

# The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

---

Volume 16  
Number 2 *The Messenger*, Vol. 16, No. 2

---

Article 1

11-1889

## The Messenger, Vol. 16, No. 2

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. 2," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 16 : No. 2 , Article 1.  
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol16/iss2/1>

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](mailto:scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu).

LIBRARY  
—OF—  
RICHMOND COLLEGE,  
RICHMOND, VA.

Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XVI.

NOVEMBER, 1889.

NO. 2.

EDITORS:

*Mu. Sigma Rho*, { E. W. GREANER,  
M. W. THOMAS,  
B. B. ROBINSON.

*Philologist*, { J. E. HUTCHINSON,  
D. H. RUCKER,  
H. F. WILLIAMS.

*Business Manager*—W. OWEN CARVER.

*Assistant Business Manager*—W. E. FARRAR.

Winter.

A year has fled,  
And over hill and vale  
The wintry snows have fallen thick and fast ;  
The flow'rs lie dead,  
And springs and streamlets fail ;  
And bare gray boughs bend to the whistling blast.  
And yet, deep down within its frozen bed,  
The fast-imprisoned germ of life is laid ;  
And but awaits the sunny smiles of spring  
To break its icy bonds, and let it bring  
Both bud and leaf from seed wherein each lies ;  
As phoenixes from their dead ashes rise.

\* \* \* \* \*

A life has fled,  
And, o'er a wrinkled brow,  
The snows of age have silvered raven locks ;  
Life's joys are dead,  
The heart, so frozen now,  
Scarce feels Death's awful summons when he knocks.  
But lo ! the Master smiles, and forth there flies,  
Upborne on airy pinions to the skies,  
A soul immortal from that lifeless clay ;  
Re-born to dwell in "realms of endless day."

October, 1889.

JAS. C. HARWOOD.



### The Old Man by the Church-Yard.

An old man lives by the church-yard,  
In a cold and lonely spot;  
No dwelling near for miles around  
Except this humble cot.

Eighty years ago in this house he was born,  
Within sight of "God's holy acre,"  
And his voice for many years had sung  
The praises of his "Maker."

Once more he hears the old bell toll  
For the human soul that has fled,

And he knows that to-morrow another will  
come  
To the "city of the dead"

His loved ones are there, he is left quite  
alone,  
And he longs as never before,  
For the time to come when he shall pass the  
gates,  
To return to his cottage no more.

G. E. M.

### Physical Science.

A GREATER FACTOR IN THE WORLD'S CIVILIZATION THAN GOOD LITERATURE, EXCLUSIVE  
OF THE BIBLE.

The term *physical science* comprehends all the boundless reaches of Chemistry, Physics, Astronomy, Botany, Geology, etc., with all the countless products of mind and labor that these sciences have given to man. So, then, the potency of physical science as a factor in civilization must be measured by the advancement it has given and the impetus imparted not only as purely abstract Science, but also by the unnumbered and innumerable labor-saving, money-making, civilization-advancing machines and contrivances which owe their very existence to Science.

Ever since accursed Adam turned his forced step from Eden's sunny bowers and went away to eat his bread in the sweat of his face, and Cain with his rude implements and crude knowledge plied the arts of primeval Science, the one question for which a solution has ever been

sought is, "How can man lighten his burden and better his condition?" The only answer to this momentous question (aside from the Word of God) has ever been, and still is, found in the disclosed secrets and the developed powers of Science.

Literature could never make labor less nor diminish its necessity. Indeed, till Science had lightened the burden of man he had no Literature, for he needed none, nor could have found time for its enjoyment had he possessed it. So in all the world's history *Science* has led the way while *Literature* followed: Science has *made* the way and Literature has come in to be enjoyed.

Egypt, the oldest of civilized nations, had in historic times a very high degree of scientific advancement but almost no literature, and the little she did possess was confined to the royal and priestly families. Their



principal literature—aside from their religious—almost their only literature, was treatises on Astronomy and other sciences. Astronomy and Geometry are both known to have been in a high degree of perfection, while in chemical and mechanical arts the advancement is attested by the many relics that the cruel hand of time has been unable to destroy. Look at her monuments, obelisks, and pyramids, and then remember that she had an alloy of metals harder than any now known, and the art of making which she alone knew and which perished with her downfall. These all attest her advancement in mechanical arts, which must have grown directly out of *Physics*, and were a part of that science. Look at her embalmed bodies still preserved after so many centuries, showing the vast knowledge of Chemistry then known. In Literature she cannot be said to have been superior to other nations of her time; yet her civilization was the first of the world, and in Science she stood without a peer. The conclusion is irresistible that her greatness was the result of her advancement in Science.

Athens, for three quarters of a century proud mistress of Greece and of the world, had a literature—was, indeed, in an important sense, the mother of Literature. But not until Science had taught her to vanquish her enemies and advance her splendor did she truly begin to live. Nor is she less renowned for her arts, all of which are products of Science, than for her literature. Even in the

days of Aristotle the art of writing was in its infancy.

Study the early history of any nation, and her literature will be found to follow her science in development, and so her civilization to depend primarily upon the latter. This is necessarily so from the nature of the case stated above: there is neither time nor use for Literature until Science has already wrought much for the advancement of civilization, and it can then only follow in use and influence the progress of Science. Man must at first labor and worry for his very existence until the powerful hand of Science has relieved his onerous duties and left him some time for thought and reflection. Then, and not till then, does he look about him for some means of occupying his leisure—then, and not till then, is Literature born.

Science could, and for hundreds of years did, exist without the aid of literature. Not, indeed, in its present state of development; for it has ever been advancing and bids fair to take even greater strides than have yet marked its course. But it was, nevertheless, Science, and as such did not fail to make a lasting impression. Literature, on the other hand, could not exist without the aid of Science. Even in its most ancient forms, when the waxen plate and the metallic cylinder, and, a little later, the quaint scroll were its only representatives, it called upon Science to furnish these; and now that it is scattered broadcast from a million printing-presses, it still bows in obeisance to Science, to which it owes its existence.



Not only is Literature thus dependent upon Science, but how much would have to be eliminated from the great volume of Literature should we take from it its scientific works, which surely could not have become literature until they were science. Nor can it be urged that Science could not have attained its excellence without the aid of this scientific literature to preserve what it gained from time to time. For, as I have said, it must be Science first and its advancement before the time of Literature excludes this objection. Grant that it would have been longer attaining the highest development without Literature, surely it can be no argument against it that it used that Literature to which it had given birth to help it to a quicker attainment of what it was gradually reaching without that aid.

It may be claimed that Science has a tendency toward infidelity. A moment's reflection, however, will show the absurdity of this charge. Physical science is a study of nature as we find it, and of the application of the powers found in nature. If, then, there be a Creator whose is the work of nature—and surely those who urge this objection to Science admit that—then all true Science, inasmuch as it is a study of nature, must lead the mind back to the Originator of what we find in nature. And whatever fails to do this is not Science, but in the highest degree unscientific, and cannot be urged as an objection to Science any more than can hypocrisy be made an argument against Christianity or deception against honesty.

Civilization in its true sense ex-

tends to the masses, and is not confined to the few whose hap it is to be born of royal blood. We have shown that until when in the last century Science gave it a previously unknown and un hoped-for means of distribution, Literature had been in possession of *only the favored few*, and its benefits, while in some little degree affecting all, were chiefly confined to its possessors.

Many and especially the *great* products of Science are such in their very nature that they must reach all and shed upon all their beneficent influences. They are such that men reap their advantages without a full knowledge of them in themselves, and often without even any idea of what has caused their happiness. How few of the masses to-day know anything of the history of the steam engine or of its principles! How few can trace the development of scientific agriculture, scientific milling, or, in a word, the application of Science to every industrial art! How many indeed are there who do not even know there is a science in such things. Yet all are beneficiaries of these products, and must be so.

We read of men of old who accomplished the most wonderful success in memory and reasoning. Their minds were *strong* and *vigorous* because they *used* them—in the absence of Literature knew they *must* use them, and so *trusted* them.

With all the boasted literature of to-day you furnish for man all he needs to know (so most men seem to think) already thought and wrought out and placed at his immediate com-



mand, so that he imagines he can afford to forget, trusting that it is easily in his reach when he desires it again. Thus you take away the *necessity* for individual thought and reduce the really thinking men to the lamentable few who think from choice. How far this argument is to be urged, I do not attempt to say. Its truth to a certain degree all must admit, and to whatever extent it is admitted, to that extent is it acknowledged that the present state of Literature (which surely is the best) is an actual hindrance to the highest development of mind, and so to civilization.

