[We give below an extract from “Transplanted,” a poem by Elaine Goodale. She is only sixteen years old. A collection of her poems and her sister’s was published last year, and has won universal favor. It is entitled “Apple Blossoms,” and “apple blossoms” the little poems are, their fragrance and beauty giving good promise of a rich harvest to come.—Eds.]

“Upon the velvet carpet of grass,
Wrought close and thick and soft, a living green,
She lay; a lithe, slight figure, finely formed,
Fashioned in supple grace and slender strength,
A rustic sun-bonnet, of faded brown,
Half hid her rippling wealth of chestnut hair;
Shading the dreamy gaze of liquid eyes,
Blue as the skies, and clear and deep as they,
With all their changefulness and constancy.
Her soft complexion, tho’ by nature fair,
Tanned by the warm sun to a riper brown,
That only deepened, as it could not hide
The mantling color that would oft suffuse
The smooth, transparent texture of her skin.
A pair of red lips, soft and fresh and fine,
And sensitive to every ruder breath
Or deep emotion. Simple, yet intense,
The clear-cut outlines of her youthful face.
The sun-bonnet, that o’er her head was thrown,
Bounded the small, yet limitless extent
Of her horizon: one fair bit of sky,
A cloudless sky of pure and perfect blue,
One silken tuft of grass, one modest flower,
One vagrant bee that murmured in its cup,
And a few scattered ears of ripening grain,
That rippled into golden life beyond,
With summer sunshine brooding over all.”
ATHENIAN EDUCATION.

An Address before the Educational Association of Virginia, July 9th, 1879, by Professor H. H. Harris.

[Reprinted from advanced sheets of Educational Journal,]

"Weak nerves are a source of rash acts." The late General Dick Taylor, from whose racy Reminiscences I quote, gives an instance as occurring in his own experience. You have before you this evening another example. When requested to prepare an address for this meeting, I was too weak to refuse; and since my word was given, I have been too weak, or what is nearly the same, too busy, to think on any topic outside of my usual range. This drives me into the rashness of attempting, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and before an assemblage of enlightened Christian teachers, to discourse on Schools as they were in a far-off heathen city four hundred years before the dawn of our era. Be not alarmed, however, at the announcement of this antiquarian theme. Teachers just released from the school-room retain indeed their professional interest, but the zest with which they seek the seaside or the mountains shows their pressing need of relaxation. In full sympathy with this need, I shall by no means undertake an elaborate discussion of school-life in ancient Athens, nor so much as introduce the unsettled questions which it might raise, but invite you to glance with me at some generally admitted facts, (such as the Encyclopædias supply,) and to draw here and there a practical lesson for our times and our occupation.

That the subject itself, as announced, is eminently WORTHY OF OUR ATTENTION, will appear from two considerations. First, no other State of its size ever produced in the same length of time such a galaxy of great men; and secondly, her culture, intellectual and aesthetic, was to a most remarkable degree diffused among all her people. In the population of Attica, estimated at half a million, at least three hundred thousand were slaves; they, however, of nearly the same race as their masters, seem to have been generally intelligent, many of them highly educated—this class furnished most of the pedagogues. The resident foreigners, almost as numerous as the citizens, were mostly men of wealth and intelligence—to this class belonged merchants, lawyers, and nearly all of the great teachers. The populace had their well-known faults—the juries of four or five hundred were as turbulent as a town meeting, the General Assembly was as tumultuous as our House of Representatives—but every man was com-
petent, in fact as in law, to serve as a juror and to vote in the assembly, to weigh arguments, even to criticize style—witty, appreciative, acquisitive by nature, well-informed on history and on constitutional and international law, refined by situation and surroundings. So much talent in proportion to numbers the world has rarely seen assembled. Then, as already remarked, above the general level were many great men, not conspicuous like a mound on a level prairie, or a pyramid in the valley of the Nile, but like Olympus or Parnassus, lifting glittering heads above encircling mountains of no mean height. Such were Solon, Peisistratus, Cleisthenes, Themistocles, Pericles, in state-craft; Miltiades, Cimon, Demosthenes (the soldier), Phormion, Conon, Xenophon, as generals; Æschylus, Sophocles, Thucydides, Euripides, Aristophanes, Demosthenes (the orator), in literature; Socrates and Plato in philosophy; Phidias and Praxiteles in art. I mention only a score of such as were Athenian citizens and lived within a space of six or eight generations. The list might be doubled by adding all who were drawn to Athens from other parts of Greece and helped to adorn their adopted home. It would be quadrupled if we should include all whose names have been handed down with distinction through two-and-twenty centuries.

Macaulay, speaking of Grecian art and literature, says: “It is a subject in which I love to forget the accuracy of the judge in the veneration of a worshipper and the gratitude of a child. If we consider merely the subtlety of disquisition, the force of imagination, the perfect energy and elegance of expression, which characterize the great works of Athenian genius, we must pronounce them intrinsically most valuable; but what shall we say when we reflect that from hence have sprung, directly or indirectly, all the noblest creations of the human intellect; that from hence were the vast accomplishments and the brilliant fancy of Cicero; the withering fire of Juvenal; the plastic imagination of Dante; the humor of Cervantes; the comprehension of Bacon; the wit of Butler; the supreme and universal excellence of Shakspeare? All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power, in every country and in every age, have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling;—by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney.

“But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier and better by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage;
to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been
wealth in poverty—liberty in bondage—health in sickness—society in
solitude? Her power is indeed manifested at the bar, in the Senate,
in the field of battle, in the schools of philosophy. But these are not
her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain—
wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and
tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep—there is ex-
hibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens. * * Her
influence and her glory will still survive—fresh in eternal youth,
exempt from mutability and decay, immortal as the intellectual prin-
ciple from which they derived their origin, and over which they ex-
ercise their control."

So far Macaulay—high praise embodied in glowing language—
and yet, as I shall try to show in the sequel, he has not fully brought
out the chiepest glory of Athens, her greatest gift to human kind.

