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RICHMOND, VA.: BAUGHMAN BROTHERS' STEAM POWER PRESSES. 1879.
THE Institution embraces eight independent Academic Schools and a School of Law, under the following

FACULTY:

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Expenses per session of nine months, embracing entrance and tuition fees, fuel, lights and washing, $122. Good board in messing clubs costs $10 per month; at the College boarding houses, $13. About $90 will be needed on matriculation; $35 the 1st February, and the remainder at intervals through the session.

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B. PURYEAR,
Chairman of the Faculty
LINES WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

"Coming from a gloomy court,
Place of Israelite resort,
This old lamp I've brought with me,
Madame, on its panes you'll see
The initials K. and E.

"An old lantern brought to me,
Ugly, dingy, battered, black"—
(Here a lady I suppose
Turning up a pretty nose,)
"Pray, sir, take the old thing back,
I've no taste for bric-a-brac."

"Please to mark the letters twain"
(I'm supposed to speak again)
"Graven on the lantern pane,
Can you tell me who was she,
Mistress of the flowery wreath,
And the anagram beneath
The mysterious K. E.?

"Full a hundred years are gone
Since the little beacon shone
From a Venice balcony;
There on summer nights it hung,
And her lovers came and sung
To their beautiful K. E.

"Hush! from the canal below
Don't you hear the plash of oars?
And a thrilling voice begins,
To the sound of mandolins,
Begins singing of amore,
And delire, and dolore—
Oh, the ravishing tenore.

"Madame, do you know the tune?
Ah, we all of us have hummed it;
I've an old guitar has thrummed it
Under many a changing moon.
Shall I try it? Do, Re, Mi,
What is this? Ma foi, the fact is
That my voice is out of practice,
And my poor old fiddle cracked is
And a man—I let the truth out—
Cannot sing as once he sung,
When he was young as you are young—
When he was young and lutes were strung,
And love-lamps from the casement hung.""
COLLEGE HISTORY.

Few of the readers of the MESSENGER we suppose, know anything in detail of the early history of our college. There has never been an occasion which seemed to demand that historically accurate review of the origin and progress of the institution, which might be, and ought to be, put upon record. The semi-centennial celebration, when observed, will doubtless bring out, with distinctness, every fact calculated to do justice to the forethought and energy of the founders, and to inspire with courage and hope those to whose hands its doctrines are at present committed.

The pages of our college monthly may not inappropriately become the repository of such historical data as may, from time to time, be collected. The writer had his attention first arrested by an evident inaccuracy in our chronology, perpetrated by the Committee on Grounds and Buildings. When the main building was erected in 1872-3, two tablets were conspicuously inserted in the walls, bearing the dates 1844 and 1872. The latter, it may be inferred, chronicles the date of the erection of the building, and also commemorates the effort to raise the Memorial Endowment.

The significance of “1844,” however, cannot be so readily seen. So far as the writer is acquainted with the college history, it is meaningless. It is certain that no building was erected, no fund raised, no new departure made that year. The error may be traced, we think, to the historical sketch of the college, which appeared in the first catalogue after the war (session 1866-7). It is there stated that “desiring still further to enlarge the influence and usefulness of the institution, its founders applied to the General Assembly of the State for a college charter, which in 1844 they secured.” We shall have to excuse the committee if they took their date from this presumably official record. The official journal of the trustees conclusively shows that this date is wrong by some four years. There we find that the college charter was obtained on the 4th of March, 1840. The first meeting of the Board of Trustees, under the charter, was held February 11, 1841. It was at this meeting that the board was duly officered, by the election of Henry Keeling, President, James Thomas, Jr., Treasurer, and James B. Taylor, Secretary.

It was at this meeting, also, that “Mr. James B. Taylor, on behalf of the Virginia Baptist Education Society, presented a proposition to transfer to this board the property held by them, and styled Columbia, agreeable to certain resolutions adopted by them.”

The “1844” ought then to be removed from the tablet; or, at least, substituted by the correct date—1840.

But suppose the correction made, the year of the granting of chartered privileges (1840), duly cut in marble, put in its high place, the question arises, does this correctly indicate the founding of the college? Almost any one would infer that it was so intended. But, if so, it is clearly wrong. The name “Richmond College” first attaches to the school in 1840. The work was carried forward under a regular charter from this date, and perhaps it was never called “college” before
the legislative enactment of the 4th of March. But in no just sense can this be considered the birth-year of the school now known as Richmond College.

If, as Wordsworth declares,

"The child is father of the man,"

or, if we adopt Milton’s couplet—

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day,"

the chartered college is merely what was at first "the school," and afterward the "seminary," when they have attained their majority. It is the noon-tide of the day whose dawn was in 1830, and whose promising morning hours followed in 1832, and through eight subsequent years. What are the facts?

From entirely reliable data we find that the first practical effort to found the school was made in 1830. The Baptist General Association of Virginia assembled in June of that year in Richmond, and while in session those who favored the establishment of a school for the training of young ministers, met in the Second Baptist Church, and after a free and full discussion organized themselves into the "Virginia Baptist Education Society." This society received for the sessions of 1830–1 and 1831–2 seventeen young men. The numbers at first (nine the first and eight the second year) did not justify the creation of a special school, but the matriculates entered schools already existing or formed at the time; one taught by Rev. Edward Baptist, the other by Rev. Eli Ball. At the close of the second session, say June, 1832, "it was found that the number of students would be considerably increased, and that the location of the school, with permanent teachers, was therefore necessary." A farm was purchased near the city, and there, on the 4th day of July, 1832, "was located and opened for the admission of students," under the direction of Rev. Robert Ryland, the "Virginia Baptist Seminary." A year or two afterward the seminary was moved to the present site of the college. But so far as we have any record, or any traditional information, there was no suspension of the school from the date of the organization of the Education Society until the property of that body was transferred to the chartered corporation in 1840. The movement began in a desire to have a permanent school of high grade in the capital of the State. It was originally intended for the training of young ministers, but subsequently (in the third year) thrown open to all "moral youth" of a required age. The effort was clearly defined in its objects and plans, and closely consecutive in its various stages from "the school" of 1830, on through the seminary of 1832, and into the college in 1840. The steps of the enterprise have been as regular and as progressive as the steps of childhood, youth and manhood. The college would not have been a college but for the work and experience of the eight years preceding the date of the act which incorporated the present institution. So that, without straining the facts at all, it appears that there cannot be any full and correct history of the college which does not go back to the month of June 1830. The chain is complete. Submit it to the most cursory examination and the conviction is clear that the first link was
forged in the Second Baptist Church fifty years ago from June 1830. There are resources at hand which furnish material for a sketch of the struggling, early years, before the ægis of State law gave increased dignity to the work of our fathers. In due time we shall learn more of those interesting days of college childhood. The object now is to clear up our chronology, and to show that a third date should be en­tablatured upon the building—one which antedates those now there, and which fixes the origin of the institution in the year 1830.

And further, let it be considered whether the semi-centennial cele­bration shall not conform to the facts herein given, and be duly ob­served in the month of June 1880.

January 1, 1879.

C. H. RVYLAND.

ART SCHOOLS.

The State of Virginia occupies a peculiar position among the bright constellation of Southern States—the North star of the Republic. Every hill is eloquent—the lights and shadows of poetry, and history greet us in every blade of grass; every rock is a monument; every current reflects from its bosom the glorious memories of the past; and if her sons will but take the mirror which nature holds to their view as a guide to future fame, it shall be well with the State.

The movements of her great minds are regarded by some with a jealous, and by others with an admiring gaze.

She has reached a higher plane of political, judicial and martial greatness than any State of the Union, and was fast taking her position among the great commercial States, when the Northern, like the League of Cambrai, moved by jealousy and the lust of conquest, hurled their hostile armies upon our fair Southern land, crushing our commercial and mercantile progress, as was that of Venice in 1509.

