struggle so terrible that has caused bards to sing of American heroes, and orators to praise in eloquent strains American patriotism.

Behold the long and bloody way which marked the path of religion's progress in the early days! Christianity was born at a time when the world was stained by crimes unspeakable, and when degraded society could be amused only by scenes of impurity and bloodshed too horrible to mention.

"On that hard Pagan world disgust
And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell."

Against these tremendous difficul-

ties the supporters and advocates of the Christian faith were compelled to struggle, daily sacrificing their heroic lives to the sacred cause which they professed. Perseverance alone, supplemented by the help they received from their Leader and King, enabled them to triumph at last over the persecutions of the age, and stand with hands unshackled and free to proclaim the blessed truths of the gospel.

While we should be grateful that our lots were not cast in that time of horrible oppression and suffering, but that we enjoy a period characterized by religious freedom; yet it is not ours to sit with folded arms and fondly dream that the struggle is over. The enemies of religion are still abroad, and, though they do not appear in the form of burning piles or roaring beasts, they are as formidable and as certainly destructive. Day by day have the seeds of skepticism and infidelity, under the guise of so-called advanced thought, been scattered throughout the land, and are now with alarming celerity growing up to choke out the Word of Truth.

Then it devolves upon us to help break down their power for evil, but it cannot be done in a day. Slowly, though surely, science and the Bible are coming into harmony with each other, and, by and bye, by the steady, honest efforts of Christianity's champions, they will be brought together; and, joining hand in hand, they will march grandly on, bidding defiance to the opposers of truth and light.

Day by day are we building the structure of character. Every act is a stone, and every faculty of our being

is a master-workman. Each separate act of emotion or volition is a blow struck in the making of this fabric. Take care that these stones are pure, noble, upright deeds, and that these workmen are improved to the highest possibility of cultivation, and then the building will rise up at last a beautiful edifice, a fair temple, honored by God and man. Just as large profits are made from quick sales and small percentage, so great characters are formed from numberless little deeds and efforts. Says some one: "Whether it be good or bad, it has been long in its growth, and is the aggregate of millions of little mental acts."

As a man's character grows from day to day, so his influence increases in strength and extent as the years go by. Away up in the region of the Alleghanies a tiny spring is modestly flowing, so small that its scanty supply of water could be all exhausted by a single ox on a summer's day. Silently it steals its unobtrusive way down the hillsides and through the valleys, gaining volume at the accession of every brook that joins it, till it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio. Then for a thousand miles it stretches its course, enlivening many a city by the busy hum of machinery, and causing hundreds of plantations to smile in the richness of abundant harvests, till it blends its waters with the Mississippi. Still on and on it goes in sublime majesty and power, and ends at last in the "emblem of eternity." This grand tributary to the Atlantic shall continue to flow, and its mighty roar shall be unceasingly heard till it is forever drowned by the

startling tones of the angel announcing the end of time. So with moral influence. A word—a look—may be its source—its result can be seen in eternity.

This principle of development is strongly exemplified in habit. What a mighty power for good or evil this force possesses! And yet it began in the performance of a single act. It has been said that with a child habit is at first a spider's web; if neglected it becomes a thread of twine; next a cord of rope; finally, a cable—then who can break it?

The lion's whelp is harmless, and can be easily controlled by the hand of man. But allow it to grow till its full strength is acquired, and it stalks boldly about, master of man and beast.

That disposition to commit a wrong deed can in its incipency be easily conquered; but suffer its indulgence once, twice, thrice, and each time it gains power over you, till soon it becomes your despot and destroys your morality.

"Habit," says Hill, "is activity in the process of becoming nature." Day by day it is forming our character, and day by day is character determining destiny. To avoid the despotism of an evil habit, the best course is to establish a habit of the opposite character. The great point for young men is to *begin* well, for it is in the beginning of life that we adopt the conduct which will soon take upon it the force of habit. If this conduct is of the proper sort, by the principle of habit it daily becomes easier, till it is firmly established; and then life is founded on a solid rock which can-

not be worn away by the influence of evil associations.

The application of this principle in the literary world is no less evident. In every department of learning advancement has been made, not by giant strides, but by the same slow progress which has characterized growth in other spheres. As a writer has expressed it, "Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts made by successive generations of men, the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid." Twenty centuries rolled away before the discovery of conic sections by Apollonius Pergaeus became the basis of the valuable science of astronomy. Mathematicians labored for years in the field of their abstract science to be rewarded at last by the invention of mechanical appliances which otherwise would probably have never been given to the world. Who could have seen the significance of Galvani's discovery, when he noticed the twitching of a frog's leg which was placed in contact with different metals? Yet it developed into the electric telegraph, which has "put a girdle round the globe." So the science of geology issued from the interpretation of bits of stone and fossil gotten out of the earth. This grand old college, of which we are all so justly proud, was once a *thought* in the mind of him who first conceived the idea of its establishment. Now it holds a prominent position in the front rank of American institutions.

Young men, who have come, for

EXAMINATIONS AT RICHMOND COLLEGE.

the first time, from the various sections of our country to enlist your interests in the cause of education at this institution, pardon me for closing with a word to you. Do not imagine that your work is all to be accomplished in a year. Think not lightly of the importance of elementary work, which your wise instructors may see fit to impose upon you. Day by day you must follow Cæsar in his tedious and laborious marches for conquest and glory, before you can be charmed by the sweet strains of Horace, or enjoy the more subtle beauties of Lucretius. Hour by hour must you spend in digging Greek roots, and in fathoming the mysteries of Greek verbs, before you are permitted to ramble with Euripides through the forests of the Maenads, or to listen to Homer's enchanting story of the

Trojan War. But of course you will not be discouraged. Catch inspiration and encouragement from the example of the worthy and beloved men at whose feet you are to sit during your career at college. They were content with small beginnings, which, after years of patient toil, they have dignified by their brilliant literary attainments.

Remember, it was the plodding tortoise that won in the race. It is not always the one who employs the velocipede as a supplement to his natural gait that soonest reaches the goal; but he who runs for a purpose, and who, when coming in contact with granite walls, like the cony, bores through the solid rock, and as flashes of light break upon his darkness, exclaims triumphantly, "Eureka! Eureka!"

Examinations at Richmond College.

There are two series of written examinations at Richmond College: the intermediate, beginning in the latter part of January and continuing for about three weeks; then, after a month of freedom, the final examinations, which continue until the end of the session.

The intermediate examinations embrace the subjects which have been taught in the first half-session; the finals, with the exception of those in senior classes, include what has been taught since the intermediates.

In senior classes the examination consists of whatever a professor may

choose to put up, and in addition to the written examination an oral is often given. The student in senior Latin *may* have to translate a passage from Virgil, or, perhaps, one from Sallust or Tacitus; Thucydides or a selection from the New Testament may surprise the timid Greek. In short, the only certainty of "spotting" the professor lies in being able to translate any piece in classic literature.

Examination day is preeminently a day of work. The student is required to answer correctly eighty per cent. of the questions asked on exam-

ination. All graduates, and all who are promoted in the intermediate classes, are required to attain this standard.

The regular time for an examination to begin is 8.45 A. M. Accordingly at that time the students, with anxious faces, begin to file into the room. They carry with them paper, pen, ink, and most of them have also a battle-scarred examination board. On this *sine qua non* (that is, unless the student is the possessor of a table) work is soon begun. Staring one in the face can be seen the names of former students and the dates of former examinations. Sometimes, too, the melancholy word "flunked" can be traced on the blood (*i. e.*, ink)-stained board.

Soon the students may be seen everywhere industriously at work, and scarcely anything is heard save the scratching of the pens.

In the course of an hour or two, perhaps, some one quietly and solemnly goes out, paper, pen, ink, board, &c., in hand. Do not hurry to congratulate him, reader; he is "through," but only in one sense of the word,—he has written all he knows, but it is not enough to make him pass.

Very few students finish their papers in less than four hours, and these generally belong to the junior classes. Ten hours may seem a superabundance of time, but it is generally fully five o'clock before the majority of the Latin students are through, and some linger puzzling over a knotty question until the stroke of the seven o'clock bell. In Greek it is frequent-

ly eight o'clock, sometimes nine o'clock, before the last weary student walks out of the door—a free man—until the next day, when class-room work is again resumed.

There have, indeed, been cases of poor unfortunates who have gone to sleep over their papers and thus accidentally spent the night in the examination room. Examinations in Greek have been put up at 6 A. M., the limit then being, I believe, 7 P. M. In these cases the majority of the Greeks were up to time, though they were not compelled to go in examination so early unless they chose; it was merely to accommodate the more industrious students.

It is considered against the laws (unwritten) of the college campus for a student to do any studying on the night after he has been in examination room, and most of the students obey the laws in this respect and devote themselves to recreation. The Mozart, perhaps, attracts some, the ice-cream saloons of Moesta, Pizzini and Antoni have their charms, and many are comforted not by "the girl they left behind them," but by some (definite enough to each one) fair maid of Richmond.

Perhaps six per cent. or eight per cent. of the students do not try their examinations, but about one half of those who honestly try are successful. The students are put upon their honor while in examination, and very few betray the confidence reposed in them. The following is a table showing the percentage of those who made the examinations of 1888-'9, and it is probably

a fair representation of the yearly average :

	NUMBER STUDYING	A	B	C	D
6 Latin.....	117	57	.487	70	.598 7
4 • Greek	88	49	.557	61	.693 4
8 • Mathematics.....	126	47	.373	69	.547 8
2 • French	21	15	.714	17	.809 2
5 • German.....	29	15	.517	19	.689 5
9 • English	64	22	.344	32	.500 9
3 Philosophy.....	32	20	.625	22	.687 6
7 Physics	28	12	.429	21	.750 3
1 • Chemistry.....	33	25	.758	28	.848 1

EXPLANATORY.—Column (A) denotes number of students made both Final and Intermediate Examinations. (B) Percentage made both Examinations. (C) Number made one or both Examinations. (D) Percentage made one or both Examinations.

In the intermediate class of mathematics, the pet horror of college, twenty-four out of a class of thirty-nine were successful; ten of the twen-

ty-four, however, had it two years. This is the largest number promoted in this class for many years—indeed, it is perhaps *the* largest number ever promoted.

Although hard work is the main feature about an examination, still there can be found many things pleasant to look back upon. The writer remembers with gratitude the ice lemonade so generously supplied to the thirsty Greeks by their professor, while those buried deep in philosophy papers yet found time to come back to things of earth and moisten the dryness of their surroundings by the same beverage, and satisfy their appetite with the nicest viands the market could afford.

One of the greatest pleasures *after* an examination is to go and see *your* name in the list of those who have passed; and again on commencement night to go up and receive 'midst the applause of fellow-students the well-earned diploma.

C. M. L.

A Mule-Ride in Buckingham.

The electric car glides airily over the smooth, well-graded track. The switch-back runs with exciting rapidity, causing ladies to scream and children to clap their hands in ecstasy. The fast train flies over fertile plains and through tunnelled mountains, landing its precious load of human freight sometimes at the proper station, and sometimes in a turbid stream where the water is a trifle too deep for

a decent baptism. A horse-back ride under favorable circumstances is not to be despised, while a trip in a buggy over a smooth road, with Susan Ann Matilda Jane by your side, is far from dreary. It has often been my lot to enjoy these various modes of locomotion, but not until recently have the delights of a mule-ride brightened my solitary way.