That war has often been necessary among the nations of earth no man can presume to deny, and that the arts of warfare have all been due to products of scientific thought must likewise be admitted. It may indeed be said that one of the very aims and highest evidences of civilization is the ability of nations to conduct their affairs without the necessity for war. Grant it. Still, it must be yielded that whatever the ideal civilization may be, that was not an original idea with those who conducted the affairs of nations, and that men have not even yet reached that point. Meanwhile it is certainly true that war is sometimes inevitable. What is the influence of Science on warfare? Is it not to make it less destructive and at the same time more quickly determined in its issues? Every touch of Science on the methods of warfare has lessened its destructive results by increasing its powers for destroying. Men now do not, for the most part, come into immediate contact in bat-

tle, and the sad stories of the thousands whom history tells us died on a single field, are now never written. Yet our wars are shorter and in every way less horrible and brutal than in former times. This change can, it seems to me, be attributed to nothing else than the more scientific methods (if indeed that term can be at all applied to the methods of the ancients) by which it is now conducted. The pen may be "*mightier than the sword*," but it must be remembered that pen and sword are alike products of Science, which, while it continually enhances the value of the pen, it at the same time diminishes the destructive results of the sword, thus making both alike do their part in the civilization of the world.

Science prevents superstition. Without it, therefore, if it had been possible to have a literature, that literature would have been filled with superstition. Examine the remnants of ancient legends and traditions, and in them all you find evidences of the superstition that everywhere filled the minds of the people.

The pages of history, compiled from these traditions, again and again tell of battles lost and nations whelmed in ruin because of the superstition concerning an eclipse of the sun or moon, or a thunder-storm. The whole planetary system, being wholly misunderstood by the ancient mind, was conceived of as a system of gods and goddesses. Even the earth itself and the seasons were thought to be directly under the influence of several deities whose pleasure or displeasure was manifested by abundant



harvests and delightful weather in the one case, or by parching drought and severe seasons in the other. This idea—this peopling all nature with a strange system of innumerable deities—wrought an influence manifestly evil and adverse to civilization, and which Literature could never have counteracted or checked, but with which it would rather have been filled. Science, thus working all things for the good of the race, kept Literature in the background, until by correct observation and intelligent study of nature in all its various parts, she had dispelled the superstition that filled the minds of the people. Then she brought forth Literature, and gave to it a mission in which it has ever since been serving the great eternal truths that underlie true Science.

May we particularize upon the benefits of Science, pointing out some of the achievements of this so potent factor in the world's civilization? With the roll of ages the vast numbers of the human race grew innumerable, and the soil, tilled as in primeval days, had no longer been able to yield to these countless millions the "staff of life" had not Science, applied to agriculture, taught the farmer to plunge deeper into the rich earth, and by his growing skill to bring thence in ever-increasing quantities the bounties upon which man must live.

We need but use our eyes and mind to find on every hand abundant attestations to the labors of Science, to which civilized people owe an unmeasured debt of gratitude.

Where is the volume in all the range of Literature that can be compared in its effects upon civilization to the invention of the applications of steam? What history can be compared to the railroad; what philosophical work to the steamer that defies the storms of the rugged and roaring deep? What poem walks hand in hand with manufactories? What novel is not surpassed by the telegraph? Nor is this all. We might discourse at length upon the advantages of the telephone, the street car, the electric light. Or, turning to rural life, we might occupy hours in telling the advantages of harvesting and threshing machines, cotton gins, improved plows and machines of every kind. In household economy we might tell of sewing machines, cooking stoves, and the many other invaluable products of Science. And when we were exhausted in the praises of these and their relations, indispensable and indisputable, to civilization, the story would be but begun.

Literature might forever have speculated about the Western Passage and the discovery of a new world, (hardly, however, without something of Science) but it was Science that taught the daring Columbus to trust his feeble bark to the raging billows and fearful storms of old ocean, and Science that led him safely to the verdant shores of the New World. Now that so much has been achieved—such vast possibilities have been realized—Literature can sing in enrapturing strains of the glories of America and the heroes who achieved that glory.



But in this she does what ever she must: follows the progress of Science and sits enthroned where Science has made her a habitation.

Could Literature have ever produced, for man the minerals that have been of such inestimable service in the civilization of the world? It was Science that taught, and only Science that could teach man to sink the shaft and drive the pointed pick, bringing from the interior of the earth boundless treasures of coal and iron, silver and gold, that nature had for untold ages kept locked up in those subterranean vaults in safe-keeping for the use of man in this later day. Who can calculate the value of these treasures gotten from the "rock-ribbed and ancient earth," or estimate their influence upon civilization? Science not only teaches man that the earth has these rich vaults, but likewise points out to him that he spend not his means and labor where they would avail nothing.

But utility is not the only recommendation of Science, just as work and gain are not the characteristics and evidences of a civilized people. Civilized men must look to their

comfort and enjoyment, to the pleasures of sense, and so they seek to beautify their houses and adorn the world in which they live. I need only mention that for the beauty and symmetry of this world beyond what Dame Nature has herself arranged, men have invoked the kindly and indispensable aid of Science, whether it be for parks and buildings and other grand and magnificent features of the city, or the more simple beauties and decorations of rural life.

Truly, Science, thou art a goddess fair, to whom, since the day of his terrible fall, man has looked for his civilization and advancement, and at whose shrine he has ever knelt an humble suppliant.

Ever faithful, too, hast thou been, sending to obey thy mandates every servant, and among them the powerful Literature, that could be of service in responding to the cravings of struggling man.

Go on in thy work of love, and may yet greater and greater achievements be wrought by thy mighty hand, whose every stroke makes glad the heart of man.

T. O. Z.

---

### In the Mountains.

---

We were sitting on the door-steps of an old-fashioned, square country house, with its low roof and large, airy rooms and spacious halls. At the foot of the hill upon which the house stood, ran a river, broad and rapid, almost concealed from view by the dense sycamores that grew along

its banks. Rushing down on the other side and entering the river almost at right angles is a model mountain stream, as wild and dashing as the deer that feed along its banks. Beyond the creek rises hill after hill, mountain stacked upon mountain until they rear their lofty heads among



the clouds, and with their summits seemed to pierce the clear, blue sky.

It was evening. The sun was just beginning to hide himself behind the tallest peak of all the range. The cloudy mist that hung in the western sky gathered the rays of light and sent them down in the valley softened and tinted with red. Beautiful past description was the scene. We sat spell-bound until darkness had gathered round us, when one of the party broke the silence by proposing that we climb to the topmost point in the range on the morrow, which at once met with a hearty approval. The entire party at once entered into a discussion as to the time when we should start and the most practicable route to take.

"You had better start as early as possible," said one; "by daylight, I should say, for you can't possibly get back here before five o'clock in the afternoon."

"Oh," replied a timid voice, "surely not. I never walked more than three miles at once in my life. It is not more than that to the top of that mountain, is it?"

"It is three miles and a half to its foot," I said.

"Oh, well, then," said one, "we will carry a basket of dinner with us and have a pic-nic on top of the mountain. Won't it be fine to feast, like the Olympian gods, among the clouds?"

"Magnificent," sang out all in a chorus.

"No," said he who was leader and guide, "there is not a sign of a path from here to the top, and a great deal of the way is almost perpendicular,

where you will do well to get yourselves up by clinging on the jutting rocks and treacherous bushes. If we go to the top we must forego the pleasure of feasting. Nevertheless, it is necessary to carry along water, for not a drop will we see until we return, for that mountain, as its name implies, is but a mass of stone. The only practicable way is for each man, soldier-fashion, to strap to his side a slice of bread and canteen of water."

Thus after some discussion it was decided, and we accordingly prepared ourselves.

We were off promptly next morning. But before we began the ascent we supplied ourselves, each man, with an alpen-stock—that is, a long, strong stick, sharpened at one end, with which, by driving it into the ground and crevices in the rocks, we would save ourselves during the day many a slip and fall.

