

# The Meteor.

Lucus a non Lucendo.

VOL. 5.]

ALABAMA INSANE HOSPITAL, DEC. 25th, 1877.

[NO. 18.]

## Our Paper.

In our first number we stated that our paper, like the curious celestial bodies after which it is named, would appear at irregular and indeterminate periods. It was to be conducted exclusively by the inmates, and we had seen enough of hospital patients to convince us that for various causes there might be failures in their coming up to time. So none was set. Meteor-like our paper suddenly disappeared. Again it makes its appearance under precisely the same circumstances as at first. We shall send it to a few friends, and if at any time it fail to greet them they cannot find fault, for we charge nothing for it. We purpose, as before, to issue it quarterly, but the quarter may be prolonged to six months or contracted to two or even one. We shall endeavor to make it entertaining and instructive. If we fail, the endeavor will benefit, at the least, ourselves. So our friends will not lack grounds of consolation whatever be the event.

## Hospital Schools.

We were lately entertained by the republication of a pamphlet handed us some time since by the Superintendent. Its subject is *Schools in Hospitals or Asylums for the insane*. The author recounts the results of numerous experiments, and concludes that their utility is no longer an open question. In more than one Asylum of the old world salaried teachers have been employed for some years past. Decided benefits are claimed to have resulted in the line of morals and diversion. Other benefits of course follow in particular cases. But if such schools accomplish little beyond diversion of the patients they should be deemed inestimable boons. A merchant, mechanic, lawyer or farmer, if confined to his room for twelve months, would feel that he owed a big debt of gratitude to any one who should give him important aid toward passing the time pleasantly. But insanity does worse than confine to a room. It banishes from home, from friends, from business, not for one year, but in frequent instances, for many years. As our Superintendent looks with some degree of favor on this proposed addition to the comforts of Hospital inmates we are sorry that the financial condition of our unfortunate State must, for some years at least, preclude the hope of their establishment in this Hospital. Obviously it is the first duty of the State to provide shelter, food and clothing for the large number of insane unfortunates dispersed through her borders.

No. of patients in the Hospital  
Oct. 1st, 379: males 199; females 180.

## Summer Entertainments.

The heat of our Summer sun causes a hiatus in the yearly round of that most popular diversion with the insane, dancing. We found partial substitutes, the past season, in select societies in the East wing, and concerts for all in the Amusement Hall. Of our societies we have before written. No notice therefore of them is necessary. Our "concerts," as they were habitually termed, were not what is generally implied by the word, for though there was a large infusion of music the most prominent traits were readings and recitations. The patients were much pleased with these entertainments. The great variety insured some things especially pleasing to every one, and the frequent change of subject matter prevented that strain of the attention that is very often needed to follow the evolution of a regular drama. Though primarily aimed at the patients, these entertainments were shared by many persons from the city and University, some of the latter even assisting in one or two pieces. We hoped that the experience of such entertainments would provoke the officers to their frequent provision, but after the second one they were given up, and the old war-horse, dancing, again pitted singly against hospital ennui. The introduction of the Lancers, a dance we have never before tried, has given new zest to the devotions to Terpsichore, and we suppose that our most frequent offerings for the winter will be at the shrine of the light-footed Muse.

## The State University.

A wise man never neglects his neighbors, for human force like that of gravity increases rapidly in proportion to propinquity. A neighbor who hates can annoy in many ways impracticable to a distant enemy. As a matter of policy therefore if for no better reason, we will do well in cultivating the good will of the cadets; for is not their establishment in full sight of our home, and their grounds so close to our's that peaches could be picked off without trespass. By the way, they have no peaches. We have, and also apples, melons, sweet potatoes and chickens. We say chickens, though we could not know if the cadets are fond of them unless we could dine with them and compare their capacities for 'stuffing' with our own. They could probably beat us on 'drum-sticks,' these being so directly in their line. The deportment of the cadets proves that the time has about gone by when it was deemed necessary for a collegian habitually to play the fool out of his class-room. Why University young men, whose motto has ever been, "wisdom takes precedence of all things," should so habitually have felt it incumbent to enact the idiot, is a mystery. The fashion probably originated in the dark ages when the possession of an education, like holy orders, was thought to elevate

