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Vol. IV.

—1878.—

No. 2

NOVEMBER.

Richmond College

MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

EDITORS:

MU SIGMA RHO:

R. H. PITT.

PHILOLOGIAN:

J. W. SNYDER.

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RICHMOND, VA.:

BAUGHMAN BROTHERS' STEAM POWER PRESSES.
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EDITORS;—*Mu Sigma Rho*—R. H. PITT; *Philologist*—J. W. SNYDER.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION:—*Mu Sigma Rho*—G. B. TAYLOR, JR., S. A. FISHBURN, J. W. FLEET; *Philologist*—L. C. CATLETT, L. J. HUFF, TIM. REEVES.

THE PRESSED GENTIAN.

The time of gifts has come again,
And on my northern window-pane,
Outlined against the day's brief light,
A Christmas token hangs in sight;
The wayside travelers, as they pass,
Mark the gray disk of clouded glass,
And the dull blankness seems, perchance,
Folly to their wise ignorance.

They cannot from their outlook see
The perfect grace it hath for me;
For there the flower, whose fringes through
The frosty breath of autumn blew,
Turns from without its face of bloom
To the warm tropic of my room,
As fair as when beside its brook
The hue of bending skies it took.

So, from the trodden ways of earth,
Seem some sweet souls who veil their worth,
And offer to the careless glance
The clouding gray of circumstance.
They blossom best where hearth-fires burn,
To loving eyes alone they turn
The flowers of inward grace, that hide
Their beauty from the world outside.

But deeper meanings come to me,
My half-immortal flower, from thee!
Man judges from a partial view,—
None ever yet his brother knew;
The Eternal Eye that sees the whole
May better read the darkened soul,
And find, to outward sense denied,
The flower upon its inmost side.

—J. G. Whittier.

AN OLD-FIELD SCHOOL.

In the *Religious Herald*, the senior editor, who wields a facile and Addisonian pen, is giving some interesting reminiscences of his youth. The writer of this article has not enjoyed so variable and prolonged an experience as the "Nestor of Virginia Baptists," but he has vivid recollections of the "old-field school" where he matriculated, a recital of some of which may interest the more youthful readers of the *Messenger*.

In a wood of oak and hickory, hard by a spring of clear, cool water, was a log-house about 20x20, "the chinks stopped with wood and daubed with clay."* There was one chimney, "constructed of billets of wood," with a very commodious fire-place. On one side of the cabin was a rude "door, creaking on wooden hinges." There was no window, but at the side, opposite the chimney, a log was sawed out nearly the whole length of the side. There was no shutter or fastening to this opening, as it was intended to give "light to the general writing-desk of the school, which consisted of an unplanned plank, extended horizontally the whole end of the room." "At a given signal," every writing scholar was "required to take down his copy-book, put himself at the desk and set about the serious operation of chirography." During this exercise the faces of the pupils were turned away from the teacher, and an awkward stroke of the pen, or a blot on the paper, was punished by a crack on the knuckles. The risk of blots was multiplied by the manner in which the ink was kept. It was put in small "vials," suspended usually to the buttons on the coats of those boys who were so fortunate as to possess that useful article of clothing, and "enough cotton was put in the vial to absorb the ink." The benches were made of slabs, with legs or pins inserted in auger-holes, and were so high that the feet of a young pupil, in a proper sitting posture, could not possibly reach the floor. Relief was sought for the spinal column, and over-tasked bones and muscles, by leaning against the wall, or frequent changes of position. In mild weather, the largest boys were permitted to retire from the school-house and seek mental aids in the solitude of the grove. A peculiarity of the school was the privilege allowed to every scholar to "study aloud," and the chattering of magpies could not have exceeded the noise of the miniature Babel. At 12 o'clock we had "play-time," continued according to the humor of the teacher, and suspended by loud and repeated crying, on his part, of "Books! Books! Books!" While the girls sought feminine amusements, the boys engaged in marbles, "base," "town-ball," and "bull-pen."

The school was mixed, composed of boys and girls, varying in age from five years to twenty-five years. The "royal road to knowledge"

* An old number of the *The Southern Quarterly Review* contains a description of an old-field school, from which some expressions are borrowed.

then was over the back or through the legs and hands. Whipping with a switch was the most common but not the sole kind of punishment. Sticks, split in the middle, were opened by pressure at each end and fastened on the noses. (This novel expedient was the invention of a consumptive down-Easter.) Head coverings of boys and girls were exchanged, and a dunce's block, in the middle of the room, on which the culprit was compelled to stand on one foot, was the *experimentum crucis* for the stubbornly indolent and refractory. Sometimes, when complaints were made at home against the teacher's partiality or cruelty, the "dose was doubled," and the boy returned to the pedagogue, a wiser if not a better student.

In the country, in my boyhood days, were no five-months' sessions, nor two months' vacation. School was taught by the year at a very moderate price for each scholar. When vacation, or, as it was then called, holiday, was wanted, application was made to the teacher, and the request, if reasonable, was usually granted. Sometimes, when refused on the one hand and urgently demanded on the other, a summary and effective mode was adopted to coerce the granting. This was by a "turn-out." My earliest recollection of school life is a participation in such a gentle compulsion.

At an early hour on a morning agreed upon, a secret faithfully kept by girls and boys, the male portion of the scholars hastened to the house in advance of the teacher, and, by the boyish mode of rebellion, so long known in school history, barred the door against his entrance. When the teacher arrived he demanded admission, which was, of course, refused, unless he would give the holiday. He retired to the foot of a large tree and sat down to starve out the inmates. After waiting for some time, several of the largest boys, escaping unperceived, "fetched a compass," and stealthily approaching the tree from behind, suddenly seized the teacher. In an instant, like a swarm of bees, all the boys were upon him. Long strings of mulberry bark, provided for the emergency, were soon found, and with them the hands and feet of the teacher were securely tied. Softly and tenderly he was picked up and borne to an adjacent stream and there "ducked" until he consented to give the required holiday. As soon as he yielded, he was taken out and untied, and on both sides there prevailed the best humor and good feeling, which were heartily shared in by some parents and patrons, who came forward from their places of concealment where they had witnessed and enjoyed the whole transaction. While in the water, the only anxiety expressed by the school-master was that his tobacco should not get wet. Poor Joel Fleming, by whom I was taught my A, B, C's, you may not have been an F. F. V., as your fondness for tobacco would seem to indicate, but your warm heart, genial humor, aptness to teach, fatherly care and kindness, will long be remembered.

Like the age of chivalry, the days of the old-field school have gone and while Burke's lamentation of the departure of the one may not be applicable to the departure of the other, yet there are a few venerable survivors who cherish the memory of happy hours, connected with the departed institution. A few years have brought many changes in the methods of

teaching, and in the improved appliances, such as furniture, apparatus, &c. In the schools of my youth, prior to my entering college, there were no black-boards, wall-maps, globes, nor apparatus to illustrate special studies, nor any oral or written lectures for classes or for the school at large. Murray and Kirkham were the grammars; Daboll and Pike and Smiley were the arithmetics. We were required to spell before we were taught to read, and the rules in the books were to be committed to memory and blindly followed, without any perplexing inquiries as to the why and wherefore. But then the teacher, except during such episodes as a *turn-out*, was master of the school. Pupils looked to him with a sort of awe and reverence, and parents and patrons, with a cordial confidence, left it to him to think and act and decide for the best. Boys and girls did not exercise a paternal or maternal supervision over the school-room; their wishes, tastes, inclinations, whims, were not consulted; their constitutions had not become too delicate to walk several miles to school and get a long lesson at night; they had not become angels incapable of guile and deceit, and parents were occasionally induced to think that the teacher might be in the right and the children in the wrong.

