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# The Messenger.

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VOL. XVIII.

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## DREAMLAND.

### I.

Washed by the billows of Mem'ry's sea,  
Somewhere in the spirit world,  
Is a country that's known as the land of dreams,  
Where the sunshine of promise forever beams  
On its glittering sands and its silver streams ;  
There, with gossamer sails unfurled,

### II.

Dream vessels, crewless, their course pursue  
Steered only by fond Desire ;  
And the breezes that waft them are Fancy's own,  
And right lightly I ween are their frail barks blown ;  
Swifter craft unto mortal has ne'er been known  
For their light sail-wings never tire.

### III.

Thither I sail when the noise of day  
Is hushed and, on every hand,  
Meet with friends whom I knew in the days of yore,  
Aye and loved. They are known now on earth no more,  
Yet I greet them, nor feel that their lives are o'er,  
On the shore of this golden land.

## IV.

Would I might live with them ever there !  
 Alas ! but I may not stay ;  
 For 'tis barely the break of the early dawn  
 Ere the dream ships set sail to return, and morn  
 Finds me back upon earth, with my friends all gone,  
 Regretfully waiting the day.

*February 25, '92.*

JAMES C. HARWOOD.

### MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH—A CONTRAST.

Two characters so widely different and yet so much alike would be hard to contrast, even if understood ; when they are both mysterious the task grows more difficult. You study Macbeth to find out what he is, and to try to understand why he is so, and can never be quite sure you have solved either problem. You could have no doubt at all as to what Lady Macbeth is, on your very first introduction to her, did not the insoluble problem of how woman could be such force a conviction that you must be mistaken. The more you study her the more certain you are that your first impression was right, and the more you are puzzled to comprehend how woman can be such as you are sure she is.

She surpasses Macbeth in every striking characteristic common to them, but his nature has the wider range. The energies of her soul seem concentrated in a few strong points ; his are more widely extended, and consequently weaker. This is the key to the whole study.

Her chief function seems to be to guide Macbeth, giving him strength and courage, and herself acting only where he fails. When she has led him to see that he is in the middle of the stream, whence crossing is as easy as returning, and he determines on the former, she passes off the stage and we see her again only once, and then in a weird trance. It has taken skill and care to lead him to this point, but thereafter he has imbibed his wife's spirit, and we see her in him. Her spirit seems literally to have been breathed into his ears and to have sunk into his soul. It is but in harmony of results that she now disappears, since her demon has gone into him.

Throughout she is clearly the leader, and he the led ; or, if you please, she is the driver, and he is driven.

He has as much ambition as she, but he is not as wicked. He loves rule as well, but hesitates to say, "Thus must thou do" to secure it. He had, no doubt, mused many an hour over greatness that might be somehow secured, but she determines the how. No musing spirit is hers. She may pour her spirits into his ears, but needs no reinforcement of her own. The valor of her tongue would have been sufficient for the chastisement of a less daring soul than Macbeth's. He might be made to win under the lash of a skillful driver. From start to finish she refuses the whip, but may be trusted to win every time.

She has evidently always been mistress in her home. This is not the first time she has poured her spirits into his ears, probing and opening with keen thrusts, well aimed. The glib use of her tongue and its magic influence upon his spirit show how valorous it had already proved in chastising a laggard husband into meeting the wife's designs. This is not the first time he has been called unfit for his task, and told: "Leave all the rest to me." She was a superb teacher, but Macbeth learned his lessons well.

He seems more imaginative than she. Or is it that her imagination is of a higher order than his? His leads to superstition, but hers grasps ends and means. His speeches are more poetical, as a rule; but her imagery, when occasion admits it, is superb and thrilling. She refrains from it because her purpose is best subserved without it; he indulges his fancy because he cannot rise above it. Her adulation of the king far outdoes his, but is so much more skillful that her real spirit is not less concealed.

Macbeth doubts the witches' words at first, because he is not quite sure how their prophecy can be true; she accepts them at once, because she sees how she can make such things come to pass. He, in a dreamy way, thinks to let the fates work out their own designs, while she accepts their predictions, but recognizes that "the gods help those who help themselves." His imaginative tendency is so superstitious as to lead him to seek a second conference with the witches, and to see ghosts and visionary daggers. She cares for none of these things, but can devise means to influence him even beyond the power of these, and to prevent his spoiling the plot before it is finished. He is more imaginative in a low sense; she surpasses in lofty imagination. She could conceive a design and paint a picture; he might imitate a model.

In playing their parts, Macbeth's courage gives way, even with her support, before he has smeared the faces of the attendants, and he so far forgets himself in his fright as to rush out of Duncan's room with the daggers that should have been carefully placed by the pillows of the sleeping guards. Lady Macbeth fails nowhere in her task, and does his unfinished work. What to him are terrifying voices of men and spirits, are to her only cricket's chirp and owl's cry, because her imagination is not quickened by a terrified heart. If just at the point where the terrified Macbeth rushes out of the king's chamber Lady Macbeth seems to enter into sympathy with his fears, it is only because she sees in this the best means of restoring his boldness, and not that her courage has at all failed; she had too firmly screwed that "to the sticking place" in the beginning. She is only gently and skillfully applying the thumbscrew to his. She faints in true womanly way when the proper time comes, when it will help her designs; but no such faint-hearted failure as stopped Macbeth in his work ever deterred her from completing her purpose.

Macbeth muses much over the various phases of the question, dallies with his doubts, and even gives the moral side a pretended show. Lady Macbeth forestalls everything at once, and is ready for action. He seems to be meanness mixed; she is perfidy unmixed. He reasons about gratitude for rich favors received from the king, the obligations due his kinsman, the hatred of an outraged nation, possibilities of failure, and consequent disgrace and death. Leaping over all these at a bound, she "screws her courage to the sticking place" and banishes all argument against her aim. Failure is a word her mother never taught her, and which passes her husband's lips only to meet her quick rebuke. Honors graciously granted, so far from being causes of gratitude in her, are only stepping stones to supplanting their author. Macbeth hesitates on thoughts of justice and right, but no such unseemly conscience hinders her purpose. Justice, for her, was no judge, nor known at all unless it could aid her aims.

In him there is still left something of the "milk of human kindness," but no such ingredient thins her bold blood or makes her hesitate "to catch the nearest way" to her end.

Her petition to be unsexed was unnecessary, for she had no woman's spirit. Her soul was made of the sternest stuff of which felons are formed. Nature only made the mistake of dressing her

up in the misfit form of woman's body. Her nature was already filled, "from crown to toe, top-full of direst cruelty." In this petition she was only making "assurance doubly sure," and taking "a bond of fate."

Heaven might "peep through the blanket of the dark to cry: 'Hold! hold!'" to Macbeth, always "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in to saucy doubts and fears," but the darkness about her soul was too dense to be pierced by any ray of mercy.

He had some genuine sensibilities left; hers had been all distributed between ambition and will, and appear only in the reference she makes to Duncan's resemblance to her father. Had it been part of the programme for her to kill Duncan, we should never have heard of even this touch of woman left in her.

