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B. PURYEAR,
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MY SWEETHEART.

Her soft brown eyes and golden hair,
Her ruby lips and cheeks so fair
Combine to make a charm so great
That oft it draws me to her gate.
And as the evening shadows fall
And darkness gathers over all,
It is a joy none can surpass
To sit beside the winsome lass

And listen to her sweet-toned voice,
And Oh! it makes my heart rejoice,
For am I wrong when I suspect
That in those accents I detect
The signs of that deep feeling shown
Which fills her heart just as my own?

December 26, 1892.

A NEW YEAR’S WISH.

May the New Year bring to thee
Fadeless pleasure, full and free,
Cloudless sun.
May the Archer gently move
Thy young heart with tender love,
Just for one.

Then will he, his faith to prove,
On the altar of thy love
Lay his heart.
Then each New Year’s rising sun
Greets two heart forever one,
Not to part.

Richmond College, Jan. 1, 1893.
Max O’Reill says Americans think so much of their own country that they scarcely allow a foreigner to land his luggage before they put these three questions to him:

“Is this your first visit to America?”

“How long have you been over?”

“How do you like our country?”

O’Reill is a Frenchman, and he aptly hits off an American conceit, which I found nowhere on the Continent—except in Paris.

The German always asks what part of America you are from because he wants to hear from his relatives, but the Parisian, with no wandering kinsman, and satisfied that no city can compare with the French capital complacently inquires your opinion of his beau Paris. The German will push his inquiries further, because he not only has friends in North or South America, but is thinking about emigrating himself. He will probably betray his ignorance concerning Americans and the vastness of our country by questions like the following: Are all Americans white like you? Or by asking a Virginian how often he has been to Brazil, or by expressing surprise that he has never met an uncle who lives just out of St. Louis.*

NEWSPAPERS.

That erroneous notions about matters American are so widely prevalent in Europe is largely the fault of the newspapers. Just as our ambassadors, in spite of the high-sounding title, “Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary,” are nobodies at many foreign courts because they have no blue blood in their veins, so foreign editors regard us as upstarts and pass us by with short notice. The leading journals of France and Germany devote half a dozen lines to our presidential elections. The best thing I know about the much-abused McKinley bill is that it attracted the attention of European journalists long enough for them to write several (informing) lengthy articles on American politics. The best dailies usually report the New York stock market and the arrival of American mails—nothing more. About three times a week they publish a column headed “Miscellaneous,” which nearly always contains something sensational or exaggerated from America. In this column I read that the city authorities of Detroit had put pants on their cast of Apollo and draped Venus and Diana. This item was heralded all over the Continent as a fair sample of American Puritanism. Another paragraph informed the public that a woman in Kansas, who had a drunken husband, laid

*These are all questions actually addressed to the writer.
for him one night with broom and flat-iron, and gave a bear that dropped in by mistake such a drubbing that he was still squealing when he crossed the county line. A third jotting described the fare of Eastern boarding houses as consisting mainly of corn-bread, beef-hash, with pieces of dishrag in it, and molasses filled with flies. From stories such as these the general reader gets his impressions of the Western world.

LANGUAGES.

The Frenchman is not only content with his country and does not care to emigrate, but he is satisfied that the French language is good enough for him. No matter how slowly or awkwardly an American expresses his ideas in French, the English-speaking Frenchman listens attentively, and carefully words his replies so as to be understood by the most inexpert. But if a Teuton knows two words of English, he will not allow you to speak German to him. He will hurl his two words at you and remember nearly all he hears. If you give him half a chance he will make an engagement to meet you again that he may learn more.

We have heard a great deal about FRENCH POLITENESS.

There is such a thing—in French history. The graceful Gaul is polite when it costs him no inconvenience, but not otherwise. The tradesmen are inattentive and indifferent to their fellow countrymen, yes, and fellow countrywomen too, and are polite to foreigners only when appearances indicate a pocket full of money. The policemen cannot stop curling their mustache long enough to point out anything or answer more than yes or no to any question. One must go to London to find the ideal policeman. A German makes no especial pretensions to politeness according to our standard. He will elbow a lady off the sidewalk and take off his hat to the next gentleman acquaintance he meets. If you call him by his proper title he will walk a block out of his way to do you a favor, but if you are too informal he can be as gruff as any Englishman. I thought French politeness reached its climax in Parisian Baptist churches on communion Sundays. If ladies happened to occupy the same bench with gentlemen the latter would never drink of the wine until all the ladies had been served. Would it be well for us to imitate their example or are theological questions involved?

Hans Schmidt and Jean Cropaud both laugh at Jonathan and John Bull for being pious, and call them hypocrites. It is doubtless true that London, despite its pious Sunday quiet, is more immoral than Paris, but Jean has curious ideas about religion. It is all right for his wife to be a devoted Catholic and attend mass, but Catholicism is unrepulican, and he is a republican, and therefore likes to style himself a
free-thinker or agnostic. Hans often goes to church and is sometimes really pious. He likes to hear the preacher explain away hell and future punishment. He believes what he hears, because if it were not true how would the minister dare attend the theatre on Sunday evenings or often spend other evenings in a public bar-room? Luther gave Germany the Bible that she might disprove its statements! Hans has not forgotten the old lies circulated about the connection of Baptists with the Minister insurrection, and he calls them Anabaptists—laying stress upon the “Ana”—to this day.

TOBACCO

is not generally grown in Europe, but in no part of the world is it more freely used. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that cigars made of tobacco raised in Virginia are less expensive in Berlin and Brussels than in Richmond. No German student is prepared for study until he has lit his long-stem pipe and filled his beer mug. The coachmen and draymen smoke cigars almost incessantly. In France the sale of tobacco became so profitable that the government assumed control, and now every cigar shop is a government office, generally presided over by some old veteran of '70-'71, or a soldier’s widow. Nobody chews, and they do not understand how Americans can be so "filthy" as to defile houses and sidewalks with the juice of the weed.

WOMEN

are treated politely, and petted and pampered and spoiled in America. In Europe they earn their salt, and more too. They may not always be hitched on one side of a wagon tongue with a dog on the other—a common sight in every German market-place—but they do help their husband and take an interest in his business. On a highway in Saxony I once saw a man sitting in a wagon holding the reins, while a woman I took to be his wife trotted between the shafts. He had evidently driven into town with a load of farm produce, and, as the wagon was empty on the homeward journey, thought he might just as well ride as walk. Friends of mine have observed similar spectacles.

A prosperous bookseller in Halle, from whom I bought many books, told me his wife blacked his shoes every morning. I have partaken of their hospitality and heard her perform on the piano in her elegant home. The wife of a French tradesman is always his bookkeeper and treasurer, and guards his expenditures with a jealous eye. So strong is the tendency of French wives to bear their part of the financial burden that in order to preserve the social standing of officers’ families, it necessary to pass a law prohibiting the wives of captains and all higher officials from engaging in any lucrative employment. How-
THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE.

Men indolently say, "The ages are all alike, only in a new vesture." Reader, the ages differ greatly—even infinitely from one another. O! heavens, one could weep at the contrast! "In those days the women spoke [as some of now-days] by wagging their tongues as if it were a bell rung for frugal purposes, and not so much as attempting to express any thought. In those days the women seem to exist only in their attachment to others, perfectly free from disguise." Shakespeare in describing his women, I fear, is at some times to merely adorn. Although his sails are white and embellished and his prow of "beaten gold," they waft him on his voyage not less but more swiftly and directly than if they had been composed of the baser materials.

Women of Shakespeare, as of now-a-days, had tender faces, upon which was a blush and smile, "a medicine in themselves" to shorten the length of listless hours and draw the sharp nettle pain from the heart of man. The shining as well as the gloomy steps of nature they share with man.

"Their lips were four red roses a stalk; And in their summer beauty kissed each other."

The women of Shakespeare were so beautiful that they gratified the imagination of the Italian elegancies. They are delightful little children, who feel in excess and love passionately. They have beautiful manners, little temper, nice, golden words of friendship, a coquettish rebelliousness, a graceful fluency of speech nigh unto that of a bird.