When we reflect upon the position we as a country, a State occupy in the arts of design, in those very arts which, as a manufacturing, a mechanical and a commercial people, we are so deeply interested for the proper development of our immense resources, we are met with a sad spectacle—one that should receive the immediate attention of all interested in their country's greatness.

The Russian and the German empires, Norway and Sweeden, Eng­land, France and Italy, are sending representatives, and private enter­prises their agents to study our railways, our canals, our penitentiary and school systems, our civil institutions, to copy or purchase our ma­chinery, or to model our patents.

Our commerce has grown so great that our ships are seen in all parts of the world, riding at anchor side by side with the tall masts of an English line-of-battle ship, the light spars of a Russian corvette, the black funnel of a French steamer, or the bamboo sails of a Chinese junk.
While the civilized world acknowledges our supremacy in mechanical invention, and cites our mercantile and commercial enterprise to stimulate the drooping energies of her citizens, and while we excel in the powers of art, we are obliged to follow them in the very arts of design to which this power is applied.

We have now reached a point of manufacturing greatness where we must either originate or lose our profitable trade of production. We must either be the “first in conception or last in execution.” Why has France taken the lead in the production of fine silks, laces, delicate works of all kinds, and established a reputation for the excellencies of her fine arts second to no European power? Because of her schools of design, established at Lyons one hundred years ago, which have flourished despite the midnight orgies of the Goddess of Reason an 18th Brumaire, or the coup d’État of Napoleon III.

We must not excuse ourselves, nor claim that history repeats herself, from observing how uniformly in the past commercial greatness has been followed by purity of taste, the growth and development of genius, and expect that we too, unless we use the means within our reach, to excel in any art.

Our people are too apt in this practical age of buying and selling—quick sales, small profits and prompt returns—to think they have no time to cultivate these refining influences; forgetting that out of such wealth as we possess, once grew that great Commonwealth in the deserts of Asia, which under the guidance of the princely Zenobia, bade defiance to the armies of Aurelian, and the ruins of whose palaces and porticos of Grecian architecture at Tadmur and Palmyra, still attract the curious and the antiquary.

It was the wealth of maritime commerce from Alexandria and the Euxine that reared on the Ægian sea that great Republic of which Demosthenes, Pericles, Aristotle and Phidias are the representatives, and whichachieved a more lasting dominion over the minds of men than the most brilliant military conquests of her heroes.

The rich merchandise of the Genoese galleys offered a tempting prize to the piratical hordes by which the Mediterranean was continually infested, while a bitter and hostile intolerance of all maritime competition was an early feature of Genoese policy, producing those wars with the rival Republics of Pisa and Venice, until she was compelled to submit to the disgraceful peace of Turin in 1381.

It was the manufactory of silks, velvets and jewelry in Tuscany, Sardinia and the Lagoon of the Adriatic, which gave rise at Florence, at Genoa and at Venice to those immortal schools which still attract the civilized world to the shores of the Arno, the Levant and the Adriatic.

In the Netherlands, the industry and energy of her people in overcoming the disadvantages of nature, their love for the decorative arts, and its influence over the schools of painting, is well illustrated in the life of Van Dyke’s Mother, whose artistic ideas found full expression in the many square yards of delicate embroidery and tapestry work, woven into landscapes, Flemish houses and cunning designs in multicolored silks. And thus the children of those cloudy countries and level soil, surrounded daily with the charms of form and color, at-
tempting to emulate their maternal conceptions, have produced the immortal works of Rubens, Van Dyke and Rembrandt.

It is not the age of a country, but its progress in wealth, based upon its commerce, its manufactories and its mechanics that can produce immortal works of art. The Republic of Venice, not much older in the fifteenth century than our State is at present; yet in little more than one hundred years Venetian art reached its climax and perished in Titian and Tintoretto.

Since we possess as a nation one element of this progress—wealth, and find our history so analogous to that of other countries, why shall we not establish these schools in every State, and for preeminent reasons in Virginia, that our generous and talented youth, laboring unwillingly in our dock yards, factories and counting houses may have the opportunity of becoming the Angelos, the Turners, the Wrens and Reynolds of our country.

You cannot make an apothecary of a Reynolds, a ship-builder or barber of a Turner or a scrivener’s clerk of a Titian.

There is that anxious Athenian looking for something new, that “dipping into the future far as human eye can see,” with our citizens, if perchance there may flash across their minds some thought, some conception, which man has never known.

In this characteristic we perceive grand results for the future original development of the fine arts.

Poor we are, and unfurling such colors to the breezes will not attract wealth. We are disposed to sigh for the good old times, for “memories geese are always swans,” but we still have wealth, which grows slowly but surely, and if not used to cultivate and refine in those particulars which raised the ancient commonwealths to immortality, and now attracts thousands of our people to the shores of France and England and to the continent of Europe, it will sink us as low in immorality and vice as Tyre and Sidon, as Babylon and the cities of the plain.

Can it be that Virginia shall look idly on, the “mother of States and Statesmen,” when she should in this, as she has on all great occasions, take the lead and establish her art schools, which in the lapse of time shall rival the celebrated schools of Southern Europe.

Are there more inspiring themes in Europe? Can she point us to a grander cataract than Niagara? Can Athens boast grander scenery at the junction of the Illissus and Cephisus than Virginia at the junction of the Shenandoah and Potomac, at Harper’s Ferry? There are not more beautiful valleys, romantic glens, fairy dells, sparkling cascades, or cyclopean walls to be found in Europe than among the passes of the Blue Ridge and Alleghany of Virginia, and the French Broad of Western North Carolina.

America has not finer scenery than is to be found in Virginia. It is infinitely varied, beautiful and sometimes grand, repeating in her own boundaries, beauties and effects which would have to be sought in places far separated. We have no Alps with its Matterhorn or Mont Blanc, but from the Potomac to the farthest southwest corner of the State, there is more than a Switzerland of beauty, ravishing to the artist and presenting to the observant tourist that diversity of outline and expression which is to be found in man, the highest type of God’s creation.
Grace and beauty—the calm ethereal blue, the music of her waterfalls, the myriad-hued forests, the roar of her cataracts, the luxuriance of her flowers and foliage fill us with the beauty and majesty of nature, while it teaches us to look with reverence from "nature up to nature's God." Within six hours' ride from Richmond is to be found combined in one grand panoramic view,

"What ere Lorraine hath touched with softening hue,
Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew."

Though nature is ever beautiful, she is not always exhibiting her highest powers of beauty. Her finest and most delicate touches must be watched for, as her most perfect representations flit across our pathway with the trembling sunbeam.

He who would at times enjoy these moments of beauty, need only take his stand on some high hill around Richmond and watch the evening sun as he sinks toward the horizon. Over-head is "heaven's profoundest azure," while a few minutes later the detached particles of cloud, symmetrical and graceful, each a study in itself, becomes luminous with the countless rays, while the treetops and foliage seem burning in a universal conflagration, relieved only by an occasional "purple crimson and scarlet," like the curtains of God's tabernacle.

Our artists shall not want themes. Let them discard the classical schools, save as models of drawing. Let them be led into the inspiring presence of our rural and marine scenery. Let them go to the "cataract for their iris, the conflagration for its flame, the sky for the intensest azure, the sun its clearest gold." Give us the savage Indian, not the savage Gaul; give us our beautiful Southern women, not the Venus de Medici; give us the genius of our institutions, not the Jupiter of power; give us John C. Calhoun, not the fighting gladiator; give us the heroic women of the South, not the parting of Hector and Andromache.

The material lies all around us, and nothing is wanting but the hand of genius and the patronage of our citizens to transfer these varied and marvelous beauties to canvas and marble.

