TWO POEMS BY R. W. GILDER.

SINGER AND POET.

“Make me a Summer song, for music meet,
And you shall hear it when you come again—
Let it be full of life
And sunshine and of flowers.

“It must run so,”—she laughing spoke, and then
Struck the white keys and played a joyful tune:
’Twas winter, but I thought
The birds began to sing.

I waited till the frozen buds should bloom,
For then, I said, my song were better tuned,
Catching a sound of mirth
From the awakening world.

O, friend, dear friend! the winter has gone by,
But still thy poet’s song will not be glad,
While the bright flowers of June
Blossom above thy grave.

KEATS.

Soil not with dark regret his perfect fame,
Saying, had he but lived he had done so;
Or, were his heart not eaten out with woe
John Keats had been a prouder, mightier name.

Take him for what he was and did—nor blame
Blind fate for all he suffered. Dost not know
Souls such as his escape no mortal blow—
No agony of joy, or sorrow, or shame

“Whose name was writ in water!” What large laughter
Among the immortals when that word was brought!
Then, when his fiery spirit rose flaming after,
High towards the topmost heaven of heavens up-caught,

“All hail! our younger brother!” Shakespere said,
And Dante nodded his imperial head,
THE PRACTICAL SPIRIT.

When the civilization of Greece and Rome gave way before the rudeness of the Middle Ages, darkness was over Europe. Christianity lost its simplicity. Tyranny and superstition were warp and woof in the form and policy of every state. Light came with the revival of learning and the Reformation of Luther. Then rose the practical spirit. The boast of the present age, it needs no definition. Its origin was in the cell of a Franciscan monk. Receiving from him a palpable form it awaited a fuller development in the Novum Organum of another Bacon, whose mind had been rendered pliant and subtle by contact with Greek thought.

Although it is impossible to comprehend the philosophy of history, yet certain agencies can be discovered in their relations to the gradual changes of the human mind. Such an agency is the one under consideration. It lingered for a time in the courts of philosophy, and then impregnated the masses. Its contributions to liberty and learning are numberless. When this spirit pervaded the thoughts of men, tinsel trappings could neither preserve the divine right of kings, nor the temporal power of the church. Who was the king, but a man retaining by force an unlawful assumption of power? The people became tired of liturgies, and forgot the calendar of the saints. They saw dominion founded only on the authority of vain tradition. Man turned his gaze inward, and Europe was revolutionized. In the study of his own being he found that government is an instrument to further the ends of society, and may be destroyed when no longer effective.

The highest development of the practical spirit is in America. We are not so proficient in art and literature as in the physical sciences. Our government, in one sense, is not the result of the varied experience of a nation passing through the different stages from barbarism. It sprang into existence in the wording of the Constitution. Nowhere has the mind fewer shackles. America compared with India will show the full extent of the practical spirit.

In India the population is divided into different castes. Although these castes, rising in immemorial antiquity, still flow on in separate streams, yet in no country is the individual so lightly esteemed. The cause of this is seen in the popular philosophy. Philosophy, when not illumined by revelation, is distorted and fanciful. The minute distinctions between truth and falsity confuse its sense. Thus, in Greece and Rome, higher development of the mind and analytic power did not increase cheerfulness or morality, but confounded right and wrong, and, amid a notable civilization, paved the way for new species of
barbarism. Such has been for centuries, and is, to-day, the case in India. The imaginative, though metaphysical, oriental became entangled in enigmas and despaired. In his bewilderment he doubted all things. The continual change in natural objects argues no permanence. Blow your breath upon the castles and landscapes penciled during the night upon your window-pane, and they will dissolve into water. A bare surface of ground is relieved by palaces, temples, and men. Genghis Khan levels these with the dust and the uniform appearance is restored; yet the men and the houses are all there—they have only changed form. Are not the distinctions, therefore, between kinsmen, friends, men, beasts, or stones but deceptions? Following for a moment this oriental doctrine, we are not surprised when we read, that "An eternal force has made everything that you see, and renews it without cessation. That which is to-day a man yesterday was a plant, and to-morrow will return to a plant. Everything is a grand illusion; nothing exists but the eternal principle being in itself." The pious Yogi, in an endeavor to become more fully identified with this principle, concentrates his mind upon one point and stands fixed in a single spot until his flesh wastes away, and the visible universe becomes a blank. We see human nature borne to the verge of self-destruction. The only refuge is in ignorance or indifference. The government is strictly despotic. The individual is lost in a hopeless labyrinth. Half circling the globe westward, we find a branch of the same people exalting the individual. The eternal being that overshadowed our cradle and absorbed our personality on the steppes of Asia, has been raised to a god, dwelling in light, but with well defined relations to mankind. Nature is no longer considered the lurking place of hideous divinities. Religion, at first an intangible abstraction, enters into the affairs of daily life. India and America represent two opposite poles of human progress.

Notwithstanding the contributions of the practical spirit to the welfare of mankind, its continual aim is to fathom the background of mystery into which religion retreats. This arrays not theologian against scientist, but both against religion. The scientist from his hypothesis gains no correct idea of spiritual things. A Liliputian would form a wrong idea of an orange, though he excavated a great distance into its rind. The theologian endeavors to dissect and define the indivisible and the indefinable.

Religion should not be analyzed. When formulated it is dry morality. If any one in the enjoyment of some landscape stops to inquire into the cause of his pleasure, though the inquiry may be philosophical, the agreeable sensation is destroyed. So when we endeavor to analyze the religious sentiment we lose sight of all but the exist-
ence of such a sentiment. When religion is lifted from the twilight of the symbol, it becomes a soulless code of morals.

The practical spirit marked a new era in literature. Poetry, whether in prose or verse, is the natural outflow of a soul in harmony with its surroundings. It is, therefore, an index to the laws and customs of a people. Poems breathing a spirit of intense individuality can never be produced under an absolute government, where the individual is but a figure. The practical spirit in freeing man’s thought made a corresponding change in its expression. In noting these effects, however, modern poetry must be compared with that of a people whose government appealed directly to the individual, yet whose poetry consisted of a few grand ideas, rarified and expanded until its only mark of personality was the transcendent genius of the race. This anomaly is explained by that versatility which made Greece the school-mistress of the world. The Greek drama attained to a harmony of thought and language that can never be equalled. Its beauty of form became a model to coming ages. To retain so even a proportion, the theme must be lofty.

Their ideals were not so numerous as ours, but they were clear-cut, easy to comprehend, and capable of expansion and presentation in a variety of lights. The portrayal of these upon the stage was in perfect harmony. In Antigone, “the most finished drama of antiquity,” all is high and calm. The voice of the grave tragedian, with its steady swell, supplies the visible representation of violent scenes. We only hear of the agony of Haemon, or the spasm that crosses the face of Eurydice as she stabs herself at the altar. Antigone, even in her meanings of despair, touches no chord that does not lead us beyond ourselves to contemplate the sorrow of a nature higher than our own. Now the practical spirit brought man to himself. The result is fully shown in the prince of modern poets. He merely held the mirror up to nature. Classic rules were swept away by the rush of returning life. Upon a wide theatre, nature passes in review. Man is depicted as he eats and drinks. We see him subject to every shade of good and evil. Our pleasure in the picture is not unalloyed, yet we are consoled, because it is a true picture. Although this change may be considered an improvement, yet the practical spirit has made poetry realistic. It has become of the earth, earthy. This spirit’s first effects on poetry are seen in Shakespeare, its latest in Tennyson. Compare the surroundings of the two. Tennyson moves “in the highest circle,” and is Laureate to a royal house that equals a Chinese court in etiquette. He is confined by the thousand customs of an overgrown civilization. The scenery around his home is as evenly proportioned as a Dutch garden. He lives in the workshop of the world, England.
How different from him who lived amid the half pagan, half poetical life of an English village of the Sixteenth Century. Full of life and spirit in early youth, he wandered through the country attending each harvest festival. See him reclining in that silent forest, while the moan of the wind in the Druid oak recalls the rude traditions of his ancestors. Now hear,

"Sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child, Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Since his time, there has been a gradual decline in poetry. The present age is analytical, practical. We discover truth by painful and circuitous systems of reasoning. Grand creations, where the whole thought with its different shades is crowded upon the mind, are becoming less frequent. They lose shape in their passage through the modern crucible. This is unfortunate, since these creations, born of a seer-like imagination often contain more truth than the strictly logical mind can comprehend. Shakespeare never studied psychology, yet he was a better psychologist than Descartes. We understand the philosophy of poetry; they in the old days were poets. This is an age of intellect and analysis. For calm and powerful thought it has no superior. We do not, therefore, desire truth that comes by intuition. To receive it in such a way, is to acknowledge dependence. We often prefer to go wrong if we can lead an array of logical terms, rather than follow an intuition.