The heroines of the French stage are of an almost masculine grade; in every sense of the word, these are women, bold, fearless, ready to undergo anything, but leaning at the same time for support, on the strength of their affections. The nice and "cute" way of winning man's heart was not foreign in those days, as we can plainly discern when we observe how they seized upon good old Shakespeare's heart further in his sad confession and human frailty:

"When my love swears she is mad of truth; I do believe her, though I know she lies."

Notice Juliet when the news of her lover was borne to her by a nurse.
She made reply, "Sweet, sweet nurse, tell me what says my love?"
For heroism go with thy drawn im-
aginisation to the wife of Henry VIII,
and picture her bravery for another,
or, perchance, look upon Cathania.
For a woman that is passionate,
releass, headlong, for the just or
no, we have the pleasure of intro-
ducing Desdemona. She is moved
with pity, she has lovely sulking
eyes, poor thing being suspected on
groundless belief of her infidelity,
was killed. We also have one that
talks or does not talk unless she
can say everything; she breaks out
or is silent—such is Imogen, she
"So tender of rebukes that words
are strokes, and strokes death to
her." We may especially note as
in regard to their pure affections,
we can scarcely think of their per-
son because they let us into the se-
cret of their hearts, which any man
knows is more important. We are
then so completely wrapped up in
their affairs that we cannot look
them in the face except at intervals,
and then we become somewhat as-
tonished as to the one that is pres-
et. We can, without any of our
heart reserved, say that they were
never false to their vows. Look at
sweet Virgilia, the wife of Corio-
lannus, how timid she is, terried at
her husband's victories; also Vo-
lumnia, who had a "chicken heart."
She grows pale when merely at-
tempting to describe a battle.
We have women also that love at
first sight. Some women love, oh,
how they love without measure, and
the peculiar part, at first sight.
Draw your imaginations a while
upon Juliet when she cast her first
look to Romeo. Can you imagine
how she looked? Tell someone
else. I know all about it—any way
it was a desperate case. She says
to the nurse:
"Go ask his name; if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed."
Miranda at first sight fancies that
she sees "a thing divine." But
alas! as too often the case, "the
first look is an ecstasy," the love is
soon transported—where?
Ophelia, the sweet, beloved of
Hamlet, comes to her fate on ac-
count of Hamlet killing her aged
father through a mistake, causes
her intellect to be scattered, and the-
poor thing accidentally drowned
herself.
Shakespeare willed his poor wif e
his second-best bed with furniture,
so we can well frame our minds to
class that woman among those that
are unloved by their husbands.
There is no sadder nor uglier
sight in this world than to see a
woman grasping at ignoble honor
and rejecting the noble (that of lead-
ing men whom they should guide
into a higher thought and active
sacrifice), into petty slander of gos-
sip in conversation, and into con-
licts of danger, becoming the power
of curse, encouraging men to turn
from the mission of bliss, expending
all the force that nature gives them,
in base excitement, with awful
blindness. Of such is Lady Macbeth; "Her ruling motive is ambition, which is gratified at the expense of every just principle." In the pursuit of her object she is daring, you might say treacherous. By the violation of sacred claims of kindred and hospitality, she is doubly dyed in guilt and blood, also when her husband shrinks from the perpetration of the deed of dreadful horror, "she like an evil genius whispers him on to his damnation." "She is a terrible impersonation of evil passions and mighty powers, never so far removed from our own nature as to be cast beyond the pale of our sympathies; for the woman herself remains a woman to the last—still linked with her sex, and with humanity."

These women of Shakespeare deserve the palm interwoven with golden locks and bedecked with diamonds for their never-failing fidelity. Cordelia was a heroine indeed; she, endeavoring to aid her father, failed, and was hung in prison. She was one that could hold her tongue—blessed be her name for that; but, on the other hand, poor Hermione swoons away with grief, being accused of infidelity; and also listen to the gentle Miranda—

"I am your wife, if you marry me.
If not, I'll die your maid."

"Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen than one only described?" Alas! then for the Shakespearian women.

Quidam.

SCHILLER.

Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller, the poet, was born at Marbach on the 10th of November, 1759. His father commenced life as a barber but, according to a frequent practice at that time was soon promoted to the rank of army surgeon in a Bavarian regiment in the service of the Duke of Wuertemberg. After faithful service in the War of Austrian Succession, he was advanced to the rank of captain. Soon after his promotion Captain Schiller visited a married sister living at Marbach. During his stay at her house he became attached to Miss Elizabeth Kodweiss, whom he married. While he was engaged in military pursuits his wife remained with her father.

At the end of the Seven Years War he moved his family to Lorch, a village situated upon one of the tributaries of the Neckar. Here Schiller received from the worthy Protestant minister Moser a preparatory training for a clerical profession. Parson Moser and Schiller's mother, a woman of noble character and sweet disposition, deeply impressed upon the mind of the young boy the idea that he was destined for the
ministry. Accordingly, when, at the end of 1766, the family removed to Ludwigsburg, he entered the Grammar School expecting to go from there to the Theological department of some university.

During the six years spent at the Grammar School he was very much liked by his teachers for his bright intellect and studious habits. His friendship for his classmates was warm and lasting. As Schiller was about to leave the Grammar School for the next step in his chosen profession the Duke of Wuertemberg attracted by the boy's intelligence and aptness, urged his father to send him to the Military Academy, situated in the forest west of Stuttgart. His father whose living depended upon the bounties of the Duke, readily yielded. Thus the boy unwillingly gave up his clerical aspiration for a profession embraced in the curriculum of the Military Academy. He studied law for a short time but gave it up for medicine. The military discipline was very repugnant to Schiller. As a relief he sought consolation in the study of Rousseau. He was greatly influenced by Goethe's "Sorrows of Werther." He was very fond of reading Wieland's translation of Shakespeare. The discipline of the academy compelled these books to be smuggled and read in secret. Soon his nature became disgusted with its surroundings. He longed to break the fetters which restricted his freedom. His revolutionary ideas found expression in a drama entitled "The Robbers," which was composed and recited secretly, to the delight of his fellow-students. While at the Academy his poetical talent attracted the attention of the Duke, who requested him to sing the praises of Karl Eugen and Frauuziska on all occasions. Schiller complied with this request and extalled their virtues with warm enthusiasm.

In 1780, at the age of 21, Schiller graduated from the Academy and received a military appointment as surgeon in the army of Wuertemberg, with a monthly salary of eight dollars. Soon after his graduation he completed "The Robbers" and had it printed at his own expense. It was first performed on the stage in January, 1782. Schiller, without leave of absence, went to Mannheim to witness its performance. In the summer of the same year, he made a second stolen visit to Mannheim to witness a fresh performance. This second breach of discipline reached the ears of the Duke, who had Schiller put under arrest for two weeks. But this was only the beginning of trouble. The Swiss canton of the Grissons complained to the Duke that their nation had been insulted by the author of "The Robbers," that he had called their country the modern Athens of scoundrels. Thereupon the Duke ordered Schiller never to write another word except upon medical treatise.
This was too much for the poet's endurance. He promptly begged to be released from the Duke's service. But he, who regarded Schiller as a piece of personal property, refused to listen to his prayers until the oppressed poet sought freedom in flight. In company with a young musician, he stole away one September evening in 1782.

"The Robbers" made the deepest impression of Schiller's three earliest plays. The plot is very simple, and abounds in striking absurdities. It is the story of an old man and his two sons, Franz and Karl Moor. Franz wins the inheritance from his elder brother Karl by poisoning his old father's mind by means of forged letters and false reports. Next he lays plans for putting his father to death. The effect of the sudden shock is tried. One of his sycophants brings false news of Karl's death in the battle of Prague. By this false alarm he hoped for a double result; first, to get his father out of the way; and next to have no opposition in winning the affections of Amalia, who was the sweetheart of Karl.

The old man faints at the news, and is borne off for Dead. Franz enters upon the estate. Amalia is true to her dead lover, resists all approaches from him, and longs for death in order that she may meet her lover on the shining shore. While these affairs are going on at home Karl is among wild comrades planning a revolt against the law of the land. He says, "Law has never yet produced a man of true grandeur. It is freedom that hatches the colossal and the extreme. O, that the spirit of Hermann still glowed in the ashes! Set me at the head of a band of fellows like myself, and in Germany a republic would arise to which Rome and Sparta would seem like nunneries."

