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THE

MESSENGER

OF

RICHMOND COLLEGE

Richmond, Va.

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E. M. PILCHER, - BUSINESS MANAGER. | CHAS. CLEMENT, ASSIST. BUSINESS MAN'G'R

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MARCH, 1893.

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MEMORIES.

(WRITTEN IN A MEMOIR ALBUM.)

Winter evenings, by the fireside,
Watching fire's soft yellow glow;
Summer evenings by the seaside,
Watching billows come and go;
In the springtime, in the meadow,
When the flowers are given birth;
In the Autumn, in the forest,

When the foliage hides the earth;
All recalls the sweetest memories,
Memories that I'll ne'er let flee,
For they're times I love to think of,
Times that passed 'tween you and me.

L. A. C.

A LESSON FROM SPRING.

Spring is reigning now triumphant.
Winter's snows have gone away;
And instead of cold, bleak weather,
Everything is bright and gay.
Joy and gladness spring is bringing
To the creatures of God's hand;
Shedding sunshine all around them,
Making vocal all the land.
All the fields are decked with verdure;
Flowers blooming everywhere,
And their beauties are unfolding,
As their fragrance fills the air.
And the birds their carols singing,
Fill the air with music sweet;
List! they join in swelling chorus,
As with joy the spring they greet.

Yea, all nature is awaking,
Shaking off the sleep of night;
Rising up, its strength renewing,
Filled with courage and delight.

What a lesson for God's people,
Written on Dame Nature's page;
May we profit by our reading,
And make gladness in our age.

Let our lives be always springtime,
That we may our brother cheer;
Then the world will have grown better,
Just because we have been here.

G. H. COLB.

March, 1893.

THE RED MAN OF THE FOREST.

—O—

The mighty strides of civilization may erase from the memories of men much that was once engrossing, and may draw the veil of obscurity over objects that once commanded wide attention. History records the rise and decline of nations, and not infrequently chants a requiem over some untimely bier. Those who once wore the proud ensign of strength and valor and those who received the adulations of appreciative contemporaries have passed from the stage of human action. Some have left abiding memories, and some have gone to forgotten graves. These concessions wear the impress of verity, a truth which any one sees attested in the career of nations.

It is no less true than noteworthy that not all men live to transmit their names and deeds to successive ages. And so, in the marshalled tread of the centuries, many have died "unwept, unhonored and unsung." Such obscurity, however, does not threaten the memory of the Red Man of the Forest. Though, as a race, partially extinct, no impending shadow will veil his name and deeds from future generations. His singularity and native characteristics have stamped him with an individuality which the tide of time will never efface. His coolness and sagacity when confronted by perplexities have full often extricated him and shown the Indian the mas-

ter of adverse situations. His bearing has at all times shown him a creature of singular motives and capacities. The Indian has been, and will remain, a strange people. There are many speculations as to his age and origin. Men have striven to accumulate such facts concerning the Indian as would shed upon his past the light of information. Little of a conclusive nature has been attained. Much uncertainty yet remains. He has a history over whose pages the mists of doubt provokingly linger. Who shall say how much of interest is thus held back from the penetrative gaze of enlightenment? Who can say what prominence he attained, what prestige he enjoyed in prehistoric times? Fain would we have history more communicative, that we might learn the story of the red man.

Much that interests and elicits admiration has attended our observation of the Indian. The very soil over which we as freemen now walk once resounded only to the elastic step of the Indian, and in yielding up his fatherland it is impossible for us to estimate what bitter pangs surged through his breast. It is our privilege to linger among the associations which a peculiar people long held and dearly prized. But how great is the change of scenes! The irresistible wave of progress has swept over his old

haunts and wrought a transforming influence.

The cruelty of the Indian is universally admitted. It shocks the feelings of gentility to picture the pleasure with which the wily red man tortured his helpless prisoner. The cry of misery was as music to the savage ear. The reeking blade was his delight, and the gory scalp his favorite ornament. He put no premium on human life and esteemed it a pleasure to multiply his victims. Go in imagination and witness a gathering of dusky warriors, and you will see that he was accounted worthy the name of brave who could shut his ears to human appeals and bear most trophies from the field of battle. We naturally turn from contemplation of his cruelty, for we dislike to note such a marked characteristic in a people in many respects peculiarly interesting.

His disposition to take advantage of a foe and attack in secret detracts from the inherent bravery which most writers have accorded the Indian. There are many proofs of his daring, and not a few of his disposition toward cowardice. Yet some were brave in the truest sense of the term and knew no such thing as fear. His courageous spirit remained the same whether in the forest on the chase, or around the wigwam fires with assembled braves. Still others were timorous and dared not venture where they thought danger lurked. They were

cautious beyond any other people. Treachery seemed a part of the red man's character and as a people the majority of them were treacherous. The crafty old chief possessed that spirit and gave it as legacy to his descendants. There is much mention of Indian fidelity, but inconstancy frequently characterized them in their dealings. They were all savage, an end to which their environments conducted. But the mentioned characteristics were most prominent in warfare when the savagery of their beings was most deeply aroused.

The Indian was not utterly repulsive. Other traits than those mentioned swayed his savage bosom and transformed his rigorous nature into sunny moods. Friendship is as rare as it is valuable and amounts to much in the relations of men. The red man's friendship, when and where bestowed, was enduring and sacrificing. Any friend is helpful in times of peril, and in the early days of the American colonies they were fortunate who won the friendship of the forest children. The Indian was not insensible to gratitude. His savage nature possessed some generous traits, and his savage heart responded to more than one tender emotion. True nobleness of character belonged to many of the red men, such nobleness as has evoked universal admiration when exhibited by white men. It is true the Indians sustained such relations to the whites

as tended to exhibit their most rugged nature. But the public estimate of this weird race is deeply tinged with injustice. Think of a people who lived in childlike simplicity, who met and mingled in the deepest recesses of the woods, where they held their councils and celebrated their festivities, where they did honor to the memory of their noble dead, and supplicated the Great Spirit, in whom they had unwavering confidence. Think of a people who evoked no other muse than the silence of the forest, and whose legends are among the world's rarest and say if such a people shall be forgotten! There is on record no act of greater heroism than that of the Indian princess, Pocahontas, who threw her fragile person between the warrior's uplifted club and a doomed prisoner. By that intercession she liberated a great man and prolonged the life of one destined to wield a mighty and lasting influence. Where, even in the realm of fancy, can one find a parallel in great service so efficiently and opportunely rendered?

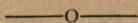
Some unprejudiced and appreciative pen will yet erect an abiding memorial to that act of heroism. The names of John Smith and Pocahontas will live as long as the history of the Western world.

Other nations have flourished and declined, but left in the memory of men the unfading glory of their achievements. Fidelity to purpose has reared many an enduring shaft over inanimate clay, and force of

character has nerved men to deeds that successive generations call transplendent. Literary ascendancy has woven fadeless garlands around slumbering nations, and supremacy in arms has identified the tombs in which a nation's warriors repose. Shall it be said that nothing lovable, nothing valiant preserves the memory of the red man? In the tread of centuries shall a ruthless foot desecrate his tomb, and shall he be wholly forgotten in the annals of nations? No! Nature does not consign her children to obscure graves but gives them the homage of their fellow men. So it is, the Indian having lived, loved, labored and lost, will yet command the admiration and memory of his supplanters. Civilization has transformed his hunting grounds into populous cities, and the limpid waters, over which his birchen canoe once swiftly sped, now aid the industrial pursuits of a "superior race." The camp fires of the red man have gone out, never to be rekindled upon the soil of his fathers. His voice, which once rang out over hill and valley, wherever his restless, wandering feet led him, no longer disturbs the solitude of peace. The Indian is circumscribed. His strategy and might could not withstand the resolute hosts of civilization, and so he slowly retreated from the land of dear associations, where for unnumbered generations he lived as the crude though absolute monarch of all he surveyed.