"Forward, march!" cried the guide. Up we went. For an hour we boldly struggled up the steep mountain side. Having reached a large cliff that jutted out from the side of the mountain, we threw ourselves upon the ground, panting for breath. But not long were we allowed to rest, for the sun dispelling the mist, told us that the day was rapidly advancing. So on we went. And the farther we got the steeper the ascent seemed to grow, but we struggled on, sometimes stopping for a moment with one hand grasping a bush and with the other leaning against the alpen-stock, carefully placed. At last, after much hard labor, we gained the summit, wearied and overcome, when the beauty and



grandeur of the scene broke upon us we forgot everything but to gaze upon the varied and beautiful prospect before us. Below us on the east was the beautiful little valley we had just left. Here were the green pastures specked with herds of grazing cattle and sheep. There we could trace the river winding its way gracefully among the hills. And still farther beyond the valley towered mountains even mightier than the one on which we stood. There were the great Unakas, famous in Indian legend as the seat of the gods, from which the great Manitou watched over his people. In the south was the old round mountain, conspicuous for its shape. Farther to the south were the "Smokies," and how well do they deserve their name, for we could scarcely distinguish their outlines through the smoke and mist that was gathered about them. To the west as far as the eye could reach extended the fertile valleys of the Holston and French Broad.

Than this, there is no finer country in the world. No wonder that it is said of Daniel Boone and his companions, that when they climbed to the top of the mountain, in western

North Carolina, and looked down upon the broad valley and saw the giant oaks temptingly inviting the woodsman and pioneer, and the vast herds of buffalo feeding under the broad-spreading branches of oak- and sugar-trees, they wept for joy that at last they had found a land of plenty, the land of perpetual youth. When they returned to their countrymen and told them of what they had seen, they were laughed to scorn and told that such a country as they described was impossible.

While we were gazing upon all this beauty and grandeur, the sun had passed the meridian, and was rapidly sinking in the west. So we began to descend. But hardly had we started when a cloud gathered round us, the lightning began to play, and the thunders to clash and echo along the cliffs. We were in the midst of a thunder-storm. It was the height of sublimity. We hurried down, rolling and tumbling sometimes like the stones we started with our feet. But at last we arrived safely at the bottom, happier and healthier for what we had done and seen.

MOUNTAINEER.

---

#### Sir Walter Scott.

The dawning decades of the nineteenth century gave ample promise of unparalled progress in every department of human affairs, and especially in the world of letters a promise that has been abundantly fulfilled.

Four names in the history of literature at this time—Scott and Wordsworth in the Old World, Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant in the New—constitute a quartette whose memory will never die.



The poetry of Wordsworth provoked from James Russell Lowell this rapturous exclamation: "What golden rounds of verse do we see stretching heavenward, with angels ascending and descending! What haunting harmonies hover around us, deep and eternal, like the undying barytone of the sea!" Of Washington Irving, Thackeray said: "In America, love and regard for Irving is a national sentiment." Christopher North characterizes Bryant's "Thanatopsis"—the best-known of American poems—as "a noble example of true poetical enthusiasm," and adds that "it alone would establish the author's claims to the honors of genius."

But the subject of this sketch deserves and has perhaps received the richest meed of praise that has accrued to any author whose career has helped to brighten the record of a century that has witnessed the most stupendous achievements and the most splendid displays of genius the world has yet seen. Sir Walter Scott did infinitely more for mankind than his renowned contemporary, Napoleon Bonaparte—infinitely more than any of the proud heroes whose daring deeds inspired his classic pen. Patient and energetic, yet full of the fire of romance, he diligently addressed himself to the task of clothing historic events and important truths in the popular garb of fiction. He taught patriotism in the enchanting strains of poetic fancy, and by the enticing beauty of romantic imagination he

sought to inspire the minds and hearts of the masses with love for the purest and best in national and domestic life. His own every-day life was but the illustration and expansion of his best thoughts, and was more beautiful than any of his charming stories.

Born in 1771, at a time when his country, Great Britain, was reaching out with an insatiable desire for increased power and multiplied possessions, he early showed himself superior to the spirit of the nation and of the age in which he lived, and in the midst of grasping avarice and towering ambition he strove to inspire his countrymen with a nobler passion than pride of rank or greed for gain.

Though never strong physically, and often a great sufferer—perplexed in mind and afflicted in body—yet with iron will and lofty purpose he tasked himself with the stints of a giant, and with the zeal and ardor that characterized his earliest endeavors, he toiled on to the end of his life. And when, in 1832, his laborious and useful life ended in a calm and peaceful death, not only his own country, but the world at large, sustained a loss that cannot be easily repaired—a loss that is still felt and lamented, for no genius has yet arisen to fill the vacancy caused by his death, or to carry forward the splendid work that engaged the warm heart and powerful intellect of Sir Walter Scott.

W. B. L.



## SCIENCE NOTES.

The National Geographic Society has been organized at Washington for the purpose of promoting geographical knowledge. It was organized in 1888, and has formed itself into five sections: Those of the geography of the land; of the sea; of the air; of the geographic distribution of life; and of abstract geographic art. The Society projects a physical atlas of the United States.

A plan has been presented before the British Association for storing the surplus waters of the flood of the Nile in the depression called the Raian Basin, to be drawn off again to irrigate the lands of Egypt in the dry season. It is said that enough of water can be stored away to supply the demands for ninety days. Such a reservoir would increase the area and the productive wealth of Egypt more than one third.

The *Electric World* gives a partial list of the patents taken out by Mr. Thomas A. Edison. It is as follows: Telegraphy, 131; electric lights, 108; distribution, 66; generation, 107; railways, 8; telephones, 32; phonograph, 21; the total number, including many not enumerated, is 493, besides over 300 applications for patents pending.

The *Scientific American* states that careful tests in some of the most prominent manufactories in this country show that in nearly every instance at least fifty per cent. of the steam pow-

er produced is wasted, while sixty to seventy-three per cent. of wastage is not uncommon.\* In one instance, where the engine was developing sixty-horse power, eleven-twelfths of this amount was wasted in friction and useless work, and only five-horse power was available for purposes of manufacture.

The largest wheel in the world is now waiting shipment from the Dickson Manufacturing Company's shops at Scranton, Penn. The wheel is 54 feet in diameter, is armed with 432 teeth, and weighs 200 tons. It is to be used by the mining company to throw waste copper out of the mine into the lake. To give an idea of its powers in this direction, it is estimated that it can receive and elevate enough sand every twenty-four hours to cover an acre of land to the depth of a foot.

The following eloquent description of the icebergs near the coasts of Newfoundland appeared in a recent number of the *Daily Telegraph*, and was signed, "Edwin Arnold": "The icebergs are unfortunately most to be expected in those summer months when alone the navigation is open. The first heats of the brief but hot Arctic sunshine set in rapid motion the glaciers of Labrador and Greenland. These vast storehouses of gathered and consolidated snow glide to the edge of the tremendous precipices of the Winter Lands, and, falling over them in monstrous masses, crash into



the deep water with shocks which send thunder-peals through the still Polar air, and perturb the ocean far with rolling waves. Then, committed by this awful launch to the southward-going currents, the great broken, glittering mass goes solemnly sailing away in the unwonted sunshine. As it floats, the water, warmer than the air, melts its lower portion gradually, and detached pieces also fall from the visible part until the equilibrium becomes destroyed and the colossal block capsizes with a second shock, startling the ocean for leagues around."

DIPSOMANIA, OR THIRST-MADNESS.—The periodical desire for strong drink which sometimes besets individuals otherwise moral and exemplary, is a species of paroxysmal mania beyond the control of the patient. It is quite certain that there are thousands of cases of *remittent drunkenness*, which presents the specific symptoms of disease. The periodical drunkard is not an habitual dram-drinker. But at particular times he appears to be attacked with a *thirst-madness* which deprives him of the power of volition, and hurries him into the most terrible excesses. During the interval between the paroxysms he may be a perfectly sober man.

For many weeks, and even months, he may have steadily refused to taste a drop of liquor; may indeed have felt no inclination for it, but on the contrary regarded it with disgust. And yet, when the fit comes on, the raging thirst for alcohol utterly paralyzes his conscience and his will. A

man in this condition is a monomaniac, and should be treated as one. If put under proper restraint at the commencement of this *furor*, the dipsomaniac, in nine cases out of ten, might be tided over his difficulty in the course of a week, and a perseverance in the course at the recurrence of the hallucination would probably eventuate in a complete cure. It is not easy to persuade the world that all drunkenness is not voluntary. The law does not recognize dipsomania. It treats all inebriates alike. This seems to be unjust, though it is hard to say where the line should be drawn between free-will excess and that which proceeds from an uncontrollable mania.—*Munford's Magazine*.