We believe the time is not far distant when the South will be an art centre, when Northern artists and European artists shall come to study our master pieces, as Northern Europe has done in studying the Florentine, the Venetian and Roman schools.

Mr. Ruskin thinks the principal characters of sacred history are yet to be painted. Not a meditative Hercules, and call it St. Paul, or dancing nymphs and rising auroras and call them Moses and Elijah.

Can it be hoping too much, that Southern talent, free as the air, unencumbered by the luxury of a Vatican, the subtleties of a religious hierarchy or by princely patrons, shall succeed in producing those very characteristics, which so much detract from the otherwise immortal conceptions of Angelo or Raphael.

Who shall, like Arundell, Corcoran, the Medichris, become the Maecenas of Virginia, from whose generosity and liberal patronage, coming generations shall see,

"New Palladios grace the historic page,
And Virginian Raphael's charm a future age."

L.
SUCCESS.

A man's enjoyments, privileges and duties are neither limited to the proceeds of his daily avocation, nor to the applause of the public; hence I use the word success as applicable to all achievements which are elements of a successful life. Man's first characteristics are utter ignorance and absolute helplessness. He possesses nothing but the undeveloped powers with which he has been endowed by his Creator. In order to succeed he must wage a formidable war both offensive and defensive. His constitution is a wonderful combination of strangely blended antagonisms. To subordinate his inclinations and educate his natural powers should claim the most careful attention. Looking at man in this condition, I shall define the success of his life as the result of a proper use of his talents. Man's talents being measured by discipline, and his judgment respecting a proper use of these talents depending almost entirely upon his education, success in life is nothing more nor less than education wisely applied.

To aim at eminent success is a duty which no youth can disregard without bringing himself into imminent peril. The importance of this duty can be conceived only by those who have a just and clear conception of the relations which man sustains to society, to his country, and to his God. Self-preservation, moral growth and happiness demand that we should strive to succeed, and threaten the delinquent with all the miseries of a fallen race and desecrated life.

Success is attainable. How often do we see men in the vigor of youth, in the strength of middle age, throwing away precious time with no other excuse than an imagining inability to succeed. These people will their own calamity. If my definition of success is correct, an inability to succeed is an inability to accomplish the end for which you were created—an error fatal and criminal. If difficulties present themselves, "Demosthenean success" is still attainable. Milton was afflicted with blindness, but we have the "Paradise Lost." Burns, the plow-boy, was afterwards Burns, the poet.

Having shown that success is attainable, I shall now mention the means by which it may be secured: Strenuous efforts, long-continued and diligent application alone can accomplish the end. Reader, will you wear the crown? If so, you have mountains to scale; fierce storms and boisterous billows to encounter; bloody battles to fight. In the biographies of Milton, Scott and Macauley we find that they obtained their high standard not so much from innate genius as from strenuous and unremitting exertions. To succeed one must have a standard at which to aim. He must hope to be something. The mariner who has no destination will be lost. Who could predict the destination of a ship whose course is directed by the fluctuating tides. Set your mark high and struggle to attain it. An editor of long experience, famous for the perspicuity and brilliancy of his style, after describing a "modern journalist" said, "I am constantly striving to qualify myself for the position." The reason why so many hands the rod of empire might have swayed, have so signally failed is, they aim at nothing. If any do not appreciate the importance of a high stand:
ard, I refer them to the standard set up in that religion founded by Him who "spake as never man spake." A fixed determination is essential to success. Resolute men, fired with zeal, and led on by hope, have shaken the world, and indelibly written their names in its history. When Hampden would gain the liberties of his country, "he drew the sword and threw the scabbard away." I would suggest that the mediocre who wishes to be eminently successful, leave his scabbard in the camp, to receive its blade when the surest of all custodians imprisons the mighty conquerer. You may throw open the doors of Janus to be closed at the sound of Gabriel's trumpet. With "Westminster or Victory" as your motto, you need apprehend no failure. "We must beat to-day or Molly Starke's a widow," were the words of a victorious American. A moral character is an essential of the success I have tried to commend. Without it men have won battles; with it Stephen fell "asleep" when stoned by an infuriated mob. Without it men have mastered empires; with it men have subdued themselves. Since no man can succeed without the assistance of his fellow-men, and since nothing is a better recommendation to our fellow-men, a moral character is indispensible to success. A. T.

WILL'S A WIDOWER.

JULIA BACON.

The night bird sings her plaintive song—
Will's a widower!
On zephyr's wing 'tis borne along,
In simple wood-notes, clear and strong—
Will's a widower.

Methinks a tone of sadness dwells
In that mild simple lay;
And mournful is the tale she tells
Beneath the moon's soft ray.

Poor widowed Will! We grive to hear
Will's a widower.
But mourn not for the lost one, dear,
The living only need our care—
Will's a widower!

Perchance in some sequestered grove,
His life may sweetly glide,
If he consents to take and love
Another birdie bride!

Go tell him this, and cease to sing
Will's a widower!
And let us hear in early spring
Your echoes through the forest ring,
Will's no widower!
THE COSMOPOLITE.

The mention only of this word causes our imaginations to draw pictures of romantic adventures, courageous ploys, amusing occurrences and dreary wanderings. We see the very personification of romance in a young man joining in the merry dance and song around glowing firesides in cold Norway and Sweden, or laying suit to the heart of some fair Eastern princess. The man able, with equal readiness, to endure the heat of an African desert; to encounter the lions and tigers of the gloomy jungle; and with dauntless tread to explore Alpine heights hitherto unknown to men, would possess courage and fortitude in the highest degree. And as we follow the steps of a traveller from north to south and from east to west, we cannot help feeling that he drinks from a cup of enjoyment which is without dregs. But not all is bright, for to the most romantic or courageous traveller moments must come when a yearning for home and country is irrepressible, and a deep and painful solitude overshadows the soul.

We see many classes of cosmopolites, but each one with its own purposes and motives. He who has time and money, who has health and youth, and he who has literary tastes, does well to become a cosmopolite for pleasure and culture. Having the golden key which fits every lock, the portals of all countries will open to him, as if by a magician's command. Gay Paris will long hold him enchanted in her fairy land of pleasures and follies. Spain, the chivalrous country, with its dignified Alhambra, and its disgraceful bull-fights, invites his presence. Switzerland, with "green vales and icy cliffs," with roaring torrents and emerald lakes, says "come." Italy, the land of Dante and Raphael, the birth-place of Cavour and Garibaldi, the garden of the world, and the home of the fine arts, is arrayed in all her loveliness to please him. Greece, famous for Demosthenes and Plato, although despoiled of her former grandeur, allows him to rove unmolested over her classic soil. Not only in Europe may this cosmopolite wander at his will, but Africa, with Old Father Nile; China, with its celestial pagodas; and India under its tropical sun can all be visited by him. Last, but not least, America, the land of the setting sun, and the home of the Red Man, comes to view. The trackless prairies and majestic rivers will interest, and amazement will be excited by great and prosperous cities, which have sprung up, as it were, in a night. Thus may the cosmopolite go all around the world learning to "live and let live." He whose only thought is of self, and motto is "enjoy the passing hour," has aspirations indeed low, but travel is perhaps as noble an employment as such a man can have. Lord Byron, wandering from Albion's emerald shores to the land of the Crescent, and relating his adventures in lines of exquisite beauty, was a pleasure-seeking cosmopolite of the highest type.

