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THE COQUETTE.

GERMAN.
O'er violets blue her eyelids fall,
Ruddy roses her cheeks we call,
Snow white lilies her hands so small,
Which bloom and bloom and never fade—
Only the little heart is dead.

—[Heine.]

AMERICAN.
Or light or dark, or short or tall,
She sets a spring to snare them all,
All's one to her; above her fan
She'd make sweet eyes at Caliban.

—[Aldrich.]

WISDOM.
If wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak, to whom you speak,
And how and when and where.
WAS BACON GUILTY?

BY WINSLOW.

Was Bacon guilty? In a magazine article, Hon. John W. Edmonds argues that he was not. It may be presumptuous for one to differ with an honorable, but if one cannot agree he must differ.

In the year 1621 Bacon, the Lord Chancellor of England, was charged before the Commons with the crime of bribery; he confessed his guilt, and was sentenced to pay a fine of forty thousand dollars, and suffer imprisonment in the tower. His fine was remitted by king­ly favor, and he only remained two days in prison.

Was he really guilty of the great crime of which he was accused, to which he confessed, for which he was sentenced? Before we would examine Mr. Edmond's plea in Bacon's behalf, let me note his honest confession that "counsel for the defence have not been able to preserve peace and brotherly unity in their own ranks. Though intent upon a like object, they persist in taking divergent paths in search of it."

And those who would defend his fame from unjust aspersions, cannot agree upon a theory. Montague in his life of him, ascribes his fall to the intrigues of the Bishop of Lincoln. The writer in the Athenæum, and Dixon, in his "Personal History of Lord Bacon," attribute it to the malice of Coke, his great rival, and the complicity of Buckingham, his patron. And we have still another view, and ascribe it to the direct interposition of the king, without denying that the hostility of Coke, the intrigues of Bishop Williams, and the selfish­ness of Buckingham, may all have been at-work.

We cannot say that we are favorably impressed with this author's style—honorable though he be. "And we have still another view, and, &c., is an expression with a rhetorical offense for every "and;" but it is to another matter we are now addressing ourselves.

First let us note the significance of the fact that the defenders of Bacon "cannot agree upon a theory." This means a great deal, and, we think we can show, means a great deal against the "true inward­ness" of all the theories. It is a sad, but necessary confession of a most unfortunate state of affairs. "Divided, we fall," especially under such circumstances. It seems they cannot agree. This implies that they want to do so, but find it impossible. A asserts Bacon's innocence, but he denies that B's theory proves it. B, upon the other hand, looks with no better favor upon A's theory. Is this a good way of persuading the world to accept either of the theories? Would the world, already convinced of Bacon's guilt, mainly, by Bacon's confession, be apt to change their mind on the strength of A's theory, when B comes up and says, "I have always believed Bacon innocent, and, therefore, of course, I look with special partiality on any theory that tends to prove it, but after carefully examining A's theory, I cannot accept it, and do not believe it clears Bacon." "Surely," the world would say, "if A's theory is so complete a one, and does so clearly prove the very point that B has always accepted and defended as the true one, B would hasten to stand upon so sure a foundation. Surely we have reason to be suspicious of a theory that does not even
satisfy the friend and enthusiastic defender of the accused." In exactly the same way A's doubts undermine B's theory. Now you see it will not do to argue that because both A and B have a theory which tends to prove Bacon's innocence that, therefore, the case is all the stronger; that we have now two horns to the dilemma, by either of which Bacon is saved. This would be true if A said "B's theory is a good one, and even if mine is false and weak his is clear and strong." But A don't say any such thing. He says, "Well, whether my theory does or does not clear Bacon, I am sure B's don't." In other words the theories are not corroborating; they do not even admit of one another's validity and plausibility, but they materially and mutually contradict. We say then that the world has a right to use those strong expressions of suspicions which, above, we have placed in her mouth.