so far above the masses as to bestow regal or noble rights in reference to the rabble. But in America, at least, there is no rabble. We are all sovereigns, all equal, and high as learning is rated it is reckoned of small value unless mated to habits of honesty and labor. Our University has entered on a new, promising, and we trust, never-ending career of usefulness. When the Rotunda shall have played Phoenix with its ashes, and stately buildings for the literary societies stand on the sites of 'Jefferson' and 'Washington,' the outer visage of the State University will be not less imposing than in by-gone years.

## Gas in the Hospital.

Among the many improvements achieved during the last twelve months none better deserve special notice than the Gas-works. We do not hesitate to affirm that an improvement in the morale of the whole establishment has resulted therefrom. The light of our kerosene lamps was to the blaze of our gas, as the moon's gloomy radiance to the sun's effulgence.

The gas works consist of a substantial and ornamental brick building, two benches, each having two retorts, together with purifiers, washers, condensers etc. etc., all in complete working order. We are indebted to Geo. Stacy & Co., Cincinnati, O., for this magnificent apparatus, which from the day of its completion, six months ago, has not once failed to give thorough satisfaction, with the least labor and attention. The daily consumption of gas at the Hospital ranges from 1,000 to 1,200 feet at a cost of 50 cents to \$1 per thousand feet, a very inconsiderable sum, if the size of our establishment be remembered.

The Alabama University Magazine, once a welcome visitor, having failed to come to the Hospital, we learned on inquiry that it had been discontinued. The cause amused us—a dead lock in the selection of editors. We were reminded by the imbroglio of an occurrence that took place in a Tuscaloosa Sabbath school. Mrs. Bryce had a class of infant scholars, and determining to give them a May party, an election of a Queen was had, and every little minx voted for herself. No, not every one. One little body, fore-instructed by her mother, voted for another girl. Her vote determined the conflict for the crown.

Writing of Mrs. Bryce recalls to our mind the fact that for some months past she has conducted a Sunday-school, at the Hospital, for the children of the employees. We are pleased to record this. The great evil of the world is ignorance. No doctrine, moral, political or social, is so monstrous that ignorance will not embrace it. Only let there be light and the vampyres and ghouls of

fully will flee away. It is our firm conviction that there should be no church without a Sunday-school attached, which persons of all ages should be invited to attend, for the study of whatever they have not opportunities of learning through the week.

#### Hospital Farm.

The Hospital farm contributes very much to the pleasures of our tables. No expedient is left untried to swell its productions; and the cabbage, egg-plants, potatoes—Irish and sweet—okra, onions, turnips &c. &c., which are liberally supplied, in their season, prove that these farming efforts are anything but abortive. Twenty-five to thirty male patients go very regularly to the fields and gardens, and though the amount of work of most of them falls far below that of ordinary field hands, they perform in the course of the year a vast amount of useful labor. To say nothing of other jobs, a kiln of 100,000 excellent brick was made and burned this summer. It is however a source of never failing regret that one herculean obstacle besets all efforts at making the Hospital farm productive, viz., the native sterility of the soil. To get an hundred dollars worth out of the soil it is necessary to first put into it 75 or 80 dollars in manure. A considerable portion of all manure applied is necessarily washed away by the rains that in this latitude at times descend in torrents. Were the Hospital farm naturally fertile it might be made available for much larger products at far less cost of money and labor.

#### Superintendent's Report.

Some copies of the Superintendent's Annual Report were printed, as for some years past, in the *Meteor* office. The Legislature not convening this winter, the Report was much shorter than usual, and was mainly occupied with statistics and improvements accomplished in the last twelve months. The people of the State will be gratified to learn that the cost of supporting the insane was reduced in July from \$4.00 to \$3.50 per week, and that in the Superintendent's opinion, these figures need not be exceeded in the future.