But many, from the sheer necessity of making a living, have to roam this wide world over. The sailor makes his home on the briny deep, and, notwithstanding all the poetry expressed by such songs as "A Life on the Ocean Wave" and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," there is a vast deal of sober prose, and real hardship and danger in this
wandering life. Another class, despised and ridiculed as it is, has for us an indescribable charm. We refer to the little street musicians—the Italian and Swiss organ grinders. Away from some small, obscure village, nestling down among the Apennines, the little musician comes, singing and playing his way until he reaches Paris. There, in the midst of a strange people, hearing an unintelligible language, and surrounded by a splendor hitherto unknown, he becomes for the time being a Frenchman. We next see him in the busy metropolis of the world. Again customs, climate and language have changed. Instead of the musical Italian and bright skies of his own land, the harsh tongue of the Anglo-Saxons, and the clouds, the fog and the smoke of London everywhere prevail. But with wonderful pliability he again adapts himself to his surroundings, and dispenses music to those who will listen, but often is rewarded for his work by little money and much abuse. Pushing on with a "pluck" and spirit scarcely to be expected in one so poor and uneducated, we next find him landing in America, all the time having been kept up and encouraged by the thought of the money which he would make in the land where he imagined gold dollars to be "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallambrosa." Farewell little musician! May you be able to discover the cheats of the sharp Yankee; may your disappointments and chagrins in the new world be as mild as your own bright day-dreams will allow, and may you at last reap the money and rest and joy for which you have so long faithfully labored!

Another class of cosmopolites is composed of brave men, who answer the call of duty or of science, and expose themselves to all dangers by land and sea. Stanley and Livingston, for the sake of science and truth, underwent dangers of which we can scarcely form an idea. Judson and Rice and Cary, as "Soldiers of the Cross," worked, labored, suffered and prayed, without ceasing, for the eternal well-fare of their fellow-men. If they did not receive honor and praise during their lives, ever will their names remain fresh and green not only in the hearts of their countrymen and of the races which they have benefitted, but also in the breasts of all who are truly philanthropic.

We naturally suppose that the cosmopolite, be he such from choice or necessity, ought to be more intelligent than other men, for travel to a greater or less degree, is instructive to all. Its many phases and styles combine to make it such. After a man has gone around the world, he realizes that he is not of so much importance to the advance of civilization. He will have learned that his native town is not the centre of the universe, and that his country is little known and less cared for on the other side of the globe. All this will not make a true man dislike his home, but he will still say "my native land, with all thy faults I love thee still." Rubbing up against the world and seeing the customs and hearing the opinions of different nations, must expand the mind and cause it to take more general and liberal views of the vital questions of the human race. Often a poet or sculptor has his dormant genius roused, when standing on some lofty peak he looks

"......downward where an hundred realms appear,
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride,"
Those of us, however, who cannot become cosmopolites by actual travel, have another and perhaps as profitable a road open to us. By reading and study, we not only become acquainted with the customs and nations of the world in this century, but we also feel familiar with the peoples of all past ages. Taking from our bookshelves, here a Latin and there a Greek historian or poet, we may join in the turbulent uproars of the forum, visit the gladiatorial combats or mingle with the eager throng of spectators at the olympic games. Modern history charms us. We see England when overrun by Roman generals; when undergoing the radical changes of the Norman conquest; when Cœur de Lion made the hearts of his countrymen glow with zeal for the crusades; when the Reformation was making it start from its sleep; when Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots figured before the world; when Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans rose and triumphed; and when William and Mary delivered it from political and ecclesiastical troubles, and reigned over a happy and prosperous people. The traveller in history, like travellers by land and sea, finds his field ever opening, widening and increasing in interest. Lord Macaulay says: "The effect of historical reading is analogous in many respects to that produced by foreign travel. The mind is enlarged by contemplating the wide diversities of laws of morals and of manners." All can and should be, therefore, cosmopolites. If we cannot visit lands of natural beauty and full of treasures of art, we have only to take history, and, the mist of the past having melted away, to look back with awe and pleasure on the deeds of great men and the tales of the rise and fall of nations, and the experience gained in either way will then be our North star, guiding us, through wind and storm, safely to the desired haven.

LINA.

CLIPPINGS.

*Punch* once called the victims of a Southampton railroad accident. broken English.

"Why does lightning so rarely strike twice in the same place?" Prof. Wortman asked the new boy in the class in natural philosophy. "Huh," said the boy, "it never needs to." And it is a little singular that nobody had thought of that reason before.

Referring to the natural depravity of the boy-murderer, Jesse Pomeroy, the San Jose *Mercury* says: "When we learn to pay one-half as much attention to the proper culture and breeding of the human race, as we do now to the breeding of pigs, horses and cattle, we shall probably grow no more monsters to infest the world."

At the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, in those halcyon days when the Trinity College boys used to occupy the gallery *en masse*, an Italian opera company once occupied the stage. The orchestra was very bad, the violins especially doing violence to the score. Some obnoxious party started a row among the gods, and the usual cry of "Throw him over!" was reverberated through the house, when one of the b'hoys roared, "Hold on, boys! Don't waste him—kill a fiddler wid him."
“Hood’s Bridge of Sighs is a poem too familiar to steal from.”—Emory and Henry Clarion. “Assuredly, Mercutio; though this fellow want ready wit, his declarations savor strongly of a rich experience.” “Remember, gentlemen, the Lord chasteneth him whom he loveth.” The very same Clarion. Immensely modest! and “him whom” is good Yet we remember it not. We find it not. It is not. We even confess to a secret pleasure over a “non-existence” so beautiful and appropriate. For, really the expression is altogether abominable in comparison with the original one. In short, though it pains us greatly to say it, this young man’s style is no improvement on St. Paul’s. As Virginians, we grieve to say it, but in marking the comparative strength and purity of the intellectual stimulants afforded by the rival atmosphere of Tarsus and Emory, must score one point in favor of Tarsus. Yet this same young man talks about the beauties of rhetoric and the witcheries thereof! “For whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth,” but of course this offers no valid reason for believing that the young man of the Clarion has ever been chastened.

The perusal of the “State Carriers’ Christmas Carol” caused a great many persons to pass an unhappy holiday. They felt that if they did not do all in their power to compass the death of its author, they would be called to a strict account in the Hereafter, and “conscience makes cowards of us all.” So it came to pass that men forsook their pleasures, and fathers rudely tore themselves from the loved circles of home, and with wild frenzy in their eyes, and driven by a sense of a great duty unperformed, walked the streets in search of the author of the carol. Sometimes these unhappy ones would prefer to pace in solitude their respective beats, and then again they would organize themselves into bands and search all the houses along the route. As the name of the author was not known, the only clue was based on the phrenological principle that there must be something wonderful in the shape of the wretch’s cranium, who could make such a brutal attempt to arouse enthusiasm as the following:

“Hurrah! ’tis a merry Christmas, And the air is crisp and cold! Hurrah for the patrons of the ‘press!’ Hurrah for the State so bold! And hurrah for us who take the ‘form’ Of the State we represent! For the ‘form’ of boldness is not harm, When to ‘copy’ is but meant.

“Hurrah, then boldly once again! Oh, my heart is light and free. Although I’ve toiled in sun and rain, To fetch of land sea. Great news through all the year just gone, Tidings of good and evil deeds, Which sometimes not quite running on, To meet in full the public needs.”

But few could read as far as this all at one time, though occasionally
a man of dormant faculties and great endurance, by holding his breath, could get as far as the beautiful and suggestive line,

"To fetch of land sea."

when—but the exclamation was altogether too strong for the pure pages of the Messenger—suffice that with his furnace heated seven times hotter, and an outstretched arm, he plunged on in his mad haste for blood. At about one o'clock it was reported that the author had been found, and the church bells were just preparing to herald the glad intelligence, when it was discovered that hope had misled them. It appears that Crazy Billy had been seized on the corner of Main and Eleventh streets, and deliberately charged with the authorship. He did not seem to specially care to deny it at first, and it was this fact that gave birth to the report that the right man had been found; but after hearing a stanza or two, he offered to fight any three men in the crowd, and in great, tragic language swore he would prove an alibi, though it cost him the last crust of bread he had in the house. He proved that he had been asleep for three days and nights, but this evidence was held of little moment, as there was no proof that the author had been awake when he wrote the poem. Then it was wisely suggested that another verse be read him, and his features closely ascended, if, peradventure, the least smile of recognition floated over William's face. So a poor vender of apples, much opened to bribery, was given a quarter, though when he was half way through, he struck for seventy-five cents, and got it, to read aloud the following stanza:

"You dream not that the carrier buy,
On this happy Christmas day,
Takes with your gold a richer joy
In his heart with him away;
For our home is poor, and there no hand
Finds bread for us to eat,
Save mine and her's—that mother grand—
Oh, she with queens might sit."

