

and their great wrongs and more petty meannesses which they hid from their nearest friend, subtract something from what we might have been. Neither their good nor their evil has been interred with their bones but both have entered into the great sum total of humanity.

The thought lingers for a moment over the last act of his city's tragedy.

The haughty city of the hills sees kneeling at her feet the humbled city of the waters and ruthlessly raises an iron shod heel to crush out the last spark of its existence. Carthage, for many years subject to the mistress of the world, has submissively given up her treasure, her subjects, her fleet—the pride of the people's heart. Next the mandate comes to surrender her arms and trust to the mercy—to the plighted word—of her conqueror who fears the inevitable struggle with a nation's anger. Even here the broken spirit yields and the weapons, honored in many a battle—whose sheen has startled bold hearts within Roman walls—these weapons tarnished with Roman blood and bright with Phoenician honor—have their points at last turned toward their masters and are laid at the feet of the enemy. All this has been done for love of the native city which is in a stranger's power; a love of which the ever shifting people of our day can have no conception for it was hallowed by the strongest association of religion and family. And when empty arsenal lacked the steel shimmer—when the sword was drawn and cast away leaving only the bare scabbard an order came, its terror weakened by the horror struck accents of the messengers, that the beloved city, deprived by its peoples' affection of its defence, must be razed to the earth and of those temples whose images were enshrined in their very souls no stone was to be left upon another.

No colors can paint out the grief at the tidings but the stern despair that follows the thought. At the mental picture of ruined home and shattered idols the palm itches for the sword hilt and masses of humanity invade the great armories only to shake off their lethargy and seize weapons, more suited than those lost for him who fights for home and fireside. From the clash and din of "busy hammers closing rivets up" the turrets crown, the workman's tool, the altar rail come forth well fitted for the hand of the great war god, now invoked. The temple pillar swinging on long ropes whose strands are women's hair will soon warm the Roman legions not to trifle with a despairing enemy. As the confident enemy waited for tokens of surrender swords were made from bloody thought and curses hammered into spears; walls were manned and armed with human desperation whose strength was learned in a bloody repulse. So all the treachery, the perjury the faith worse than Panic sufficed not to lay the proud city in the dust until three years of helpless and hopeless waiting—of a blackness broken only now and then by a transient gleam brought to the Romans an ally too strong to be resisted. Want, weakness and stern unity of purpose at last place the foreign legions at the head of the three great city streets, with nothing barring their further progress to absolute possession but the invisible bulwark of a people's courage. In those three narrow streets every house is a castle in a sense never dreamed of by those to whom the old proverb is a household word. Even those who had faced Hannibal dared not run that awful gauntlet which

paled the barbarous custom of old to utter insignificance. Each of those strongholds must be stormed as a fortress apart and for six long days and nights went on that battle of the streets. From house to house to house, from roof to roof those steel clad warriors forced back their unmailed adversaries. A struggle whose only result must be death to the weaker party, roused all the savage feelings of the beast at bay and mercy was neither sought nor given. No battle of later times can compare with the last death throes of Carthage for in her died a nation—Rome's greatest rival. And when the bloody struggle was over and the few brave survivors deigned to accept their lives from the victors what account could be given by the world's mistress. For the "lofty domes and frowning ramparts" she could only point to a heap of stones from which the Arab and many another should quarry materials for other and less splendid cities. For the millions of souls of which she had constituted herself the guardian what remained but lifeless bodies and a few thousands of homeless exiles whose only future should be to live again the past in memory and mutter maledictions on the destroyer of their happiness?

J. H. HOLMES.

A COMMUNICATION.

There is at present a mighty upheaval, an effort to make the STUDENT a credit to the institution. The STUDENT has languished under financial embarrassments for sometime with no apparent source of relief; and with the little support that the state had given we could scarcely hope to see the mechanical appearance of the paper much improved. There is an effort at present to make the appearance of the paper all that can be desired. Together with this it seems necessary to raise the literary tone of the paper if such a thing is possible. The amount of time that the average student has to devote this department is not very considerable, but no person should accept a position on the paper unless he expects to give his attention to its work, and is willing to devote his best moments to its interests. Such persons, to be sure, are few, and so are successful journalists few, but only the efforts of such persons can we hope to see the STUDENT take the position our University merits, and be a true exponent of our work here.

A. R.

A change of quite a radical nature has taken place in the management of the STUDENT; the board of editors has been cut down from eight to five, their term increased to one year; the departments are not specified in our constitution as before, thus doing away with the cut-and-dried appearance of regulated papers. Add to this that a reasonably strong force of editors have been appointed and the future of the HESPERIAN looks bright for the coming semester. It is axiomatic to us that a large corps of editors is not for the best interest of a college paper. There should be but one editor to a department to accomplish the most and the best possible in it. Two or more will either shirk or quarrel over the space allotted to them jointly. Under the present constitution and the newly-elected management, if the STUDENT will not take a prominent place among the organs of colleges we will be very much disappointed.