Yet, though so great cause for suspicion rests upon the Hon. J. W. Edmond's theory, let us examine it and attempt to do it justice. Succinctly stated, it lays the blame of Bacon's downfall "pretty much, altogether," upon King James. Edmonds argues that the people had been grievously oppressed; they met in Parliament and demanded their rights. "It seems to be a law of revolutions that they must have a sacrifice," and that Bacon was thrown to these seekers of bloody vengeance, not because he was guilty, but that whilst popular fury was being satiated by this innocent victim the real perpetrators of the mischief might escape. Edmonds warms himself up into telling us that, "when man meets with obstacles in the pursuit of an object on which he is evidently intent, he is more insatiate than the starving wolf, and he pauses not to inquire whether he is feeding on carrion or living flesh." Then, in the same vein, he narrates as follows: "In our young days we were shocked by a tale we read of a mother traveling with three young children amid the snows of the Alps, who was assailed by a band of ravenous wolves. Urging the horse to its utmost speed, she fled for life. But the beasts of prey gained upon her, and in her extremity she threw one of the children over to them. It arrested their pursuit until that one was devoured, and then they resumed it. Again they were close to her, and again she sacrificed a child and checked the pursuit, and so again, until she arrived safe but childless."

The meaning of the honorable gentleman is too plain to be mistaken. King James was the mother; Lord Bacon was one of the last of the children to go overboard; the great English people, represented by their Parliament, played the role of the wolves. We do not suppose they would feel complimented in being represented as more "insatiate than the starving wolf," or—good judges of roast beef as they are—forgetting in their blind fury to discriminate between "carrion" and "living flesh." Mr. Edmonds seems himself a little furious, and quite willing to sacrifice a whole people to the good fame of one man. Yet we think with Burke, that it is quite impossible to draw an indictment to charge a whole people. But does not "our honorable" attempt that very thing? What does he mean by his allusion to wolves intent upon any victim? Was it such beasts that seized upon the great Bacon and pulled him down? Let us see.

Six weeks after Commons met a committee was "appointed to inquire into the state of the Courts of Justice." All this seemed formal,
parliamentary, fair, and justified. Nothing wild and wolfish, that we can discover. In due time Sir Robert Phillips, a respected representative from Bath—and just as much of an honorable as our author—reported "that great abuses had been discovered." Who was guilty of these abuses? Had the king been guilty of them, and did they merely purpose to seize Lord Bacon because they dare not touch James? Let us see. "The person," says Sir Robert, "against whom these things are alleged is no less than the Lord Chancellor, a man so ended with all parts, both of nature and art, as that I will say no more of him, being not able to say enough." Would we conclude from such language that the author of it was a base wretch of wolfish instincts? Does he not, to say the least, express as high an appreciation of Lord Bacon's transcendent abilities as the pen of the Hon. J. W. Edmonds permits itself to express? We think so. We think no man could read those lines without feeling that they were spoken by a man who felt that duty had imposed a grievous task upon him; who spoke with reluctance and a heavy heart; who regretted as sincerely as all honorable men must, that such God-like talents had been prostituted to so base purposes, and, who, instead of pursuing the trail with wolfish instincts, did it with tears, which bespoke the greatness of his friendship and admiration for the mighty fallen, and with a blush of shame that the pride of the world had become the disgrace of England. Who doubts that if the investigation of that committee had cleared Bacon, it would not with greater joy than men of to-day can feel in the matter, have announced that the honor of the great Lord Chancellor was unsullied, that the escutcheon of the mighty philosopher was untarnished; and would not the House of Parliament, than which an abler or better never met, have taken up the glad cry and shouted it to all the people. Would Mr. Edmonds have us believe that the Englishman was so blinded by wolfish instincts as to wilfully strike down his country's pride? Would even our investigating committee of to-day, very zealous though they may be to unearth fraud, and at the same time dig up treasures for political capital, want or dare assail, without any cause whatever, the name of a Bryant? Would it not ruin him? Would not Haman be hung upon the very gallows he had erected for Mordecai? Yet what proof have we for believing that the course of the various investigating committees, engaged on Bacon's case, was ever condemned, or even questioned?

