Bacon has the honor of calling public attention, and has begun his task, of finding a man of searching thought. From his boyhood his mind was precocious. He was noted for his close observation, good common sense, and acuteness of intellect. His thinking was practical. While at Cambridge, he learned to loathe the unpractical systems of philosophy then prevailing in all the institutions of learning. He objected to the ancient philosophy because it brought forth no "fruit." He believed that anything worthy of the name, philosophy, ought to be practical and fruitful. He had the moral courage to express his thoughts freely concerning the ancient philosophy which for ages had been considered almost divine. It bore no fruit, and for this reason he looked upon it with perfect contempt. Neither was it progressive. Macaulay thus illustrates this point: "The ancient philosophy was a treadmill, not a path. It was made up of revolting questions—of controversies which were almost always beginning again. It was a contrivance claim all intention of casting aye unjust repressions upon the young ladies of the city. It is no part of our purpose to attempt to pluck from their brows a single laurel, with which chivalric love may have adorned them. We will certainly try to do full justice to both sides of our subject. We write with calmness and deliberation, weighing our words and the consequences thereof. What we say will be the conscientious utterings of an honest heart. Not a heart so bewitched by the guileless charms of the country girl as to be blind to all the beauties of her city cousin, but a heart forming its judgments dispassionately and speaking the candid method. The exercise of these natural processes earnestly applied to scientific enquiry has produced "fruit," and has produced a wonderful change in science, both physical and mental.

CITY GIRLS AND COUNTRY GIRLS.

In the outset of this article we wish to disclaim all intention of casting any unjust reflections upon the young ladies of the city. It is no part of our purpose to attempt to pluck from their brows a single laurel, with which chivalric love may have adorned them. We will certainly try to do full justice to both sides of our subject. We write with calmness and deliberation, weighing our words and the consequences thereof. What we say will be the conscientious utterings of an honest heart. Not a heart so bewitched by the guileless charms of the country girl as to be blind to all the beauties of her city cousin, but a heart forming its judgments dispassionately and speaking the candid method. The exercise of these natural processes earnestly applied to scientific enquiry has produced "fruit," and has produced a wonderful change in science, both physical and mental.
than city girls. The belle of the city circle often requires many foreign forces to fit her to "trip on the light fantastic toe" in the gay and giddy ball-room, or prepare her for an evening walk, or to receive her admirers and devotees. How many could stand the test of a change from the beautiful and elegant silk, trimmed in all the costliness that wealth could afford and with all the taste that could be bestowed on the ingenuity of fashion could suggest to a plain and simple calico? Alas, but few we fear. It might be a fatal test for the beauty of some. We do not deny beauty, however, to all city girls. Before the fascinating splendor of the charms of some we bow in mute admiration. We acknowledge their beauty, their loveliness, the magic spell which fairy-like, binds the gaze upon them. Willingly we accord them the admiration they deserve, and mingle our voice in the chant of praise which springs spontaneously from the heart of true chivalry. We only claim for the country girl a beauty more truly beautiful, charms more fascinating, than she whose life has been all the wide variety of human manners and habits, and she who has been tempered by the beauties of nature, untainted by commerce, pure and simple, whose loveliness is unadorned with art, a beauty of unadorned loveliness.

But to go a step further; country girls are, as a class, much more sincere than those of the city. Their words and promises mean more. Old-fashioned honesty is a quality which we esteemed too truly in the day. It seems to be falling into disuse. This is much more so in the city than the country. City atmosphere is more prolific in breeding crime than that of the country. All innovations upon ancient simplicity and purity have found their origin in city life and manners. If virtue should ever yield to vice, her last stronghold will be in the heart of rural life. She will die where she was born, in the maugher. Her cradle will be her grave.

Of course, because a girl is from the country, it does not follow that she is honest and sincere, or because another is from the city that she is necessarily insincere and an unscrupulous woman. But the class, much more sincere than those of the city. City atmosphere is more prolific in breeding crime than that of the country. All innovations upon ancient simplicity and purity have found their origin in city life and manners. If virtue should ever yield to vice, her last stronghold will be in the heart of rural life. She will die where she was born, in the maugher. Her cradle will be her grave.