While in this frenzy a letter reaches him from his brother Franz, which brings tidings of the state at home. Upon reading this letter his rage knows no bounds. He becomes the leader of an outlaw band with which he robs, plunders and murders on a grand scale. Finally, in disguise, he visits his home, where his brother rules with a rod of iron. Amalia does not recognize him, but his brother does and prepares a plan for his destruction, from which he escapes only by the fidelity of a slave. He now returns to his band of robbers and puts an end to the quarrels which had arisen since his absence. The false messenger of Franz comes to him, and they hold a short conversation. After that the messenger attempts to escape by fleeing into a tower. While Karl is trying to gain admittance, he hears a voice from within crying, "Pity on a wretched creature! Pity!" That was his father's voice. Here the dramatic crisis is reached. On this point Coleridge has the following lines:
"Schiller! That hour I would have wished
to die,
If through the shuddering midnight I had
sent
From the dark dungeon of the tower, time
rent,
That fearful voice, a famished father's cry—
Lest in some after moment aught more
mean
Might stamp me mortal!"

The conclusion is soon reached:
The old man had recovered from
the fainting fit, and Franz had
thrown him in the tower to starve.
Franz is besieged in his castle by
Karl and his robber band: They
set fire to the castle, and as the
flames draw near Franz leaps into
them and perishes. The old man
dies when he learns that his son is
captain of the robbers. The lovers
meet. Karl desires to marry Amalia,
but his oath binds him first to
his followers. Thus separated from
her lover by cruel oaths, Amalia
asks for death. Karl kills her, for
"Moor's beloved must only die by
Moor's own hand." He then re-
signs his position and surrenders
himself into the hands of justice.
This play created the wildest
applause, especially among the
French, who elected Schiller one
the first citizens of their coun-
try on account of the expression of
freedom and revolutionary ideas
contained in this play.
Schiller's third drama, "Plot and
Passion," was warmly received,
notwithstanding the adverse criti-
cism. The plot, as in "The Rob-
bers," is very simple. An old man,
in order to hold a position won by
trickery, determined that his son
should marry the mistress of a reign-
ing prince. This woman fell deeply
in love with Ferdinand, but he was
passionately in love with Louise
Miller, the old fiddler's daughter.
The prince and Ferdinand's father
do all in their power to make the
young man reject Louise and marry
this mistress of the prince. They
fail to accomplish their end by vio-
lence, and not until they placed
letters injurious to Louise character
in Ferdinand's way, did they par-
tially succeed. He pays his last
visit to Louise; she, bound by oaths
and wicked threats against her old
father's life, cannot deny the char-
gle in the injurious letters. Ferdinand
asks for lemonade, and secretly
drops poison into it. They both
drink it, and when dying he learns
of her innocency. When this play
was written Schiller was living in
Mannheim. "While there, he fell in
love with Margaret Schwan, who
rejected his offer for marriage.
At the expiration of his contract
with the manager of the theatre, he
founded a bi-monthly theatrical jour-
nal, The Rhenish Thalia, which soon
proved a failure.
At his friend Korner's house, in
Leipsic, he completed the tragedy
entitled "Don Carlos." This play
was written in blank verse, and was based upon a historic subject. It treated of the love of Carlos, the song of King Philip XI. of Spain, for his stepmother, Elizabeth, who had been engaged to him before his father married her. The hero is not Don Carlos, but his friend Marquis Posa. The writing of this tragedy aroused in Schiller an interest in historical studies. It was followed by the "History of the Revolt of the Netherlands." About this time the poet met a coquette named Henrietta von Arnim, at whose disposal, it seems, his heart and hand were placed. He greatly displeased his friends by making her costly presents and neglecting his work. To escape the fascination of Frau von Arnim, he accepted an invitation from Frau von Kalb, who was at that time living in Weimar.

In 1788 Schiller and Goethe met for the first time. Schiller looked forward to their meeting with pleasure. Goethe received him very coolly, so coolly indeed that Schiller abandoned all hope of approaching him. However, a few years later they became intimate friends, which was of great benefit to Schiller. Schiller was for several years Professor of History at the University of Jena. In this position he received the small salary of twenty pounds annually.

At this time he was engaged to Lotte Lengefeld, a young lady who lived near Rudolfstadt. Their courtship was none too smooth. She was of noble birth, and her relatives objected to her marrying anyone but a nobleman. Schiller, too, was still wrapped in the toils of Frau von Kalb. However, they were married in February, 1790. The union proved an unusually happy and successful one. The summer after his marriage was spent in writing a "History of the Thirty Years' War."

Schiller's next great tragedy was Wallenstein," but before completing this, which was his masterpiece, he was engaged in several journalistic enterprises. "Wallenstein" is composed of three parts: "Wallenstein's Camp," "The Piccolonaine," and "Wallenstein's Death." It is perhaps the greatest tragedy written in the German language. Goethe's encomium is: "The work is so great that there exists no equal to it."

In 1800 "Mary Stuart," his next drama, was completed. This deals with the last years of the Queen of Scots.

"The Maid of Orleans," based upon the story of Joan of Arc, was published in 1801. The maid, as a semi-supernatural agent, is the heroine of the play. She, obeying a divine command, undertakes the deliverance of France from her enemies. She yields to earthly love. Her Heaven sent mission deserts her and she is burned at the stake as a witch.

There are many startling effects
and beautiful passages in this drama, but it is the weakest of his historical plays. His next drama, "The Bride of Messina," was modelled upon the tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles.

"William Tell," his last completed play, was finished in 1804. Geothe, who had contemplated writing an epic with Tell for its hero, recommended the story of Tell to Schiller to be dramatized. Of all Schiller's dramas "William Tell" has been the universal favorite. It deals with an oppressed people and a tyrannical ruler. In the first scene the reader is placed among mountains surrounding beautiful lakes and blooming meadows. The cows, with their clinking bells, are coming from the Alps. A storm is approaching. The Fisher boy, herdsman and hunter pass onto the stage singing short songs. Just as the storm in its fury is bursting upon the lake, a man, who has killed a tyrant for insulting his wife, rushes up and begs to be ferried across. The officers are close upon him. Delay means death, yet no one has the boldness to row him over the storm-tossed lake. At this point Tell enters and carries the man over without delay.

Tell, the hero, is a man of deep thought, but few ideas. He was opposed to conspiracy in all its forms, yet ready to act when action is required. The scene where he sits with his bow watching for Gessler is truly grand.

"Here, through this hollow lane, he needs must pass.
There is no other road to Kussnast. Here I'll make an end. The place well fits the need.
Now, Gessler, balance thine accounts with Heaven.
Thou must away from earth—thy sand is run."

A poor woman, too, with sad supplications, waits for the cruel tyrant. As he comes she meets him and pleads for pity. Her husband, for some slight offence, lies in prison and her children are crying for bread. To Gessler she cries:

"Justice, my lord! Ay, justice! Thou art judge,
The deputy of the Emperor—of Heaven.
Then do thy duty—as thou hopest for justice
From Him who rules above, show it to us!"

Gessler rebukes her and orders the way to be cleared. His servant returns and informs him that the road is blocked up by a marriage party. Then Gessler cries:

"Too mild a ruler am I to this people,
Their tongues are all too bold—nor have they yet
Been tamed to due submission, as they shall be.
I must take order for the remedy:
I will subdue this stubborn mood of theirs
And crush the soul of Liberty within them.
I'll publish a new law throughout the land; I will—"

He never finished his tyrannical threat. An arrow from Tell's bow had found its way into his heart. In this act the climax is reached. The last scene, which deals with the triumph of a liberated people, is an anti-climax.
During the winter of 1804-5 Schiller continued to work upon his next drama, "Demetrius," whenever his health would permit him. Even when delirious he would recite scene after scene with wild, excited gestures. He died May 9, 1805. After his death the following beautiful lines, his last work, were found upon his desk:

"He comes, he comes, and armies on him wait! To bring me freedom, and avenge my shame! List to his drum—his trumpet's stern alarm! O! list ye, his people, to a monarch's call!"

It is hard to overestimate Schiller's value to his country. He fearlessly denounced tyranny in all its forms. Liberty was his great, burning thought, which won for him the title "the Poet of Liberty."