WAYLAND.

NEGRO COLONIZATION.



It is said that prior to the peopling of the earth, the Creator called Justice, Truth and Mercy in consultation upon the expediency of creating man. Justice opposed the creation, saying: "Don't make man; he would defraud and steal." Truth said also, "Don't create him; he would lie;" but Mercy, more charitably disposed, tenderly pleaded for man's creation, saying: "Create man, and I will shield him with my wings." What a pity it is that we of to-day do not follow the plan suggested by this simple legend, and respond in more merciful accents when appeals are made to that tenderest of passions implanted in human bosoms—pity.

We have before us now a problem which, though not invading creation itself, embraces the most vital interests of millions of the created. It is the Negro Problem, and the solution offered by some partial minds which have long been steeped with prejudice against Africa's ill-starred children, is that of colonization. Yes, it must be admitted that there is a tide of ill-founded antagonism in many American breasts which would, if permitted, lift upon its pitiless crest these dark-visaged, oppressed beings, and dash them from among white men. Let us see in the light of their past history and present attributes whether the negroes are worthy to remain in

the United States or not. Two hundred and seventy-four summers ago the first shipload of these unfortunate creatures was borne across the blue deep and dumped upon our shore as human merchandise. Victims to American inconsistency, the chains of slavery which held them in abjectest thralldom more than thirteen score years were forged beneath the very shadow of old independence Hall, where liberty was proclaimed to all the land.

In tracing the negro through his period of servitude, it is but right to unroll the scroll whereon is recorded the treatment he received at the hands of white men—not to cast a blur upon the white man's name—but in justice to the negro; to show in what kind of atmosphere he developed those qualities which his bitter antagonists so fervidly condemn. It is clear that from the beginning of the traffic in men among Americans, the gorgon of greed was the serpent-haired monarch to whom the negro was made a sacrifice. America, so eager in encouraging uprightness among her own children, was wonderfully scant in the encouragement of purity and right amongst those upon whose necks she had her merciless heel. The only privilege her laws granted slaves was that of being indicted and condemned. They could be haltered and led to the

scaffold, but not to the marriage altar, and it was under the curse of that foul proviso which forbade legal marriage among slaves that the stigma of vilest immorality was attached to the negro's name. Being fed on but little else than ash-cake and swine flesh, he naturally acquired the habit of nocturnal frequenting of henroosts. In a land of bibles and devotees to religious liberty, the slave was forbidden by law to learn to read the Word of God or to meet for prayer unless a white man was present to see that the Almighty was not prejudiced against white men.

Under such accursed domineering as this no nation under heaven could have kept above a zero grade of morality. In the sacred name of right I ask: How can we now rise up in condemnation of the negro, and pitilessly drive him off because, as some claim, he is depraved, when we see that his defective character was formed and his soul dyed with immorality in the pit of degradation into which he was hurled by our laws?

But there came a change. After two and a half centuries of "bricks without straw" servitude, a mysterious Providence rolled back the cloud of hopeless, degrading bondage which was shutting out the negro from the sweet liberties of civilization and from the favor of heaven, and through his midnight gloom of serfdom there poured at

last the glorious light of freedom, bursting from emancipations merciful sun. To understand the wondrous aptness of these dusky beings for becoming civilized, consider what a pall of ignorance and helplessness hung over them at the dawn of their freedom. Surely those slaves, when their shackles were first broken, were four millions of the poorest, most pitiable beings who ever breathed the breath of life. They owned not a cabin, not a foot of land, not an implement, not even the tow linen garments which covered their dusky bodies. They were between the millstones of Northern and Southern prejudice. There was not a family name among them—everyone was a bastard, and made so by Christian laws. There not having been a marriage allowed among them in two and a half centuries, of course they had low ideas of the sacred tie of matrimony. Being so dwarfed by slavery, necessarily their first strides upon the citizens' legs, which the Fourteenth Amendment gave them, were feeble and tottering, yet in consideration of the low depth from which they started, and the mountainous obstacles opposing them, no nation since Adam has risen so rapidly in the scale of civilization as the negroes have.

The census twelve years ago showed that they were rapidly acquiring lands and owned three-quarters of a million acres in Geor-

gia and South Carolina alone, and doubtless they have advanced doubly far in that direction by this time. They are paying eighty and a half per cent. of the taxes which go into the treasury from the South and there is only half as large per cent. of colored paupers, even in the eight black-belt States as there is of white.

Another essential element in the colored man is the superiority of his labor over that of any other race in certain sultry regions. The cotton industry very largely depends upon negro labor, and though it was predicted that the negro, as a free-man, would not work in the cotton fields, there is twice as much cotton raised in the South now as there was in the time of slavery. He can be cultured. From only partial statistics we find of colored graduates 210 in theology, 244 in law, 225 in medicine, 56 in pharmacy and 19 in dentistry, besides 561 classical graduates and 2,292 normal graduates, while over 2,000,000 negroes can read. In proof that the educated become useful we use the example of one institution, Fisk University, among whom we find one college president, two doctors, three lawyers, four college professors, three editors, fourteen principals of high schools, and of normal graduates of the same institution there are thirty-six principals of high schools and some professors. The negro can even distinguish himself as a student, one having

earned a \$200 scholarship in the Howard Medical College, and another, a graduate of Howard law department, won over the intellectual white students of that institution a \$300 scholarship. The splendid first and second orators' gold medals of Harvard have been won by a negro. We cannot justly claim that these manifestations of ability are the result of tinges of Caucasian blood. A board of examiners at Atlanta University, Georgia, and another at Athens, Georgia, recently subjected a number of negro students to rigid tests in algebra, geometry, Latin and Greek and decided not only that members of the African race can be highly cultured, but also that the blackest are not a whit behind the mixed bloods in mental ability, and their decision was reached against the former beliefs of those boards.

The negro is charitable. Though the whole race was penniless a quarter of a century ago, the African Methodist church alone has lately given, in a single year, \$2,000,000 for benevolent purposes. Negroes are not so cowardly as they are often reported to be. In the darkest hour of the civil war 188,000 of them rallied under the American flag and fought so unflinchingly that 37,748 of the dark skinned soldiers were left dead on battle fields. Neither are negroes antagonistic to our government. There is not an anarchist, a dynamiter, nor a secret society among

them whose purpose is to overthrow American institutions.

From these plain facts in behalf of the colored man, we must of necessity see that he is not unworthy to remain where he is. We have seen that the negro can be educated, not, perhaps, so highly as Caucasians, but highly enough to fit him for the sphere in which we want him to move. He is indeed unequal to the white man in many respects, but we have two thousand years the start of him. What we most desire and need of the negroes are horny-handed, firm muscled laborers, and this we abundantly have, and without their labor, the working element of the South being already seriously minimized by the departure of 1,000,000 of her young white men since the war, the threatening cloud of retrogression which now seems "no larger than a man's hand" in the neglected farms and wasting estates, would rise up and overshadow us with its wings of midnight, and our fair South, which we had hoped to see blossom into a prosperity becoming to "God's morning land," will, to a great extent, become again the wilderness home of hooting owls, screaming catamounts and howling wolves.

Another reason why it would be foolish to attempt colonization is that these longsuffering creatures would not suffer being driven off without resistance. To herd and drive away these 8,000,000 of beings who have amassed wealth and secured homes here it would be necessary to use violence, thus not only entailing a loss of millions to us and weaving a wreath of black injustice for America's brow by such unjust oppression, but also bathing anew the bosom of our Columbia in blood.