SOUTHERN PROGRESS.—The *Manufacturers' Record's* resume of new Southern industries for the first nine months of the present year shows a total of 4,053, as compared with 2,942 in 1888, 2,594 in 1887, and 1,175 in 1886, as currently recorded in the columns of that publication. These figures include 825 saw, planing, and shingle mill, sash and door, stave or other wood-working enterprises, as compared with 626 in 1888, 512 in 1887, and 362 in 1886. There are also reported 10 agricultural implement factories, 61 furniture factories, and 42 carriage and wagon factories. Adding these to the mills and other wood-working establishments, a total of 938 new enterprises in nine months is given, as compared with 626 dependent upon mineral resources, including mining and quarrying, iron furnaces, machine shops and foundries,



stove foundries, rolling mills, miscellaneous iron works, pipe works, etc. Flour mills, cotton mills, cotton compresses, cotton seed oil and canning factories make up a total of 405. It will thus be seen that from an industrial standpoint forestry products and manufactures therefrom greatly overshadow all other resources in the South in rapidity of development.—*Scientific American*.

LEFT-LEGGEDNESS.—A paper on "Left-Leggedness" was read before the British Association by Dr. W. K. Sibley, who said that Professor Ball, in "Le Dualisme Cerebral," speaks of man as a right-handed animal. Being right-handed, it is popularly assumed that he is also right-legged, but this does not appear to be the case. Standing working with the right hand, there is a tendency to use the left leg for balance. Many people find less exertion in going round circles to the right than in circles to the left. Race paths are nearly always made for running in circles to the right. So the majority of movements are more readily performed to the right, as in dancing, running, etc.

The rule in walking is to keep to the right, and this appears to be almost universal. It is more natural to bear to the right. Of a large number of people from the better educated classes asked about the existence of this rule, only 67 per cent. males and 53 per cent. females were aware of the rule. The large majority obey it unconsciously in walking. Crowds

tend to bear to the right. The left leg being the stronger, it is more readily brought into action. Hence troops start off with the left foot. It is the foot which is put into the stirrup of the saddle or step of the bicycle in mounting. So the left is the foot which a man takes off from in jumping.

In the experiments of Mr. G. H. Darwin, blindfolding boys and telling them to walk straight, the right-handed ones diverged to the right, and *vice versa*. From measurements of Dr. Garson of the skeletons of the two legs, in 54.3 per cent. the left was the longer, and in 35.8 the right. For measurements of the feet, the author collected the drawings and measurements of 200 pairs, with the result that in 44 per cent. the left was longer, in 2.15 per cent. the right, and in 34.5 per cent. they were the same size. Measurement at the first joint gave 56 per cent. left larger, and at the instep 42.5 per cent. From the table of the figures it is observed that the left foot is more frequently the larger in the male than female sex, and the percentage of feet of the same size is greater in the female. The percentage of the right larger than the left is very constant, whereas the numbers of the left larger and those in which both feet were the same size are much more variable. Man, being naturally or artificially right-handed and left-legged, tends unconsciously to bear to the right; lower animals, on the other hand, appear nearly always to circle to the right.—*Scientific American*.



## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

With this issue of the MESSENGER it passes into the hands of a new corps of editors, and in assuming the editorial responsibility, we have no policy to announce other than the sincere desire to make the MESSENGER as vigorous in the future as it has been in the past. Whether we shall be successful we shall let our readers decide, or whether our task shall be a pleasant or an unpleasant one we cannot say. But we shall take up the work laid down by our predecessors, and shall endeavor to make each number a credit to the Literary Societies and the college whose interests it represents, and a true advocate of all that is grand, and noble, and true in life. In order to do this we must have the assistance of the students and friends of the institution. Let the students make use of the columns of the MESSENGER by handing to the Literary Editor a well-prepared manuscript on some popular theme, and by this means be a help to self, and push forward the work of the MESSENGER. A noble thought buried deeply in the heart brings no real enjoyment to its possessor, nor does it take any part in the great battle between vice, falsehood, ignorance, and folly on the one side, and virtue, truth, knowledge, and wisdom on the other. Many worthy ideas are lost because they are not sent adrift upon the world, and many minds are dwarfed for want of activity.

So we ask the co-operation of all, and hoping that the MESSENGER will

be well patronized during the present college session, we make our bow and enter the sanctum.

A serious word is needed in reference to the use, or abuse, of our Literary Societies by quite a number of the members of those Societies. There are in each Society several gentlemen whose chief aim seems to be to find or to afford amusement in some way, and when the programme ceases to be entertaining to them, they offer a motion to adjourn, usually right in the midst of the most important part of the business exercises. To them the session of the Society is a frolic, or it is nothing. Of course, nobody objects to a little fun. Genuine wit and humor should rather be encouraged. It is decidedly beneficial. But those who have no higher aim in life than to make monkeys of themselves can surely find a more appropriate sphere in which to exercise their talents than in a literary society.

There are some who earnestly desire to make serious and solid preparation for the great work of life. They pay for the advantages afforded by the Society. They spend time and labor in the effort to make the best use of those advantages. It is unjust—not to say dishonest—to hinder them in the prosecution of their object.

Another thing. Each Society awards two medals—one for best debater, one for improvement in debate. It not unfrequently happens that some who



do nothing in the Society, except to hinder its work, until the time draws near for the medals to be awarded, suddenly become zealous workers, in the hope of bearing off these honors. Let it be remembered that the constant, steady, faithful workers decide, by their votes, who shall have these medals; and those earnest workers possess remarkably good memories. It is safe to say that those who do the best work, and the largest amount of work, usually, if not always, carry off the honors.

We earnestly wish, and with some degree of confidence hope, that during this college year the Societies may be characterized by work of an unusually high order, so that at its close we can look back with pride and satisfaction upon the record of the Societies for 1889-90.

What use is to be made of the odd moments outside of the regular line of work? This question should invite the attention of every student. These odd moments come every day, and if a proper use is made of them, a large amount of knowledge can be obtained which will in the future if not at present, well repay for the time spent in obtaining it. The *Sunday School Times* has the following upon this subject:

"It is the study which a man does at his odd minutes rather than his study at regular hours of study, which is likely to give him his superiority as a scholar. And this sort of study almost any man can find time for, whatever is his ordinary occupation. Men nowadays talk of eight hours a day as

a full day's work; but the man whose daily work is limited to eight hours has spare time enough for all needful rest and recreation and for sufficient study to make him before long a man of marked attainments in almost any line of acquired knowledge. Even if his regular work covers ten or twelve hours a day, he still has time enough to make steady progress in various lines of special study. The men who have made their mark in the world as eminent scholars, or as students of exceptional proficiency in particular lines of research, or as experts in this or that direction of practical knowledge, have rarely been men who had nothing else to do but to fit themselves for the sphere in which they attained highest distinction. In most cases they gained their pre-eminence through a wise use of the spare time which they had, above the hours of their regular daily duties. And there are few young men to-day so closely occupied by what they call their regular work, that they might not find time to prepare themselves by special study at odd minutes for a place among the proficients in almost any department of human knowledge. It is true that they may not care to do this, and that they may not feel like working hard in another direction after having worked "all day" at that which gives them their daily bread, or to the doing of which they are bound in honor. But that is a matter of inclination rather than a question of practicability. No man is likely to make high attainment in any sphere unless he is willing to do more every day than a "regular day's



work," and unless he is ready to do extra work when he does not feel like doing anything. This is as true in the case of one whose regular work is that of systematic study, as of one whose study is supplemental to work of a different sort. If, indeed, a man can have study as his principal occupation, he has a fine start in the pursuit of knowledge; but in any case he must work out of regular hours as well as in them, and must work whether he likes it or not, if he would be a man of mark in the line of his life studies; and the young man who is ready to do *this* can hope for high attainment accordingly, even though he is not privileged just now to give himself wholly to study."

There is no college custom that deserves more general and decided depreciation than that which, in daily recitations and also in examinations, requires of a student the exact words of an author. The only good thing we can say about it is that it is a tolerably good process for training the memory. As a task for the memory it has some good features, but these are counteracted by its damaging results. Undoubtedly, it hinders originality of thought in expression.

If there were only a single way in which an idea could be expressed, then, necessarily, the author's expression should be thoroughly known. Some ideas, it is true, are known by means of technical words and idiomatic expressions; and consequently their representation is fixed.

These, however, are unusual.

In fact, such is the freedom of the

English language, that a thought can be made known in a multitude of ways. So, we see that manner of expression is an arbitrary matter with an author.