It was early in the month of Au-

gust, while spending a part of my vacation with some very dear friends in the county of Buckingham, that I was favored with the famous excursion of which I write, but which, alas ! baffles successful description.

I was desirous of making a visit to some friends in another part of the county, and the gentleman at whose hospitable home I was spending some delightful days, kindly offered to provide a conveyance for the desired journey.

After expressing sincere regret at not being able just then to furnish a suitable horse, he ventured to recommend a valuable mule that he was confident I would find much satisfaction in riding. I had heard and read much of the admirable qualities of the above-mentioned animal, and had long cherished an ardent desire to become more familiar with the winning ways of a mule.

I may be permitted just here to record my honest conviction that even the most unappreciative of men will always be compelled to respect, if not to admire, the manners and customs of the mule.

I at once cheerfully and gratefully accepted the kind offer, and meekly said : " Bring forth the mule." The mule was brought—a quiet-looking animal—gentle,—very, very gentle. He was of uncertain age. A fifteen-year-old son of my friend confidentially informed me that *that* was an old mule when his infant eyes first saw the light, and that he had often heard his father speak feelingly of the faithful services of that same mule in the good old days " before the war."

But then you know boys will sometimes use an hyperbole for the sake of effect. However this may have been in this particular instance, I soon became convinced that that mule had at least lived long enough to learn a good many things.

His sensibilities had evidently been blunted by long contact with an unfeeling world, and yet " his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

I well remember the morning when I started on that delightful ride. The god of day was just looking out from his roseate couch in the east and glancing over the hill-tops to see if the world was well. The air was fresh and cool. The music of birds and frogs was simply charming. The long-continued and disastrous rains had ceased, and the world was calm after the protracted deluge.

I had as a travelling companion for several miles a young man who was also going to visit a friend. So long as we journeyed together the mule seemed content, and all was well. But the time came when it seemed eminently proper to us that we should separate. It seemed not so to the mule. The respective places to which we were going were many miles apart, and yet that mule insisted that the best way to get to each place would be to go together. This arrangement, however, was not satisfactory to all parties interested, and I earnestly endeavored to persuade the mule that it would be wiser for my friend and myself to go different ways. He would not be persuaded. I dismounted, and endeavored to lead him in the right way. He would not be led. I coax-

ed and threatened. I called him pet names and patted him on the nose. I tried to arouse his spirit by calling him an ugly, contemptible brute, but all to no purpose. The only progress I could induce him to make was an occasional step backward.

For a while I stood perplexed and almost in despair. Then a brilliant idea occurred to me. I thought I would try the soothing and inspiring power of song. I had often read how the most savage brutes could be moved and controlled by music. So I began to sing: "In the sweet by and by." It didn't suit. He was not a religious mule. I thought I would try something sentimental; so I struck up: "'Way down on the Swanee River,"—but with the same result. The mule remained unmoved. He had plenty of ear for flies, but none for music. His stubborn soul refused to be stirred by "the harmony of sweet sounds," and therefore, according to Shakespeare's ideal, he was "fit only for treason, stratagem and spoils."

While puzzling my brain to invent some new method of torture, a colored man came along, and taking in the situation at a glance, kindly volunteered to help me out of my difficulty. The mule at once recognized his superior. The man and the occasion had met. I was soon started on the road I desired to travel and went on my way rejoicing.

By this time the sun had risen to a sufficient height to make shade desirable; so I began to elevate my umbrella. The mule didn't want any shade. I verily thought that common

courtesy and gratitude demanded that in return for the kindness of the animal in carrying me so far I should endeavor to shield him from the scorching rays of the summer sun. The generous creature insisted that no such courtesy was due him, and that he would not accept it under any circumstances. Of course I gracefully yielded and gave up the unequal contest.

A little farther on I came to the village known as Buckingham Court House. I had been there before. So had the mule. Upon entering the village I determined to stop at the first store I reached in order to purchase some small articles that I might find necessary for making a decent appearance when I reached the home of my friend.

There was one particular tree beneath whose shade the mule had been accustomed to stand whenever ridden to the Court House during all the years of his past life. It was not the most convenient place for me, and I had thought of tying the mule elsewhere, but he protested so earnestly against stopping anywhere else, that out of respect to his superior age and wisdom, I let him go to his accustomed halting-place.

And now behold the craftiness of the beast. I supposed owing to the eagerness with which he sought that particular place for stopping, that it would be needless to exercise any very great amount of caution in securing him; so I tied him carelessly and went my way. I forgot, however, that in all probability the mule had been accustomed to eat as well as to stand in

that particular place, and as I tarried in pleasant conversation with the merchant, who was an old friend, the mule became offended at being thus neglected, and quietly untying himself, he resolutely set his face toward the place of his nativity and the home of his youth. Some colored men, however, arrested him, and one of them thoughtfully led him up to the store where I was stopping, and calling to me inquired: "Is dis yo mule?" I meekly acknowledged temporary proprietorship and thanked the darkey for his kindness by giving him a dime.

Mounting the mule I again started on my journey. As I passed down through the village small boys peeped through cracks in the fences, and fair maidens glanced out of windows and smiled to see the preacher riding a mule.

During the remainder of the ride no event of special interest occurred, except that now and then the mule would manifest his humble and reverent spirit by going down on his knees in the middle of the road. I have said

he was not a religious mule. I frankly confess my error, and beg pardon.

The visit completed I had no difficulty in persuading the mule to return to the place whence he came. He evidently recognized the fact that he was going back to the old home, and when we came near the place where for so many years he had teased the cattle and worried the colts, his heart was so full, his joy so complete, that he lifted up his voice and wept aloud. His humble rider was scarcely less delighted. We rejoiced together.

It was my first mule ride. It may be my last. But of one thing I am quite sure;—amid all the ~~pitiful~~ ^{fit} changes of the years that are to come, whatever they may bring of joy or of sorrow, the recollection of that charming ride will be fresh in my memory—a hallowed treasure—until the sun of my life goes down, and mules and men alike shall be to me but shadowy vistas of the past.

W. B. L.

The Bright vs. Dark.

What influence has the mind over the physical condition, is a question often asked. We would not try to solve this, but assume, as a fact gained by the experience of the race, that it is very great. So far as our physical condition is concerned, it makes no difference whether the telegram which announces some sad news is genuine or spurious, provided only we believe

it. How few persons, though they are healthy, can be constantly told how pale and thin they are, without feeling a tinge of sickness. The physician hesitates and often refuses to tell the patient his real condition. The invalid with resolute heart fights his disease and lives to a ripe old age; the healthy person sickens, gives up and dies. All these illustrations show

what great power the mind has over the physical condition. Some go so far as to say that sickness is caused, not so much by a disordered physical as by a disordered mental condition, and therefore there is no such thing as sadness and joy, but every one is joyful or sad according to the way he looks at his environment and present condition. Whether or not this be true we shall not say, but surely sadness and joy, darkness and brightness, are relative terms, and every event produces the one or the other, according to our interpretation. For example, two men may see a great flood: the one will be filled with regret and sadness because present plans are defeated; the other, with joy because the rich soil is being scattered over the valleys and preparation is being made for succeeding generation. The Indian is happy over the defeat of his enemy, the uncivilized African over his daily food, the truly enlightened man, only in the full development of all his powers.

From these illustrations we may easily conclude that no phenomenon necessarily produces pleasure or pain, that these cannot be spoken of as properties of, or adhering in, any matter. They are purely mental conditions, variable quantities, and in a lifetime describe what we may call a parabola. Now, since the will directly or indirectly controls all mental action, it is ours, to a great extent, to say whether our lives shall be filled with joy or sadness.

If our premises are correct, every phenomenon is capable of two interpretations, or, as it is popularly ex-

pressed, has a bright and a dark side. How shall we interpret each phenomenon depends—

First, on our previous training. Too often our habits are made, and character formed under the teachings of some careless and incompetent teacher. While it is possible, even in old age, to change our ideas and habits, it is impossible to get entirely rid of them. The oak may be large and stately, yet it wears the scar and consequent dwarf of an insect bite.

Too often we yield to our environments, accept the opinions of others, fail to make independent investigation, and virtually become slaves to our previous training. The eagle or lion, if caged when young, never dream, when grown, that it is in his power to burst his cage asunder. Follow in the path of our teachers, develop ourselves according to their ideas, let the mantle of our environments fall on us, and our interpretation of phenomena will be similar to, or exactly theirs. Sad though it be, most people follow in this old rut.

Secondly, it depends on our ability to understand and overcome our previous training; on the strength of the resolution to see the best in everything. By a careful study of ourselves we can tell whether our previous training tends to make the bright or the dark side the more prominent; if the dark, no effort is required to continue; but if we desire to change our view-point, or if we interpret favorably, we can change or continue only by constant, persistent effort. Here we may be above our environments, may assert our individuality.

Fortunately, no person can have two exactly opposite habits, and consequently can conquer one by cultivating the opposite. Now brightness and darkness are not opposite, but the latter simply the absence of the former; then since in our nature two forces are operative, the one tending to make us look on the dark side, the other the bright side of phenomena, it is in our power to conquer the former by cultivating the latter.

But what is the cause of happiness giving way to sorrow, of darkness domineering over brightness, of the natural being supplanted by the unnatural? Why do so many attribute their misfortunes to bad luck, and think that fortune always frowns upon them, that their condition is worse than anyone's? Consider all the facts, and can we conclude it to be anything

else than pure selfishness? A desire to appropriate all the blessings of humanity to our individual interests? A man of this character fails to see that Nature is making bountiful preparations for nations yet unborn.

Then if it is in our power to change and better our nature, let us, considering how much joy and pleasure surpasses grief and sadness, let nature assert itself, and put the best interpretation on all phenomena.

How much better it is to be under some Infinite Supreme Will than under a blind force, the latter leading to atheism, the former to a belief in the personality of God, and the ability to choose between joy and sadness, brightness and darkness. Which shall we take? It is for us to say.

WILLIAM.

Love's Young Dream.

I reached home in good time, and hastened to see my darling Minerva. I found the dear creature radiant with smiles and blushes, and apparently overjoyed to see me. Well, Min, I hardly expected you would brave public opinion and choose to reside on this dirty Hill. Pray tell me, have you seen or heard anything of those spectral visitors that once "loomed up" in the shadowy nooks and corners that hereabout abound? With a look of coy sweetness, she archly replied: "Now, dear Mars, you know how very superstitious I am, and if I thought for one moment that I should meet with one of them, I should—I should—well, I should expire, would

you believe it? One of the ladies from the west side, meeting me at the post-office, inquired if I was not afraid that I had transported myself into an amphitheatre by moving so far from Richmond." From what she had heard, she supposed the people upon the Hill were little less than cannibals. I assured her to the contrary, remarking that during my residence upon the Hill no riot or other barbarous outbreak had occurred; that all seemed well, and so far as I could learn, perfectly harmless, "knowing from reports that the Hill-ites were sufficiently law abiding not to warrant a call for the militia."