But again, admitting that this investigating committee would dare willfully assail a great and honorable name, and would escape all censure for it, and would care nothing for a glorious reputation, and would almost delight in their envy to strike down the greatest man of England and the pride of the whole world, why, more especially under the present circumstances, would they want to do any such thing? If Bacon's reputation was untarnished, if he had been an unbribed judge, if he was recognized as a true friend of the rights of the people, he stood with them and not against them? They would have no sooner thought of wickedly ruining him than of ruining one another. Rather would they have beheld in him the ornament of their order, the greatest Commoner in England. But would Mr. Edmonds have us believe that the Parliament did not know, in their blind fury, a friend from an enemy, a just from an unjust man? Does he think that the committee
were so intent upon a victim that they would as soon destroy one who
had struck with them as one who had fought against them? Was that
allusion to "carriom" and "living flesh" designed seriously to be other
than an exaggerated figure of rhetoric? We are forced to believe one
of two things: either that Parliament thought Bacon guilty, or that
they, burning with a sense of their wrongs, were willing to be appeased
by being permitted to destroy one of their friends. If this was their
idea of happiness and satisfaction would they not have been contented
to suffer even much longer if afterwards they were only permitted to
commit suicide? But we do not believe that Parliament, admitting
that they were enraged, either wished to sacrifice to their fury an inno­
cent man, or had any idea that this meant satisfaction for the wrongs
they had suffered. This committee was appointed to inquire into the
course of the Courts of Justice; did they think it would right their
wrongs or advance their course to pull down from the bench a man
whose intellect the world adored, and whose conduct—if Mr. Edmonds
is to be believed—was unimpeachable? We think they would have
seen no more benefit in this than justice. The Democrats believed
that the Louisiana Returning Board were not all honorable men; that
some even were wolves without sufficient regard for popular opinion to
conceal themselves under sheep's clothing; but the Democrats did not
therefore, indignant though they were to almost madness, demand that
a couple of their Democratic Senators be hung, or that even a New
York Republican be sacrificed? If the guilty did not suffer they did
call it satisfaction. Yet, seemingly, Mr. Edmonds would have us
believe that the English Parliament of 1621, had a different idea of these
matters. In their wolfish instincts they would not only tear to pieces
even a friend that was thrown them—as the story quoted seemed to in­
dicate—but they would actually reach up in their eagerness to seize on
him.

We will not believe all this. We accept the first alternative. To
say the very least, the committee, after a patient investigation and evi­
dently much against their will, believed Bacon guilty. We think we
have a right to this conclusion, that we have reached it by the
Baconian method. How then did the committee proceed? Certainly
in an open and fair way. Eighteen commissioners, selected from the
two houses, investigated all the charges against him. Could he have
asked nobler or abler judges? It was not a packed jury presided over
by a Lord Jeffreý, where a conviction is the surest crown of martyr­
dom and glory. The judges were not even selected from one house,
but were men of two distinct orders—the commoners and the nobles.
If Lord Bacon's course had merely been characterized by too great
zeal in the king's cause he could not have failed to find friends before
this mixed commission. To say the least they would not have dared
charge him in such definite terms as they did. According to the
British Constitution the evil course of the king is charged to the evil
counsel's of his ministers, but such was not the character of the
charges against Lord Bacon. He was indicted at this high bar of
justice of being a bribed and corrupted judge, and the men who had
paid him bribes were his accusers. Twenty-three charges were made
against him, and, indeed, it has been written "that fresh instances of
corruption were every day brought to the knowledge of his accusers."
But Mr. Edmonds would have us believe that it was customary in those days to take gifts from the litigating parties. What does he mean? Was Lord Bacon bribed or not? Let us use that word "bribe," and by it try Bacon. If Bacon did not take bribes how do we explain Bacon's own language? "Upon advised consideration of the charges, descending into my conscience, and calling my memory to account so far as I am able, I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defense." He took gifts from parties who had cases before him—all admit that; if they were not bribes why does Bacon himself use the word "corruption." If they, upon the other hand, were bribes, how can we say bribery was even right, even though it were popular. Seventy years before this Hugh Latimer had preached a different doctrine, "Oh briber and bribery! He was never a good man that will so take bribes. Nor can I believe that he that is a briber will be a good justice. It will never be merry in England till we have the skins of such. For what needeth bribing where men do their things up-rightly."

