

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 21
Number 4 *The Messenger*, Vol. 21, No. 4

Article 1

4-1895

The Messenger, Vol. 21, No. 4

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(1895) "The Messenger, Vol. 21, No. 4," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 21 : No. 4 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol21/iss4/1>

This Complete Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger (archival - 1870-) by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. XXI.

APRIL, 1895.

No. 4

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

C. MARSHALL GRAVES, *Mu Sigma Rho Society.*

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

LITERARY.

JESSE H. BINFORD, *Philologist.*

ABNER LUNSFORD, *Mu Sigma Rho.*

LOCAL.

JOHN W. McNEIL, *Philologist.*

WALTER D. PHILLIPS, *Mu Sigma Rho.*

BUSINESS MANAGERS.

JOHN JETER HURT, *Philologist.*

J. RYLAND MURDOCH, *Ass't, Mu Sigma Rho.*

EVENING.

[The following lines were written upon hearing of the death of DR. JOHN A. BROADUS.]

Slow sinks the sun, at evening's close,
Adown the glory-tinted west ;
His couch of purple cloud and gold
Receives him as he sinks to rest.
And over land and over sea
The darkness settles silently.

So, when the evening of his life
Drew to a close, he sank to rest,
And twilight stole across our hearts,
And darkness deepened in each breast ;
For ah ! our work seems all undone,
And we in sorrow left alone.

At eve the toiler leaves his task
And seeks his home upon the hill ;
Nor fears the darkness of the night,
Well knowing that the morrow will
Bring bright recurrence of the day
To chase the shades of night away.

So, glorious thought, he'll rise again
And brighter shall the sunrise be,
For—once this night of death is past—
The day dawns on eternity !
Take courage brother—ease thy pain,
The morning brings the light again.

—JAS. C. HARWOOD.

AMERICAN ETHNOLOGY.

The nations of Europe have traced their descent from the ancient Indo-European stock with all the ardor that is shown to-day by those who refer to the Damesday Book to search out their ancestry. The Welshman or the Laplander has his place among the races of men, and that place well known to himself and all the world, because confirmed by history and acute scientific investigations as to language, customs and personal appearance. But when we come to the Aborigines of North America here is a race not so clearly defined. This may be accounted for to some extent, from the fact that there is no revealing voice from history, that the world has not yet made use of the materials at hand for such investigation, and that those who desire to know cannot be impelled by any personal interest.

Until within very recent years the North American Indians have been an unknown race, as the accounts given have been meagre and uncertain.

Lewis H. Morgan, of Rochester, New York, was the first to blaze the way through this unexplored region and give, under the light of science, a comprehensive view of the Aborigines of America. This became well-nigh his life-work. A recent German scientific journal does him an honor very seldom granted to Americans, by outlining his life and counting him among real scientists. We quote an extract: "Morgan for long years visited Lake Superior every summer, and by this opportunity also made himself

acquainted with the Chippewa Indians dwelling there. There he found, to his very great astonishment, that although the Chippewas in respect to language showed no affinity with the Iroquois, yet their form of government was well-nigh the same, and this led him to the view that the political organization (if it may be called such) of all Indian races, and especially of all primitive peoples of the whole earth, is the same."

Special branches of science have always flourished when men have devoted the best thinking and best work of their lives to it alone. Morgan's unwearied industry and deep searchings have brought to light much that was once hidden away. Other investigators have made original research, building on his foundations.

John Fiske, especially, has made a thorough and extensive study of the Red Man, and has incorporated the results of his investigations in his recent histories.

He observes that the American Aborigines seem more primitive than any nation of ancient Europe, asserting that America was inhabited between the limits of the Glacial Period.

How the Indians came here, whence they came and from what stock they are descended, are questions that have puzzled the brains of men ever since the Red Man loomed up before the eye of advancing civilization. It has been suggested time and again that they made the transit from Asia to our land when the Continents formed a bridge more substantial than iron or deck of ocean steamer.

Fiske holds that the Indians may have been the latest of those migrations from Asia.

He takes a firm position against the identity of Indians and Eskimos, though it should be said that most ethnologists assign the Eskimos to the Mongolian Race.

The Esquimos are declared to be the remnants of ancient Cavemen, who once inhabited England and western Europe

in general, while the North American Indians are a distinct people having no connection with other races.

Some argue that they were a people composed of various races, as shown by the vast difference in culture between the Aztecs and Algonquins, for example. Against this Fiske holds that it is no harder to understand than the great differences between Israelite and Arab or between Roman and Teuton, races respectively related.

Dr. Fiske follows in the track of the valuable investigations of Morgan, adopting his division of men into savages, barbarians and civilized. This distinction may have been nominally in use before Morgan, but he was the first to make clear the dividing line between savagery and barbarism. His distinction is based on the making of pottery, as this indicates village life. Savages made holes in the earth and lined them with skins, and in these, prepared their food; but the barbarous lifted the clay from the earth and made it into pottery. Further, there are three grades of savagery. The lower grade was that of people who lived on fruits and nuts and began to use articulate speech. The art of catching fish and the use of fire marks the second grade. The bow and arrow were invented by men in the highest grade of savagery.

As noticed above, barbarism begins with the invention of pottery, and its first period is marked by advance in agriculture. When the Aborigines had passed out of this grade they cultivated the soil by irrigation, and, in building, used adobe brick and stone under the stroke of metal tools. Here belong the Aztecs and Peruvians. The upper grade of barbarism characterized by smelting iron was never reached in America.

A line drawn from near the middle of the Hudson Bay coast line, reaching southwestward to the foot of the Rockies, running southward to a point near the Mexican line, and thence to the Pacific, is the dividing line between sav-

age and barbarous tribes, and between the two last named points, the dividing line with reference to savage and half-civilized. Between the Mexican point and the Gulf lies the dividing line between barbarous and half-civilized tribes.

America forms one of the richest fields for the study of barbarism, as it has been the theatre of action for the upper grade of savages and the lower and middle grades of barbarians.

On the Continent and among the West India Islands hospitality was universal, which is easily explained in the light of their system of communism. There was no form of social structure higher than the tribe, except such rare cases as the League of the Iroquis and the Mexican Confederacy. In order to find out facts, before unknown, Morgan was adopted into the Seneca tribe and made a thorough study of their political and social state. The five tribes of the Iroquis League had each its own local government. The general government was vested in a council of fifty sachems, whose annual meeting was in the autumn, in the Valley of Onondaga. Extra sessions, however, were called in exciting times. At times long discussions were held. The sachems voted by tribes, each tribe counting as a unit, and a single dissenting voice being sufficient to block proceedings. A military officer was at the head of the Confederacy, or, rather, this office was dual like the Roman consulship.

Robertson, in his *History of America*, and others, had already expressed the conviction that the Mexicans were overrated, and now their views have been corroborated by Mr. Morgan; for he has shown plainly that what the Spaniards took for feudal castles were really communal houses, somewhat on the plan of the Iroquois' "long house," occupied by several families for convenience. But with all his accurate and faithful investigations, it is only right to state that Morgan was biased against the Aztecs, and was anxious to represent Montezuma as an Iroquois war-chief. As all

that is concealed, or appears to be, excites the curiosity of man, so the mounds scattered over the land are ever interesting to students. But as against the theory that these were built by a race more ancient than that discovered in America, recent discoveries show that they contain knives and other trinkets of European manufacture. Of ancient relics collected from the 2,000 mounds opened are such as arrow-heads, spades, tools for spinning and weaving cloth, jugs and pipes.

What a mighty institution for collecting and preserving knowledge of those nations so long unknown to us is that founded by Smithson! Its representatives are gathering, with the utmost care, from all quarters, the minutest information concerning that race whose vestiges are gone almost as completely as the war-whoops that once rose from the forests. Only civilized men build for eternity.

G. F. H.

A PLEA FOR THE LEARNING OF HISTORY.

Whether or not we reverence such abstractions as courage and kindness, certain it is that we often approve or disapprove of actions that are manifestations of these and other abstractions. And this, too, even when the action is performed by some person in whom we feel no special interest, or even one of whom we have never heard except as the doer of the deed in mind. Nevertheless, an acquaintance with persons and our consequent interest in them naturally adds greatly to the intensity of the feeling we experience when we hear of anything they have done. It seems that we naturally take great interest in all human beings; a greater, indeed, than in mountains and mole-hills, magnificent forests, or gay-colored tropical birds, or in any one or all of the wonderfully varied creations of Nature. Very few of us have the holy reverence for Nature expressed by

poets. The great majority of men seem to be like Socrates of old, in at least one respect; they interpret the greatest good as "the good for something." Scorning the delights of poetry, they demand something that will bring "practical benefit." But even this does not diminish their interest in one another, but rather enhances it. They love to talk about one another and with one another. This even seems to be a large part of their business, a means to an end if not the end itself. Consider, for instance, a real estate agent. He has in his charge hundreds, perhaps, of fine dwellings, built in the latest style and of rare and costly material—"just elegant"; or thousands of acres of fields lying mid hills and plains, covered with vegetation luxuriant and varied, and watered by shining wild streams and clear limpid lakes. But how feeble is any feeling like love of Nature in his breast! and how strong is the eager impulse to so manage his affairs as to grasp, as quickly as possible, the "almighty" dollar! And to this end what button-holing of clients, what pleading with prospective purchasers, and how closely he studies their minds! However, if we raise ourselves above the dull and prosaic commonplaces of the struggle for what will be of "practical benefit", if we invoke the Heavenly Muse, she will send us to divine spirits in carnal flesh, and our lays will be sung to the vibrations of human hearts. 'Tis the human heart that we can best understand, 'tis the human heart with which we can enter into closest sympathy. 'Tis human beings for whom we feel most envy, jealousy, and hatred. And the closer the acquaintance, the richer the flow of sympathy and affection through the bonds of union; and the stronger, too, the repelling antipathy. Love is blind to faults, and hate is blind to virtues.

In close kin to this is the influence some men have over others. Any one will soon see, when he casts around him, scores of men following one recognized leader. In his judgment they put faithful and implicit trust, or they follow

him thoughtlessly and the more devotedly. This is just as true of the men of former generations, whose names and deeds have been perpetuated, as it is of men of to-day. Unbounded love and admiration of an ancient hero may incite in a boy's breast an indestructible ambition for martial glory. The fame of heroes who wielded the weapon that is called mightier than the sword or conquered crowds by oratory may arouse the impulse to be one of the world's great men, and keep alive and vigorous the unbounded zeal necessary to fulfil the desire. Examples of religious enthusiasm may inspire not only fanatics, but calmer-minded men, who shall do gentler and greater work. Even mere mention of valiant deeds may stir a boy's soul to take up arms and scatter foes with his own hand or lead great armies to victory and triumph. Or, if he is meditative, the name of Newton, Bacon, Milton or lesser celebrities may awaken his sleeping talent to useful activity. These, and perhaps even greater effects, mere facts of Biography may produce. What an opportunity we have in Biography to become acquainted with the world's greatest men—warriors, poets, and statesmen. Just as we would like to know the great persons of our own time, let us extend our vision and learn of men of old, who cannot now spurn us, but must, like their graves, yield up their treasures to those who diligently seek them. And let us know them well. The better we know one, the more interest we take in what he does. The more we know of his character, the better we understand his actions. When we know the motives that prompted him, and the end he had in view, we *can* and *do* judge his actions, and him, too, whether they be good or bad, appropriate or not.

Without admitting that the moral or intellectual status of the present generation is below that of the ancients, we may still love and revere the bards and sages of History more than we do present-day masses, or even the majority of our

intimate acquaintances; for who will say that the precocious present-day youngsters, with all their knowledge of everything, from a game of marbles to the applications of electricity, have as deep thought and sound, or are as eloquent as the poets and philosophers mentioned in History. These persons, all unconsciously to ourselves, perhaps, may arouse in us a spirit unquenchable to do and to dare for fame or usefulness. But let us not follow blindly any one, no matter how much we admire him or how worthy he may be to be admired and followed. As human beings, endowed with reason and able to think for ourselves, we count ourselves better than silly sheep that, following, lead the way even to utter ruin. Then let us, as intelligent and free individuals, observe everything around us, learn all we can, and draw our own inferences and conclusions.