The practical element does not, singly and alone, constitute a healthy condition of mind. God is not a mere geometrician. He constructed the world on logical principles. It was the logical realization of an idea. By the law of gravitation, this mass of matter is held in proper relation to other masses. But it was only after the whole was veiled in life and beauty, that the work was complete.

The practical spirit holds theorists in contempt. This will in the end work disastrous results. The theorist is the pioneer of progress. His mind is engaged in blending primary causes. The benefit society derives from his investigations is often ascribed to the practical man who cannot go beyond secondary effects. If facts alone receive recognition, invention will cease; and while we may apply with increased skill what has been discovered, it will be the unerring accuracy of a machine.

The practical spirit is supreme in many of our educational systems. Education is valued only as it fits one for business. That "man is an end to himself," is quite forgotten. Deep self-examination is discouraged. We have lost sight of the meaning of a liberal education. We lament the extent to which the practical spirit prevails. A complete abandonment to the real or ideal is a deformity. We are under
the despotism of the real, the practical. It cannot be otherwise than injurious. What is true of the individual, is often true of the nation. When the various forces of the mind are contracted within one sphere, the result is a dead uniformity, or madness or death. If every human institution bears within itself the seeds of decay, the practical spirit is one of these germs. Civilization may be destroyed by other means than the inroad of barbarians.

The practical spirit has discarded patriotism, and we are finding that love and religion are not practical. We may go on until society sickens under the dreadful burden. Then will art and literature become but subjects of idle speculation; religion will be crushed by gross materialism, and the ingenious web of the social fabric will be rent asunder, while we, benumbed in sense, are but passive observers of the great tragedy.

AULUS.

LUCERNE AND THE RIGI.

Of all the cities of Switzerland, none surpasses Lucerne in picturesque and beauty. The mere name suggests to the traveller remarkable combinations of lake and mountain scenery. Therefore, nowithstanding a fatiguing ride over the Saint Gotthard, I found myself, on reaching Lucerne, in the evening, impatient for the pleasure which the morrow would bring. The hotel of the Swan afforded me comfortable quarters for the night, and I had opportunity, after a preliminary stroll, which gave me a foretaste of what was in store for me, to make my plan for the next day. After enjoying my breakfast, and especially the delicious Swiss honey, I started out for the day, and crossing the street from the door of my hotel, stood upon the edge of the beautiful lake. Its crystal wavelets fairly danced and sparkled in the morning sun, but the tall mountains all around were not having the benefit of this glorious sunshine. Old Pilatus, over to the right, and the Rigi on the left, still kept on their night-caps of dark clouds, and seemed to say, in sullen tones, "we want to have our morning naps in quiet." The former has actually obtained his name (*mons pileatus, "capped mount,";) from this confirmed habit of wearing so constantly his cloudy cap. Walking along the handsome quay, which is shaded by fine chestnut trees, I gazed with delight upon nature on one side, and with wonder upon man's works on the other. The number and elegance of the hotels is surprising. Their verandahs and halls are made pleasant by rare and fragrant flowers, and laughing
fountains. Many of them are furnished like palaces, and during the summer months are crowded with the rich and gay of almost every nation. Not being able to hear the organ, which rivals the celebrated one at Freiburg, I stepped in, to see at least the massive pipes from which such seraphic strains are wont to come, and imagined, as best I could with my unmusical imagination, how grand "The Storm" must be. Stopping anon to look at the beautifully carved clocks, cottages and nicknacks, made of Swiss wood, which filled the windows, I reached, almost before I knew it, the Lion of Lucerne—that grand work of Thorvaldsen the Dane. Its situation and surroundings are peculiarly appropriate. The grove is large enough, and the shade sufficiently dense to give all the charm of rustic beauty without the sombre quiet and oppressive loneliness of a thick forest. The hill-side of sand-stone rises perpendicularly, and from the side of the rock, the waters of a clear spring burst forth, and trickling down form a miniature lake at its base. Some fifteen feet from the ground is a niche in which the famous lion lies, hewn from the living stone. The King of the forest, conquered by a hostile spear, with drooping head is dying, and yet in death is grander than his conqueror. The broken shaft, still rankling in his side, is barely seen as the blood oozes from the mortal wound. Even in death his outstretched paw protects a Bourbon lily, emblem of the cause for which he dies. In its truth to nature the work is wonderful, and almost indescribable. Pent up within the narrow limits of some gallery this statue would lose much of its uniqueness, but in this sequestered spot, mid sighing trees and silent rocks, nature has claimed it as her own. Often had I heard of this statue, and oftener had I longed to see it. Very high were my expectations, and yet the reality surpassed them all. As the quiet shower of Spring-time does the thirsty earth more good than the violent and noisy rainstorm of Summer, so impressions are strongest and most lasting when gentle, yet pervasive. The soft chiming of the Bow-bells at eventide did more to take Whittington back to his native London, than a royal command would have done. So, as I gazed upon the lion, and remembered the deeds of valour it commemorated, its majesty and grandeur grew upon me, and its beauty filled my soul with noble thoughts. The 10th of August, 1792, was a dark day in French history. A terrible and bloody attack was made by the maddened mob of Paris upon the Tuileries—the palace of its king. Louis XVI, almost deserted by his own subjects, was in this fearful hour protected by the heroic Swiss guard. They fought, and overcome but not conquered, fell at the post of duty. To the memory of these true-hearted men, the Lion of Lucerne was erected by loving and admiring countrymen. A Latin inscription tells the sad tale. Thinking only of the lion, I followed a
path up the hill, and soon reached a commanding eminence; where stood three symmetrical lindens. The view of town, lake, and surrounding country was fine, but the dark canopy of clouds still covered the snow-capped peaks I so longed to see. On my descent, I took a long, last lingering look at the Lion, and then went towards the river Reuss to see its bridges and their curious old paintings. The Reuss flows with great rapidity from the lake, and so clear are its “emerald-green” waters, that the pebbles twenty feet down are easily seen. The paintings on the roofs of the bridges, though indistinct, are very interesting, for they tell us by their weird and fantastic scenes what were the superstitions of those days. The “Dance of Death” is the most peculiar one, and shows grim death in the form of a skeleton, seizing his unsuspecting victim, here from the happy marriage train, there from the jolly hunter’s band. In the middle of one of the bridges, rises a tower, where the archives of the town are now kept. It was formerly a light-house (lucerna,) and gave the town its name.