I next proceeded to investigate the

whereabouts of the dark-eyed stranger that used to make so many calls upon my darling. Minerva stammered and hesitated, and finally admitted that she had spoken to him four times that day. "Seven days in a week, and four times seven is twenty-eight," was my mental calculation. I began to reflect if there were not some way to dispose of him and other troubles. Minerva broke in upon my meditations with the exclamation, "Oh, dear Mars, I do so want to attend the Fair, and of course you won't refuse me. I cannot decide what costume to wear." The mournful splendor of the deep blue eyes, appealed strongly to the chivalry of my better nature, and I—well, it just then flashed across my mental vision that I had but five dollars and thirty cents in my pocket. "Shades of Greece"! That would not procure the necessary refreshments upon the Fair grounds, not to speak of the milliards and bon-bons so dear to every girlish heart. If ever I was in a quandary, it was then. Not interpreting my hesitancy she went on: "My Dear, could you not manage to get me one of those lovely Nile green crapes at the Cohen Com-

pany's? I would have it made dancing length, and the sleeves puffed at the shoulders, and carry a bouquet of La France rosebuds; would it not be charming? I would so much more appreciate it if you would select it than if I did myself." "Now, Dearest, you know I cannot bear a refusal." What in heaven's name could I do? I had to promise a ready acquiescence to the spoiled beauty's wishes, and the coveted dress must be forthcoming, regardless of expense. Sighing would not mend matters. I evidently had to rustle, or the requisite funds would be found wanting in the balance, and consequently there would be no dress and likewise no Minerva.

The Hill is now enjoying a calm, imbibing the nectar that Jupiter sips, and serenely waiting for the reappearance of him, and those troubles that ever wander by the fountain of love's honeyed bliss.

Though eternal in spirit, he is sadly missed. The gentle flop of his golden wings is no longer heard on the still night-air, and recollection, blended with bitter woe, permeates one fond, trusting heart.

MORPHIUS.

The Race Problem.

The question, what is to become of the races, is the most important question engaging the attention of American thinkers to day. Many have been the answers, and indeed many attempts have been made to practically solve the problem, but in every instance utter failure has been the result.

Some have cherished the idea of colonization. The failure of the Liberian scheme shows how futile, how useless to longer entertain any hope of relief in this direction. The negroes have the good sense to recognize the fact that in the South and in the South alone they can prosper. They understand full well their in-

ability to cope with Northern labor. They see at once that they cannot keep pace with the progressive spirit of the West. They prefer to stay where they are, under the protection and watch care of their old masters.

And again, some devout men have hoped that the negro might be returned to Africa and there made useful in Christianizing and civilizing his savage brother. 'Tis a noble thought indeed, a thought of noble men; but this, like so many ideas emanating from good men, is founded upon philanthropic feeling rather than upon reason. These good men forget how full of superstition is the mind of the negro. They forget how he quails at the thought of spook or hobgoblin. They forget his unbounded faith in all conjury and witchcraft. They forget that the negro is governed more by prejudice and passion and fear than by cool judgment, reason and justice. They forget how quick the negro, with all these traits, when left alone, would fall back into barbarism of the worst degree. We see how hard, aye, how impossible, it is for him to steer strait of all these things when constantly among the most civilized of all people. What would he do if suddenly transported to the wildest part of the world? Nor is this all theory, for again, Liberia stands out a notable example of negro perversity, as every one knows, who has any knowledge of its history, of its beginning and condition then (how promising) and of its present condition (deplorable in the extreme).

Again, there is another class, which knows little or nothing of race in-

stinct, which brings forward the theory that the two races will finally blend; that the black blood of the slave and the blue blood of his master will after awhile flow together and form one stream; that from these two races, the black and the white, another race shall spring up, a race of mulattoes and quadroons! Absurd in the extreme. Even the negroes themselves have sufficient pride in their sable skins to prevent such a conflux of races.

The negro race is here, and here to stay, a separate and distinct race. He is here as a citizen with full rights and equal powers with yourselves. He is here, and it is impossible to remove him without violating the very fundamental principles of our government, and hopelessly wrecking the old ship of state. For, if the whites had the power to drive out of the land its colored citizens, then would not that party which happened to be in power have the same right to banish those citizens of the opposing faction? Where would it end? No longer would American citizenship be counted a prize, for it might slip from us at any moment, and we would find ourselves exiles from home, wanderers on the face of the earth, a helpless people, no longer under the protection of a free government.

Again, since the negro is a fellow-citizen, and must ever remain one, whether is it better to leave him alone and keep him forever a slave to ignorance and superstition, or to lend him a helping hand, to educate him, to raise him to a higher plane of civilization? Whether is it better to leave

him a prey to every vile and scheming politician who may wish to enrich himself at the expense of the people and good government, or by educating him to a higher sense of honor and justice, to make of him a good, honorable and patriotic citizen? Whether is it better to leave him an ever increasing danger to Liberty, or to make him Freedom's champion? Is it not, then, to the interest of the people of the United States, and especially of the South, to educate the negro, no longer simply to dig as a slave, but to think like men as well? The negro is capable of receiving the

highest education, or rather the negro race is capable of the highest development. As a proof of this, we have only to look at the rapid progress made by the race in the last twenty years. Every year, every day, the negro race is changing for the better. Progress, improvement, are the words written on its banner. Let the people, then, lay aside all race prejudice and bitter feeling and educate the negro, and avert from the country that long to be dreaded danger which is hovering over it.

PICUS.

Difference, Progress—Their Tendencies.

It is apparently a strange fact that our Creator made no two men exactly alike, physically, mentally, morally or spiritually. On first glancing at such a statement as this, one may be inclined to say that it is beyond credibility; that out of all this world's vast throng of human beings there must be some at least who are alike in every respect; that the idea that every man upon the face of the globe is differently constituted from every other man is beyond our powers of conception. Yet when we look more closely into the subject, we are obliged to admit, even by our powers of observation, that such is unquestionably true.

Let us consider the subject more carefully and present some of the numberless respects wherein we differ. For example, in the literary world we may take any two authors

of great repute, and we find that, even under similar influences of nationality, time, climate, and, we may say, moral advantages, these two literary persons will differ widely from one another. Lord Byron and Mrs. Browning were both English poets. They were contemporaries, we may say, and each had extensive educational advantages. They were both true poets of the highest type, each possessing the faculties requisite for success in this great branch of literature—power of imagination, beauty of expression, originality of thought, cultivation of melody and confidence in self. Here we see several respects in which our two poets are similar to more or less extent. But notice some points wherein they differ. Mrs. Browning was a woman of the most beautiful character. Few criticisms of an unfavorable nature can be justly passed upon

the purity of her life, the noble impulses of her kindly heart, the sublimity of her ideas, and the irreproachable traces that such a true and sympathetic soul left behind for men to gaze upon, with amazement and reverence, through all future ages of posterity. When we study her poetry carefully, we are more and more impressed with the innocence of her purpose and the sacred motives that so effectually aided the development of her thoughts, so pregnant with power, knowledge and grandeur, into the graceful eloquence and expressive beauty in which her priceless gems are presented to us. As to the difficulty in comprehending the ideas in some of her productions, that depends largely upon the manner in which we study, the taste we have for poetry of the highest character, and our acquaintance with the mental endowments out of which sprung so many sublime thoughts dancing to the accompaniment of rhythmical melody.

Lord Byron, as we have already seen, possessed, like Mrs. Browning, several qualifications necessary for the acquisition of the reputation he gained for himself. We can admire the genius of Byron, the talents with which he was endowed, and the advantage to which he applied his talents. No one, after reading his "Bride of Abydos," or his "Prisoner of Chillon," can conscientiously deny that Byron was a great poet, that he is meritorious of the universal repute in which he is estimated, and that he reflects credit upon his native land for the production of such a son. He was, however,

a man of almost unlimited desires, continually reaching out for what was beyond his grasp, selfish, having little or no sympathy for his fellow-man, wretchedly immoral in his tendencies, and even emerging, to no little extent, the impurity of his thoughts and feelings into his masterly verses. The better acquainted we become with his works, the less we admire the impulses of his nature. He was a master of rhythm, graceful in expression, but lacking the power and natural gifts, as well as the wonderful originality of ideas, so clearly discernible in Mrs. Browning. So we see, by comparison, how extensive is the sphere between the poetess, in the purity of her nature, the high and noble motives, together with her remarkable genius which Nature so bountifully lavished upon her, that prompted her to write, the beauty of her verses, and the benefit to mankind, resulting from the influence of her works; and the lordly, profligate libertine, in his unsatisfied, corrupt and reckless character, displayed one way or another in his ingenious verses, leaving, perhaps unconsciously to the student, their undesirable and injurious effects upon his mind.

Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins were contemporaneous English novelists of great celebrity. Each, having a remarkable insight into the realms of human nature, furnishes proof of his wonderful genius by the production of such works as "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "The Woman in White." In each we observe the peculiarity of imaginative exaggeration, at times carried to a somewhat un-

natural degree. Neither was a man of the highest scholarly attainments, though each exercised to great advantage the powerful innate talents with which he was so extensively endowed. Yet in Dickens' priceless treasures we fortunately possess, however severe our criticisms on the stations from which he chose his characters may be, we cannot, after due contemplation, fail to regard, with the highest admiration, his ability in developing his characters, his powers of graphic description, presented in such an accurate and clearly intelligible manner, and, above all, his sympathy for the unfortunate and degraded station of life, which misplaces the lack of feeling and patience we formerly entertained for those sinking deep into debased and deplorable obscurity. His motive for choosing such characters was, doubtless, prompted by his great desire to erase from the minds of the higher classes the unsympathetic and contemptuous regard with which they looked upon the illiterate, poverty-stricken, and wretched condition of the degraded classes, so cruelly and almost inhumanly trampled down beneath the feet of the prosperous and elated. Dickens recognized the alarming extent to which this sad truth was prevalent, and, combining his wonderful familiarity with the human tendencies of his time and his marvelous skill in representation, attempted to destroy the unhappy condition of things under which his unfortunate countrymen were suffering. And his success was of no little consequence. Can we read his "Oliver Twist" without being conscious of a profound im-

pression, mingled with a feeling of sympathy and compassion for our hero in his struggles against the severe trials and hardships to which he was so cruelly subjected?

Collins' most admirable gift is involved in his marvelous power for developing a mysterious and complicated plot. We read his "Moonstone" with intense interest, because there is an almost irresistible influence riveting our attention upon the manner in which he gradually unravels the dark and incomprehensible entanglement in which we first find his characters enshrouded. Containing the most skillfully-planned plot of which we know, besides exhibiting convincing evidences of the author's great genius in narration, the "Moonstone" exists, and will continue to exist for many generations, as a work of great merit, affording enthusiastic excitement as well as profound interest to the reader. Yet when the "Moonstone" has sunk into the depths of oblivion in the history of our language and literature, Dickens' "David Copperfield" will still survive an illuminated and imperishable monument for the adornment of the English tongue. So we see the broad difference between these two prominent English authors, living about the same time, under pretty much the same political and moral influences, and having, we may say, an equal degree of mental culture. From the pen of the former we have, in several of his works, an appeal to the wealthy and cultivated classes of his surrounding countrymen, for sympathy, patience and leniency towards the obscure and degraded classes

brought up under such unfavorable circumstances; whilst the latter furnishes us with works calculated to afford infinite amusement and interest, but not prompted by those higher and nobler impulses which result in so much advantage to his fellow-man.