At these last words Crazy Billy threw up his arms, uttered an incoherent cry of "mother grand—grand—grandmother," tottered, and at the same moment of time fell into the gutter and a spasm. It was agreed that he was not the man, and the church-bells were ordered not to ring. So the city sits in mourning, very much ashamed to institute further comparisons between her seven hills and the seven muses, and the Legislature not being in session, the Governor feels hardly warranted in offering a reward for the perpetration proportional to the crime.

Very latest.—At ten o'clock last night, whilst the excitement was yet very great, a man was arrested on Broad street, on the charge of fostering sin, by offering fifty dollars to any human being who could pen the equal to the following, which forms the third stanza in the immortal carol:

"Of startling facts, you're not ill-fared,
But got them fresh, made by the State;
And thus enjoyed being daily scared,
Through your intellectual palate.
Then merry Christmas, patrons all,
You'll wish for the "State boy" bold,
When I stand sir, in your stately hall,
And you give me shining gold."
But the prisoner at the station-house gave a clear explanation of his purpose, and proved it to be a preëminently noble one. He realized that no man could write another such stanza unless he had written the first one, and when he presented it, instead of giving him the fifty dollars, he would have serenely climbed a lamp-post, addressed the wild throng, cried, "Here he is; seize on him, furies; drag him to your torments!" and hoped to arouse such a storm of popular favor in behalf of his own self as to safely ride on the bosom of it to any office in the gift of a grateful people.

Those who have studied chemistry—and of course, we don’t have any very weighty respect for such trash as have not—will remember a famous lecture, the very first of the course, on "Indestructibility," "Cohesion," "Molecules," and other curious things, which only act as they do because "its a way they have." Now it occurs to us—though we don’t make it a point that a memorial tablet to our honor shall ever be hung in the old class-room "to memory dear" on account of the suggestion—that it would be a grand idea, or at least, a good thing, just at the end of the lecture, and whilst enthusiasm was kindled to fever heat, and everybody was looking for his hat, for all to join in chanting this beautiful ode, clipped from the Acta Columbiana:

I.

A noble art is Chemistry,
Replete with information
Of how to fool with slops and things,
For our great delectation.
We learn to split all matter up
With the greatest facility,
But, all the same, we can’t destroy
Its indestructibility.

CHORUS.
The elephant now goes round, &c.

II.

Just split the small bacteria,
By dozens, hundreds, trillions,
And still there’ll be in half an inch
Four hundred thousand millions;
Or pick a drop of water up
And watch it half a minute,
You’ll see the little molecules
All skipping round within it.

CHORUS (idem).

III.

And if you’re smitten with a brick
By some enraged Milesian,
Your head will break, but not the brick,
And this is called Cohesion;
But when you lift a schooner high,
All foaming in convulsion,
Straight down your throat the beer will fly,
And this they call Repulsion.

CHORUS (ad lib).
Oh. a noble art is Chemistry,
Replete with information
Of how to fool with slops and things,
For our great delectation.
Yet still our minds are overfull
With taking points on paper,
And I long to be a molecule,
And skip around in vapor.

CHORUS (ad finem.)

LEGAL NOTES.

The young lawyer owes much to his client, but he often owes more
to his washerwoman.

Since the Juniors have been engaged on "Real Property" they have
had a "hard lot."

A "Green leaf" torn from Memory's page! "May" we believe it?
What "evidence" is there of it? Answered,—the way the boys came
up to their work on examination.

He was troubled, and the trouble was this. "If I am left an estate
on condition that I never marry, can I enjoy the estate before I never
marry?" For the first correct answer to this question a worn-out copy
of Jevon's Logic will be given.

We have a quartette in this College who ought to resolve themselves
into a literary club for the study of Cow-per. Some might think this
mention should not come under the heading of Legal Notes, but there­
by hangs a tale, less four inches for the regular wear and tear. We
have heard of a cow shedding its coat, but never of a cow shedding its
coat-tail.

It was a Petersburg justice,—we have it on good authority,—who
sagely remarked that the mule in the case, or, rather, which was in the
case, could not be held to have been removed from its field of usefulness
by the stroke of Providence, since "God willed the death of no
man."

We have always thought that there is a land-claim, a little old to
be sure, which might well be pushed on "spec." If Adam held adverse
possession of the Garden of Eden for fifteen years, and raised apples,
named animals, and exercised other rights of ownership, did he not
gain an estate of fee-simple absolute in it? What a chance here would
be for a Jones or a Robertson to speed across the big waters and give
those degenerate squatters around the Persian Gulf the preference of
being bounced from the Garden or paying back rent for the past six
thousand years. If there be nothing in all this, what is the use of
devoting eight hundred pages to talking about Adam's Equity? It's
all a farce.

The Court of Appeals after deciding the perplexing case of the O.
D. I. Croquet Club vs. The Faculty, took a rest. Hollidays approach­
ing before the first rest had ended, they took a second rest, and called
it all one rest. But this Court rejoices to proclaim that the moral tone
of the community is so good that only one case is now pending before
it. This is a prayer from a "cullud pusson," by name Pompejanus,
for a writ of supersedeas. It appears from the record that he was tried
by a jury of his peers and sentenced to black three pairs of boots. He
is willing to foot the bill, but wants to know the size of the foot. So he prays that the verdict be set aside, not only as contrary to the law and evidence, but in not being specific as to size of boots. If they be the Howard (Association), it is no joke and he prays for general relief. We forbear to publish his name, but he was anxious to know in what form the "jury" rendered a "verdict" in a Chancery suit. Of course the answer was a highly satisfactory one,—everyone enjoyed it,—even the inquirer smiled,—but it was not a "well" smile, and he afterwards complained of having felt a chill.

During this cold spell a mandamus ought to issue to compel the "regulator" to throw out more heat.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are thankful for contributions to the MESSENGER and suggestions to the editors. In the exercise of a sound discretion and of our editorial responsibility, we are reluctantly compelled, sometimes, to decline articles sent to us. The refusal to publish may grow out of the conviction that the subject, or its treatment, is not the most appropriate for our journal. We may be mistaken, but it is better to have the mistakes of two persons than to have a journal without any responsible head. Some discrimination must be made, and the discrimination does not necessarily imply want of merit in the communications declined.

A college journal has, as one of its ends, the cultivation of the faculty for composition. The standard obviously cannot be as high as that of the Princeton Review, but the higher it can properly be, the better. Students and others who write for our columns must, in case of failure, "try, and try again." One of our professors often says that failures are the stepping stones of success. Magazine writing is educatory, and we wish to encourage it, but our correspondents will lack stimulus to high success if hastily-written and ill-digested productions appear as readily as the "lucubrationes viginti annorum."

Our ordinary school books on rhetoric lay down some simple rules, the observance of which cannot be dispensed with. The fault of many young writers is verbiage. "Words of learned length and thundering sound" are an easy substitute for precision, strength and beauty. Practice and pruning are often justly commended to the inexperienced. When a subject is chosen and material collected, when one has thought and read and inwardly digested, let him, upon some skeleton, construct his essay, criticize severely, re-write and polish, and then submit it to the ordeal of publication.