As a general rule, strictest subordination was enforced. If mild persuasives were ineffectual, more potent correctives were applied. Solomon was not suspected of being an "old fogey," and it was religiously believed that foolishness was bound up in the heart of a child, and that if the rod was spared he would certainly be spoiled. The tendency now, it is feared, is to deny the doctrine of human depravity, to construct celestial railways, and tunnel the mountains over which Bunyan's Pilgrim so toilsomely traveled, and to deny the sovereignty of law, and the necessity of punitive methods to reform conduct. While rejoicing in the progress of the age, and grateful for our educational and other privileges, we should take heed not to despise the old paths, nor to reject everything of the past as antiquated and unwise.

SENEX.

MUSINGS ON A RAINY NIGHT.

Quite a number of poets have sung of rainy days, and some of them charmingly. It is rather surprising that so few have drawn inspiration from rainy nights. What really is more enjoyable than a genuine rainy night? The colder the night, the bleaker the wind, the more intense the darkness, the greater the sense of comfort, as seated in a snug, cosy room, with a bright fire in the grate, we read and think and muse. There is something especially conducive to meditation in the beating of big drops against the window-panes, in the moaning of wind, sometimes rising to a shrill shriek, in the dim glimmer of street-lamps through the murky darkness, and in the consciousness that we are safely housed from it all. At such a time mathematics, hard and dry, metaphysics, abstruse and difficult, lose their charms, if indeed, they had any, and we love to read *Ik Marvel*; and, as we

quietly smoke, to watch the thin wreaths and try to conjure up the exquisite fancies of this charming writer. And when the cigar is burnt out we watch the anthracite glowing with heat, and lulled by the low cheery crackle of the fire, dreamily doze away the evening. But the storm to-night is too fierce for quiet thought. As the casement rattles rudely, and the house trembles with the violence of the gale, our thoughts instinctively turn to where the cold, cold rain is falling. How many are abroad to-night unsheltered from the driving, pitiless storm! There is the fiend meditating murder under the cover of darkness. How stealthily he creeps through the alleys and along the deserted thoroughfares! He heeds not the storm—a demon possesses him. His tumultuous passions, fully aroused, are in fit keeping with the wild, tempestuous night, and the fierce fire of hate burns furiously despite the drenching rain.

Some are outcasts, ostracised by society, weary with the scorn and contumely heaped upon them by those who forgive not, though they seek forgiveness. Mayhap some lonely deserted woman, like the suicide in *The Bridge of Sighs*, is hastening to destruction. The cold October winds and the cheerless rain make her shiver, but she presses on,

Mad from life's history,
Glad to Death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!

Or a boy like "Joe" lying in "Tom-All-Alones," groping for the light, which is "so long a coming," and dying friendless and desolate.

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the Sun!

Truly, the "charity which suffereth long and is kind," is rare, ye it is pleasing to think that there are specimens of it in existence, and that even to-night tearful eyes are near the bedside of many a poverty-stricken mortal, and womanly hands, with truly tender touch, are closing the eyes of the dying. God bless them!

What a gust that was! Surely the elements are abroad in their fury. Alas, for those who are on the sea to-night! Some one has said "water scenery is soothing—mountain scenery inspiring." The distinction is a good one so long as the bay or sea is calm. Its waters are of deepest, serenest blue. Its bosom is scarcely dimpled with tiny wavelets, which chase each other in frolicsome mirth, while the shimmering sunlight is showered upon them. But that blue is more treacherous than the light of a woman's eye. Look at the sea to-night from the deck of your staunch ship. The lights penetrate the darkness only a little way, but enough for you to see "the huge writhings of a maniac face," enough for you to see the Briarean arms as they convulsively stretch forth to clasp your trembling bark in their deadly embrace.

What fiendish revelry! Many go down to their watery graves to-night. Down deep in the unfathomed caves of ocean, by the phos-

phoric gleam of dead men's bones, the mermaids, with their yellow, unkempt hair, are dancing the wake with exultant glee to the wild, grand music of the storm. God pity the sailors!

The storm is abating somewhat. It is still intensely dark, however, and the rain continues.

Instinctively our thoughts turn to the days of our boyhood. Not so long ago either, dear reader, yet many have been the changes since then. There is the old-field school. How distinctly every feature is recalled! There is the white marble-ground in front, and the grass plat in rear of the house. And here are the old boys. It has been some time since we met, but, old fellows, I know you every one. You are the boy that "cut me down" in the spelling-class. I remember how I cried about it. And here is the *good* boy who used to turn my whistles and make bark-boats for me. How are you, boys?

Heigho, the storm has started afresh. Where are the boys who were here just now? Aye! *Where* are they? One sleeps in an alien land—

The rain is falling where he lies,
But the cold October rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
That manly form again.

A youth of promise, he fell in the din of battle where—

"Like two serpents, lithe and fierce,
The wrestling squadrons met."

That lump of coal which was just now burning so brightly, and has now gone out in darkness, was emblematic of his life: Cicero's beautiful words are peculiarly applicable to him, dying in the rude shock of contending hosts. "And so young men seem to me to die as when the violence of a flame is smothered by a flood of water." The others are scattered. We meet them sometimes, and with them hold sweet converse over "Auld Lang Syne." We know not where the storm finds them to-night, but pray that He, in whose hands our destinies are, may guard and shield them, not only in this tempest, but in all life's storms, and bring them to the haven of rest at last.

The storm is over. Through the rifted clouds the stars, one by one, are peeping. Their gentle radiance is all the more grateful, because of the darkness which preceded. It is time to stop these scattered musings.

IDLER.

THE JESUITS.

Rising like mountain peaks above the common level of mankind in the sixteenth century, two men of nearly equal grandeur arrest the attention of the historical student. It was a strange dispensation of Providence when two men, destined to exert such antagonistic influence on the coming ages as did Luther and Loyola, were made contemporaries. Luther opposed and sought to lessen the Papal power; Loyola advocated and labored for its increase. The one advocated freedom of thought and action; the other taught absolute submission

and unquestioning obedience. To the latter and his work I wish to call attention.

History bears record of no act more powerful in the influence exerted upon posterity, than that performed by a little band of seven men, who, near midnight on the 15th of August, 1534, marched silently along the deserted streets of Paris, entered a subterranean chapel, and there, under the most solemn oaths, administered by Peter Faber, joined themselves into a body afterwards known as the *Society of Jesus*.

The seven were Ignatius Loyola, Iago Lainez, Francis Xavier, Bobadilla, Faber, Rodreguez, and a boy named Salmeron.

Ignatius Loyola, the scion of a noble Spanish house, was in his early life a soldier, but having the misfortune to break his leg at the siege of Pampeluna, he whiled away the slow-dragging hours of confinement by reading stories of the saints, which made such an impression on him that he resolved to devote his life to the good of his fellow-men. In pursuance of this determination, according to the Romanist interpretation, he subjected himself to the most revolting penance in atonement for his past sins. So severe, in fact, were the hardships, he came near losing his reason, but his was not a mind to succumb to the storm which has shattered so many bright intellects. During his probation he wrote his book: "Spiritual Exercises."

Loyola soon learned, however, that to benefit his fellow mortals he must abandon his life of seclusion, and, entering into their haunts, mingle with other men.

Another obstacle presented itself. Although thirty-three years old, he was almost totally illiterate, but with that indomitable will which characterized all his undertakings, at a time of life when most men achieve their great deeds, Loyola, amidst the jeers and scoffs of his companions, began to study Latin grammar.

By quiet perseverance, together with the affable and fascinating manners of a courtier, he instilled into the minds of his seven companions those stern principles which have always been characteristic of the Jesuits.

In 1541 he was chosen first general of the order, and immediately set about perfecting the organization, and formed the Constitution to which the Jesuits owed their success.

Loyola was a religious enthusiast, superstitious and narrow minded, it is true, yet firm, persistent, and possessing keen, practical sense. He was the founder of an order, the character and acts of whose members are open to the severest criticism, but no one can impute to Ignatius Loyola motives other than the purest, which sprang from an earnest desire to do good and promote the welfare of mankind.

Loyola died in 1556 and was succeeded by Iago Lainez, who had assisted in framing the Constitution. Lainez was a fit follower of the first general, for what was lacking mentally in the former was amply supplied in the latter. Lainez was a clear thinker and pleasing speaker. He abolished the monkish costume, reduced the religious enthusiasm of the Society, and gave to its members the more worldly aim of Papal aggrandizement, and to this end have they labored ever since. Loyola organized and disciplined the army while Lainez led it to battle.