To this end we must, if we are to derive the greatest help from the examples of illustrious men whose lives are woven into the web of time, learn not only their actions, but their motives, the ends they had in view, and the circumstances that helped or hindered them in their labor, and the environments that shaped their characters. For this we need not only the information to be found in biographies, but information to be found only elsewhere and largely in the history of nations. To acquire this information is no light labor; painstaking care is needed, continued research through the whole wide field of History, and unwearying spirit. Almost innumerable are the histories already written. 'Tis bewildering to attempt to recount the narratives of a single nation, place or incident. But although many so-called histories may be rightly regarded as scarce worth reading, it is often the case that each one of several persons narrating the same incident will mention something overlooked by all the rest. It is necessary, of course, to be careful in selecting what we will read.

Again, if we are to rule and be ruled by love, 'tis of not

so much importance to cherish and propagate a warlike spirit as a love for truth, and for right according to which statesmen are to make laws and jurists pass sentence. Volumes might be written on the power of example to excite ambition in young men. Volumes might be written, too, on the value of example to older men to illustrate the principles of life and actions. However true it may be that learning will not and cannot change the right, instances of the past showing the results of various actions under good or bad motives, and under various circumstances, will enable the close and deep thinker to see more clearly what would be right or expedient in other instances.

But in this day of innovations the cry of the mass of the people is for something that will be of "practical benefit." And the ever-repeated cry of the "practical" pessimist is, "What's the use?" He will say, "It may do very well for folks who have nothing else to do but to go to Congress or spend their time and breath a-bringing up some new-fangled notion of how folks ought to live; but for me and mine, who have to earn our bread, "What's the use?" Use, indeed! Who wants to be like the rainfrog that sits on a post and croaks and changes his color as often as the moss beneath him may change its color and never know why? From whence are our country's great men to come, judging from the past? Will not the boys who have to earn their bread be the legislators and jurists of their country? However favorable worldly prosperity and social position of parents may be because of the great facilities they afford for a youth's development, who knows in what oyster the pearl lies hid?

Finally, it is evident to all who reflect that we all are building on the structure raised by those who have gone before us. Ought we not, then, to know this structure of what it is built, and in what way and by what means, that we may know how to labor so as to contribute our part to the strength and beauty of the whole?

J. E. J.

DANIEL BOONE.

In these days, most men devote their time and talent to the study of literature and its authors. We, however, can be excused for looking for a few moments into the life of a man who, though not ranking among the great men of his country, has, nevertheless, been a great factor in the propagation of its civilization.

The subject of our sketch was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, July 14, 1732. He inherited from his ancestors a bravery unexcelled in the annals of the world, and this made him the man for the position he filled. His father being poor, Daniel received a very limited education. But since he was destined to use the rifle more than the pen, his loss in that respect was but a trifle.

From his early childhood he showed traits of the man he was destined to become. He was a good marksman with a rifle before he was hardly able to carry that weapon. He never gave way to fear. It was said of him: On one occasion, while returning with some friends from a hunt, the party was terrified by a panther that crossed their way. All fled but Daniel, who, just as the animal was preparing to spring upon him, took deliberate aim and fired, killing it instantly. Another incident is recorded of him: He went out one day to kill game and did not return at night. His father, thinking that Daniel could take care of himself, gave way to no uneasiness concerning him. But several days passed, and still no Daniel. Then his father, being alarmed, gathered some neighbors together and started in search of him. After a long and vain search they determined to return home, thinking he had either been captured by the Indians or devoured by some wild beast. Soon after they started back they observed some smoke rising from a clump of trees. They set out at once toward the spot, and when they came up to it they found a small hut, and in it, on

some skins of the animals he had slain, lay Daniel, while before him on the coals a nice piece of venison was broiling, which he, in his independence, was contemplating with great satisfaction.

Though his family had adopted the Quaker's religion, the doctrine of peace did not suit his temperament. He loved to ramble; and as the twig was bent so the tree inclined. He spent his youth in the forests. He formed such habits as in after life he never regretted. He learned to keep his head cool, always taking great care to be on the safe side; and thus learned in youth those lessons which were of so much value to him in his manhood.

At the age of eighteen years he moved with his father to North Carolina, and settled near Holman's ford, on the Yadkin river. There he met, wooed and wedded Miss Rebecca Bryan, his marriage taking place in 1755.

It was while living here that Boone met Findly, an adventurous hunter, who gave him such a glowing description of the land west of the Alleghanies that he induced him to return with him on his next trip. It was not, however, until 1769 that Boone set out with Findly and several other gentlemen to visit the territory in which he was destined to found a State.

On reaching Kentucky he told Findly he had not told him half the truth concerning the land. It was the fairest sight he ever beheld, and said that, with the help of the Almighty, he would colonize it at the risk of his life. With this determination in his heart he set to work to accomplish his purpose.

Boone and his companions built a hut on Red river. There they remained for a few days in quietude. The first day they went out hunting they were captured by a band of Indians and taken prisoners. Here was a time that the lesson learned in his youth was of service to him. Seeing that resistance was useless, he calmly submitted to his fate,

his companions following his example. The Indians, seeing that their captives affected no escape, did not keep strict watch over them. On the seventh day after their capture, while the Indians were sleeping soundly, Boone arose, woke his companions, and with them, in the stillness of the night stole away in safety.

Soon after this, in a skirmish with the Indians, two of Boone's comrades were killed, and it was not very long before the others were killed; and Boone was left alone in "the wilderness of Kentucky."

There he kept his faithful vigil. Day after day, month after month, year after year, roaming through dense forests, never stopping at the same place two nights in succession lest he should be overtaken and slain by the savages. There he went three years without eating one morsel of bread.

While he was fearless, he had that respect for every one, which won for him reverence among the savages while he was their captive, and dread when he was free. He never fought Indians for the sake of revenge or to satisfy a bloody thirst, but always in self-defence or in defending his comrades.

A short while preceding, and during the Revolutionary war, Boone was on the frontier; and while the States were preparing and fighting for liberty, he was clearing from savages that country in which they were to enjoy it.

On 25th of September, 1771, having sold all his property in North Carolina, he started with his family to return to Kentucky, hoping to start a permanent settlement; but before he reached his destination his party was attacked by a band of Indians and several of the company were slain. This caused the women of the party great alarm, and they succeeded in getting him to return to Clinch river, where they remained several years.

Boone was appointed by Governor Dunmore, of Vir-

ginia, to lead a party of surveyors back to the falls of the Ohio, where they had been sent some time before. Dunmore was so well pleased with his services that he continued to employ him. He, in 1775, made a treaty with the Cherokee Indians for all land south of the Kentucky river. His time prior to this was occupied in supervising the garrisons of three posts, confided to his charge by Dunmore during his campaign against the Shawnee Indians. With this commission he received a captain's command.

After the battle of Point Pleasant, the severest fought by Indians in Virginia, in which Boone is said to have taken an active part, the Cherokees sued for peace, and relinquished all their right to Kentucky. Thus we see that Boone's settlement was no trespass on Indian property.

Having secured a right to Kentucky, Boone began to make arrangements for a settlement. He led a small company of men, in March, 1775, to cut a road from the Holston to the Kentucky river. This was not done without peril and loss. They had not been more than three days on the way before they were fired upon by skulking Indians. Two of their number were killed. They succeeded in driving off the Indians, but in a few days they were again attacked and two more were killed and three wounded.

This did not cool the ardor of Boone. He pressed on and reached the Kentucky river and built a fort, then known as Boonsborough. This was the first permanent white settlement in Kentucky. Here he brought his family and the families of others, who accompanied him from Clinch river. Mrs. Boone and her daughter were the first of their sex and race that stood upon the banks of the Kentucky river.

It will be of interest to note that, through the influence of these pioneers, a law was passed for the preservation of game and improving the breed of horses—a law which their descendants have had no cause to repeal.

The life at Boonsborough was spent in keeping off the

Indians and opening up the country for new settlers. More than once he was captured and carried away by the Indians, but by his knowledge of their ways and his peculiar skill in outwitting them he made his escape. Once he was taken and held by the Indians for four months. So calm was he that his captors allowed him the privilege to walk around and hunt and enjoy himself as best he could within their bounds. The Indians, in the meantime, were making a plot to storm Boonsborough, and Boone, on hearing it, determined to escape at the risk of his life; and one day while hunting he took advantage of his liberty and escaped. He hurried on, not stopping to eat but one meal in three days, and reached the fort in safety. He found that Mrs. Boone, thinking him dead, had sold all her goods and gone to her home in North Carolina. His heart yearned after her, but feeling that his services was needed at the fort he began to collect the settlers together and fortify the garrison as best he could.

The work was finished none too soon. Though Boone's escape had delayed the attack, the Indians having a knowledge of his military skill, had reinforced their numbers, and to make it still more formidable, had with them Canadian officers, skilled in making attacks on fortifications, and thus came on to Boonsborough.

Without giving details, the battle was a hard one, resulting in the defeat of the Indians. This was the last siege made on Boonsborough.

Boone, now relieved of its defence, went to North Carolina and brought back his wife. After this he did not remain long in Kentucky; the country was being filled with new settlers who did not know how to appreciate his services. His lands were taken from him, and in his old age, and full of trouble, he went to Missouri, then the upper part of Louisiana. He was welcomed by the settlers there, who

had heard of him before he reached them. Here he went to work and founded a new home.

He, however, was called upon to go back to Kentucky as a witness about some land marks. And while in Kentucky he paid all his debts. "Now," says he, "I can die happy. No man can say when I am gone that 'Daniel Boone was dishonest.'" When Louisiana was ceded to the Union, he lost his possessions through the cold formalities of American laws. The Spanish government had given him ten thousand arpents of land for his services to them. All of which was taken from him, and he found that strangers were more grateful than his own countrymen.

In 1812 he petitioned to Congress for the restoration of his lands; which petition was signed by the Legislature of Kentucky. After finding that he was entitled to eleven thousand arpents of land, Congress restored to him only one thousand. He had, by his faithfulness, bravery and loyalty, given to the Union one of her proudest States, and this was all the thanks he received. He died on the 26th of September, 1820, fully resigned to his Master's Will.

Thus ended the life of a man who stood between Barbarism and Civilization, holding back the power and influence of the one and making way for the growth and prosperity of the other.

When he died the Legislature of Missouri adjourned for one day, and also adopted a badge of mourning for thirty days in honor of him.

On August 20, 1845, his remains, with those of his wife, were brought to Frankfort, Kentucky, where they were reinterred with great honors.

Byron has honored him with a poem, in which is set forth the purity of his character, the simplicity of his life and the honors due him from those who reap the benefits of his labors.

Truly it may be said of him :

“His life was gentle and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man.’”

R. W. NEATHERY.

ARGON.