Was it not a rare felicity that combined such fertility of genius
with so much of popular education? These two do not always go
together. Many seem to regard them as even antagonistic. Some
talk much about the "mud-sills of society," and misled by a sup-
poused architectural analogy, maintain that for the top of our social
edifice to rear itself aloft and firmly, the bottom strata must be laid
very low. Others prate about "diverting to the superior education
of the few, money which should go to the common education of the
many." They mistake dead uniformity for a living unity. Unity,
says the Psalmist, is like the precious ointment poured on Aaron's
head, running down upon the beard, and down to the skirts of his
long robe, or like the dew gathered on lofty Hermon and descending
upon the lower mountains of Zion. Uniformity may be fitly com-
pared to the broad unbroken level of Sahara. Neither sea nor moun-
tain produces corn, but without both sea and mountain the corn-
fields would soon be parched for want of rain. In this day and State,
where Democrats are ultra-radical and Radicals intensely democratic,
there is danger that some modern Moses would pour his horn of oil
directly on the skirts of the garment, or try to drag the snows of
Hermon at once into the valley, instead of leaving them to melt
and trickle down in perennial streams. Euclid reproved the impa-
tience of his royal pupil in the memorable words: "There is, Sire,
no royal road to Geometry." You may have heard how his saying
was some years ago improved by misquotation: "There is no rail-
road to learning." But more recently American labor has graded
the slope up by the Pierian Spring and to the very top of Helicon.
American skill has bridged the chasm and tunneled the difficulties
and American genius is rapidly completing the superstructure with
Athenian Education.

Steele rails of the uniform length of Fourteen Weeks. But jesting aside, our American system, with its public schools and free tuition, from the lowest to the highest grade, has its advantages, but there-with also its danger. It works well in the towns, but not so well in the country districts, whence have ever come two-thirds of our leaders of thought. It aims to impart a practical education to the masses; one can but fear it is not best for the other and equally needful purpose.

I do not, of course, pretend that all the excellence of the Athenians was due to their school system. Far from it. They claimed to be autochthonous, and were unquestionably descended from a long line of noble ancestry, with little or no intermixture of foreign blood. Their land was meet nurse for such a race, with its climate but little warmer than our own, its pure, bracing air, sparkling waters, picturesque ridges, and fertile valleys. There is no spot in Attica, nor indeed, in Greece at all, from which mountains cannot be seen; nor is there any hilltop which does not command, on one side or the other, a view of the bright blue sea. Look at the extent of coast indented into bays and harbors, observe the chains of islands tempting the frail barks of early navigators, and you see why the people were seafarers, and therefore men of great versatility, adventurous spirit, and extensive information. But they were mountainiers as well as mariners, and this accounts, in part at least, for their hard common sense, their love of country, and their undying devotion to freedom. Then think for a moment, O, ye ill-fed teachers, of the Athenian food supply. We are now enjoying seaside hospitality, refreshing our wearied frames with salt-water baths, and supplying needful phosphorous to our wasted brains by feasting on the juicy fishes and delicate crabs of Hampton; for next year we have a kind invitation to tone up our exhausted energies with sulphur water, and rehabilitate our worn out nerves on an abundance of savory mountain mutton. The Attic teachers had not, so far as we can learn, an educational association, meeting yearly; nor did they need it as we do, for every day both fish and mutton, both seaside and mountain, were within easy reach.

Let us in imagination take ourselves back through the intervening centuries, and spend a day in Athens when she was in the height of her glory—say in the autumn of 440 B.C. In the early twilight we debark in the busy harbor, and make our way to a barber shop. Here we get the latest news from Marseilles and Syracuse and the newly settled colony at Thurii, from the Euxine and the Hellespont, from the wondrous land of the Nile, from Cyprus and the coast of Asia, especially from Samos, which has just passed an ordinance of se-
cession disrupting what began as a confederacy but had grown into an empire—news brought by merchants lately arrived from every Mediterranean port. We then proceeded along the thronged artery, the Broadway, to the upper city, and as the market-place begins to fill we join a crowd that is gathering before a saddler's shop. A sculptor, not yet thirty years of age, an ugly man with flat nose and projecting eyes, coarsely clad and barefoot, is putting keen and cutting questions to one or another, showing them that they think they are wise but are not, and so directing their thoughts towards Divine philosophy. Presently we adjourn to the open-air hall of the General Assembly. A motion is pending to send a fleet of sixty sail against revolted Samos. Rival orators discuss it pro and con, and the audience is clamorous; but anon every eye is attentive and every sound is hushed, as one of commanding and haughty mien ascends the bema. He passes in rapid but distinct review the whole case—its past history, its present complications, its future issues; he fortifies his opinion with all the strength of thoughtful logic and adorns it with the graces of studied rhetoric, while his voice rings out so clear that all the ten thousand citizens present catch his every syllable. We make our way next to the Dionysiac Theatre—pardon the poetic license, for of course neither Socrates nor Pericles would be heard on theatre-day—we hear a spirited contest between a new light that has but recently arisen and the genial master of the ancient stage, now in his prime, producing his chef d'oeuvre, Antigone, and gaining by it his election as one of the ten generals. In the afternoon we climb the broad marble stairway that leads to the citadel, not now a fort but the shrine dedicated to high art. We sit under the colossal bronze statue of the tutelary goddess, Athena Promachos. The sun is hasting to get below a bank of gorgeous clouds which seem to rest upon the snowy summit of far-off Cyllene. Nearer, and glowing as if fringed with burnished gold, rise the Ægalean hills, where Xerxes sate to witness his ever-memorable defeat; Cithaeron and Parnes, on our right, present a sharp and jagged outline, while their sides are covered with a sombre robe of pine; Pentelicus, mountain of marble, behind us, glints with dazzling white; smooth Hymetus, on the left, is dressed in light grey limestone, veiled with the silvery green of wild thyme; a soft purplish hue of indescribable beauty floats over Salamis and Aegina, and the waters between them; from Phalerum comes the ceaseless music of dancing wavelets, from Ilissus the gentle murmur of a water fall, from the olive groves on Cephissus a fragrant breeze laden with the sweet notes of nightingales; while around us is a forest of temples and statues and pictures, the best works of Ictinus the architect, of Phidias the sculptor, and of Polygnotus the painter, made to adorn the "schoolmistress of Greece." How could one who lived amid such
Athenian Education.

scenes fail to have an active mind, a refined taste, an expanded soul? We might say that all these advantages, to which the Athenians owed their excellence, were a part of their educational influences. Virginia never did a better thing for popular education than when she contracted with Crawford for the Washington monument, if only we would appreciate it. The connection is seen to be yet closer when we reflect that these extra scholastic opportunities enjoyed by one generation are due in no small measure to the education, in its most limited sense, of their predecessors. But lest you should compare this address to a Greek temple, with elaborate portico, running all around and a small dim cell in the centre, I will leave generalities and approach more closely the subject announced.

THE THREE STAGES IN EDUCATION.