Yet, another of the little company demands attention : Francis Xavier, the founder of the Jesuit missionary work. Loyola, by helping him in his difficulties, paying his debts, accompanying him in his walks, grieving with him in adversity and rejoicing at his prosperity, succeeded in gaining such an ascendancy over the mind of the young man, that he reclaimed him from a life of reckless dissipation and made him his most zealous convert. The Pope, at the request of John III., of Portugal, who thought to increase his power by teaching his Asiatic subjects the principles of Christianity, appointed Xavier a missionary.

Never was a summons to hardship and danger so gladly received. After bidding farewell to his brethren, Xavier, passing his own home, which he dared not enter, made his way to the sea where he embarked. As the ship sailed away he saw the vine-clad hills of his native land grow dim and sink into the sea, never again to greet his eyes. His missionary work was attended with incredible hardships, and, if the Jesuit accounts are correct, with miraculous success. The great wish of his life was to go into China, and he bargained with some sailors to be landed there, but they disappointed him, and he was put ashore on a rocky island, where he died in sight of the land he wished so much to reach. So ended the life of the greatest man ever produced by the Society of Jesus.

By referring especially to these three men I have sought to impress the three main characteristics of the order. Loyola taught firm, unwavering, military discipline ; Lainez, the steady increase of Papal power, and Xavier the dauntless missionary zeal. All the other orders authorized a life of seclusion and meditation ; Loyola saw the necessity of activity and so organized the Jesuits.

Favored by the Pope, possessing all the privileges and none of the restrictions of other orders, the growth of the Jesuits was rapid. At the death of Loyola it numbered 1,000 members ; at its centennial, 13,112 were upon its roll, and at the time of the suppression it had reached the number of 22,589.

The rulings, character and work of the Society of Jesus were entirely different from that of any other order. It was just the organization to be popular. They were not separated from the rest of the world by any peculiar dress ; they had not the coarse and blunt manners of the Franciscans, nor the rigorousness of the Dominicans, and their members were the most talented and best educated men in the country, who by their subtle casuistry and eloquence ingratiated themselves with every class.

The order was divided into four classes, viz : *Novices, scholars, coadjutors* and *professed*. Candidates for admission were selected with the greatest care, any physical, mental or moral blemish subjecting the novitiate to summary rejection. The course of training, though severe, was simple ; it consisted of implicit obedience to the laws of the order and the authority of the general, whose edict it was a sin to question, and ruin to disobey. Each member was watched and his deeds recorded. Four times a year they had to confess every thought and act. Every passion, every feeling, every thought not in strict accord with the purposes of the Society was burnt out of the soul. All

these combined to destroy the individuality of the members, and to form the whole mass into one gigantic machine, whose motive power was the General.

It is hard to form any idea of the power they were capable of exerting. Think of 22,000 human beings controlled by a single will. From the man in the gilded confessional who absolved the sins of a monarch, to him who lay on the cold, bare earth beside the half-naked savage, but one mind controlled and but one voice commanded.

They hesitated at no means to accomplish their ends. In China they adopted the customs of Confucius; in Burmah they made their worship conform to Buddhist tastes, and, as an English satirist has said, they tried "to serve God with the help of the devil."

One of their inventions was that of *mental reservation*, whereby a man might safely commit perjury by swearing solemnly that he did not commit murder, if he took care to say to himself "On Tuesday," or any other day on which the deed was committed.

Their loose morals, selfishness and egotism were successfully unmasked by Pascal in his "Provincial Letters." They tried to resist the attack, but failed utterly. From this time they lost ground in France. In 1763 they were compelled, for the first time, to make public their Constitutions, and the year following were expelled from France.

Having once begun to fall, they continued rapidly to lose favor, and in 1773, Clement XIV., at the command of the kings of France; Spain and Naples, issued a bull suppressing them. This bull was annulled by one from Pius VII. in 1814, which restored all the rights and privileges to the Society, but having once lost their prestige they have never recovered.

Censurable as were many acts of the Jesuits, yet there is a bright side to their history. On the burning sands of Africa, in the jungles of Hindoostan, on the cold plains of America, the followers of Loyola were to be found, braving danger and privation in every form. Where pestilence laid low the strong man, where persecution and imprisonment threatened, there, with firm step and dauntless courage, was the Jesuit always found.

ROSEY.

A member of the Dezendorf Confederation says that he believes there is hope for the negroes yet. He says their intuitive powers are wonderfully acute. He visited a young lady quite frequently during last winter. As soon as he arrived at the house the negro boy would come out immediately and take his horse. On one occasion a young gentleman in the neighborhood called on the young lady, and when he left his horse was still in the yard. "John," said the young lady, the next morning, "why didn't you put Mr. S.'s horse away last night?" "Lor, Miss Jane, he ain't got no intruss here; 'taint no use to put his horse 'way. I know who got the intruss here." What astonishes the Dezendorfer is that John should have guessed that he was the favored one, as he had not visited the house more than five times a week for over three months.

POWHATAN'S CHIMNEY.

Historians assert that Powhatan's favorite residence was on the north side of York river, at Werowocomoco, in Gloucester county, about 25 miles from what is now called West Point. They say that he dwelt near a bay into which three creeks empty. This description is not sufficient to determine which of the numerous bays or creeks on the north side of York river is Werowocomoco bay.

More than one farmer claims to possess the spot hallowed by the rescue of Captain Smith.

This section of country was peculiarly well adapted to Indians. Fish, fowls and oysters must have been very abundant; springs of good water are even now very numerous. Many Indian relics have been found in various places. On an island near one of the places, claimed as the residence of Powhatan, is (or rather was some years ago) a large Indian mound.

These circumstances are used as arguments in favor of several places. But though many places may claim natural advantages, there is only one place whose claims seem to have much foundation.

It is asserted by some that Werowocomoco was on the east bank of Timberneck creek, and that Timberneck creek is the identical Werowocomoco bay. This creek, flowing from northeast to southwest, is picturesque and beautiful. Here and there its banks are high and steep, while the spaces between these bold elevations are low, the ascent from the water's edge inland being gradual. Not far from the mouth the east bank of the creek rises perpendicularly 30 or 40 feet. From this high point the land falls, forming on the south a deep ravine; on the north a good landing place. About 300 yards from this landing Powhatan's chimney is *still standing*.

Standing near this chimney, especially at sunset, one is struck with the beauty of the scenery. Southwestward and westward the river can be seen, at this point $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles wide. The shores are skirted by islands and indented with creeks and coves. In the ravine before mentioned, an old stump is still seen, near which a spring used to send forth an abundant supply of water. Every thing seems to indicate that this was the place chosen by the great chief as his favorite residence.

Though one might be disposed to doubt that this spot was the site of Powhatan's residence, after seeing its natural beauties, no one who sees the old chimney can doubt it.

This chimney—12 feet broad by $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep, and about 24 feet high—is built of a peculiar sand stone, found in abundance on the creek shore. This stone breaks quite easily but admits of no polish whatever. The rude rocks are simply piled one upon another, the crevices being filled with mortar. The whole chimney was formerly covered inside and out with mortar, making a massive but neat structure. The plaster has been broken off from a small space at the base of the chimney. Visitors to this spot are not numerous, but each one carries away a piece of the chimney. The chimney is cracked

from top to bottom, and there is reason to fear that it will be greatly injured if not protected.

Only one historian has visited this place, and he was convinced that this was Powhatan's chimney. It is well known that twenty-five or fifty years ago one or two such chimneys were standing at Jamestown. No one denies that Captain Smith made three Dutchmen build a chimney for Powhatan at Werowocomoco. In view of these facts there can be no doubt that this is the chimney. Of its identity, the chimney itself is the strongest proof.