At two o’clock P. M., I took the steamer on Lake Lucerne, en route for the Rigi-Kulm. The sun had at last dispelled the clouds from the Rigi, and on its bald summit the hotels were plainly visible. Around its base nestled attractive villas and quiet hamlets, while the grape vines climbed far up its slopes. The lake is almost a perfect Roman cross in form; so, soon after leaving Lucerne the arms opened out, and I saw the towns of Küsnacht and Stanztag at the head of either bay. On board I made the acquaintance of two Harvard graduates, who, after two years in Germany, were finishing their European tour with a run down into sunny Italy. It was pleasant to talk of America with them. Thus my hour on the lake sped agreeably by, and I landed at Vitznau to begin the ascent of the Rigi. If I had had a companion and the time, I would have preferred to walk, but having neither, I went up in a prosaic manner by rail. Yet going up so steep a mountain on the train is not so prosaic after all. Going over a “temporary track” in the mountains of Virginia, with “mountain climber” puffing and pushing, though exciting, cannot be compared with the ascent of the Rigi. This mountain has quite a system of railroads all over it, and the Rigi-Kulm, the highest point, is reached by two different lines, one from Arth, on the Zürich side, and the other from Vitznau, on the Lucerne side. The latter, though the shorter, (it is about four and a half miles in length,) has heavier grades and presents finer views. Besides the usual rails, there are two in the middle of the track with teeth, “on which a cog-wheel under the engine works.” The car is pushed by the engine, and not being connected with it by couplings, can be stopped almost instantly, in case of an accident. The maximum gradient of the road is one foot in four. As we started up upon our semi-
Lucerne and the Rigi.

aerial voyage, I noticed among the passengers representatives of half a dozen different nationalities. Soon we were climbing up the mountain-side in earnest, and as we entered a dark tunnel, crossed a high bridge, or went round some dizzy curve, we were startled by exclamations of dread or surprise from more than one of Eve's fair daughters, expressed now in heavy Germanic gutturals, now in quick nasal French. Soon we had glimpses of the lake far below us, and as we rose, the view widened, embracing towns and villages at our feet, and Lucerne in the distance. After passing several stations, where little children running to the train made an active traffic of the beautiful Swiss rose, (Edelweiss) which never grows except at a height of about five thousand feet, we reached the Kulm. The first thing which attracted my attention, as I stepped off, was not the view, nor the glory of the sunset, but the sight of two magnificent five story hotels. It would seem that here, if anywhere, one could say "far from the maddening strife;" but no, even way up here the most bitter competition exists between the proprietors of these two rival establishments. This mountain is so situated that its summit commands in clear weather a panorama, three hundred miles in extent, of the snow-capped Alps and of the distant Jura range. Unfortunately for me, however, all the surrounding mountains were covered with clouds, and the view was very limited. Far down below me several emerald lakes were visible, with many villages on their shores, while from every side, save towards the west, rose the high mountains. For a few moments the setting sun burst through the clouds and the whole scene was made bright. The deep lakes sparkled with joy, and their waves rippling upon the banks kissed a farewell to departing day. The windows and turrets of the hamlets glistened for a moment and then the sun was gone, and the shadows began to fall. Now nature seemed in repose, and all was sombre and hushed, that an instant before had been light and life. Soon the mist commenced to rise, and sometimes it completely enshrouded me; but when it became less dense, I appreciated the beauty and truth of the words of the chamois hunter in Schiller's *William Tell*, when in the mist on the mountain,

"Through the parting clouds only
The earth may be seen,
Far down 'neath the vapor
The meadows of green."

The mountain on the northern side was so precipitous, that by a good jump one might have had a cool refreshing bath in lake Zug, thousands of feet below. When the mist destroyed the view, I watched with no little interest and amusement the Swiss peasants selling souvenirs, ranging in value from a few cents to many dollars, to the admiring
travellers. Ere long, however, the penetrating dampness compelled all to go in-doors. Then indeed we fully appreciated the comforts of civilization amidst all the grandeur of nature, and almost forgot where we were as we read London papers by gas-light. I had the pleasure of sitting next to a beautiful English girl at the dinner table, but my pride was somewhat wounded, and her rosy cheeks and fine appetite explained, when she told me that she had climbed the Rigi on foot. After dinner, she showed me her Alpine stock, on which were burnt the names of the mountains she had climbed; and then, while chatting agreeably of her trip through Switzerland, beat me several games of chess. Thus, by much walking and exercise in the open air, English girls obtain beautiful complexions and have splendid health, while our American girls are frail and delicate. Very tired, I was soon in bed, hoping to be waked by the Alpine horn calling us to see a glorious sunrise; but alas no horn was heard, and the amusing spectacle of persons in confused and curious costumes hastening to do homage to the rising sun was not seen. The fog was almost tangible, and obscured objects only a few feet distant. Once it cleared away for a second, and I saw hundreds of snowy pinnacles glistening like diamonds in the sunlight. When I took the train, immediately after breakfast, I recognized many of the passengers of the evening before, and a right, damp, cold crowd we were, all evidently anxious to return to sunnier regions. As we descended, leaving by degrees the mist, we enjoyed some grand views, with mountains all around us, mist and specks of blue heaven above, and lake and foliage below. One glimpse would be ended by another belt of fog or cloud, and emerging from that, we would behold new panoramas of ineffable beauty. "We passed up this path and drank at that ice-cold spring," said my young lady friend, pointing here and there, as we travelled downwards. Too soon we were at Vitznau, she waiting for the Flüelen steamer, and I for the one to Lucerne. Thus, alas, "the best of friends must part." Lucerne is most beautiful when approached from the lake. Its gently curving shore, and its hills rising gradually from the water's edge, crowned with the gray towers of the city wall, give it the appearance of a vast but well proportioned amphitheatre. I did not have much time, however, to enjoy the enchanting scene, but hurrying from the steamer to the hotel, got my valise, and hastened to catch the train for Berne. Yet I did notice that Old Pilatus was almost free from cloud, and thus gave promise of clear weather. I felt glad that he was at least "speeding my parting," as he had given me so gloomy a welcome, and rejoiced that my last view of Lucerne, its lake and environs, was on a bright Autumnal morning when they were looking so beautiful that I cannot ever easily forget them.

SILVIO.
KEATS.

The beginning of the Nineteenth Century was a period in English literature characterized by a wonderful burst of poetic genius, upon which the world will ever look with feelings of admiration and delight. That brilliant galaxy of poets which found its centre in Wordsworth, an in which shone with peculiar radiance and splendor, Shelley, Moore, Campbell and Keats, will ever be regarded as one of the brightest groups in the literary firmament. Shelley, with his pathetic emotions and tender, ethereal imagination; Campbell, by his poetic fire and elegance of expression; Wordsworth, in his harmonious and deep-toned strains; Moore, on account of his brilliant fancy and rhythmical flow of language; Keats, by his felicitous use of words and keen appreciation of beauty in any shape: all tend to raise poetry to a higher level, and increase the fame of English letters. Of this distinguished cluster of poets, none afford a more interesting study than Keats. His brilliant, poetic genius, the vicissitudes of his career, the harsh and unjust criticism received by his works, his lofty ideals of life and action, and the sad events attendant on his death, combine to draw us with a mournful interest to the contemplation of his life and writings.

John Keats, born in London, on October 29th, 1795, had little amongst his early associations which would tend to inspire him with a desire to rise above the common level. His grandfather was a livery-stable keeper, and all of his family connections were of humble origin. He received a moderately good education, and at school, distinguished himself rather for his pugnacious disposition, than for a close application to Latin and Greek. His poetical talent seems to have been first aroused by reading Spenser, whose *Faire Queene* fascinated him and filled his soul with a vague longing to do something by which the world might be better and brighter. His first poem, "Endymion," was published in 1817. It met with a storm of abuse and ridicule from the highest literary tribunal of the day—the *Quarterly Review*. Vituperation, willful misapprehension of its meaning, distortion from its real intent, were all used to throw the poem into contempt, and bury its author in oblivion. Shortly after the publication of "Endymion," appeared "Hyperion," "Eve of Saint Agnes," "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Isabella," "Lamia," and several other shorter poems. Everything he wrote was criticised most harshly and unjustly by the leading reviews and magazines, and his untimely end was probably hastened by this. His fate was a hard one. Just as he was entering manhood his fortune was swept away by some financial disaster, and he was reduced to poverty. His poems were regarded with disdain.
by almost every one, and nothing could be derived from their sale. The friends of his youth seemed to have deserted him, and there were none to whom he could look for cheer and comfort. To crown all of these misfortunes, he was seized with a dreadful disease, which he knew must soon terminate fatally. The darkness of despair seemed settling around him, and not one star of hope shone out upon his pathway. Is it strange, that being so buffeted by destiny, and so bereft of all that was bright in this life, that his soul sometimes cried out in anguish against his Creator, and that he longed for death to end the mournful tragedy of his career? His poems written during the last six months of his life are exquisitely mournful, and are permeated with this longing for death. In his "Ode to a Nightingale," this strong desire of his heart finds expression when he says,