After we have read "The Caxtons" or "The Last Days of Pompeii," we cannot fail to notice the unquestionable superiority of these great works over "Pelham," and we are almost forced to acknowledge that our idolized Bulwer made a comparative failure in the execution of the latter. "But," says one, "this is due to the experience and mental development which the author acquired during the intervening periods of his literary career. It is not at all unnatural that his ideas expanded, his views on various subjects broadened, and his improvement became more and more noticeable in proportion to his intellectual enlightenment." This is undoubtedly true. Yet these two great principles—*difference* and *progress*—are inseparably connected.

Many of our most noted scientists, in their deliberate and careful researches into the unknown realms of natural phenomena, differ widely among themselves as to their individual theories, according as the subject may appear from the standpoint of each, and the very fact that they do disagree furnishes us with the advantage derived from their differences of of opinion, and thus serves to broaden our views in our examination of the theory as presented by each from his own standpoint.

And so it is in the political world.

It would scarcely be possible for us to conceive of universal similarity of ideas in this branch of mental activity. The opinion that *we*, enjoying the almost numberless advantages and privileges which this progressive and all-inventive age affords, entertain as to the forms of constitutional government, have a marked and especially noticeable difference from the ideas of our ancestors, laboring under far more restricted opportunities for developing an impartial form of government. Even in our own country we cannot fail to see the striking disagreement arising among our public men as to the most important political questions upon which so much depends. Now, this constantly widening breach between our ideas and those of our fathers, living five or six centuries back, is due not only to our rapid improvement of ideas connected with great political subjects and our advancement in civilization, but also to the very fact that men differ in opinion upon the great problems of governmental success. To what extent men differ in these times depends entirely upon the standpoint from which each views the subject.

In the philosophical world one man tells us that we are possessed of a certain power called *knowledge*. Another presents us with the theory that we know nothing as real, but only in the form of ideas. Some noted philosopher concludes, from his continued and careful investigations, that man is only a higher form of the animal, gradually developing during the numerous stages of transition. Another maintains a directly opposite ground,

embracing the doctrine that man exists and has always existed in accordance with the power of the Divine will. Differences of this nature, arising partly from definite facts and partly from purely philosophical speculations, afford us the privilege of accepting this or that theory according to the probabilities or absurdities it involves.

If all the members of Congress had adhered to the same idea, when Morse appealed to the House for means with which to put into execution his ingenious project, he would, perhaps, have abandoned his long-contemplated design, and we should probably have lived for years subsequent without that powerful mode of rapid communication. What would be the condition of this, the greatest nationality on the face of the earth, if men's opinions during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had not undergone a change from those entertained in the first and second, or even for several centuries subsequent? Would not this country be inhabited by uncivilized savages, living in the depths of obscurity and degradation, instead of by the thrifty and cultivated society of the present age?

We see one student (professor included) carelessly swallowing whatever some author sees fit to present, without any hesitation as to whether there is any truth or reason in the treatment of the subject, and making no attempt to ascertain why this or that is the case and how it comes about. Another student will not tax his mind with all kinds of information, unless he can see some authority

upon which to stand. It is quite frequently the peculiarity of one student, even after he has become especially proficient in some branch of learning, to make no use of the information he has acquired; whilst another, by appropriately applying his intellectual development, not only accomplishes beneficial results for his individual advantage, but renders no little assistance towards the advancement of the standard of civilization and culture. Here we see in the two students a striking difference effected by tendency towards progress, which is itself influenced by the difference of disposition in the students.

The fact that we enjoy a circulating literature, institutions of learning, facilities for transportation and communication, commercial prosperity, commodity of invention, &c., &c., is based upon these two great tendencies co-operating with each other for man's comfort and happiness.

So we conclude that our differences are brought about largely by the constantly-increasing tendency towards the progress of civilization, and this, in turn, is powerfully influenced by our disagreements upon the questions with which we come in contact. Without the one of these great principles the other would remain at a standstill. All this was effected in accordance with the will of the Almighty Father of the universe who, in his wisdom and mercy, foresaw the advantages deducible from this plan.

In reviewing the past ages of history, we see no great political, moral or religious subject upon which all men agree, and this will continue to

be the case in all future generations. There is, however, *one* subject on which *all* men, having no grounds for their difference of opinion, will be, at some time or other, brought to an indisputable conclusion—the Divinity of Christ. This and this alone is the great question upon which every human being will be forced to agree.

Let each and every one of us, laboring for the improvement of his

mental qualities, make use of the opportunities offered us in this form of *difference* and *progress*, and, by our intellectual efforts, promote the interests and welfare of humanity, transmitting to posterity the different conclusions of our investigations, and, perhaps, rendering no little assistance in promoting this universal tendency towards progressive enlightenment!

OLD C.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A Swedish scientist claims to have discovered the secret of petrifying wood artificially. We will sometime build houses of wood and let them petrify. The *Christian Advocate* suggests, however, that as, according to the process, it costs about \$500.00 to petrify a cubic inch, and takes three months in which to do it, it will not come into practical use just yet.

HALF A CENTURY OF INVENTIONS. Those of us not yet fifty years of age have probably lived in the most important and intellectually progressive period of human history. Within this half century the following inventions and discoveries have been among the number: Ocean steamships, street railways, telegraph lines, ocean cables, telephones, phonograph, photography and a score of new methods of picture-making, aniline colors, kerosene oil, electric lights, steam fire-engines, chemical fire extinguishers, anæsthetics and painless surgery; gun cotton, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, gi-

ant powder; aluminum, magnesium, and other new metals; electro-plating, spectrum analysis and spectroscope; audiphone, pneumatic tubes, electric motor, electric railway, electric bells, typewriter, cheap postal system, steam heating, steam and hydraulic elevators, vestibule cars, cantilever bridges. These are only a part. All positive knowledge of the physical constitution of planetary and stellar worlds has been attained within this period. *Homiletic Review*.

TREATMENT OF PATIENTS UNDER CHLOROFORM.—In France, when a patient is under chloroform, on the slightest symptoms appearing of failure of the heart, they turn him nearly upside down, that is, with his head downward and his heels in the air. This, they say, always restores him; and such is their faith in the efficacy of this method, that the operating tables in the Paris hospitals are made so that in an instant they can be elevated with one end in the air, so as to

bring the patient into a position resembling that of standing on his head.

THE MORPHIA FIEND.—Under this very suggestive heading, a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives us a very graphic description of the morphia habit, which is apparently growing among the community at an alarming rate, and causing devastation to body and soul in a degree which can only be estimated and realized by those who have the misfortune to witness its effects upon the unfortunate creatures addicted to its use.

Imagine (says the writer) an instrument about the size of a stencil case, constructed somewhat after the model of a wasp's sting, and fitting into a tiny case which will go with ease in the muff, the waistcoat pocket, or the bosom of the dress. The instrument itself may be of gold, and the case may be fashioned like a jeweled scent bottle or other trinket, and hang suspended from a golden chatelaine with the most innocuous air. This is the injector, and a slight punctuation of the skin with the waspish point is sufficient to enable the required quantity of the magic liquid to be discharged into the system. Nor is the term magic an exaggeration, for not more magical was the effect produced by the pills which the travellers swallowed in the cave of Monte Christo than that which results from the injection of morphia. It must be, however, observed here that there are three distinct stages of morphia absorption, all of them brief in duration, the last one briefest of all.

During the first stage the results

are purely pleasurable, they being a draught of fresh life into jaded limbs. The faculties receive a sudden stimulus, the callous sense of pleasure is sensitive once more, the vision of the world cast on the mental eye is drawn in rosy lines, the whole appreciation of things earthly is that of one who is prepared to drain the cup of life to the bottom and enjoy it to the full. The subject lives in a glamorous sense of vague happiness, her half-closed eyes reveal the state of exquisite lassitude which laps her limbs, she feels that her one enemy is exertion, she is too happy to trouble about anything, all that she asks is that her friends should be happy around her, even as she is happy. Her hold on eternity loosens as her desire for it increases. "Why take thought for the morrow?" would run her new reading of the text, "Sufficient for the day is the happiness thereof."

In time, however, a change comes o'er the spirit of this rose-colored dream. Its continuity becomes broken by dreadful intervals of reaction, during which the victim is oppressed by all the horrors of intense melancholy and weakness, from which relief can only be obtained by continual repetition of the process of injection. The baneful habit acquires a firmer hold by counter-irritations. It is so easy to drive away the blue devils that are making themselves apparent, to check the reaction which has begun to set in, to change the dark shadows which are clouding over the vision of life into the rainbow hues of the morning, to transform the victim of melancholy, the prospective suicide,

into the laughing child of pleasure whose creed is that of the half-pagan Leo X., "Let us enjoy what God has given us." So easy—but only by constant use of the fatal drug; and as the former slight injections have lost their power, larger doses of the stimulant must be launched into the system before the desired effect can be produced.

The result, however, of the increase of the quantity injected is to develop the feeling of lassitude until in time—such a brief period!—it completely overpowers the senses, and the victim becomes practically lost to the world. She lives in a rose-colored world of her own, in which happiness reigns supreme and which she would not leave if she could; for her re-entry into the life she has forsaken can only be accomplished by passing through a period of intense mental and bodily torture. She knows that she is slowly dying, that she is slipping to extinction in a soulless, mechanical way, like a clock which inevitably runs down when its motive power is exhausted; but her appreciation of abstract ideas has become blurred; life has lost its meaning, death its terrors. Better it is, she thinks, so far as she compares her condition at all, to fade slowly and happily out of life without a thought or care to checker the last brief period of existence than to face the struggle by which alone she could be saved. Indeed, it is doubtful whether, even if she could be kept by force from the use of the stimulant, she would not feel its loss so acutely that she would die in horrible agonies almost as quickly.

By a curious perversion, therefore, of the original object, it has been reserved for modern science to bring into existence and use the dream of the ancient poets—the drug which conferred happiness unchecked and unalloyed. Were it possible, however, to analyze the mental condition of the victim during the hours of reaction, it might be possible to realize also the tortures of the damned in the mediæval hell.

A RECENT CAT-ASTROPHE.—An interesting exhibition of trained cats has been conducted for some time past by Leoni Clark, known on the variety stage as the "cat king." His troop of thirty cats has been a great attraction. Philadelphia has, of late, been the scene of many performances, and on the 24th ult. Mr. Clark thought that his troop of cats needed some medicine, and he went to a neighboring drug store and had a prescription, which was tried with good results many times, put up. He then assembled his troop of educated cats in a row and began to administer the medicine. After he had gone down the line giving dose after dose as far as the thirteenth cat, cat number one, with an unearthly shriek, leaped into the air and fell dead.