_Paideia, i. e._ education, or, more accurately, _training of children_, was divided into three tolerably distinct periods, which we may call childhood, boyhood and youth.

1. Up to about eight, sometimes as much as ten years of age, the Athenian boy was under his mother's care. He was not encouraged to walk early, but to sit and amuse himself with rattles and dolls—these last being clay statues of mythological and historic heroes. Then came the go-cart to steady him on his feet and with it the June-bug tied by one leg. After this stick-horses, hoops, tops and blind-man's buff furnished exercise. When tired, a good nurse had ample store of myths and ballads, and when naughty, the mother's slipper supplied any lack of peach tree rods. Thus infancy was prolonged. American parents too often press their children like hot-house plants, put them to learning letters at twelve-months and to reading before they can talk. We shorten the child's time and then, too late, wonder that the boy is in such haste to be a man. Let me plead against this practice, for the sake of a merry, rollicking childhood, for the sake of a thorough education, for the sake of a solid manhood, for the sake of a green old age. Hot-house forcing may do for those plants that are to be consumed in Spring, but not if they are for Summer, still less for Fall or winter use.

2. At eight or ten years old, the boy was entrusted to a pedagogue and began to attend the school and the gymnasium. Of this period, extending to about eighteen, I shall speak presently at more length.

3. From about eighteen to twenty-five or thirty, the youth who aspired to high place was content to be learning. He did not rush into law, or politics, or military office, but frequented the market-place, the senate-house, the courts and the assemblies, and meantime, if he could afford it, attended the more or less formal lectures of rhetor, sophist or philosopher, striving to make himself _kalos be kagathos_, a
phrase which we boast of being able to translate by the single word, a gentleman. A man they thought usually attains his height by the time he is eighteen, his muscular development not much before thirty, his intellectual prime some fifteen or twenty years later.

[CONTINUED.]

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The public is under obligations to Mr. Whipple for his edition of Webster's speeches. There can be no healthier documents, either for the student of eloquence or for the statesman. And it is pleasant, by a careful examination of his speeches, to study the inner-life of the man who lived and breathed behind the bulwark of his own works. It is pleasant to study the different shades of his temperament until his life becomes to us a reality, and we begin to love him for his own sake.

It often occurs that in dissertations on great men the greater part is given to a criticism of their works, leaving only a few anecdotes as the key to their character. This is wrong. The man is more to be valued than his works. The orator whose only claim to the admiration of humanity lies in the roll of his periods, has no claim at all.

Daniel Webster was born on the 18th of January, 1782, at Salisbury, in Massachusetts. Born of Puritan parents and reared under a New England climate, his mind was cast in a mould peculiar to his country and race. A Frenchman or an extreme Southerner could, with difficulty, appreciate such a temperament. In a country where the sunlight and air are almost as intoxicating as the product of the grape, it is impossible to be in sympathy with one of those rugged characters whose soul is in harmony with his own sombre surroundings. Webster's early youth was spent amid the quiet of a country village. When any great thought broke in upon his usually monotonous life, he had time to cherish it, until swelling in his heart and brain it marked him with its peculiar impress.

His father was a man of ability and integrity. Some of Webster's most valuable lessons were learned from him. The tender relation existing between them is shown by the following incident: One hot day in July, when they were working together in the field, a member of Congress rode up and engaged the father in conversation. When the member had gone, "My son," said the father, "that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia and gets six dollars a day while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education I should have
Daniel Webster.

been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was, but I missed it, and now I must work here.” Upon Daniel’s imploring him to rest and let his children work for him, he replied: “It is of no importance to me, I now live but for my children. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities; learn, learn! and when I am gone you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time.”

We do not wonder at the success of such a man. Unfit, through ill-health, for a New England farmer, after some time spent at school, Daniel was sent to Dartmouth College, followed by the wise prophecy of his mother, that “Daniel, she was certain, would make something or nothing.” At Dartmouth he distinguished himself for his faithful application. On leaving college he gave himself up to the study of law. As a lawyer he was noted for his profound knowledge and hard common sense. He was much improved by Jeremiah Mason, one of the first lawyers of his time.

Webster was elected in November, 1812, by the Federal party to the Congress of the United States. It was here, that on a resolution in reference to the Berlin and Milan decrees, that he made his first speech. It produced a great effect. Chief-Justice Marshall prophesied that Webster would become one of the first statesmen in America. Edward Everett, speaking of this effort, notes “the moderation of tone, precision of statement, force of reasoning, occasional bursts of true eloquence, and pervading the whole a genuine and fervid patriotism.” A fully-trained orator and statesmen, he was prepared when the great doctrines of nullification banished for a while all other thoughts. His reply to Hayne has never been surpassed. Hayne was a keen debater, but no match for this cool and wary New Englander. He was driven from position to position, and then completely distanced in superhuman grandeur of sentiment. It was only the iron-linked logic of Calhoun that could place nullification upon a sure basis.

The great actors in that eventful era are gone, and their works do follow them. A fratricidal contest forms the back-ground of a dark present, and still darker future. The Democratic and Republican parties preserve a somewhat even balance between centralization and the doctrine of State rights. But one has been so long in the ascendant, “State rights are in danger of being swept away to give place to a grand centralized autocracy.”

To-day witnesses a constitution almost perfect in theory, diluted from its primitive color and deepening in the shade of despotism. A President, elected not by the people, but by their representatives, yields due obedience to the source of his power. Yet all this was not due so much to the action of former statesmen as to the natural order
of things. It cannot be expected that forty-six millions of people, scattered over the breadth of a continent, can preserve equal rights under one government. It is natural that in the vain attempt to effect this, many other methods will be tried before the final shock divides them into different nationalities.

Leaving Webster's political life and the thoughts suggested by his acts as a statesman, we turn to the last scenes of his life and find him drawing strength to face his approaching death from the Bible and Cicero's argument on the immortality of the soul. He took peculiar pleasure in having Gray's Elegy read in his hearing. On Sunday morning, the 24th of October, 1852, he died.

Webster's unflagging patriotism and stern integrity proclaim him to be a man worthy of his time. As an orator he will live the longest. The orator is the mean between the poet and philosopher. The philosopher's lamp is the spirit-glow of pure thought. The poet "lives in fantasy." His only logic is intuition. The orator must possess both intuition and logic. The human soul is a great organ with its many keys and stops. All of these must be within his touch. He must be open to the reception of every shade of emotion, and keep close to the throbbing heart of humanity. These attributes of an orator are found in Webster. His eloquence was the "lightning of passion running along the iron links of argument." Listless at first, as he became fixed in his theme his massive frame would tremble, light would play upon his countenance, and he would pervade thousands with his own energy and intense earnestness. Yet, in these moments of seer-like madness, he did not consider himself privileged to "construe the universe to suit himself." His strongest weapons were facts. Receiving them in an incongruous mass, he brooded over them until from a seeming chaos they came in order, ready to do his bidding.