Now, for what reason may we not grant the same privilege to the student? Since thought and not language is the thing of importance, why not allow the student to arrive at the same conclusion as does the author, but in that style of expression with which he is most familiar? If the author arbitrarily chooses forms of expression, we claim that the student also should be allowed his choice of habilaments with which to clothe the same ideas. Otherwise, his freedom of expression is cramped and idiomatic peculiarities destroyed. In teaching a child, imitation is a cardinal principle. It must make letters exactly like some model; this is absolutely necessary. But a student, with ordinary mental ability, sees different ways of making letters admissible, distinct forms of expressing an idea admissible, and so his mind naturally revolts at close imitation of an author in expressions arbitrarily chosen.

A distinct phase of this custom is the requirement to give, in regular order, an author's arrangement of facts, illustrations, &c., arbitrarily positioned. If there be no peculiar features in the arrangement, no underlying principle causing sequence, no interdependence between different paragraphs, sections, &c., for what reason should a professor attach importance to such arrangements and expect the student to give it verbatim? When there is no significance



in arrangement, no special emphasis should be laid upon it.

So, our conclusion is that the teacher who requires the recital in a cer-

tain order of particulars not affected by position, misleads the student into the belief that there is some peculiar virtue in the arrangement.

## LOCALS.

[Editors—MAURICE W. THOMAS, B. B. ROBINSON.]

"Do you like (me) honey?"

"Ah! boys, let the girls alone."

Mr. D. says you must not monkey with a wet "Rat."

Another bag of chesnuts!

Why is an old maid like the third conjugation of a Latin verb? Because she has no *bo* (beau) for the future.

Mr. H., in Phil.: "I have in the 'course of time' when I was a boy and used to go in washing, took notice of that myself."

One of our luminous "Rats" wants to know where he can buy a bottle of invisible ink; he wants to mark his clothes.

Mr. D. to Mr. J.: "Say, old boy, are you engaged?"

J. (mournfully): "No, but I used to be."

New "Boots" to old "Boots: "Say, Henry, what's the matter with this thing you call a hydrant out here? I pulled and pulled at the thing until I

nearly pulled my arms out of socket and haven't got a drop of water out of it yet."

Mr. D., in passing a marble-yard and seeing a number of tombstones, said he had no idea that they buried people so near together in Richmond.

Mr. D.: "Never look at the teeth of a *gifted* horse."

It is rumored that Mr. F. has joined the Salvation army.

Mr. J.: "How do you pronounce i-m-a-g-i-n-e, image?"

Mr. H. (on electric car): "Oh, my, the 'trolley's off,' and its no telling how long we will have to wait."

Mr. W.: "Oh, sit down, you are long enough to wait."

Mr. L. says his girl is coming to Richmond this winter, "and if she doesn't send him her address he won't go to see her."

Mr. W. (studying Greek): "Say, R., is not the accent on T W circumflex on the W?"



Prof. P. to Mr. W.: "Do you study Greek?"

Mr. W. (with a puzzled look: "I think I do; yes, sir."

Look out for a great catastrophe. Mr. R. has subscribed for a religious paper.

Mr. W. to L.: "Are you going to be a preacher?"

"Mr. L.: "No, sir. I am a ministerial 'student.'"

Mr. D. to Mr. H.: "Come and kiss me."

Mr. H.: "And then pay a doctor's bill. I guess not."

Prof. H. to Mr. B.: "Decline logos, please."

Mr. B.: "Nominative, logos; genitive, loghouse."

Prof. H.: "Next."

Prof. H. to Mr. W.: "Which are the difficult cases in Greek?"

Mr. W.: "All of them, sir."

What to him was love or hope!

What to him was joy or care?

He stepped on a plug of Irish soap

The girl had left on the topmost stair;

And his feet flew out like wild, fierce things,

And he struck each stair with a sound like a drum,

And the girl below with the scrubbing things,

Laughed like a fiend to see him come.

Court proceedings are not so numerous.

Hon. ("Eel") C., waiting for an electric car, to venerable colored specimen, passing: "Say, are the cars running this year?"

"Boss, what's de matter wid you? Is you dead, or has all yer senses lef" you? Youse in Richmond now. You aint in Manchester, where you b'longs."

Mr. H., of Baltimore, thinks that the toe-pullers must have wings, to flit in at the window and hurt the feelings of his tender (?) toe, causing him to utter certain ejaculations that broke the stillness of the early morning.

Mr. W., reciting in Phil.: "In the ear we find a vibrating tin-pan and a lot of 'cussed' bones."

Mr. H.: "Say, G., I'm going to stay at Richmond College until I get my D. D., or my name ain't H."

Mr. L.: "Professor, is not every living creature that breathes an animal?"

Prof. H. says "Mr. E. has been wor'sted."

Oh, how sweet the earth is smelling,

Oh, how loud my "old lady" is yelling—

Louder, shriller, fiercer, higher,  
"Will you get up and light the fire?"



Mr. W. says he thinks he will have to remain at college another year and take "Dutch and German."

We fear, though, he is not *speedy* enough to make the pot boil in that direction.

Prof. to Mr. W.: "Who is an aunt?"

Mr. W.: "She is my father's mother."

Prof. P.: "Do you think there was any use in my going over this thing again?"

Prof. P.: "Would you say the sun is sitting or setting?"

Mr. D.: "The sun is sitting." (Cheers).

Mr. D.: "No, sir. I don't think there was any use in your going over it in the first place."

Prof. P.: "Would you say set the hen or sit the hen?"

Mr. L.: "Sit the hen." (Applause.)

Mr. L., again: "Could you say the sun is sitting if he had a throne to sit on?" (Cheers.)

Mr. Know-it-all J. in Greek: "Say, Professor, does Lysias trace this history on down to the invasion of Alexander the Great?"

Prof.: "No, sir, he was not a prophet, and therefore could not write concerning things which happened after his death."

Prof. P. to Mr. J.: "If you should apply heat to a liquid, how would the temperature behave?"

Mr. J.: "The temperature would fall, sir."

Prof. T. to Mr. W.: "Is your idea the same as the object?"

Mr. W.: "Yes, sir."

Prof. T.: "You have an idea of a cow, have you not, sir?"

Mr. W.: "Yes, sir."

Prof. T.: "Has your idea got four legs?"

Applause by the deaf and dumb.

Mr. H. (a new arrival) to Mr. L.: "Say, have you writ air letter yet?"

The snow, the snow, the beautiful snow,  
You step on a lump and away you go.

He wildly waved his hand in the breeze,

In Chemistry.—Prof. P. to Mr. T.: "Say, T., could you make the pot boil?"

Mr. T.: "No, sir; I would have to depend upon my father-in-law."

Mr. R.: "If the Prof. had asked me I would have said *yes sir*, in a hurry."

And wondered where next to sock it,  
For his "old lady" had sent him to find the keys,  
Which were in his "other pants" pocket.

The reason why Mr. R. would have said "yes" is quite obvious. Poor boy! he has our heartfelt sympathy.

If Sullivan is locked up for a year, the autumn leaves will be nothing to the number of champions who will fill the world through this fall.



"The tables are turned. Canadian defaulters are coming to this country."

"What do you do when your mother whips you?"

"I'ee cream."

"KISS THE FOOL."

The moon shed a soft light over the front yard of a resident of Richmond Sunday evening, as a pair of lovers sorrowfully exchanged tender good-byes at the door, for he would not see her again until the next Sunday. He wanted a kiss, and was exceedingly persevering in his request.

Either she did not want to grant him the favor, or she wanted to hold him longer; she kept refusing. So intent was he in his purpose, and so interested was the happy maid in his beseechings, that they did not notice the stealthy step of the girl's father as he came in at the gate and hid behind a convenient evergreen. The pleadings were apparently more effectual in exhausting the old gentleman's patience than the young lady's obstinacy.

Finally the father could stand it no longer. "Kiss the fool and let him go," came in familiar tones from the dark shade of the bush.

Mr. F. says he touched the ground only in high places on his way to college, nor has he called since.

We hear that our old friends Mess. G. and W. are getting to be very stuck-up, as to their feet.

"You needn't keep Hidden your

mischief behind that Bush. I see you."

How we long for our boon companions "Zukety" and "Peculiar." Ah! those joyous, happy hours that we have spent together, will never, never more return.

Mr. C., in one of his extempore speeches, informs us that we are not the people that inhabited this globe a century ago. (*Mirabile dictu!*)

Prof. H. to Mr. W.: "What is the rule for accenting monosyllables?"

Mr. W.: "Place the accent on the penult, sir."

Mr. G., upon being called on to recite and failing to answer promptly, gave as his excuse that he was taking notes. Below are the notes (?):

"It—ah—well (grunt) that—ah—it (grunt)—becomes the royal senses."

Mr. S. to Mr. S.: "Have I any limits?"