Mr. Campbell, the only historian who has visited this spot, speaking of the rescue of Captain Smith by Pocahontas, has the following paragraph :

"Werowocomoco, the scene of this celebrated rescue, lies on the north side of York river, in the county of Gloucester, about twenty-five miles below the fork of the river, and on a bay into which three creeks empty. This is Timberneck bay, on the east bank of which stands a remarkable old stone chimney, traditionally known as 'Powhatan's chimney,' and its site corresponds exactly with the royal house of that chief, as laid down on Smith's map of Virginia. Werowocomoco is only a few miles distant from the historic field of Yorktown, which is lower down the river and on the opposite side. The lapse of time will continually heighten the interesting associations of Werowocomoco, and in ages of the distant future the pensive traveler will linger at the spot graced with the lovely charms of nature, and endeared by recollections of the tender heroism of Pocahontas."

It may be worth mentioning that a lightning rod has been attached to this chimney. A dilapidated frame house, said to be the third that has been built to the chimney, is still standing. The people of the neighborhood are quite proud of this old relic, and it is to be hoped that measures will be taken to preserve the chimney as it now stands.

"TORCUL-TORNO."

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

Reading recently an article in the *North British Review* (1857) on this subject, we were struck by the manner in which it was discussed. The question sufficiently important at that time to induce discussion from so eminent a source, has, in our day and country, become one of vital importance, and a few thoughts thereon may not be inappropriate. The vicissitudes of war, the prolonged financial stringency, the decay of enterprise, combined with ordinary reverses and misfortunes, have thrown and are daily throwing hundreds of women on their own resources. The question, therefore, becomes momentous and imperative. What employment shall be furnished them? The writer mentioned above suggests that woman's keen intuition, lively sympathies, and ready tact fit her for deeds of charity and mercy. This is all very fine, but it does not solve the problem. *Remunerative* employment must be furnished and deeds of charity are not frequently reward-

ed here. Women, as well as men, should have the ability in some way to turn labor into money. They may *never* need it, but they may, and oft-times do need it most sorely. Our Southern people have many prejudices to lay aside, we think, before they arrive at a correct solution of the problem. There is a popular idea that woman's mission is to adorn, not to utilize; that it is unfeminine to be useful; that the beautiful and useful are discordant. Far be it from us to advocate such employment as would tend to unsex, to render the gentle and refined coarse and vulgar. But we believe the popular idea fallacious. There is no antagonism between the beautiful and the useful—on the contrary, there is completest harmony. There is a modern theory in Political Economy, promulgated by Professor Fawcett, and in strict accordance with our mechanical iron age, that works of art, such as sculpture, painting, etc., ought not to be reckoned as wealth, but its truth is questionable, and we modestly but firmly decline to believe it. Woman's finer organism, instinctive love for the beautiful, more æsthetic nature, fit her for prëeminence in the finer arts. If it be objected that few have obtained prëeminence in this sphere, we reply that the way has been persistently blocked by prejudices which she could not surmount. Among the professions there are some admirably adapted to women, which men entirely monopolize. Take, for example, the profession of medicine. There is nothing more essential in the practice of medicine than careful nursing. This is especially true in wasting, protracted diseases, and in the nervous disorders peculiar to females. Here woman is incomparably man's superior. But we are told that this takes her away from her domestic duties—that the children are neglected and the house untidy. This is purely *ad captandum*. The class of women about which we are writing, for the more part have no domestic duties. Some, however, have, and it is with them simply a question whether the house shall lack in neatness, or the scanty furniture be sold for rent; whether the children shall cry from fretfulness, or cry for food. The tendency in the professions as elsewhere, is to specialism. In the division let woman take that which taxes her least and suits her best. This combines the excellent features of economy and gallantry. Factory work in some sections furnishes employment to women. In many respects it is entirely unsuited, and we need not here enter into details. Why our people cling to the theory so tenaciously that indoor work is exclusively for women and outdoor for men, we cannot divine. They are physically frailer, we are told. True, but wholesome, vigorous exercise, fresh, pure air, will make them stronger, not weaker. It is time for us to lay aside our preconceived notions, and calmly, judicially consider this important question. Closely allied with this question is the character of the education which women ought to have, but lack of space forbids its discussion.

COURT OF APPEALS—SESSION AT RICHMOND.

Judge Jones occupied the bench ; the rest sat behind him and were out of sight.

CROQUET CLUB vs. FACULTY.

Croquet Club, Appellants.

Faculty, Appellees.

The evidence in the case is sufficiently set forth in the very lucid and learned decision of the court :

From the evidence before the court it appears that the law students of Richmond College formed an association, known as the " Old Dominion Irredeemable Croquet Club," under that provision (V. C. 1873, chapter 61, section 1,) of legislative enactments designed to foster all companies created for the purpose of developing their muscle, and entitled an " Act to Help Internal Improvements." It further clearly appears that either this club was chartered by the Legislature, or ought to have been, or, at the very least, could have been if they had had enough money in their treasury to talk turkey to the poverty-stricken readjusting representatives of a high-toned people. But how much capital such an undertaking would have required this court is not prepared to say, never having tried it themselves, and, indeed, it is not necessary now to determine this point, as the issue is not directly involved in the case at present before the court.

It further appears that the aforesaid Old Dominion Irredeemable Croquet Club was indicted before the faculty for no other offence than prosecuting the purpose for which they were distinctly organized, namely, the willful and malicious striking of wooden balls with hard-headed hickory mallets. It further appears that it was not charged in the indictment that the wickets were not placed far enough apart, or that the posts were painted with wrong colors, tending to mislead the players. But it does seem to appear from the argument of the learned counsel for the appellees that they would have charged the club under that section prohibiting unlawful gaming, if they had not been unable to find in what part of the Code it was. As it is, the club is arrayed upon the single count of having played between the hours of nine and ten in the morning. The faculty found them guilty, whereupon the club applied for an appeal to this court, which was granted.

It is the unanimous opinion of this court that the decision of the faculty was ill-considered, and clearly illegal upon several grounds. In the first place, by the very act of organizing themselves into a club, the members solemnly pledged themselves to play with one another the game of croquet. How then can the faculty forbid them without impairing the obligation of contracts, which is distinctly prohibited by both the Federal and State Constitutions? (Hepburn, or some other man, vs. Griswold, 8 Wal. 603.) Such a decision of the faculty

was clearly a retrospective act, whose tendency was not merely to impair, but make absolutely impossible, a distinctly understood and mutual contract entered into by every mother-son-member of the Old Dominion Irredeemable Croquet Club.

Again, we apprehend that the decision of the Faculty was not wisely based upon the "Common Law" that forbids all students of the College from engaging in any games between the hours of 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. For this law only applied to the academical students, since in interpreting the "Will of the Law-Giver" we must consider the "reason and spirit of the law" (1 Bl. Com., 61), "and learn the *cause* which moved the Legislature to enact the law," and applying that rule to the case in point we are driven involuntarily to the conclusion that the *design* of the law was to keep those who were engaged between the hours of 9 A. M. and 3 P. M. in recitation, at their duties, and that, therefore, it cannot, and does not, apply to the members of the law class, which meets at 4 P. M. All laws are to be interpreted so as to suppress the mischief for which suppression they were passed, but this court has already clearly shown that the mischief for the suppression of which this law was passed was the engaging of *academical* students in worldly amusements during the time of regular college recitations. Neither can the appellees plead "mere usage," since *malus usus abolendus est*, every time.

Further, it is clear that if the law students were not distinctly mentioned in the Act they cannot be held amenable under it, since it is a leading doctrine of the law that "A statute which treats of things or persons of *inferior rank*, cannot, by *general words*, be extended to those of a superior." (1 Bl. Comm., 88). This court, therefore, rules that the words "college student" must never hereafter be interpreted to possibly mean a law student, but that all acts, intended to bind them, shall read, "Law Students and other Students," &c.