Burke was the "orator of man," Webster the orator of men. Mirabeau appalled his auditors by his own ferocity and fury under restraint; Webster imparted the stern joy and enthusiasm that the Israelites felt when they saw the hosts of Pharaoh swallowed in the sea. Edward Everett, by the witchery of his words and the music of his voice, was master of the emotion. Webster left behind no dim conception of some gorgeous metaphor, but haunted the memory with the truths he uttered.

It was a sad day for America when Daniel Webster breathed his last. GAMMA.
THE RELATION OF MENTAL DEVELOPMENT TO AMBITION.

It is a natural instinct of a man to institute comparisons between himself and other people—between one period of his life and another. We love to rest on our oars and look back over the way we have come. There are mile-posts on the road of every human life, which tell the traveller how far he has come, which quickens his energies by their encouraging numbers, or reprove him for loitering on the way. The nation, too, has its epochs, points from which it reckons its intellectual and moral longitude. Retrospection is a pleasure as well as a duty. The pictures that memory repaints are not always pleasant; the history of every nation has its pages of blood and perfidy, but we are fascinated as much by the grinning skeleton as by the beauteous landscape.

The disposition of our race to compare the present with the past, indicates development. Thoughts, hopes, fears, surroundings, all are changing, while memory stands by as the attentive observer and faithful reporter, furnishing us the data wherewith to estimate our progress. The development of the mind must, from the demands of our subject, claim our attention in this article. Not that it is proposed to show, by adducing instances, that we have developed, or how great has been that development. We will notice so many of its essential characteristics as may be necessary for the purpose in view.

Mental development is a necessity of our nature. We could not remain stationary if we would, for the human mind requires grappling with new truths as its suitable and necessary exercise. It is a great motive power in human nature, and it would be more than a herculean task to bind the revolving machinery which moves at its bidding.

You may take an infant, surround him with the most unfavorable circumstances, deprive him of the advantages of association, encourage habits of inattention—the experiment will leave him with a distorted mind, but one which has, nevertheless, made progress; has conquered some part of nature's realm and appropriated its truths.

But while this development is a necessary result of our nature, yet it is subject to fluctuations and changes. The progress of the mind is like that of the brook, which, although beyond human power to stop permanently, may be diverted to minister to childish sports. It moves slowly and sluggishly, impeded by the superstition and arrogance of the dark ages, but sweeps everything before it in the succeeding age. In one century its channel is so widened that the most casual observer can perceive its shallowness; in another it moves majestically, but less obtrusively in the channel deepened by its power. Now it breaks into
many divergent streams, but unites further down to find its size and power increased. Here at some abrupt turn, its waters whirl in eddies; then, once more disentangled, it rushes on in its wild course. At one time it flows gently and steadily through verdant plains and valleys, making them more verdant; at another, overflowing its banks, its enraged waters sweep before it the verdure which itself helped to produce; but amid all its surroundings and changes always progressing, always increasing. Such is the development of the mind, and we should do well to examine with care the influence which ambition exerts upon that development.

Shall we attempt to define or illustrate a power which more or less governs us all, and whose workings may be seen on every page of history, in every human life? The Goddess Ambition, we call it; but the world has not decided whether she is an upper or nether deity. No one subject has so often received treatment at the hands of writers and public speakers, and none whose treatment has been too various at different times. Henry Clay, "the mill-boy of the slashes," rising to honor and distinction, and Bonaparte breathing out his spirit on the lonely isle, are the favorite and the trite illustrations of the two phases of this wonder-working principle. In this age and in this country she has been worshipped as a true goddess, and her virtues have been extolled; and one is accused of seeking novelty at the expense of truth when he speaks or writes of her evils. Ambition has nowhere else such devoted worshippers as can be found in our country. The sentiment contained in the motto "every man can be President," though not true, is, at this day, making many a young man toil, with tattered garments and insufficient food, for means wherewith to educate himself; is forcing the pale student to pore over musty tomes in the "wee sma' hours."

What influence does this ambition exert upon our intellectual growth? The most natural answer would be that it promotes that growth. Ambition does excite the student to mental effort, as well as the warrior to physical effort; but to true, lasting development it is, at least in our own day, a hindrance. For there is this peculiarity about ambition, or the most common form of it, that it seeks after present results. We are not satisfied unless we receive our reward of reputation while the work is progressing, or as soon as it has been completed. Ambition has built our engines and stretched telegraphic wires from State to State, and from continent to continent, and as we stand in Machinery Hall at Philadelphia, we clap our hands in applause and wonder, forgetting the true philosopher who painfully and ploddingly established the scientific principles, the application of which gave birth to these wonderful products of art, and thus gave to the ambitious their material.
No; ambition is useful in making the most of the present, but it provides not for the future. It spends lavishly and benevolently its patrimony, but looks not to the permanent interests of humanity. We must have men who love truth better than self; men who love to decipher nature for the divine wisdom that is concealed there, and not for the paltry wages which they may receive. It is frequently the case that the world is mistaken as to the true development of the mind. Are we not forgetting in our wonder at the achievements of the nineteenth century, that after all it is a one-sided morbid development; that it is not the chief function of man's mind to provide for temporal wants and conveniences? To these wants ambition will minister, for it it is a shrewd judge of human nature; but for the higher and more lasting welfare of the people, the philosopher must be content to labor and wait. Ambition, too, loses to a great extent its power as a stimulus when we come to that form of mental development which is manifested in the fine arts. It is made of "sterner stuff" than to find its enjoyment in the production of those light and shadowy forms of poetry and sculpture. The poet, if he be a true poet, finds reward in his works—the ideal world is a sure refuge from the hates and strifes of actual life. If the world had never recognized the grandeur and beauty of "Paradise Lost," Milton would not have been unrewarded. But the ambitious man knows no pleasure in his labor; to his mind there is nothing attractive in his work, except that it is a means to some ulterior end. The great problem of adaptation of his power to the accomplishment of a fixed purpose monopolizes his attention, while the poet goes naturally on in the path marked out by his own genius, culling flowers, radiant and fragrant, and making the path of life less wearisome to the pilgrims. Ambition, which to other men is an incentive, may, too, incite him, but if he yields to the promptings, to that extent is he shorn of power. Listen to what Schiller says: "The artist, it is true, is the son of his time, but pity for him if he is its pupil, or even its favorite. Let some beneficent divinity snatch him, when a suckling, from the breast of his mother, and nurse him with the milk of a better time, that he may ripen to his full stature beneath a distant Grecian sky."