Macauley wrote in the same spirit as that which guided another's pen, when he declared, "Dante is not more emphatically the representative of the moral, religious, and political life of Italy, than Chaucer of English life and literature." Those acquainted with Italy's political and literary history, and those who know how that country's life and Dante's were bound together, can feel in their full force these words, but many who have heard little of all this, know that Chaucer was "The First Great English Poet;" and "The Founding Father of English Poetry." And this is a crowning and completed glory. If one may presume to look forward to that day in the distant future, when all men shall be free, and all nations shall be ruled by forms of government, republican in spirit and in letter, that one man may fairly picture America's pride, as all men and nations, rejoicing in their Independence, shall point to our land and exclaim, "America led the vanguard of Freedom. She set the example. To her all glory." And Chaucer led the vanguard in his grand work, his genius declared him the first acknowledged champion, the first grand poet of the English tongue. Macaulay adds that "England's first Chambers and Milton, for the grace of the Black Prince and Derby; Chandos and Hawkwood, produced also Geoffrey Chaucer and John Wicliiffe."

Here we are given, in all the glow and simplicity of true rhetoric, two pictures. We are shown two contests, two fields of battle, two manners of victories. English generals and soldiers are carrying their arms in triumph through France and Italy. England's writers are carrying their thoughts and ideas of Italy, than Chaucer of English literature. But Chaucer was of all poets just the worthy follower in such a field, but greater than the others. "Knight-errantry," "Tournaments" and "Joists" were still living realities, but dooned not long to be. Chaucer's pen was ready to paint Chivalry's last stage, but its most glorious hour; England's military arm was then first declaring itself, and upon the fields of Crecy, Sluys and Poitiers proving its prowess, and Chaucer was prepared to tell the story. English life and manners were passing in those days through most rapid and interesting changes, and Chaucer was of all poets just the man to paint the picture. But above all his services, was what he rendered our language and our literature in lending his genius to its guidance. It was then the true English tongue was coming into being; was being moulded from various elements into solidity and completeness, and Chaucer's pen hastened the movement and gave it direction and strength.

And it is interesting to note, how such a poetical genius, suddenly bursting upon semi-
civilized Britain, was received. 'Tis spoken to England and telegraphed over the world. Any war that is not copied into every paper

Living twenty years beyond the end of his literary career, Carlyle cannot write a paragraph on a question of public interest like the Eastern war that is not copied into every paper in

England and telegraphed over the world. Any

sophomore can tell you wherein his style is

strong and idiomatic—so bare of all acces-

sories—extreme attention to their writings, in their

course, that the student's own is his best. If it be not indivisible, but a thing above the thing said, and judge litera-

ty without having been told what to choose, that its

passion the poet may probe, how gracefully

learn how brilliantly the hand of Genius

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complication of statistics, but an interesting account

—wrote a page, or used a pen. WERE satisfied with Chaucer and old Ben.

And well may they have been "content with native strains," when such as Chaucer sang them. For one need not go beyond his works to learn how brilliantly the hand of Genius could paint. We do not need to dip deep into human nature and passion the poet may probe, how gracefully

LITERARY STYLE.

Another true thing about style is that every man's own is his best. If it be not individuality that speaks through every medium whereby intelligent opinion asserts itself—promising, of course, that the ego in question is entitled to rank as a capital I, then all our journals may be called "type," our spoken language a "diheral," and our public speakers can give way to the "homogenous orator" who shall communicate ideas to the country from a central point, by means of a system of telephones the young fellows, in college or out, who are trying to write like Curtis, or Higgison, or the editor of the Nation, probably won't be writing at all in a short time, at least, "nothing that anybody knows of." Familiarity with good models is an essential part of culture in the art of writing well, but the influence must not be conscious. It is in educating the instinct of avoidance, rather than in learning what to choose, that its

Michael Faraday tells us: "We are satisfied with Chaucer and old Ben."