We cannot undertake to return declined manuscripts. Contestants for the writers' medals must be on their guard, or they will fail to have the requisite number of articles.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

J. W. Snyder, M. B. Curry, Editors.
W. T. Hudgins, Local and Exchange Editor.

With this number we begin the series of historical articles promised in our last issue. As suggested by the writer of this article on College History, the pages of the MESSENGER would be an excellent medium for the discussion and the preservation of facts in college history, which now exist only in the memories of old students. The editors heartily agree with the writer, and earnestly beg the old students to give us the benefit of their reminiscences. Do not let this interesting feature which has had such a good beginning die for want of material. Why is it there is so little college pride among our alumni? While at college our boys are as devoted to their institution as any students in the State, but when they leave college they seem to lose sight of her and become indifferent. Why is this? Wherefore? What should we do? Is it because you are ashamed of your alma mater? You have no reason to be. See how her students stand at the University; look at the number who have gained distinction in the pulpit, at the bar, and in legislative halls. Can any college in the State show a better record? She is worthy of your most strenuous exertions in her behalf. On you she largely relies for her increased usefulness and honor. Support the College paper, make it a medium of communication between old and new students. Try to induce boys to come to the College, and, dying, bequeath it a rich legacy. (Clarion's pardon for improving on Shakespeare.) If it is proved that 1880 is the time for the semi-centennial, let us have the grandest assembly which has ever gathered in the city of Richmond.

The prospects indicate this to be the most brilliant session recorded for a long time in the annals of the College. Five men are applying for the Master's degree and two for the Bachelor's. The general percentage of study is greater than that of any previous session since the war. A healthy ambition for lecture room eminence seems to animate the great body of the students. At present, the pressure of intermediate examinations is confining a large majority of them to their rooms with unusual strictness. Games are suspended, and the buildings are brightly lighted until one and two o'clock every night. The extraordinary application is probably due, partially, to the action of the Faculty in compassing all of the examinations in the short space of about a week. Many of the students will have to stand several in close succession. These may be recognized by the somewhat surly nod they give you as they pass hurriedly to their apartments. They eat their meals quickly and in silence, and an uninitiated observer would set them down as a set of misanthropical recluses, or else as descended from veritable Arabs of the desert. But let these fellows issue from their last examination room, and we predict a tremendous outburst of hilarity. It is a calm which preceds a storm—"It never rains but it pours," &c. We advise the authorities to exercise unwonted vigilance.
"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look. * * * * He thinks too much."

There seems to be considerable diversity of opinion among the college journals in regard to the proportion of space which should be devoted to literary matter and the local and exchange columns. Some seem to think that a paper should be filled almost exclusively with articles of literary character, whilst others seem to consider it their prime business to disseminate college news and gossip about exchanges, like a collection of village matrons canting over snuff-boxes on a rainy day. The Wabash, (December) for instance, contains only two articles of at all a literary character, and each of these extremely brief. In its thirst for locals, it makes use of items which are highly out of place. In one instance, especially, it uses language which grates upon our nerves with extreme harshness, and which could surely not be tolerated at Wabash College, unless the code of ethics prevalent at that institutions were of a very unusual character. It seems to us that an instinct of delicacy and a common regard for the reputation of their college should have prompted the editors of this paper to the omission of the following:

"The conduct of some of the students at the Blue Ribbon fair Saturday night was extremely rude and ungentlemanly. It would be a wise policy for those who have neither manners nor sense to stay away from such places until they have learned that noise and fighting are not classed among the attributes of a true gentleman."

EXCHANGES.

The male editors of the Liberal seem to have the B. L. U. (e.) S. Ariel gives this interesting bit: "Each inhabitant of the United States pays $200 for the support of the public schools, and $125 for military purposes."

Guess we'll emigrate.

The College Message sends us an interesting puzzle for December. The puzzle consists in inventing a way to get at the contents. Our ingenuity having been exhausted before this was solved, we are unable to comment on the matter of the Message.

The Dickinson Liberal has a neat appearance, a quality which adds greatly to the attractions of any paper. It is easily attained, and ought to be cultivated by more of our exchanges. Good paper, clear and neat type, and an attractive form, make a good, strong appeal to the reader.

Lasell Leaves, referring to the Southern Collegian and Messenger, says: "Guess we shall not quarrel seriously, even though we
are staunch Northerners." Good guess. Glad to see the girls have no apprehensions of a resurrected tomahawk.

The Hagerstown Seminary Monthly has some flattering general remarks about its exchanges. Its articles seem to be unusually thoughtful for feminine pens. The historical column is especially interesting, though evidently not written by one of the students.

The Archangel boasts that it "is published with the approval of Most Rev. F. N. Blanchet, Archbishop of Oregon City!"

What the arch-fiend has got into the arch-angel, that the arch-bishop is found in its arch-ives as the arch-etype of its arch-itrave?

Acta Columbiana lies before us in a form which is attractive in every respect—to the sense of sight. But right here all of its attraction ends. Its pages are absolutely monopolized by foot-ball, and slurs and hisses at Yale and Princeton. The article, "The Four Nurseries of Vice—Nursery No. 1, Princeton"—is disgusting in its malignity.

Pennsylvania College Monthly sends us a good number for December. It opens with a discussion of "The Relations existing between Public Schools and Colleges." The writer argues well that the institution of public schools should preclude colleges as State institutions. The "Reminiscence of the first Tutor in the Preparatory Department" is amusing, and true to the nature of the college breast. The locals are replete, and the general "get up" of the magazine, neat and substantial.

The Monthly gives a prize of twenty dollars in money, instead of a medal, to its best contributor. This we do not commend. It looks too mercenary. The appearance and material of the Monthly will doubtless be improved after it is more fairly underway.

Your pardon for overlooking you in our last issue.

The Students' Journal (Bloomington, Ill.), has a gorgeous appearance on the outside, but some solid contents. In an article headed, "Independent Thinking," occurs the following:

"What the world needs to-day, is more men of candid, independent thought; men who are not afraid to face whatever comes in defense of their honestly formed beliefs; who scorn to take bribes to hold their peace; who dare, in the face of God, to expose vice and treachery, and to deal justly with all men. When the time comes that such men begin to hold offices of trust in the government of the nations, strife, crime, and frauds will cease, and nations will learn war no more."

It affords us great pleasure to extend a hearty welcome to our young neighbor, the Randolph Macon Monthly. It has made one of the most satisfactory debuts we have ever noticed among College papers. If the editors continue to sustain the standard with which they have opened, they will have every reason for congratulation. We notice on the editorial staff two of our old friends, Carroll and Waters, who came near estranging themselves from us last session, by the prominent
EXCHANGES.

part they played in a certain affair which we didn't relish much. However, we nourish no lingering hostility, and will continue fraternal, if they will be good boys, and promise not to do so again!

The Monthly for December contains a pleasing variety of matter. The reflections on "Loafers" are humorous and true to nature; the poetical debate, about the parentage of the chick, contains more sound logic than would be supposed possible; while the article, "What shall our Hands find to do," takes a most sensible position in regard to a question of great practical importance. The writer of the latter urges the Southern youth to turn his attention more to agriculture. A liberal education will not thereby be thrown away, as is most erroneously supposed, but on the contrary is invaluable to the scientific agriculturist of to-day. The occupation is independent, and hence noble; profitable, and hence desirable; earnestly demanded for the welfare of our country, and hence patriotic.

It is a lasting shame on the chivalry, good taste and appreciation of the college press, in general, that the Enzeli Album (Hollins Institute) should give utterance to the following:

"Without having a single evidence of our former paper having been kindly received, we venture to publish this, our second number, though, in so doing, we fully realize the risk we run."

For our part, we beg a thousand pardons. We always look over the Album with especial pleasure. It is ever pervaded by an air of freshness and piquancy, which affords quite a relief after wading through the heavy monotony of some of our masculine exchanges.

The young ladies seem to take great interest in their literary society. We would like exceedingly to hear some of these feminine debates. Subjects?