Mr. S.: "Yes, a few; but none to your feet."

So breathing devotion. he bent his head over,

For it dawned on his mind that he'd lit upon clover.

Her eyes answered back, "Look out for a smack."

And—no, though I wish I could say that he kissed her,

I have to record that she had a small sister,

Who "bobbed up serenely" just then, so he missed her.



Mr. F. in Debating Society, waxing eloquent: "A demoniacal grin rested upon his placid brow."

Mr. D., of Loudoun, was so unfortunate as to be born on "Pancake Day."

The Rev. Mr. W. being called upon suddenly to address a Sunday school thought he would get a few original ideas from some of his young hearers. "Children," said he, "I want some of you to tell me what I shall talk about to-night. What shall I say?" At first, there was no response. "That bright little fellow over there," said he, pointing to a youngster sitting in one of the back seats, "What shall I say that will interest you most?" In a little piping voice came the answer, "Say amen, and sit down."

Prof. P. to Mr. F.: "What is the next point, sir?"

Mr. F.: "Conclusion, sir."

Mr. H.: "Say, boys, this is a nice, palatable day, isn't it?"

Mr. H.: "Does Dr. Ryland practice at this college?"

Mr. H., conjugating the verb to be: "First person, I am; second person, I have been."

"Oh! I'm going back to college  
To get a little knowledge."

While a Maryland girl was sitting under a tree waiting for her lover a grizzly bear came along, and, ap-

proaching from behind, began to hug her; but she thought it was Tommy, and so just leaned back and enjoyed it heartily, and murmured "Tighter," and it broke the bear all up, and he went away and hid in the forest for three days to get over the shame.

Mr. N., coming into our sanctum a few days ago and finding us with our face all covered with lather and our razor in our hand, he exclaimed, "Hello! Tommy, are you shaving?" It may have been a little provoking in us, but nevertheless we informed him in a quiet and dignified manner that we were *not*, but that we were varnishing the washstand.

"Will you please pass the Shem?" asked Mr. J. at the Mess Hall. "Haven't any," yelled the Judge. "Some Japhet?" queried Mr. J. "Ain't got none," replied the Judge. "I say," chipped in Mr. K., "what do you mean by Shem and Japhet?" "Nothing," responded Mr. J., dolefully; "nothing, only the Ham is so old and musty that I thought the rest of the tribe might be around here somewhere, and I'd like to see 'em."

Go dip the bounding ocean dry,  
Upset a mountain with a match,  
Kick over the beaming stars on high,  
Or nickels from a miser snatch.  
Herd cattle with a tiny mouse,  
From whiskey wean a cowboy true,  
The glim of heaven with spittle douse,  
But never, never doubt my love for  
you!



Prof. P. to Mr. W.: "Define the word excavate."

Mr. W.: "It means to hollow out."

Prof. P.: "Construct a sentence in which the word is used properly."

Mr. W.: "The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

She was declaiming "The Launching of the Ship," and as a with a tender voice she exclaimed,

"How beautiful she is, how fair,  
She lies within those arms that press  
Her form with many a soft caress,  
Of tenderness and watchful care!"

The professor rolled his eyes in ecstasy and whispered, "Beautiful, beautiful figure!" and the boys held each other down in their places and smacked their juicy lips. Such, alas! are the temptations of co-education.

"It is announced that the tomb of Virgil, at Posilippo, is for sale. Here is a rare chance for a classical scholar, a collector of bric-a-brac, or a dime museum, avers the New York *Sun*. Who'll buy Virgil's tomb! "As the enterprising Chicago gentlemen who purchased Libby Prison for exhibition purposes had their prize spilled in the ditch by a railroad accident, perhaps they might try another venture in the shape of the mortal dust of the Mantuan Swan. Then there is the gentleman who offered the Spanish authorities a round sum if they would lend him the bones of Columbus for a few years that he might take it around the United States for exhibition. He might make a good thing by showing the Virgilian mound through a circuit of university towns. We feel that

there is big money in this scheme, if only the right parties can be induced to take hold of it and push it."

The *National Magazine* for November will contain among other articles "Comparative Philology," by Professor Schele de Vere, Ph.D., J. U. D. of the University of Virginia; "Political Science," by Professor Raymond Mayo Smith, A. M., of Columbia College, and "Shakespeare," by F. W. Harkins, Ph.D., Chancellor of the new National University of Chicago, whose instruction by mail and University Extension System for non-residents now meeting with such favor, will also be explained in this number.

In future numbers will appear a symposium comprising articles by prominent scholars and statesmen giving their opinions on leading questions, such as "Darwin's Theory," "The Chinese Question," "Socialism," and "Should Immigration be Restricted?" Published the first of each month, at 147 Throop street, Chicago. Subscription price, \$1 a year. Sample copy, 10 cents.

Teacher: "Name some of the most important things existing to-day which were unknown one hundred years ago."

Tommy: "Us."

Mr. H., while opening a window, remarked, "Boys, I'll open a window and let some temperature in."

Prof. P. has made a discovery. He says that Mr. H. has "three grains of sense."



Prof. H.: "Of what does northern Greece consist?"

Mr. N.: "Of Spain and Portugal."

---

The following are some of the questions asked concerning Mr. M. by some young ladies on whom he called: "Is not he a Rat?" "Who is his roommate?" "Do you suppose his mother knows he is out?" "Has he got good sense?" "Is he crazy?" And then one remarked, "I think he is the wonder of the nineteenth century."

---

"What did you say the conductor's name was?" "Glass—Mr. Glass." "Oh, no." "But it is." "Impossible—it can't be." "And why not, pray?" "Because, sir, Glass is a non-conductor."

---

"Man," says Victor Hugo, "was the conundrum of the eighteenth century, woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." We can't guess her, but we will never give her up—no, never.

---

Ralph Waldo Emerson said: "All healthy things are sweet-tempered." We differ *with* Ralph. Now, we know a perfectly healthy red-headed woman, who is—well, she just is, and no mistake about it—*i. e.*, we would like to call particular attention to our proper use of *with* in the above local. We want to make English next session, and don't you forget it.

---

Mr. J. N. Johnson, President of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, left college a few weeks ago in order to accept a position on an engineering corps. Mr.

Maurice W. Thomas, the former Vice-President, thereupon became President. Owing to the press of other duties Mr. Thomas was compelled to resign his position as "ye Local Editor," and Mr. H. T. Louthan was elected in his stead. Mr. Louthan, familiarly known as "Boots," has held this position before, and filled it with much credit both to himself and the grand old Society which he represents. We predict for the Locals of this term a far greater height of wit and humor than has ever yet been attained.

---

YEA, VERILY.

What doth it profit a man?

In the morning he ariseth and putteth on his new spring overcoat and goeth forth humming a jocund lay.

And when noon is come, lo! the wind riseth and prevaieth over all that region round about.

And the prevalency with which it prevaieth is more prevalent than any other prevalency that hath prevailed in all time.

And the wind beateth upon that man, yea, it smiteth him sore.

Also doth it rain, and when even is come, lo! the coat is spoiled!

And the man taketh unto himself a cold, and wist not what he is going to do about it.

Now, on the morrow he putteth on the winter overcoat, lest, peradventure, it be cold even yet again, and snoweth.

And, even as on the preceding day the weather shifteth itself about and waxeth very hot.



And the man doeth likewise, even as the weather waxeth he hot.

And many days and many nights doth this thing continue, and no man knoweth the day nor the hour when the weather changeth.

Verily, verily, what doth it profit a man?

---

EXTRACT.

[From the Valedictory of Mr. J. T.

Thucydides Thrupston, at the Commencement of Harvard College.]

[*From Time.*]

And to you, our worthy and honored president and professors, the class of '89 renders profound and heartfelt thanks.

You have watched over us with zealous care, encouraging when encouragement was needed, restraining when, as sometimes happened, we were inclined to leave the path of safety.

Now we pass away from your immediate personal care, but your influence will be ever with us; and our success will be the success of our alma mater.

When we stand in the pitcher's box, and by curved and tortuous delivery of ball propel the opposing team into the centre of the approaching hebdomad, the glory will not be ours alone. It will belong in no small measure to our worthy teachers, and to the institution where we were taught so well.

When we corral the red-hot ground-er and freeze to it, the plaudits of the grand-stand will not be for us merely, but also for the college on whose rolls our names will soon appear as alumni.

Some of us will handle the willow,

and the skill with which we pound three-baggers will elicit enthusiasm of the spontaneous variety; yet even then we can never forget that the ability to call forth torrents of applause was obtained at your college, and under your guiding care.