Again, we, as Americans, are responsible for the presence and condition of the negro on this continent, and to drive them away to themselves where, with all the vicious habits which slavery forced upon them, they would soon sink into animalism and savagery, would be committing an inhuman cruelty and wrong which would bring down the blood of these our downtrodden "brothers in black" upon our heads. In short, should the negroes of the United States be colonized, it would be perhaps the foulest injustice ever yet perpetrated by Japheth's favored descendants upon the luckless sons of Ham.

N. J. A.

SYMPATHY.

This word is from the Greek and means "fellow-feeling." If we could get back to the etymological meaning and practice it here in this world we would have quite a different state of affairs. Sympathy is the cord that binds human hearts together—the silver chain which stretches itself around this earth and makes man know that man is his brother, wherever he may be found.

Sympathy among the heathen is very little regarded. It hardly ever extends beyond immediate relations and frequently to only the most favored of those. Among nations a little farther advanced in civilization sympathy extends to the people of the same tribe, each tribe, however, hating intensely people of all other tribes. Among half-civilized nations it extends to all who live in any one particular district or section. Among civilized nations sympathy is manifested towards all who are similar to each other in their language and customs. So it was with the Jews. They were very sympathetic towards one another, but had no sympathy at all for people of other nations and customs.

With all these classes of men sympathy is manifested in pretty much the same way and for the same reason, and only to those who will bestow sympathy in return and whose success or failure will affect their sympathies.

What shall we say of sympathy

among civilized nations? Shall we say that in our exercise of sympathy we excel all these other classes of people as far as our privileges and blessings transcend theirs? For whom do we have sympathy? For those only whose veins are filled with the same blood as our own? Or do we have sympathy for those of our own community or State? No, we say, we are not so narrow as that. Do we have it for those throughout our own great land and say that as for people of other lands we care nought? No; with our hearts overburdened with love for *mankind* our sympathy, taking the wings of the morning, flies forth, and wherever man is found, wherever there is suffering or need, wherever there are human hearts to be buoyed up, wherever the lament of sorrow or the wail of woe is heard, in every place where there are lives to be uplifted and made better by a touch of heartfelt sympathy, there it dispenses cheer and comfort to the sad and despondent and lightens the burden of many a weary pilgrim traveling through the wilderness of earthly existence.

And there is a woeful dearth of sympathy in our own land. Take as an example a young man struggling against a cruel fate and trying to rise high in spite of the obstacles which confront him. How much sympathy does he get from the influential and the great, and

those "born with silver spoons in their mouths?" How frequently he is snubbed and sneered at! How often is he ridiculed and told that he is aiming too high! But if perchance there comes man who has himself had to struggle against adverse winds and has attained to eminence in spite of opposition, and if this man, remembering his own experience, reaches out a helping hand to the struggling boy and renders him timely assistance, his heart will be filled with gratitude for the rare expression of sympathy. And that man will have done a noble service to himself, to his country, and especially to the young man whom he aided in the hour of need.

What is the great need of our country? It is not more wealth; we have enough of that to give every man, woman and child enough

to live on for a whole year. It is not more schools; our country is dotted with school-houses from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico. It is not master minds; we have men who measure the speed of the lightning's flash, and calculate the weight of the flying planets. It is not rapidity of communication; we have served as a side dish at breakfast the news of the preceding day from the whole world. It is not any of these things; it is sympathy. Sympathy between the farmer and merchant, mechanic and blacksmith, city and country, professional and non-professional, the capitalist and the laborer, white and black, Democrat and Republican. Sympathy everywhere, making us know that we are indeed brethren.

GOMEZ.

HEINE.

The Jewish nation has passed through many persecutions. To-day they are violently oppressed throughout the Russian empire. In Germany it is only in recent years that the yoke of galling oppression has been removed from their shoulders. Until the wars of Napoleon they occupied in many countries an extremely low position, and few legal rights were granted them. As late as 1830 they were grievously treated in Hamburg. Even Solomon Heine, the riches banker in all Ger-

many, a very benevolent man and one upon whom the prosperity of the city for the most part depended, with difficulty saved himself from the cruel indignation of his fellow-citizens.

Amid these dark and perilous days of persecution there was a man who spoke in thundering tones for this oppressed people. At times it was with the frenzy of one mad, at other times like one in the gall of bitterness, always pouring out a full measure of wrath upon the unjust.

That man was Heinrich Heine. He was born of Jewish parents at Duesseldorf on the 13th of December, 1799. His father, Samson Heine, was a handsome man, fond of the flute, possessed of little shrewdness and less energy. He carried on a small trade in Duesseldorf. Heine's mother, a daughter of Dr. Simon von Geldern, was energetic, well educated and excessively fond of literature, art and music. In speaking of his parents Heine says that his father was the person whom he most loved, that he could scarcely realize, after twenty years had passed, that his father had been lost to him. Of his mother he says: "She played the chief part in the history of my development; she it was who prepared the programme of all my studies." Heine frequently made allusion to his mother; even on his death bed he spoke of the sacrifices which she had made for him when he was pursuing his course of study at Bonn. One can readily form an opinion of his reverence for his mother from the following lines:

"The king might look me in the face,
And yet I would not downward cast mine
eye.

But I confess, dear mother, openly,
However proud my haughty spirit swell,
Oft am I smit with shy humility.
Is it thy soul, with secret influence,
Thy lofty soul piercing all shows of sense,
Which soareth, heaven-born, to heaven
again?"

He received the rudiments of his education in the gymnasium at Duesseldorf. He was not very apt

in acquiring knowledge, but nevertheless he soon became very well versed in French and English.

"Gulliver's Travels" was his favorite book in his childhood days. It was very hard for him to learn the Latin verb, and about the only distinction which he could discern between the *verba irregularia* and the *verba regularia* was that the *verba irregularia* were much more difficult and he received more floggings before he learned them. In the cloister adjoining the convent where he attended school, hung a crucifix before which he often knelt and prayed, "O thou poor Deity once tormented like myself, if it be possible, grant that I may remember the *verba irregularia*!" At this time French soldiers were stationed in Duesseldorf, and from them Heine received a knowledge of French.

Heine was exceedingly fond of Napoleon and even before he beheld his hero, he would listen with bated breath to the stories told of the great conqueror. At last Napoleon rode into Deesseldorf on his beautiful white horse. To use the poet's description, his face was of the same hue that we see in the marble bust of the Greeks and Romans; the features wore the same expression of calm dignity that the ancients have, and on them was written, "Thou shalt have none other God but me." His admiration of Napoleon found expression in odes and lyrics, which were of little value. The poem called "The Grenadier"

was widely read and considered very beautiful and interesting.

The most romantic episode of Heine's boyhood was his acquaintance with the niece of the widow of an executioner. She lived with her aunt in the village of Goech, to which place the boy frequently went, drawn thither by the strange, mysterious influence of the fair maiden, whom Heine describes thus: "No, marble statue, however, could compete with her in beauty, and every one of her movements revealed the rhythm of her body—I might even say the music of her soul. None of the daughters of Niobe had a more finely cut face. Its color, just as that of her skin in general, was of a changing white. Her great, deep, dark eyes looked as if they had just pronounced a riddle and were quietly waiting for an answer, while the mouth, with its strongly curved bow and oblong teeth, white as ivory, seemed to say: 'You are stupid, and never will be able to guess it.'" This girl related many strange and fanciful stories to the young poet, who in return attempted to set them to music for her. The poems written for her are called "Traumbilder." Among the "Dream Pictures" are "A Dream of Fearful Mysteries," "In Happy Sleep," "Silly Night," "Headlong Madness Stirs my Blood," and several others.