The great cost of public charities is fast becoming a momentous question in all civilized countries, and there is no doubt that an amount equal to the whole revenue of a State might, with some plausible show of right, be thus expended. In showy and costly buildings, ornate surroundings, and elegant equipments and furniture, vast sums may easily be expended, and to all needful purposes wasted. From much thought of the matter we are convinced that principles of economy approximating rigidity should preside in the determination of all such details, and in truth of all expenditures of public money. Although the utilitarian theory of government has been shown to be fallacious, practically it is very near the true principle. The less that is expended on the beautiful, the more strictly the adherence to the manifestly useful, the better for the State and for the objects of its charity. The laws of human nature infallibly indicate an approximation to rigid utility as the rule for all disbursers of public money. With private property we may do what we

will in chase of those indefinable things, beauty and high art—invest in jewels, pictures, gewgaws or what not. But the revenues of a State are trust funds that should be jealously applied to the accomplishment of the greatest possible results in particular lines. The power to disburse funds not our own begets necessarily a tendency to extravagance which can only be prevented from running to riotous waste by a stringent adherence to the useful.

### THE METEOR.

#### Alabama Insane Hospital.

Edited by a Patient.

Tuskaloosa, Ala., Dec. 25, 1877.

*THE METEOR* is published quarterly, and is printed at the Hospital exclusively by the patients. Original communications only are admitted in its columns.

#### A Great Boon Easily Gained.

In his Report for 1875, and to some extent in other years, the Superintendent discussed the subject of additional accommodation for the insane. Two methods of providing this were indicated. One of these is the addition of another section to each wing of the Hospital, the effect of which would be to augment its capacity one third. But the expenditure of money would be great. The other plan proposed the erection, in the rear of the present establishment, of a substantial, detached building of brick, with a separate kitchen, and independent heating apparatus &c., at a cost of \$25,000. This plan is substantially the same as the one now contemplated. In place however of a two-storied, brick building, with kitchen &c. attached, the Superintendent proposes two wooden buildings with single stories. He has caused an accomplished builder, Mr. C. M. Donoho, now and for some time past in the employ of the Hospital, to draw up plans and specifications. From these it appears that these buildings can be put in complete working order for a sum not exceeding \$10,000, or \$5,000, each. These buildings having, according to the plan proposed, a capacity of 40, each, or 80 for the two, their effect will be to augment the accommodation for the insane, nearly 25 per cent. This amount is so small, so completely within the capacity of the State, that we can see no good reason why the expenditure should not be made. The proceeds of the swamp and overflowed lands, already contributed for the purpose by the General Assembly, and lacking only the assent of Congress, is amply sufficient; and we see no good reason for hesitation or delay in the important matter. Congress has already virtually given its assent, to the diversion of the fund, the bill having failed to pass the lower house only from the pressure of other business. As then

our own and the national Legislature have approved the appropriation, we earnestly hope that the observance of all the forms of law will be anticipated, and the expenditure authorized. The motives for prompt action are momentous. Friends of the insane are clamorous for their admission, and the immediate effect of the expenditure would swell, by nearly 25 per cent., the accommodations of the establishment. If the imperative need for additional room be weighed with the very trifling sum proposed to be expended, it would seem that there should be neither hesitation nor delay.

A friend sends us regularly the *American Journal of Education*, published at St Louis, Mo., and having a large circulation in the S. Western, Western and Middle States. It is a paper that every teacher and family should take. Its pages are not occupied by eulogies of education merely, but with practical lessons in the art of teaching and governing children; and with demonstrations of the palpable benefits inuring to the individual and community. It shows that while wealth does not imply intelligence, poverty is an almost inevitable result of ignorance. The editor claims very marked and even commanding influence, as regards moral character and industry, for the discipline of every well-directed school.