Aristotle, as those before him, considered the world to be made up of four elements—earth, air, fire, and water. This view satisfied those who thought and those who did not for many centuries. Air was, perhaps, the last to be thoroughly studied. For even a long time after considerable progress had been made in chemistry was it yet considered as air, a simple substance, capable, however, of being modified in many ways, and of having many and various properties, yet even one and the same substance. With the discovery of oxygen by Priestly and Scheele, near a century ago, it became known that the atmosphere is composed of oxygen and nitrogen in the proportion of one to five parts by volume. Since then chemists have been measuring and analysing the air with great care and accuracy, and, in addition, have discovered, besides carbon dioxide, traces of ammonia, ozone, nitrates, and many other things in very minute qualities. But now chemists and the world generally are startled to find a hitherto unknown constituent in the atmosphere. And just think how many eminent chemists have unsuspectingly breathed it all their lives! At the meeting of the Royal Society in London, January 31, the following, among other facts, were brought out :

Some years ago Lord Rayleigh, Sec. R. S., undertook to make very exact weighings of gases. In the course of his experiments on nitrogen he found that nitrogen derived from the air is heavier by about 1-230 of its weight than that made from its compounds. He communicated this fact

to Prof. Wm. Ramsay, F. R. S., Professor of Chemistry, University College, London. They tested the matter more thoroughly, and found that the only conclusions possible were that chemically prepared nitrogen contains a lighter, or atmospheric nitrogen some heavier, constituent. To test this, atmospheric nitrogen was passed repeatedly over highly heated metallic magnesium, which was known to combine with nitrogen under such conditions. The result was that there remained a small quantity of a gas twenty times as heavy as hydrogen—*i. e.*, nearly 50 per cent. heavier than air. By volume it constitutes about 8 per cent. of the atmosphere. It is, of course, colorless and odorless. Chemically, it is the most inactive substance known. All attempts to make compounds of it have failed utterly. Hence its name "Argon" from the Greek Alpha Privative and *ergon* work. Some have supposed it a compound and others a modification of nitrogen. Both of these suppositions have been shown to be impossible by experiments on the velocity of sound in it. It must be an element or a mixture of two or more elements. It bothers chemists greatly, as there is no suitable place for it in the accepted table of elements. It seems that either the table or the properties of the element will have to be reconstructed.

Argon condenses to a colorless liquid, under atmospheric pressure, at 304.6°F. below zero, and 4.7° lower freezes to a crystalline mass resembling ice; at a still lower temperature it becomes white and opaque. These temperatures were obtained by rapidly evaporating liquid oxygen. It may be interesting to put the "permanent" gases in a table, thus:

NAME.	LIQUIFIES AT.	FREEZES AT.
Hydrogen.....	Never yet liquified or frozen.	
Nitrogen.....	337.9°F.	353.2°F.
Carbon Monoxide.....	310.0°F.	340.6°F.
Argon.....	304.6°F.	309.3°F.
Oxygen.....	296.8°F.	does not freeze.

E. EMMET REID.

Johns Hopkins University.

A CHAPTER FROM MY LIFE.

It might be well for me to say in the beginning of my narrative that I have lived for sixty years an unmarried man, and, to be more expressive, I am what the world has seen fit to call "a confirmed old bachelor." I believe we poor unfortunates have also been given another name—"woman-haters." Suffice it to say, I am not a woman hater.

In my forty-fifth year my life was changed, and it was done in a strange manner; it was done by one of the devil's angels; and how it was done, I will soon tell you.

Before this change of life I lived near the town of Columbus, Georgia, and I happened to be one of those individuals of whom you have all read or heard—a man with but one known relation in the world, and that one an aunt, who declared she would marry no man the sun ever shone on, though he be as rich as Croesus and as accomplished as a Grecian philosopher. This aunt died when I reached the age of forty, and I was left alone in the world.

My aunt was wealthy and owned a beautiful home near Columbus, and having willed the greater part of her property to me, I could have been considered one of the richest men in the country.

The first two years after her death I spent in travel and visited the many places of interest in Europe, spending six months in Paris. After returning home I tried to make myself content with the quietude of a country life, but no mercy was ordained me by the god of restlessness, and I was struck with a desire to go West.

It was my idea to settle near some thriving town, and to own a ranche farther out in the country. My mind was thoroughly made up to put this notion into execution, and, having sold everything I possessed, I set out on my wild expedition.

I bought a beautiful home near the comparatively new

town of Dallas, and at once shaped my plans to own in a short time one of the best and most complete ranches in the State. This business was entered into with great zeal, and 'twas but a few months until I had every convenience of a modern ranche.

I am now getting to the turning point of my life :

It had always been my custom to take a walk before retiring at night, and when I had located in my new home I kept up this custom. I would leave home at night and walk the mile and little over to Dallas, get my mail, spend half an hour in town looking it over, and then return home.

'Tis from the year '79, and 5th day of May, that I date the change of my life. I was returning from Dallas on that night, having, as usual, gone there for my mail, and when I had gotten about half way home, I heard the cry of a child in distress. I stopped, listened, and directed my steps to the place whence the sobbing came. I discovered a child, a boy, lieing with his head resting on his right hand, and his left hand hanging limply by his side. The little fellow realized his arm was broken, and, on seeing me, gave a scream for help. When I drew near to help him my attention was arrested by the odor of laudanum apparently from a broken bottle lieing near.

As I bent over the little form his pathetic words were, "O, Mister! Mister! please sir, wont you stop the medicine from coming out the bottle; please sir, I fell down and hurt my arm so bad I can't move—and mamma is waiting for the medicine, and it's all leaking out—and she's so sick—and I—I—." The little fellow fell fainting to the ground.

I called for the nearest doctor, and soon the child was restored to consciousness. Then the little fellow's first thought was his mother's suffering and not his own. We carried him home, and the broken arm was dressed.

The mother was relieved of her pain; and, at my direction, the doctor was told to call on the morrow.

I then quietly explained the circumstances of her little son's misfortune, and assured her he would be given every care.

When the child was resting, and the mother was relieved from the severe attack her little son knew she was suffering from, I glanced around and found myself in a shanty of one room, and, though sparingly furnished, it was as neat and clean as the industry of a ten-year-old boy could well make it, under the direction of a sick mother.

The mother was a woman of about thirty-five years, and I judged was once a handsome brunette. Her eyes were coal black, and her pale face made a striking contrast to her raven tresses. She still possessed a pearly set of teeth, setting off her refined features to a great advantage.

As I sat half stunned with wonder and admiration, I was seized with an overwhelming desire to know the cause of her present condition; and my sympathies were aroused to render some assistance for the one who had so suddenly struck me with so peculiar feelings. I sat for an hour or more and gazed into that face so suggestive of refinement and intelligence.

I had never experienced such feelings before. My soul was enraptured; my heart was gone; the chords of love which the great Divinity has given to all men were loosed from their knotted shape.

I could feel it all. But yet, I question myself—what is this feeling? What can it be? I never knew its like before. Was it that the Great God had directed me here to become a victim of an undying love? As such questions were fast arising in my mind, she suddenly gave resistance to them. She said “stranger, come to my side. I drew my chair to her side, and silently waited for her to speak. After a few minutes had elapsed, she gave utterance to a heart-rending sigh, and then said “stranger, you seem to take interest in me; you have been led by the hand of

Providence to my side, and now before I take my leave of this world, I must unfold to you the secret of my life, and let you know my all."

When she spoke of her leaving this world I could feel the cold blood trickling through my every vein, and I wished to God I were dead. I remained silent. She continued, "Your expression gives evidence of kindness and of a desire to give relief to my poor soul. If you wish to do this, raise your right hand to God, and promise me to be true to the charge I am about to give you." I complied. "The story that I tell you is a sad one, and you will bear with it patiently; and then I will give the all I have in this world to your charge and keeping. I know God has so directed it.

"You see from the outline of my face that I was not always in this sphere of life. I was born of refined and cultured parents, who lived in Nashville, Tennessee, where I received a good education. I was the only child, and my parents, being wealthy, I had all of the luxuries of life.

"It was at the age of eighteen when I made my *debut* in society, and, being considered one of the fairest and most accomplished of my sex, I was seemingly much appreciated in my social circle.

"After a year's indulgence in the sweets of youngladyhood, I fell deeply in love with ——." Here she stopped and gasped for breath. In a little while she regained composure, and continued, "I fell in love. 'Twas a mutual affair. My suitor was tall and handsome, and had an intelligible and manly bearing. His home was in Memphis, some two hundred miles distant; but every six weeks he came to see me; and finally asked for my hand. I consented, and then came the next step, the interview with my parents. Father gave this reply, "I will take time to consider, for to part with my only child is a matter deserving consideration.

"In a few days father was called to Memphis on business,

and there he learns of the character of my lover. He learned that his social standing was good; his business qualifications promising; but as to the moral side of his character, he learned that he was given to the habit of drinking, and ——," she fell back uttering a groan that pierced my very heart. I was most miserable of all men. The woman I had so unexpectedly come upon had thrilled my soul with her sad, faintly spoken words; and as I was lost to all else but the frail figure I saw before me.

She soon, however, regained herself and continued, "My father brought back this report: mother was advised with, and I was told that my engagement could no longer be considered valid. This was too much; I left the room and my dear parents weeping over my great trouble. I retired, but there was no sleep until I had made my pillow a pool of tears; that night I dreamed that my lover and I were more than lovers, and on awaking I could hardly believe that it was but a dream. Time went on, and many letters came to me from him to whom my whole heart was given. He repeatedly declared that he had been basely misrepresented.

"My father continued obstinate. Finally, after a year's events, I left home for a visit to friends in Alabama. And 'twas one afternoon when I was taking a walk, that I suddenly, on turning a corner, came face to face with none other but my own dear Edward."

She stopped again, but almost immediately resumed, "I met him, and oh! how happy I was; all my love had been again aroused. He arranged to call the following night. He came at the appointed hour. His old avowals were renewed. We planned to be married on the next day—and on the next day we were married.

"After a two week's tour through the Northern States we settled in Mobile and lived comfortably and supremely happy for several years. In the meantime my dear parents

were heartbroken and embittered against me; and I was disinherited.

“In a few months my mother died from heart disease, from which she had long been suffering. But my actions, however, made death from this cause premature.

“My father was truly heartbroken. His business was neglected, and it was not long until his property was in the hands of his creditors. After this it was not many months until the dear old man followed my poor mother.

“I can now see them beckoning me to the pearly gates; I can hear them call me as of old ‘Bessie, my child, my child;’ I can hear the voice of my Master, and he, too, is waiting—but I am fast losing my strength; I must quicken.

“We will go back to my dear husband. He did well in his business for several years; and in these years of prosperity and happiness this dear child was born unto us; and oh, how Edward did worship him! But let me go on and finish the sad ending of our bright era.

“As I was about to say, these years of joy and brightness were brought to a close by my husband’s strong resolutions being overthrown by his strange desire for drink. He fell, and carried me with him; has brought me to where I now am.

“His situation in Mobile was taken from him, and after we had spent the money we had saved through economy, he, in one of his despairing hours, forged a——.” The poor soul could not finish. “We then had to hastily leave the country, and the money he had thus gotten was spent on our trip to Texas.

“You know the rest of my story, and I will not detain you much longer. I have but a few more minutes on this earth, and then my soul will go to its rest.

“A few weeks ago my husband died a drunkard’s death. Poor Edward, I have never ceased to love him, and when I

am worshipping around the throne of God, and when my precious mother and my dear father are clasping me in their arms; I will even then love him. I have lived for him, and now I will die because of him. He is dead, and I care no longer to live.

“And now, oh God, I ask you in my dying hour to have mercy upon his soul. Oh Saviour, divine, thou knowest I can but love him, and I pray that thou, in thy grace, will be merciful unto him. Oh God, I pray that thou will bless my child, and may he meet me in that land to which I am now about to go, even in the land of the blessed; and this friend whom thou in thy wisdom hast sent to my side, may he be a father to my child, and for these blessings I will praise Thee evermore.” This was her prayer.

She beckoned me to bring her child to her. I did so; and when she had imprinted a mother’s kiss upon his brow she bade me lay him in his little bed.

After this, she died as calmly and as peacefully as if she were soothed into the sleep of death by the spirit of her Immortal God.

So ended this life, and would that mine could have been likewise ended. Let me draw my story to a close.

The boy was a bright, promising lad, and he learned to love me even as I did him. He bore a striking resemblance to his mother, and it was this that made him so dear to me. A manly, courageous youth he was, and into a man of striking traits of character, and admirable intellectual qualifications, he was fast developing.

At the age of twenty, however, he died, and I was again alone in the world—with no particular friends and no particular enemies.