Cat number two followed suit. Cat number three did the same, and so it went on until thirteen cats that had taken the medicine lay dead before him. Mr. Clark is in a terrible state of mind over his loss, and will sue the druggist, who he claims put up the wrong prescription. The druggist

declares that he put up exactly what Mr. Clark's prescription called for.

—

IS ICE WATER A HEALTHY DRINK?

In the opinion of the editor of the *Sanitary Volunteer*, the official organ of the New Hampshire board of health, there is a great deal of sentiment and many opinions regarding the use of ice water that vanish when the light of reason and experience is turned upon them. The fact is that ice water, drunk slowly and in moderate quantities, constitutes a healthful and invigorating drink. There is no doubt that ice is a great sanitary agent, and every family ought to be provided with it during the warmer months of the year. It is true that the inordinate use of ice water, or its use under some special conditions and circumstances, is attended with great danger; so is the improper use of any other drink or food. The assumption that iced water is dangerous, and that iced tea, or iced coffee, or iced lemonade is a harmless substitute, is simply a delusion. As the source of danger feared by some is the degree of cold, we fail to see clearly how flavor modifies the effect of temperature. There are individuals, undoubtedly, who cannot drink ice water without injury, and who ought never to use it, but to a great majority of persons it is refreshing and healthful. Its use, temperate and discreet, is in no way to be condemned, which cannot be said of some of its substitutes.—*The Sanitary News*.

—

SENSE OF SMELL IN THE HORSE.

The horse will leave musty hay un-

touched in his bin, no matter however hungry. He will not drink of water objectionable to his questioning sniffs or from a bucket which some other odor makes it offensive, however thirsty. His intelligent nostrils will widen, quiver, and query over the daintiest bit offered by the fairest of hands. A mare is never satisfied by either sight or whinny that her colt is really her own until she has certified the fact by means of her nose. Blind horses, as a rule, will gallop wildly about a pasture without striking the surrounding fence. The sense of smell informs them of its proximity.

Others will, when loosened from the stable, go directly to the gate or bars opening to their accustomed feeding grounds; and when desiring to return, after hours of careless wandering, will distinguish the one outlet and patiently await its opening. The odor of that particular part of the fence is their guide to it. The horse in browsing, or while gathering herbage with his lip, is guided in its choice of proper food entirely by its nostrils. Blind horses do not make mistakes in their diet. In the temple of Olympus a bronze horse was exhibited, at the sight of which six real horses experienced the most violent emotions. Ælian judiciously observes that the most perfect art could not imitate nature sufficiently well to produce so perfect an illusion. Like Pliny and Pausanias, he consequently affirms that "in casting the statue a magician had thrown hippomanes upon it," which, by the odor of the plant, deceived the horses, and therein we have the secret of the miracle. The

scent alone of a buffalo robe will cause many horses to evince lively terror, and the floating scent of a railroad train will frighten some long after the locomotive is out of sight and hearing.
Horse and Stable.

A history of sugar was written in 1799 by Dr. Mosely. It states that sugar when first introduced into every country was used only medicinally.

Pliny, the naturalist, leaves no room for doubt on this point. Even in Arabia, in the time of Avicenna (A. D. 980-1038), though sugar was an article of commerce from the East, there is no record of its being used for dietetic or culinary purposes for several centuries afterward. It was chiefly used to make nauseating medicines pleasant to take.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The tale is told. Darkness gathers 'round the six names standing at the mast-head, and when another number shall greet you, they shall have been dragged down into editorial oblivion. This number of the *Messenger* is the winding-sheet of its present editors. All care and anxiety, which perches above the editor's chair as Poe's Raven above the door, will cease with this.

Some think the editor's chair to be lined with down, but those that have occupied it rather look back upon it as lined with thorns.

However, it is not wholly devoid of pleasure. How the eye of the editor sparkles and his step quickens as he sees approaching a student with manuscript under in his outstretched hand, written of his own free will without exhortation or urging on the part of the editor.

But such pleasant surprises are like angels' visits, and are rather dreamed of than looked for. Visit not these names, reader, with severe criticism, for they are no more—editorially. We

have done what we could; more, we believe, was not required. If we have failed to please, we count ourselves unfortunate. When we entered upon this work we did not expect to find our pathway strewn with kind words, and we were not disappointed. Thanks are rare, for the editor is expected to look to other sources for remuneration.

To those who aided us, and looked with compassionate forbearance upon our work, we wish to present our sincere thanks.

Asking you to have a thought for the pleasure of the incoming editors, we would say in the Latin vernacular, "Vale."

The means of the majority of students here are limited; accordingly, they take thought how they may utilize the time spent at college to the greatest advantage. In this line, we wish to offer a suggestion. The literary societies publish this magazine, the object being to give an opportunity to their members to accustom

themselves to write for the public gaze. With a few exceptions all the students here are preparing themselves for a profession.

Every minister, doctor or lawyer has frequent recourse to the press. How important it is, then, that we cultivate early this art of wielding the pen with elegance.

If one begins early, when he is ready to enter his professional life that awkwardness which invariably characterizes the novice will give place to an easy and graceful style.

We need not enlarge further upon the advantages of a facile pen.

Will you promise yourself, then, to write at least one carefully and studiously prepared article for the columns of the *Messenger*?

Think well upon this. Support and help your paper, and let us not have our editors always begging the students to write something to "fill up."

It has been found by experience that more effective mental labor will result in a given period by giving a portion of that time to physical exercise than by giving the whole time to mental work. The returns, indeed, are greater if the student does not work so much.

This fact has accomplished a great change in college athletics. We see time and money being expended for advancing gymnastics in all our colleges. As is natural, rivalry exists between the different institutions of learning in this as well as in other things. Hence we find base-ball and foot-ball contests engaged in to a great

extent. Every college has its record of the degree of perfection attained in athletic sports, each year striving to surpass the record of the one preceding. We see some of the athletic sports, as foot-ball, carried too far in some institutions, but this is the natural outcome of the idea prevailing at the present day.

The students of Yale and Harvard, knowing that splendid teams are expected to represent them, aim to meet this expectation by giving to their teams money and all other support possible. A good foot-ball team is expected from Richmond College by the public and other colleges. Are we willing to go to a slight expense in equipping a team which will represent us creditably this year? We have the material, and skill is the result of practice, which in its turn is the result of encouragement. Money is the most substantial and real encouragement.

Another suggestion in this line. Let every student take exercise in one of the classes in the gymnasium. If you do this you will not only accomplish more in mental work, but will come out at the end of the session a better man every way than when you entered college.

A word about "Field Day."

Last session we did not begin training early enough, and still "Field Day" was a success. What a grand success it will be this year, if we begin early and utilize every moment in practice. One needs a strong foundation to train on; lay that foundation *now* and you will have sufficient time in which to train.

Special attention is called to Dr. Ryland's remarks before the Athletic Association concerning the rough use of the gymnasium apparatus. If we are so ungrateful as not to appreciate the trouble and expense to which the Trustees have gone, we should look at it in another light. If the appliances are destroyed they will have to be replaced at some expense; on the other hand, if we see to the preservation of the appliances on hand, the money which would otherwise be expended in repairing, could be spent in adding to the gymnasium.

In view of one or the other of these reasons, let us use the outfit as was intended.

We know that ours is an unpopular theme—that of college ethics—but we venture to run the risk of public censure, to express our opinion in as plain kings' English as our vocabulary may allow.

In condonance of certain pranks of college boys, that amount almost to crime, we often hear such expressions as "Oh, that is only a college-boy joke. It amounts to nothing."

Before the tribunal of public sentiment such mitigations may well answer; but before the Great Tribunal, will it suffice for one, in answering for certain violences committed at college, to reply, "I was not responsible for my actions then; I was simply a college student"?

Our object in this brief editorial is not to cry out against a large number of practical jokes practised by old and tried students upon the fresh and verdant youth just entering college life,

but against those jokes that are not jokes—jokes that fill the heart of the new student with real fear—such a fear as indeed induces him to banish study and sleep, until life becomes to him but a burden.

When we hear of a rat's studying the college catalogue as a prerequisite to matriculation, or trying to buy coal-oil of the chairman of the Faculty, we enter heartily into the laugh that ensues.

When we hear of the trial—by the students—of an officious and all-wise rat, who does not hesitate to air his opinions freely on all subjects, and of the sentence that he be banished to coventry for a term, we feel, in common with our fellow-students, that the sentence was a just one.

This same joke perpetrated upon a shy and timid rat might end disastrously.

But there are jokes that need not be named, and it is against these that we would enter our earnest protest.

Before practising a joke it might be well for us to pause, and, forgetting for the moment that we belong to that privileged class called college students, to ask ourselves the question, "Is it right? Can this be justified on the plea of thoughtlessness?"

The new student comes among us to find friends. He leaves a home of loved ones, and naturally his first few days are full of thoughts of them and of an indescribable longing for sympathy. We all know how he feels. Now, we submit the question—"Is he a fit subject for a series of rough jokes?"

But let us pass on to another question.

Now that we are entering upon another year's work, let us throw out a suggestion as to a question of right or wrong.

Is it right to recite from an open book in a class when called upon, and thus be credited for a perfect lesson?

Is it right for a student to sit and wink at such conduct in another student?

Ought "school boy honor," so-called, and a more inappropriate epithet could not be employed, to restrain such a student from first trying to convince his neighbor of wrongdoing, and, proving unsuccessful, to report him to the professor?

To all three questions, we would answer most emphatically—"No."

And is it looking too far ahead for us to drop a hint as to one's duty during the examinations coming?

Should the exigency arise, and God grant that it may not, will not the sentiment of our entire college prove too strong for the student, known to be acting dishonestly, to remain, even though it may not reach the Faculty?

How much better would it be for us to rise up in righteous indignation, and expel from our midst one guilty of packing!

Such cases should never be brought before the authorities of our institution.

But we have gone farther than we at first attempted—though even now we have not said all that might be said on this subject of college ethics.

LOCALS.

Oh, where did you get that Rat?

watching a game of croquet was heard to remark, "Well, that is the most quarrelingest game I ever seed."

Companion piece to the mummy—"Big Boots."

Say, Professor, may I go home?

Prof. T. : "In what part of the body are the intestines?"

Mr. W. : "In the chest, sir."

"The skeleton is the Bonaparte of man."

Mr. H. : "I tell you, boys, water is the very foundation-stone of chemistry."

Can anybody tell me anything about my old friend, Mr. Zukety?

Wanted, two copies "Harris' Essence of English."

A Rat comes to us this year who has a darling Mary with the euphonious name of Miss Pancake.

An old darky leaning over the fence

Oh! ye small-size Rat!

"If ye'es want anything ye-es can get it."

Mr. D., while inspecting the museum, wanted to know if the mummy was not a monkey, and whose statue the coffin is.

"Say, boys, I want a pony to Tack-tus."

Another Rat wanted to know if he could not get a "pony" to translate anything.

The present session will close Thursday, June 19, 1890.

Mr. W., in speaking of the war of Independence, said, "I don't know exactly when this war took place, but I kinder think it was about 1100 and something."