MILTON.

There burns in the breast of every true man a desire to stamp upon the hearts of his fellow beings some ennobling images of truth which will stand up as monuments in honor to his name when death shall have claimed its own. The bare thought of being lowered into the grave without having exerted a goodly influence or deed, causes one to shudder. Meditation upon such a serious subject as this may be kept at bay by light-hearted, thoughtless youths, but to us who are in the glare of the noonday sun of life, where our past can be seen with almost painful clearness, the bliss (?) of forgetfulness is denied; and remembrances of neglected opportunities for championing the right, and of recklessadvocation of the wrong, come crowding in upon us like like breakers of woe. Not least among the causes of our remorse is the habit of staining our lips, polluting our souls, and teaching accursing habits to others by the folly of profanity.

Terrible are the stings which an offended conscience drives into the heart as the first thread of this deadly habit is woven! When that tongue, which "mother" has taught to lisp the name of God in simple prayer, sounds its first oath, its unwary master has a prompt and unmistakable warning whispered in his ear by "the silent preacher;" and if this warning is not soon heeded, there are abundant reasons to fear that the "unruly evil" will become more and more unruly until checked by the palsy of death. When Nero was first presented with a death-warrant for his signature he shrank from the act, declaring his regret for having learned to write; but, finally, though reluctantly, he signed it. From this apparently small beginning in the cultivation of cruelty, Nero's nature became so beastly that his ears
drank in the dying shrieks and agonizing groans of his tortured victims as his most keenly relished melodies. Thus do youths commence to swear. 'Tis hard to begin a habit the knowledge of which would send blistering tears coursing down the cheeks of father and mother; but when a youngster who has more imitative tongue than sound judgment and backbone gets into a circle of vulgar scalawags who sneer at such "bosh" (!) as filial regard, he too often becomes an easy prey to their fiendish machinations. If it hurts a little to roll out the shocking cursings which the "other fellows" use, if the lad but swears ahead to suit the crowd, he is recompensed for his suffering by being patted on the back and called "good old boy"—"first-rate fellow!" From thence his sensibilities harden, and cursing becomes more natural, till all the early-felt dread of profanity in a manner vanishes, and then, Nero-like, what was odious at first he accepts with relish at last.

Profanity, however, is not always picked up as it falls from the so-called vulgar lips, nor are its devotees always numbered among the scum of humanity. Men, otherwise brilliant and noble, show themselves miserably foolish in the use of profane language. This class may be be styled "hypocrites"—they pretend by practice to be more irreligious than they really are by nature; that is, men whose brains have been cultured and stored with pure and pretty truths, and who have tact enough to load their every utterance with good sense and beautiful thought, will often besmear their sentences with the black stain heaven-forbidden blasphemy. The former class, or the low-bred, are are not so deeply guilty for their indulgence in impious expression as the latter, since it often occurs that stupid minds conceive the idea that the productions from their half-empty skulls sound "bigger" when embellished with oaths; but this practice is inexcusable among the enlightened. Some are blasphemous under the pretext that when in anger swearing "relieves their mind."

When an engaged party, whose single blessedness was becoming monotonous, before the sacred bargain was made, breaks the news to his friends too freely, he doubtless "relieves his mind," but he also relieves his neighbors of their respect for him. If, then, it is disgusting to see a man loudly revealing the innocent happiness with which he is overflowing, is it not a thousand fold more loathsome to see a man readily betray so ugly a passion as excessive anger? Looking among animals, we find the most degraded—the hog—yields promptly to his provocation, hooks his back, turns his bristles towards his reasonless head, whacks his tusks together and foams at the mouth; while the horse—noblest of
animals—if not irritated by mismanagement, gives scarcely any perceptible evidence of anger at any time.

Think again of the glory there is in bridling the tongue, which, as the wise hath said, "is even better than taking a city," and the assurance that he who is slow to disgraceful wrath is of "great undertaking." A man’s arm may be exercised until it becomes knotted with steel-like muscles, and be almost as firm to the touch as a club, but it may also be carried for a year in a sling and be wasted to mere skincovered bones. So may man’s propensity for blaspheming develop till his chiefest utterances curdle the blood of all who fear their Creator; or the habit may be laid in a sling till only its ghastly skeleton remains; and let me say, fellow-man, who un­wise yields to the unnatural inclination to blaspheme, that there is a joy experienced in consigning the carcas of this enemy to its tomb that no words may express, and which (I speak from sweet experience) most amply rewards for all the effort made in the struggle to overcome it.

Finally, for posterity’s sake, do not let us lend a helping tongue in the propagation of a habit which may curse our posterity when our names shall have been erased forever from all memories on earth.

J. A.

THE CHINESE.

At the summer Bible School held last June, in Knoxville, Tennessee, the writer heard Dr. Lambeth say that the Chinese people are intellectual giants. Now Dr. Lambeth was born and raised in China, and lived there for many years; he ought, therefore, to be a competent judge.

General Grant said that in all his travels throughout the world, he met three great men; Prince Otto von Bismark, of Germany; Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, of England, and Hung Li Chang, a Chinese viceroy.

The general race of Chinese, then, must not be judged by the few laundrymen whom we see in our American cities.

Though the history of China is far reaching, yet it fails to give us any account of the origin of the Chinese race. Its history begins by describing the nucleus of the nation as a little hord of wanderers, roving among the forests of Shan-se without houses, without clothing, without fire to dress their victuals, and subsisting on roots, insects and spoils of the chase.

They were probably not indigenous sons of the soil. But though they were wanderers, they brought with them habits of settled labor. They cultivated grain for their sus-
tinence, and flax, from which to weave their garments.

They had some knowledge of astronomy, and probably some acquaintance with hieroglyphic writing; for at a very early date, we read that about 1730 B.C. a petition, in writing, was presented to the king.

This "black haired race" soon drove out the natives of the land.

Shortly afterward the discovery of fire was effected by the accidental friction of two pieces of dry wood; Chin-nung is said to have invented the plow, and from that time the civilization of China proceeded by rapid and progressive steps.

Running our eye along the historical records, we find that about the eleventh century B.C., Woo-Wang ascended the throne, becoming the first emperor of the Chow dynasty.

He was brave, talented and virtuous, but committed the fatal mistake of dividing his kingdom into seventy-two feudal states. As the result of this division, jealousies sprang up among the princes, internecine wars raged unceasingly, and the allegiance of the separate states to the central authority daily became weakened.

Moreover, we are told that in 936 B.C. the Tartars, taking advantage of the confusion which reigned throughout the Empire, made predatory incursions into the states, and from this time on remained a constant source of danger and annoyance to the Chinese.

Such was the state of the Empire when Confucius was born (557 B.C.). He devoted his life to the promulgation of virtue and right principles of government, but little heed at the time was paid to his remonstrances and exhortations. He died 475 B.C. in retirement, a neglected and disappointed man. The authority of the central government was now waning. Men rose up all over the land who tried to usurp the throne, believing that "they must take who have the power, and they must keep who can."

In 246 Che Hwang-te became Emperor. With 300,000 men he utterly exterminated all the troublesome Tartars in the neighborhood of his Empire. He it was who first conceived the idea of erecting the great wall to stretch across the northern part of China. This famous wall, which was to be a protection against invasion from the north, was begun in 214 B.C.

Coming down to 614 A.D., we find the strange phenomenon of the Imperial power seized upon by a woman, and that, too, in a country where women were slaves. She proved, however, not unequal to the office she had usurped. She governed discreetly, defeated her enemies, and extended the boundaries of her empire.

The Chinese language, now the solitary medium of communication between 400,000,000 of our fellow-
THE CHINESE.

is language in its most archaic form. Each syllable is a distinct word. Their literature lacks the variety and elegance which by nature belong to the polysyllabic languages, still the Chinese are eminently a reading people. Successful passing of competitive examinations is the only road to emolument. This and the law, which throws these examinations open to all who choose to compete, have caused a wider diffusion of book learning among the Chinese than is probably to be found among any other people. The only text books used in their schools are the Nine Classics. In these works are found the views of Confucius, which may be summed up in the admonition: "Walk in the trodden paths."