He now entered upon the stern realities of life as a clerk in Frankfurt-on-the-Main. Here, on account

of his being a Jew, he met with so many taunts, jeers and unbearable insults that in eight weeks he left the city with the earnest desire that he might never see it again. After a brief stay with his parents in Duesseldorf, he, as commercial agent with his uncle, Solomon Heine, spent the next three years in Hamburg.

It was while in this employment that he fell desperately in love with his cousin, Amalie Heine, who at first tooted with his love but afterward gave him to understand that his wooing was in vain. Smarting under the rebuff, he wrote to his mother:

"In fond delusion once I left thy side;
Unto the wide world's end I fain would
fare,
To see if I might find Love anywhere,
And lovingly embrace Love as a bride.
Oft and again outstretching suppliant
palms,
I begged in vain of Love the slightest alms,
But the world laughed and offered me cold
hate."

Although Hamburg was very distasteful to Heine, yet the fascination of his pretty cousin held him there enchanted for three years, until his uncle decided that he was unfit for a mercantile occupation.

In 1819 he went to Bonn, which was at that time the Oxford of Germany, for the purpose of studying law. While there he paid very little attention to his chosen profession and attended only the lectures on history and literature which were delivered by Augustus von Schle-

gel, one of the noted romanticists of his day.

After one year at Bonn he went to Goettingen for the purpose of continuing his studies as an advocate, but owing to some breach of the rules, he remained only a short time. Next he went to Berlin where Hegel, who was then at the zenith of his popularity, exerted some influence over him. In speaking of Hegel, Heine says: "I seldom understood him; and only at last, by subsequent reflection, did I arrive at an understanding of his words. I believe he did not desire to be understood, and hence his involved fashion of exposition; hence, too, perhaps, his preference for persons who he knew could not understand him." During his stay in Berlin, which lasted for two years, he spent the happiest days of his checkered life. It seems that his happiness was only marred by the marriage of his beloved Amalie. The nervous headaches which had begun in childhood forced him to leave Berlin and seek some sequestered spot where he might find rest and recreation.

At last he decided to visit the North Sea, but as he was financially embarrassed he was compelled to visit his uncle for the purpose of obtaining the necessary means. While on this errand he remained two days in Hamburg, where he wandered about thinking of Amalie, now with tears, now with bitter upbraidings. Many relatives of the

Heine family, who met him while on this short visit, attempted to sneer at him, but went away smarting under the strokes of his keen cutting wit and bitter sarcasm. The poetical outcome of this journey was a series of very pathetic and passionate poems known as the "Heimkehr." It was on this journey that he became passionately fond of the ever-rolling sea; perhaps he loved it better than any poet with the exception of Byron and Shelley. It is the sea which furnishes music for many of his beautiful songs collected in the Heimkehr series.

The best known are the "Dushoenes Fischermaedchen" and "Die Lorelei." The last-named has been translated thus:

"Come, fairest fisher maiden, here;
Put, put thy skiff to land;
Come close to me and sit thee down,
And prattle hand in hand.

Oh, lay thy head upon my heart;
Have not such fear of me.
Thou trustest day by day thyself
Unto the wild, wild sea.

My heart is like the sea, it hath
Its storm, and ebb, and flow,
And many pretty pearls, my love,
Rest in its depths below."

Heine did not remain at home long after his return from the North Sea. Soon he started out on a journey, and during his travels he became acquainted with Goethe. Heine longed to stand in the presence of this mighty king of song. Now his desire is on the eve of being fulfilled. In order to make a

creditable showing in his presence. Heine makes a careful preparation, committing to memory striking verses of songs and other needed means of impressing the grand old man, but when the prince stands before his majesty; behold! all the beautiful sentiments, musical rhythm and former preparation have vanished, and he stands for some time like one dumbfounded. Finally he breaks the silence with the following: "The plums on the road between Jena and Weimer are perhaps the most excellent that I have ever tasted." Goethe seem to have received him kindly, but Heine had very little to say about their meeting.

On the 28th of June he was baptized into the Lutheran Protestant Church in the name of Christian Johann Heinrich Heine. When he received his degree of Doctor of Law, in Goettingen, his uncle Solomon thought it best for his nephew to have a holiday at the seashore before settling down to the practice of law in Hamburg.

Finally Heine decided to visit Norderney, an island off the coast of Holland, where he could steal away from the gay throng of the world and enjoy himself in silent communion with the muses. While at Norderney he wrote a very interesting book full of satire bitter as gall.

In April, 1827, there was added to the "Reisebilder" a third volume entitled "Buch Le Grand," in

which there is a strong denunciation of England for her treatment of Napoleon at St. Helena. He closed his denunciation with a laughing turn: "Strange, a terrible fate has already overtaken the three principal opponents of the emperor. Londonderry has cut his throat; Louis XVIII. has rotted on his throne; and Professor Saalfeld is still professor at Goettingen."

His "Book of Ideas" was interdicted, but this only increased its circulation. Heine was in England when he heard of the sensation created by his book.

Heine did not like England. He said in his exile, "I might settle in England if it were not that I should find there two things—coal-smoke and Englishmen; I cannot abide either." Again, in speaking of Shakespeare, he said: "My spirit faints within me when I consider that he was an Englishman, and belonged to the most repulsive people whom God in his wrath has created. What a disgusting people! What an unrefreshing country! How stiff, how cockneyish, how selfish, how narrow, how English! A land which the ocean would have gulped down long ago if it had not been afraid that it would make it sick at the stomach."

In July, 1828, Heine, in company with his brother, Maximilian, visited Tyrol. The literary result of this Italian journey was a book called "Italien," which was the last work added to the volume

"Reisebilder." This book, which was pronounced the most fascinating, wittiest and most revolutionary and at the same time most immoral ever published by a German, was widely read in Germany, France, Austria and Russia. Heine's revolutionary ideas shown in this book were more forcibly expressed when the news of the revolution of July reached him. His Bible, Homer, Treaties upon Witchcraft and the History of the Jews were laid aside and he seized the newspapers with eagerness and at the same time he exclaimed: "They are sunbeams wrapped up in printer's paper and they inflame my soul into wildest conflagration. Gone is my yearning for repose. I will crown my head for the fight. I am all joy and song, all sword and flame."

Heine's views concerning the government and his fatherland soon rendered him odious to those who were at the helm of government in Germany, and a place must be sought where he could have freedom of speech. America was thought of but that was too far away. Finally Paris was chosen, and Heine took up his residence in the beautiful capital of France. He remained there until his death,

which occurred on the 17th of February, 1856.

While in Paris Heine was constantly writing, now as a critic of art and literature, now as a critic of politics. He wrote many poems, some of which are exceedingly beautiful and pathetic. They were founded principally upon German topics, but written for French readers. Sometime after he had made Paris his home, he became attached to a very beautiful but uneducated woman who could not in any sense appreciate her lover's gifts. She said: "People say that Heine is a very clever man and writes very fine books; but I know nothing about it, and must content myself with trusting to their word." She, however, was a faithful lover, helper, and companion for the man who had made her his choice.

We will not dwell longer on the sad end of this great genius. For eight years he lingered, enduring great agony on his mattress grave. However, his mind remained active during all these years of suffering, and many beautiful poems were dictated by him for his amanuensis. He retained his spirit of *staire* until his death.

MILTON.

A TRIP TO BALTIMORE.

Having received an invitation from my brother, who lives in Baltimore, to spend my Christmas holiday with him, it was with a light heart and a heavy satchel that I boarded the street car in front of the college for the Danville depot. As the car carried me to Thirteenth and Main streets I had only a few squares to walk.