"All the paths of life lead to the grave, and the utmost that we can do is to avoid the short-cuts."

Mr. W. says that Mr. K.'s distinguishing characteristic is his exceeding affinity for "calico." We most heartily agree with Mr. W., since Mr. K. has been known to go to Church Hill before breakfast to see his Darling Mary.

Prof. P.: "Did Mr. Hill ever write any other book on Rhetoric?"

Mr. H.: "I think he did, sir."

Prof. P.: "What was it?"

Mr. H.: "Elements of Psychology, sir."

What's the matter with the Rat's toe? Hemp and beeswax.

A little boy, while reciting his Sunday-school lesson recently, was asked who was the champion of the Philistines, whereupon he promptly responded, "Billy Mahone."

The creak of the bars on the hill,
The mud on the sill of the door,
The ripple of each little rill
Tell of days that are no more.

The day when we searched the woods
for flowers,
And crossed the pearly brooks;
But alas! alas! those treacherous
hours—

Can I ever forget those looks?

I break down!

At the dentist's.—Assistant learning the business: "Is there any sure way of telling whether a tooth is sound or not?"

Dentist: "Yes, hit it with your hammer. If the patient knocks you down you may infer that the tooth is decayed, and you may proceed to extract it at once."

Assistant: "Thanks."

A young man entered a car near Danville. As the train stopped to receive passengers, he would interrogate each new arrival, whether male or female, with, "Say, are you going to Richmond College?" The passengers became thoroughly disgusted with the manner of this young man, and none were more so than one of "Richmond's fairest," who sat just in front of him. Whenever the brakeman would yell out the name of a

station, in language known only to brakemen, this young man would reach over and touch the young lady and holler at her, "Say, what did that man say, anyhow?" We hope he reached the college in safety.

A card was received at the Chairman's office which read as follows: "Dear Sir: I will be in on the 6:40 train; please meet me.

Yours, etc., —."

No pent-up Utica is yours. But the whole boundless blackboard belongs to you.

From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, from early morn till dewy eve, the cry is heard throughout the length and breadth of the campus, "Give us, oh! give us more boss."

"Please show me where Mr. Duck & Gizzard room."

Mr. J.: "Say, just look at those girls."

Mr. P.: "I will just as soon as I can get my microsope."

Chem. Class.—Prof.: "Now, Mr. H., how do you apply heat to the tube?"

Mr. H.: "You apply it to the bubble, sir."

Mr. Y.: "Caesar is as easy as dirt."

Mr. B.: "Just wait till you strike Tacitus."

Mr. Y.: "Tacitus, why, who in the world is Tacitus?"

Mr. F. wants to unite the main

building and cottages into one grand "*E pluribus unum.*"

Mr. C., gazing very intently at a tennis racket: "Say, what do you fellows use that paddle for?"

Please pass up all ye funnie pieces to "ye Local Editor."

REUNION OF THE MU SIGMA RHO AND PHILOLOGIAN SOCIETIES.—The Mu Sigma Rho Society held its annual reunion on the first Friday night of the session. The audience was unusually large. The new students *alias* "rats" were present in large numbers trying to get a look into the things that are to be to them.

President Trainham presided, and welcomed the audience and students in well-chosen language and a graceful manner.

He then introduced Mr. W. O. Carver, the orator of the evening. His subject was "The Spirit of Inquiry," which he handled with great credit to himself and his Society.

Professors Thomas and Harrison, Hon. S. C. Kelly, Prof. A. M. Carroll, Rev. E. B. Pollard, and the Rev. Dr. Dunaway were all present, and delivered most attractive and instructive little addresses, to the great delight of the students.

The Philologian Society held its annual celebration on the first Saturday night of the session. In the absence of the president, Mr. A. J. Ramsey, the meeting was presided over very gracefully by Mr. C. T. Kincanon, who made a short address of welcome, and introduced the ora-

tor of the occasion, Mr. W. E. Far-rar. He had chosen as his subject, "Day by Day," which he discussed in a masterly manner, showing that if we would be great in the world of conquest, politics, religion, literature, or art, our greatness must be reached by earnest and sometimes tedious and laborious efforts "day by day." "Eddie" is highly esteemed by all his fellow-students, and was heard with great pleasure. The reunion was favored with remarks from Mr. C. W. Duke, an old Mu Sigma Rhonian, and Mr. A. M. Carroll, a loyal son of the Philologist.

Several new students were called on, and many of them gave utterance to their earnest purpose to be benefited by a connection with one or the other of the literary societies.

The present prospect is that the societies will have a brilliant career this session, and we trust that it may be even so.

BOB'S ESSAY ON CATS.—A cat is a four-footed quadruped. He belongs to the same species as that of the coon, flying squirrel, rhinoceros, and other small reptiles. The cat has a sort of quadrangular face, which may always be known by the unsophisticated smile that he or she wears—as the case may be—after he has eaten Emma's canary and broken up the old wood-pigeon's nest. Cats are useful members of the family. They keep the fruit-trees clear of woodpeckers, and a lizzard don't stand no show where a cat is.

I once heard a most distinguished professor of biology say that the clo-

ver crop depended upon the cats that might be around. I know an old seventeen-year-old maid who has twenty-two cats, but she don't make no hay at her house. So I don't know whether that professor argues from the proper premises or not. Somewhat doubtful.

Cats are fine musicians. They can create more different sounds on one moonshiny night than any love-sick boy that ever got home just as the chickens were crowing for day. And it's strange, but a cat don't care nothing for a boot-jack, and, to tell the truth, they sometimes get so bigoty that they hardly run from grandpap's Newfoundland bull-dog. I love cats, I do. The only whipping that mother ever gave me was for throwing up little kittens, and I have loved them ever since. I once had a yellow cat named Tom. Tom was a fine mouser, but one day he got into mother's Sunday pies and ate off one edge. She told brother and me that we might finish Tom's pie if we would drown him. We did so, not that we loved the poor cat less, but that we loved the pie more. They tell me I am to be an old bachelor because I love cats. That's all right. I guess I'll have to be one any way, for not a single girl in all my neighborhood has asked me to be her undying protector when the storms of life are raging, and to be her happy mate when the sun's warm rays are gladdening the earth. I want fine, real nice cats. I want two with blue eyes, two with dark eyes, and would like to have one with cat eyes just like my poor Tom had. Some may think me silly for loving cats,

but think on those familiar words of Demosthenes: "*De gustibus e pluribus profundis*"—"don't dispute about different tastes."—*From Bob's Diary by permission.*

As we sit alone in our old arm-chair, amid the silence that reigns in these once merry halls, and look upon the ghastly shadows as they seem ever and anon drifting here and there before our eyes, a dreamy langour seems to possess us, and we find ourselves recalling the forms and names of those who have gone from these halls for a time, and alas! others who are gone from us forever—echoes whisper, f-o-r-e-v-e-r. But why deal thus in idle fancies? Hark! the breeze gently floating through our window is laden with the perfume of flowers, and the very air is made vocal by the notes of the sweet songsters in the trees hard by as they carol their songs of exultant joy. We turn to catch the sweet notes and our eyes fall upon the clover-blossoms already beginning to fade; and farther across the hills we behold the fields stripped of their grain. The harvest song has been heard, and we are reminded that soon these halls will be made to resound with the cheerful greetings of the "boys" who may return to their *college home*.

Yet all of us will not return, but, like he who takes up his little "all" and bids farewell to mother and boyhood home, and goes forth to contend with the stern realities of life, so we go forth from these classic halls to grapple with the many hard problems that will doubtless beset our pathway

through life. But as the boy remembers that his mother is anxiously watching his progress and following him with her prayers, so we shall hold in fond remembrance the debt of gratitude we owe to our dear old *Alma Mater*, and with her highest interest in view, shall ever strive to prove worthy the name—Student of Richmond College.

Thus wrote a student who had spent his last session in this institution June 25, 1889.

MEDLEY ARRANGED FOR JOLLIFICATION
OF 88-89.

On a fence in a garden a little Tom cat
Sang Ria Maria, oh Ria;
I wandered how long the poor thing
had sat
Singing Ria Maria, oh Ria;
For I had awoke from a very sound
sleep
And I thought to myself, why his
lungs are not weak;
When he seemed to reply to my
thoughts with a shriek—
Put me in my little—
Old oaken bucket, the iron-bound
bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hung
in the—well (all),
The miller's black dog sat in the barn-
door,
Bingo was his name;
He winked at me as I pranced on the
floor,
Bingo was his name;
B-i-n-g-o, B-i-n-g-o, B-i n-g-o, Bingo
was his name.
I watched him closely to get my
chance,
Bingo was his name,

As he made a break at the seat of my
pants,

Bingo was his name;

B-i-n-g-o, B-i-n-g-o, B-i-n-g-o, Bingo
was— *Pony*

Tidings of comfort and joy,

What the Faculty says to you surely
must be true,

Tidings of comfort and— *Comrades*
Zeroes in a professor's book

After recitation,

Means when to your report trans-
ferred,

Lack of preparation;

And when it is sent to Pa

Then it is your duty

To sit down and write him why,

Write him why, write him why,

To sit down and write him why—
yes—

Only an English diploma,

Only this small souvenir

To carry back home to my father,

To show for my labors this year;

A seal and blue ribbon adorn it,

But something more lovely is there,

And for that alone I shall prize it,

'Twas signed by Professor—

Listen to my croak of joy:

My father sent me off to school;

Listen, &c.

I studied not, broke every rule;

Teachers all took me for "a fool."

Listen, &c.

After to-night at home I'll bunk,

Listen, &c.

I'm going down now and pack my
trunk,

And go back home where I shant
flunk!

Listen, &c.

Hard trials had this youth when he
got home from daddy's boot

For honors which he has forsook,
forsook.

Listen to my croak of— *Hume*

Faculty have endeavored

To polish up our brains,

But it is too bad they've only had

Their trouble for their pains;

They say we all are dunces

And ne'er be known to fame;

But like the bug we'll try and tug
and get there, *✓ Hume*

Like the English you know (spoken
by endman); *✓ many only*

There's a place they call Canada, 'tis
English you know, *✓ I love*

Where bank clerks and business men
frequently go,

With a purse full of boodle, they are
no longer poor,

For it's English, quite Eng. you know.

Oh, the queer things we say and the
queer things we do.

Are English you know, quite English
you know.

We turn out side whiskers for the
winds to blow through,

For they are English, quite English—
(whistle)

John Brown, &c.

College has opened again, and with
book in hand the honest student may
be seen hard at study. Scarcely does
one session close, it seems, and the
weary student launches out upon the
pearly sea of vacation's pleasures, be-
fore these halls are again thrown
open and the old college bell, hang-
ing in its long-accustomed place, peals
forth in silvery tones of welcome to
the "boys" from the rigid climes of
the North, and the balmy land of the
tropics; from where the Atlantic

pours her mighty waters upon the relentless shores of Maine, and where the Pacific plays her mournful dirge upon the pebbled shores of California.

The fifty-seventh session of our college opened on the 19th of September under exceedingly favorable circumstances. The college building and grounds having undergone quite a good deal of change during the summer, and the professors all seeming to be in first-rate condition, everything gives signs of a prosperous session.