Macbeth might sometimes, with feeling, address his wife as "My dearest love," "My dear wife," "Dearest chuck," but no endearing titles must be expected from the lips of one, though called woman, whose purpose in evil is so cherished that for it she could, while her babe

"was smiling in 'her' face,  
Have plucked 'her' nipple from its boneless gums,  
And dashed its brains out."

If she says "My lord," "My worthy thane," it is only to stir his pride that she may lead him more easily.

Remorse finds expression in such words of Macbeth as these:

Seyton! I am sick at heart when I behold ——"  
"I have lived long enough; my way of life  
Is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but in their stead,  
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honor, breath,  
Which the poor soul would fain deny, and dare not."

His speech, on learning of Lady Macbeth's death, savors not more of sorrow for her than of despair in his own course. Thus he vibrates 'twixt remorse and hardness, till Macduff cuts him off in the midst of dying desperation.

A fiend struggles for the mastery of Macbeth's soul, finally winning; for Lady Macbeth, almost an arch-fiend, fills the functions of a soul. Only in the horror of her delirious sleep does she seem to

come short of a perfect demon, and even here my conception of a perfect demon may be at fault.

He is more superstitious; she trusts more in her own power. He is more wild in imagination; she has more determination. He sees ghosts when awake; she is troubled in her dreams. His desperation develops; hers is full-formed at first. He consults witches; she trusts her own knowledge of men and means. He is disposed to let the fates fashion his fortune; she will work out her own destiny.

He is commonly weak, but has seasons of strength inspired by her. She is ever strong, and if for once it can be charged that she weakens, it is only because he has proved the complete coward.

We can scarcely say which we condemn more—her complete perfidy, or his cowardice in being driven on against conscience and judgment.

Both are passing strange, and yet strangely real. Both deserve contempt, and yet call for pity. Both meet the deserved end of avenging justice.

W. O. C.

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### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

There are few, if any, churches in the world more famous than Westminster Abbey—certainly none more interesting to English-speaking people. This interest is due, not to the magnificence or size of the abbey, nor even to its antiquity. It is equalled in beauty and exceeded in size by several of the English cathedrals, not to mention those on the continent; but it stands unique in one respect—as the last resting-place of the illustrious dead. Kings, queens, warriors, statesmen, orators, poets, authors, inventors, discoverers—nowhere else can be found such a mighty “congregation of those whose names the world will not willingly let die.”

But this is a threadbare subject. Every intelligent American knows something about Westminster Abbey, and it is not my object to say anything about its chief glory—memorials of world-renowned men—but rather to notice a few less striking features, beauties, and oddities, most of which the visitor must hunt for—which, in fact, will require far more than one “peep” to find.

Westminster Abbey ranks fourth in size among English cathedrals, and large though it is compared with an ordinary church, it is taxed to the utmost to accommodate the crowd of relics and

statuary placed in it. If England goes on manufacturing heroes of war and peace in the next century at the same rate as in the past, it will be impossible to do them honor—at least, in stone—in this temple of fame. Windows, walls, niches, floors, almost every available square inch, has already been called into use.

Mixed with admiration at the number and beauty of these monuments is sometimes a feeling of disappointment. Frequently the size and grandeur of the monument are in inverse proportion to the greatness of the man. For instance, in the north transept (the Statesmen's Aisle) is a large and beautiful monument in memory of "The Three Captains"—William Bayne, William Blair, and Lord Robert Manners—who fell in a naval engagement in 1782. It would be safe to say that none but the most diligent student of the history of George the Third's reign ever heard of these valiant seamen. Near by, in striking contrast to this imposing monument, is the plain stone marking the grave of Henry Grattan, the impassioned Irish orator, and the simple bust of Richard Cobden, the champion of free-trade.

Again, in the southern transept ("the Poet's Corner") is a large and pretentious monument in honor of Matthew Prior, which takes up more room than the combined space occupied by the busts or slabs of Milton, Gray, Butler (author of *Hudibras*), Spenser, and Dr. Johnson in the neighboring bay.

As an illustration of how completely the judgment of the present generation may be reversed by the verdict of posterity, the monument of Nicholas Rowe is worth noticing. It stands close by the large, but by no means handsome, monument of Shakespeare. Rowe was poet laureate in Queen Anne's day, and among the dozen lines of epitaph (attributed to Pope) are these two :

"And near thy Shakespeare place thy honored bust,  
Next him skilled to draw the tender tear."

Two small busts of Coleridge and Robert Burns look down upon the poet "next skilled" to Shakespeare. Walking up the nave from the west door, a careful search will discover on one of the diamond-shaped paving stones forming the floor of the aisle this inscription: "O rare Ben Jonson." The poet is buried beneath this stone, standing on his feet. He is said to have begged for "eighteen inches of square ground in Westminster Abbey." Another story has it that "one day being rallied by the Dean of Westminster about being buried in Poet's Corner, he replied: "I am too poor



for that, and no one will pay out funeral charges upon me. Six feet long by two wide is too much for me. Two feet by two will do for all I want." "You shall have it," said the Dean. Tradition tells us that the inscription, "O rare Ben Jonson," was "donne at the chardge of Jack Young, afterwards knighted, who, walking here when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteenpence to cut it." A century later tardy justice was done to Jonson's memory and his bust placed near his friend Shakespeare.

In the south aisle of the nave, opposite Jonson, is a huge monument raised to Admiral Tyrrell, who was drowned at sea. Tyrrell distinguished himself "in the days of good King George" by defeating three French men-of-war single-handed. The monument fills the whole window-sill, and blocks a large part of the window. In one corner is the Admiral's ship, the "Buckingham," and in the middle several female figures (angels, I suppose) bending over *nothing*. This artistic piece of work is very much like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. There was at one time a figure representing Admiral Tyrrell rising out of the sea and going to heaven. Some ill-natured critic said that "it looked for all the world as if Tyrrell were hanging from the gallows with a rope round his neck." The monument was often called the Pancake monument, from the shape of the clouds through which the worthy Admiral would have ascended if he had not been pulled down from his window-sill to let a little more daylight into the Abbey.

Another curiosity is the tomb of Thomas Thynn. He was one of Charles the Second's favorites, and was assassinated in his coach in Haymarket by three hired ruffians. There is a bas-relief on the tomb representing the coach surrounded by horsemen—one attacking the coachman, and the others making an onslaught on Thynn.

An amusing story is told regarding this monument: "A Welshman, bragging of his family, said his father's effigy was set up in Westminster Abbey. Being asked whereabouts, he said, 'In the same monument with Squire Thynn, for he was his coachman.'"

Passing on to more distinguished clay, we find in the Chapel of the Kings the tomb of Henry V. On the tomb originally there lay an effigy of the king, the body covered with plates of silver, the head, sceptre, and other regalia being of solid silver; but the silver—head and all—was stolen in Henry the Eighth's reign, and the figure is now a shapeless oaken block.