He taught that man must strive to improve himself by acquiring knowledge, by purifying his thoughts, by rectifying his heart. In this way he would learn how to regulate his family; this, in turn, would fit him to govern his state, and this again would prepare him for Emperor should he be called upon to this responsible position.

The name of Confucius has been revered, and his precepts followed by his countrymen, of whatever rank or station, for twenty-two centuries. His teachings tried to dwarf reason and exalt memory. All individuality is lost, all force of original thought crushed out. His writings have exerted such incomparable influence on the millions of his race living after him, that we are led to believe that this has, to a large extent, made the Chinese the conservative and unimaginative people that they are to-day.

Their government is modelled according to the idea of Confucius. The whole people constitute one great family over which the Emperor presides; and to him they look as children to their father for guidance and protection. He is the mediator between them and the Supreme Being.

The Chinese look upon the possession of children, especially sons, as the chief blessing of life. How happy, then, must have been one of their Emperors, who left his crown to his fifteenth son.

This race has many peculiarities. The Chinese needle points to the south, and their houses face the south. A place on the left of the host is the post of honor. In daily life the Chinese are frugal, sober and industrious. Their wants, which are few in number, are easily supplied. The poorer classes live almost entirely on rice; their clothes are of the cheapest kind, and they live so crowded that their house rent amounts to very little. Thus the Chinaman can live where the American would starve. On this account, and because of his habits of sobriety and frugality, he can underbid the workmen of California.

Their country is so densely populated that many are compelled to
live in boats on the neighboring rivers and lakes. The Chinese people care but little for strong drink. They have no wine at all. Of course some of them drink a little occasionally, but a reeling Chinaman is a rare sight. They smoke opium, however to a great excess.

As yet the Chinese have but one railroad, for the government still withstands the adoption of the iron road.

We are indebted to the Chinese for the art of printing, an agency for advancing civilization second only to that of Christianity. Let us more than pay the debt by sending unto them the glad messengers of peace.

Thomas Dunaway.

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Education and Success.

The tendency of education at present is towards utilitarianism. Young men generally desire a training that will equip them for the practical affairs of life. Men are seeking education very much as the farmers do their implements, in order better to prosecute their chosen profession.

This tendency is due in part to the materialistic spirit of the times and in part to the fact that many educated men have proven failures. There is danger in carrying this mercenary (?) idea too far. But, in the past, we have learned a little too much to culture merely for culture's sake. Education is largely a failure unless it increases the capacity for practical duties. After all, power is the great thing. It is a great source of gratification to be able to think, but to bring things to pass is better. Simple culture will not ensure success in life. Vim and vitality must not give place to intellectuality alone. If we would achieve success in the world and exercise dominion over men, we must be men of force and action.

We wish that the professors had a little more consideration for the depleted purses of the students so that the expense of such frequent changing of text-books would not be entailed upon us. Such frequent changes seem to indicate that the books are not thoroughly examined before they are adopted for class work.

The editor finds it very difficult to write editorials this month. The gayety of the Christmas season is upon us. The pleasures of home are about us. While ample skating and splendid hunting invite us to
EDITORIAL.

partake of the pleasures they offer. Then there is another attraction still more inviting, which modesty forbids us mentioning.

There were only two professors at the public debate. Was the absence of the rest of the faculty indicative of their interest in the societies?

Here is the same old thing—lectures just before intermediate examination. If the purpose is to prevent reviewing and cause failure on examination, we suggest that the best way to accomplish the purpose would be to give the students about a week's holiday previous to the examination.

Why not get up a discussion in The Messenger on some interesting topic? We remember that several years ago there was such a controversy, and it aroused a great deal of interest.

It is a source of gratification and is a very creditable accomplishment to be able to get good marks and make examinations. No student should be satisfied without doing his best in both the lecture-room and on examination. Neither should he be discouraged at the result of his honest efforts.

A "V" on recitation and a certificate on examination are by no means a passport to scholarship and success. He who is most diligent in study and persistent in effort, regardless of his class standing, as a rule will be most successful in life. It is not so much what a student gets out of a lesson as it is the honest effort and time that he spends upon it, which tells for him in after life. The student of brilliant intellect may outstrip the plodding one in the first heat of life's race, but the latter usually wins the highest prize.

Encouragement.

It is natural for man to indulge in doubt, depression and despondency. The nobler the ideal and the more ambitious the soul, the more likely is one to be subjected to discouragement, melancholy and despair. Depression is associated with aspiration. Despair is linked with desire. Ambition imparts determination and causes despondency. Ambition is the eternal spring of perpetually renewed effort, and it is also the source of wretched disgust with the past and withering discouragement of the future. Ambition is continually despairing of its goal. It frequently becomes so depressed that it hesitates and halts, falters and fails.

What the struggling soul needs, what it craves, that for which it is almost perishing, is judicious encouragement. There is plenty of the gushing, disgusting compliments of professional flatterers, but the common sense encouragement of a friend to a friend is almost as rare as ice at the equator or flowers
at the north pole. What a pity that there is so much foolish, flippan flattery while there is so little honest, sensible encouragement. The one is repugnant to taste, insulting to common sense and dangerous to the recipient. The other is a noble expression of friendship, an inspiration to action and a benediction to the receiver. Yet the one is prevalent while the other is rare. It is a sad commentary on humanity and friendship that baneful, pernicious flattery should be everywhere to intoxicate, while benificent, potent encouragement can scarcely be found to stimulate.

Is it that we do not need the cherry words of our friends? It is true that there are some with sufficient self-confidence and conceit to be contented and even elated with their present excellence and buoyant with the golden dream of their future greatness. But such is human nature that most of us must have the expressed sympathy and encouragement of our friends in order to do our best.

The broken and retreating line of battle is rallied and reformed by encouragement. Cheer the speaker and he will give return for the plaudits in increased eloquence. Speak cheeringly to the depressed spirit and it will make new resolves and new efforts. Indeed, such is the melancholy nature of some that it is as impossible for them to rise without sympathy to support and encouragement to stimulate them as it is to build snow houses in Sahara or grow oranges in Labrador.

We detest flattery. We plead for more sense and sensible encouragement. We depreciate the tendency of so many sincere people to defer speaking of all the good things they think and know about one until his death.

Woman's Era.

Woman's era is upon us. We can no more repress its energy than we can extinguish a prairie fire with our breath. Each day the movement in her favor gains greater momentum. Still each setting sun she seeks and wins some new conquest. In a hundred respects she has equalled, she has excelled the wildest dreams of her most sanguine admirers.

A hundred years ago woman occupied a far less conspicuous place than she does to-day. Then her ability was unappreciated, her capacity undervalued, her education neglected. Then she was denied all liberty of choice and freedom of occupation. But there has been a change, a reformation. The old, narrow-minded, uncharitable opinions have given place to a more catholic spirit. To-day there are thousands of men as willing to acknowledge woman's ability and to recognize her rights as they are ready to proclaim their own worth and to assert their own liberty.

The complete civil and political equality of man and woman is one
of the coming problems of society and civilization. Heretofore the struggle has been for a larger measure of liberty to humanity. Hereafter the contention will be for a fairer apportionment of freedom between man and woman.

The ultra-conservative express great alarm at the turn that social affairs are taking. We see no breakers ahead. To be sure the movement in woman’s favor may at first lead to excesses. The like has been true of every reform that history records. The pendulum of progress always swings from one extreme to the other before it settles at its equilibrium. Through all the ages man has oppressed woman. If she has at last resented his injustice and assumed progressive tendencies, why should man raise a hue and a cry; it is simply the reaction of his own oppression.

Freedom has never contaminated a people. It never mars the grandeur, but always lends additional lustre to its subjects. Woman, lovely in her present state, would be no less beautiful with a larger measure of freedom. Recognition of her rights will never unsex her. Woman’s independence will never tarnish her halo of loveliness. She will always be the central sun of our social system. She will forever be the heart’s beautiful queen of love and beauty.

Wyoming’s plan of woman’s complete civil and political equality with man is debatable. But that woman is unfairly treated, subjected to injustice, outrageously wronged in several respects by society, is unquestioned. There are few instances in which woman receives a equal compensation with man for the same amount of work performed. As manifestly iniquitous as this treatment is to her, yet it falls into insignificance compared to the virtue society exacts of woman and the profligacy that it allows to man. Man can drink, carouse, revel in licentiousness, but woman must be modest, pure, un­tarnished. Society will recognize a profligate young man, but none but a virgin maiden. It will pet and cajole the man and stamp with eternal stigma the woman guilty of the same misconduct.