The opening exercises was an occasion of delight indeed. All the professors were present except Professor Hasseleff, who had not returned from his European tour, and in addition to these, there were present most of the Baptist ministers of the city, several of whom took part in the exercises. Governor Lee, and Mayor Ellyson were both present, by special request of the Chairman of the college, and made brilliant addresses that evoked prolonged applause. It was encouraging and highly gratifying to the young men to have the Governor of our dear old State and also the Mayor of our beautiful city come among them and show their interest in the education and welfare of the young men who come as students to make their home in our city.

Professor Pollard was much refreshed by his summer in the British isles, where he gathered treasures for the School of English, over which he so well presides. So those should congratulate themselves who may be so fortunate as to take English under Professor Pollard this session. For

doubtless he will intersperse his lectures with many beautiful and instructive stories about the things he saw and heard "across the water."

Professor Puryear looked very natural in his old place, as Chairman of the Faculty. Though advanced in years, he is still youthful in many respects—jocund, and at the same time polite in all his bearings as the worthy Chairman of our renowned institution.

Students were present, even at the beginning of the session, from the North as far as Massachusetts, from the Pacific Coast, from Texas, Louisiana, and from Florida along the Gulf.

The young men, as a class, are fine looking, and everything points to a full and prosperous school this winter. It was feared at one time that all our schools would not be so full this year as formerly, on account of the distressing misfortunes that have befallen our people this summer, especially the farmers, from among whom the most of our students come. But this is only a test of our people's interest in education, and we are glad to see them come even under difficulties.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er can be."

This is consolation to offer a poor home-sick student coming from pleasant scenes, innocently imagining that he is going to find college a place of ease and amusement. Many a student has entered college making this very mistake. It is often the case that a boy is fired with ambition, and,

prompted by unwise motives, feels that he would realize his most cherished desires if only for once he could have his name enrolled among the list of college students, and forever afterwards feel that he could claim that extra (?) attention and respect due the college-bred young man.

But to you young men entering college for the first time, let us say that we gladly welcome you to a full share of the privileges and opportunities of this institution, and at the same time permit us to offer a few suggestions:

1. In regard to yourself. First of all, take care of your health. We speak from sad experience. Remember that a perfectly sound mind cannot exist in an unsound body. Be prudent in exercising yourself, and above all, be very prudent in eating.

It is easy to lose sight of the fact that we are eating too much, resting too little, and taking too little exercise, until we are suddenly overtaken by some fearful malady.

Never lose sight of your individuality. Stand for yourself: no one else will stand for you. Do not be always whimpering in a babyish sort of way, expecting some one to dose you continually with soothing syrup, healing all your wounds and relieving every pain. You will find no panacea for all ills.

Remember that others are human as well as yourself.

You will find no infallible beings among your associates. Indeed, you do them an injustice to suppose such a thing for a moment. They would not have you look upon them as such,

and will certainly have less regard for you if you do. Be extremely careful in your conduct towards them, and, by all means, put away from you everything that in any degree savors of self-exaltation.

Be not ashamed to give a reasonable amount of support and encouragement to a fellow-student, if he has genuine manliness and ambition, even though he may be poor and very ignorant, for such an one will rise, and one day you will be glad to know that you helped him to an eminence of true greatness. But be careful in this, for it is possible to give a fellow-student aid to his own injury.

Offer advice and sympathy where it is desired and appreciated: withhold it where it is not so received. Others may fancy themselves superior to you, not only in intellectual attainments, but even in inherent worth, yet if you act your part well, the world will know your *real* worth, and prize you accordingly.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,

The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

This is true, no doubt, taken in a literal sense, but not true viewed in connection with the abilities of man, especially the man of the present day. For this, it seems, is *the* free age of all the ages in the sense that every one has an opportunity to put into profitable service all the talent he possesses. Some people complain because they have no one to "puff" them.

Remember, young gentlemen, that real merit stands alone, and will never need any puffing.

2. Let us say a word in regard to your fellow-students, those with whom you will be thrown in contact for the next nine months.

Make up your mind to take a joke good-humoredly. "Boys will be boys," and if they find you over-much dignified or crusty, they will tease you until you will wish yourself back on the old farm "plowing a little gray mule on a red hill-side." Yes, learn to take joking pleasantly, even though it be rough sometimes. The average college student seems to feel that a "little fun" at times is necessary to a good state of health, even though it may be hurtful (?) to others.

Students will "play tricks," and sometimes hurtful ones, but they really mean no harm; for they often love and respect most those whom they treat roughest.

So, my dear young friend, should you wake up at some unusual hour of the night and find your toe nicely fastened to one end of a strong little string, and a half dozen jolly fellows at the other end pulling at the rate of 160 pounds to the foot every second, just take it good-humoredly: the boys mean no harm, of course, just trying in an innocent way to break dull monotony of college duties. Or, if some day on returning to your humble abode you should find things bearing the appearance of a general wreck, deluged with water and covered with soot, your stew-pan, chairs, old shoes, and even a car-wheel in your bed, and your best girl's picture smutted and turned to the wall, do not complain, but take it for granted that some good fellow had grown a little weary and

was just trying to recall the scenes of Waterloo or Gettysburg. Or, if you should work all the "originals" for a class-mate, and he "gets through" all right, while you "flunk," just calmly conclude that all things work together for good to those who have some one else to do their work for them. Or, if you should in any way be afflicted with insomnia, nervousness, or dyspepsia, or what is perhaps worse, fall a victim to that complaint often prevalent in colleges—fogyism—and some one in a thoughtless moment should blow a horn, sound a tin-pan, give the college-bell a tap or two at the hour of midnight, or in any way disturb these sacred realms, just keep quiet and remain in your room and no harm will befall you: the boys are just having a "little fun," and will answer at headquarters in the morning, to your great satisfaction.

It's strange that students do not have more consideration for the health, happiness and prosperity of their institution. Still, they *will* have a "little fun," and no dogmatic scolding, fines or punishment can stop them. But in all their fun young men should not forget that courtesy is due their fellow-students on all occasions. Therefore respect your fellow-student, love him, and do all you can to elevate him and place him in that position where he can do most for humanity and for the cause of truth. Let petty jealousies and ungrounded troubles be not so much as named among you.

3. In closing, let us offer a word as to the relationship existing between you and your professors, those who

have the worry and care of instilling into your minds those truths and principles that are to be the means of developing your faculties and fitting you for usefulness in this life and for happiness in the life to come. Great and arduous are their tasks. They are deserving of your sympathy and support, rather than your censure.

The school-boy gets mad with his teacher and feels that he has been badly treated when more than half of the time he is wholly in fault. So it is often the case with college men and their professors. Study well both sides of the shield and you will avoid many hours of trouble and unkind feelings towards your professors.

They are only men. Regard them as such, but be sure you regard them as *gentle-men*.

They are just as likely to make mistakes as other men, but are ready and glad to correct their mistakes when they know of such; so we have always found them.

Treat them with great reverence and respect on all occasions; be polite to them under all circumstances, even though they at times should appear not to regard it; your acts will show good manners to all present.

They are your superiors in more than one respect. They are older than you, and that, of itself, demands your kindness. They are your superiors intellectually, and if you would have them impart truth and wisdom to you, you must be respectful, attentive, and obliging; and yet forbid it, that you should fall into that detestable weakness of saying and doing pretty

things, purely on purpose to ingratiate yourself with your professor.

Do not try to be a baby dandled upon your professor's knee and "puffed" with honors undeserved. If you do, you will make a fool of yourself, and your professor will see it, and will have far less respect for you than he would otherwise have. But be a man, willing to stand on your own merit—a man to be taught, not a tool to be handled by other men after their own pleasure.

It is possible for professors to lose sight of this in dealing with students, but study to show yourself approved unto all, and let your daily walk and conversation be such as will impress them with the fact that you are a man, and must be dealt with accordingly, and they will love and respect you all the more for so doing.

This age more than ever before is in great need of true, educated men, men who have honest convictions and are not afraid to stand by them. Then awake to your duties, young men, and show yourselves worthy of your day and generation, living fully up to the privileges and opportunities now clustering so thickly along your pathway! Sow good seed and you will reap a good harvest.

INDICTMENT "SQUASHED."—The first trial before the Richmond College Supreme Court this session attracted universal attention. The prisoner, Mr. H., of the Culpeper Minute-Men, was court-martialed on the combined charges of writing a Bain's English Grammar, answering in class when

not called on, and wearing no socks when he had his shoes on.

Messrs. R. and E. represented the Grammar and socks, while Messrs. L. and G. appeared for the bare-footed prisoner. Slouchy, the high sheriff, and his deputies brought the aforesaid Minute-Man into court. They reported that while they believed him guilty, they could but admire his loyalty to the old Culpeper company, for it took him only a minute to dress after they got him out of bed.

Judge Athlete was on the bench. Mr. Brown, of Penn., was the first witness called. Mr. W., the clerk, called him before him and said, "Do you swear to tell everything but the truth, and nothing like the truth?" He observed he did. Mr. Brown said: "I knew the prisoner before he was born. He has not changed much since then. He has written a standard work on the English language. The paper back of the book and the printing ink are of the most royal quality, but he has made the English part of it so hard, I fear it will supersede Hill's Rhetoric. You know we can't stand that."

Mr. W., who used to live with old man Powhatan, and also paid some attention to Pocahontas, said he had eaten peanuts with the prisoner at the battle of the Pyramids, and he didn't have "no" socks on then. Mr. A., of Fauquier, had on new yellow slippers, and was thinking of them so much, he got his evidence tangled up in his shoe strings, and had to sit down. He was immediately convicted for perjury. Mr. B., formerly of this State, but now of Kamskatka, said the

prisoner at the bar was at the Staunton Asylum the same session he was. He recognized him by his toes. This closed the list of witnesses.

Messrs. R. and E. opened the prosecution with the strongest speeches that have ever resounded through our halls. If the latter had not been so hoarse he couldn't talk, the prisoner no doubt would have been exiled to the ice mines of Peru. The jury looked determined. But, when the counsel for the defence arose every eye filled with tears. The jury was entirely overcome and the prisoner wept lamentations of joy. The judge stood on his head and the clerk commenced reading a love letter for the Constitution of the United States. As he pleaded for mercy on account of the prisoner's family, everybody wept and wept until they could weep no more. The indictment was "squashed."

Mr. Boa-constrictor Alligator, of Florida, the foreman of the jury, with streaming eyes, read the following verdict: "We, the fourteen jurymen of said Supreme Court, find the prisoner guilty in the minority degree. He is condemned to sing one song of his own production." With gratitude in his heart, the prisoner thanked the court for the honor it had conferred upon him. He then embraced the jury, kissed the judge, and gave each of his attorneys a check for five thousand each. He hereupon made a few remarks and sang in his most touching tones:

"O Nita, Junita,
Yankee Doodle went to town
On a sorrel Latin hoss!"

As these historic words fell from

his lips, all gathered around him, gave him the grip, and declared him a "Prince among the Toe-pullers," and "A Knight of the Dark-lantern and Invisible Cord."