#### Employment for the Insane.

The billiard tables and ten-pin alley continue to be frequented by numbers of patients, and are of unquestionable benefit by the mental concentration and diversion they insure. Many of our afflicted ones are unfortunately too feeble in body or intellect to take interest in such things. But to many others the ambition to make strikes or carroms serves as possible substitutes for the aspirations of the great world—to get money or honor, or to be useful to their acquaintance and country. Employment of some kind is as essential to the insane as to the sane. Most of our robust patients prefer work, in the fields or gardens, to games. This is what we should have expected. We have, in truth, little confidence in the durability of the attractiveness of any employment, however bewitching for the time, that is not closely linked to profit. The idea of utility is too deeply ingrained in human nature for men and women not to prefer, in the main, useful employments to amusements. *Cui bono* is a query which our inmost natures perpetually ask for us, if we do not consciously ask it for ourselves. Employment we must have, and useful employment. The cause of this we have not far to seek. We are born with imperfect natures: It is incumbent on us to strive towards perfection. We are born poor and weak and unwise: A divine impulse is ever prompting us to get strength, wisdom and wealth. We set out with animals as congeners: It is our business to assimilate our being to that of the Gods. We are therefore disposed to regard with special favor all

Hospital adjuncts that tend to substitute useful employments for diversions—workshops, schools etc.

### Christmas.

A merry Christmas to all readers of the *Meteor*! May our friends, one and all, on this, the gladdest and most glorious festival of the whole year, feel the full force of the sublime fact that nearly two thousand years ago pulsed the souls of cherubim and seraphim to ecstasies of gladness! Many of us are poor: So was he over whom the Heaven of heavens was rent with hallelujahs. Many of us are afflicted: The earthly career of the divine babe was to be a series of severest trials; and on how many of our past afflictions do we now look with indifference or with gratitude?

If Providence has smiled upon us, and abundance be our's, let us not hesitate to enjoy our good things. They are the gifts of heaven, and to be used with gladness;

"For God is paid when man receives—  
To enjoy is to obey."

But while rejoicing let us not suffer to pass unimproved the opportune occasion for pulsing our joy to celestial heights by becoming, to the poor, the hands of God. Let us, during the holy festival, be more than men: Let us rise to the dignity of Gods, by becoming a kind Providence to the households of our poorer brethren and sisters. Thus the joy of Heaven may be sent vibrating down to the lowest depths of humanity, and the whole earth be made to send back Heaven's glad acclaim,

**"Glory to God in the highest!"**

### Sewing-Room.

In the notices in this number of work done by the patients no allusion was made to that accomplished by the females of the establishment. Yet it is anything but inconsiderable. In the Superintendent's Report the various kinds of articles and the amounts of each made during the year were given, and we were amazed at the large results. Yet such statements make no reckon of the work done by the lady-patients in the Laundry department. In general many more females than males are usefully employed in the Hospital, for the reason that woman's work can be made so light and so simple that very feeble patients can do some of it. Whereas the only employments open to males are such as require considerable physical vigor and mental clearness. The Superintendent hopes one day to have a row of shops opening on the men's Airing-court, in which light work of various kinds will be available for our males.

### The Flower-Gardens.

The capacious flower-gardens, fronting the whole length of the East and West wings, have never made a better show than during the past season. Beginning with the violets in mid-winter—our violets are never out of bloom—a steady succession of bewitching flowers, in great varie-

ty, marked the circle of the year. Sometimes the long Summer and dry Autumn so rob the ground of moisture as to dwarf the August and September denizens of the multitudinous plots, in spite of liberal and repeated waterings. But the clouds of the past season poured out their liquid wealth with such liberality that the hotter the day the faster mounted the flower-stalks, and the more glorious their floral crowns. Here is a lesson for Southern farmers: The heat of the hottest suns is ever a kindly force. If it frequently works harm to crops, it is because there is not sufficient moisture to enable plants to respond adequately to its mighty prompts.