I am now an old man; my race is nearly run; I have spent a worthless life; I have been of no service to my God and but little to my fellow-man. Though I lived a moral life until the death of my darling boy (I can but call him

mine) I was not a Christian. Now, I live neither a moral nor religious life. I have been tempted to the use of intoxicants, and I am now writing under the influence of the cursed destroyer.

Now, reader, I will tell you my motive in giving to you the story of my life. In my last days, I feel that perhaps my evil example will be of good toward leading men into the paths of truth and temperance. I have no other motive in disclosing my life, and 'tis this one alone that prompts me to this action.

You will see, reader, the results of drink, not only in my life, but in the lives of others I have mentioned.

From these lives I trust you will take heed. As I now stand, without friend or foe, on the brink of death, looking over into the drunkard's eternity—these are my last words : take heed, lest you likewise fall.

W. R. W.

HERDER'S INFLUENCE OVER GOETHE.

In the lives of great men there are many influences which contribute to their greatness which we overlook when we think of them as men who have won imperishable fame. Men of less ability often exercise a mighty power over their superiors in science and literature, and through greater men influence the world. This fact should not detract from the fame of the great, but rather increase the glory of lesser lights. Every force which contributed to the production of so remarkable a man as Goethe should be of importance to us ; and it should be with deep interest that we contemplate a relation which contributed more to make Goethe what he was than any other one relation of his life.

It is agreed by all that the meeting of Herder and Goethe marks a turning point in the life of each. But it is the in-

fluence of this meeting upon Goethe that we wish to consider.

In the year 1770 Goethe was a student of law in the University of Strasburg and when the news of Herder's arrival reached him he was very desirous to see the man who had acquired, even at this time, a reputation for great learning. His desire was soon gratified, and from the very first the attraction between them was mutual. Goethe could but admire the extensive learning and original views of his new friend, and could not help being attracted by his strong, beautiful character. Indeed, from his very childhood, Herder seems to have had the power of impressing himself and, Goethe did not escape his impress. An affection of the eye caused the former to remain at Strasburg for sometime and forced him to submit to a very painful operation. This experience cemented their friendship.

One admired the fortitude and endurance of the other, who appreciated the sympathy manifested by his friend. Goethe was naturally candid and communicative, and he himself tells us that from Herder he had no secrets.

At first, he experienced only the attracting force from his new found friend ; but he soon found that there was a spirit of contradiction, of sarcasm, of fault finding and chiding which acted in Herder's character, as a repellant force and from which much had to be endured. His approval was never to be counted on.

Almost certainly his ill humor was due, at least in part, to the affection of the eye which often caused him much pain.

During the days immediately following the operation, the two friends were together a great part of the time. Herder's conversations were never dull and always important and advanced his pupil continually in new views. The men with whom Goethe had come in contact before this time had treated him with indulgence, but in Herder he,

for the first time, met a man who inspired him and made him dissatisfied with himself. Here was a man who knew more than he did, a man from whom he might gain much, who could be of incalculable benefit to him.

Previous to this meeting it was uncertain into what field the gigantic intellect of Goethe would turn. At times he had pursued the study of law, medicine, art, science and literature, and seemed ready to take up any course of study his friends were pursuing. It was Herder's influence which turned the wonderful genius of Goethe into the line of literature, and the world knows the result. It was when enthusiasm was at white heat, fanned by the example and conversation of his master, as well as by the studies he was pursuing under the direction of that master, that the pupil conceived the ideas for some of his master pieces. Herder introduced him to the study of Shakespeare, Ossian; Oriental, Greek and Latin poetry, as well as the folk-songs of all ages and countries. Goethe had come to Strasburg with the purpose of becoming a French scholar, but Herder excited in him an aversion to French literature and a love for the literature which he himself loved. He introduced his friend to nature, saying that "a return to nature alone will regain for us our original and ideal perfection."

Herder excelled in translations from foreign languages. Indeed he reproduced the spirit and feeling of the age, as well as the metre and style. Here, where the master was great, the pupil far excelled him. As a result of his study of nature, his Lyrics undergo a marked change. They become more natural, more objective, more simple and clear. He studies Shakespeare and constructs his "Gotz von Berlichingen" in imitation of that author. But Herder strongly condemns his slavish imitation and lack of originality, and so Goethe rewrites his play, freeing himself from "servile imitation and learning from Shakespeare independent and dramatic art." One of the greatest services ren-

dered Goethe by his teacher was to inspire in him a love for Homer, Theocritus, Pindar and other authors of antiquity. His Strasburg Songs show very plainly the influence of this study.

Scherer says: "In his poem, *The Wanderer*, we can trace everywhere Herder's literary and historical many-sidedness bearing fruit in Goethe, and developing dramatic powers in the mind of the young poet." Who can say but that "*Ifigenia*" is due in part to the fact that Goethe through Herder's influence studied the classics. It is certain that both he and Schiller reached the height of dramatic art in imitation of classic models. The study of nature, to which he was led by his teacher, paved the way for his success in botany and kindred sciences. He was one of the best anatomists in Germany. Herder taught him to study nature for practical ends, but the young enthusiast could not stop there, but must investigate. Many of the very best years of his life was spent in these departments of science. It was Herder who read in his hearing the "*Vicar of Wakefield*" by Goldsmith; this took firm hold on his mind, and as a result he wrote "*Hermann and Dorathea*," his lyric epic and one of his master works.

But it is well nigh impossible to estimate, with any degree of accuracy, the mighty power of Herder in shaping the life of Goethe, and still more difficult to determine with accuracy for what works of the pupil we are indebted to the master.

The one fact that Herder directed Goethe with all his magnificent powers, soaring genius, and extensive knowledge into the channel of literature is enough to make us value very highly this service performed for the world. Indeed, but for this influence the world might never have had *Iphigenia*, *Hermann and Dorathea*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *Nor*, even the immortal *Faust*, to say nothing of the beautiful lyrics which came from his prolific pen. The visible results

of such an influence as this are far less than the invisible. In the truest and most comprehensive sense, Herder was Goethe's teacher, and the teacher's influence cannot be measured. The impressions Goethe may have received from the conversation and example of a man so learned, so original in his ideas and views, so noble and beautiful in character, cannot be estimated.

It is more than probable that some words or opinion or suggestion of the master started the pupil on a line of investigation, which has given us some of his most celebrated works. The words and sentiments which he puts into the mouths of his characters, who can tell how many, are the words and sentiments of the master. Yet these things do not diminish Goethe's fame. He stands without a peer in the realm of knowledge, and he has few equals in the field of literary attainments.

Goethe himself is not slow to acknowledge his indebtedness to his teacher, for in his autobiography he states that his meeting with Herder was one of the most important events of his life. Hasmer says: "It may be said that this acquaintance for Goethe was one of the most important turning points of his career, inducing him, perhaps, to adopt literature as his calling, and giving him views which prevailed with him through life."

Hear the fascinated youth himself as he exclaims: "Herder, Herder, if I am destined to be only your satellite, so will I be and willingly and truly a friendly moon to your earth. But you must know that I would rather be a planet—Mercury, even the smallest of the seven—to revolve with you about the sun, than the first of the five which turn around Saturn."

MARLBOROUGH.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

[In the last issue of *THE MESSENGER* was published Professor John Pollard's class lecture on Macaulay; in the present issue is given the Professor's lecture on Thomas Carlyle, the study of whom follows that of Macaulay. The portion of the lecture given here embraces mainly the personal life and character of Carlyle, and was written solely as a class lecture, but on account of its superior merit we have induced Professor Pollard to submit it for publication.—
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.]

Thomas Carlyle, styled by others the "Censor of the Age," and called by himself "a writer of books," was born at Ecclefechan, Dumfrieshire, Scotland, on the 4th of December, 1795.

He was fortunate in his parentage. His father, though first a stone-mason and then a peasant farmer, showed himself a possessor of qualities generally assigned to higher spheres. Of that father Carlyle writes, "A more remarkable man I have never met in my journey through life; he was of sterling sincerity in thought, word, and deed;" he was "most quiet, but capable of blazing into whirlwinds when needful;" he had "such insight and brief natural eloquence as I have never known in any other." He speaks of his other parent as "my excellent mother." (Froude's Carlyle, page 9.)

His education commenced early and at home. His "excellent mother" taught him to read. He got arithmetic from his father, and some additional elementary knowledge in the village school. He learned Latin from the minister in charge of the church attended by the family. After the Grammar school training at Annan he entered the University of Edinburgh when he was not yet fifteen years of age. It was eighty miles from Ecclefechan to Edinburgh, but he walked every inch of the way. There were marked

gradations in the young student's educational predilections. He had a positive dislike for Logic and Philosophy. He liked the classics, and pursued them with some diligence; he liked science still more, and mastered thoroughly the tasks assigned him in this department. He loved higher mathematics, and prosecuted the study with greatest ardour.

But his highest delight, and perhaps his most profitable employment, was to range at liberty through the books collected in the University library, and then discuss with a chosen few what he had read. Concerning this library work he afterwards writes as follows: "I took less to roiting than to thinking and reading. Nay, from the chaos of that library I succeeding in fishing up more books than had been known to the keeper thereof. The foundation of a literary life was hereby laid."

Carlyle quitted the University when he was nineteen years of age, and for a livelihood betook himself to school-teaching. But he never liked the employment, and, though he held to his task as pedagogue through four weary years, he at last gave it up and went back to Edinburgh, 1818, to prepare for the bar.

The three years that immediately followed were the gloomiest of his life. The triple woes of doubt, privation and disease assailed him. His father and mother were Calvinists "after the most straitest sect," and in this faith he had been most carefully reared; but now he began painfully to question the truth of the system commended to him by parental influence and home associations. Though his saving while a school-master had enabled him to bring to Edinburgh a few pounds in his pocket, he was not enabled to live an independent life. The Ecclefechan carrier brought him weekly or monthly supplies of oat-meal, cakes, butter, and under-garments washed and mended by his mother's hands. (Froude's Carlyle, Vol. 1, page 46.) But the blackest distress of all was dyspepsia. This malady

now made him its victim, and never ceased its torments. From now on "it was a rat gnawing at the pit of his stomach." He calls it that "cursed hag." (Introduc. to *Diamond Necklace*, p. 4).

During this period he did a little tutoring, resumed his reading in the University library; to a considerable extent enlarged his knowledge of foreign language; and wrote several articles for Brewster's "*Encyclopedia*." These productions showed no extraordinary promise, and have never been reprinted. (Nicoll's *Landmarks*, p. 422).

But law studies proved to be no more pleasing to Carlyle than school-teaching had been; so he relinquished preparation for the bar, and began to show a more decided leaning to the pursuit of literature than had yet appeared. He is, however, still in Edinburgh; and from that city in 1823 (when he was twenty-eight years old) he sent to the "*London Magazine*" the first instalment of his "*Life of Schiller*." The next year was a very busy one with him. Before it had run out, besides visiting London and Paris, he had finished his "*Life of Schiller*;" had taken out of the French "*Legendre's Geometry*," adding an essay on Proportion, and had taken out of the German Goethe's famous novel, "*Wilhelm Meister*."

We now approach an interesting and conspicuous event in Carlyle's life. I mean his marriage with Jane Welsh. She was said to be a descendent of both John Knox, the Scotch Reformer, and William Wallace, the Scotch patriot. Jane was certainly a bright, witty, decidedly attractive, and somewhat wilful little maiden. She was called "*Jeannie Welsh, the flower of Haddington*." At school she made rapid progress, and claimed the right to study Latin, "like a boy." Edward Irving was her tutor, and at length would have married her, but his engagement to another fair one stood in the way. He introduced her to Carlyle. There followed intellectual courtship and then courtship of hearts, and finally marriage on the 17th day of October, 1826.