The annual reception tendered by the Y. M. C. A. of the college to the new students took place Thursday night, September 26, in the chapel.

The President of the Association, Mr. Frank C. Johnson, of Lynchburg, presided, and announced that the exercises of the evening would be opened by singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

Mr. A. M. Carroll, of Asheville, N. C., an alumnus of the college and a former president of the Association, then led in prayer, after which "Stand up, stand up for Jesus," was sung.

Mr. E. W. Greaner, of Maryland, made the address of welcome in graceful terms, and gave an interesting *resume* of the different branches of the work of the Association.

The speaker then welcomed the new students in the name of the Association, and heartily invited them to take an active part in its duties.

After a selection by the college quartette, Mr. M. W. Thomas, of Maryland, read a witty composition entitled, "Address of Spottycuss to the Toe-pullers," written in his own inimitable and original style, which gave due spice to the exercises of the evening.

Another selection was then rendered by the college quartette, after which Mr. C. T. Kincaid, of Tennessee, made an excellent declamation, stimulating the young men of

the day to fidelity and promptness in every duty of life, and fully sustaining his reputation as a public speaker.

After the singing of "To the Work," Mr. R. W. Powers, Superintendent of the First Baptist Sunday school of the city, addressed the students, telling of the demand for Christian young men in every branch of life and of the dependence of our future upon them.

Professor Harris made the next address, giving the students some excellent advice, and closed by heartily endorsing the work of the Association.

After a few well-chosen remarks by the president, the students repaired to the mess-hall, where a bounteous supply of refreshments had been prepared.

The reception was well attended and was heartily enjoyed by all present.

It is to be hoped that the work of the Association will prosper more this year than ever before, and receive the hearty support of all students.

OUR LIBRARY.—The Jeter Memorial Hall, which is the library room of the College, presents unusual attractions to the student. Those who have become acquainted with its advantages will prize, increasingly, its alcoves and recesses for quiet reading and improvement. The new students will be specially interested in its array of books, its display of curiosities and art treasures. The *Messenger* congratulates our entire band of fellow-students upon the superior library equipment of Richmond College. These

are not only unsurpassed by any Southern college, but what is better for men who have small means, these attractions and advantages are furnished *without cost*. There is no heavy *fee* between the men and the books. There are ten thousand volumes on the shelves, besides magazines and papers. Are you going to dip in them all? Then be up and doing, or you will find your life too short.

THE MUSEUM.—The College Museum is a very respectable one in size and quality. There are some really rare and valuable specimens, particularly from foreign lands. The collection of minerals is large and varied. Up to this time the Museum and Library have occupied one hall. But the Librarian informs us that steps are being taken to remove the Museum to its appropriate home, the "Thomas Memorial Hall," one of the most elegant and spacious halls in the country. The removal is rendered compulsory by the growth of the Library. Then, too, it seems, to us, the time has come not only when more attention should be paid to Museum development and the proper display of what we have, but for the permanent occupancy of the hall designed for Museum and Art purposes. The trustees have authorized and we hope the committee will press the matter of early removal.

HON. J. L. M. CURRY.—The college welcomes home from his mission to the court of Spain, and to his place on the Board of Trustees of the college, that valued friend and benefactor, Hon. J. L. M. Curry. There are

few wiser men than Dr. Curry and none truer. His name is a tower of strength to any institution, and Richmond College is proud of his past services and present interest. We have spoken in another place of the Library and Museum. To no one of living friends are we so much indebted for beneficent interest in these departments as to Dr. Curry. His gifts are of the best and his thoughtfulness constant. We are glad to see the honorable gentleman's name on the library committee again, and to know he will give his presence and aid, backed by wide experience, to the building up of the college, and especially to this committee work in which the students are so deeply concerned.

NEW PICTURES.—We notice a number of new and highly interesting photographs, of large size and handsomely framed, in the Library. They were brought from Rome by Rev. J. H. Eager, and represent some of the most notable buildings of that classic and ancient city. The Forum, the Coliseum, and other famous places, are in the collection. The Library grows richer yearly in these instructive, helpful features.

The Mu Sigma Rho Society held its regular meeting for an election of officers on Friday night, October 4th, with the following result: President, J. Newton Johnson; Vice-President, Maurice W. Thomas; Censor, W. B. James; Recording Secretary, R. E. Chambers; Corresponding Secretary, W. A. Henderson; Critic, Frank C. Johnson; Chaplain, A. F. Dean; Ser-

geant-at-Arms, A. D. Louthan; Hall Manager, H. O. Wicks; Treasurer, H. T. Louthan; Monthly Orator, Geo. W. Johnson; Editors, E. W. Greaner, Maurice W. Thomas and B. B. Robinson.

The recently elected editors of the *Messenger* met on Saturday morning for the purpose of distributing the work. Below are the results: Literary Department, H. F. Williams; Exchange and News and Notes, E. W. Greaner; Editorials and Scientific Notes, J. E. Hutchinson and D. H. Rucker; Locals, Maurice W. Thomas and B. B. Robinson; Per-

sonals, B. B. Robinson; Y. M. C. A. Notes, Maurice W. Thomas.

The following are the officers of the Philologian Society: President, W. B. McGarity; Vice-President, J. R. Brown; Recording Secretary, J. G. Winston; Corresponding Secretary, C. T. Kincaunon; Critic, H. F. Williams; Censor, E. M. Whitlock; Chaplain, J. C. Blair; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. J. Ramsey; Hall Managers, Hayes and Hamilton; Editors—J. E. Hutchinson, D. H. Rucker, H. F. Williams; Monthly Orator, J. D. Hart; Treasurer, J. E. Hison; Historian, J. E. Hutchinson.

PERSONALS.

W. H. Harrison, M. A. '88-9, is principal of an academy in Franklin, Southampton county.

C. M. Hazen, M. A. '88-9, continues his prosperous school at Bon Air, Va.

C. H. Baker, B. A. '88-9, is recruiting on his father's farm, in West Virginia, preparing for a hard year's work at the University next session.

A. S. H. Bristow, B. A. '88-9, is the proud principal of the South Side Male Academy, Chase City.

T. J. Simmes, B. A. '88-9, is assistant principal at Oakland Academy.

Joseph Whitehead, B. A. '88-9, is studying law at Danville.

Lately we have enjoyed the frequent visits of T. A. Woodson, B. A. '88-9, who is in business in this city.

The jovial face of M. A. Carroll, M. A. '87-8, lightened up things

around college the first two weeks of the session. He was on his way to Johns Hopkins.

J. T. Noell, B. A. '87-8, is studying law at Washington and Lee.

J. H. Abbitt, '88-9, is teaching school in Appomattox county.

R. K. Cravens, '88-9, and E. E. Garrett, '88-9, are studying law at the University of Virginia.

R. L. Gay and L. P. Russell, both of last session, are pastors of churches in King William county.

W. C. James, '88-9, has a fine position as teacher in Belton, Texas.

H. R. Pollard, Jr., '88-9, and H. A. Tatum, '88-9, are in business in the city.

P. H. Shuck is at Centre College, Missouri.

Frank R. Steel, '85-6, is in Balti-

more taking his last course in medicine. He has also been appointed Assistant Demonstrator in the Dental Department of the University of Maryland, where he graduated in dentistry two years ago. He will resume his position as assistant to Drs. Geo. B. & Chas. L. Steel after his graduation in medicine.

W. J. Porter, '88-9, is reading medicine at Farmville.

The following students of last session are pursuing a theological course at Crozer: S. C. Dorsey, Richard Edwards, J. W. P. Harris, W. M. Jennings, C. L. Laws.

The following are doing the same at Louisville: W. C. Foster, R. L.

Motley, H. N. Quisenberry, M. Tuscano-Garza, C. B. Tippet, C. W. Trainham, J. M. Wilbur.

S. L. Kelly, '86-7, is one of the promising young lawyers of Richmond.

E. B. Pollard, M. A. '85-6, was with us frequently prior to the opening of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, where he goes to complete the course this session.

R. A. Wilbur, '85-6, is practicing dentistry at Elmira, N. Y.

Aaron McDonald, '87-8, is in the railroad business, Atlanta, Ga.

Alfred Bagby, B. A. '84-5, favored us with a visit. He is continuing his course at Johns-Hopkins University.

EXCHANGES.

The unfortunate scribe who has charge of this department failed to prepare anything for the last No. of the *Messenger*—the June No.—owing to ill health and press of work. We have felt bad about it ever since; but returning from vacation rambles among the majestic mountains of Virginia—catching trout, &c.—we find quite a number of valued exchanges awaiting us in our sanctum, and only two or three of them contain any exchange mention. So we conclude that no apology is necessary, since our June No. follows the fashion.

Many of these commencement Nos. that we have received contain interesting and valuable reading. The *Southern Collegian* takes the lead, giving the masterly address delivered before the alumni of Washington and Lee University, by Prof. Wm. Taylor

Thom, on "Our Mother Tongue and our National Life and Growth."

The *Niagara Index*, for September, publishes a part of an eloquent address to graduates, in which the speaker urges the importance of the Christian religion as a factor in our national power and progress. "Without Christianity a perfect civilization is impossible. As love is to life, as wings are to the eagle, as the tree needs sun for the full glory of fruit and blossom, so is Christianity to civilization." Such sentiments cannot be brought too often to the minds of the American people. Let the young men in all our institutions of learning be thoroughly in sympathy with such ideas.

Very few publications for the present session have come to us yet, but we like the spirit manifested in those

we have thus far received ;—a spirit of earnest, energetic, and hopeful work.

In the prospect before the great sisterhood of American colleges there is much to encourage the friends of liberal culture. We clip the following from a recent number of Frank Leslie's newspaper :

"It is gratifying to see that the leading colleges of the country continue to enjoy the favor of men of wealth. The gifts to Princeton, Yale and other institutions of learning during the past year run up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars. There has never been a time when the sympathy of the rich men of the country—many of whom have never personally enjoyed the advantages of a liberal education—with the best and highest forms of culture and scholarship was so pronounced and active as now, and the fact is full of promise and hope for the future, in which so many grave and important questions, involving the best interests of the nation, if not all mankind, and requiring for their right adjustment the ripest

wisdom, will compel the attention of the people."

Thus with tremendous responsibilities resting upon us, and with ever-brightening prospects and unparalleled opportunities before us, we enter upon the work of the college year just beginning. May it bring bright days and cheering experiences to all, and especially to our honored and useful exchanges.

The *National Magazine* is the name of a new literary venture of Chicago, which begins with the October number. It is published under the auspices of the new "National University," which opens October 1st, of which it is the organ. The first number will contain articles on literary, educational and scientific subjects, and a prospectus of the University, which is said to be modelled after the London University, and has extensive non-resident courses, teaching many subjects by mail. Published at 182 Clark street.



RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1 CIGARETTES.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS,

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

THE RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT NO. 1 CIGARETTES

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

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

ALLEN & GINTER, MANUFACTURERS,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF

VIRGINIA BRIGHTS and DIXIE CIGARETTES,

OLD RIP, IMPERIAL MIXTURE,

RICHMOND GEM CURLY CUT,

And other high grade SMOKING TOBACCOS.