* * * * *
"Many a time
I have been half in love with easeful death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy,"

All of his poems composed shortly before his death are tinged with melancholy, and their pathetic cadences steal over us like the weeping of autumnal winds through an Aeolian harp. The last hours of Keats were dark. His mind was filled with vague doubts and questionings about the unseen world, and he died without expressing any trust in God or hope for future bliss. He died February 27th, 1821, in the twenty-sixth year of his age, and was buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome. In accordance with his last wishes, the following line was inscribed on his tombstone:

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

At this day it would be wasting words to discuss the rank of Keats as a poet. While his early contemporaries had but poor opinion of his powers, and while for years his poems were but little read, still he has in the last decade been assigned a station which probably the criticism of all future times will leave unchanged. In his complete mastery of the English language, and his tender susceptibility to beauty of every form, he is without a rival. He is especially sensible to the charms of natural scenery, and draws his daintiest metaphors and most enchanting similes from nature. He loved to spend months amid wild and rugged country scenes, and there revel in the beauty and grandeur of hoary mountains, pellucid lakes and emerald valleys. He would sit for long hours on the sea shore and study the snow-capped waves, the
ever changing color of the water, and the undulations of the tide.

He describes the motion of the sea most happily when he says,

"Old ocean rolls a lengthened wave to the shore,
Down whose green bank the short lived foam all hoor,

Burst gradual with a wayward indolence."

Keats was not by nature of a gloomy disposition. It was not until his soul was embittered by cruel criticism and undeserved rebuke, that we find a spirit of misanthropy in his writings. His earlier poems are written with the joyous gladness of the spring time, and are full of great truths and noble sentiments. He learns lessons of gratitude and devotion to the great Giver of all good from each flower that grows, and the morning song of the lark fills him with ecstatic pleasure. In his felicitous use of words, Keats is almost unequalled. He can express clearly and distinctly just the thought in his mind, and can convey the exact shades of its meaning with an artist's skill. All that he describes seems pictured before our eyes, and after reading "Endymion," we can almost hear the shepherd's lute, see the browsing herd, and catch the faint odor of jessamine and violet. "Endymion" was published when Keats was but twenty-two. It is full of exquisitely drawn pictures, some of which will live forever. While it varies much in beauty of thought and elegance of versification, it is characterized by melodious phraseology, and its lines fall like rhythmic music on the ear. This was followed by several short poems, the best of which, "The Eve of St. Agnes," is as fine a specimen of word-painting as exists in our language. It is artistic in finish, chaste in expression, tuneful in metre, and beautiful in thought. Then came "Isabella," in which he describes the rapture, the agony of love, and the stings of outraged conscience. This has always seemed to us one of his best pieces, a poem brilliant with fancy, musical as a flute, and every where tearful with pathos. His "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is one of his most popular poems, and in it are found sentences, which for their beauty of thought, and uniqueness of expression, are gems in our literature. His sonnet "To Hope" is a charming little poem, finely wrought, and breathing noble and lofty sentiments. In it he shows his love for his country, and with poetic foresight seems to discern the dangers through which she would soon pass. Keats possessed in an eminent degree purity of thought. Tossed about as he was by the cares and troubles of the world, and receiving some of fate's hardest blows, we find in his writings nothing of an atheistic or sensual spirit. Every thought is pure and fresh as a dewdrop, and transparent as crystal, and there is not a line in all his poems which the tender mother might fear would bring the blush to her daughter's cheek.

Although the public taste has somewhat changed since Keats' poems
were written, and although that taste may be still further modified, his works will be sought for so long as the language endures, polished elegance has a devotee, or a single bosom warms with noble and generous emotions. And men will venerate his name, though with a regretful feeling, as when we think of a dimmed and sinking star.

LIZZ.

LETTERS.

"They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
The maiden's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole."

—ALEXANDER P OPE.

The writing of letters is one of the strongest links in the chain of human friendship. It connects by the tenderest of ties those who are separated by distance and untoward circumstances. It is a means by which the most delightful soul-communion can be had. By it can be made that mutual self-exposition of thought and sentiment which can unite two lives by the sweetest of bonds.

Letters are the truest exponents of the feelings and emotions which thrill and inspire the human heart.

"They are," says Donald Mitchell, "the only true heart-talkers. Your speech is conventional; it is moulded by circumstances; it is dependent almost entirely upon your surroundings; it is suggested by the observation, remark and influence of the parties with whom you speak, or by whom you may be overheard. But it is not so of letters. There you are, with only your soulless pen, and the snow-white virgin paper. Your soul is measuring itself by itself, and saying its own sayings; there are no sneers to modify its utterances, no scowl to scare; nothing is present but you and your thought." If you write as you should, your inmost thought unfolds itself to the mind of your friend with as much readiness, as the bud unfolds its delicate petals under the genial influences of the summer's sun. You can communicate whatever you think or know without let or hindrance. You can give a frank and hearty expression to whatever of force or meaning there is in you, with the most enlivening abandonment.

But, says some captious reader, such outspokenness will expose you to ridicule. I say, not so. If you write to the only one who is pre-
pared to appreciate you and your thought, if your correspondent is, as he should be, one whom you can trust, there is nothing which will interest him so much as to trace the evidences of your mental peculiarities, and the charm of your own personality in whatever you write. How it benumbs one's sensibilities and damps up the sparkling founts of feeling to open a letter from a distant friend, and to find it as cold as polar snows; as "icily regular" as a theorem of Euclid! Deliver us from all such chill and chilling communications. But let the letter come warm from my friend's heart to mine, glowing with the fervor of genuine feeling, with its paragraphs tuned involuntarily to the rhythm of soul-melody, and touched into the music of mental contact, then, indeed, it is a "living epistle," and writes itself in lines of light upon my cheered and strengthened heart. Then indeed I am melted, transfigured, irradiated!

The comforting, quickening, inspiring influences of letter-writing can scarcely be over estimated. So important an element is it in our social lives, as to make it not only a most charming accomplishment, but an imperative, as well as a pleasant duty. To most natures it is not only a luxury, but a positive necessity. Although few or none of us will ever be called upon to write essay-letters like John Foster, or theological letters like Blaise Pascal, or political letters like those of Junius, yet all of us will be under the ordinary obligations to indulge in epistolary correspondence with those who are the objects of our friendship and affection.

It is useless, as well as undesirable to prescribe any very stringent rules for the composition of letters, because, as I have said, freedom from restraint should ever be characteristic of them, and then the character of epistolary intercourse is largely dependent upon the relations that the parties engaged in it sustain to each other. They may be actual or probable lovers, or friends, or husband and wife, and of course, with the variance of these relations must vary the character of the letter.

With reference to style, the essentials of letter-writing should be ease and simplicity, an even flow of unlabored diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments. It is the common opinion that the only difference between talking and writing letters lies solely in the fact that in one the tongue, in the other the pen is the agent of expression; or, in other words, that letter-writing is a pen and ink _tete a tete_. But this, though an excellent principle to keep in view, can only be approximately reduced to practice. Letter-writing holds rather a middle ground between the freedom of conversation and the constraint of formal composition. The same easy colloquial phraseology which a man of culture employs in ordinary conversation, we
may reasonably expect in his letters, modified of course by the reflection that his pen gives permanence to his thoughts, subjecting him, it may be, to the criticism of generations yet unborn.

But there is a penalty which attaches itself more immediately to the habit of letter-writing, and which is always apt, in some measure, to check one's flow of utterance. You may have no hesitancy in baring, as it were, your very soul to your friend; you can trust him or her, as the case may be, fully; but, then, there always comes a vague fear, that by some unforeseen accident, or unavoidable circumstance, your letters will fall into alien hands, and be critically scanned by unsympathizing eyes. This is the risk which all letter-writers must run, a risk, however, for which there is ample compensation. A lack of topics about which to write is a common, as well as a groundless complaint. If your correspondent is at all suggestive, and he certainly will be if he is interested in you, you will find ample room for comment on what he says. It is probably the best plan to touch upon the specially interesting points of your friend's letter first, and then add at pleasure whatever new thoughts, pleasant fancies, loving hopes or dreams, may go out toward one in sympathy with you, keeping in mind the inspiring fact that if you write to one whose heart throbs in unison with yours, you need not be fastidious about what you say or how you say it.