Upon arriving at the depot I found my father and several friends awaiting my arrival. We did not have long to wait, for soon after we had taken our seats the conductor shouted "all aboard" and the train backed out on the bridge across the James in order to get on the main track, the engine gave a whistle and we were passing through the Eastern portion of Richmond. As the train ran very slowly I found much time for reflection. I thought of friends left behind and of those I was going to see on the morrow. I thought of the pleasant time I was anticipating and how many there were in the world who did not know what it was to have a pleasant time. Presently my father turned to me and asked, "What are you thinking about?" I was thinking about the college because I kept hearing, in my imagination, the college bell. But every time I heard it I would say, "You can ring now until your tongue drops out and you can't bother me."

Aquinton, Lester Manor, Sweet

Hall and other stations along the road were passed and without any occurrence worthy of special mention we steamed into West Point. As we had an hour or more before time to leave for Baltimore, we gave our baggage to the porter on the boat, procured our tickets and state room and went up town to spend our spare time with friends.

West Point is a pretty little town in the lower end of King William county. It lies between the Mattaponi and Paumunkey rivers. These two rivers form the York at West Point, and at this point you can see for miles down the York.

At six o'clock we were all on board the Charlotte, which is considered the best boat on the line. It is indeed a nice one, well furnished, well equipped and perfectly comfortable. Her captain is pleasant and her crew polite and attentive. At a quarter past six the gang-board was drawn inside, the ropes that held us to the wharf were loosed, and although we were in the saloon, the motion of the boat told us that we were moving. In a little while we left the Paumunkey and entered the York, and West Point is left in the distance.

As it is very cold we cannot sit on the deck so we remain in the saloon and spend the time reading, conversing and listening to music on the piano until about nine o'clock when we find that Yorktown is near

by. This is a very unattractive looking place. Negroes are in the majority. The cave of Cornwallis and the monument are about all that are to be seen there. The river is several miles wide at this point and when the wind is high it is a beautiful sight to witness the infuriated waves, with their foaming crests, rolling and dashing against the curved shore.

After a brief stay here we moved on again towards the Chesapeake bay, about 10 or 15 miles in the distance. About half-past ten I walked to the front of the saloon, and upon looking out saw the watchman walking across the deck from side to side, ever on the alert to avoid danger. Like a sentinel, he must stay at his post no matter what it may cost him.

At eleven we retired, and were rocked to sleep by the motion of the boat. Nothing disturbed our slumbers until about seven in the morning, when we heard the rising bell. Soon we were up, dressed and ready for breakfast. As we had had a stout head-wind to contend with we were an hour or so late, but after awhile forts Carrol and McHenry are passed, and we

were approaching our landing place. Boats of all sizes and shapes were passed, and the docks looked like a forest with grape-vines running from every tree and every limb. We were soon alongside the wharf, and were greeted with smiles of welcome from our friends.

We hurried off the boat and boarded a street-car, which soon carried us to our destination. When we arrived at my brother's house we were chilled by the crisp morning air, but the glowing fire soon warmed our bodies, and the hearty welcome of friends and loved ones filled our hearts with a corresponding warmth.

Baltimore is the seventh city in size in our land, and has a population of 434,439. Its monuments, schools, parks, art galleries and the hospitality one is sure to receive, make a visit to the monumental city both pleasant and instructive, and if any are desirous of a truly enjoyable trip, we can safely recommend to them such a visit.

After spending several days in this beautiful city we returned to Richmond, and I entered again upon the routine of college life.

EDITORIAL.

Monuments.

No quality of human nature commands such universal admiration as bravery. Military heroes have always been the idols of the people, and from time immemorial monuments have been erected in their memory. We would not detract from the honor everywhere accorded to soldiers, but have they not received more than their share of the world's plaudits? Has not military genius received an undue proportion of praise? Have not martial heroes occupied a larger place in the minds and memory of their countrymen than many other men of equal, if not greater achievements? In corroboration of this claim, witness the disposition to exalt generals to high civil stations for which they have no qualifications whatever except their experience in marshalling armies. Success in this sphere by no means indicates fitness for civil office. It doesn't follow that a brilliant general will make an able statesman any more than that a good civil engineer will become a great orator, and yet men who had never held a civil office have been elevated to the presidency simply because they achieved success and renown upon the field of battle.

Another instance of the disposition to exalt military heroes above all other great men is the monopoly

in monuments enjoyed by the soldier. Why should not the discoverer, the statesmen, and other eminent benefactors of the race, be memorialized in marble as well as our generals? Why should not Columbus have a monument as well as Washington? Why does not the North erect a shaft to the memory of Lincoln as high as that of Grant? Was not Lincoln the equal of Grant in genius, in nobility, in patriotism? Shame on the North that she should raise a half million dollars to perpetuate the fame of her military chieftain, while her martyred president's memory is entrusted to a few small busts and statues.

We put still another question: Are we not overdoing the monument business here in the South? Soon every brigadier will have one, while scores are erected to private soldiers and sailors. We yield to none in our profound admiration for the unparalleled fortitude and devotion displayed by the Southern soldiers, but there are two objections of this multiplicity of monuments. One is that the honor conferred by a monument depends upon their rarity. Their very multiplication destroys their distinction. Another objection to so many monuments is the expenditure of money which ought to be used in providing for our disabled soldiers. We are honoring our dead heroes, but

neglecting our living veterans. The Northern soldiers enjoy liberal pensions, but thousands of our Southern warriors are languishing for the necessities of life. Much of the money that we are now expending upon monuments should be utilized in providing pensions and homes for our maimed and destitute soldiers. The great duty of this generation, still suffering from the impoverishment of war, is to take care of the crippled and worthy veterans who are still alive, and then let the monuments be erected.

Oratory.

A great many people think that the days of oratory are past. They tell us that the press has supplanted the platform. It is true that our great facilities for publication have invaded the sphere once occupied by the public speaker alone. It is possible to reach far more people through type than by the tongue, so that a great many speeches are prepared for the reader rather than the hearer. Hence many speakers pay more attention to the didactic and instructive in their discussions than to the oratorical and impassioned. These facts may have led to some depreciation of oratory. But let no one imagine that the days of its power are numbered. Oratory has a domain peculiarly her own into which no intruder can come. The press may have usurped a part of its ancient func-

tion as a medium of information for the people but there is in the living orator a power and an inspiration which cold type can never wield. Witness the recent magnificent effort of Mr. Gladstone in the English House of Commons on the Home Rule Bill. Could any publication in the London *Times* have electrified Parliament as did that splendid oration of the eminent octogenarian statesman. The same facts and the same arguments might have been adduced, but all the force and fire of the great orator's presence and personality would have been lacking.

Again, newspapers are regarded as educators of the people in political campaigns, but could we dispense with the "stump speaker?" Where would be the demonstration and enthusiasm of the political meetings? The papers may inform but they can never stir and sway the people like the orator.

Or take the religious sphere. What device of the press can ever supplant the pulpit? Will the time ever come to dispense with preaching the gospel with the living voice? Nor should the preacher eschew eloquence on the ground that it attracts attention to himself rather than to his message and his Master. Does the senator detract from his bill by making an eloquent speech in its behalf? Is the lawyer less effective with the jury because he makes a forcible and fluent appeal in his behalf? Eloquence can never de-

tract from the cause it pleads whether from the pulpit or from the platform. We refer, of course, to real eloquence and not to the irrelevant, airy vaporings and soaring in which

shallow declaimers often indulge. No, the press can never hush the orator's voice. He will always be needed to arouse and inspire men.