That poet, and a genuine poet he was, knew full well that genius could never reach its highest flights when chained to vulgar opinion or shaken by the fickle wind of the prejudice of the hour. He was unwilling to degrade his art, his talents, to subserve the behests of popular opinion; if there were none to appreciate his labor, he, like Goethe, could smile or weep with the heroes or heroines of his own works.

We are far from saying that the artist must not have lofty aspirations, but the shrewd, calculating zeal of an ambitious man is easily distinguished from the upward strivings of a purified nature.
Of the utility of the fine arts, we do not consider it necessary to speak. They are the outward manifestations of the aesthetic element of our nature, and that element, though sadly neglected at this day, must not be left out in the estimate of our development.

The conquests of selfish ambition are transient and fleeting, and have ever been thus; but the achievements of an unselfish philanthropy, although humbler and less pretentious, will live and be active when empires and thrones shall have fallen into decay. Unselfishness, reverence for the truth, and love for humanity, are necessary qualifications for those who would work permanent good to the world and develop aright the powers of the mind.

MARCUS.

LOCAL.

A CHRISTMAS WALK.—Wednesday evening and Thursday morning were unusually dull at college. Cephas, Patrick, Lawshe, and many other spirited fellows had gone to their several “sweet Auburns.” My melancholy life had been embittered by one of those sad events which occurs in nearly every man’s history, when fate compels him to leave the object of his youthful dreams to the tender mercies of a rival. My heavy existence, if one thus smitten can exist at all, was further jeopardized by a whole night’s absence of “my old lady.” At dinner every student, miserabile dictu, was heavily “diked.” It was not boss-day, but we had boss. Even Jim was happy, for he licked out his long, blood-red tongue as he skipped lightly and politely around the table. I hastily finished my meal and left such companions, for you know “birds of a feather flock together.” Making my way to my dismal den, I saw a tall, thoughtful preacher perambulating the campus, with his head hanging down, as if he was on the eve of a tremendous discourse on “endless punishment.” Passing, he said in answer to an interruption which I had made in his meditation, “what thou sayest, say quickly.” Suppose, continued I, an irrational being were to drop from yon bright world (raising my sight heavenward), what do you suppose he would say when he saw that the college had suspended all exercises and heard all that noise down town? He answered me not a word, and went straightway to his room and took his bed.

I then went up to room B, on the third floor, to borrow an overcoat, a cane, a pair of gloves, an umbrella, a pair of over-shoes, some chewing tobacco, fifty cents, and a little cologne bottle, all of which I deemed necessary for the walk on such an evening. On entering the
room I found my friend asleep in his overcoat and overshoes. His com­
panion said he was not sick. As I walked out I saw the hall floor cov­
ered with paper, which striking fact "Fatty" Turpin explained in the fol­
lowing words: "The ministerials kicked up a big Christmas last night by popping five packs of pop-crackers and rolling two pair of dum-bells across the floor."

On the first floor I met Professor P., who said that he had been call­
ing Chris. for some time in vain, and asked me to hunt him up if I had the time. Down in a lower room I imagined that I saw a light, so trudging my way through coal rooms, ancient laboratories, and lumber depositories I found the dim-lighted studio, in the centre of which stood a round table covered with a piece of sheep-skin, just like that in Professor P.'s office-chair, on which table I saw scattered an English Testament, Venable's arithmetic, Dr. Jane's almanac, paper, pens, ink, &c., &c. With both elbows resting on this table, in a large rock­
ing chair, sat Mr. Chris., stone dead. I trembled. The gigantic
walls of the monstrous mound excluded every ray of the clouded sun; every note of the sweet-throated songster; every shout of girlish glee that a few minutes before, as I sat upon a stone just behind the phone, had enraptured my whole soul in ecstacy. I stooped down to scratch my blowsy head, and again those appalling walls starred me as if without all was perpetual delight, within, eternal night; without, angelic maidens were kissing, within, crawling adders were hissing; without, were the realms of glory, whose god and king was joy, within, was the kingdom of terror, whose monarch was Death. This despot's presence needed no assistance to hold in servile subjection the suffer­
ing serfs of this damp, dark dungeon. His distorted eyes, hideous nostrils, and ghastly grins bent the flickering rays of the alarmed candle steeped in gore, and set the uncomely ceiling into shivering motion. From the nostrils of death I saw issuing myriads of animalcules that softly vanished into a suffocating smoke, in order to make way for the following train. Again I looked up to catch a glimpse at the serpent which bit my boot's heel, and I saw clotted blood on the slippery floor, bald eagles on the craggy ceiling, ferocious lions in the door, murderers under the table, hobgoblins in the air, loaded pistols at my breast, daggers at my temples. And raising my cane, in a moment a wood­
cut portrayed the dead man's head. Death was no longer dead. Things changed. Mr. C. was asleep. My terrors were subjective. My rationalism returned. As I walked out I took the following advertise­ment, which Chris. had just completed:

"NOTA BENE:
"Know all men by these presents:
"I hereby and hereon notify, warn, caution, and advertise all stu­
dents in the cottage, in the college, or elsewhere about the institution, who may now or at any future time wish for a desire to get, secure, or obtain any wood, coal, or coke, to write their number on their tickets.

Respectfully submitted,

COAL AGENT FOR R. C.

I again resumed my walk, although night had fully set in. Soon after passing Mrs. R—'s, where some of our fair young men get such excellent fare at no unfair price, I heard some person running behind me very rapidly. It was a woman. Without making the slightest pause to ascertain who I was, she clamped me around the neck, and with a heart overflowing with what I took to be a strange mixture of grief, joy, and love, she exclaimed: "My dear, my dear, dear Ned, don't go there; for my sake, for your mother's sake, for sweet heaven's sake, please don't go there to-night!" In a moment this agitated lady found that she had waked up the wrong passenger, so begging my pardon she proceeded swiftly in the same direction. Crossing two streets I found myself in the most accommodating Mr. Latimer's well-supplied drug-store, where I filled my little bottle with a treacherous kind of grease for the purpose of shining old shoes. Passing a few blocks, I found myself in the counting-room of Florsheim's clothing house by a warm stove. Pricing some goods and deliberating, I discovered the profound wisdom which so many of the students manifest in securing their "dike" at this house. Resuming my walk my attention was soon attracted by sweet music, in a splendid hall, well lighted, not so much by gas as by the Richmond lass. "If the world was paper and the great, deep sea was ink, and the trees were pens, these would not furnish material for the purpose of writing the good things" I saw and heard that night.