Tlie few who read a page, or used a pen—

"The one to the Court. But as a poet he was ever honored. So that Byron happily sang,

"But our good fathers never beat their brains

Hurt to heaven with content with native brains.

No.

BULLEYNGHAM HARKER. "Have your hair cut to-day, sir?" STUDENT. "No, sir." B. H. (while fumbling among his books). "Remember, sir—nothing can

clear down to your collar. "—All right; I'll have the collar moved down." End of the colloquy.—EX.

It was a Yankee girl, who, when a sailor of forty years' voyaging, had been pointed to her as an "old salt," sub-

sequently alluded to him as an "ancient chloride of sal-

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OLD SORES HEALED.

We look back with shame upon one period in the history of our Literary Societies. It is a source of just pride to every member that their origin was so significant, and that their early lives were beset with so many difficulties. We have not imitated the spirit of our brethren across the water, who have more pride in the successes of the past than shame in the failures of the present. One of our Professors is accustomed to say that if Darwinism is true, and if it could be proven clearly that he had descended from a monkey, he would find in this a source of pride rather than shame—pride that he had made such a vast improvement on the old stock. That thought is a representative of a peculiar phase of American thought, and one of which our country may well boast. It may beget a shoddy aristocracy, but it will help brave hearts and strong hands in securing the desired position. What our Literary Societies have to be ashamed of is not their low birth, but that ungenerous rivalry which beguiled them from their proper work, and prompted them to waste their time and energies in fighting each other. That was a fault and not a misfortune. At one time members of the two societies would scarcely speak to each other, and were more disposed to meet on the campus with pistols and knives than on the fields of debate with rhetoric and logic. Such a disposition must necessarily have given way, for it was opposed to the spirit of the nineteenth century, and to the objects for which the societies were organized. The two societies were never working more harmoniously than at this time. We respectfully ask them now to take one step, which will be a fitting key-stone to the arch of friendship. That step is to unite in having a joint final celebration this year. Such an action has been encouraged by members of the Faculty, and by others whose judgment and whose zeal for the welfare of the college, give authority to their words.

We undoubtedly would bring the college and societies into greater prominence by securing some distinguished gentleman to make an address at our Commencement, and it would be folly to argue that, as the ill-feeling of the societies interfered with the success of a joint celebration in the past, it is not politic, in this era of good feeling, to attempt it again.

There would be the same opportunity for the societies to display their respective merits, and, doubtless, the orations of the students would be more carefully prepared than at present. It would be but justice to the large and intelligent audiences which have honored our previous celebrations, to afford them something better than the average speeches of the students. On the other hand, it would be a severe test of their kindness to be content with the present, and not to strive to make our Commencements more interesting than ever. We have no cause to be ashamed of the orators who have represented the college on former occasions. Their speeches would compare favorably with those of any other college, and we only ask the societies of this college to do what a large majority of other colleges have found expedient.

Let not then a false sense of honor and self-respect prevent the societies from taking a step which would be, we think, conducive to their interests, and which would strengthen their good feeling and crush their rivalry.

Will not our Alumni give us an expression of their opinions on this subject through the columns of this paper?

OUR ALMA MATER.

One of the finest of Sir Walter Scott's shorter poems is "Sir Leonard's Toast." A gathering of the clans is held; from far and near flock in the chiefmen and their sturdy henchmen. As usual, on such occasions, a grand banquet is given, and the "feast of reason and flow of soul" is prolonged far into the night. At the head of the festive board sits a grim old baron, who, by reason of his superior rank and greater number of years spent in deeds of valor, is entitled to occupy the seat of authority. Ever and anon he calls on some minstrel to sing some stirring lay, reciting the prowess of the ancient chiefmen of the clan and inviting their descendants to emulate the glory of their sires. Many a toast is proposed, and drunk in flowing bampers, in honor of their lady-loves, or to celebrate some boasted feat of arms, until at last Sir Leonard's turn is come. Not until the clarion tones of the old baron had loudly summoned him to give his toast, does he arise; then: "I drink to one more fair, more pure, whose love for me more tender is, and true, Sir Knights, than any named by you!" Up rose the infatuate barons, and, with frowning brows and hand on sword, demanded the name of the fair one and that Sir Leonard maintain his toast:—he bowed his head, and gently said, "my mother." Name to lend most moving paths to eloquence; image to soften the tenderest colors of a Rubens; theme to inspire the purest strains breathed by the golden lyre.