The unsophisticated might ask why longer defend Bacon when he himself renounced "all defense?" Why call him of unblemished reputation when he confessed his own "corruption?" List then, innocent reader, for enlightenment. See if you can catch the drift of the following glowing paragraph from the writings of our "honorable" author: "It is said that when the Druids offered human sacrifice on their altars they selected as the victims those who had been trained to believe it a blessing thus to be chosen. What there was of superstition in the rite has remained buried in the past, but the virtue of self-denial involved in it has floated down the stream of time even to our day." This glowing expression, stripped of its fine feathers, is seemingly but a timid way of saying that Bacon, though an innocent man, confessed himself a guilty wretch in order to save the king and the king's cause. And Mr. Edmonds call this "the virtue of self-denial," and speaks of it as having floated "down the stream of time even to our day." We question all this. The stream of time has been accused of doing everything, and bearing on its bosom all manner of ill-assorted materials, but we respectfully suggest that it is a cruel slander on the old stream to accuse it with having to do with the "floating" of any such burden as the honorable gentlemen has consigned to it. Undoubtedly many crafts have been sailing on the bosom of these "metaphorical" waters under false colors, but if even any such conduct as Mr. Edmonds attributes to Lord Bacon, tried to escape by flying at its mast head "The virtue of self-denial," it would be fired into by every honorable frigate along the line. Indeed we are not quite sure but that the better class of pirates would pepper with shot and shell such a display of fraud and hypocrisy. "The virtue of self-denial!" What virtue was there in it? Is it a "savage" virtue or a "Christian" virtue? The Druids might leap into the fire, and the disciples forsake all "to follow Him," but when or where was an innocent man ever asked to confess, as a religious duty, that he was guilty, or a virtuous woman required to believe that she was only exercising the virtue of self-denial in proclaiming herself a prostitute? Certainly not in Bacon's age or under the dispensation and light that Bacon enjoyed. But even ad-
mitting for one moment that the confession proves nothing—though it must prove Bacon a man of mean soul and with no idea of honor—how shall we explain the charges that were proved against Bacon without the help of any confession? Can we say that not only was Bacon willing to call himself a corrupt judge to save the king, but that parliament was content to accept such satisfaction and sacrifice? We have already considered this phase of the subject.

We, of the nineteenth century, must accept this unprejudiced verdict of the seventeenth century—"How are the mighty fallen!"

SKY-SCRAPING.

There is no fault more prominent in both the writing and speaking of the present day than sky-scraping. If a man makes a speech on any occasion whatsoever, he thinks that he has made a miserable failure, unless he soars aloft on wings of fancy and circles around the bright orb of day, or courses his way through the sparkling meteors of night, or perchance rouses from her sleep on Olympus some muse long unused to visit the abodes of men. In observing such speakers there is this great consolation: they either get their pinions scorched by the sun and are brought ignominiously to earth in a prodigious curl, or they lose their way amidst the stars, or are deserted by the frightened muse in the midst of a burst of poetic fire.

If one has to write a short account of a horse-race, a tournament or a church fair, he must needs, in stilled language, give the history of horse-racing, tournaments, or church fairs, as the case may be, from Adam down to the present time. He considers himself bound by inexorable duty to declare that no such horse-race, tournament, or church fair ever transpired. He asserts that he is familiar with history, both sacred and profane, and that nowhere does he find it recorded that the ancients enjoyed such a horse-race, tournament, or church fair.

Probably these last two statements are correct, for we are taught that no two things in this world are exactly alike, and, in the simplicity of our hearts, we are ready to believe that historians take no notice of either horse-racing, tournaments, or church fairs.

This would-be lofty style of expression is so common, that it is really refreshing to meet a man who uses good plain English.

Young men, and especially students, are charged with making spread-eagle speeches. Some people are unwilling to put the proper value on a student's composition, because they say that there is nothing original in it, that it is a mere collection of words.