TRAVELLER.

Since our last went to press the literary societies of the college have been invited to attend a literary and musical entertainment given by the Philomathic Society of R. F. S. We were delighted. The exercises reflected great credit on the society and the institution. We have attended many commencements at other female schools which would not begin to compare with that occasion. We will not discriminate by naming the pieces that pleased us most, for all were remarkably good.

The boily-raging committee of the Philosophy class have been holding a series of meetings, with the view of effecting a compromise (readjustment) between Herbert Spencer and Mr. Porter. They think it curious that such wise men should "slip up" on so simple a thing as "natural consciousness."

On Tuesday night, January 13th, Mr. C. W. Tanner gave, at his residence, a handsome banquet to the members of the Virginia Delta, of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity. Several other Virginia Chapters
Locals

were also represented. After fraternity songs, music, &c., the motion to adjourn to the dining-room was unanimously carried. It would be impossible to do justice to the supper, for the tables groaned with "Optima silvarum interea pelagique."

Toasts were drank, and all was as happy as a marriage bell. Mr. Tanner became a member of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity at Richmond College, and has always been an enthusiastic member, and this supper is only one of the many proofs which he has given of the love which he has for his fraternity. Not very soon will the Phis forget this most pleasant evening.

A very promising member of the law class asked at what time during the ceremony a couple was married, or at what time, should the lady die instantly, could the gentleman claim curtesy? Another said, in Pennsylvania there is no curtesy. Woe unto ye, lawyers, who expect to go to Pen. before marriage.

A student who was invited by a young lady to write something in her autograph album, made a quotation from Deut., chap. xlix.

Students are perfectly charmed with Dr. Hawthorne’s eloquence. We have elected the admirable orator an honorary member of both our societies.

Mr. Seedy, who went home at Christmas, regrets that he did not review.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, N. Y, has consented to deliver the oration before the Literary Societies at their Final Celebration. We make this announcement with more than usual pleasure. His reputation as a speaker is wide-spread. All who may desire to hear him will have a rare treat.

German is becoming quite popular on the campus now, but the ladies who keep boarding-houses detest it. They always imagine that the boys are "cussing" the tender and juicy beef that tempts them to eat too much. For example, the following dialogue occurred at one of the boarding-houses a few days ago:

1st Student : Wollen sie Ragout?
2nd Student : Ich danke.
1st Student (handing the dish) : Es ist zart. Sie werden es gern essen.
2nd Student (shaking his head emphatically) : Ich danke, ich danke Thuen.

Boarding-house keeper (with flushed face) : I know that’s not donkey; it’s as good beef as ever you put into your mouth.

Professor in German to Junior—"In the sentence, ‘Jehovah made for him a female companion,’ what dative is the phrase ‘for him?’" Junior—"A clear case, a very clear case, sir, of disadvantage."
EXCHANGES.

The Caliopean Clarion thinks the Messenger is improving. Well, there is always room for it. We think the Clarion errs in trying to cover too large a field by its articles. This fact is, perhaps, explained, however, when we find that there are two Akers (acres) on the editorial staff, though one of them is only a Huffaker (half acre).

As The Earlhamite hails from Richmond we feel a special interest in it, for the difference of state is not great, speaking relatively. It is well edited. The writer on "Dreams" goes into this unknown realm with steady nerve and ready pen, but we do not agree with him that all our "transcendently beautiful" and "infinitely grotesque" and "supremely horrible" dreams can be explained and analyzed.

The College Journal will henceforth be the organ of the Philomathean Society only, the Irving Society having died. We hope it was a natural death, and that the Journal was not a particeps criminis. We have known of papers killing more animate beings than literary societies.

The Polyhymnian Monthly comes to us from the Valley of Virginia. An appropriate name in a valley grand and picturesque enough to awake the lyre of a Sappho to sweetest strains. We shall expect some fine odes from these daughters of the Shenandoah.

The Eucleian notices an article in the Ashbury Monthly which makes light of the educational advantages and literature of the South. The answer of the Eucleian is able and conclusive, we think, for we did not see the article in the Monthly.

The Academy Journal gives an account of a supper of the old students of St. John's Academy, which we judge must have been very interesting.

It seems to us that The Ariel and the College Record are having a furious passage d'armes. An article in the former on Sir Walter Scott and the spelling reform are the causes of the fight. The Record throws down the gauntlet and offers one column every other month for the discussion of the reform by any one whom The Ariel may bring forward. If fight ye will, leave Sir Walter to his rest, accept this challenge and let the scintillations from your swords cast light upon this question, which is so rapidly becoming one of "vital importance."

The Cornell Review honors our sanctum with its presence this month for the first time this session. We like the magazine, and only think it does not devote space enough to locals. The article on "The Fear of Death" is well conceived, and the language is good.

Lassell Leaves is before us with some good matter, and wants to
know from that "wise Junior" where they can find a copy of Shelley's *Childe Harold*. Though we do not claim to be a "wise Junior," we think they are entirely mistaken, for as far as we know Shelley never had a child named Harold. As for the copy we give up, for we never know where to find it, and our peace is always being interrupted by cries from our devil for "copy."

The *Virginia Star*, which visits us every week, is well edited, and is a paper of which our colored friends should be proud.

The *Home Journal* is a paper which we enjoy very much, and after its perusal we know a vast deal more about what prominent men and women in all circles, all over the world, are doing and saying.

We return thanks for *Vick's Floral Guide*, Spring 1880. It is a pleasure to read and study it; for its pictures of different flowers suggest thoughts of many nice bouquets to be enjoyed, if we will only send on and obtain the seeds and plants in time. The style and neatness with which this number is gotten up are characteristic of the firm. For twenty-five years the *Guide* has been visiting thousands of families all over the country. If you want good seeds or plants, we advise you to write to Mr. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

*The Album* tells of a most merry holiday season. The young ladies seem to be fond of tunes, and, from what we can hear, some of them are very pragmatic. We are glad they liked the *Messenger*. We heartily return the compliment.