Above the tomb is a wooden bar, upon which are Henry's shield, saddle, and helmet, which, tradition says, were used by him at Agincourt.

A few yards from this, in the north aisle of Henry the Seventh's chapel, is a small monument to Sophia, the infant daughter of James I. She died when but three days old, and is represented lying in a cradle. It is a very pretty bit of sculpture, and the guide book quotes old Andrew Fuller as saying, "therewith vulgar eyes, especially of the weaker sex, are more affected (as level to their cognizance, more capable of what is pretty than what is pompous) than with all the magnificent monuments in Westminster." I noticed a typewritten copy of verses hung just above the cradle. They were written by an American woman for *Harper's Magazine*, and had been placed there by the wife of Dean Stanley.

Readers of "Tom Brown's School-days" and the "Life of Dr. Arnold," will be pleased to find that the monument of Dean Stanley (the original of Arthur in "Tom Brown") is worthy of the man. This also is in Henry the Seventh's chapel, a few yards from the cradle Lady Stanley thought so much of. There is not anywhere in the Abbey a more beautifully chiselled piece of marble than the tomb and recumbent figure of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley. His wife is buried with him.

Lovers of Longfellow, too, have their pride gratified by the sight of a splendid white marble bust of the poet (placed in the Poets' Corner "by his English admirers,") surrounded by such illustrious company as Dryden, Chaucer, and Beaumont.

There are other monuments besides these in marble—gorgeous stained-glass memorial windows, with designs representing bridges, steam engines, etc., built or invented by great engineers (Robert Stephenson, Brunel, Telford), all of which need very many visits to see and appreciate; in fact, any one with the slightest tendency to hero-worship will find such a wealth of material to gratify his taste that, however often he may visit the Abbey, he will feel constrained to say, with the good old hymn-writer:

"I have been there, and still would go,  
'Tis like a little heaven below."

R. H.

### THE MOTHER.

It is true, although expressed in a figurative form, that the mother is both the morning and evening star of man's existence. The light of her eyes is always the first to rise and often the last to fall upon his brief day. She employs a power more decisive than syllogism in argument or tribunals of final appeal in authority; nay, even where there has been no fear of God before the eyes of youth—where his love has been unfelt and his injunctions outraged—a mother's love has held the transgressor by the heartstrings, and been the means of leading him back to purity and to his Maker.

Woman's charms are assuredly many and powerful. The bursting bud just opening into beauty has a peculiar bewitchingness; the blushing bride led forth triumphantly to the hymeneal altar awakens admiration. But the charm of maternity is more sublime than all these. Heaven has set firmly in the mother's face something which claims relation with the sky—the angelic smile, the loving, eager eyes, which keep their fond vigil over her slumbering child. Mother! Ecstatic sound, so imbedded in our hearts that they must cease to pulsate ere we forget it; 'tis earliest love, 'tis part of religious worship. Nature has placed the mother upon a pinnacle to which our infant eyes and arms are first uplifted; we turn to it in manhood, we almost worship her in old age. Can any other take the place of a mother's love? No!—a million times, no! By the deep longing of our souls for that love; by the weary, aching void in our hearts; by the unsatisfied wanderings of our affections, always seeking an object on which to rest; by hallowed emotions which we nourish in the depths of our hearts; by the sight of a grass-covered grave in a lonely graveyard among the hillocks; by the reverence, the holy love, the feeling akin to idolatry, with which our thoughts hover about an angelic form among the seraphs of heaven; by all these we answer—no! Often do I sigh, in my trials with the uncarving world, for the sweet security I felt when at eventide, nestling in my mother's bosom, I listened to some quiet story suited to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never shall her tender glances which were cast upon me when I seemed to sleep, never her nightly kiss of peace, be forgotten. Years have passed and gone since we laid her on the hillside; yet even now her voice whispers from the grave, and those eyes watch over me as I frequent spots

long since hallowed by her memory. Mother, O mother ! my heart calls for you.

“Many a summer the grass has grown green,  
 Blossomed and faded, our faces between ;  
 Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,  
 Long I to-night for your presence again.”

Alas ! how little do we appreciate a mothers's love while she is living ; how heedless are we in youth of all her tender anxieties. But when she is gone from us, when the trials of the world are withering our hearts, when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy, how few there are who cherish us for ourselves, how few will befriend us in our troubles ; then it is that we think of the dear mother we have lost. Even among the resting-places of the famous dead none is so sacred as a mother's tomb. There rests the nurse of infancy, the guide of our youth, the adviser of our riper years ; friend when all others failed us ; she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love. There she sleeps, and we love the very spot for her sake. In what Christian land can we deny the influence which a mother exerts over her children in every period of their lives. The roughest and hardiest traveller, when he is tossed on the mighty deep, or while he scorches his feet on the desert sands, remembers in his wretchedness and loneliness the smiles which maternal love scattered over his childhood days.

“The mother in her office holds the key  
 Of soul, and she it is who stamps the coin  
 Of character, and makes the being, who would be a savage  
 But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.”

DON PEDRO.

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### CHANGE.

Change seems to be an essential quality of all created objects. The animate as well as the inanimate yield to its influence, either in form, nature, or surroundings. This quality, which is common to all things, is probably most observed and best appreciated in the natural world.

Here we can observe going on before our very eyes changes which have puzzled the wisest men. We see at one time the earth budding and blooming. Objects on all sides are dressed in vivid green, and all nature seems joyful and glad. Soon spring fades away into summer, and the lovely green is parched and withered by the burning

sun. Then another change occurs, and flowers and plants, hills and plains, are painted all the hues of the rainbow. And after the old oaks have dropped their brown leaves, and but few of the forest trees retain their accustomed verdure, white-robed winter stalks abroad over the flinty earth. So common are these great changes that we scarcely stop to consider them.

There have been great changes, too, in the scientific world. In these days of science we can scarcely conceive how the men of ancient times could have allowed the powers with which we are so familiar to remain inactive for so long a time. The improvement in machinery, the discovery of new sources of energy, the advance in learning, have been simply marvellous. The subjugation and application of steam and electricity would have astonished beyond measure the wisest men of ancient times.

Nature's forces have been made to serve the purposes of man, and what was once considered worthless is in this enlightened age changed into material for his use.

Great have been the changes in art, philosophy, education, and in fact in every phase and experience of human life.

Great, too, have been the changes in the nations of the earth. Those who are now governing the world are as different as could well be imagined from the powers which once dominated. "Greece, Carthage, Rome—where are they?" No vestige of their former power now remains. At one time the most influential and powerful of nations, they have taken their place among the weakest and most insignificant. Fate has so changed their fortune that, although once on the pinnacle of power and influence and greatness, they are now classed among the things that were.

Even among nations of modern times there have been great changes. England, from her island home, has stretched out her victorious hand over every clime and region. She has developed during a few hundred years into the greatest naval power in the world. Her ships are on all waters, and her imports are as varied as the products of the world itself. Strange indeed is this change from obscurity, weakness, and poverty to fame, power, and wealth.