Those who follow Sir Philip Sidney's maxim, "Look into thy heart and write," are not apt to be troubled by a dearth of ideas. We generally do well what we do con amore.

When the mind and heart are co-workers, there is little difficulty in giving correct expression to the thoughts. As Emerson truly says, "our intellectual and active powers increase with our affections. The scholar sits down to write, and all his years of meditation do not furnish him with one good thought or happy expression; but it is necessary to write a letter to a friend, and forthwith troops of gentle thoughts invest themselves on every hand with chosen words."

A. B. C.

IMAGINATION.

"With what's unreal thou co-active art,
And fellow'st nothing."—Shakespeare.

Memory and imagination are the two modes in which the mind acts in exercising the faculty of representation. With the latter is also associated Phantasy.

Imagination is essentially a noncreative faculty, that is, it produces nothing new; only operating on materials previously furnished. It is
evident that the mind must observe the objects with which it is concerned before it can reproduce them. However distorted the fancy, however gnarled and twisted the form, yet will we discover, by the aid of a careful memory and a patient examination, that the basis of the fancy is an object observed perhaps years previously, but necessarily antedating the particular act of imagination.

Among the materials of which imagination is composed, we may notice first, space and time; and second, substance and attributes. In every exercise of the imagination, we must conceive the objects as occupying some position in space, and as preceding and following one another. That these objects are real to us, and possess their necessary attributes is evident. Indeed, when we pass into the realm of fancy, we are apt to multiply and clothe with impossible attributes, the figure about which our thoughts are centred.

Dr. Porter asserts, that "the imagination has the widest range of the creative powers," which, upon a hasty glance, might seem in direct conflict with Hamilton, who says that "it creates nothing; that is, produces nothing new." But we take it that Porter means only that the creative power extends to the imagination, the freedom of its domain; and that the materials once presented, the imagination takes them and works them into myriads of new combinations, and as the result of its operations produces the results which please or horrify us.

Let us take a short excursion into the realms of fancy, and call up before us some of the noted characters in the world of literature. Closing our eyes for a few moments, we can see them trooping past in quick succession.

The immortal Titmouse, that loathsome plaything of fortune; the commodore in "Peregrine Pickle," still sore from his memorable ride; Mark Twain's much abused guide, Ferguson, in the New Pilgrims' Progress; then Ouida's Idalia, with all the brilliancy of her queenly beauty, hand in hand with Scott's Rowena, both "born to receive universal homage." Then next come, with slow step and downcast countenance, Hugo's dwarf of Notre Dame, horrible, yet fascinating; Fagin and Sykes in unholy communion; the Hangman in Barnaby Rudge, the most painful of Dickens' works, and last, Macbeth, his face livid with contending emotions. And as he passes, his eyes fixed upon his dagger, we hear him ask

"Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?"

All these go slowly past us, and in our brief vision we see them as really as we do the actors in a play. But we might sit for hours, and
in reveries like these, dream away the moments that fly too swiftly without such employment. As Ancillon says, "there is a pleasure attached to its illusions, which renders it as seductive as it is dangerous." Indulged, the habit of castle-building, or reverie, would cause the mind to "lose its activity, and at length even the power and desire of action."

Imagination is an admirable slave, but a terrible master. The minds that could produce respectively the "Culprit Fay," and the "Black Cat," are sufficient proofs of this. No more pitiful spectacle can be conceived than that of a man who is the victim of a diseased fancy. When it is in one's power in the morning of life to place proper bounds to the imagination—to make it a delightful servant, and an agreeable companion—why should we abuse it, and make it the demon that it often is? By a touch of its magic wand, the cottage of the peasant becomes the palace of the king, the dairy-maid becomes a queen "in silk attire;" the plodding school-boy becomes the mighty general or silver-tongued orator. Was it not the blazing sun of an active imagination that fired the ambition of that pale lad at Brienne, who, while his companions were busy with their games, was always marshalling his miniature armies, that sun which grew brighter and brighter until it was merged in the transcendent glory of the Sun of Austerlitz!

Let us then cultivate imagination—not to the exclusion of our more practical faculties, but as a relaxation from the stern realities of life. Let it shed its kindly light over the sometimes needlessly dark pathway of our existence, a darkness due directly to the falsely high position which we give to sternness and practicality. Let it have its natural tendency, so that it will indeed be

"The evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray."

GREX.

THOR'S VISIT TO JOTUNHEIM.

A SCANDINAVIAN MYTH.

Conclusion.

At this, Thor's passions rose, and pale with rage,
His eyes flashed forked-fire; he grasped with both
His hands his trusty mallet; full upon
The giant's head, with all his might, he aimed
A powerful blow. And such a blow it was,
'Twould seem no living creature could survive,
But Skrymir merely woke and asked, "Did not
A leaf upon my head now fall?" Surprised,
Beyond conception, at his effort vain,
Though none the less quick-witted, Thor replied
Evasively, about it naught he knew;
That he was just preparing to retire;
And suit ing act to word, upon the ground
He stretched himself. But sleep came not that night.
To Thor, and when the giant snored again,
So loud the forest trembled with affright,
Thor rose again and grasped his mallet true,
While at the giant's skull he threw with such
Resistless force, 'twas deeply dinted in.
Imagine his surprise; Skrymir, instead
Of dying, as Thor fondly hoped, awoke
Exclaim ing, "What's the matter now? There must
Be birds perched on this tree. I felt
Some moss fall on my head," and, turning round,
Said, "Thor, how fares it now with thee?"
But Thor went hastily away, and answered as
He went, " 'Tis only midnight yet, there still
Is time for sleep." But as he went his way
He formed a firm resolve again to strike
And test the utmost of his godly strength
And power upon his sleeping foe. So, just
Before the break of day, perceiving that
The giant slept once more, again he grasped
His hammer, threw it with such violence,
It deeply sank into his victim's skull.
But, wonderful to say, the giant's rest
Was only slightly thus disturbed, so that
He woke, sat up and calmly stroked his cheek,
Spake thus: "An acorn fell upon my head.
What! Thor, art thou awake? Methinks 'tis time
To dress ourselves. You'll find not far away
The city Utgard; 'tis a famous place.
You think my stature great, but there you'll find
Men taller far than I. Wherefore I say
Boast not, the men of Utgard-Loki will
It never brook from such as you. Your course
The eastward runs, while mine lies to north;
So here we part." This said, he turned and left.

Then Thor and his companions on their way
Proceeded, and as noon came on beheld
A city standing in a plain. It was
So lofty to see its top their necks
Quite back upon their shoulders they were forced
To bend. But, lingering not, the city they
Soon entered, and before them saw, with doors
Wide ope, a palace grand. In this they went,
And there they found, seated on benches in
The spacious hall, a crowd of lusty giants,
Whose stature was so great, with them compared,
The gods were dwarfs. Regardless of their jeers,
The trio passed until they came into
The presence of the great king, Utgard-Loki,
The famous ruler of the far-famed land
Of Jötunheim. With scornful, haughty smile,
The great king welcomed them. "If I mistake
Me not," he said, "you stripling must be he
Who 'mong the gods called Thor;" and then to Thor,
"Perhaps thou mayst be more than seems; in what
Great feats art thou and thy companions deemed
Well skilled? for no one here remains who does
Not in some noted act excel." Then up
Spake Loki saying, "Noble King, the feat
I know is that of eating faster than
All others, and to give the proof, I now
Am ready." "That, indeed, will be a feat,"
Said Utgard-Loki, "and the trial shalt
Thou have at once." Then Utgard-Loki hid
One sitting on the crowded bench, whose name
Was Logi, forth to come and try his skill.
Before the two experts a trough well filled
With meat was placed; at either end they took
Their stand, and then the race began. At last,
Full in the middle of the trough they met;
But then 'twas found, while Loki had the flesh
Alone devoured, his adversary had
Both flesh and bone consumed, still, not content
With that, had eaten up the trough to boot;
And, therefore, all the company adjudged
That Loki was the vanquished.