*The Archangel* sadly declares that it is criticised most severely by all the college papers. Accept the verdict as just, and remember—

"That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Try again the arduous work. *The Philomathean* says you are improving.

We welcome *The Mountain Echo* to our midst. If it has the true mountain ring, it will be thrice welcome in this tide-water region.

From the number of stanzas and verses, original and quoted, we think *The Campus* must be "verging on the poetical," as Mr. Weller, Sr., would say.

*The Grand River College Courant* comes to us for the first time this month. The name is enough to swamp it.

We have also received *Canadian Spectator, The College Message, The Ariel, The Philomathean, Virginia Educational Journal, Maryland Collegian, Yale Courant, The Portfolio, Washington Jeffersonian*. 
RATS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Your first editorial note in December number is good in its conclusion, but sadly wrong in its premises. In the revered name of Comparative Philology, brightest in all the galaxy of modern muses, allow an humble votary at her shrine, to enter this his solemn protest against your statement that "the usage of calling new students rats is not time-honored." Bonus dormitat quidem Homerus. And perhaps you were nodding; or, one might even conclude from the language used that you really thought the epithet had some connection with the rodent quadruped, which is thus named among the vulgar.

But do you not remember the learned disquisition on the subject in the Etymologische Vorschlüsse, wherein the learned author ably argues that it must be a decapitation of the third singular imperfect of the Latin substantive verb. Just as the esum of Terence and other old Latinists became simple sum as it rolled from the rhetorical mouth, or flowed from the facile pen of classic Cicero, so the old erat has been changed by a like advance to simple rat. The astute author cites in confirmation what you must yourself have noticed, that it is often pronounced by collegians with an Hebraic sheva or half syllable prefixed, sometimes in ignorance mistaken for an articulum definitum; but any delicate ear will readily perceive that the sound referred to is not a rat, but e rat. The erudite friend, the author already referred to, explains its application somewhat thusly: The meaning, he sagely observes, is not to be sought in the common use of the word to denote existence in past time, but rather what has been called the inceptive or inchoative signification of the imperfect. It makes the individual designated as just beginning a new career, as in an inchoate state, in a word, as imperfect—his fellows rejoiced that he has come to see his imperfection, and to set to work to remedy it, greet him with congratulations of which they feel the force far more than he can yet realize.

This ingenious explanation serves to emphasize two patent facts—first, that the epithet in question is not so highly appreciated by green fellows as by those same persons when they have tarried awhile beneath the shade of college walls. And secondly, that it is used most frequently, most vociferously, with most rapturous delight by those who came to college most incomplete, most inchoate, most empty-headed—especially if that emptiness be still severely felt.

PHILOLOGUS.
PERSONALS.

We always felt it to be our duty to record the marriage of every old student. George T. Prichard, '76, was married to Miss Lou Walters on the 18th day of December last. They were married at Wake Forest College, where they will live.

George O. Roper, '77, is at Bowling Green. We heard from him a few days ago, and we judge from his letter that he is a favorite of the fair sex.

N. P. Coffer, '60, is now a member of the firm of Mountcastle & Coffer. They do a large and extensive business in the stove line.

Rev. Thomas Hume, '52, who has been pastor of some of the most influential churches in the State, has just been called to fill, temporarily, the pastorate of Staunton Baptist Church, and has accepted.

Rev. A. B Woodfin, who graduated at Richmond College in '57, has been spending a few days with his friends in this city. He is considered by competent judges to be a preacher of unusual eloquence and power, and has filled, with acceptance and usefulness, pastorates in Mobile, Ala., and Columbia, S. C., as also the chaplaincy of the University of Virginia.

Prof. William G. Woodfin, who is a half brother of Rev. A. B. Woodfin, is also a graduate of Richmond College, and both are natives of Richmond. Professor Woodfin, after taking his college degree, studied at the University of Virginia. Thence he went to Georgia, married a lady of position, and became Professor of Ancient Languages in Mercer University, from which institution he was afterward called to a chair in the University of Georgia, which he still fills.

Captain C. T. Smith, '58, is living in Caroline. He has one of the best farms in the county, and holds, and has held for some years, the office of county treasurer. Such men as he is, are the bone and sinew of the country.

Rev. J. C. Long, D. D., who has been visiting Professor Puryear, graduated at Richmond College in '56, and has since followed a career highly creditable to his Alma Mater. After filling for several years the important pastorate of the Baptist Church at Charlottesville, he was called, about six years ago, to the professorship of Church History in Crozer Theological Seminary, at Upland, Pa. Dr. Long is an excellent writer, and is not without the poetical faculty, as shown by two or three short poems, of considerable merit, from his pen. He is likely one day to produce something, either prose or poetry, which the world will not willingly let die.
Rev. P. B. Reynolds, 66, was in the city a few days ago, on his way to Washington. He is the principal of Shelton College, at St. Alban's, West Va. He expected to come out one Friday night and see his old Society, but was unable to do so.

W. F. Bagby, '79, is teaching school in King and Queen county, and is having remarkable success. He has some idea of being at college next year. Come, if you can, and in after life you will not regret it.

T. S. Wilbur, '78, paid a short visit here just before Xmas. We suppose he had important business "further on," as he gave his old friends scarcely a chance to see him. We hope he will stay longer next time.

W. C. Bitting, who took his Master-of-Arts Degree in '77, and also bore off the Frances-Gwin medal in that year, is at Crozer Theological Seminary. We hear, from good authority, that he is well sustaining the reputation which he gained here as a hard student.

J. C. Gentry, who graduated in law last year, was in the city a week or so ago. Besides passing his examinations before Judges Christian and Welford, and thus obtaining his license, he entertained not a few of his student friends with some of his "choice solos." He will practice in Gordonsville. We wish him great success.

W. T. Hutchings, '77, is busy as a lawyer in Danville. We are glad he has his hands full. He has not yet completed his studies, but will go to Yale next session. He now says in reality what we have often heard him say so well in declamation: "Once more up to the breach dear friends."

A. J. Chewning, 75, late of the firm of Dickinson & Chewning, has recently united with Mr. Rose, under the style of Chewning & Rose, to do a general real-estate business. They have already met with marked success, and we predict for them a bright future. Their office is at No. 5 North 10th Street.

Rev. J. M. Luck, '68-'72, is pastor of several prosperous churches in the counties of Pulaski and Giles. He is one of the most active and popular preachers of Southwestern Virginia.