Nor has the change in our own loved country been less marked. But with our increase in strength is coupled the degradation of the aborigines. Their hunting-grounds and mighty forests are now our grain-fields; their simple abodes have given place to mansions;

their quiet and retired villages have been replaced by noisy, bustling cities. The haunts of wild and fierce animals are now occupied by gentle women and children. Rivers which were once unnavigable are now decked with sails and resound to the shrill whistle of the steamboat.

Such have been the material changes in the territory of the United States, while in power, influence, and wealth there have been even greater progress. Some of the wealthiest men of the world to-day are citizens of our country. Her flag is honored throughout the earth. What a contrast between the thirteen weak and unimportant colonies and the great and powerful country whose name is honored, whose rights are respected, and whose citizens are protected by every nation.

If the changes in the material and the political worlds are swift and important, so too are they in the moral world. It is astonishing how rapidly some of these occur. The respectable and honored citizen of to-day is, in many instances, the fugitive criminal of to-morrow. One day the honesty of a man is universally declared and acknowledged; the next, the strong arm of the law holds him as a thief and embezzler. Public opinion certifies the nobleness and purity of a man's character, and in a short time that opinion classes him among the dishonorable and disgraced. It is strange that the noblest specimen of man, a perfect picture of manly beauty, should sometimes in a few short years become the most depraved and ignoble of men, the very picture of misery and despair. The painter traces this perfect model of manhood upon his canvas, and in a remarkably short time he may paint the picture of the same individual again; but how unlike the two pictures are! One full of innocence, happiness, and manliness; the other, through the exercise of the natural passions, the picture of disgrace, guilt, and dishonor; a hideous object, the very worst specimen of his race.

Then, how quickly and strangely do our friends change in their feelings towards us! Cordial, perhaps, at one time, and cool and distant at another; kind, indulgent, considerate, and affectionate to-day, and the reverse to-morrow. Bosom friends in early youth too often sink to the level of mere acquaintances. There are changes in the home, too, which permanently affect our joy and happiness. When the members of the family start out in the world, each to seek his own fortune or to make a home for himself, the thoughts and feelings of

all are sad, since they know that the place where once all gathered will never again see them united in one family bearing their former relations to each other.

We know not what the future holds in store for us. The vicissitudes of life are strange and sudden. Changes come every day of our lives, and we should prepare ourselves, by every means in our power, to meet them, whether they be pleasant or adverse. Though we may not observe it, though we may not care about it, yet the great world spins "forever down the ringing groves of change."

MARLBOROUGH.

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## Editorial.

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It will be remembered that Dr. Robertson, in his address before the students, sweepingly condemned college athletic teams, and everything pertaining to them. Afterwards the Doctor stated privately what he should have said on the platform, namely, that he had reference only to the *extent* to which the athletic fever has been carried in some of the Northern colleges, and his remarks were not intended to have any local application. Such condemnation may be applicable to our athletics fifty years hence, but at our present rate of progress not much sooner. We greatly need to catch a little of that enthusiasm in this direction of which these Northern schools have too much. Richmond College does not stand nearly so high athletically among her sister institutions as she does in all other departments of college life and work. We are numerically the strongest college in the State. Yet last season we did not even put a base-ball team in the field, and our winter's foot-ball record we would gladly have the public forget. We very much need an awakening of interest in this direction among our students that shall put us in the line of progressive institutions.

\* \* \* \* \*

In this connection there are two matters to which we would especially direct the attention of the members of the Athletic Association, and this should include all the students. The first is the approaching Field-day. Let us make it the best we have ever held. The committee in charge will, undoubtedly, do everything in their

power, but, after all, it will depend on the students at large as to whether or not the day will be a success.

Our past field-days have been in most of their features very creditable. The committee announce that they will exclude all contests this year that do not come up to the average. The medals to be offered are more numerous and costly than those given by any college in this section, and are trophies which will be prized more highly with each succeeding contest. We learn that some steady practising has been going on during the winter, and there is yet time to put in good work before the appointed day.

The other is the necessity for our having a base-ball team this year. If we ever expect to have a first-rate team again, we cannot start about it too soon. There is material in College for a fairly good team this season, but even if it should not come up to our wishes it will at least afford a nucleus for a better team next session. There is no reason why we should not recover our lost prestige on the diamond, and it is hoped that our base-ball men will put forward their best efforts in this direction.

\* \* \* \* \*

So there is to be a jollification. Well, we are glad of it, for in no better manner can the student spend his leisure time than in preparing for such an entertainment. Nothing can so cheer the poor "flunk" as the prospect of shining as "end-man" in the minstrels, and, it is needless to add, no part of Commencement is more thoroughly enjoyed by our friends in the city. The organization is headed by gentlemen possessing the indispensable qualifications of time and talent, and with the assistance of their auxiliary committees will doubtless give us a first-class "Jol."

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Many of the students hailed with delight the coming of so many of our professors to the campus, in the expectation that they would mingle among us more, attend our meetings, and take a more active interest in all that concerned the life of the students. To some extent we have been disappointed in this, as we see little more of them than when they were at a distance. The students might appreciate some of them better if brought in more intimate relations with them.

In this day we have gotten far from the old familiar social schools of the ancient philosophers which gave birth to some of the greatest



thinkers the world has yet known and honored. It is hard to say whether we have really improved upon them. It is a fact too little noted now, that the true worth of a school lies not in its grounds and buildings, but in the deep learning and high personal worth of the men who compose its faculty. Professors have a wide but little cultivated field for doing good in personal contact and influence with students. Only a few of our faculty seem to have realized this, but those few have done much for the uplifting of the students, and have left others to wonder what might be the source of their power and influence.

\* \* \* \* \*

With students there are two dangers to be avoided in reading—the one is not reading enough, and the other indiscriminate reading. Some read so little that when they come from college they know little else than what is contained in their text-books, and find themselves almost totally unfit for the present and pressing realities of life. That students should read is so often insisted on, that we shall here confine ourselves to the other aspect of the question.

As that man is a glutton whose eating is occasioned, guided, and limited solely by his appetite, so he is an intellectual gourmand who reads simply and only because it is pleasant. There is a distinction made, in common opinion, in favor of the latter, but both are to be condemned. The mind, as well as the digestive organs, can be overloaded by trash or a superabundance of material.

Mistakes are made in two directions—we read that which, either from its form or content, does not develop the mind; or, from a mistaken zeal, we overload with that which if taken in moderation would be productive of the highest good. In order to be abreast with the times, many read largely of newspapers. This is good to an extent; but while newspapers, we might say, are the greatest agency now at work for the wholesale education of the masses, they can easily, if not wisely handled, become a source of harm by usurping too much time, and by pouring through the mind enormous amounts of information never intended to be remembered. So it is with light fiction. By every ineffectual attempt to remember, the memory is weakened and made more prone to forget even that which we may earnestly desire to recall.