Again, we must consider that foundation rule, recognized in all courts of equity, and laid down frequently before by this court, and which, on account of its universal acceptance by even the common people, our leading law writers have never formulated in the Latin language, but have seen fit to give in mother-tongue. This *dictum*, to wit, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," applied to the case in point, would clearly necessitate the academical students to cease their out-door sports, whilst the law students recited—namely, between the hours of 4 P. M. and 6 P. M., if the law students are to "desist, &c.," whilst the academics are reciting. (Goose *vs.* Gander, 107 Grattan, 1004).

Finally, the court holds that the decision of the faculty should be overruled, because it would clearly be unfortunate in its results, and oppressively inconvenient. If the law students are not to roll the balls and make ricochet shots between the hours of 9 A. M. and 10 A. M., when, under the sun, will they make them? And it is very clear to this court that they must make them under the sun, if at all. It is not justifiable in the faculty to suppose that law students can see in the dark better than any other men, as this court has already decided in the case of Diogenes against Mr. Alexander the Great. In that

case it clearly appeared that Aleck stood in front of Diogenes, whilst the old man was fixing his tub, just as if Aleck was a perfect (political) transparency. The evidence in that case went to show that Diogenes made it so hot for Aleck that there was no necessity for the young man to stand longer in the sun, and the court sustained Diogenes.

In closing the court feels bound to say that there is not entirely wanting evidence to show there was a put-up-game against the Old Dominion Irredeemable Croquet Club to enable third parties to buy out their set of croquet cheap, to the furtherance of all which schemes it has never been the policy of this court in anywise to lend its aid, unless it was well paid for it.

Decision reversed.

SLIGHT INCONSISTENCIES.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

The first number of *The Richmond College Messenger* lies before me, and its appearance and contents do not disappoint the expectations that had been created by the mysterious hints let fall by the initiated as to the good things which we were to have when it was issued. In looking over its pages, however, I find two or three statements which I cannot reconcile, and I venture to ask for "more light." Under the head of "Local Mention," on page 26, you make the announcement : "The *Monthly Musings* is dead." Sad and startling is this intelligence to some of us who thought, in our ignorance, that the *Musings* was not about to die, but that it was about to enter upon a career of greater prosperity under a new name, and in an improved form. After giving some account of the funeral, and attempting a diagnosis of the disease which ended its career, you announce the birth of an infant, said infant being the magazine now on my table. What will your readers say, Messrs. Editors, when they are informed that there was no death to record, no funeral to describe, no disease to diagnose and no birth to exult over, but that a simple change has taken place, such as they may see any day, when an urchin just emerging from babyhood leaves off his long clothes and dons his first pair of pants ? Will they think with you, that an editor is at his best—when asleep, or will they remember that Homer sometimes nods, and charitably allow you the same privilege ? The records of the proceedings of the two Societies afford abundant proof that the *Musings* is not dead, but that its name and form have merely been changed, but the same fact is clearly shown by your own utterances. On the title page of the infantile visitor there are the remarkable words and letters : Vol. IV. No. I. ; remarkable in view of the fact that they are borne by an *infant*. Please be good enough to inform us in what stage of its previous existence this precocious bantling issued its first three volumes, and in what library they are to be found. We are filled with awe, just as though we had suddenly been confronted with a new born babe speaking French fluently and reading Faust at sight. Indeed, our astonishment in the lat-

ter case might be mitigated by the thought of hereditary influences, but as we are not skilled in the biology of newspapers our wonder has free scope. You yourselves must admit that this infant is something of a phenomenon, coming into the world, as it does, with three volumes already issued, and the work well advanced on the fourth, or, to borrow a nautical phrase peculiarly appropriate to the present occasion, "with three sheets in the wind and all sails set." But furthermore, you remark on page 28, "Unavoidable delays have prevented the publication of the paper at the usual time." Is that, too, a reminiscence brought from that former period of existence when you published so many volumes? Recollections of events, of scenes and of places, of mysterious ideas and fancies, which we never saw or experienced in this life, sometimes sweep over us, and some philosophers say that we saw such scenes and indulged such fancies in the long ago, before we entered upon the life that now is. Is the same thing true of newspapers?

Pardon me for thus trespassing upon your space. The *Musings* was somewhat of a favorite of mine. I watched its career from its earliest infancy, and I am not willing to see it "done to death" in cold blood. It had a name and a motto which was sufficient to kill a paper endowed with less vitality than the *Musings*, but it triumphed over them and made a name for itself among college journals in spite of them. In simple justice to the founders of the *Musings* and to the paper itself, the *Messenger* should state that it is the *Musings* published under another name and in another form.

ALPHA.

[We are obliged to the writer for his favorable opinion of the *Messenger*, and for the friendly criticism offered. As to the grave inconsistencies discovered, we desire to say a word or two. The first proof of the cover had on it, Vol. I. No. I. A member of the committee had Vol. IV. inserted on first page, and the first eight pages were at once printed. Finding it too late to correct the mistake, we decided to make the cover correspond with first page, and count it in with the issues of the *Musings*. The allusion to the delay in the publication of the paper of course does not prove anything. The College paper, known as the *Monthly Musings*, usually appeared about the 10th of each month, and the *Messenger* was looked for at the same time.

We do not wish to do injustice to the founders of the *Musings*. They deserve and ought to receive high praise for their enterprise. And it is simple justice to them to say, what we suppose every well informed student knows, that the *Messenger* grew out of the *Musings*.

Still the *Musings* is undoubtedly dead. It was the organ of the Literary Societies of Richmond College. The Richmond College *Messenger* now occupies that position, a paper different in form and name. The writer, it will be observed, says, "the *Musings* was a favorite of mine," and unconsciously bears testimony to what he writes against. However, if it is a comfort to "Alpha" to believe that this paper is the *Musings*, we have no objection to his indulging that belief, but when he asks us to say that it is, we simply remind him of George Washington and his little hatchet.—Eds.]

A NIGHT ON THE ATLANTIC.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Just at twilight, strolling along the white beach of the little island Amelia, listening to the wailing notes of the surging waves that leaped upon the shore and filled the air with misty vapor, I could but sympathize with you, knowing your propensities, as I bathed in the balmy atmosphere, drank in the fragrance of a royal "Havana," and communed so closely with grand old Nature. Orange trees, yet laden with fruit; bananas, pomegranates, and the like, green and flourishing on every side. I could but recall the scenes of home where a few days ago I left all withered and sere; and then the "old familiar faces" presented themselves. Thinking of them, I am persuaded to give a clipping from my diary of October 8th and 9th, which may, perhaps, be of some interest. "All the morning dark clouds hung like a pall over this city by the sea," Savannah, and time drifted slowly by as we waited to hear the ship-bell signal for the start. At last the welcome peals break upon us, and now, as we cross the gang-plank, a gentle rain, fanned by a chilling "wester," deeply enhances the cosiness of the richly furnished saloon in which all hands are making ready for the voyage.

Repairing straitway to my state-room, that I might prepare myself to meet the fair ones who promenade "to and aft" the long velvety-carpeted aisles, and behold themselves reflected in massive mirrors suspended on either hand, the double tap of the pilot's bell and the tremor of my little apartment tells me "we are off." Barely had the flicker of the city lights dissolved in the distance when that diabolical instrument, the gong, crashed away its deafening notes, announcing supper, and now all hands file down the narrow stairway to the tables, which are weighted with everything appetite could wish. "All hands above!" rings out a voice, and, as if by magic, chairs are thrust back and a start is made, under the protest of the steward, who insists, without avail, that it is only an order for the deck hands.