Then Utgard asked what feat Thialfi could
Perform. He answered that a race he'd run
With any one against him matched. The king
Observed that skill in running was a thing
Of which 'twas worthy we should boast,
And swiftness great he must display. All then
Arose and went into a plain where there
Good running ground they found. The king then bade
A youth named Hugi with Thialfi try
His speed. They ran, but Hugi won the race;
Indeed, outstripped he his competitor so far
He turned about and met Thialfi near
The starting point. A second race, and yet
A third, they ran; in each successive race
Thialfi found himself no better than
At first.

Then Utgard-Loki asked of Thor
In what he wished the proofa to give of that
Great prowess which so famous had him made,
Thor answered that with any one he'd try
A drinking match. Then Utgard-Loki bade
Be brought, the horn his followers were obliged
To empty when, in any way, the law
Of feasting they'd transgressed. To Thor the horn
Was straightway given, then Utgard-Loki said,
"Whoever is a drinker good, this horn
Can empty at a single draught; most men
Of it make two, but, even then, at three,
The puniest drinker can succeed." To Thor
The horn seemed of but common size, and yet
'Twas rather long, but, as he thirsty was,
He put it to his lips and pulled as long
And deeply as he could. But when he set
It down and in it looked, he scarce perceived
The liquor was diminished. Taking time
To breathe, again, with all his might, Thor to
The task returned; but when the wondrous horn
Was from his lips removed, to him it seemed
Much less he'd drank than at his former trial,
However, now the horn without the risk
Of spilling could be carried. "How now, Thor,"
Said Utgard-Loki, "thou thyself cannot
Afford to spare. If thou the horn at the
Third draught yet truly meanest low to drain,
Quite deeply must thou pull; and I must needs
Remark that thou so famous wilt not be
Here as thou art at home, unless there's shown
In other feats much greater prowess than
Methinks we'll see in this." Thor, full of wrath,
Again bent to the task; on looking in
He found but slightly had the liquor sank,
And in disgust he gave it back resolved
No more attempts to make. "Quite plainly now
I see," said Utgard-Loki, "that thou art,
By far, less mighty than we first supposed;
But wilt thou try some other feat? although
Methinks thou art not likely much a prise
At aught to gain." Then Thor replied, "Sir, what
New trial dost thou wish to see?" "We have
A very trifling game," said Utgard-Loki,
"In which none but the children exercise;
My cat I fain would see thee lift from off
The ground; nor should I dare to thee great Thor
to mention such a trifle, had I not
Observed thou art, by no means, what we took
Thee for." And as he finished speaking, lo!
A large gray cat sprang nimbly on the floor.
Thor seized the cat and all his mighty strength
Exerted; but in vain, strive as he might,
One foot alone, forsooth, was all he could,
By any means, get off the floor, "Ah, ha!"
Said Utgard-Loki, "sir, this trial has
Resulted as I thought. The cat is large,
But Thor is very weak." Then answered Thor
In hasty rage, "Ye think me weak, yet let
Me see among you who, now that I am
In wrath, will hither come and wrestle with
Me,"
Utgard, glancing round upon his
Men replied, "None here I see who would
Not deem it much beneath their dignity
With thee to wrestle; yet, but stay, let some
One call that crone, my old nurse, Elli, and
Let Thor with her to try his strength, for she
Has vanquished many stronger far than he,"
A horrid, toothless woman old the hall
Then entered; Utgard-Loki told her that
With Thor she was to match herself. The tale
Is quickly told. Thor rudely seized the hag,
The more his hold he tightened yet she stood
The firmer; Thor began to try the trip,
But quick as thought his adversary had
Him down upon one knee. Then spake the king
And bid them to desist. "I now suppose,"
Said he, "the mighty Thor would wish to ask
No other person in this hall with him
To wrestle; and 'tis also growing late."
Then Thor and his companions showed he to
A resting place, where, after all the toils
Of that eventful day, the night they passed
In happy cheer. Next morning at the break
Of day, the trio quickly dressed themselves
In order to depart. A table for
Then Utgard-Loki ordered to be spread,
On which there was no lack of food or drink.
The repast o'er, then Utgardled them to
The gates, and parting asked of Thor how thought
He had his journey proved, and had he met
With men whose strength was greater than his own,
Thor answered that he could but say upon
Himself great shame he'd brought; " and what gives me
Most grief," he added, "is that ye will call
Me of but little worth." " Nay, nay, it now
Is time," said Utgard, "that to thee I tell
The truth. My city is now rid of thee,
And while I live and reign thou never shalt
Again its limits enter. By my troth,
Had I but known what untold strength thou dost
Possess, and me wouldst bring so near to great
Mishap, thy presence here I would not for
My kingdom e're have suffered. Sir, know then
That I am Skrymir, he who left thee in
The forest. Furthermore, know, mighty god,
That all this time by my illusions hast
Thou been deceived; first, in the forest where
I tied the wallet with an iron wire
So that thou it couldst not untie. Again,
Thou with thy mallet gavest me three blows:
The first, though least, had it but fallen on
Me, would my days have ended; but I slipped
Aside, and on the mountain fell thy strokes,
And there, if thou wilt take the pains, thou'lt find
Three glens—the one a frightful yawning chasm;
These are the dints by thy fell mallet mad.
And in your contests with my followers
With similar illusions hast thou and
Thy two companions been deceived. At first
Logi, like hunger stern, devoured all
That was before him set; but Logi was
Naught else but fire, and therefore soon consumed,
Not only all the meat, but e'en the trough
Which held it. Hugi, whom Thialfi matched
In running, was none else but Thought, and knowest
Thou well it is impossible—insane
For man—Thialfi or another, to
Attempt with that keep pace. But know, great sir,
When thou in thy own turn the horn essayed
To empty, by my kingdom, thou didst perform
A feat so marvellous that all the world
Could never it make me believe, had not
I with my own eyes seen it. For one end
Of that exhaustless horn was buried in
The sea, yet that, by my device, did not
So seem; but when thou comest to the shore
Thou wert perceive to what low depth the deep
Was sunken by those draughts. And yet, no less
A feat didst thou perform in lifting at
That cat. To tell the truth, when saw we that
One of her clumsy paws was off the floor
We all were terror-stricken; for what thou,
By thine own eyes deceived, didst take to be
An o'er-grown cat was in reality
The Midgard serpent that encompasseth
The earth, and by thee was so stretched, that now
He scarce can hold it in his potent folds.
But this is not yet all. Thy wrestling with
The old crone, Elli, was by far the most
Astounding feat my eyes have ever seen
Or ears have ever heard of—one that proves
Thee truly of immortal birth, possessed
Of attributes in man unknown, but found
In gods alone; for there was never yet
A man, nor ever will be, whom Old Age,
For such, in fact, was Elli, will sooner
Or later lay low in that dreamless sleep
Called death. But now we part, yet one word more
I fain would add: 'twill better be that thou
Wouldst never near me come again; for if
Thou dost, I shall again defend myself
By other fit illusions, so that thou
Wilt only lose thy labor and no fame
From such a contest gain." On hearing this
Thor's anger rose, a blazing stream of flame
Flashed from his scorching eyes; his lowering brow
Hushed nature into stillness; while, in tones
That shook the mountains to their lowest base,
He bid defiance to the giant. But when
He raised aloft his brawny arm to deal
Destruction with his mighty hammer lo!
Ulgard-Loki had disappeared; and then
He turned to vent his pent-up wrath upon
The city, he found nothing round him but
A verdant, smiling plain.

LETTERS FROM THE STUDENTS.

College, April 15th, 1880.