LOCALS.

Base ball! —

'Tis better to have guessed and flunked than never to have guessed at all. —

First question in Phil. recitation. Prof. T.: "Mr. H., what are we on to-day?"

Mr. H.: "We are on page 24, Professor." —

"Big Boots" says he passed a very pleasant hour *soliloquising* with his girl! —

"Billy Gonger," hearing Prof. B. in one of his lectures say something about the invulnerable Siegfried, asked us in all seriousness if it were really true that Siegfried was invulnerable, at the same time honestly confessing his doubts as to the matter. —

Mr. L., after trying in vain to scan a poem of his own production, at last consoled himself with the fact that his verses were possessed of a rare variety of metrical feet. This, in fact, is the distinguishing characteristic of all poetry found in the locals of this journal.

Mr. R. says an atheist is one who knows there is a God, but does not believe it! —

At the Norfolk convention a fair damsel of that "city by the sea" told one of the delegates from this college that she was going to the country next summer to see the butterflies make butter. —

Mr. H. and Mr. D. were promenading on "the beach," when Mr. H. discerns a curiously constructed shed jutting in the water, and remarks: "That looks like a corncrib." Mr. D.: "Yes, I suppose that is where they feed the hog fish." —

A short time ago Mr. B. dropped in to see Mr. D., when the following brilliant conversation took place between them:

Mr. B.: "I feel bad to-day."

Mr. D.: "You mean you feel badly, I guess."

Mr. B.: "No, sir; I mean exactly what I say—I feel bad."

Quite a discussion ensues. Mr. D. ransacks all his bookshelves for anti-deluvian grammars to sustain him in his views, but is wholly unable thereby to substantiate his ar-

guments. Mean time the conversation continues:

Mr. B.: "I suppose, then, by analogy you would say I feel goodly."

Mr. D.: "Yes, sir."

Mr. B.: "She looks prettily."

Mr. D.: "Yes, sir." [quite emphatically.]

Mr. B.: "And the grass looks greenly."

Mr. D.: "Certainly, sir."

Mr. B.: "Well, sir, if you hold that view I must say you are the most 'greenly' fellow I have ever seen."

Mr. D.'s face now turns first palely, then redly, and in some select terms, he orders Mr. B. to leave the room.

Mr. B., noting the expression on Mr. D.'s face, and thinking retreat in this case to be the better part of valor, immediately complies.

Candy Pull.

On February 22, by way of tangible congratulation that all the intermediate examinations were over, our excellent matron, Mrs. Woolfolk, gave a candy pull to the students boarding at the mess hall.

By 9 o'clock P. M., the hall was filled with mirthful guests. The enjoyment of the evening was greatly enhanced by the presence of the professors' daughters and the young ladies visiting on the campus. These visitors were as follows: Miss Gregory and Miss Woolfork, visiting our

matron; Miss Bessie Hill, visiting at Professor Puryear's and Miss Mary Grimsley, visiting at Professor Harris'. There were fewer ladies than gentlemen, but the former made up for this by being even more attractive than usual upon this occasion. Their beaming countenances, winning smiles and gentle words quite won the hearts of the boys.

The candy was cooked just enough and was in fine condition to be pulled, in consequence whereof it quickly changed its color from brown to white. When the candy pulling had ceased, all hands joined in a big game of "Jenkins up." By many of the students this great game was there played for the first time, and they were of course much taken with it.

This was an evening much enjoyed, and we think that one of the happiest hearts in the hall upon this occasion was that of the kind lady who gave the entertainment; for to make others happy is to her the highest enjoyment.

It is worthy of note that one of the campus girls who had expected to have, upon this occasion, the opportunity of carrying out a certain resolution made last New Year, was disappointed entirely. We extend sympathies.

Literary Societies.

The two literary societies are in quite a prosperous condition now. The recent breach between them was quickly repaired through the

instrumentality of our genial chairman, Professor Puryear. He made a speech before each society and presented to each of them the following resolutions:

1. Determine by lot which society shall have the initiative in all matters of joint concern, and after this session let the rule of alternation prevail. To prevent misconception, the initiative will belong, throughout the session, to the same society.

2. Let the society, whose right it is, present its project to the other society, which may amend, or reject.

3. If amendment or rejection be the result, then let a committee of conference, three from each society, be appointed to consider the whole matter.

4. Let the committee formulate a scheme or bill which shall first go to the society to which belongs the initiative, and let the action of this society be reported to the other society for its concurrence. If it concurs, that ends the matter, if it does not, then appoint a new committee of conference to take the same steps until a successful issue is reached.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted by each society and it is now on this plan that we transact all business of joint concern, such as the election of editor-in-chief of the MESSENGER, joint final orator, etc.

Soon after the adoption of these resolutions, Mr. H. W. Provence was elected editor-in-chief of the MESSENGER. He assumes the duties of his office with this issue.

For the ensuing term the following gentlemen have been elected associate editors: W. F. Long, literary; R. W. Grizzard, editorial; W. D. Duke and D. H. Scott, local; R. H. White, Y. M. C. A. and

personal; Minetree Folks, exchange.

Congressman Raynor, of Baltimore, has been elected by the societies to deliver the final oration at the commencement exercises.

G. and H. Notes.

This society is not left behind in the race by the other societies in college, but offers a gold medal to the best essayist. The prize essay must be on some historical or geographical subject relating to Virginia, and must be handed in before May 1st.

Excursions are in contemplation, and during the spring we expect to visit points of historic interest in the vicinity of Richmond. As we consider the historical accounts of the several battles fought around the city we shall visit the scenes of action themselves.

The Outrage on the Trent and Confederate Foreign Relations was the last subject considered.

Professor Mason expresses his thanks to the society for electing him an honorary member, and offers his aid.

Public Reading.

There has been no school of expression at Richmond College this session. Professor L. R. Hamberlin, who for two sessions taught this subject here, now occupies the chair of English and Expression in the University of Texas. We greatly miss him this year. We feel that

when he left, the college suffered a great loss. We miss not only the professor himself, but we miss also the public readings such as he used to give from time to time in the college chapel. We indulge the hope that in the near future the school of expression will be opened again.

On February 18, it was our pleasure to have with us Professor Wilmoughby Reade, Jr., who gave us a public reading in the chapel. A large audience, made up of students and citizens of Richmond, greeted the young professor, and were highly entertained by him. After a few introductory remarks on the subject of elocution he rendered several selections. All who were present heard him with a great deal of pleasure. Professor Reade says men would rather laugh than cry; accordingly his selections were, for the most part, of a humorous rather than a pathetic nature. Particularly well rendered was his selection from the *Pickwick Papers*, the Courtship of Mr. Tupman and the Spinster Aunt, and his representation of the "fat boy" literally convulsed the audience with laughter.

University Extension.

The series of university extension lectures on German Literature, begun by Professor Boatwright in January, continued throughout the month of February. He has delivered one each Tuesday evening.

These lectures have been a perfect success and we think we can

safely say that each person attending them had his interest in the subject increased and his ideas broadened. The topics of the several lectures were: "From Luther to Lessing," "Goethe and his Teacher," "Schiller" and "The Romantic School." In the second and third of these lectures several magic lantern views were exhibited and these served to fix upon the memory of the hearers the principal points of the lecture, as well as to give a better idea of them by appealing to the eye along with the ear.

Good audiences have attended these lectures from the very beginning. The system of university extension, extended all over Europe, and largely over the northern part of the United States, has at last been successfully introduced into our own college, yes, even in the South by our enterprising young professor, F. W. Boatwright. No doubt other colleges in the South will soon take hold of the system, but let it be remembered that Richmond College was the pioneer of this movement in the Southern States.