I reached the saloon just in time to see the captain, robed in dripping waterproof, rush along the length of the ship, and was at once all curiosity and excitement, and made haste to the pilot-house to know if my boyish longing to witness a storm at sea was to be realized. "Come in!" responds to my rap on the door. "Hallo! young man, how do yer like this?" And in the glimmer of the frosted lamp, I saw well the fixedness of his eye ahead. "What's up now?" I replied. "'Mong the swamp islands that stud this northern coast of Florida, and we have to squirm through 'em." "There we go!" he said, as our ship's head went right into the sea-weeds, and our keel scraped over the sand-bar. "Rough, I tell yer," until we get "fair out." In a half an hour I am back in the saloon; some are in groups conversing, others at games, a few reading, while nearly all the men are "forward" smoking. Great conscience! one spasmodic jerk,

and I suspected our boat sundered. And now we reel and rock, tables clatter, suspending lamps tremble, women sigh, men look wildly-curious, and all borders on panic. Bang! sounds the "aft" door, and the captain, closely followed by the mate, hurriedly dashes through, so that a child might know trouble without. I follow, and presently I am blown across the deck through the darkness, and lodge against a huge iron brace, and to it I cling for life itself. "Hallo! there," yells the captain, whom I have followed, but can see nothing of now. "All right! Captain," I answer. The ship bounds and leaps upon its tossing base in fearful fury. "Ahoy! cast the line below!" and from the very depths comes a voice in sepulchral tones, "aye, aye, Captain, twenty so!" "Lower the boats men!" Wild and wilder howled the winds, fast and faster fell the drenching rain, still more furious rolled up the frantic waves; the cold spray frosts my cheeks; now our footing caves beneath us, and again we rise upon watery wings into the clouds. O, the timbers creak, women shriek, men fear, all night the elements sport in wildest revelry till our ship seemed doomed to a watery grave; sleep is dispelled by fear, for heaven's artillery now opens its thundering volleys and flashes above the brightness of the ship lamp, till the last dying roar in the distance leaves us appalled lest the next launch us into eternity. Ah, now is seen something of poor human frailty, when ushered into the presence of the Almighty. Where are the oaths that were heard from those who first scorned the storm? O wretched, ungrateful cowards, that when all was calm and peaceful could blaspheme the name of Him who gave it, and now pray for mercy. Hark, the whistle blows, and its hollow tones call every one to the windows to find gray dawn just breaking over the eastern horizon. Land! land! exclaims a dozen voices, and away in the distance is seen a tiny speck like a cloud resting upon the bosom of the waters. The storm has ceased its fury, and each wave seems retreating from the scene of its revelry; the gray-plumed sea gull darts about the mast heads while long phalanxes of wild ducks stream out to our left. But look! a huge ball of fire rises out of the ocean. O, grand, sublime sight: it is the morning sun, and its rays steal gently toward us until at length a golden avenue is laid all the way from our broadside to the "king of day" upon his throne, tempting us to tread its treacherous pathway. But here is Fernandina, and I must make ready to land as the captain says we are up for repairs, all the boats gone, wheels damaged and pumps broke. I shall soon be west of the Mississippi and I will mail you a line. Love to all the boys.

RICHMOND.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with a sad heart that we record the death of Richard Woodward. It would be our duty, as editors of the *College Messenger*, to note the demise of one whom our College was proud to enroll among her sons, but we subordinate the mere duties of an office to the sad duty and privilege of a friend. Yet we think it needless to tell the moral and social qualities of our dear, departed comrade to the circle of his friends, who, knowing him, were forced to know and appreciate his virtues, and, perhaps, it is not well to parade those virtues before the eye of the stranger. But the record of a noble life is a record which the world will not willingly suffer to die. The most eloquent discourse upon virtue is *the example* of it, and the grandest example of it—not of incidental display of virtue—but a virtuous life. It is not too much to say that such an example, when displayed in the career of a young man, makes itself felt throughout a community. It is at that stage that purity of life carries its chief import and significance. It has been said that the old oftentimes flatter themselves that they have left their passions, when, in truth, their passions have left them. But the world has never doubted that youthful virtue was true virtue, necessarily implying in its possession a pure heart, a lofty ideal, a tender conscience and perfect self-denial and control. A display of such virtue, we repeat, makes felt its import and influence upon a whole community. Said a gentleman of this city, to Richard Woodward, just prior to our friend's death: "Dick, I believe that you're the best young man in this city." How significant a eulogy! To speak of one's accomplishments, talents, promise, alone implies that nature has been bountiful in her gifts, but to bear involuntary testimony to the possession of *virtue* proclaims a *moral victory*, which nature has never yet won for man, but rather which man must win in very spite of nature. A triumph of that which is better within us over that which is vilest, the dethronement of passion and the elevation and establishment of reason; it is the victory of the man over the animal. And we shall all bear testimony to the truth of our brother's reply: "I have never done a deed I was ashamed of, and by the grace of God I never will." Words could not imply more than that, and were never spoken more conscientiously. They carried with them all the purport of the young man's reply to Christ: "The commandments have I kept from my youth up," but whilst sharing the grand import of that answer they veiled not a sad reservation that there was yet one thing needful, a homage withheld. Again are we reminded of the beauty of youthful virtue, as we read—and who has ever read it unmoved—the brief, pathetic mention: "Then Jesus, beholding him, loved him."

We are certain that the occasion offered will excuse the direction which our discourse has taken. We have only further to speak a word of our departed friend as a *conscientious worker*. We can remember no occasion of his undertaking a duty that he did not throw his whole soul into it. Not only was his class work faithfully performed

but his duties imposed upon him by the societies to which he belonged, were as zealously regarded; to place him upon a committee was to insure the completion of that committee's work.

We have done. There is no need of commenting upon such a life. It is enough that it be told, and the world invited to scrutinize it.

CALMLY.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted by the B. O. H. Fraternity at a meeting held October 26th, 1878:

WHEREAS, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from our midst to that house in Heaven, prepared for those whom the Lord loveth, our Brother, R. L. Woodward, therefore be it

Resolved, 1. That by his death we have lost an associate faithful to his obligations, gentle in manners, pure in character, cultivated and gifted in intellect, whose future was bright and promising, and to whom many eyes were turned as one most likely to win high distinction.

2. That in our association with one so true and noble, we have constantly felt stimulated by character, trained on the severest models of excellence, and adorned by the graces of the Spirit.

3. That while we feel the death as a heavy bereavement, we rejoice in the hope that the change for him has been only from the temporal to the eternal, from earthly disappointments to Heaven's joys.

4. That in token of our loss we wear the badge of mourning for thirty days.

5. That we tender to the sorrowing family the assurances of our most cordial sympathies.

6. That these resolutions be spread on the minutes, published in the *Messenger* and B. O. H., and a copy be forwarded to the family of our brother.

M. B. CURRY,	} Committee.
J. B. JENKINS,	
E. E. HOLLAND,	

At a meeting of the students, held on October 24th, the following preamble and resolutions were presented by the committee and were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, it has seemed good to God in his Providence to remove from our midst by death, our friend and former College mate, R. L. Woodward, therefore

Resolved, 1st. That in his death we lose one whose pure, upright life, whose gentle, courteous bearing won for himself our high respect and sincerest love.

2d. That while God's Providence in removing one with so bright a promise of usefulness seems to us inscrutable, yet we bow with reverence to His will, knowing that "He is too wise to err, to good to be unkind."

3d. That in view of his high-toned Christian character, his devotion to truth and duty, his sincere trust in the Saviour, we confidently cherish the hope that he has "passed from death unto life."

4th. That we tender to his bereaved parents and kindred our sincerest sympathies in their sad bereavement.

5th. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to his parents and a copy be published in our College paper.

R. H. PITT,	} Committee.
J. W. FLEET,	
J. E. PRAKE.	

In addition to the above, the following resolutions of respect and condolence were passed by the Mu Sigma Rho Literary Society, of which Mr. Woodward was a member:

Whereas, a mysterious but all-wise Providence has removed from our midst R. L. Woodward, our esteemed friend, who was formerly a member of this Society, *Be it Resolved*,

1. That by his death we have been deprived of a most active, worthy and honored member, and that we do deeply and sincerely lament his loss.

2. That by his fidelity in the performance of society, as well as student and Christian duties, he has left an example that demands praise and justly excites our emulation.

3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to his parents, that they be printed in the *Messenger* and that they be spread on our minutes.

GEO. B. TAYLOR, JR.,	} Committee.
G. B. MOORE,	
M. B. CURRY.	

Nov. 7, 1878.

MAJORITIES.