As of every marriage, so of this we should be able to say it was a happy one; but we cannot. While there was no disgraceful rupture as with Byron and his wife, and no quiet separation as with Dickens and his; yet Thomas was unappreciative, irritable and sarcastic, and Jane was disposed to return him every missile he threw. Indeed, the difficulty was, they were too much alike. Concerning their domestic infelicities we shall hear each; and not undertake to decide between them. "I married for ambition, and am miserable," she is reported to have said on one occasion. This counsel she gave to a young female friend, "My dear, whatever you do, never marry a man of genius." Of her husband she once remarked, "In great matters he is always kind and considerate; but these little attentions which women attach so much importance to he was never in the habit of rendering to any one." (Intro. to D. N.; pp. 7 and 8). He never waked up to the situation till she was dead. Then he cried out in bitterness of soul, "Oh, that I had you yet but five minutes to tell you all. Ah me! too late, too late." (Ib., p. 9).

In 1828 Carlyle left Edinburgh and settled at Craigenputtoch, in his native county of Dumfriesshire. Let us try to see the Carlyle's in this country home. Froude describes "the spot as the dreariest in all the British dominions. The nearest cottage is more than a mile from it; the elevation stunts the trees and limits the garden products to the hardest vegetable. The house is gaunt and hungry-looking. It stands with the scanty fields attached as an island in a sea of morass." Mrs Carlyle calls Craigenputtoch "a pest bog, and a most dreary, untoward place to live at, as sixteen miles distant on every side from all the conveniences of life, shops, and even post-office." Froude says, "The loneliness was dreadful to her. For months together the face of guest or passing stranger was never seen. So still were the moors that she could hear the sheep nibbling the

grass a quarter of a mile away." (First Forty Years, Vol. 2, p. 338). Here the wife darned socks, sewed on buttons, kneaded dough, cleaned floors, milked cows, and mourned over her lot. Here the husband sometimes raged and called his home first a "blasted Paradise" and then a "devil's den;" but was generally so buried in books and thought as to be quite indifferent to surroundings. Thus passed six years. They were fruitful in literary results. During these years Carlyle produced, among other works, "Sartor Resartus" (1831), his essay on Burns (1828), the "Diamond Necklace" (1833), and his essay on Croker's edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson (1832), which last, however, though written while he counted Craigenputtoch as his home, seems actually to have been composed while he was spending a few months in London. (First Forty Years, Vol. 2, p. 212).

The scene now shifts wholly to London, which became Carlyle's fixed abode in 1834, and where he was thereafter known as the "Seer of Chelsea." Chelsea lies in the "West End" of the great city, and on the north bank of the Thames. It has associations that are full of interest. Here dwelt Sir Thomas More, whom Henry VIII. beheaded because he could not conscientiously affirm that Henry was morally and spiritually entitled to be the head of the Church of England. (Mongomery, p. 195). Here lived Sir Hans Sloane, who commenced the collection out of which has grown the vast British Museum. Here also lived Sir Richard Steele, a co-laborer of Addison in the preparation of the "Spectator;" and Dean Swift, who, verging upon the idiocy that clouded his last days, looked up into a tree whose highest boughs showed withering decay, and made the mournful comment, "Yes, like me, beginning to die at the top." In obscure lodgings at Chelsea Turner, the great landscape painter, died in 1851, and at this London suburb Leigh Hunt was residing at the very time Carlyle moved thither.

George Eliot died in 1880 at Chelsea, where he had been living some years before Carlyle himself gives us a glimpse of his Chelsea home :

“We lie safe at the bend of the river, away from all the great roads, have air and quiet hardly inferior to Craigenputtoch, an outlook from the back windows into mere leafy regions, with here and there a red high-peaked old roof looking through, and see nothing of London, except by day the summits of St. Paul’s Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, and by night the gleam of the great Babylon affronting the peaceful skies. The house itself is probably the best we ever lived in—a right old, strong, roomy brick house, built nearly 150 years ago, and likely to see three races of these fashionables fall before it comes down.” It is interesting to note that at Chelsea still stands this Carlyle mansion, marked by a memorial tablet upon its front.

Distinguished companionship was very much enlarged by residence in London. In addition to Leigh Hunt and John Stewart Mill, the Carlyles could now count among their friends Mazzini, Tennyson, Dickens, Ruskin, Prof. Masson, and Prof. Tyndall.

During the last period of Carlyle’s life what literary work was accomplished? In 1837 he published his “French Revolution.” As Americans, we may, perhaps, take a little pride in the fact that this famous performance secured its first recognition in our own country. In his diary, under date of February 8, 1839, Carlyle makes this entry : “Yesterday came a letter from Emerson, at Concord, New England, enclosing me a draft for £100, the produce of my “French Revolution” there. Already £50 had come ; this is £150 in all ; not a farthing having yet been realized here by our English bibliopoly. It is very strange, this American occurrence—very gratifying ; nothing more so has occurred in the history of my economics. Thanks to the kind friends across the salt waters yonder.”

From 1837-1840 Carlyle gave in London very successful lectures on German Literature; on the History of Literature; on Revolutions of Modern Europe; on Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History. In 1839 he published "Chartism"; in 1843 "Past and Present"; in 1845 "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches"; in 1850 his "Latter-Day Pamphlets"; in 1851 his "Biography of John Stirling," and in 1865 he completed his great historical work, "The History of Frederick II., commonly called The Great."

In 1865 Carlyle was elected Rector of Edinburgh University, and in April, 1866, he went thither to deliver his Installation Address, which has become famous, and which Prof. Tyndall, immediately upon its delivery reported, by telegram to Mrs. Carlyle, as "a perfect triumph."

Poor man! poor woman! they were to meet no more. While Carlyle lingered a few days in Scotland, he received startling intelligence that his wife had been found dead in her carriage after a ride through the streets of London. He wrote her epitaph, in which he acknowledged her "as a true and ever-loving help-mate," and bewailed her death as "the going out of the light of his life."

During the last fifteen years of his life Carlyle's pen was comparatively inactive. Now and then he aroused himself to make a comment on passing events. When, in 1867, the Second Reform bill was passed, very much enlarging suffrage, he thought he saw danger ahead for his country, and he uttered his warning in "Shooting Niagara and After." When, in 1870, the German army had marched in triumph to the very gates of Paris, he wrote to express his exultation, and quoted history to prove that France's humiliation was well deserved. His last literary work was done in 1875, when he published articles on the "Early Kings of Norway," and on the "Portraits of John Knox."

He died at Chelsea on February 5, 1881, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. Dean Stanley offered a grave in

Westminster Abbey, but it was thought proper to carry out his own directions, which were that he should be taken back to his native Ecclefechan, and laid beside his father and mother in the old kirkyard. Froude, Tecky, and Tyndall followed his remains from London. With snow and sleet under foot, and wintry, leaden skies overhead, they put Carlyle in the tomb, and left him to his sleep. From that tomb a voice comes, which says, "Find out your task; stand to it; the night cometh when no man can work." (Welsh, Vol. 2, p. 470).

TEMPERAMENT.

1. He was inclined to gloominess. He had not the hopefulness of Macaulay. With Hamlet, he regarded "the time as out of joint." Be it said, however, to his honor, that he never exclaimed with the Prince of Denmark, "O cursed spite that I was born to set it right!" On the contrary, he assumed his share of the responsibility of setting it right; and he took himself courageously, if not hopefully and lovingly, to the task.

2. His emotions were ardent. He felt profoundly. Mark the breathing of his soul after renown: "Yet think not I am careless of literary fame. No; heaven knows that ever since I have been able to form a wish, the wish of being known has been foremost. O Fortune! thou that givest unto each his portion in this dirty planet, bestow (if it shall please thee) coronets and crown, and principalities, and purses, and pudding and powers upon the great and noble and fat ones of the earth. Grant me that with a heart of independence, unyielding to thy favors and unbending to thy frowns, I may attain to literary fame; and though starvation be my lot, I will smile that I have not been born a king." It is to be much regretted that Carlyle's intense feeling did not always ascend in such lofty aspiration; but

far too frequently was poured out in unsparing sarcasm, merciless invectives, and boundless contempt. Carlyle felt too profoundly to reason well. The plummet of his logic would often melt away in the fire of his passion.

OPINIONS.

1. *His views as to religion.* He does not anywhere set forth very clearly what he thought about God, the soul, eternity. It has been said he was not orthodox. In a sense the remark is very true. Froude tells us that one objection Carlyle had to burial in Westminster Abbey was that the English Liturgy, containing the statement, "Except a cone of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit," (John 12: 24), must be repeated above his remains. (Froude, *Life in London*, Vol. 2, p. 403). In another sense Carlyle was exceedingly Biblical. Not only do his writings abound in Scriptural allusions, but he is constantly magnifying and emphasizing what is the chief object of the Bible to exalt and enforce. For example, he makes much of Duty. "In all situations out of the Pit of Tophet, wherein a living man has stood or can stand, there is actually a prize of quite infinite value placed within his reach, namely, a *Duty* for him to do." (Essay on Johnson). Says he again, "Do thy duty, the duty that lies nearest thee; the next duty will already have become clear." (Diamond Necklace, Intro., p. 18.) Nor would he allow duty to be pursued from hope of reward. "Hoping for nothing again," (Luke 6: 35), was his motto.

And if we ask what duty, we find Carlyle equally sound in the faith. "What duty"? do you ask him. He answers back, "Work," "Obedience," "Sincerity," especially the last. The true, the real, the sincere, are constantly receiving his plaudits; while falsehood, cant, sham, puffery, are scorched and scathed, and blasted under the lightning stroke of his fierce invectives.

2. *His political views.* In democracy—the government of the people—he had little faith. He sneered at voting and ballot-boxes. He contemptuously asked whether a crew that determined every movement by a majority vote would be likely to take a ship safely around Cape Horn. (Minto, p. 146, and Lessons from My Masters, p. 83). His ideal government was a monarchy with an upright and able king at its head, and the spirit of obedience running through all ranks of society.

3. *His philosophical views.* He distrusted all mental analysis. So far as he had a philosophy, it was largely influenced by his great partiality for the German way of thinking and doing. He had a theory that laughter was the criterion of goodness; and that, if a man had ever once heartily and wholly laughed, he could not be hopelessly bad. Another theory he seems to have held was that intellect was the measure of a man's worth. (Minto, p. 141).

4. *His critical views.* Literary criticism, in the sense of pointing out the faults and merits of style, received very little attention from Carlyle. But he has left us general estimates of individual writers. Goethe and Johnson and Burns he admired very much. He condemned Voltaire because wanting in reverence, and Sir Walter Scott because he shirked the literary man's duty of pains-taking. He urged writers to avoid *all affectation*, and study reality in their style.

Editorial.

THE MESSENGER, having gotten fairly back on the track, and the road ahead seeming to be clear, again puts in its appearance. Not only this, but it may also be noticed that it is a month ahead of the usual schedule.

Though this is true, we do not anticipate any serious break-downs or collisions from rapid running; indeed, it is our purpose to run on this time henceforth, and every endeavor shall be put forth to avoid accidents and delays, especially the latter.

In a word, with this issue we purpose to give THE MESSENGER to our readers at the beginning of each month instead of at its close, as has been the custom heretofore. Though aware that many college magazines follow the latter custom, we abandon it in view of the fact that we can see no material difference in the work of preparation—besides, there are substantial reasons why the former practice should be adopted. Prominent among these reasons might be mentioned the fact that if the issue is delayed till the close of the month, the work of preparation will inevitably push the editors, while, on the other hand, should the publication be made the first of each month, for that month, the editors must do the pushing.

In our judgment the latter alternative is decidedly preferable.

WE publish with this issue a highly imaginative story entitled, "A Chapter from My Life," not only on account of its literary merit, but to encourage this kind of composition.

It has always been a matter of surprise to us why college men do not write more that is of an imaginative character. This is a great field of literary work woefully neglected by

young men at college, while one would think that of all men most fitted for composition along the line of fiction, the bright, vigorous, wide-awake, romantic college student is away in the lead.