Editors of the Messenger:

In a late number of your paper, you stated that all communications
from students about things concerning the welfare of the College would
be gladly received. Remembering this, I take the liberty of speaking
of some things which I have longed to see at College for several years.
I believe there is a movement on foot to erect at an early day the other
wing of the College building, which will be called "The Jeter Memo­
rial." It is an improvement greatly needed, and I know that all of
the students will rejoice if it is done, as in fact all the friends of the Col­
lege will. It will in a practical way honor the memory of a great and
noble man. The new wing is intended to contain halls for the library
and museum. Now to come to my point. I think that in this build­
ing there should also be a hall fitted up as a gymnasium. A good gym­
nasium is absolutely necessary to a first-rate college. Every day this
is being more realized. It has been plainly demonstrated among us
that one out of doors does not amount to much. The fact that a dozen
or more students belong to a gymnasium in the city, and that they have
to walk a mile to reach it, shows their desire for muscular development. Therefore, when the trustees make their plans for the "wing" let them not forget "the gymnasium." Better study and better health will be the results if this want is supplied.

We commend the above to the Faculty of the College and beg them to "read, ponder and inwardly digest."—[Eds. of MESSENGER.]

Editors MESSENGER:—Can you tell me from what author the following line is?

"Here, as elsewhere, the women run after the asses."

Yours respectfully,

N. W.

It is from Owen Meredith's "Lucile," of course. But why do you ask? Have any of our Richmond girls been running after you.?

Eds.

Dear MESSENGER:—I wish simply to allude to the recent action of the Faculty in forbidding the base-ball club to play on the College grounds. In the first place I would say it is most unjust and uncalled for. I suppose they have done this because they think the members of the base-ball club cut down those trees over which so many mournful lamentations have been uttered. But how does the Faculty know this? They have no proof of it at all. They allow croquet on the campus and yet refuse to permit base-ball (that most manly and healthful of games) to be played there. Now, is not this an unjust discrimination? Such legislation on the part of the Faculty must prove injurious to the College and its best interests.

L. M. N.

RICHMOND COLLEGE, April 2nd, 1880.

Messrs. Editors:

The recent discussion of city girls and country lassies in your columns encourages me to relate to you my experience with one of Richmond's fairest daughters. Well, to begin with, (to use a very common expression and not a very elegant word,) I am right much "mashed," I have tried on several occasions to express my feelings, and give vent to the affection which fills me from the soles of my feet to the tip ends of my eye lashes. But every time I get to the interesting point she commences laughing and seems to be infinitely amused. Now, what I want to know is, as to how I can convince her of the sincerity of my intentions. By giving me some advice on this subject you will greatly oblige

Yours mournfully,

RULINDUS MANTENTO.
We congratulate the object of Rulindus Mantento's love on having so much sense. To Rulindus Mantento himself we would say, take three of Dr. D'Armstadt's Anti-Dyspeptic Drops every morning before breakfast, and one spoon full of Perry's Pain Killer at night. If these do not have the desired effect, we will get up a subscription to send you to Staunton.—[Eds.]

TO HELEN.

[The following beautiful little poem was written by Edgar Allen Poe when only fourteen years old. It is remarkable both in the melodious flow of its lines and the beauty of thought. As James Russell Lowell has said, "there is a smack of ambrosia about it."

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicean barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche,
How statue-like I see the stand I
The agate lamp within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!

LOCAL NOTES.

There came so killing a frost on the night of the 6th instant, that those three trees on the base-ball ground, which have been such serious impediments to "liners," were bit short off to the ground.

On the following morning, when the fact became known to the authorities, it occasioned a huge stir. A lengthy investigation ensued. Nearly all the students were summoned, one by one, and questioned as to what they knew about the matter. Some replied that they had not felled the trees, while the others declined to answer either way. But let no one therefore hastily conclude that the spirit of George Washington is not in them. That would be unjust, for the two cases are essentially different. In the present instance there were three trees cut down, while George only cut one. Now there's not the shadow of a doubt
in our mind but that if George had cut down three, he would never have confessed his crime, and so fond mothers would not now have the little hatchet tale to tell. We shall always believe that if the circumstances had been the same, that is, if the boys had felled only one tree, and that had been a cherry tree, every one of them who had a hand in it would have taken their little hatchets under their arms, gone to Professor Puryear's office, and said exactly what the "Father of His Country" did.

The investigation proved fruitless, and the guilty ones are still at large. On the next morning, substantially the following edict, officially stamped, was found on the bulletin-board: "The game of base-ball, and other similar games, will not be allowed on the campus until further notice." Now, one of two things is so; either the faculty think that all the base-ball players aided in cutting down the trees, (which is by no means true,) or they are no adherents to the old saying, that it's better for ninety-nine guilty ones to escape, than one innocent man be punished. Basing our decision upon the justness of that old saying, we consider the above edict wrong, hope it may soon be revoked and peace restored to our family.

It is with much joy, and a quantity of honest pride, that we let the world know how unmoved Richmond College passed through the great fifteen puzzle ordeal. Our pride increases when we know that no other place, no, not even the halls of our U. S. Senate, escaped the dread contagion. Of course the fortunate escape is to be attributed to our good sense, yet we know some are ready to suggest that "cold penury" kept us from investing. If that is so, then we are much indebted to "cold penury," and hereby return thanks to her.

We are sorry to report that Professor Massie has been but slowly recovering from his illness, which we mentioned in a previous issue. He left Richmond a few days ago for his old home, in Albemarle county, where we hope he will find everything which can conduce to his speedy recovery. Professors Harris and Harrison will continue to instruct his classes for the remainder of the term.

Professor H. H. Harris has accepted the place of Editor-in-chief of the Religious Herald. This will, however, not interfere with his connection with the college.

"The voice of the peacock foretelleth the weather" is a favorite expression with the boys who hide hash at the college boarding house.

That was a capital case of "grins" which "Auntie" took the other day, when "Cris.," our janitor, appeared before the senior French class, and accused him of having taken away somebody's table-leg.
Now "Auntie," how could you have ever thought that the 8th commandment referred less to table-legs than to any other private property?

Of all the joys of spring-time, there's none to which our students look forward with such unfeigned pleasure as they do to the visit of those bag-pipe players, who never forget the college in their rounds. They came again the other day, and by their melodious strains, woke up the snoring loafers, and made them feel as if suddenly transported to the Highlands of Scotland. Now it is a well-known fact to every one who is acquainted with our president, that he has an undying love for all that style of itinerant music, such as the hand-organ accompanied by the monkey; but especially does he entertain tender feelings toward the bag-pipe. This being about the first day of the month, the president was exceedingly busy making out reports, so it occurred to some rascally fellows that it was the very time for a serenade. They directed the players to take position under the office window and blow for dear life. Numbers of the boys placed themselves in upper windows to watch the inevitable result. Then began the unearthly blowing, and as quick as thought, up flew the president's window, and out an angry head. "Hey! hey!! hey!!! there!!! get off this campus!!!" rang, out with a force which might have been heard to Capitol Square, had it not been drowned by the ever ascending sounds of the bag-pipe, which, in point of loudness, can vie with heavens artillery. And then, too, the players having their backs to the window, of course knew nothing of the sea of rage which was struggling to envelop them; so this test of lungs between our president and the bag-pipe went on until all the second floor windows were crowded with the boys, and until the very walls shook with laughter. At last the superiority of man over the brute creation was proven by our president's getting ahead of the bag-pipe. No sooner did the players turn around, than they caught his meaning, closed up their bag-pipe and silently stole away.

Professor Winston is now delivering lectures on Astronomy, both in Petersburg and Fredricksburg.

The Rev. DeWitt Talmage, will kill two birds with one stone. He is also to address the Literary Societies of Randolph Macon College.

CHEMICO-COMICAL—A few evenings since, two veterans in chemistry, graduates of last session, were returning up Grace street from a stroll. And under the genial influence of the weather, their minds reverted to the pleasant remembrances of the chemistry class and to the fine point of the globule. Just then their attention was attracted by two negro boys taking a see-saw on an elevated pile of timber. Says one of the two, who is accustomed to carry his knowledge of chemistry into every
day life, "what would be the chemical result were that plank to break?"
The other reasons thus with himself: "colorless, impossible, for the
negroes are as black as ebony; soluble, worse yet, for no solvent would
effect their heads; producing no effect, alas, this solution fails me too,
for there would be various effects." He now acknowledges to his com-
panion that he cannot see the point. Why, said his practical com-
panion, it is evident that the result would be black precipitate. The
obtuse student didn’t say anything, but that is no evidence that he did
not see the point.