Virtue should be no more obligatory upon woman than man. Man should grant to woman every indulgence that he claims for himself. Woman should treat the wayward man as man treats the fallen woman. Society should not discriminate between the man and woman who are equally guilty, but should treat them both alike, ostracise and boycott both; condemn both to a social Siberia.

The crime is not that society requires too much of woman, but too little of man. It should demand of woman all that it does demand and more, too; but that it should exact so much more of her than it does of man is iniquitous, tyrannical, barbarous.
Christmas boxes!

"Did you see your girl Christmas?"

Mr. H. is going to have a dozen of his phonographs taken and send one to his best girl.

A last leap-year effort—She, (to the young doctor): I had rather have your mother as my mother-in-law than anybody else I know.

He, (blushing, but refusing to take the hint): Had you really? I shall tell my brother that.

Miss P. says she never realized her dependence upon man until she went upon the ice pond.

Mr. M., in translating Latin, stumbled over quis est melior? but afterward rendered it who is mellow?

Local editor, (to old Uncle Isaiah putting away coal): "Say, Uncle, are you any kin to the Isaiah of whom we read in the Scriptures?"

Uncle Isaiah: "No, sah, I's jest some ob dem scrapings dat's left ob him."

A certain young lady has promised to give us, for publication in our columns, all the smart things she says. Now, she is as bright as a new dollar and as smart as a steel trap, so just look out.

Mr. H. says he is getting smarter and smarter at an accelerated speed. Keep on, old fellow, you have a long road to travel!

Mr. J., of Texas, talking of hot Tomales, and being asked how they were made, replied that they were all chopped up with canine pepper, and wrapped in a shuck. His brother, wishing to correct him, said: "Not canine, Fred., but quinine."

Public Debate.

On the 16th of December last, the annual public debate of the Philologian society took place. The exercises of the evening were opened with prayer by Dr. Pollard. Then followed a piano solo by Professor MacHenry. After this, President Hayes made a short address of welcome and presented to the audience Mr. H. Tate Harris as reader for the evening. Mr. Harris read "The Baptist Breakman."

After the reading the audience was favored with a solo by Captain Frank Cunningham, Miss Ellie Martin playing the accompaniment upon the piano. He sang "Sweet Genevieve" with such effect that he was enthusiastically encored, whereupon he sang "Tell her I love her so."
This was followed by a declamation by Mr. J. S. Ryland, entitled "Silent Voices."

After this the president announced as the question for debate:

"Resolved, That woman should be admitted to the bar,"

and introduced as the first speaker, on the affirmative, Mr. D. Kirby Walthall.

Mr. Walthall's first argument was that it would be to the best interest of woman herself. He endeavored to show that she was intellectually equal to man, and stated that grappling with the same difficulties she has often excelled him. Woman has succeeded in the medical profession, and could do equally as well in law. Not all women are fitted to become good lawyers, as, indeed, not all men, but some are. Women should not be excluded from any position for which her abilities fit her.

The speaker then endeavored to prove that it would be to the best interest of the community at large for woman to be admitted to the bar. Not all women are easily assailed by cupid's darts, and possibly one out of five hundred might choose the profession of law, and might do well therein. The five hundredth woman might be fatherless; teaching might be distasteful to her; she might be averse to all other callings except law. Admitted to the bar she could increase the comport of her home, support the mother and educate the children. Should woman be admitted to the bar there would be a greater number of talented lawyers, and the lower class of lawyers would have to drop out.

The first representative of the negative side of the question was Mr. F. E. Scanland. This speaker said that woman's position is the index of her nation's position. He opposed admitting woman to the bar first, because of the evil effects it would have upon woman herself. Admitted to the bar, she would soon become masculine in character; she would soon lose her modesty. Woman cannot live in the Dismal Swamp and not catch malaria. For her own sake do not admit her to the bar; nay, rather tax old bachelors for her support.

Again, woman is intellectually unfitted for the profession of law. She is not the intellectual equal of man, though she is his moral superior. Her sphere is in the home life. She must occupy a less conspicuous place than man, but not less important.

Again, admitting woman to the bar would prove the way to universal suffrage, female judges, and female jurors. Then would reason leave the bench, giving place to sympathy.

The next thing on the programme was "Old Black Joe," with variations, a piano solo by Prof. McHenry. He responded to a hearty encore.
The second speaker on the affirmative was Mr. Frank Williams. He said that innovations, regardless of their merit, are always opposed by those grown gray in the existing order of things. On this account Socrates suffered; on this account Galileo suffered. Every man, two or three years ahead of his time, is pronounced a crank.

The speaker said that he heartily concurred with the sentimental part of his opponent's argument, and would proceed to answer all real objections. He tried to prove his opponent inconsistent with himself, and here introduced the apostrophe, "O, consistency, thou art a jewel!"

All women cannot marry; there are not enough men to go around. Then, too, some have no capacity and no taste for domestic duties. Give woman her inalienable rights and privileges. She merits freedom, and no justice can deny to her the rightful privileges which are hers. If she wishes to grapple with the problem of jurisprudence she should have the privilege to do so.

Mr. H. W. Provence was the last speaker on the negative. He said in substance: Imagine a scene at the bar, an old maid arguing against an old bachelor. Why, it would be ridiculous. Woman would not elevate the general tone of legal proceedings, as is alleged, but would rather lower herself. She might command respect for a short time, but "familiarity breeds contempt." Woman is not physically able to make a lawyer. Then, too, since woman's voice has such irresistible power over man, where would be the jury that could dispense justice should she argue on the wrong side.

Again, who would like to hear the tones of his mother's voice in the court-room amid all the vileness of its associations, and its degrading influences? Nature's laws are unrelenting; to associate with the vile is to become contaminated by them. No, do not admit woman to the bar, but rather let her keep her rightful and natural place.

After the debate the audience was favored with a piano solo by Miss Ellie Martin, who, being encored, rendered another selection.

After a few closing remarks the president announced the exercises of the evening closed.

**G. and H. Notes.**

Research in studies that are somewhat familiar to all students is not an unworthy nor unrewarded employment of the college student's time and talent. Of such studies geography and history afford an inexhaustible store of facts and figures that instruct and charm, when presented by a man of fine descriptive powers or by the true historian.

Some day, perhaps, the students of Richmond College will have the benefits of a regular course in history; when the Geographical and Historical Society shall have di-
rected the minds of all connected with the institution to the importance of this great study.

At present the leading battle of the late conflict between the States are engaging the Society's attention. At the last meeting of the year "The First Battle of Bull Run" was very ably discussed by Messrs. D. H. Scott and J. Sallade.

A communication from Dr. Curry was read stating that he would secure from the War Department such war maps as the Society has need of in its investigations.

Our reference-book—Greg's History of the United States—has been severely attacked of late, but has been well defended by competent critics, among them Prof. Dabney of the University of Virginia.

Professor Edmund Harrison, who was unable on account of sickness, to teach his class before Christmas, resumed his duties as professor of Latin with the beginning of the new year. At the present time he has not fully recovered his health, though it is hoped that it will not be long before he shall be entirely well.

Professor Thomas, Ph. D., who filled the chair so well the first part of the session, has accepted the position as professor of Greek in the University of North Dakotah. The students formed a strong attachment for him while he was among us, and his popularity was of that kind that grows upon better acquaintance with him.

**New Year Resolutions.**

Mr. J. T. Cosby resolves to abstain from all future use of classic equines.

Mr. H. C. Burnet resolves to turn over a new (?) leaf, and take the "calico" ticket.

The Mess Hall boarders resolve to eat more slowly, and to be more sociable at the table.

Mr. R. H. Bagby resolves never to eat more than five pies at any one meal.

Ye local editor resolves to grow a full set of whiskers before commencement.

The editor-in-chief resolves to quit cussing out the business manager, and vice versa.

One of the campus girls resolves to quit squealing on the tennis court, and another one resolves to meet Mr. Samuels before the year is out.