Rev. J. L. Lawliss, '70(?), has lately been married. He has settled in Bedford county, and is the pastor of two noble and working churches.
SOCIETY NOTES.

PHILOLGIAN.

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TALE OF A 'POSSUM.

Nox was lit by lux of luna,
And 'twas a night most opportuna
To catch a 'possum or a coona,
For nix was scattered o'er this mundus,
A shallow nix et non profundus.
On sic a nix with canis unus
Two boys went out to hunt a coonus.
The corpus of this bonus canis
Was full as long as octo span is;
Quam had hic dog brevis clever,
Some used to say in stuttum jocum
That sic a field was too small a locum
For sic a dog to make a turnum
Circum self, from stem to sternum.
Unis canis duo puer.
Nunquam braver, nunquam truer,
Quam hie trio unquam fuit
Ti there was I never knew it.
Hic bonus dog had one bad habit
Amabat much to tree a rabbit.
Amabat plus to tree a catus.
But in this nixy moonlight night
This old canis did just right.
Nunquam treed a starving ratus,
Nunquam chased a starving catus.
But curret on intentus,
On the track or on the scentus,
Till he treed a 'possum strongum
In a hollow trnnkum longum;
Loud he barked in horrid hellum
Seemed on terra venit hellum.
Quickly ran the duo puer
Mors of 'possum to secure,
Quum veneret one began
To chop away like quisque man;
Soon the axe went through the trnkum,
Soon he hit it per ! cher ! chunkum !!!!
Combat thickens: on ye braves:
Canis puer bites and staves;
As his powers non longus tarry
'Possum potes non pugnare.
On the nix his corpus lieth,
Down to Hades his spirit flieth.
Joyful powers, canis bonis,
Think him dead as any stonus.
Ain't his corpus like a jelly?
Quid plus proof ought hunter velle?
Now they seek their pater's domo
Feeling proud as any homo;
Knowing certe they will blossom
Into hero's when with 'possum
They arrive, narrant story,
With plenus blood and plenier glory.
Pompey, David, Sampson, Seizer,
Cyrus, Blackhawk, Shalmanezar,
Tell me where art now the gloria;
Where the honors of Victoria!!
Tale of a 'Possum.

Quum at domum narrant story
Plenus sanguine, tragic gory;
Pater praiseth, likewise mater,
Wonders greatly younger frater.
'Possum leave they in the mundus,
Go themselves to sleep profundus;
Somniunt 'possum slain in battle
Strong as urs, large as cattle,
When nox gives way to lux of morning,
Albam terram much adorning,
Up they jump to see varmen
One of which quid est the carmen.
'Possum hic est resurrectum,
Leaving puers most dejectum,
Cruel 'possum; bestia vilest,
How the puers tu beguiles;
Puers think not plus of
Cresar,
Go ogrammen, Shalmanezar;
Take your laurel cum the honor
Since ista 'possum is a goner.

VENATOR.

COLLEGE NEWS.

At Amherst the juniors recite in German at 6.30 A. M.
Josh Billings, alias Henry W. Shaw, graduated with the class of '37 at Hamilton College, New York.
Dartmouth has had a gift of $10,000 to found a chair of Anglo-Saxon.
The faculty of Oberlin College has made half an hour's gymnasiaum exercise compulsory upon the students for four days in the week.
Harvard was founded 1638—the oldest college in America.
College papers are published by two hundred colleges in this country.
A student at Randolph Macon College wears on his watch-chain a jewel made from a button which passed through the body of a Confederate officer during "the late unpleasantness," and failed to kill him.
Williams College has graduated thirty members of Congress, five United States senators, eight governors, sixteen judges of the Supreme Court, thirty-two presidents of colleges, and eight hundred and ninety-four clergymen.
Nearly $5,000,000 are spent every year by American students in Europe for educational purposes.
Women are admitted to the bar in eight States.
That celebrated fortress, the "Rip Raps," long a kind of elephant to the United States government, has, it is reported, been lately purchased secretly by an eccentric, wealthy, old Italian nobleman, who
will use it as an asylum for a large family of Maltese cats, in which he takes great delight, and whose progeny he wishes to increase in security.

Princeton College is out of debt.

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**CLIPPINGS.**

A great eruption of Mt Vesuvius is threatened.—Ex.

Great eruptions may always be expected when the hotels are not doing a good business, as Mt Vesuvius have eruptions when the landlords wish it.

Alexander Dumas has gone to the South of France, to devote his whole time to his forthcoming work on "Divorce."

The Emperor William went about Berlin before Christmas buying presents for his trusted friends and servants. Day after day his carriage stood waiting for him before the fashionable shops in which his eldering majesty was rummaging.

Victor Hugo, the great French novelist, is seventy-seven years old, and is said to be still vigorous.

At a recent performance some one yelled out, "Down in front." Quicker than flash, nine Freshmen, five Sophomores, and two Juniors felt of their upper lips. Such is the force of habit.—Ex.

There is a good reason why a little man should never marry a bouncing widow. He might be called "the widow's mite."

A Japanese student called on a young married lady, and was invited to call again soon. He called again in about half an hour. This was, perhaps, Jap flattery; if so, it certainly outdoes European civilization.

Nilsson is in Madrid, singing for the royal pair, for which the Spaniards pay her ninety thousand francs!

Frank Leslie, whose various illustrated periodicals have long since made his name known throughout the United States, died last Saturday afternoon at his residence, 511 Fifth Avenue.

The King and Queen of Spain, while driving in the Atochr, madrid, met a priest who was taking the last sacraments to a dying man. Their majesties immediately alighted from their carriage and lent it to the priest, following on foot, amid the acclamations of the populace.

Gustive Dore is at present engaged in illustrating Shakspere. He has already made a number of drawings (both large and small) of various scenes, and in particular has utilized some of the sketches he made last year during his tour in Scotland for his illustrations in "Macbeth."

"Objections to the Spelling Reform" is the subject of a lecture to be delivered next Tuesday evening, the twentieth instant, at the
chapels of the University, Washington Square. The lecturer, Rev. Dr. Crawford H. Toy, is President of the American Philological Association, and has gained a high reputation in learned circles by his various critical, linguistic and exegetical writings. He is editor of the American edition of Lange's "Commentary on the Book of Samuel," and was formerly Professor of Hebrew in the Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Ky. He is at present a resident of New York. This lecture is delivered at the invitation of the Philological Society of this city and the lecturer's ability is a pledge that it will be richly worth hearing.—*Home Journal*, Jan. 14.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

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