Fewer read too much of what is good, since one's desires rather seldom lead this way, and it is harder to read too much of the solid

than of lighter literature. But some we find who patiently wade through great stacks of deep books, enough to overwhelm a giant mind.

We should, in the main, read only what is worth retaining, and only so much as we can thoroughly assimilate and make our own. That information alone is ours which we have so assorted and digested that we can use it whenever it may be required.

\* \* \* \* \*

Latin and Greek, it is often urged, should be studied for the more correct use and complete mastery of our own language. Certainly they should. Yet sometimes do we not make too much of the means, and so obscure the end? For instance, when Latin and Greek courses are four years each, and English three. They tell us that while we are learning Latin, we also learn English; and this is very true. But do we learn as much of the latter as we should? Do we not to too great an extent simply learn to imitate, in native words, foreign constructions? While the exact expression of another's thought taken from a foreign tongue can be made one of the best exercises yet devised, there are false methods of doing this. Most students, with or without the encouragement of the professors, strive only to translate the text as literally as possible. The English of the translations is never taken into account, but the end aimed at is simply the representation of the sense, and this is often done to the utter disregard of all English usage as to form. The diction and style of many are ruined by too strict adherence to foreign models. Bungling expressions are introduced to take the place of foreign idioms. The works of some learned men, which otherwise would be treasures to the world, are almost unreadable from the abundance of Latinisms, Greekisms, and German constructions found in them. Foreign derivatives should not be proscribed, but let us cultivate the homely idioms, in which the strength of any language in so great part consists.

By the way, what ancient languages did the Greeks study whereby they attained to a conciseness and strength of diction not yet surpassed?

## Locals.

Athletics! \_\_\_\_\_

Croquet has re-appeared. \_\_\_\_\_

And Base-ball, too, has come again. \_\_\_\_\_

But Tennis maintains its position as King. \_\_\_\_\_

M. says he is opposed unalterably to the sale of alcoholic stimulants; he believes in giving them away. \_\_\_\_\_

Mr. F., in chemistry, informed the professor that carbon constituted 50 per cent. of all *dedicated* matter, and he has not found out yet why the class applauded. \_\_\_\_\_

Prof. P. to Mr. G. (in chemistry): "G., what is the largest diamond of which we know?"

Mr. G.: "The ace." \_\_\_\_\_

H. (who was on the MESSENGER corps last year, but whose knowledge of Latin is exceedingly limited): "That's the way we wrote that exercise, Professor."

Prof.: "Who is 'we'?"

H.: "Oh, that's editorial 'we'." \_\_\_\_\_

An illustration of a familiar philosophical principle taken from every-day life:

Cause: H. left the mess hall on February 28th.

Effect: Board for March is cheaper than it has been for six years. \_\_\_\_\_

The Library is in receipt of a rather indescribable book, entitled "Sixty Poets on the Wheel," from the pen of Mr. J. G. Dalton, of Boston, which contains a number of poems on bicycles, bicyclers, etc., etc. On behalf of the Library, we extend our most heartfelt thanks to Mr. Dalton for the book, but if the gentleman of the rotary muse had told us how we could prevent our longitude of legs from becoming entangled in the pedals and other intricacies of his

“wheels,” thereby causing our poor, innocent cranium to come in forcible contact with the hard, unyielding concrete, we would have been much more obliged to him.

Come again, Mr. Dalton.

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At a called meeting of the Athletic Association, held February 19th, Mr. Maury Anderson was elected treasurer of the Association to succeed Mr. W. H. Anderson, who was compelled to leave College on account of ill health.

It was decided to hold the annual field-sports day of the College on April 22d. The Field-day committee was increased from three to five members, and given complete control of all matters pertaining to Field-day. It now consists of Profs. F. W. Boatwright, chairman, and R. E. Gaines; Messrs. C. T. Taylor, J. A. Marstella, and Harvey Hatcher, Jr.

The committee is doing everything in its power towards making Field-day a success, but this result cannot be obtained unless the students at large begin at once and practice regularly for the contests in which they propose to take part.

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The Library has recently received as a gift from the Hon. J. L. M. Curry the notes taken by the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in the preparation of a sermon delivered on August 5, 1875. The text taken is Luke vi : 40, and the paper contains a full list of the heads and sub-heads of the sermon. The contribution is all the more valuable because it contains Mr. Spurgeon's autograph.

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At the regular weekly meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society, February 26th, Messrs. E. C. Laird, of Georgia; C. W. Duke, of Virginia, and J. M. T. Childrey, of Virginia, were elected editors of the MESSENGER for the ensuing term.

The Philologian Literary Society elected its editors on Friday night, March 4th, with the following result: W. C. James, of Texas; J. D. Hart, of Tennessee; W. M. Jones, of Virginia.

The outgoing editors extend their congratulations to the gentlemen elected upon the honor attained, to the societies upon their excellent choice, and to the readers of the MESSENGER in having such a fine coterie of writers to read after.

The students were highly favored one morning during the past month in listening to an address by Dr. E. G. Robinson, ex-president of Brown University.

Dr. Robinson believes there is no royal road to learning; that the path to mental acquisitions lies amid difficulties; that a student who desires to attain success must "learn to live laborious days."

The speaker elaborated successfully, and enforced upon the students the need of subjecting their minds to the discipline of books, the desirability of becoming a thorough master of one thing before proceeding to another, and emphasized the idea that education is a state, a condition of mind.

His remarks on the study of English were excellent, and met with frequent applause.

Dr. Robinson is to be one of the lecturers in the School of Philosophy of the new Chicago University.

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The two literary societies of the College, in joint session, March 4th, elected Senator Zeb. B. Vance, of North Carolina, joint final orator in place of Hon. John Temple Graves, of Georgia, whom it seems could not attend. They also elected Hon. Thomas Tabb, of Hampton, Va., to deliver the medals on Commencement night, as Hon. W. L. Wilson, whom they had elected to this position, wrote them expressing his regrets that congressional duties would prevent his acceptance.

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#### LECTURES BY THE PROFESSORS.

*February 16th*—PROFESSOR F. W. BOATWRIGHT: "*Lessing*."

The third of the series of public lectures by our Professors was delivered by Professor F. W. Boatwright on the date named. The Professor's subject was "*Lessing*," which he handled in a way which convinced the audience that he was thoroughly at home therewith. In the course of his remarks, the Professor said:

"When Lessing was born no language of civilization was poorer in literature than the German. To-day none is richer, and largely owing to his influence. The literary development of the German language was rapidly traced through Gothic, old High German, and middle High German. The efforts of the priests to kill the *heathen* language, the scorn of the emperors for their native tongue, and the proclivities of the Minnesingers for French models were graphically presented. Luther's influence in favor of German and

the direful results of the Thirty Year's war were touched upon. In the winter of 1687, Christian Thomasius, at the University of Leipsic, first read a course of lectures in German.