A cautious wager, with a high ante, is ventured by the Southern Collegian, that we do not read the entire contents of all our exchanges very critically. That is a hot poker. We are bluffed and he takes the pile. He is evidently up on the philosophical branches, and understands the principle of uniformity in nature. However, we generally manage to get through with the Collegian at any rate. We wish he would ship us, by express, right side up with care, the author of "the Dream of the Editor." We want to sketch his features. The editors of this magazine deserve high credit for the manner in which they keep up its advanced standard, especially since they can obtain no ultra-sanctum assistance. The December number gives us an account of the interesting ceremony of the laying of the corner-stone of the Lee Mausoleum, with the address of Senator Withers in full.

The Collegian, by the way, has the best exchange criticism we have noticed.

The Virginia University Magazine is a jewel. But for the College items it contains, no one would take it for a College paper. The literary excellence of its essays would almost warrant the supposition of its being some Littell in disguise.

The Magazine thinks that the College press should be of such a character as to wield a potent influence in the country, and it sets an
excellent example in this direction. "The tardy recognition of Poe, &c.," is such an article as we have been wishing to read for a long time. The subject is a happy one. There never was a genius more calumniated, and, subsequently, more thoroughly recognized. The essay is written in a fascinating style, is replete with clear and apt illustrations from nature and history, and evinces an amount of miscellaneous knowledge quite unusual in a college student. The writer is thoroughly warmed up with his subject. Indignation at Poe's persecutors and respect for his genius sustains him admirably through an unusual space. It really does our soul good to watch the handsome style in which he uses up Griswold. The three principle grounds of his argument are: 1, The hostility of Poe's contemporaries. 2, The injurious effect of Griswold's memoir. 3, The peculiarly, unpopular and original character of Poe's works.

"Our Ideal Life" blends the speculations of the philosopher with the dreams of the Poet. "Eternal Punishment" partakes of the character of a sermon, but a sermon which is able and edifying. The author combats the extreme doctrines of Calvinism and Universalism, and in concluding says: "The eternal happiness begun in this life will make the Heaven; the eternal punishment begun in this life will make the Hell, in the life hereafter."

PERSONALS.

E. B. Smith, Jr., was down from the University a few weeks ago, and looking well.

E. B. Marquess is with Breeden & Fox. He will do well wherever you put him.

Tignal J. Anderson is with a New York publishing house. "Tig," we would be glad to hear from you.

James C. Thomas has returned to the city, and is chewing damaged tobacco for T. C. Williams & Co.

C. G. Miller and Mason Haynes are in Baltimore; we should like to hear something definite about them.

Rev. P. S. Henson has been elected President of Lewisburg University, Pennsylvania. We suspect that "gun" won't shoot.

W. M. Turpin has been elected Superintendent of the First Baptist Church Sunday School in this city. A very high compliment and deservedly conferred.

H. W. Hobson is practicing law in Richmond with Mr. John. S. Wise. We wish you well, Henry, but think you would succeed better if you were on the roll of the Messenger.

C. W. Coleman, A. M., is teaching in Isle of Wight county. He
has improved both in looks and—well, we shall not say what, but there
must be a girl somewhere near the school.

P. Y. Tupper has turned out "siders," and is trying to force that
moustache by commencement, when he hopes to be with us. Paul,
drop us a line now and then and stir up those "seminarians;" we
need more subscribers.

W. D. Groton is in Baltimore at the Medical College, and we feel
certain that he still remembers R. C. with feelings of pride and pleas­
ure. Bill. can’t you write us an article, draw us a picture, sing us a
song, or send us a subscription or two. Show us that you haven’t en­
tirely forgotten us.

"Sir Peter" Gore sent us a note in reply to our request for "person­
als." He is assistant instructor in Columbian College, is writing a
course of lectures, preparing a paper for the Smithsonian, publishing a
work on elocution, and sparking the girls. "Dr. " we shall be most
happy to receive a contribution from you.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The following is a list of officers elected in the Mu Sigma Rho So­
ciety for the next term:

President, H. I. Lewis, of King William co., Va.; Vice President,
James T. Dickinson, of Richmond city, Va.; Recording Secretary,
Carter H. Jones, of Richmond city, Va.; Corresponding Secretary,
Levin S. Joynes, of Richmond city, Va.; Chaplain, G. C. Abbitt, of
Prince Edward co., Va.; Censor, Rowland Johnson, of Texas;
Treasurer, Gordon B. Moore, of Giles co., Va.; Librarian, George B.
Taylor, of Rome, Italy; Critic, J. J. Taylor, of Henry co., Va.; Ser­
geant-at-Arms, S. D. Jones, of Campbell co., Va.; Final Orator, A.
R. Hefflin, of Stafford co., Va.; Board Managers, College Messenger,
Messrs. I. M. Mercer, S. D. Jones and W. L. Howard; Editor
College Messenger, Manly B. Curry, of Richmond city, Va.; Monthly
Orator, S. D. Jones, of Campbell co., Va.

At the regular meeting of the Philologean Literary Society, the fol­
lowing officers were elected for the ensuing three months:

President, J. M. McMannaway, Bedford co., Va.; Vice President,
C. A. G. Thomas, Portsmouth; Recording Secretary, T. E. Drewry,
Georgia; Corresponding Secretary, H. H. George, Caroline co., Va.;
Treasurer, W. J. Decker, Spotsylvania co., Va.; Librarian, W. C.
Brooks, Fauquier co., Va.; Critic, W. T. Hudgins, Texas; Censor,
W. H. Ryals, Fauvanna co., Va.; Chaplain, L. C. Catlett, Gloucester
co., Va.; Sergeant-at-Arms, Joe Baker, West Va.; Hall Committee,
J. E. C. Courtney and J. E. Wyatt, Gloucester; Reading Room Com­
mittee, W. J. Decker and W. A. Vaughan, Rockingham, Va.; Editor
of College Messenger, J. W. Snyder, Richmond; Board of Mananers
of College Messenger, Messrs. L. C. Catlett, C. A. G. Thomas and
W. S. Holland; Monthly Orator, C. E. Thomas, Gloucester, Va.
A year or two ago a few of our students made an attempt to adopt a college cap. This effort was not sustained by the majority of the students and was soon abandoned. Those in favor of the cap argued that it would be the first step towards establishing a college uniform. They said that the session was too far advanced to procure a uniform, but that we would lose nothing by getting a cap, and that having done that much, it would be easier to induce the students of the next session to adopt a uniform; that it would be well for us to have a uniform in order that we might be known and that we might know each other wherever we meet; that a uniform would tend to heighten our college pride while it bound us together more closely as students. They further argued that the economy of a uniform would be its chief benefit; that should we adopt a uniform we would not have to get handsome suits for Sunday, and that all of us would on all occasions be plainly and neatly dressed; that no student could then feel ashamed because he was not dressed as well as some other students.

The opposite party said that ours was not a military school, and that we needed no uniform; that as to our being known, verily we were already too well known in the city; that we were even now pointed out as "College Rats;" that should we adopt over a cap, boys on the streets would say in addition to "College Rats," "Shoot that cap." They solemnly declared that this would be "adding insult to injury, as the parrot said, when they only took him from his native land but made him speak the English language also."

The new students were overwhelmed by this argument, and to a man voted against the cap.

Since that time no mention has been made of the cap, but at the beginning of this session a number of students bought neat silk caps. These caps soon became all the rage at the college, and are worn so much now that they are almost considered our college cap. It is to be hoped that the students of next session will get these caps and that they will gradually become our uniform cap. Probably some improvement might be made in these caps, but even as they now are, they are cheap, convenient, and above all becoming, (especially the rats.

Many plain young ladies live to be pretty—old ones.

A strong mind is sometimes more easily impressed than a weak one. For example, you cannot so easily convince a fool that you are a philosopher as you can a philosopher you are a fool.