Athletics.

The gymnasium classes are doing good work under the superintendency of Mr. Hazen. The attendance upon these classes is very good and doubtless there will be a creditable drill on field day.

The tennis players have again taken up their rackets. A number

of courts have been marked off already, and every afternoon many of the students engage in this delightful recreation. We have some very skillful players who give us ample reason to believe that they will make the tennis contest on field day as interesting and exciting as it usually is.

Quite a lively interest in base ball also is manifested. Several members of last years' team are back again this session, and several of the new students give signs of skill in this sport. It is hoped, therefore, that we shall be able to put a good team on the diamond this session.

Croquet has been revived, and some few of the boys engage in this game in the afternoons. It is not a popular recreation, however, as it is rather too "tame" for most of the boys.

As many of our readers know, our boat crew has for two successive sessions held the \$600 "cup." Should we be so fortunate as to win it again this time, we shall be entitled to a smaller silver cup, showing that we have won the race three successive years. Two of the boys that pulled for us last year and year before are with us again, namely J. H. Read, who pulled stroke, and Charles Clement, who pulled No. 2. Our gig is in good condition, and we are to have a new working boat for general training.

Some boys have already begun to practice for field day in running,

jumping and pole-vaulting. We are glad to see such interest taken in these sports, for we believe with De Quincey that regular habits of active exercise are the best remedy for the "appalling stomachic derangement," such as many of the students have. Physical exercise should go hand in hand with intellectual efforts.

There is considerable musical talent in the college this session. Serenades will be on hand before long. Be ready with your candy, neighbors.

Y. M. C. A.

The regular monthly missionary meeting was held on February 16. Mr. W. L. Britt addressed the students, giving his own views in regard to missions. He took the ground that God's promises about the conversion of the heathen embody in themselves a command to us. Thus when God says "Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," he also commands us to go and seize our inheritance. Mr. Britt belongs to the mission band, and is greatly interested in missions. His talk upon this occasion was a very earnest one. The mission band now numbers seventeen. One regular meeting is held each month. Several alumni of this college are already in foreign lands, and are among the foremost

and most useful missionaries sent out by the Foreign Mission Board.

On Thursday, February 23, at 8 o'clock P. M., Rev. R. P. Kerr, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city, preached in the college chapel. He took as his text the first and the fourteenth verses of the first chapter of John.

His sermon was full of deep thought throughout, and was delivered in a plain and simple but forcible way. Dr. Kerr completely captivated the students that heard him, and we hope that he will preach for us again in the future. It is a spiritual treat to hear him.

EXCHANGES.

It is with a feeling of deep regret that we bequeath to our successor the ensignia of our office. We have learned to love many of the magazines that appear monthly on our table, and we loathe to turn from a source which has yielded us so much pleasure; but the fiat has been issued, and we must gracefully surrender our honorable position.

During our term of office we have refrained from any harsh criticisms, not because all of our exchanges are perfect, but for the simple reason we do not believe that adverse criticisms, as a rule, do good, but rather have the tendency to arouse discord between colleges. If a magazine persist in sending out worthless articles, or if the magazine itself does not come up to the standard, we have no objection to others criticising it harshly, but our inclination runs in another direction. We prefer dealing with only first-class magazines and from them we have sought thoughts which we

hope have been of interest to our readers.

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The *Semi-Annual*, of Hollins, has just made its appearance. After having read carefully each one of its literary compositions, we frankly admit that we have no suggestions to offer as to its improvement. "Our Beautiful Little Spring" is quite an interesting account of the founding of Hollins Institute. Miss Jones, in her review of Enid and Guinevere has indeed excelled all others we have read in the discussion of these two characters, and she has renewed the admiration which we always have had for the unfortunate Guinevere. "Sontag and Malibran" shows a complete and deep study of the subject treated, and is written in a clear and interesting style. To complete the review of this magazine we clip the following from its editorials:

"How many schools and colleges there are which send out every year

graduates who, versed though they may be in science and the languages are hampered by the great disadvantage of ignorance as to the historical allusions with which they continually meet. Oftentimes are young people assured that they can *read* history after leaving school, but it is a sad fact that this reading is too often left undone, or, if the attempt is made, inadequately and unfruitfully done. * * * *

All the past history of the world was only the preparation for the present, and, in like manner, the present is but the prelude to the future. Therefore, in order to understand our own position, and to realize the part which we are to play in the great drama of human life, it is necessary that we study attentively the basis on which we stand."

Success to *The Berkleyan*! May your life be long and happy! It is with a good deal of pleasure that we place your name on our exchange list. We clip the following from your last issue:

"There is hardly a more offensive fellow-man than one who loudly proclaims his judgment of persons and things he knows nothing about. The true scholar will study the work he criticises, and speak only after careful deliberation. * * * In all criticism let there be a high and noble courtesy."

Under the head of "Short Cuts" the *College Rambler* has the following:

"The longer route, the old beaten road, has numerous advantages over the short cut. Many a journey over the mountains is shortened by means of the tunnel, but the traveler misses the pure invigorating mountain air, the leap of the torrent, the glow of the sunset on the mountain tops, the far off vision of the valley, all this which will live in the memory forever is exchanged for a shorter ride through the damp and stifling smoke of the tunnel."

Will our esteemed friend, the *Dickinson Liberal*, pardon us for making a suggestion? It is this: Increase your literary department. We congratulate you on your editorials, but think that the lack of literary compositions detracts very much from the general make up of the *Liberal*.

While at college we are better situated, possibly, than at any other period of life to study human nature; we should avail ourselves of the opportunity offered and should study our fellow-students just as closely as we do our Latin, Philosophy or Mathematics. For the above idea we are indebted to the *Normal News*, from which we clip the following:

"For one to think that he is to learn only from books is becoming a very common mistake. The only way to learn anything about human nature is by association and contact with men. Very few people have

a thorough knowledge of both men and books. A knowledge of the former generally characterizes the speculator and politician; a knowledge of the latter, the scholarly man. Associations develop the faculties required in dealing with men. Then how important a value associations would be to the teacher. Companionship with books develops the intellectual powers. And a proper knowledge of the two—men and books—fits a person for almost any sphere in life.

The Washington Jeffersonian contains quite an interesting paper on "American Humor." After reading the above composition, verily we are lead to believe the Americans are the most humorous of people. It says of American humor:

"We make no specialty of it. It is everywhere; it is in the bright clear atmosphere; we are crammed with wit from the attic down; it blooms in everything; it is in the newspapers, in the pulpit, in the court room, at the polls, in congress, at fires, in railway cars, at the dinner table, and even in the sick room—indeed the face of America seems always wreathed in smiles."

The Dartmouth always contains some good advice to students. We clip the following. Read and profit by it:

"Indeed there are certain important opportunities in a college course which some students declare they

are unable to embrace. One of these opportunities is to pursue a good course of general reading. It may be that in some cases the plea of a want of time for this object is due to the student's failure to realize how much may be accomplished by filling up the little spaces in each day which are often neglected or utilized in a purposeless way. There are often a few minutes before or after meals, or at sundry other times of the day, which might be occupied in reading if a book were at hand. It is a good plan to have a readable book constantly by, whether odd moments may be given to it frequently or rarely."

A feeling of regret akin to that of sympathy took possession of us as we read the last issue of the *Niagara Index*, for we noted there the same spirit of animosity which usually characterizes the *Index*. The knock-the-chip-off-the-shoulder attitude which the *Index* always assumes seems to us to be indeed an unenviable position to occupy. Pardon us for our officiousness, but we would suggest to the *Index* to be a little more courteous in its criticisms. In its last issue the criticism on the "Highlander" is entirely too harsh. The sneering language which the editor saw fit to use should never have been published. And again, a magazine that indulges in such scathing rebukes as are contained in nearly every issue of the *Index*, should never fail to publish

the names of its editors. Possibly they might be called to answer for the deeds they have done.