The societies are now in a right flourishing condition, and the de-
bates are "waxing warm" as medal-time approaches. In both socie-
ties the contest is likely to be warm and close, there being already
several fast horses in the field panting for glory.

The following is the result of last election in the Philalogian: Final
President, J. M. McManaway; Term President, C. R. Sands; Vice-
President, W. B. Haislip; Recording Secretary, J. E. Courtney; Cor-
responding Secretary, T. J. Lawrence; Censor, J. T. Gordon; Libra-
rian, M. S. Wood; Chaplin, J. H. Wright; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. L.
King; Treasurer, R. Garnett; Critic, J. H. Smith; Editors of Mes-
senger, Jas. D. Perkins and Geo. Bryan; Board of Managers, S. H.
Hally, W. G. Hurt, and B. B. Valentine,

Officers elect of Mu Sigma Rho: Final President, C. G. Davis;
Term President, A. May; Vice-President, C. G. Abbitt; Censor, J.
B. Seward; Recording Secretary, A. E. Cox; Corresponding Secre-
tary, W. H. Winfry; Sergeant-at-Arms, C. H. Jones; Chaplin, W. H.
Ansel; Treasurer, L. C. Bosher; Librarian, W. P. Gray; Critic, S.
A. Fishburn; Editors Messenger, B. A. Pendleton and Allen Cham-
ers; Board of Managers, C. Puryear, H. P. Hines, G. G. Bundick.

Two Portraits.—Our chapel has been recently adorned by two
fine portraits—one of Rev. Ro. B. Semple, D. D., given
by his grand-
daughters, in King William county. Though painted fifty years ago
the work stands finely, and the likeness was pronounced by Dr. Jeter
a perfect one.

The other is of Rev. J. B. Jeter, D. D., painted by Ford, in 1841.
This is the gift of James Thomas, Jr., Esq., who does so many kind
and generous things for the college. It is difficult to realize that Dr.
Jeter ever had so full a suit of rich brown hair as appears in this pic-
ture. But the classic features are there, and the painting is a fine one.
Those who remember the Doctor thirty-nine years ago, say it is a most
excellent likeness.

It is a real pleasure to chronicle the gift of such treasures. May
their number be greatly increased.
THE JETER MEMORIAL HALL.—We are greatly pleased to learn that a movement is on foot to build a “Library Hall” on the college campus in honor of Rev. J. B. Jeter, D. D.

The plan, if we understand it, is to complete the college edifice and to put into this Franklin-Street wing a spacious room, to be devoted to library purposes. The effort receives an impetus at the start by the generous gift of $5,000, from Mr. James Thomas, the president of the trustees. Twenty thousand more will be needed, and a strong State committee has been appointed to raise it. It is believed that $25,000 will complete the building and improve the grounds. Surely every friend of the college will rejoice in such a scheme, and hail its consummation as indicating a new era of prosperity for our noble school.

Dr. Jeter left his library, manuscripts, and copy-rights to the college.

A joint public debate of the two societies came off in the college chapel on the night of the 16th instant. Presidents Sands and Forbes, respectively of the Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho, presiding. The first declamer, Mr. C. G. Davis, began the exercises with a well delivered declamation; then followed the debate upon the subject:

"Resolved, that a literary offers higher inducements than a political life."

It was discussed affirmatively by Messrs. R. H. Garnett and G. B. Moore; negatively by Messrs. J. D. Perkins and J. T. Dickinson.

As far as could be learned, the hearers considered the affair a decided success. Indeed, if the success was proportional to the applause bestowed, it was truly "long, loud, and continued;" but we are disposed to think that the raising of applause is often very similar to the generating of electricity on Prof. Winston’s favorite machine; only a spark or so is needed to begin with, and then there is produced electricity without end. So let some fellow drop his foot on the floor, intentionally or accidentally, and there will generally arise an applause deafening in the extreme.

As is nearly always the case, something was gotten off on our honored Prof. of Chemistry, who seldom fails to lend his presence to our public debates. At one time the speakers had him under the influence of laughing gas, winging his way from planet to planet, at another time, raising potatoes on his little plantation.

Mr. L. C. Catlett then delivered a most ludicrous original piece, which ended the exercises of the evening.
EXCHANGES.

The Archangel comes to us quite improved in appearance. We agree with its exchange editor when he says: "Many exchange editors forget themselves and indulge, with apparent satisfaction to their own minds, in ridicule and abuse, at the expense of their unoffending neighbor; using at the same time language unfit even to be heard from the most illiterate and ill-bred." Sophomoric eloquence is bad, but sophomoric sarcasm is inexpressibly bad. Some exchanges on the slightest pretext

"Fall a-cursing like very drabs or scullions."

The Home Journal is a regular and valued exchange. Its contents are charming, and exhibit a high degree of literary excellence. "Elevation of Women in Russian Society" contains rare information and gives much insight into that class upon which it was written.

The Campus is up to its usual standard. "Hinderances to a College Education," by the Rev. Lucius Rugbee, is a practical article, clear and concise. "Short-Hand" presents the advantages of stenography in a forcible way.

The Undergraduate is always a welcome visitor. "Kinship of Truths" is a well written and sensible article. There is nothing peculiarly original in "Shakespeare's Sonnets."

PERSONALS.

Wm. S. Burnley, '73-'74, is in the commission business in Richmond with H. M. Wortham (another college boy).

Jno. M. Garnett, '78-'79, was in the city a few days ago and called to see us.

Jno. H. Boldridge, '77-'78, is preaching to two churches in Culpeper, and is doing a good work.

T. H. Topping, '76-'77, was married not long since. Success to you and your-better half, Tom.

A. W. Patterson, '75-'76, will take A. B. at the University of Virginia this session. How about that big supper alluded to by the Dispatch, Archie?

David Currie, '77-'78, is in business with A. Y. Stokes & Co., one of the largest wholesale grocery houses in the State.

R. H. Pitt, '78-'79, has recently been elected Chaplain of Friendship Lodge, I. O. O. F. He is also teaching school, preaching to two churches, and farming, and is doing them all well.
Resolutions.

Geo. E. Crawford, '66-'67, is in the real estate business in the city.

John McDonald, '77-'78, is teaching school in Scottsville, Va. Take care, John, lest you fall in love with some of those pretty Flu­vanna girls. "Having suffered, we compassionate the suffering."

"Hon. Sam. B. Witt, '71-'72, figured prominently in a leap-year ball at Warrenton a few days ago.

Among the many successful business men whom Richmond College has sent out, none have more deservedly gained the public confidence and good-will than Chewning & Rose, real estate agents. These gent­lemen have achieved a marked success, and are generally regarded as among the most enterprising and pushing real estate agents in the city. Chewning, by his unflagging industry and close application to busi­ness, and Rose, on account of his affable, genial disposition and prompt, punctual habits, make up a firm in every way worthy of the public trust. Their Office is No. 5 north Tenth street, Richmond.

Rev. Harvey Hatcher, '55-'56, is assistant editor of the Biblical Recorder, and is living in Raleigh, N. C.

At a meeting of AA. Chapter of the Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved companion and brother, George Watson, therefore be it

Resolved, 1st. That in his death we lose a beloved companion, a true gentleman, and a dear friend, and our fraternity an earnest worker and an honored member.

2d. That whilst we bow with submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we, his late former club mates, cannot but feel deeply the great loss we have sustained, and we sincerely sympathise with his family in their sad bereavement.

3d. That as an outward mark of the gloom and sadness that fill our hearts, we wear the usual badge of mourning.

4th. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and published in the "Richmond College Messenger."

T. M. Perkins,
W. G. Forbes.

Committee.
ADVERTISEMENTS.

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