Perhaps a majority of the societies make it a plank of their platform that only a two-thirds vote shall alter their Constitutions. It is well thus to honor the foundation principles, and for two reasons: First, it gives a stability and permanence, which cannot be easily shaken, to the whole structure, and we feel that the very end and purport of our work will not be suddenly changed by a mere majority. In short we shall know what to depend upon, and something will be placed beyond the reach of an easy change. In the second place, it is supposed, with a great show of reason, that as every section of a constitution has been long and profoundly considered by its framers, it is very apt to be a wise and just enactment, and that if we cannot see it in that light it is because we are either blinded by prejudice or have not gone as deep into the subject as the fathers of the Constitution. But it strikes us that this last point is not always well taken. When the same issue is in dispute the principle holds good, but when an entirely new issue is raised it is rash for us to conclude how the forefathers of the Constitution would have acted under these new and changed circumstances. Let us clear our way to the argument by an illustration, for perhaps it is getting necessary to clarify our mental vision. The Constitution of the Philologian Society provides certain regulations controlling the being of the "*The Gem*"—the society paper. Now any motion tending to dispense

entirely with the classic *Gem* ought to be carried by a "two-thirds" majority, because it is evident that our forefathers in Israel distinctly considered the issue: "Shall we or shall we not have a Society Paper?" and settled it in the affirmative. Their opinion upon the subject is held to be worth the weight of the votes of one-third of the Society; so that the account stands, one-third plus the constitution, equals two-thirds minus the constitution. Our "forefathers," so to speak, are voting with us—though dead they yet speak. But suppose the question is, "Shall the *Messenger*, in certain aspects, take the place of the Society *Gem*?" Now here is a new issue, an issue which the framers of the Constitution never considered, and which, for all we know, they would have unanimously decided in the affirmative. It seems therefore absurd to count their voice either way in the present discussion, since they were not talking then about the same thing that we are now. It might therefore seem that when it is not an old issue which has been once decided, but an undoubtedly new issue, which has never been previously decided, that is before the Society, a majority should be as competent to decide it as they would any other new issue. We have not written this because we wished the constitution, touching the *Gem*, altered; as we talked and voted the other way, but because we thought that the opposite party, having a majority of the votes, ought to have had the victory, though they did not for want of a "constitutional" majority. At the same time we think that the rule is generally so just and happy in its effects, that it ought to be continued, and that if its efficacy was limited to cases where only old issues were reconsidered that there might often be a difference of opinion as to whether the issues were old or new. Better an iron rule than a vague or meaningless one.

After-dinner orator: "It's in the wonderful insight inter 'uman nature that Dickens gets the pull over Thackeray; but on tother hand, it's in the brilliant shafts of satire, t'gether with a keen sense o' humor that Thackens gets the pull on Dickery. It's just this: Thickery is the humorist, and Dackens is the satirist. But, after all, t's 'bsurd to instoot any comparison between Dackery and Thickens."—*Ex.*

Perhaps the meanest thing, speaking artistically, is the way they run the gum department at Vassar College. Gum, for reasons best known to the faculty, is left off the catalogue, and so the girls have to chew it all over the twenty-four hours. In the history class, for instance, along comes the question, "What year was America discovered?" And then comes the distressing answer from the whole class, "Ajum, whajum, eigh, ech wah." This is gum for 1492.—*New York Herald.*

First Prep. (angrily): "If you attempt to pull my ears you'll have your hands full." Second Prep. (looking at the ears): "Well, yes; I rather think I shall."—*Ex.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

It will never do for a "Minor" to air his legal love soon or display it upon all occasions, as the following record of a sad experience, clipped from a Washington journal, proves. There is a time to laugh and a time to weep, and a time to practice law; but it will never do to turn the family circle into a court, or array paterfamilias at the bar of high justice, under the plea that all are equal in the eye of the law. Why, some "boys" after inhaling a half-sized breath or so of legal atmosphere think they cannot make a plea to their sweetheart without filing their declaration on rule day, and making motion thirty days previously that they propose to enter a demurrer against the other fellow. Why is this thusly? All that is necessary on the part of the plaintiff is to make a sworn statement of his assets, and of how much the old man is likely to leave him, and then apply for a "disclosure" of sentiments, and a jury trial by one of the vicinage. (To sit on the same sofa with her has been held by the Court of Appeals, 36 Grattan, next section, to carry with it the full legal significance of "vicinage.") If, then, it is no go, the sooner you apply for a change of venue the better. But now for that Washington story:

"The tie which bound a certain youth to a lawyer's office was severed yesterday, and his parents were happy. They wanted the boy to make a great lawyer, but he was going too fast. He pursued his studies with an ardor which cast a judicial shadow o'er the household, and created considerable neighborhood talk. He got trusted for candy and repudiated the bill on the ground that he was a minor. Bought a dog then went into a bankruptcy. He borrowed a pair of skates and defied the owner to get out a writ of replevin. He borrowed fifty cents and then made the owner his assignee.

"But the worst of it was in the family. He had a legal name for almost everything, and his desire was to prove to his parents that he was just absorbing dead loads of law. If he wanted a potato at the dinner table, he would remark: 'File my claim against that baked potato and I'll prove the indebtedness this afternoon.'

"If he wanted bread he would say: 'Mother, get me out a writ of attachment for a piece of bread.'

"It was expected of him that he would build the morning fires, but no sooner had he gained an insight of law, than he said: 'I'm going to move for a change of venue unless some other arrangement is made.'

"He moved for a stay of proceedings when asked to go to the grocery, and if chided for being out at nights, he replied:

"File your declaration and give me a chance for a jury trial."

The other day the long suffering father severed the tie. He was trying to hold up hoping for reform, but as he sat down to the tea-table his son brightened up and remarked:

"The defendant will now take the stand and be sworn. Now, Sir, did you or did you not come out of a Griswold street saloon at eleven

o'clock this morning, wiping your mouth on the back of your hand? Tell the jury all about it, sir.'

It was a little too much, and the boy doesn't study law any more. He plays with a wood-pile in the back yard.

A story is abroad that a petrified ham has been discovered in Virginia.—*Pic.* Can't shoulder that on us.—*Detroit Free Press.* A rasher statement could not have been made.—*London Advertiser.* This story should not have made such a rump-us.—*Pic.* People must veal edified at reading such puns—written by such sweet little lamb stew.—*Boston Post.* What butchers of words! It is very unmeet for editors to carrion so.—*Whig.*

These are middling attempts but we'll pork in and show our bristles. We should like to ca-jowl some one into telling the origin of this tail and thereby obtain the marrow of it. The whole thing is a bore.

One of the editors of this paper paid a recent visit to Tidewater Virginia—meeting during his travels several old College mates. He was gratified to find the Alumni interested in everything pertaining to the College. The people of Tidewater Virginia are living like princes just at this time, and this makes it all the stranger that the editor aforesaid, usually jovial, should return in such an austere (oyster) condition.

One of the Dezendorf Confederation can't sleep with his watch under the pillow, the ticking is so disagreeable. Consistency thou art, &c. There is his bed-ticking under him all the while and he doesn't complain.

Very bad spelling is sometimes the best, as in the case of the English beer-vender, who wrote over his shop-door, "*Bear* sold here." Tom Hood, who saw it, said it was spelled right, because the fluid he sold was his own *Bruin*.

Not less ingenious was the device of the quack doctor, who announced in his printed hand-bills that he could instantly cure "the most obstinate *aguews*;" which orthography proved that he was no conjuror, and did not attempt to cure them by a *spell*.

This is an age of discovery. Men are probing for the causes of things. A remarkable literary and musical fact has recently come under our notice, and we present it to the authorities for investigation:

Between the hours of 9 and 10½ P. M., the moon and stars shining with unwonted brilliancy, we heard a young parent sing the same words to 49 different tunes—comprising common, long, short, hallelujah and peculiar metres. It may be added, that the words, though sung with great tenderness, were in an unknown tongue. We only remember the refrain, which as near as we can recall it, ran:

"Te yum, dum diddle die,
Te yum dum, dum."

PERSONALS.

F. M. Kendall, of Orange, ('53) was married to Miss Starke, of West Point, on 29th October. We congratulate the happy couple.