The difficulties in his way are of a very filmy sort, and dwindle into insignificance when compared with those he has to encounter in writings of an argumentative, biographical, or essayical nature; yet with such the pages of our college magazines are flooded.

A satisfactory explanation of this is difficult to find, unless it is that college men prefer "transcription" to original thought and composition, and are too indolent to undertake the latter.

Also the incentives and advantages this fiction of a mild order offers are many and ponderous.

Why the young college man with all his ideas and dreams of the romantic; with all the fanciful "stories of the heart" he has read or heard teeming in his brain; with all his proud, imaginative powers, many times domineering over his reasoning faculties; with all his vigorous, original thought and style of expression, should tie himself down to the "transcription" of what some scribbler has written, which, if divested of its profound polysyllabics, would not contain the shadow of a ghost of an idea, is a source of never-ceasing wonder.

It is, besides, far from natural that young men should confine the style of their composition to the argumentative.

We should not do noon's work in morning hours; we should not build the overshadowing tower before the foundation, firm and immovable, is laid.

Harvard has five student publications including two dailies. The different staffs contain over sixty men.

Prof. Turner, of Edingburgh, receives the largest salary of any College professor in the world, it being \$20,000.

THE INNER LIFE OF THE COLLEGE STUDENT.

The college man, in the home, on the street, in the country on the summer vacation, is very different from the same man in the library, in the lecture room, in the business world.

It will never do to judge a man by his street appearance, and few college-trained men ever do. Very often men, priding themselves on a splendid physique and recognizing that they shine with a more brilliant lustre when, enveloped in all the paraphernalia of an exquisite, they parade the most popular thoroughfares, thus learn to gauge themselves. It is needless to say that in this estimate of themselves they and the carelessly passing world are most frequently deceived. But their fellow student, seeing them as he does in their real sphere of life, the college world, never does. It has been said, most wisely said, that nowhere in life does a man stand more solely on true merit and worth than in college life. It may be added, also, that nowhere are true merit and worth more quickly recognized and more heartily encouraged than in college walls.

Here is a man just entering college several months after the session has begun; for the first time he appears before the whole student body. As quick as thought he is "sized up" by every wide-awake man present, and nothing would be more interesting than a perusal of the various opinions now formed. But wait till he is fairly ensconced in college and class duties, and then read again the opinions as revised, and you will be struck with a most painful monotony.

Their opinions, many of them, have materially changed.

You sometimes see in the little yellow-backed volume so dear to the summer "sport" and his fair companion, the rather extravagant statement, from the "ruby lips" of the most beautiful little piece of femininity that ever had "golden-brown" hair, and eyes that robbed the summer skies of their "azure hue," that she always made up her

mind the first time she met a person whether or not she would like him, and that this first impression never afterwards changed.

This may be true for the "imperious little angel," but is most strikingly *untrue* for sensible college men.

As the man changes, so vary accordingly the opinions formed of him by his fellows; thus permitting a rare opportunity for character-reconstruction and development in the right direction.

This variation of the needle of opinion is no doubt due to the close intimacy of the class-room and the constant bringing to light of the inward man by the probing, searching, questioning of the instructor.

But, though estimates are revised in college life, yet when the *last* impression is forged within the college walls, that stands the test of time.

Good, capable men often lose invaluable opportunities on account of former habitual negligence of college duties.

Simply in this way—some old soldier drops out of the line of human endeavor, leaving his standing room to be filled by another. Many are willing, and anxious even, to "fall in," among whom is an old college mate of yours. You knew him intimately at college, and are asked to recommend him. You say, gladly, that when at college he was noble, chivalrous, gentlemanly. "Good," say they, in their enthusiasm, "and he was an honest student, faithful and diligent in all his class duties, doing, too, as best he could the "out-side" work devolving upon him."

You, sorrowingly. "No, I can't say that; on the other hand, I am distressed to say that he was very neglectful of his class duties and real college work. *He habitually shirked his duties.* You have done nothing wrong; but your friend's sun had set at noon-day.

But why all this?—simply to impress on men the vital importance of doing *their duty* while at college.

By the bursting bud the flower is told.

THE COLLEGE BATHS.

After two months in which it was impossible to use the baths of the College, their condition was reported to Dr. Ryland, financial secretary of the College; and they are now under a speedy course of repair, not repair simply, but rather total renovation and reconstruction.

It is not the privilege of our position to characterize any one as individually blame worthy, but we do say, and say unhesitatingly, that there has been gross neglect of duty somewhere, and a total disregard of the rights of the students which they pay for and have a right to expect.

There might be a film of excuse for delaying the repair of College property, destroyed through carelessness and devilment on the part of the students, in order that they may learn to rightly value the conveniences extended them, but not so when causes beyond the control of the student-body, as was the case when, as a result of severely cold weather, they were deprived of their paid-for privilege—the college baths. In this case not a gossamer thread bound the proper authorities from reporting the true state of affairs to the Financial Secretary, who is also the general superintendent of the grounds and buildings.

But at last, to the immense satisfaction of all concerned, the reconstruction of the baths is rapidly going forward, and will soon—as ought to have been long ago—be in a condition for enjoyment with which there will be combined no sense of repugnance.

THE IDEAL OF THE COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

With most magazines published by colleges in our country the chief aim is to represent a certain class of students—those immediately connected with the literary societies. And while this is a very laudable aim and ideal for the col-

lege paper, it is by no means the broadest aim or highest ideal.

Indeed, there is unwarranted assumption in styling a sheet compiled and published solely by the literary societies as the *college* magazine.

The term is too "wide;" it is a college magazine only in so far as the literary societies make up the college. Now, we say that for a magazine to be in very truth a *college* magazine, all immediately connected with the college, whether as students, members of the Faculty or *alumni*, should be represented not only in the literary departments but also on the editorial staff.

We are told that the aim of a college paper is to develop the student's literary talent. Certainly, say we; but is that the only aim? By no means. The college magazine should bring its student contributor into closer touch with the living, rushing world outside; should let him see his studied, book-tainted thought alongside the fresh, vigorous thought of men who are fighting bravely the battle of life and learning to think for themselves.

They tell us, too, that if the college paper is thrown open to the Faculty and *alumni*, the literary efforts of the students will be crowded out, or else the students themselves will not write from a sense of modesty. Now, manifestly, this is absurd. We know that the juniors do not write any way, and if they did it would be doing them an injustice to publish their contributions unless they were of true literary merit.

To print a badly-written article, in which there is not the semblance of a thought, may encourage the author to write again, but it likewise encourages him to disgrace himself with another such silly composition. But my friend says that in continued attempts lie the germs of great literary stars; yet in this case he is away off.

The ruling ambition of many a junior is to "see himself

in print," and when he has accomplished this by a senseless, soulless contribution, what need he care, except, perhaps, to write with even more carelessness, now that he is flushed with success.

No, let him keep out of print till he has something worth saying, then he'll say it and cherish it as a mother her first-born; will glory in it as it twines itself about the sturdier stronger off-shoots of his elders.

The senior does write, and when he feels that his name is an assurance of the publication of his production, he makes a most profound failure; but let him feel that what he writes *well* will bask alongside and, perhaps, mildly adorn the efforts of those further along the bumpy road of life, he has an incentive that goads him on to grander and nobler strides.

We say, then, in conclusion,* that, in our humble opinion every college should have its magazine whose pages are the common play-ground alike for the thoughts of the students, the Faculty and the alumni; where the glowing fancies of life may coalesce with her sterner views, where the glimmering hopes of youth may mingle with the shadowy philosophy of age.

OUR thanks are due Miss Janet Harris, who has kindly consented to continue to edit the "Campus Notes" under THE MESSENGER's new management.

These "Notes" are always well written and interesting, and place us under many obligations to the writer, embracing, as they do, a portion of the Collegiana not easily reached by the local editors.

*This does not pretend to be exhaustive, but merely introductory to what may follow.

CALENDAR.

- April 2.—Base-ball : University of Virginia *vs.* Richmond College.
- “ 4.—Base-ball : Jacksons *vs.* Jaspers.
- “ 5.—Annual Public Debate of Mu Sigma Rho Society.
- “ 6.—Base-ball : College of William and Mary *vs.* Richmond College.
Place : Williamsburg.
- “ 9.—The first of the eighth course of James Thomas Endowment Lectures by Prof. B. T. Winchester. Subject : Thomas Carlisle.
- “ 10.—Second lecture. Subject : Arthur Hugh Clough and Matthew Arnold.
- “ 11.—Third lecture. Subject : Alfred Tennyson.
- “ 12.—Fourth lecture. Subject : Robert Browning.
- “ 15.—Fifth lecture. Subject : The English Lakes and their Poets.
Irregular examination on Int. and Sen. Mathematics.
- “ 19.—Joint oratorical contest.
- “ 22.—Base-ball : Washington and Lee *vs.* Richmond College. Place :
Richmond.
- “ 23.—Meeting of G. and H. Society.
- “ 24.—Base-ball : Richmond College *vs.* Georgetown College. Place :
Washington, D. C.
- “ 25.—Richmond College *vs.* Columbian University. Place : Wash-
ington.
- “ 30.—Examination on Greek History and Literature.

Athletics.

We are very sorry that Mr. A. N. Bowers was compelled to leave us. He made a most efficient manager of the baseball team, and everybody was pleased with his work. We appreciate the sacrifice of time and rest that he made for the team. Mr. W. W. Trice, of Hopkinsville, Ky., has been elected to fill his place. Mr. Trice is one of the most popular boys in college, and his success as a manager is not doubted by any one. He has a business turn of mind, and will keep things in first-class condition.

RICHMOND COLLEGE VS. NEW YORK.

The first game of the season was played with the great New York team on March 28th. Our boys, despite the experience and reputation of their opponents, made a splendid showing. We had the loan of a battery and a short-stop. Leonard, our regular short-stop, had hurt two of his fingers a few days previous, and his wounds would not permit him to play. Meekin and Rusie, the New York pitchers, did not exert themselves, and we may say, justly, that the New York pitchers who twirled against us exerted themselves far more than the ones who pitched for us. Edwards, at first base, played a very good game, and hit a beautiful single into right field. McNiell fumbled two or three balls, but was active and fortunate enough to get them to first ahead of the runners. Mac had his eye, and landed one safely. Phillips, at third, did not play his usual game, and was weak at the bat. Ellyson, in left field, covered lots of ground, but missed a ball after a long run. His throwing from the outfield was magnificent, and was much admired and praised, not only by the spectators but also by the New York players. White, in centre plot, did not have many chances. but ac-

cepted all that came his way. He lined out a pretty double and ran bases well. Binford, in right garden, played a good game. Only one College man struck out in the game, and knowing ones said that if Ellyson had pitched we would have made a better showing. As it was, the score was 14 to 4; not a bad showing. The features of the game were White's two-bagger, Rusie's home run, a one-hand stop of Phillips at third, and a double play by Phillips, McNeill, and Edwards. Several of the New York players remarked that we far outclassed the University team in fielding, and especially in hitting. We were unable to obtain a correct detail score, and the men were changed so often on each team and the scorer did not know the names of a great many of the New York players. Thus the score became mixed. The score by innings is as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
New York.....	1	2	4	0	1	3	2	1	0	14
Richmond College.....	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	1	4

RICHMOND COLLEGE VS. RANDOLPH-MACON.