"Such was the state of language and literature when, in 1729, Gott-hold Ephraim Lessing was born in the little Saxon town of Kamentz. At the gymnasium his teachers said, 'He is a horse that must have double fodder.' He attended the universities of Leipsic and Wittenberg, and at the latter took the degree of M. A. Was always poor, but always in good spirits. All his life he was a literary Don Quixote, and it was dangerous for literary wind-bags to cross his path. A striking trait was his active sympathy for the wronged, as displayed in 'The Jews,' and 'The Vindications.'

"His wide scholarship fitted him for half a dozen careers, but he chose to be a literary pioneer. His 'Letters on Literature' are the foundation and source of German literature, for they expelled imitation and made room for originality. His great patriotic play, 'Minna von Barnhelm,' was the first drama of the German nation. Its background is the Seven Years' war, and just as the battle of Rossbach made Frederick the martial hero of Germany and crushed the French with defeat, so Minna von Barnhelm was the Rossbach of German literature. Lessing was the hero, and the French were driven from the stage. This play clears its author from the charge of having been unpatriotic.

"The best critical work of Lessing's life was the 'Laocoon, or The Limits of Painting and Poetry.' Previous critics had confounded plastic art and poetry, but Lessing clearly distinguished them. He demonstrated that the sphere of poetry is action, its essence motion, while the foundation idea of painting and sculpture is rest.

"Lessing's other notable works are 'The Hamburg Dramatic Notes,' 'Emilia Galotti,' and 'Nathan the Wise.' He died in 1781, as Librarian at Wolfenbüttel.

"His best work, on account of its being critical, has been absorbed by others. He laid the foundation on which Goethe and Schiller reared the superstructure."

The lecture closed with some striking contrasts between Klopstock, Wieland, and Lessing.

We were very much pleased to see present some of the young ladies from the Institute (accompanied, however, by the ever-watchful president). Of course, we are always glad to see the 'stute, and hope that they will avail themselves of many another opportunity to test our hospitality.

*March 1st*—PROFESSOR JOHN POLLARD: "*Some Landmarks in the History of the English Language.*"

Our learned professor of English, on the date above named, delivered a lecture in this series, upon the subject given. He had caused

to be printed and distributed through the audience a syllabus, giving a complete outline of the lecture. This lecture was but another illustration of the Professor's well-known ability as an English scholar, and his forcible, eloquent delivery of it added greatly to its effect.

We take pleasure in quoting the remarks of the Richmond *Dispatch* upon Professor Pollard's lecture:

"'Our Mother Tongue' had a fine advocate last night when Professor John Pollard, in the Richmond College chapel, before an excellent audience, reset the "landmarks of history," and told in admirable phrases of the struggles and triumphs of the English language. From the Anglo-Saxon of 450 to the modern English of 1892, embracing semi-Saxon, Old English, and Middle English, the rise and growth of the language has had a wonderful history and has asserted itself until it has the widest reign of any speech. The Professor, by a carefully-prepared table, exhibited to his audience the relative use of modern cultivated tongues.

"These interesting facts, together with the character of the nations who speak it, and the wealth of their literature, constitute a powerful claim upon the world's attention, and our own thorough acquaintance with this, or mother tongue.

"The landmarks of the history were stated by the lecturer to be—the transference of the language to British soil; the introduction of Christianity; the Sandinavian invasions; the Norman conquest; the work of Chaucer, Caxton, and William Tyndale.

"The lecture closed with an exhortation to take care of our mother tongue.

"Showing how it can be cherished, Professor Pollard advised the young men of his classes and the auditors who had paid him the courtesy of attending to seize upon the liberal and beneficial advantages around them and occupy honorable places in the realm of letters.

"The lecture was very pleasantly delivered, and the audience was cultivated and appreciative."

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#### JOLLIFICATION, 1892.

It is with pleasure that we note an effort on the part of the students towards the success of this, one of the most enjoyable features of our Commencements. It is only to be regretted that we cannot have them every year. After a most auspicious beginning last session, it was for various reasons deemed expedient to postpone the exercises until June, 1892. With a view to the execution of this action, a number of the students met in the College chapel on the evening of February 25th. After some discussion, it was decided

to elect a business manager, who will have complete control of the Jollification, and who is to be aided by two assistants and three committees, to be appointed by himself.

Mr. J. L. McGarity, of Atlanta, Ga., was elected Business Manager. He has designated as his assistants Messrs. L. B. Warren and Harvey Hatcher, Jr. The committees have also been appointed, as follows :

*Music*—J. C. Harwood, J. M. T. Childrey.

*Minstrel*—J. H. Bagby, L. B. Warren.

*Specialty*—F. W. Duke, Garnett Ryland, Maury Anderson.

It is to be hoped that the gentlemen who have this matter in charge will push it on to success, and that the Jollification of 1892 may be numbered among the most successful ever held.

#### PHILOLOGIAN LITERARY SOCIETY—PUBLIC DEBATE.

The annual public debate of the Philologian Literary Society, which was to have been held February 26th, was postponed to March 3d, on account of the inclemency of the weather.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Professor F. W. Boatwright.

In a neat address, President F. E. Scandland, of Fairfax county, Va., bade the large audience welcome, and proceeded to introduce the reader of the evening, Mr. D. H. Scott. Mr. Scott's rendition of "Thinkin' o' You" was very fine indeed, and the audience indicated its appreciation of it by frequently interrupting him by continued applause.

He was followed by the declaimer, Mr. Garnett Ryland, of Richmond, who delivered "Catiline's Defiance."

President Scandland then announced the terms of debate and the question : "Resolved, That the Farmer's Alliance is a wise move," after which he introduced the first speaker on the affirmative, Mr. C. T. Taylor, of Chesterfield county, Va.

Mr. Taylor, after reading extensively from the demands made by President Polk, pointed, with frequent illustrations, to the evil effects of trusts, monopolies, etc. He urged the necessity for the governmental control of transportation lines, and scored the railroads heavily at times. After touching upon the national bank question, Mr. Taylor closed his first speech.



Mr. H. F. Williams, of Richmond, the first speaker on the negative, answered some of the points made by the first speaker. He conceded the importance of agriculture and the farmer, and touched upon the favorable side of the railroad question, setting forth in unanswerable terms the importance of railroads and their great help in the work of modern civilization. He called particular attention to the true and tried statesmen rejected by the Farmers' Alliance, and closed by attacking the sub-treasury scheme, denouncing it in the most unmistakable terms.

Mr. E. M. Whitlock, of Powhatan county, Va., quoted extensively from Roman history, and denounced the prevailing methods of the transportation lines, but his main argument consisted in disproving what the second speaker had said. Mr. Whitlock's speech abounded in wit, and kept the audience in a roar all the while.

Mr. W. C. James, of Texas, the second speaker on the negative, after answering some of the points made by his opponents, introduced some very interesting statistics for the benefit of the affirmative. He was especially emphatic in his denunciation of the income-tax system, and discussed at length the political ambitions of the Farmers' Alliance.