When we plentifully smear with whitewash the aggregations of misguided ball-tossers who may have the temerity to cross bats with us, the shut-out and the goose-egg will be so many marks of honor on the record of Harvard College.

In all our heroic slides to third, and close scratches to reach home, through all the cheers of friends and the disappointed, hopeless yells of foes, we shall ever remember that we are bearing aloft not only the banner of our great national game, but the honor of our college.

WM. H. SIVITER.

---

'Twas grumbling and fumbling and tumbling,

And rapping and slapping and capping,

And dashing and flashing and mashing,

And choaking and soaking and joking,

In the game 'twixt "R. C." and "U. S."

---

VERBATIM.

"Aug. 10th, 1889.

Dear big footed Friend,

I wrote you a month ago, and have never heard from you since. So will write again. I have for the past six weeks been kicked by the girls, nine times. I have gotten so now I don't mind being kicked. Old fellow, I



have the sweetest girl now the sun ever shone on. She is not going back on me as long as she lives. How are you getting on kissing your girl's track, that you kept the plank staying on, and when you were up the cherry tree and that other fellow, on the ground kissing her. If I had been in your place I would have broken every limb on the tree to get down. But that was not so bad as I was treated

some time ago. I wrote to one of my girls to return my letters, and she said she would as soon as she got them in, that a gentleman of the neighborhood had the most of them. I am still staying in the store. I hardly have time to write, but just picked up a half sheet of paper to write to you. Write soon.

I remain as ever,

Your small footed Friend."

---

Tender, touching Madeline,  
Fain would I tell her that I love her,  
Gentle, tripping fairy queen,  
But for the fear of her big brother.

Her slyph-like form, so fair to see,  
Puts my heart all in a flutter;  
I smile at her and she at me;  
I try to speak and can but stutter.

She loves me, that I know quite well,  
Else she'd not flush whene'r I meet her;  
And surely she can quickly tell  
The anxious haste I have to greet her.

Her golden hair and bonnet cute,  
The dimpled chin and sparkling eye,  
Ah! by her side completely mute,  
I look and love, and love and sigh.

As thrifty bees from flower to flower  
The honey draws in gentle sips,  
So tried I in one fatal hour  
To test the nectar of her lips.

She slapped me for the pains I took,  
And then began to sweetly chide,  
And with each touching, charming look,  
My love grew harder still to hide.

The days passed by, my passion grew  
Beyond the fear of all big brothers;  
I spoke, and lo! the end I knew:  
"I love not you, I am another's."

ZIP,



## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

[*Editor*—MAURICE W. THOMAS.]

The officers of the Richmond College Y. M. C. A. for the present term are as follows: President, Frank C. Johnson; Vice-President, Charles T. Kincanon; Corresponding Secretary, James H. Franklin; Recording Secretary, H. O. Wicks; Treasurer, M. W. Thomas. Committee on Membership—W. L. Hayes, E. E. Dudley, H. T. Allison; Committee on General Religious Work—R. M. Penick, E. P. Wright, J. H. Franklin; Committee on Devotional Exercises—W. B. McGarity, E. W. Greaner; Missionary Committee—D. H. Rucker, J. W. Crawford, W. H. Ryland.

On Thursday night, September 25th, a reception was given to the new students, a full report of which appeared in the last issue of this paper. The evening was spent pleasantly and profitably, in hearing the work of our Association outlined, and in chatting socially over a bountifully spread table.

The Y. M. C. A. starts the new year with fifty-one members.

Within our college walls the Association controls the following meetings: On Sunday morning, from 7:30 to 8 o'clock, a consecration service. On the first Thursday night in each month, a missionary meeting. The Missionary Committee provides some one to deliver an address on missions, and after the address a collection is taken for the mission fund. On the other Thursday nights in each month, is held the regular weekly prayer-meeting, conducted by a student, and

once in a while, by one of the professors.

Our work without the college is worthy of note. On Sunday morning a small number of students walk out to the Old Soldiers' Home, and there hold a service with our war veterans. May the Captain of our salvation breathe His own spirit into His laborers, and, as a result of their labors, may many re-enlist, this time in an army that is fighting for a grander cause and with the assurance of success.

On Sunday afternoon a larger body of students go to the city almshouse to labor among the helpless,—to encourage and brighten the patient sufferers and to point them to the Great Physician. May He who "was wounded for our transgressions" look in tender pity and compassion upon the lowly cots of these friendless ones, and fit them, by their sufferings, for the better life that is beyond.

About twenty students act as teachers in the Sunday school held at our State penitentiary every Sunday afternoon. Their work among the male convicts has been greatly blessed in years gone by. Let not our present corps of efficient workers be idle during the current session. Let them be punctual, studious, and prayerful.

The question now agitating the minds of those interested in the Association is, how to raise money to fit up a Y. M. C. A. room, to be used for reading, social conversation, and the



meetings—both business and devotional—of the Association. Our Faculty have very kindly offered us a suitable room, to be turned over to us when we have raised the amount necessary to fit it up for our use. A lecture by Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, was delivered at the First Baptist church, in this city, for the Y. M. C. A. fund. A small return was the result, and we trust that it will form a nucleus around which may gather amounts of every denomination, large and small—the former preferred, of course—that will provide us with such furnishings as we may need.

And now the session is before us, let us go to work for the Master. There are some among us who do not favor the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. They are afraid of it. They feel apprehensive lest it should in time supplant the churches. Coming, as they do, into sudden and close contact with the Y. M. C. A. at college, and learning of its marvellous growth and present power, they, not knowing as yet its underlying principles, naturally feel a hesitancy in giving it their hearty support. To such persons we would say, watch the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. Watch those who figure prominently in the management of it. Are they men who take no interest in their respective churches? Or are they among the most consecrated and thoroughly devoted workers in their churches? According to the testimony of many of our best pastors the most willing, regular, and efficient young men in their churches are the young men

active in the Young Men's Christian Association.

This movement among the young men of the country is heartily endorsed by the leading men of our own denomination—among them Dr. John A. Broadus stands conspicuous—and indeed by the leading men of all the other evangelical churches.

Then let us lay aside any prejudice that may have kept us from doing the Lord's work, and let us "by a long pull and a strong pull and a pull all together," carry on the work devolving upon us. To accomplish this, let each do his duty.

In reading the *Western Recorder* our eye was arrested by a piece written by A. V. Read in defence of the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. It comes in so opportunely that we cannot resist inserting a clipping from it, in the hope that it may prove helpful:

"Our pastors and other workers who have been brought into close contact with the work are unanimous in their endorsement of it. Notice the following:

"Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Assistant Secretary of the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, says: 'Since 1856 I have been an active member of some Young Men's Christian Association, and expect to continue so as long as I live. I regard it as one of the noblest Christian institutions that we have. It should command the support of all evangelical Christians.'

"Rev. Dr. John A. Broadus, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, says: 'After closely observing the



Young Men's Christian Association work for years past, and taking frequent part in it, I am thoroughly convinced that it is of great value. It does some kinds of work better than single churches can do, and when wisely managed it helps the churches and does not interfere with them. I

shall do all I can to extend its influence, and I earnestly recommend it to general support and co-operation.'

"None of our pastors or lay members will be led astray by following the example of these eminent men of God."

## PERSONALS.

[Editor—B. B. ROBINSON.]

Many thanks to any of the students who will assist us with the Personals. If you have an old college chum or friend who has not been mentioned, simply notify us and he will not be forgotten in the next issue.

We clip the following from the *Religious Herald* of October 31st: "Rev. E. P. Lipscomb, pastor of the First Baptist church of Brockport, N. Y., came to this city last Wednesday evening and took away Miss Minnie A. Curtice, the most beautiful and valuable young lady of the North Baptist church. He is an A. M. of Richmond College and a full graduate of the Rochester Theological Seminary."—*J. B. Lemon, Rochester, N. Y.* J. Bunyan Lemon, Rochester, N. Y., is also a former student of our old Alma Mater, and now a New York pastor.

At the University are Hughson, Robertson, and Corbitt, all of '86-7, in the academic department; and Gibson, '86-7, also "Squaw" Edwards, '85-6, in the law department.

J. S. Irby, '88, is at present traveling correspondent for the *Daily Times*, of Richmond.

C. W. White is connected with the Western Union Telegraph Company, at Charlottesville.

W. A. Borum, '88, our former business manager, we understand, is married. With best wishes and many happy returns, "Pete."