### Meteoric Dust.

Though our accommodations for the insane, on the completion of the detached buildings in the rear, will rise to 410, it is highly probable that in twelve months there will not be a single vacancy.—A pretty little story from the *Catholic World*, dramatized by our editor at the request of the Superintendent, for our Christmas festivities, will come off on the evening of the 25th. It is entitled "Marguerite, the frog-vendor." It has been considerably protestantized.—The *Orphan's Friend* has long come to us from the Cayuga Orphan Asylum. A Dr. Fry, it would seem, has supplanted the doctress that long presided over the hygiene of the establishment.—Our worthy matron, well known to many of the best citizens of the State, is indefatigable in her efforts to devise ways and means for the comfort and amusement of the patients.—The large size of the mens' Airing-court effectually prevents it from ever being crowded, except now and then with oratorical trappings.—About 15 male patients participate in the daily, afternoon strolls. A still larger company of females go out to garner soul wealth from the treasures of the declining day.—Our editor's daughter will visit him during the holidays, and will be the guest of the Superintendent during her stay.—Our new, large revolving bell has an excellent tone and bids fair to scorn the weakness of its predecessors in adopting the Hospital fashion of being cracked.—The new, brick wall on the west side of the ladies, Airing court adds much to the external attractiveness of that charming, druidical area.—That there are, in the United States, finer hogs than those at the Hospital, we shall believe if we see them.—The alarmists exclaim, "What will we do when the wood of the country is exhausted!" The West sends back the terse reply: "Go to grass!"—We have in one of our wards a connexion of Mrs. Malaprop. She lately remarked that she wanted no consecrated lye about her house.—At the dance of the 17th Inst, we learned from the Matron that she had planted the seed of a Christmas tree. We are full of hope that beneath the assiduous care of her energetic assistants, it will grow to its usual stately proportions, and be so well fruited that all in the Hospital may realize, as in past years, that Christmas, not in name only but in reality, has come.—One of our patients has a large and a small encyclopedia. Some weeks ago he wished to know the size of a particular planet, and found both silent on the point. He declares that books of reference always abound with information except about the matter on which one consults them.—Our horned buck, allowed, with the other deer to come into the printing office, undertook to amuse himself by rubbing his matured but velvet-clothed horns on a hea-

vy, high office stool, but his prongs becoming entangled, he began to plunge. Over the office he vaulted, to the consternation of the editor, who saw a big pie imminent, but whether typographic, animal or human, or a mixture of the three, he had not determined when a lucky twist of the buck's neck liberated his horns. He fled the office as if a devil were one of its occupants, but in five minutes, or less, he was back and rubbing his horns against the same stool. Does not this fact savor strongly of "development?"—A deaf and dumb patient, who is a good shoemaker and occupies a shop adjoining our office, has caused us often to lament the hard fortune that gave us for a neighbor a wholesale dealer in grunts and haw haws. Moral: Don't imagine that domestic quietude will be secured by mating with a person who is deaf and dumb.—The singing class directed by Mrs. Bryce is a source of great pleasure to the inmates of the Hospital. A select class of ladies and gentlemen, on an evening towards the middle of each week, are instructed in music by her. On Sunday afternoons all in the Hospital convene for singing. The songs chiefly sung are those that will be sung at morning prayers through the ensuing week.—Several colored men, from the overturn of a canoe, were drowned in the Warrior river, at a point opposite the farm of a most intelligent and worthy gentleman, Mr. Thomas Carson, who humanely caused them to be buried on ground somewhat higher than the bottom lands. The neighbor colored folks opposed the burial on high ground averring that the waters would claim their own. Strange to say, a tremendous rise carried the river in two weeks to the graves.—As the Trustees, on their last visit, were going through a back ward of the east wing a lady patient, who lacks twenty years of being young, rushed to Judge Moody, Treasurer of the Board, hugged and kissed him. The Judge endured the affliction with a complacency which seemed to say: The ladies of these back wards are not so bad; they readily recognize the right man, the widower of the company.—The *Meteor* matches the Texas butter story by saying that one of our Hospital cows gives milk from which butter is taken without other churning than the process of milking, at long range, insures. We do not swear to the truth of the story, for a fellow was once sent to the Alabama penitentiary for swearing to the truth, on the authority of reliable men.—We have sometimes thought, in contemplating the ten thousand and one conventions and celebrations &c. &c. which are yearly held, that we over-do the hurrah department of progress. Is it not possible that the greater portion of the fruits of progress may be consumed in firing salvos over our achievements and grand intentions.—Visitors pay our institution the compliment of finding many causes for surprise and admiration. One little feature of the Ladies' parlor has, for some time past, attracted a large and pleased attention. It is a beautiful, Singer sewing machine, driven not by the foot or hand but by water. All foot-driven sewing-machines have been discarded by the Superintendent, and their places supplied with the handsome, Singer hand-machine, which the enterprising company sell to the Hospital at a greatly reduced price.—All the articles in this number of our paper were written by the patients of the Hospital. If some editor outside will mark the crazy places and send to us, we think our editor will accept it as a favor. We do not engage that he will return the favor; he is averse to strife, and does not like to say very unpalatable things to men and women who are doing their best.