A man may be a heretic in the truth, and if he believe things only because his pastor says so, or the assembly so determines, without knowing other reason, though his belief be true, yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy.—Milton.
A certain one of our ministerials, who is over devoted to the "weed," found his tobacco all out last Sunday evening. None of his neighbors indulged, except one, and he was "out" also. Fortunately, however, he was not a clerical. Now, it came to pass, in the course of the evening, that his cravings became too strong for our ministerial. So he sought out the non-cler., and spake to him, saying: "Verily, when I arouse me from my slumbers in the morning, shall my longings for a chew be strong upon me. Wherefore do you receive this piece of silver, and, since, indeed, you rise earlier than I, proceed in the morning to the place which is called Kiel's, and purchase therewith tobacco for us two, in order thereby that our wants shall be early satisfied. But be certain that thou purchasest not this night, for, verily, is it recorded, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'"

Sayeth the non-cler: "As thou commandest, so shall I do."

In the course of an hour our ministerial proceeded to his friend's apartments. His eye falls upon a new piece of his favorite, temptingly exposed on the table. His friend is taking huge enjoyment from a portion just cut from one corner. Sayeth the ministerial: "Now, indeed, mine eyes do much deceive me, or that fine tobacco. Give to me thereof, that I may enjoy even as thou." Thus, saying, he reaches forth for the piece, but his friend responded: "Nay, verily, for indeed was that tobacco purchased upon the Sabbath day, and thou shouldst in no wise taste thereof. In the morning at thine hour of rising—then, and not till then, shalt thy sufferings cease." About this time some one thinks what he would'nt say for worlds.

The pitched snow-battle on the campus, which occurred about the 1st of January, has resulted disastrously. The main-building and cottage men should not let their rivalry and animosity carry them to such extremes. About half a dozen from each side are now closely confined with terrible colds, bordering, in several cases, on pneumonia. With this exception, the general health of the College is, and has been, remarkably good.

We will back our law class against any similar institution in the country for the size, appetite, calico propensities, and loquacity of its members. During the present session they have caused the suspension of three tailor-shops and two shoe manufactories, four boarding-houses and nine bar-rooms, one millinery establishment and a junk shop; they have talked four hundred and ninety-nine men to death, with one more alarmingly ill. Finally, they have occasioned the institution of a couple of asylums for those afflicted with the moon disease.

A certain unsusceptible youth, who domiciliates in the "horizontal," is in the habit of hurling deadly bolts of sarcasm and ridicule at his unoffensive room-mate, because the latter is, at times, so unfortunate as to become entangled in the intangible meshes of what silly people are
accustomed to nominate love. Not only this, but he has been known on various occasions to express a supreme contempt for all forms of fair-sex weakness. A cynical smile disfigures his mouth at every allusion to prospects of "conjugal happiness," &c. In fact he would reasonably pass for a genuine, unadulterated woman-hater.

Now we should let this anchorite pursue the even tenor of his way. We have a firm and abiding belief in letting every man exercise his own free opinions; but for the fact that we are afraid Shakespeare's little jewel cannot be found between his preaching and practices.

His room-mate reports that he entered his apartment a few days since, rather quietly, in slippers and gown. On entering he observed his woman-hater deeply absorbed over what appeared to be a photograph, and in a few instances heard him break forth in the following:

"I challenge Plato from the skies;  
Yea, from the skies harmonic,  
To gaze upon these lovely eyes,  
And try to be platonic."

We have since heard that somebody is about to leave college on account of his health.

Mr. F., of Dezendorf's, procures opera glasses for the theatre. In the midst of the performance he passes them to a friend, remarking that "they do more harm than good." His friend utilizes them, and F. asks if he isn't "looking through the wrong end?"

Chromo offered for the best solution of the query, which is at the present time uppermost in the investigations of the scientific world. It was as follows: "How doth the little busy bee?"—and plainly involves two questions: Whether the b. b. doth or doth not, and if he doth, how doth he?

It won't do for a man to have his apartments fitted up too elegantly, even if he is one of the exclusive aristocrats constituting a college community. A certain wiry looking individual, from "DeLand Cottage," loafed over our way a few evenings since, and with his eyes and mouth stretched to their utmost, evincing profound satisfaction or surprise, (we know not which), observed that his curiosity had been too strong to permit of his waiting for the slow formality of an invitation!

Professor Massie resumed his chair of Modern Languages on the first of January, after an absence of two months, occasioned by his feeble health. It affords us great pleasure to notice the evident improvement which his country sojourn and temporary release from his arduous duties has effected. Mr. George Thomas, who filled (?) the chair of Greek last session, with so much satisfaction, occupied his place during his absence.

Professor of Psychology—Mr. C—, what is "sense-perception?"

C—, (hesitatingly), "Well—ah—yes—that—is—the faculty by which—ah—by which we perceive who has sense, and who hasn't!"

A member of the senior English class recreates his mind and body on the night before literary examination by indulging in pool. About
A.M. the partner of his bed is aroused from his peaceful slumbers by a terrific yell of "Ha! Ha! Ha! That's a good shot! Big ball, too! By Jove! Look here, Chaucer, 1400! That beats you." The somniloquist was promptly ejected from his gorgeous couch, but the moral still remains—and militates against the theory of the "harmonious development of all the faculties."

COLLEGE NEWS.

There are more than two hundred college papers published in this country, and the cry is: "Still they come."

Richmond College has received a bequest of about seventeen thousand dollars. Who'll be the next?

Yale has received 1,300 volumes, written in the Chinese language, from Yung Wing, a graduate. Sight reading for summer vacation.

In the State Normal School, at Oshkosk, the young ladies are required to learn the elements of military drill. What do they drill with. Brooms?

Scribner and Harper's have been excluded from the reading room at Wellesley. "Cause why?"

The first college journal was published at Dartmouth in 1800.

The University of California has 320 students.

The University of Michigan has 1,340 students. Fifty-four gentlemen and one lady are the members of the Faculty.

Times change and we change with them.

The initiation fee to the Porcellian Club at Harvard is $500. Guess we won't join.

The president of Columbia has been appointed an officer in the Legion of Honor.

Among the class entered at West Point last June was the grandson of Brigham Young.

The average annual expenses of a student at Harvard Yale, or Columbia, is $800; Princeton, $600; Hamilton, $450; Michigan University, $370; Amherst, Bowdoin, Brown, Dartmouth, Williams, or University of Virginia, $500.

The faculty of Harvard are considering the question of having an elective course in Chinese,

Joseph Cook has been engaged to deliver a course of lectures at Oberlin College next spring.

There is an active contest going on for the chair of Natural History,
established by Mr. Corcoran, at the University of Virginia. We are sorry that our editorial duties will prevent our attending the meeting of the Board of Visitors, but hope our friends of the Magazine will see to Dr. Southall's election.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birth-day more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

"My wife," said an unfortunate husband, "is the most even-tempered person I ever saw: she's always mad!"

Some one says the lion and the lamb may lie down together in this world, but when the lion gets up it will be hard work to find the lamb.

A publisher sent to a Norristown editor the other day a new song entitled, "What shall my Love Wear?" The Norristown man regarded the question wholly in its moral aspects, and sat down and wrote a kind but firm article recommending her to wear her clothes.

An Indian preacher made use of the expression, "The iconoclastic segregate of sin," last Sunday, and has already received a call to a Congregational Church in Boston.—Cin. Break. Table.

During our late war some children were talking of their brothers and fathers who had been captured as prisoners of war. Many tales of fortresses and camps were told, the speakers evidently priding themselves very much on the sufferings of their relatives, when a little fellow who had been silent, now spoke up. "That's nuthin'!" said he, "I've got an uncle in prison, too, and he hain't been to war neither."—Galaxy.

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