H. W. Straley, '88, "the young orator of the mountains of West Virginia," is now a full-fledged lawyer. Richmond College can well boast of her sons.

D. H. Johnston, '89, of West Virginia, made us a short visit about three weeks after the session opened. We were glad to see "Brute," and hope he will again be with us.

We enjoyed the presence of Rev. C. R. Cruikshanks October 27th. He is at present the pastor of several churches in Hanover county. We wish him much success.

S. W. Hobson, J. H. Abbitt, and R. W. Robinson, '88-9, and William Mathews, B. A. of '88, are attending the Medical College in this city.

A. R. Bowles, '87-8, and L. Hargrove, '87-8, are attending the Dental College at Baltimore, Md.

N. Fuqua, '89, on account of ill



health, was unable to attend college this session. We understand he is going "West" to recruit.

J. Newton Johnson, one of our best students, was called away from college October 16th. "Newt" was offered a position of much importance, which he accepted. We congratulate

the engineering corps that procured his services.

S. A. Long, '87, we understand, is treasurer of the Beaumont Lumber Company, of Texas. "Sol" was liked by all while at college, and many of the fairest "damsels" of this city mourned his departure from among us.

---

## EXCHANGES.

[Editor—E. W. GREANER.]

It is a pity that the pages of the usually charitable *Normal News*, of Ypsilanti, Mich., are soiled by such a vindictive, unjust article as that on the "Race War." We are sorry that one who gives promise of such talent as a writer, should waste his genius in acquiring the habit of denunciation. From the harsh spirit of his article, we have but little doubt that he will eventually become one of the most gifted "wavers" of the "bloody shirt," which is so conducive (according to some minds) of internal peace and national prosperity. Let us examine his argument. "Fair means can never stay the progress of civilization. Foul means is the alternative. Accordingly, the negro has become the victim of outrage and violence." Who have attempted to "stay the progress of civilization" but those who, by deluding the negro, have tried to use his vote as a means of degrading civilization? Progress is the great fact respecting the condition of the South to-day. Deny it if you can. "Give us *civilization*," we cry, but "deliver us from *domination* by those who,

though possessing the *name* of citizens, are unacquainted with the *first* law of civilization. There has not been a single instance of race massacre in twenty years in which the negro has been the aggressor." This quotation proves the absolute ignorance of the author respecting the race question. "Why does the South now fear a general uprising among the negroes?" Why? Simply because of the meddling influence of politicians who use the ignorant negro as a potent means to subserve their own base ends. But we will consume no further time upon such an article. The falsity of it is apparent to all fair-minded, non-partisan thinkers.

---

The *Butler Collegian*, of Lexington, Ind., prints a well written article on "The Hygienic Method of Treating the Sick." It is indicative of cool, calm, collected thought. The analysis of the subject is good and its general treatment is especially to be commended.



The Lutherville *Seminarian* proposes a new plan, or rather a new modification of an old one, viz.: that "each paper print each month some question or topic of interest upon which it desires comment made by its exchanges." We heartily commend our fair sister in the course which she has taken to awaken new interest in the exchange columns. "Should the gymnastic exercise for which there is sufficient apparatus provided be made compulsory upon the student? If so, why? If not, why not?" As far as our limited space will allow, we will endeavor to answer this question. Our reply is, *No!* And for the following reasons: A gymnasium is a college benefit. Compulsion would make it a college evil. Compulsion would defeat the very end sought, since it would make what is now a pleasure, a task; and as a task it would be shirked by those who now consider it a pleasure. And lastly, compulsion is unnecessary, since advice from the right source would cause any student needing healthful exercise to take advantage of the benefits which a well-equipped gymnasium affords.

The *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* for September-October contains a well written sketch of the life of "Oliver Cromwell." The author has handled his subject nicely; but the article is rather lengthy, and a few of the topics lose their real beauty on that account. Apart from this, there are but two original articles, except, of course, the work of the editors, and one of these extremely short. In the *Editorial* de-

partment, also, we notice a great deal of nothing. There are altogether three editorials—one, the salutation of the new editor; another, an article of thanks to a contributor; and last of all, we have our patience worn threadbare by what seems to be somewhat on the order of a biographical sketch, entitled "Our New Dr." Next we notice the *Locals*. Here we certainly expected to have our cloud of gloom dispelled, but we expected in vain. Not one single ray or spice of life did we find. The most enjoyment we derived was from reading the advertisements inserted between the glaring tomb-stones of local events. We still survive, however, and live in hope of better things next time.

The *Commencement* number of the *Owl* comes to us replete with interesting articles and illustrations. Its pages are neat and clean and a pleasure to look upon. The publishers of the *Owl* are to be congratulated upon their success in bringing their journal to its present standard as a college monthly.

It does our wearied feelings good to read the "Criticism of Class '89," published in the *Portfolio*, of Hamilton, Ont. It has been an almost universal and unjust accusation that the fair sex could not justly criticise another of their kind. The first sentence of the article in question casts the gauntlet of defiance at the feet of these vile accusers and proclaims the fact that justice is as much an attribute of the gentler as of the stronger sex. The *Portfolio* holds an honored



place among the exchanges that monthly reach our sanctum.

The *Epsilon*, of Bridgeport, Conn., comes to us as a new and welcome visitor. The introduction of an exchange column was indeed a wise step, and ought certainly to be of much advantage to the monthly. "We should perhaps apologize for attempting to enter a field with which we are comparatively unacquainted." No apology is necessary. True criticism, though it sometimes stings, is nevertheless sure to benefit; and only those fearing honest criticism apologize upon taking a position open to criticism. Among improvements that might be effected, we mention two. First, the journal should be nicely bound instead of consisting of loose pages; second, a great improvement would result from a closer examination of the proof-sheets.

The second number, for October, of that model (?) semi-monthly, the *Niagara Index*, comes to us with very much the appearance of a well used blotter. If indeed it contains articles of merit the beauty of them is much enhanced by the soiled sheets of the magazine. The *Index* is a mighty oak of the forest, shedding its kindly shade far and wide. What a benefit to mankind! What an example to embryo college journals, for all are in the state of the embryo except the

*Index*. Vituperation, vanity vaunting—such is the method of its exchange editor. First, his vicious pen condemns the struggling efforts of worthy contemporaries; then, with an air of self-complacency he regards the glories of the *Index*; then charges to the fight again and plants the *Index* upon the highest (?) peak of attainment as the standard of literary excellence.

"O would some power the gift had  
gie us

To see ourselves as ithers see us."

Then again this "fatherly" scribe tenders unasked some "good" advice to the *Hesperian*. "We advise in all fraternal charity the eight editors of the eight paged sheet from way back to enlarge their views and soak their heads." Truly, if this is a fair sample of "enlarged views" it is certainly an index of "soaked heads." Brother editors of the *Hesperian*, if you would attain the standard of literary excellence of which the above is a fair sample, by all means "enlarge your views" and "soak your heads."

"The MESSENGER, the monthly journal of Richmond College, Virginia, is a bright and newsy journal, containing some very fine compositions, especially one on the subject, "Was Poe a Madman?"

The above is the criticism of the *Vanderbilt Observer*. Thanks, brother *Observer*, for your kind notice of us.



Teacher (to class in geography):  
 "If I should dig a hole through the  
 earth where would I come out?"  
 Small boy: "Out of the hole."—*World*

During the last year the sum total  
 of educational gifts in this country  
 was \$5,000,000.

Students who use tobacco in any  
 form are denied admission to the  
 University of the Pacific at San Jose,  
 Cal.

"I wish I were a star," said a Cor-  
 nell junior dreamily to his compan-  
 ion. "I wish you were a comet," she  
 said coolly, "for then you would  
 come around only once in 1560  
 years."—*Ex.*

There are 190 college papers in the  
 United States.

At a recent performance in the New  
 Haven opera-house, as a number of  
 students left their seats between acts,  
 a good lady was heard to remark,  
 "Ain't it too bad those young fellows  
 have to go home and go to studying."  
 —*Ex.*

James Russell Lowell will probably  
 be offered the lectureship in poetry at  
 Johns Hopkins this year.—*Ex.*

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



## 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 Cigar-  
 ettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

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

**ALLEN & GINTER, Manufacturers,**  
**RICHMOND, VA.**

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF

VIRGINIA BRIGHTS and DIXIE CIGARETTES,

OLD RIP, IMPERIAL MIXTURE,

RICHMOND GEM CURLY CUT,

And other high grade SMOKING TOBACCOS.

**H. W. MOESTA'S**  
**BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY,**  
 No. III E. MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.