On the 30th of March the 2:38 train from Ashland brought a happy, at least hopeful, crowd of boys from Randolph-Macon to battle for supremacy on the diamond with the crack team from Richmond College. Alas! alas! they returned sadder but wiser, for they will have to secure a better team before they can play ball with our team. As soon as they were seen practicing, some one remarked, "It's a dead cinch, boys, if we can just hit that blond twirler." Did we hit him? We did not do a thing to him. They came, they saw, *we* conquered. Leonard, who was injured before the New York game, went to Captain Phillips, the morning of the game, and asked to be allowed

to play. Of course, he is too good a player to lay off, and he was replied to in the affirmative. And right well, too, he played short-stop. What can I say in praise of "Puss," who not only pitched the game of his life, but ran bases, fielded his position well, watched bases, and handled the ash effectively. There's a man who can be depended upon when a hit is needed. Lunsford never caught a better game in his life, and threw well to the bases. Out of five times at the bat he secured three bases on balls. They count as much as singles, so that's a good "eye, dear," (idea). McNiell won the applause of the spectators by his activity, and by making the opposing runner "hug" the second bag. Mac is a good player and a hard worker. Edwards was all right on the initial bag, but rather weak at the bat. Wilson misjudged a fly owing to the high wind. This allowed Randolph-Macon to secure their only run. It was the first public game that Wilson ever played, and he is somewhat excusable. He is a fast fielder, and will do all right with a little experience. White, in centre field, did not have a chance, but he batted like a fiend. He must learn to run bases and to keep a steady and cool head. Binford did not play as well as usual, but he is all right, and can be depended upon in any emergency. This was the first College game that he has played, and he will do doubt develop into a crack hitter. He, too, needs to brush up on his base-running. For Randolph-Macon, Robinson, Boyle and Allen did the best work. Allen's catch of a red-hot liner from Binford's bat and doubling Ellyson at third was a nice play. Edwards' stop of a hot grounder was also a good play. You are all right, P——. White's three-base hit in the first inning after McNeill had reached first on four bad ones was the hit of the day. Boyle's two-base hit was just at the right time, for otherwise they would not have scored. The boys are very confident of the team this year, and it is undoubtedly stronger than last year's team. By winning

the first game, and especially from our rivals, new life has come to the team. They will practice harder and will do good playing. Below is the detailed score :

RICHMOND COLLEGE.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Phillips, 3 b.....	5	2	1	4	2	1
McNeill, 2 b.....	4	2	1	5	0	0
White, c. f.....	5	1	3	0	0	0
Ellyson, p.....	5	1	2	2	10	0
Lunford, c.....	2	2	0	10	2	0
Leonard, s. s.....	4	0	2	2	1	0
Binford, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	1
Wilson, l. f.....	5	0	0	0	0	0
Edwards, 1 b.....	3	0	1	4	2	0
Total.....	37	8	10	27	17	2

RANDOLPH-MACON.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kerr, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Boyle, 2 b.....	4	0	2	2	4	1
Fletcher, c. f.....	4	0	1	2	0	2
Merritt, s. s.....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Kilby, c.....	3	0	0	10	2	0
Robertson, p.....	3	0	2	1	12	1
Allen, 1 b.....	4	0	0	8	2	0
Berkley, 3 b.....	3	0	0	3	1	2
Hatcher, r. f.....	3	1	0	1	0	1
Total.....	31	1	5	27	22	7

Struck out by Ellyson, 9 ; by Robertson, 10. Base on balls off Ellyson, 4 ; off Robertson, 7. Left on bases—Richmond College, 9 ; Randolph-Macon, 5. Stolen bases—Phillips, Ellyson, Lunsford, Leonard (2), Fletcher, Allen, Berkley. Struck out—Phillips, Ellyson, Leonard, Binford (3), Wilson (2), Edwards, Robertson, Kilby, Kerr (3), Hatcher. Double plays—Allen (2), Berkley. Two-base hits—McNiell, Boyle. Three-base hits—White. Passed balls—Kilby, 3 ; Lunsford, 3. Time of game, 1 hour and 35 minutes. Umpire, Wells.

WHAT I MISSED.

A vision comes before my eyes ;
I gaze on it in glad surprise ;

I see a face.

It is a face I know so well,
Among a thousand I could tell
It is my Grace.

She casts her laughing eyes on me,
And in a moment I can see

I love her more.

It fills my soul with great delight
To gaze upon the face, so bright,
That I adore.

I look upon it and admire,
And in a moment I aspire

Those lips to kiss.

And, press her lips to mine, I seem—
Lo !—I awake—'tis but a dream !

See what I miss !

—G. H. COLE.

Arthur's arms were still around her ;
Several minutes had gone by
Since the first kiss had been given,
And he had sworn for her to die.
"Darling," gently lisped the maiden,
Red as roses grew his face,
"If you never loved another,
How then learned you to embrace?"
Joyously he pressed her to him,
Whispering in her ear in haste ;
"Foot-ball trainers while at college
Made us tackle 'round the waist."—*Ex.*

Collegiana.

Several young sports of the "Orange and Olive," among whom might be mentioned George "Ox," Little Tommy, and a lineal descendent of Mr. Haynes, of South Carolina, were standing in front of a photograph gallery in the city admiring a recent picture of the base-ball team in full uniform. While engaged in passing compliments upon themselves, an old lady, with a market basket on one arm and a bunch of fish done up in a brown paper wrapper in the other hand, attracted by the unusual interest of these aforesaid notorieties, stopped, and, gazing at the group hesitatingly for a moment, addressed herself to Little Tommy, the handsomest man in the crowd:

"Mister, who is dem der people, convicts?"

Little Tommy: Mar'm?

"Is them ther folks convicts?"

L. T.: "Nome; them is us when we play ball."

A lady boarded a street-car the other day, and after having piled an innumerable lot of band-boxes, bundles and packages of every description on the seat beside her, and taking her "Dumpsey" in her lap, she beckoned to the conductor:

"Does your car go by 'Macardou's tea store.?"

The conductor: "Madam, me-car-do."

A tramp was passing down Broad street a few evenings ago, looking like he had just completed his "Le Tour du Monde," and was sick of sight-seeing.

Suddenly he arrested his weary foot-steps in front of a large shoe store and trunk factory, where was exhibited in the show window a trunk, mounted by a square placard, reading: This size (sighs) for ten dollars.

Monsieur Le Tramp, gazing wistfully at the card, murmured to himself as the crowd jostled him on, "So do I."

Miss —— (to a ministerial student): "Mr. Mc., can you marry before you are ordained?"

Mr. Mc.: "If I can get anybody to have me."

Mr. M., (to a young lady after church): "Miss ——, may I see you home?"

Miss ——: "You may see me start."

Mr. R-n., while admiring the beauty of spring, began to quote: "Behold the fig tree, and all the trees; when they now shoot forth, ye see and know of your own selves that summer is now nigh at hand." Whereupon Mr. L-d interrupted him in these words: "Who did you hear say that?"

Mr. A. W. S. (Senior Greek) was sent to point out on the wall map where the Zacynthians lived.

Mr. S. searched fruitlessly over the whole map from north to south, from east to west; suddenly his noble countenance was suffused with a flush of intelligence and victory, and forthwith he spake: "Professor, I reckon they lived in Zacynthia."

Some suggestions made by his friends as to why the Editor-in-Chief went his rounds about the college on one foot for several days:

"Bicycle pitched him."

"Oregon Hill boys hit him on the ankle with a rock."

"Freight train ran over him."

"His girl kicked him."

"Fell down an elevator shaft."

"Sheep Hill boys ran him."

"Playing base-ball on Sunday."

"Took a round on the pump-house engines."

"Representing THE MESSENGER—attended a negro indignation meeting and got rocked out."

Did Puss break his arm?

Is White a hitter? asks Robinson.

When *will* Moore wear his hat properly?

Mr. S. says a bicycle is two continual rounds of pleasure.

Mr. G. has a good heart. He does "Deeds of Kindness." Thereby hangs a tale.

To experiment in a chemical laboratory tends to make one "pun." There are so many pungent odors there.

A stag party was given not long ago and it is said that some staggered home.

We think Mr. L. would make a good stump speaker. He had some experience a few Sundays ago.

And even Quilly is waking up. Boys, did you notice how he caught the Randolph-Macon game.

Mr. M. says that the next hat he gets he wants the rim to be seamless.

Mr. R. says that South Dakota is in Charleston, South Carolina.

Mr. H., looking for Salade's room, asked, "Do you know where that Mr. Solitude rooms?"

Prof. T., (in Sen. Phil.): Mr. G., when you smell a rose the sensation is in *you*, not the American Beauty.

Mr. G. wants to know if Cronic Dissections (Comic Sections) are hard. That's a hard one.

S. G. S-th. is doing "a rushing business these days." They say he's in the push, too.

You can't see Ellyson's curves without a pair of glasses. They are out of sight.

Jake Salade must stop going to Fredericksburg. We want to keep you a little longer, Jake.

If Methuselah was the oldest man, how is it that he died before his father did?

Mr. B-ts has, for the fourth time, invited to his room Mr. D. to see the picture of his *intended*.

Mr. A.: "Some of you boys that study Botany count that horses' ribs."

Prof.: "Of what nationality was Dahlia?"

Mr. M-s.: "A Botanist, I believe."

Mr. H-n., (riding on street-car): "Boys, the next girl that gets on this car has got to sit by me." Scarcely had he spoken, when his statement was *darkly* verified.

Mr. K., hearing some one remark on the ball field that McNeill had glass in his arm, replied, "Poor fellow, it's a wonder he throws at all."

Hello J—. How are you this morning, old boy?

J—.: "Sick. Got a bad sore throat; took a bath last night."

Mr. H-n says that the funniest thing he has seen since he has been at college was Mr. H-ll lighting his cigar from the electric light at the college gate.

Mr. B. was given the hotel de Rambouillet about which to write an essay. He came back and reported that he could find out lots about the people who stopped there, but he could not find a line about the hotel itself.

We are very glad to see the enthusiasm which the whole college is manifesting in base-ball. It's a good thing; your captain and team appreciate this support.

Mr. L., (in chemistry), being asked how to make chlorine, replied: "By mixing muriatic acid with black-eyed peas (black oxide manganese)."

One of the students from the country heard some one speaking of Beta Theta Pi. He went to his room, and remarked that he would like to join that society—"Baked Potato Pie."

Mr. B. wishes to know whether Jericho was a native of Jerusalem.

We are glad to see Mr. B. taking so much interest in Bible study.

Mr. H-n., (reading Shakespeare): "Professor, Shakespeare must have been a mighty smart man."

Prof.: "Why do you think so, Mr. H-n.?"

Mr. H-n.: "Everything I ever thought of is in Shakespeare."

Prof.: "Mr. M., what is taste?"

Mr. M.: "—eh—er—"

Prof.: "Proceed."

Mr. M.: "—eh—er—a kind of man."

Prof.: "Why not a woman?"

Mr. N-y., (visiting hospital): "Good morning, sister; how are you to-day?"

Old Lady (voice trembling): "The old lady is mighty bad off; she can't stay here long—she's going home."

Mr. N., (sympathizing) [?]: "That's good! I am glad to hear it."

THOMAS ENDOWMENT LECTURES.

The eighth course of the lectures will begin this session on the evening of April 9th, and will continue five evenings, the closing lecture being delivered Monday, April 15th. The subject will be: "Some Representative Victorian Writers." Among the writers under discussion we notice especially Thomas Carlyle, Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning.

The committee has been especially fortunate in securing for these lectures the able services of Professor C. T. Winchester, A. M., of Wesleyan University.

We quote from the second page of the invitation sheet:

Professor Winchester is a leading authority on English Literature. He has lectured at Yale, Princeton, Amherst, Wellesley, Smith, and is this year, for the second time, at Johns Hopkins University. The closing lecture of the series on "The English Lakes and their Poets" is said to be "exquisitely enjoyable."

Last year the crowds that attended the lectures of Dr. H. H. Furness, embracing a series of readings from Shakespeare, were simply immense, but now that the coming course extends down to within almost calling distance of the present day, it is hard to estimate the extent of popularity these lectures may reach.

It is safe to say that the audience-room will be filled to its utmost capacity each evening, and that there is a rare treat in store for those who attend.

Prof. (in English): Mr. N., Carlyle says every man out of hell has a duty to perform. Do you not think that even a man in hell might have a duty to perform also?