**Christmas.**

On the 23rd of last December the majority of the students left college to visit their homes and sweethearts during the Christmas holidays. Of course they had a good time, but the reader must not suppose that the few who remained at college had a disagreeable and lonely time, for such was not the case; on the contrary, we passed the holidays quite pleasantly.

Being few in number and not so busy as usual, we had opportunity to see more of and become better
acquainted with one another, and we trust that the ties of friendship between us were strengthened. The majority of us received boxes of eatables from home. Whenever the pleasing sound of an approaching express wagon greeted our ears, up went the windows and out went the chorus, "Whose is it?" We think it safe to say that not at any time during the holidays did our digestive organs lack sufficient exercise.

Again, many of us are fond of skating, and all during the holidays there lay within a mile of us a skaters' paradise. The Reservoir Lake was daily crowded with Richmond's skaters, both male and female.

Now, if nowhere else appropriate, the title of "Weaker sex" is certainly applicable to the human species of the feminine gender when they are upon the ice pond, and depend upon the "coarser sex" to maintain for them their equilibrium, or when, unable to skate, they must be drawn around upon a little sled. But, of course, it was a pleasure to us to render any such service as might be in our power.

Notwithstanding the many resolves that had been made to study during Christmas week, away went books when the "high sport" came. Of course, a few who were not skaters studied some, and we are told that some of them fully demonstrated the fact that parallel reading is not conducive to the general welfare of the equine species.

On December 27, it was our good fortune to be present at the Christmas meeting of the Literary Club, which took place at the residence of Professor Harris. On this evening the usual order of proceedings was set aside and the first part of the programme was strictly musical. The music was both vocal and instrumental, the instruments being guitar, mandolin, violin and piano.

When the music had subsided Dr. J. C. Hiden read an interesting sermon on the text:

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating his Christmas pie, He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum And said, 'What a smart boy am I.'"

Later on the doctor gave a recitation, which was much enjoyed.

The party then adjourned to the dining hall, where the kind hostess had prepared a dainty repast.

Shortly after this the entire party, old and young, set aside all superfluous dignity, and joined, one and all, in the fascinating game of "Jenkins up," which engaged our attention the rest of the evening.

Again, on the evening of the 29th, we attended a party given by Miss Maud Pollard. Quite a number of friends, from the campus and the city, were present to pay her devoirs. The ladies all looked pretty, and were indeed a charming set.

After some general conversation and a few tele-a-tetes we were in-
vited in to supper. Of course the moments passed pleasantly here.

After this we played the never tiresome game of "Jenkins up" until late in the evening.

The occasion was indeed an enjoyable one to all who were present.

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**Play Ball.**

The following inducements to play foot ball have been offered by the Athletic Association for the purpose of making the games hereafter more interesting and entertaining, and with the hope that they may be better patronized than heretofore:

Anyone spraining his ankle will be allowed to walk on crutches; scraping his shins, to rub them; grinding his toe nails off, to limp; being butt in the pit of the stomach, to stoop; getting a skinned face, to be called tough; kicking against the decisions of the umpire, two mule shoes; for killing the umpire, he shall receive $1,000 and back pay; for an attempt at a grandstand play, a monkey wrench; for a broken leg, a promise of promotion; for two broken legs, two promises; for one eye scratched out, he shall be allowed one day's vacation; for two eyes scratched out, to become usher in the grandstand; for a broken arm, to wear it in a sling; for two broken arms, to carry each in a sling; for the loss of an ear, dishonorable release without back pay; for a broken back, one visit from Dr. Taylor.

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**Foot Ball.**

**Richmond College v. Randolph-Macon.**

The last foot ball game of the season was played with Randolph-Macon on December 19th. For some time, in fact the entire season, we had been anxious to meet them, but for some reason were never able to arrange a game with them until the above named date. Notwithstanding the fact that witnessing the game necessitated "cutting" several classes, quite a number of the wearers of the "garnet and cream" accompanied the players to let Ashland know that the boys were in town.

The players were as follows: Clement, centre; Hoover, right guard; Allen, left guard; Sallade, right tackle; Loyd, left tackle; Turner, right end; G. Winston, left end; E. Harrison, quarter; Bosher, right half; P. Winston, left half; Duke, full back; Burnett, Marsella, Louthan and Franklin, substitutes.

Randolph-Macon won the toss and took the ball. Starting out with the wedge they made steady but slow gains until the ball went to Richmond College. After several beautiful runs a touch down was made for Richmond College by Bosher. The kick at goal, made by Duke, was a failure.

Randolph-Macon again takes the ball and starts off with the wedge. They soon lost it, but again recapture it, when they are forced back
dangerously near their goal. As a last resort the ball is passed to the full back for a kick, but a fumble is made and Richmond College breaks through the line. A safety is made for Richmond, and the score stands 6 to nothing, in their favor. Randolph-Macon again takes the ball, but cannot prevent a touch down by Harrison. Duke then kicks goal, and the first half ends with the score of 12 to 0 in favor of Richmond College.

In the second half Richmond College has the ball, and starting off with the checker-board play, makes a gain of 10 yards. The second half was more hotly contested than the first, only one touch down being made, and that by Bosher. Duke again kicks at goal but fails. The game ends with the score standing 16 to 0 in favor of Richmond College.

Randolph-Macon played mainly a rush-line game, and attempted very little end work. On one occasion, however, they worked the criss-cross to advantage and gained about twenty-five yards, but Turner in some way managed to learn the sign for this play, and ever afterwards it was used to no great advantage. They played a good game, but seemed trained down to three plays, viz.: tackle on tackle, half on tackle, and the criss-cross. Our boys returned well satisfied with the last games of the season, appreciating the hospitality extended by the Randolph-Macon students.

Y. M. C. A.

On the second Thursday night in last December the regular monthly missionary meeting was held, W. L. Britt being leader. The subject discussed was *China.*

Mr. C. R. Moses read a paper on the geography of China; Mr. T. S. Dunaway read one on "The People of China," and Prof. F. W. Boatwright spoke of the work already accomplished by Christian missionaries of all denominations. His talk was very interesting and instructive, and was much enjoyed by all who heard it.

This is a campaign of education, for it is believed that the best way to arouse interest in a mission field is to impart information concerning it.

These missionary meetings are held every month, and it is hoped that in the future the attendance upon them may be larger than it has been heretofore.
To all our exchanges we extend a happy New Year greeting.

The Southern Collegian, in its last issue, has quite outstripped its former record in college journalism. Interspersed among its many creditable prose compositions are several poems and sonnets, which alone would reflect credit on the literary tastes of the students of Washington and Lee University.

The Georgetown College Journal has its usual well conducted athletic department. Nothing adds as much to the promotion of college spirit as prominence given to athletic sports in a college magazine, and we shall be glad when the addition of an athletic department is made to the MESSENGER.

Gladly do we welcome The Palatium of Fishburn school among our exchanges. The MESSENGER extends to this, the youngest of Virginia's journals, its best wishes for a bright and prosperous future.

The following, taken from the University Cynic, may be of interest to our readers:

"Thus we can say that the festival of Christmas is of Roman origin: that it probably grew out of the practice common to both Jew and Gentile of commemorating great historical and moral events, by religious ceremonies, and that some time in the fourth century the Christian church, desirous of turning the attention of its followers from the Pagan festival and to draw the PAGANS from the Saturnalia, instituted the Christmas festival at the close of the year, and gradually their usage to its own idea."

The Transylvanian of Kentucky University contains a forcible article on "The Necessity of a Prohibition Party." It is one of a series of similar papers to be published upon some phase of the four great political parties. It is well for the college world to give attention to these subjects, for the college-bred men are the leaders of thought to-day; and while we should lend our best energies while at college to the duties assigned to us by our professors, we should not neglect the imperative duty of keeping abreast of the times.

Not only the students of the male colleges have been aroused as to importance of the college magazines discussing political topics, but even our sisters of the Agnes Scott Institute have been giving their time and talent to the all-absorbing subject. And in keeping with the modest spirit which has at
all times characterized the true Southern girl, "Woman's Rights" are not discussed.