After another speech by Mr. Taylor the debate was closed.

Taken altogether, we think this was one of the most interesting as well as the most highly satisfactory public debates which it has ever been our pleasure to attend, and we feel warranted in saying that the audience fully appreciated its merits.

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### FIELD-DAY.

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As announced on another page, it has been decided to hold Field-day on April 22d. The Field-day Committee of the Athletic Association, which has the matter in charge, has been increased, and now consists of two professors and three students. This committee is doing everything in its power to make Field-day a success. Several medals and other prizes have been offered by friends and patrons of the College, and more will be secured. The prospects, at this writing, are indeed very bright for a successful Field-day, and the indications are that two, at least, of the contests will be very close and exciting, viz: the mile run and tennis. We have no doubt that the other contests will come up with a large number of entries—

indeed, they may already have done so ; but we wish to urge again upon the students the absolute necessity of practicing early and long and regularly, and the impossibility of success without such practice. There will be ample time now for a man to train up and stand a good chance for any of the medals, and we hope that many will do so.

The committee reserves the right to withhold any medal if the record in that contest is not at least fairly good, so that the spectators may be assured that there will be exciting contests, and that the records will be high. This is a new feature in our field-days, and one the need of which has been felt for several years past.

The following is a list of the events for which prizes will be offered : Mile run, mile walk, tennis, first and second ; gymnasium, first and second ; jumping, broad and high, running and standing ; pole vault, short runs.

Additions will be made to this list, and spectators may be assured that the contests will be well worth seeing.

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### BASE-BALL.

The opening of the base-ball season has been most encouraging, and the students of the College have every reason to believe that we will do better in this line of athletics than we did last season, when, for a catalogue of various and sundry reasons, it was decided to put no regular team in the field. Our record in base-ball in 1890 was exceedingly brilliant, and it is our earnest desire that we may do as well this season.

We are informed by the base-ball committee of the Athletic Association that they have their eye upon some very promising material, and that they think that a creditable team can be gotten together. As yet the boys are content to amuse themselves with the revolutionary game of "instruction"; but there is every reason to believe that the team will soon be selected, and that it will be one of which the College and students at large may well be proud.

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Mr. T., looking at a young lady playing tennis (we didn't say on the campus): "Harvey, what makes 'er holler?"

We informed the youth of the inquiring mind that we could not answer the question, but sent him to Chippy J. for an answer.

## Alumni Notes.

J. R. Fizer ('80), who was pastor in West Point for some time, now has charge of a church at Clifton Forge, Virginia.

J. K. Irby ('89) has been remarkably fortunate as a newspaper man. He has rapidly risen, and is now telegraph editor of the *Richmond Times*.

M. L. Wood ('84) is the popular pastor of the flourishing Baptist church in Newport News. He has also been eminently successful as an evangelist.

C. G. Jones ('77) enjoys an enviable reputation as a preacher in Lynchburg, where he is in charge of the College Hill church. He delivered, on February 28th, the sermon before the anniversary meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of Roanoke College, at Salem, Virginia.

Robert Felton ('75) now resides in Columbia, North Carolina. He is considered one of the most brilliant lawyers of Eastern North Carolina.

H. N. Quisenberry ('89), after a course at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, was, at the end of last session, called to the Berkeley-avenue church. Berkeley is making great progress, and the church is not behind the town either.

C. W. Trainham ('89) has been for some time pastor of churches in Caroline county.

H. H. Street ('89) is also a pastor in Caroline.

W. A. Borum ('88), ex-business manager of the *MESSENGER*, preaches for the Baptist Church of Harrodsburg, Ky.

R. Lipscomb ('74) is one of the most successful farmers of King William county.

A. F. Hardy ('89) has been ordained to the ministry, and has charge of churches near this city.

Joel Tucker ('83) and W. A. Hines ('85) are both Richmond pastors, though at opposite ends of the city. The former is bishop of East End and the latter of West View.

R. L. Gay ('89) is the beloved pastor of two of the most energetic country churches in the Dover Association.

M. Toscano ('88) took to himself a wife a few months ago. He is just entering upon his work as a preacher at Dolores Hidalgo, Guanajuato, in his native country of Mexico.

Baylus Cade ('69), well known as a leading minister of North Carolina, has been called to the pastorate of Venable-street church, Richmond.

T. M. Haynes ('78) is a most promising young lawyer of San Antonio, Texas.

Lewis J. Huff ('80) is professor of modern languages in the University of Vermont. He enjoys a rare reputation as one of the leading American scholars in his department.

### MARRIAGES.

ROBERT A. WILBUR—CARRIE C. MCCLAVE, *Elmira, New York, February 2d.*—The groom was a student at Richmond College during the sessions of 1885-'87, and is now a dentist in large practice in the above city.

HENRY N. PHILLIPS—ANNIE E. MADDUX, *Chase City, Virginia, February 3d.*—Professor Phillips ('86) has been for several years connected with the Southside Male Academy, located at Chase City.

ORREN L. STEARNES—MARGARET BUCHANAN, *South Ronceverte, West Virginia, February 10th.*—Mr. Stearnes took his M. A. at this College in 1886. He has become one of the leading real estate men of Roanoke, Virginia.

MAURICE W. THOMAS—IRENE BODEKER, *Richmond, Virginia, February 16th.*—Mr. Thomas ('90) was a very popular student here a few years ago, and is now equally well known as the energetic local agent of the Fort Wayne Electric Company.

## Exchanges.

Of all unscrupulous plagiarisms that we have ever seen, the worst appears in the January number of the *Randolph-Macon Monthly*. Over the signature of "X" is an article entitled "Hanging a Picture," which, no doubt, impressed many of its readers as a very clever, amusing, and original production. So it seemed to us at first, but as we perused it farther, there arose a suspicion that we

had read all that before somewhere. We turned to our library, and there, sure enough, in "Three Men in a Boat," by Jerome K. Jerome (chapter III, page 28), was not only the sum and substance, but in many places the identical language of the *Monthly's* article. The book had quite a run about twelve months ago, and this particular extract was widely copied in the newspapers. It is strange, indeed, that anyone, however unprincipled, should be so foolhardy as to plagiarize at all from a book so widely read and of such recent date, but that he should make not the least effort to cover up his tracks seems absolutely inexplicable. The *Monthly's* contributor does change the "Uncle Podger" of the original to "Uncle Mingo," and "Jim" is rechristened "Bob," but the other characters keep even their old names. The same incidents follow in exactly the same order, with only a few minor changes in wording. Compare the following extracts from each, which are fair examples of the whole:

THREE MEN IN A BOAT.

He would send the girl out for six-pen'orth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and from that he would gradually work down and start the whole house.

"Now, you go and get my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom, and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen chair too. And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and, Tom—where's Tom? Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

\* \* \* \* Then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall where the nail had to go in, and each of us had to get up on

"HANGING A PICTURE."