Mr. N.: Perhaps so; it would be a painful one, however.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES.

R. A. ANDERSON.

One of the most interesting meetings of the Society was that held March 12th. After the regular programme was rendered the president, Prof. Boatwright, offered an amendment to the by-laws, which was discussed and laid on the table for two weeks. The substance of the amendment is as follows: At each meeting of the Society a certain portion of time shall be allotted to the discussion of books on history or historical articles in magazines read by members since the former meeting. This, no doubt, will bring before the Society at each meeting a variety of valuable information gleaned by the members from various sources, and will greatly broaden the sphere and usefulness of the Society's work.

Historical Day was another feature of interest discussed. The president was instructed to appoint a committee to act with himself in arranging for the excursion to Yorktown on Geographical and Historical Day. The committee appointed were Messrs. R. A. Anderson, J. P. Sadler, R. H. Bowden, and W. L. Prince. The excursion is expected to take place the 3rd of May. It will be arranged to have an address while at Yorktown if possible, and a delightful trip is anticipated.

The next regular meeting was March 26th. The attendance was good. "George Rogers Clarke's Expedition" was the subject of a highly interesting paper by Mr. Jacob Sallade, of Fredericksburg.

Some very interesting remarks were made by Prof. Boatwright at the close of the meeting, referring particularly to the North American Indians. The amendment to the constitution as offered at the last meeting was unanimously adopted.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The spiritual condition of the students has, for the last month, been on the increase. Special efforts were put forth to that end and we are glad to note that they were not in vain. May the work go on until every student shall be on the side of Christ.

Our devotional services are more largely attended now than formerly. We also have a larger number at our Thursday evening prayer meetings and Sunday morning consecration services. It would be a great pleasure to us if every student in College would attend these exercises. While we are preparing ourselves intellectually for our life-work, let us not forget to prepare ourselves spiritually; because it is only those who live near God that have much happiness.

Our plan of Bible study this year is different from any we have had before, but it is a successful one nevertheless. Every Friday evening Professor Harris gives a lecture on several chapters of the Bible; and on Saturdays the students have classes and discuss the points most clearly brought forward and emphasized in the lecture. By this the students not only get a clearer idea of the Scriptures, but learn how to study it as well. We are pleased to notice that a great deal of interest is manifested in this phase of the work. What our country needs is men who are well acquainted with the Bible; and it is a settled fact that we cannot know anything about it unless we study it; unless we spend time upon it. We cannot become familiar with it in a day, a month, or a year, but let us keep on striving, because in the Scriptures is found what to do if we want to obtain eternal life.

Our work at the various mission stations is prospering. Nothing helps a Christian student more than participating

in mission work. Spend a while in College at hard work, crowding everything out of your mind but your text books, and you will become cold and indifferent; but then go to a mission and clasp the hand of some old Christian, from whose eyes you can see the love of Christ bubbling and your soul will be lifted up. The compassionate Saviour will seem to be nearer you.

One thing to be regretted is the inconsistency of some of the students. Instead of living straightforward, exemplary Christian lives, they keep themselves in the back-ground and do nothing at all. Inconsistency is something that God will not countenance, neither will man. Let us then be men, be what we profess to be, and "we shall accomplish that whereunto we have been sent."

W. B. DAUGHTREY.

CAMPUS NOTES.

Prof. Pollard was unable to meet his classes for some days on account of ill health, but we are glad to say that he is out again.

Miss Dew is visiting Mrs. Woolfolk, and has made many friends on the Campus.

Miss. Beale, of Frederick, Md., was the guest of Miss. Pollard for several weeks in March.

Misses Sallie and Emma Harris spent a week with Miss Janet Harris.

Miss Jennie Puryear has left the Campus for an extended visit to relatives in Mecklenburg county.

Miss Annie Winston spent several days very pleasantly in New York.

At the meeting of the Magazine Club at Prof. Harris', March 1st, Miss Whitfield, of this city, was a visitor to the club.

The meeting at Dr. Pollard's was slimly attended on account of the rainy evening.

At the meeting at Prof. Harrison's, March 15th, the Club welcomed several visitors, among them the Misses Harris, of Culpeper, and Miss Warren, of Farmville. Miss Ratcliffe was a visitor at the meeting at Prof. Harris', March 29th.

The meeting at Prof. Puryear's was interesting and instructive, though there was not a full attendance.

Miss Ryland has been absent from the Club for six weeks on account of absence from the city, and, being one of the most interesting reporters, is much missed.

ALUMNI NOTES AND PERSONALS.

George W. Cox, "Miss Ophelia," ('94), is preaching at Burrows Memorial, Lambert's Point, Norfolk.

C. F. Davidson, ('94), is farming in Buckingham county.

E. C. Davis, ('94), has a charge in Chesapeake City.

W. J. Knight, ('94), attended the Virginia Medical College the past session.

H. N. Stephenson, ('91), graduated with honor at the Virginia Medical College this session.

G. G. Merkle, ('93-'94), is in business in Norfolk. He expects to return to college next year.

J. D. Hart, ('94), is preaching at Beaver Dam church, Carrsville, Isle of Wight county.

H. A. Dickinson, ('94), was in to see us a few weeks ago.

J. L. Bradshaw, ('93), who is doing business in Burkeville, Va., showed his beaming countenance on the Campus a few days ago to the delight of his friends.

There is one thing in which Richmond College claims a second to none, that is the cordiality with which she welcomes the visits of her former students.

Dr. Ralph Clements, who distinguished himself at the Medical College of Virginia by graduating in two sessions, after a comprehensive course of study in New York city, has begun the practice of his profession in this, his native city.

B. F. West, B. A., M. D., has also opened practice in Richmond. Though Richmond College has not, as yet, a chair of medicine, she does not fail to fit men up academically for the profession.

Rev. George C. Abbitt, M. A., is pastor of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, Richmond, and is a most devoted alumnus of Richmond College. To him THE MESSENGER wishes to express its obligations for his manifested interest in its success.

J. T. Haley, ('91-'93), is attending Scottsburgh Normal College, Scottsburgh, Halifax county, Va.

W. W. Sisk, ('90-'93), is preaching in Culpeper, Va.

N. J. Allen, ('91-'94), is traveling in Ohio in interest of The Union Publishing House, Chicago.

CLIPPINGS FROM CONTEMPORARIES.

WATER-LILIES.

Softly under bending willows,
Mirrored in the stream below,
I will float with silent paddle
Down to where the lilies blow.

Softest breezes stir the willows,
Whisper all the rushes there,
"Nowhere else on lake or streamlet
Grow the lilies half so fair.

"Once there came the old king's daughter
Plucking lilies in this place,
Never in her father's castle
Afterwards was seen her face.

"We, the secret, whispering rushes,
Know that she forever dwells
With the nixies of the water
Bound forever in their spells.

"In the lilies' golden petals
You may see her floating hair,
And her breath comes through the water,
When the lilies sent the air."

—*Eberly Hutchinson.*

Agnes: "Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased."

Maud: "Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get."

The University of Michigan has a library of 92,228 volumes.

There are one hundred and ninety college papers in the United States, while England has none.

Freshman Year—"Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore Year—"Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior Year—"As You Like It."

Senior Year—"All's Well That Ends Well."—*Ex.*

How He Looked.

He—When I met you in the street to-day I looked full at you. Why didn't you speak to me?

She—I never speak to anybody in that condition.

The Place to Learn It.

“Like Lord Bacon, I take all knowledge for my province. I mean to know everything.”

“Ah, then, you have bought a World Almanac, I infer!”

Bow-Legged.

Miss Avvy New (of New York)—I do so wonder why that Mr. Beacon Hill always wears an ulster!”

Miss Commonwealth (of Boston)—Hush, dear! Haven't you heard of his crescent-curved continuations?—*Judge.*

Any Jury Would Convict Him.

“Young man, what right have you to kiss my daughter on such short acquaintance?”

“What proof, sir, have you that I have done any such thing?”

“No positive proof, young man, but that hairpin in your mustache is strong circumstantial evidence.”

IT DEPENDS.

“The poor are always with us”

Is an adage old and tried;

But they're very much agin' us

If our wealth we don't divide.

Miss Nineteen Hundred (*on coming to a muddy place in the walk while out with her fiance*).—Excuse me just one moment, Frank, until I turn up my trousers, please.

Frank Ofsamedate (*after jumping over the mud*).—Now, this is *too* aggravating! These hair pins are abominable! This is the third time that my hair has come down since we left the house.

A Fellow Feeling.

First Tramp—Why didn't yer knock de dude as well as de rest?

Second Tramp—Couldn't ; 'gainst de rulhs and regulations of our order.

First Tramp—How's dat?

Second Tramp—Why, he had no trade and don't work.

THE WAIL OF THE HAPLESS MERMAID.

On a lonely rock in the ocean wide,
 All bathed in the sparkling spray,
 Sat a mermaid fair
 Who toyed with her hair
 And sighed through the livelong day.

Now the plaint that she uttered o'er and o'er
 As she wept the hours away
 Was : " Oh ! for two feet
 " Like Trilby, so sweet,
 " But alas, I'm not built that way."

After the College Dinner.

Judge—Young man, you are charged with making Rome howl last night. Where do you come from?

Soph—New York, your, Honor.

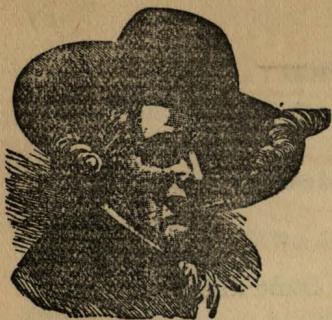
Judge—Ten dollars! Next! Where do you live?

Fresh (meekly)—Philadelphia, your Honor,

Judge (melting)—Clerk, give me that ten dollars. Here, sir; take that, go home and be good. A youth of your age who owns up to Philadelphia is entitled to clemency. Next!

The *Scholastic* has succeeded in unearthing the following code of rules from a Texan college: 1. The use of fire-arms in the president's room is strictly prohibited. 2. Saddles and bridles must not be hung on the chandeliers. 3. Vocal Culture must be taken behind the barn.

The Committee on Historical Day reported that arrangements were being perfected for the excursion to Yorktown, and from the prospects the attendance would be large.



RICHMOND Straight Cut No. 1 Cigarettes.

CIGARETTE SMOKERS, who are willing to pay a little more than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes, will find **THIS** BRAND superior to all others.

These cigarettes are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored and highest cost **Gold Leaf** grown in Virginia. This is the **Old and Original Brand of Straight Cut** Cigarettes, and was brought out by us in the year 1875.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, and observe that the **FIRM NAME AS BELOW** is on every package.

ALLEN & GINTER,
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY,

Successor, Manufacturer,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Safety Boxes in new Burglar and Fire-Proof Vault for rent at \$3.50 and upwards per annum.

CAPITAL, \$500,000.

SURPLUS, \$240,000.

The State Bank of Virginia,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

JOHN S. ELLETT, President.

WM. M. HILL, Cashier.

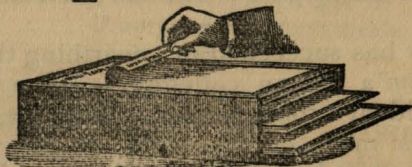
DIRECTORS:

W. MILES CARY,
T C WILLIAMS, JR.,
WILLIAM E. TANNER,

JOHN TYLER,
JOHN S. ELLETT,
ALEX. CAMERON,

GRANVILLE G. VALENTINE,
JOS. M. FOURQUREAN,
PETER H. MAYO.

THE Simplex Printer



A new invention for duplicating copies of writings or drawings. Agents wanted. From one original on ordinary paper, with any pen, 100 copies can be made. Fifty copies of any type-written manuscript produced in fifteen minutes. Circulars and samples of work on request. Simple, cheap, and effective. Indorsed by over 50,000 users.

LAWTON & CO., 20 Vesey Street, New York.