We quote the following from the Howard Magazine, of East Lake, Ala.:

"When you write, don't get ambitious and attempt to exhaust your rhetoric or vocabulary on a subject of which you know nothing. If you desire to cultivate a good style, select some subject with which you are thoroughly acquainted; or, better still, one of which you know little, and become acquainted with, in doing this, you are improved in more ways than one. Don't attempt to construct an Egyptian puzzle out of your subject in order to mystify your readers; some of them might not be fond of puzzles. A great many young writers avoid old subjects, for fear it will be said they are not original. Now they should remember that it is much easier to select a new subject than to treat it in an original way, and the charm of the article is going to depend more on the originality of the treatment than the originality of the subject. So don't be afraid of selecting an old subject; but attempt, rather, to adorn it with new raiment. Never attempt to exhaust your subject; for, in doing this, you may exhaust your readers. A great many make the mistake of having their subject too broad. Remember that oftentimes a broad subject indicates a narrow mind. Try to have a clear conception of what you intend saying before you begin to write.

The Wake Forest Student comes to us replete with very readable articles. The athletic department, especially, is conducted with much pains and skill. But there is one thing in the latter that we do not quite understand. In referring to the foot ball game between Wake Forest and Richmond College, score 18 to 0 in favor of the former, the athletic editor says that the "real cause" of the "small score" is best known to themselves. If the Wake Forest team voluntarily spared us a worse defeat, we are certainly much obliged to them for their consideration, but we are not by any means ready to admit that the score could have been materially increased.

After an exhortation to do the regular work assigned to us by our professors, the College Rambler urges the necessity of a further search than our text books will admit, into the subjects that we have for our daily work. It says:

"The original work will add interest to what is otherwise mere plodding, will make study a pleasure rather than a task, will add dignity to a man's class standing and will give the satisfaction incident upon a person's doing something unbidden. The lesson is one for the student to learn and the earlier in his course he begins to apply it to his work the more thorough
will be his college training. Original research for the thoughts of others soon leads to original thought for one’s-self. If one has a favorite line of study, let him follow it up, not to the detriment but to the embellishment of his work as a whole. To-day is after original thinkers in every line of industry and science. To-morrow will want even more. Where, if not to the colleges, will she look for the article desired?”

Fortune has again deigned to smile upon us, and we now number among our exchanges *The Elon College Monthly*, a magazine of no low degree of literary merit. “Why we girls don’t study” is a well written article and very interesting, since it treats of a subject that is next our heart. We do not take all of the writer’s argument in dead earnest, for irony is very evident in many of her statements. Still we are constrained to believe that she, in her enthusiasm, has overstated the weaknesses of the girls in general. Further on we came to an article entitled “To Many or Not to Many.” This is quite an appropriate subject for a student to consider while attending a co-educational institution, but a subject that is quite difficult to discuss for one unexperienced in the matrimonial field. We congratulate, however, the composer of the above article in the happy manner in which he ends his composition without committing himself to either side after having advanced good points pro and con.

There is no better place than a college for studying human nature. We clip the following from quite a lengthy article on “Dead Heads” in the *De Pauw Record*. We call particular attention to the last part of the subject:

“Here it is we become acquainted with the littleness of some characters; here we meet the miserable wretch who will read his neighbor’s paper rather than subscribe for one of his own, and will stand on a box-car and gaze over the fence at a football game rather than pay the small admittance fee. From this state human nature gradually improves step by step until we meet the broad minded, whole souled student who opens his purse to both papers and subscribes liberally to all public enterprises. * * * *

Let those of us who do not support a college paper subscribe for one. Either is good and both must live. Let those of us who subscribe so liberally to foreign missionary work first render unto the University that which belongs to the University.”

Apart from the daily press as an educator, we have the deeper and more select class of reading, the monthly magazines and the quarterly reviews. These are certainly a boon to all who would have themselves versed in the momentous questions of the day. They come to us laden with articles on every conceivable topic, and in them we have condensed the ideas of many
of the world's greatest minds. We must, of course, use our judgment in selecting those which are most suitable to our taste and calibre, and it is only in this way that we can derive the real benefit from the perusal of magazine literature. We must make up our minds that we cannot read everything that comes within the scope of reviews and periodicals, but what we do read, we should read with care and method. By reducing this to practice we cannot fail to broaden our ideas on subjects, the knowledge of which we will never have reason to regret.—Niagara Index.

Pay Your Subscription.
Lives of great men oft remind us
Honest men won't stand a chance;
The more we work, there grow behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.

On our pants, once new and glossy,
Now are stripes of different hue,
All because subscribers linger
And won't pay us what is due.

Then let us all be up and doing,
Send your mite, however small,
Or when the snow of winter strikes us
We shall have no pants at all.

—Exchange.

A Poor Conductor.
Superintendent of an electric railway (to applicant for position)—
"What is your name?"
"Wood, sir."
"You want to be appointed conductor?"
"Yes, sir."
"Can't take you, sir."
"Why not?"

"Electric experts say that Wood is a poor Con."

The Bible to all architects
Doth urge this wise command:
Go build your house upon the rocks,
And not upon the sand.

BUT
In building up a character,
Which shall withstand all shocks
Of life—go build upon your "sand"
And not upon your "rocks."

—Exchange.

Professor Psychology: What is love?
Chemical Student: Love is a volatile precipitate, and marriage a solvent in which it quickly dissolves.

The above is a lye.—Ex.

Oh, Jack, I've met the loveliest girl,
I'm smitten for good, I fear;
She's the face of an angel and—figure, you ask?
Well, Jack, that's $10,000 a year.

—Cynic.

A Brooklyn woman is keeping in a book a list of things she ought to purchase, but can not afford to wear. She calls the book her ought-to-buy-ography.

A lass, alas, is often false!
Of faults the maid is made;
So waste no time about her waist—
Though stayed she is not staid.

—Cynic.

College News.
The faculty of the University of Chicago is at present discussing the advisability of admitting fraternities to the institution. President Harper is said to be opposed to them and in favor of two large
clubs similar to the Whig and Clio of Princeton. Stagg, the athletic trainer, is working against them on the ground that they are detrimental to the necessary co-operation in athletics. On the other hand, many members of the faculty who are fraternity men, favor their establishment at the University, and it is said that a chapter of a national fraternity has already been established. The question is as yet unsettled and its solution will be awaited with interest throughout collegiate circles.—*The Swarthmore Phanix*.

Spain has ten universities; Italy has seventeen; Germany has twenty-one; Great Britain has eleven; Russia has eight; the United States of America has three hundred and sixty. What is the matter with the United States?—*Ex*.

The faculty of the University of Pennsylvania excuses the editors of the recognized college papers from a certain amount of work in the English Department, provided an equivalent amount of work be done for the papers.

Of the class of '92 at Yale College, 46 are studying law, 40 are in business, 25 are taking post-graduate courses, 9 are studying theology and 8 are taking medical courses.

At the new Chicago University there will be four quarters, each consisting of two terms, six weeks in each term. A student will be allowed to choose any two terms in the year for his vacation.

The total number of men in Greek letter societies in the American colleges is estimated at 75,000.

Among the lecturers at the University of Michigan this year are Robert G. Ingersoll, Thomas B. Reed, Henry Watterson, and Lyman Abbott.

At the University of Chicago, both student and faculty are required to wear the cap and gown at all important public occasions. Different styles of gowns have been selected for the different grades of students, fellows and faculty.

The museums at Harvard will hereafter be open on Sunday from 1 to 4 o'clock throughout the year, another modern idea brought into vogue.—*Ex*.

The campus of the Leland Stanford University of Palo Alto, Cal., covers 70,000 acres. It contains a drive-way of seventeen miles in length.

There are at present 21 women who are taking the graduate courses at Yale. But five of these are graduates of last year.

The University of Edinburgh is now open to women on the same terms as to men.
Harvard and Yale will hold their inter-collegiate debate after the holidays.

The total enrollment of students in all departments of the U. of P. is now 1,950.

The University of Michigan has a Japanese student Association, with a membership of thirteen.

The Yale Union has accepted the challenge from Princeton for a debate between the two colleges.

A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, but a big 'leven makes a great many lumps. — Chicago Globe.

The College of South Carolina is to be given up on account of the lack of students.

The guides at the World's Fair, who will number from 1,200 to 1,500, are to be college students.
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