He sent the servant out for a nickel's worth of nails, and then hurried one of the girls after her to tell what size he wanted. By this time he had taken off his coat, and the whole house was astir. "Now, Bob, you go and get the hammer; Tom, bring me the step-ladder; I shall also want a kitchen chair," he shouted. "Maria"—that was his wife, my aunt, my father's oldest sister—"you look, my dear"—he always called her my dear—"in the right-hand corner of the top drawer of the bureau and bring me my two-foot rule. Don't you go, Will, because I want somebody to hold the ladder, and when the girl comes with the nails you must send her out again for a bit of picture-cord. Tom—where's Tom?—you come here; I shall want you to hand me the picture."

\* \* \* \* But by this time he had lost the mark on the wall where the nail had to go. Three of us mounted the ladder and the chair to

a chair beside him and see if he could find it, and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule and re-measure, and find that he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

help look for it; each one found a different place, and each declared that his was the right place. Uncle Mingo called us all fools, and told us to get down. Then he went to work to measure over again, and then he wanted the half of three feet seven and five-eighths inches. He got very mad because we could not do it in our heads.—*Randolph-Macon Monthly.*

Further comment is unnecessary.

We are sorry to have to call our neighbor's attention to such a disagreeable subject, for we know that the gentlemen of its editorial staff had no idea of the true character of "X" and his contribution, but so flagrant and open a piece of stealing—it is nothing else—demands prompt exposure and strong condemnation.

The *Swarthmore Phœnix* is a good paper, and reflects credit upon its college. Among its well-written literary articles is "The Equal and Co-education of the Sexes," in which the writer expresses some strong arguments in favor of co-education. The other departments are well gotten up, and show good taste on the part of those who have them in charge.

Yale and Harvard met at Boston on February 14th, and debated the question: "Resolved that a young man casting his vote in 1892 should vote the Republican ticket." Harvard advocated the affirmative and Yale the negative side of the question. They will meet in another debate in March.

We are glad to see that our institutions of learning are beginning to meet in some other contest besides foot-ball and base-ball games. May the day soon come when there will be more intercollegiate debates and oratorical contests in our own Southland.

We welcome the *Semi-Annual*, of Hollins Institute, Va., to our exchange table. It presents an attractive form, and shows that the editors and others take an interest in their paper. The literary department is well written, and the other departments show skill and adaptability on the part of those who have them in charge. We wish very much that many of our exchanges which are not so attractive as the *Semi-Annual* were published twice during the ses-

sion, and that the *Semi-Annual* was published monthly. We think that Hollins could and ought to have a good monthly paper.

It is always a pleasure to read the *Owl*. It ranks among our best exchanges, and presents a contrast to many of our college papers which are about half full of advertisements, and nearly all of the other half is taken up in stale jokes.

We enjoy reading the *Harrisonian*, which is published by the Glade Spring girls. It is always a first-rate paper, but the February number is especially good. We are sure that there is a bright future ahead for the *Harrisonian*.

The *Lantern*, published by the Ohio State University, has its exchange department intermingled with advertisements. There are some of our college papers which have no exchange department. We would like to ask what such papers want with other college papers, if they never read them or say anything about them?

We call the attention of the members of the Historical and Geographical Society to an article in the January number of the *Virginia University Magazine* on "The Spirit of Research, and Its Application to Virginia History," by Professor John B. Henneman, of Hampden-Sidney College. It will well repay a careful reading.

Occasionally there goes up an editorial howl in some college paper for something "original." \* \* \* This "being original" is an old subject; we wish there could be something new, something original about it to say. But there isn't. There are two beings who are generally very original—one is a fool, the other a freak. The middle class between these two must take the stunted, half-formed mutterings of the one and the incomprehensible declarations of the other, and after skillfully mixing, give us what is our usual literary diet. During college life we are discovering, not new material, but only the relation of the old to us. We are sorting over the opinions of the past and airing them in a newer, perhaps brighter day.—*Ex.*

## The College World.

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There is every indication that the new Baptist University in Chicago, of which Dr. Harper is president, will be as well endowed with brains as with money. With Professor Hale in Latin, Professor John Williams White in Greek—though Mr. White is still considering the handsome offer of \$7,000 a year made him—Laughlin in history and political economy, Von Holst in political history, Knapp in modern languages, and Moulton in English literature, the University already possesses the nucleus of an exceptionally strong faculty, for these professors all have high reputations for ability, and the fame of two of them is world-wide. Dr. Harper himself stands near the head of instructors in the Semitic languages. He is in many respects a self-educated man, and a few years ago he was a teacher of Hebrew in Illinois. Yale recognized his merit, and gave him a professorship, but it is as a college president that he seems likely to achieve his crowning success.

Miss Julia A. Buckley, of Connecticut, has been offered the position of Dean of the Woman's College.

John D. Rockefeller, the patron of the Chicago University, has just given that institution one million dollars as a thank-offering for his restoration to health. This makes \$2,600,000 in all that the University has received from him.

Jay Gould has recently given \$25,000 to the University of New York.

Yale's New York *alumni* gave a magnificent dinner last month to Walter Camp, the man who, as player, adviser, and writer, has given Yale her foot-ball prestige. He was also presented with a silver cup engraved with emblems of his favorite sport.

President Harper, of the Chicago University, recently closed a deal by which a library of about 100,000 volumes will be delivered at Chicago from Berlin, Germany. Chicago can then boast of possessing some 200,000 books not found in the West, and many nowhere in America. The books when packed will weigh 250 tons, and cost nearly half a million dollars.



The name of Edgar Allen Poe, inscribed by himself, is still to be seen on the wall of the room he occupied while at the University of Virginia.

Eighty thousand dollars are annually paid out for athletics at Harvard.

At an oratorical contest at Ottawa, Kansas, a woman took first place against four male competitors.

President Eliot, of Harvard, is very much averse to co-education of men and women, and he prophesies that this system which is so much in vogue in the West at present will be radically changed within a few years.

Co-education has recently been adopted at the University of Heidelberg.

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From the records of Yale College during the past eight years it is shown that the non-smokers were twenty per cent. taller than the smokers, twenty-five per cent. heavier, and had sixty-six per cent. more lung capacity. In the last graduating class at Amherst College, the non-smokers have gained in weight twenty-four per cent. over the smokers ; in height, thirty-seven per cent. ; in chest girth, forty-two per cent. ; and in lung capacity, eight and thirty-six hundredths.

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A Japanese student describes Harvard in a home letter thus : "A very large building where the boys play foot-ball and on wet days read books."

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The senior class of Cornell University named Robert Ingersoll as their choice for orator during commencement week, but the faculty promptly vetoed their action.

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A table has been made out comparing the cost of a student's life in the different colleges with the following result : One year's expenses at Harvard is estimated from \$372 (low) to \$1,000 (very liberal) ; at Princeton it is from \$311 to \$645 ; at Cornell, from \$350 to \$500. Expenses at Vassar, \$400 ; at Wellesley, \$350.

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The Italian government has ordered English to be added to the courses of all the colleges.