With these associations clinging to the word we speak not of "College," but our "Alma Mater." Enshrined in the penetralia of memory, her shrine garlanded with the first flowers of our young imagination, her altar crowned with the first fruits of our youthful labors, ever lives our Alma Mater, refugent with the light of the days that are past,—past, and dead, with many a hope and ambition that once glowed with all of life's fitful fever,—past, and dead, yet not I hope buried away out of sight, but emblazon in memory's clear folds to guide us in the present and encourage us for the future.

Cling ye to this Alma Mater, O my brothers, while her encircling arms enfold you; draw deep inspiration from her teachings; grow strong beneath her fostering care. She is the great magician who can teach you that most wondrous alchemy,—how to become yourself a creator,

Turning the common dust
Of servile opportunity to gold;
Filling the soul with sentiments august.
The Beautiful, the Brave, the Holy, and the Just.

It has been well said, that "the common products of education are tangible and temporal, but there's a higher education that lifts you into the regions eternal, 'Truths that wake to perish never.' There is an education which deals with acquirements, learning it may be, and, in all this, there may be vast variety, and a huge profit, but there will be a transitoriness, and withal weariness and vexation of spirit in it. There is a higher education, which is akin to religion, for it is a ministry of the soul, and deals not so much with what we know as with what we are, what we can do, and what we can suffer, and what we may become here and hereafter."

Such education is not obtained from books alone; for "there is a time for the eye to dwell on the printed page, but there is also a time to gaze "on earth, air, ocean, and the starry sky;" there is a time to look into the faces of our fellow-beings, the bright and laughing face, or the sad and sorrowing one; there is a time, too, for silent, solitary, spiritual looking inward into the soul itself; and thus by no one function, but by many, does man build up his moral being. Such is education, in its large and true significance."

This true education gives not only knowledge but power. Book-learning may be extensive and profound, and may give ability to teach and impart a vast amount of instruction, but
it must be conjoined with this higher education in order to give power to move, to evoke spirits not only from the "vasty deep," but to evolve truths eternal from every object in the universe; power to create in your own soul, and in the souls of your fellow-men, thoughts and emotions that spring into existence and immortalize, as it from the hand of the great Creator himself.

This is the education that we would attain; for this end we have been laying up stories of knowledge derived from our intercourse with books, and the instructions of our teachers; for this purpose we have been training our faculties by laborious application in the study, the lecture-room and the society-hall; but let wonder if "evolve truths eternal from every object in the universe; power to create in your own soul, and in the souls of your fellow-men, thoughts and emotions that spring into existence and immortalize, as it from the hand of the great Creator himself."

COLLEGIATE NEWS.

The following, it is said, are the per cent. required at the various colleges to pass an examination-paper: Harvard, 90; Yale, Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Boston, Trinity, and Williams, 60 each; Wesleyan, 60; University of Virginia, and Richmond College, 40.

The second year of instruction began at Johns Hopkins University, Tuesday, Sept. 25. The examination is a severe one. In addition to mathematics, including a full knowledge of algebra and the metric system, the student must be familiar with algebra, plane geometry and trigonometry, solid geometry, Latin and Greek, French and German, natural science, and the history, structure and language of the English language.

The Rev. Dr. W. W. Bennett has been elected President of Randolph-Macon College.

We give below the number of students at the different colleges of his State for the current year, together with the number of Virginia students in attendance on each. It will be seen that with the exception of the Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, which cannot be said to be a rival to the other colleges, Richmond College has the largest attendance of Virginia students. That is a good showing for this college.