Sam Page is busy farming in Albemarle. "I tell you a fact. First time I was ever on a calathump in my life."

P. W. Corr, well remembered by many of the older students, is now Principal of Forest Glen Academy, Holmes county, Miss., and proposes, among other things, to teach his pupils "civil engineering, natural sciences, music, painting, both in water and oil colors, wax work, and all kinds of fancy needle work."

Rev. J. L. Burrows, D. D., of Louisville, has recently visited Richmond. He has always been a great favorite here. While in the city the Doctor delivered two lectures, one on "Discussion Always Retaining the Dis." The lecture was an able, practical "discussion" of the art of controversy. His other lecture, "It's a Boy," to those who are happily free from these responsibilities, possessed only a general interest, yet it was so permeated by the Doctor's hearty, genial humor as to make it really enjoyable. Even to those of us who have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the Doctor, a sight of his jovial countenance is inspiring.

L. H. Cocke has been appointed Professor of Moral Science, History and English Literature at Hollins' Institute. Lucian was always a dignified youth, and we suspect in his new role of Professor he is more so than ever.

We had the pleasure of spending a night about two weeks ago with our old chum, Thomas P. Bagby. He is practicing law at West Point, is happily married, and has two bright, fine-looking children. Oh, Tom! Tom!!

Claggett Jones goes to the University to study law, and we predict for him a bright future.

W. C. Bitting is at Crozer. Let us hear from you occasionally, Willie.

Howard R. Bayne is practicing law in Richmond. We expect him to favor us with an occasional contribution from his facile pen.

H. A. Tupper, J. T. E. Thornhill, H. C. Smith, W. F. Harris, F. P. Robertson, W. T. Derieux, Burnett, Ro. Carney, G. M. Shott and George W. Riggan are in Louisville attending the seminary. How about your papers?

Ashton Starke, who won the Steel Medal last session, and who was deservedly so universal a favorite, is in business in the city and favors us with an occasional visit. "Ash" is a true friend and loves his Alma Mater very fervently. He was especially interested in the Reading Room and did his work well. We hope his business engagements may allow him to give us an occasional article.

P. Y. Tupper and Sam Woody are attending the Medical University at Louisville.

J. Newton Tucker, D. D. S., is pulling teeth in Prince George and adjacent counties.

Extra Billy Brown was expected to return, but so far has failed to put in an appearance.

W. M. Turpin, A. M., has returned from his European travels. During his absence he visited England, France, Italy, Palestine and Germany. The columns of the *Messenger* are open to him, and his numerous friends would be glad to read descriptions of his wanderings.

Professor Rodes Massie, we regret to say, is kept from regular attendance on his classes by severe indisposition.

Professor George S. Thomas, who filled so acceptably the chair of Greek during Professor Harris' absence, will teach Modern Languages for a month.

LOCAL MENTION.

The Fair was enjoyed as hugely as usual. Lectures were suspended for two days, and the boys practically suspended them for a third. One of the most pleasant features connected with the Fair is the meeting of old college- and class-mates. Quite a number of our old boys were here, and the hand-shakings and words of welcome were frequent and cordial. The Fair was up to the average. There was the usual number of fat pigs, sheep and cattle; the usual number of fine horses; an unusual amount of patent-medicine and soap venders. The wonderful fat woman and many other curiosities might be seen for the small sum of two dimes and half, twenty-five cents, or a quarter of a dollar.

It passed off pleasantly, and at this writing the city is as quiet as ever.

It is slightly amusing to read in one of our exchanges an elaborate description of Mr. Voorhees' speech at the Agricultural Fair, and of the immense throng which hung with rapture on his eloquent words. The cause of the amusement is that Mr. Voorhees wasn't there.

So far 136 students have matriculated; 14 for the School of Law, the remainder for the academic.

"Every polite letter is entitled to an answer:" Our Foot Ball Club sent a challenge to the Randolph Macon Club to play them a game during the Fair. To the challenge no answer has been received, and we are at a loss to account for their silence; which, to say the least, is quite discourteous.

The "rats" did their best to get up a calathump not long ago, but it was so small an affair, prep. as it were, that the faculty took no notice of it. We understand they succeeded, after a great effort, in ringing the bell.

The reading room opens auspiciously. The room is nicely furnished. It is in charge of a regular committee, and we hope that the students will sustain them in their efforts to preserve the furniture, &c., from injury. Let us have strict rules and then enforce them.

EXCHANGES.

Our table is piled up with exchanges but we have only space to notice a few.

The Album (Hollins Institute), is always looked for with interest. Apart from its literary merit, which is by no means inconsiderable, we feel an interest in it because of our proximity to Hollins, and our anxiety for its success. We know something of the difficulties and discouragements to be met with in starting a college paper, and hence we feared for the girls of Hollins when they started *The Album*. However our sympathy and anxiety were thrown away. The present issue is very bright. The article on Autumn Beauties is fresh and natural. Just two suggestions may not be out of order. Read the proof more carefully; it was read very carelessly this time. Secondly, tell us more about what the girls do and say at Hollins. This would make the paper more interesting than selections, however tastefully made.

The *Canadian Spectator* (Montreal, Canada), is among the best of our exchanges. The article on "Being Talked About" is really worth reading. The paper has a most singular shape however.

The *College Argus* (Middleton, Conn.) is almost entirely filled up with dissertations on courtesy and politeness. We are sorry things are at such a "low ebb" there. With this large exception the paper is quite readable.

The *Campus* (Alleghany College, Meadville, Pa.) is remarkably neat and tasteful. The presence of a lady editor doubtless gives zest to its editorials. We have borrowed some of its jokes.

The *So. Collegian* is out in an entirely new dress. It has always been a good paper, and we think it better now than ever.

Lafayette College Journal (Easton, Pa.) is among the best of our exchanges and always welcome.

The *Educational Journal* (Richmond, Va.) is full of readable articles. Among them we notice "Reform in English Spelling," by Professor W. W. Valentine, of this city, and an entertaining article on the history of the word "Egregious," by Professor Charles Dod, of Williamsburg.

The Chinese Encyclopedia meets a long-felt want, and no family should be without it. It is published at Peking in 5,020 volumes, and at the price of \$7,500 is the same as given away. "Get the best."—*Lowell Courier*.

A RAT'S DREAM.

Messrs. Editors, in verse let me try to tell,
How a love sick rat wrote to his much loved Nell.
The clocks in the city were slowly striking ten,
Laying his books aside, the rat took up his pen;
Then forgetting his weariness, unmindful of time;
He carefully composes the following rhyme.

"Resume thy tiresome work, oh! thou dreamy student,
Even now the great sun brightens the orient;
See! see! how the dew drops glisten in the bright rays,
The merry birds are pouring forth their tuneful lays.
Could the grand river be more beautiful and bright?
Cannot all these things tempt you forth into the light?
Ah, thou art dreaming; what is thy dream lonely boy?
Listen, he whispers a name, he smiles in his joy.
'Tis thy name he whispers; thy name banishes pain,
All grief flees as he dreams that he sees you again—
Behold, I am the dreaming student so lonely,
Believe me, dearest Nell, I dream of *thee* only."

The clocks in the city had already struck one,
Before this poetic effusion was done;
The poor student having read his ode with much pride,
Muttered, to-morrow I will finish, but he sighed,
As he thought of the morrow's work. Then as he lay
On his hard couch, he is borne, in dreams, far away.
He is at home again: He is bidding good-bye
To father, mother and sister. He heaves a sigh
As he is clasped in his mother's fond embrace;
While she prays, "To work faithfully, may you have grace."
His fond father says simply, "God bless you my boy."
His sister's kiss lingers on his lips. (What sad joy
Even in parting!) Now the scene shifts in his dream—
He is taking leave of Nell. Her bright eyes beam
With love. He exclaims, one fond kiss, dearest Nell—
But, he is dragged from his bed with a very wild yell;
His window is up; a long cord to his toe;
Ten strong boys are pulling it—"My toe, oh! oh! oh!"

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