AN EPISODE.

She was short, brunette—and pretty,
And I thought she smiled at me;
So, when I had passed the maiden
I looked back—quite naturally—
But a bit of icy sidewalk
My unwary feet beguiled,
And this time, did not think it;
I knew the maiden smiled.

—JOE KERR.

MY CONSTITUTION.

Name, immaterial; object, fun;
Officers, numerous; membership one;
Meetings, continuous;
Voting, unanimous;
Treasury, emptiness—thus doth it run.

—THE SYRACUSAN.

“Oh, Jack!” the maiden eager cried,
“I’m learning billiard law,
For pa has just been teaching me
The ‘follow,’ ‘English,’ ‘draw.’”
“Dost know what ‘kissing’ is?” I asked,
In accents calm and slow,
And heard the blushing maid reply,
“Well—not in billiards, no!”

—BOWDOIN ORIENT.

Who builds de railroads and cannals,
But furriners?
Who helps across the street de gals,
But furriners?
Who in de caucus has dere say,
Who does de votin’ lection day,
And who discovered U. S. A.,
But furriners?

—BRUNONIAN.

AT CARDS.

We played at cards, my love and I,
I held her hand—no one was by;
I drew—I drew her to my breast—
“My Queen of Hearts, I love you best!”—
All blushes, sweet she whispered, “Hush!”
And then I held a royal flush.

—JOE KERR.

Prof. (to senior): “Define mind.”

Senior: “It’s no matter.”

Prof.: “But what is matter?”

Senior: “Never mind.”—*Ex.*

FORSAKEN.

There’s something about my sweetheart
That fills my heart with alarm,
And makes my suit seem hopeless—
’Tis that other fellow’s arm.

College News.

During the examinations a Princeton this year the young men will be placed upon their honor. The faculty voluntarily resolved to abolish the system of scrutinization of its college men during examinations, and, needless to say, the plan meets with great favor by the students. The student who knows his professor is watching for him to cheat if he dare, is very apt to feel that the question of honor having been extended by the professor, there is no disgrace in cheating.

The number of “cuts” allowed in some of the leading colleges is as follows: Yale 24 per year to Juniors and Seniors: to Sophs and Freshmen 18; Williams 30; Dartmouth 21. At Amherst and Wesleyan a student must be present at nine-tenths of the recitations. At Harvard, Ann Arbor, Cornell and Johns Hopkins the attendance is said to be optional.—*Ex.*

There are fourteen colleges in the United States containing libraries of more than 50,000 volumes, Harvard having the greatest number,

700,000. It is estimated that there are in all the American college libraries about 3,000,000 volumes.

While Europe has but 94 universities, yet she has 1,723 more professors, and 41,814 more students than the 360 colleges and universities of the United States.

By order of the Italian government, English is to be added to the curriculum of the colleges in that country.

William Astor has signified his intention of giving \$1,000,000 to establish a negro university in Oklahoma.

There are 138 Americans and 24 English students attending lectures at the Berlin universities.

President Harper of Chicago University graduated from college at the age of 14.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Rev. J. L. Burrows, D. D.

The resolutions appearing below well express the sentiments our Board of Trustees entertain in regard to the death of Dr. Burrows. The facts stated fully explain why the corporate authority of Richmond College wept at his grave and will cherish his memory. The very same facts make it fitting that the appreciation of the students should find expression; and, therefore, the MESSENGER would, in this issue, feebly voice their sentiments. The students would make the resolutions of the Board their own. No appreciation is contained therein, no eulogy is pronounced, that the students do not most heartily endorse. Dr. Burrows was a man of big heart, and in that big heart one of the very warmest places was reserved for the young

men. During one of his last visits to Richmond—his old home for twenty of his most useful and happy years—he came one night to the college and preached to the students in the chapel. His face wearing benignant beams somewhat softened by memories of days long departed; his form dignified and venerable, slowly moving forward on the platform to take position at the desk; his sermon, clear, practical, tender: these can now be easily recalled, and will not soon fade from the minds and hearts of those present on the occasion. Students in Richmond College must never forget, can never forget, that the great advantages they enjoy are largely due to the wise and arduous service Dr. Burrows rendered the institution at critical points in its history.

PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTION ABOUT
TRUSTEE J. L. BURROWS, D. D.

Wednesday, Jan. 4, '93.

As the tidings come to the Board of Trustees of Richmond College of the death of its distinguished member, the Rev. John Lansing Burrows, D. D., who for nearly a third of a century has been identified with its interests; who in the critical period of the College (the period of its endowment) was its most conspicuous, laborious and successful representative before the public; who as president of the Education Board and its active member for twenty years, was at all times and in all places an earnest, eloquent and powerful advocate of ministerial education, and to whom, after leaving the State of Virginia, the Board with unprecedented honoring refused the privilege of retiring from trusteeship—the tidings of the decease of such an one excites with unaffected spontaneity the exclamation of the Hebrew king over the fall of his great captain: “Know ye not that a prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel!”

And as it is fitting that some record be made of the sentiment of the Board on this occasion, be it

Resolved, 1. That in the death of Dr. J. L. Burrows, trustee, the College has lost one of its truest friends and the Board one of its wisest and ablest counsellors, whose eminent services and life-long devotion must be ever prominent in

the history of the College and fragrant in the memory of his surviving brother Trustees.

2. That a page in the records of the Board be dedicated to the memory of this good and great man, who in green old age of nearly four score years died while in the harness of the gospel ministry in the State of Georgia, in such way as may be deemed suitable by the secretary.

3. That the Trustees in a body attend the funeral services of our illustrious friend and brother at 12 o'clock noon to-morrow in the First Baptist church of this city.

4. That a copy of these proceedings be forwarded by our secretary to the son of the deceased, the Rev. Lansing Burrows, D. D., of Augusta, Ga., with expressions of the profoundest sympathy with the bereaved family, and with the honoring love and grateful memory of every member of the Board for the sainted dead.

H. A. TUPPER, }
J. T. ELLYSON, } Committee.
H. R. POLLARD. }

Rev. W. A. Pearson, one of Richmond College's old boys, has recently taken charge of the flourishing Baptist church at Bluefield, Va. We hear that he has already won the hearts of the people, and is beginning a great work in their midst.

C. S. Dorsey, another of our former students, is in Orlando, F

He is there for his health, and at the same time is doing some temporary preaching. We trust that he may soon regain his health so as to return to his old home.

Prof. G. B. Moore, D. D., a graduate of Richmond College, is a professor in Furman University, South Carolina. He is regarded as one of the ablest men of the South. Richmond College has cause to be proud of the prominent positions which many of her students are filling.

T. Marion Anderson is now at the head of Glade Spring Academy. He is an enthusiastic educator, and will send many a well-trained man to the College.

E. B. Pollard, M. A. ('86), and a graduate of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, will take his Ph. D. at Yale this year.

T. R. Winston ('92) is now attending the University of Virginia. May success crown his efforts.

Lewis J. Huff ('80), Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Vermont, is spending a year in Berlin, Germany. Professor Huff is devoted to Richmond College, and reflects great honor upon his Alma Mater.

W. A. Harris, M. A. ('86), and Ph. D. (Johns-Hopkins) has accepted the chair of Greek in Rippon College, Wisconsin.

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S. J. White's Sons, Oysters, Wholesale and Retail, No. 1514 E. Franklin street.
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