EXCHANGES.

We do not know why it is that College papers, more than any other class, find it necessary to notice in each issue so many of their exchanges, unless the editors, being students, consider it a privilege to indulge their spleen as they have opportunity. Our list of exchanges has grown to its accustomed size. We miss a few familiar faces, but their places have been supplied by new ones.

The College Recorder sends a well written but inappropriate article on the Turko-Russian war. It hardly comes within the province of a college journal to furnish the details of a war which has been thoroughly discussed and ventilated through the daily press.

We have received the first number of "Our Last Year" and bid it welcome to the ranks of journalism. The editorial is simple and unpretending, but has more hard common sense than which are more high-sounding. The article entitled "Normal Schools a Fraud" is one worthy of consideration, and the author does simple justice to the public and to other colleges, when he says, "when such institutions abandon their proper sphere and work, beyond the boundaries of their institutions, they become frauds." We wish the new enterprise much success.

The Reveille puts in an appearance for the first time. It should use smaller type for its local. There must be a hard crowd of cadets at the F. M. A., if we judge by its local column. They mingle science and juggling in a most shocking manner, too, for the Reveille tells us of an entertainment consisting of an explanation of the Telephone and juggler's tricks.

The Virginia Star, published by colored people, in behalf of their race, is quite a creditable paper. We are glad to see the efforts they are making to truly better their condition.

The Stoji is an excellent paper, as it ought to be when it is edited by the article "More Copy" is very readable, to us at least, for we "know how it is ourselves."

MONTHLY MUSINGS from the far off city of Richmond, Va., does not offer us a great variety of entertainment.—Queen's College Journal.

MONTHLY MUSINGS from Richmond, Va., contain the greater part of articles than would be supposed to be found in its small sheet.—Columbia Spectator.

"Sich is life."


CHARLES READE writes to the critics who detested some bad French in his "Woman Hater": "There is no earthly reason why the same sun should be masculine in France and feminine in Germany, nor the same moon masculine in Germany and feminine in France; nor, if I understand the metaphysical dogmas of that diffident daemon Athanassius, is there any reason why the French should say the third person of the Trinity is female. If an Englishman breaks a glass and a bottle he breaks a couple of its; but a Frenchman forsooth breaks a him and a her, a vitreous male and vitreous female. The whole thing is bosh—betise renoulee des grees—and naturally evades the memory of the Anglo-Saxon sage. Here an Englishman is, is the bywords, is the word to trip, unless he writes with his nose in a dictionary; and the greatest dunci is sure not to trip if he writes with his nose in a dictionary. Macaulay was a good French scholar, yet in a note to his "History of England" he writes ia voyage. Now the French are agreed that all terns are masculine. For my part I think it as discretable to Macaulay to have forgotten the pseudo-virility of French journeys, as it is little creditable to me that I happen, by a miracle, to remember it."

A FARMER once took his wife to see the wonders of the microscope. The various curiosities seemed to please the woman very well, till the animalcula professed to be contained in a drop of water were shown off. These seemed to particularity so very pleasant a sight as the others. She sat patiently, however, till the "water tigers," magnified to the size of twelve feet, appeared on the sheet, fighting with unusual ferocity. Janet now arose, in great trepidation, and cried to her husband, "Come away, John!" "Sit still, woman, and see the show," said John. Janet, however, now Gale keep us a man, what wad come of us if the awful truth we had break out of the water?"
The Society was called to order by Mr. M. A. Turner, the President. On motion, the Society was opened to visitors. Roll called. Minutes read and corrected. Reading by W. T. Walker.


**Question Decided:**—Affirmative, 11; Negative, 4.

The Critic made his report.

Remarks for the good of the Society were made by Messrs. Ricks, Martin, and Pitt.

**Oration Committee:**—Mr. Woodward, Martin, Coleman, Chalkley, and Pitt.

Adjourned.