### Poetry and Prose.

Some years ago, in an English book that had a great run in this country, the expression was encountered that the cow is poetical. The assertion was justified by reference to her figuring so extensively in many celebrated poems, and in paintings, the latter being rightly regarded as fixed or crystallized poetry. We were reminded of the idea by hearing it said that it is very prosaic to get nuts by throwing sticks or climbing trees. The poetical department is to stroll beneath the trees and appropriate what our great-hearted mother, Nature, has cast to the ground. Possibly so; and it is dramatic, if not poetical, on visiting tree after tree, and finding that the pigs have been the earlier risers, to wish that we had had for breakfast sausages made of those dear, industrious pigs.

Mrs. Bryce has handed us for inspection a very interesting sheet, 12 by 18 inches, one of many which she saw printed on an ancient Printing press at the Centennial. On it are pictures of the Old Ephrata Press, and the house, claimed to be still standing in Philadelphia, in which the Declaration of Independence was written by Thos. Jefferson. On one side of the sheet is printed the Declaration, and in large letters near the top of the other page we are told that on the Ephrata press the Declaration was printed. Farther down the page we learn that this printing was done after the war. The Ephrata press dates from 1744, is mainly of wood, and is said to be identical in mode of structure with the presses used by Franklin and his cotemporaries.

### Conversation.

Once upon a time we had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on Conversation. It was interesting. It was instructive. Now and then it was amusing. The Atlanta lady, or the lady at Atlanta who characterized a bonnet as "bully," was vociferously applauded. But the lecture had one notable defect: It gave insufficient prominence to the great principle of all true conversation. All writers on the subject fail at the same point. Without intending to do so, they cause their readers to confound talking and conversing. All of them, like the lecturer, give excellent rifles for using the tongue. None of them give us material assistance towards learning the art of conversation. The subject is interesting and important. In France mothers strive to make their children proficient in the art. Our own education was somewhat neglected in the matter. We have however, after much study, discovered the most important principle of the divine accomplishment. That the present and the unborn generations may share in the benefits of our discovery, we intend to publish a book on the Art of Conversation. It will be in octavo form, with not less than 350 pages. One eighth of each page will be filled, in small type, with the stereotyped thoughts on the subject. Seven-eighths, or the rest of each page, will be left blank, with the exception of a single short sentence, towards the middle, in very large type. Here are some of the short sentences that we would thus print. Conversation is frequent alternation of talking and listening. Time about is fair play. Don't preach a sermon. Don't harangue. In the

next generation egoists will be sent to a reformatory. Egoism is monomania.

[The writer of the above, wishing to be acquitted of aiming at patients, requests us to disavow such intention. We do so with pleasure, because what are vicious habits with persons of sound mind, are with the insane, often mere manifestations of mental infirmity. Egoism, for instance, is an almost inevitable outcrop of mental disease. Persons of sound mind ought to be put in the chain gang for it. Ed. of M.]

One of the male patients, an ex-citizen of Montgomery, determined, just before the visit of the Trustees, that the dining-room of ward No 2, West wing, should not be surpassed by any one managed by the ladies of the East wing. His success was complete. With pyramids of flowers joined by garlands of the same, from which depended bouquets, the table of that ward, with its new goblets and other tasteful furniture, looked as Fair tables are accustomed to look. On the end wall of the room was a double arch of evergreens, studded with flowers, underneath which was written, in evergreen, "Welcome." On the West wall were somewhat similar but larger arches &c., and under them, "The Lord will provide."

The *Morning-Side Mirror* comes to us with great regularity from the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, Scotland. It is a large octavo of eight pages, and is edited by Dr. Clouston, one of the physicians of the Asylum. The matter of the paper is first class. One or more pages of every number is devoted to details, wholly statistical however, of cricket matches in which the Asylum team figures. If more space were allotted to local affairs to the exclusion of the long articles on Tennyson &c., the paper would be greatly improved. We have scrutinized many numbers of it in a vain endeavor to find out the number of patients and how the Asylum is supported.

At the weekly dance of Monday, November 5th, we encountered an old acquaintance, a young lady friend from one of the upper counties, who was with us some years ago. She recovered and was returned to her friends, and put her shoulders to the wheel of industrial progress with probably too great earnestness. A detail of her achievements would shock a fashionable woman. Besides cleaning up the house, milking the cows, and cooking for the family, she would go to the fields and pick more than an hundred pounds of cotton. She says she can pick 200 pounds, but it is too much when she does house-work. She was returned here on her own demand. She however expresses a determination to avoid field-work in the future, as too onerous when added to domestic work. As the Granger societies in Alabama have come to nought, we suggest that this young woman be employed as apostle should their revival be attempted.

The *Dixmont Times* comes to us from the Dixmont Insane Hospital, Pa., and is edited and printed by two sons of Dr. Reed, a physician of the Hospital. It is an interesting little paper, and is highly creditable to the youngsters who have it in charge.

Two excellent ministers who have served us well, without compensation, the Rev. F. E. Brandon of the Methodist, and Rev. W. H. Williams of the Baptist church, have been called to other fields of duty. Both are devoted servants of the Saviour, and have endeared themselves to the people of Tuscaloosa and vicinity by their pure lives and ardent service of the great Master.

### Christmas of Last Year.

Our Christmas celebration for 1876, as was proper, was the most varied, the richest and gayest that we have ever had. The Christmas tree was large, the gifts bountiful, and the refreshments toothsome and abundant. But perhaps the chief glory of the evening was the music. The songs were more than usually inspiring, and were rendered by a larger and more proficient choir. Our space will not permit us to enter into details. The air, "Hold the fort," has been made so popular by the Moody and Sankey revivals in Great Britain and this country that we have concluded to give the Christmas song sung by us to it. It was composed by the Superintendent for the occasion.

Friends and comrades, joy attend us  
On this Christmas day!  
Let your hearts and voices join us  
In our joyous lay.

Chorus:—

Welcome, comrades to the feasting,  
Christmas come again!  
Swell the chorus, shout the greeting,  
"Peace on earth to men!"

Time is passing, joys are fleeting,  
Life is but a span;  
Catch the sun-beams in their hastening,  
Hold them while you can.

Chorus:—Welcome comrades, &c.

Cast your cares and ills behind you,  
Fill your hearts with love,  
Peace, good-will to all around you,  
Thanks to Him above.

Chorus:—Welcome, comrades, &c.

We have pleasures without number,  
(Ills it may be, too.)  
Best of friends are all around us,  
Loving hearts and true.

Chorus:—Welcome, comrades, &c.

See the Christmas tokens hanging  
On the glist'ning tree,  
Emblems of our hearts' affections,  
Offerings pure and free.

Chorus:—Welcome, comrades, &c.

Here's a health to all good fellows,  
Hip, hurrah! hurrah!  
Shout anew the merry greeting,  
"Merry Christmas-day!"

Chorus:—Welcome, comrades, &c.

There are now in the University of Alabama 164 pupils. Three years ago there were only 30. There are in Alabama four other colleges, with an aggregate attendance of perhaps 700.