**F. T. West, Jr., Critic.**

**Mu Sigma Rho Hall.**

The Society was called to order by the President.

Prayer by the Chaplain.

Roll called. Minutes read and corrected.

Mr. T. E. McCloud was elected and initiated a member.

Remarks for the good of the Society were made by Messrs. Ricks, Martin, and Pitt.

Adjourned.

**F. T. West, Jr., Critic.**

**Mu Sigma Rho Hall.**

The Society was called to order by the Vice-President, J. W. Boyd.

Roll called. Minutes read and corrected.

Declaratory By Mr. Benton.

Question debated:—"Was the seizure of Indian lands justifiable?" Affirmative: Messrs. Davis, Loving, Johnson, and Boyd; negative, Messrs. Long, Higginbotham, and Pitt.

**Question Decided:**—Affirmative, 13; Negative, 6.

**Critic's Report.**

Remarks for the good of the Society were made by Messrs. Lovelace, Martin, and Pitt.

**Oroper's Report.**

Adjourned.

**Frank T. West, Jr., Critic.**

**Mu Sigma Rho Hall.**

The Society was called to order by the President. Prayer by the Chaplain.

The question was then again the subject of debate. Mr. T. E. McCloud was elected and initiated a regular member.

Reading by Mr. Watson.

Declaratory by Mr. Beam.

Monthly oration by Mr. Broadhead.

The question, "Resolved, That the Republican institutions will be eventually overthrown," was debated affirmatively by Messrs. Davis, Jones, Cone, C. H., negatively by Messrs. T. H. Taylor, Jr., Callie, J. J. Taylor, Cheney, Warren, Long, and Higginbotham.

Vote: Affirmative, 4; negative, 7.

Adjourned.

**F. T. West, Jr., Critic.**

**Philologian Hall.**

The Public Debate announced for the 3d was postponed until this date. The Society was called to order at 8 o'clock, Mr. W. T. Derieux in the chair.

Exercises opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Hatcher. Speech of introduction paper, might have been seen this "LUNICE in the BOGIC of the NECESSARY TAWS of NOGIRY."
**Monthly Musings.**

We are sorry to announce that Prof. H. H. Harris has been compelled to give up his classes on account of ill health. He offered his resignation as Professor of Greek, but the Trustees very wisely declined to accept it, but instead gave him leave of absence until the commencement of next session. Prof. H. will spend several months in Athens, and we trust will return with renewed vigor to his arduous duties. Mr. Geo. S. Thomas, a former student of the College, is filling the chair of Greek very acceptably. In another place will be seen the action of the students in regard to Prof. Harris' absence.

SAM C. JOHNSON—When, in the course of human events, a young man is heard to make, in his sleep, such ejaculations as "beautiful angel," "divine being," "lovely creature," "essence of sweetness," &c., that young man should receive the earnest sympathy of his associates more especially when he has but once met the object of these parasites. But we can't say what he should receive when he reads, in the next morning's paper, the announcement of her marriage. Let someone suggest a remedy at once, for we have a friend in the next cottage who is about to enter into the mountains of fastnesses and court oblivion in a hermit's life!

Mr. L. being called upon to lead in prayer a few mornings since, stuck to his motto and sang out: "Not prepared."

LOCAL Editor to Mr. C., who keeps good cigars: "Give us a cigar, and I'll divin't and a pr'ty." Mr. C. succumbed to prevent further attempts at it.

Mr. H. chews so much tobacco that you can tell what schools he takes by the specimens in the lecture-room.

**FACULTY:**

**Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia.**

- **Emanuel Harrington**, A. M., Professor of Latin.
- H. H. Harris, A. A., Professor of Greek.
- Bodes Massie, M. A., Professor of Modern Languages.
- L. M. Curney, D. D., LL. D., Professor of English, and Acting Professor of Philosophy.
- E. B. Smith, M. A., Professor of Mathematics.
- C. H. Winston, M. A., Professor of Science.
- B. Puryear, M. A., Professor of Chemistry.
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