It would, indeed, be a blessing if students were the only class guilty of sky-scraping. Numbers of men, both young and old, who never went to college in their lives, use this style. The difference between an ordinary sky-scraper and a student is this: When the student takes us on an aerial journey he enables us to see something of the beauties of
the regions through which he passes, but the ordinary man jumbles and confuses things to such an extent, that we not only lose sight of him, but we become uncertain as to our own position in space.

The truth is that students, as a class, are more inclined to speak plainly than other men. This ought to be the case, for education should tend to make a man use good language and to express his thoughts as tersely as possible.

The trouble is that some students, as well as some other men, have mistaken ideas about good language. They think that they must use language in writing and speaking far superior to the language of conversation. As a result of this idea they use high sounding words. They conceal the idea under a mass of verbiage. Their writing and speaking is entirely artificial. There is nothing genuine or original in either. Though it is disagreeable for an author to put himself forward continually, nevertheless it is pleasant to feel that the man is uttering his honest convictions, and it is pleasant for the idiosyncrasies of the author to crop out now and then. It may happen that a writer is a man of such small parts that it would be better to conceal himself. It would never do for people to see what he really is; he must hide himself behind his big words. Surely people will think that those grand sentences mean something. They only show that some men, who have very little sense, can use grand language, so-called. The author didn't have an idea, and, therefore, it is not reasonable to look for one in his writings. It is a great mistake to suppose that sensible people will be deceived by such writing. They will either denounce it as trash, or they will throw it aside, saying it is pretty language.

It often appears that some men, who say just nothing at all, are greatly admired. Their admirers say, He uses such exquisite language, so many beautiful figures. What did he say? I don't know, but he spoke beautifully...

But suppose this is a man's natural style, shall he give up writing and speaking entirely? This style is natural to very few. If a man is a born sky-scaper, he is a better one than if he became so by practice. It should be the object of every young man who writes to improve himself, if he is too high flown in style, he should strive to correct the fault. No one will be deterred from writing because of his flowery language; on the other hand, no young man discouraged because his style is plain.

Having sufficiently illustrated the rambling sky-scraping style so commonly used, it remains to see why this style is so common, and what should be done to avoid it. As has been said before, some men are sky-scrapers for want of sense, some from mistaken ideas of good language; others, who really dislike sky-scraping, use this style to please. They imagine that it is applauded by the world, and that they can in no other way gain applause. Unfortunately there is a great deal of truth in this, for while there are sensible men who denounce trashy writers, and who sneer at bombastic speakers, yet the majority either take no notice of them or applaud them. We should seek the applause not of the majority but of the best.

To avoid falling into the habit of sky-scraping, let the young writer be sure that he has an idea, and then let him try to express it as clear-
ly as possible. If he does this he will use plain language. But he should not always trust to his own opinion of his sentences. He may sometimes profit by the advice which an English teacher gave his pupils. Said he, read your compositions carefully, and strike out every sentence which appears to you to be particularly fine. There is no better cure.

A PEEP INTO KINDERGARTEN.

[This sketch was contributed by a pioneer in the movement of which she writes. We think her deserving of the title, inasmuch as she was the first to introduce the Kindergarten system into Virginia. This fact in itself would give interest to the sketch, but again, we desire to recommend it as an example of how very possible it is—at least for a lady writer—to bring a subject vividly before the reader. Perusing this sketch, it requires no great imagination to picture in the mind’s eye the happy circle gathered in the Child’s Garden, or to conceive the virtues of a system that brings, in so simple and natural a form, the most important truths within the comprehension, or at least beneath the inquiring gaze of the youngest mind. The article more especially recommends itself to a college journal from its presentment of a new system of education, a system, destined, we believe, to grow into popularity and establishment. Our faith is not founded so much upon the history of the Kindergarten system, and its rapid introduction from Germany and Austria into other civilized countries, as from the principle involved. If Frederick Froebel did not as clearly enunciate the doctrine and necessity of observation as did Bacon, he has carried it into practice. The child, instructed to clearly distinguish and accurately discriminate will carry in its mind only clean-cut images, and insensibly, we hold, must acquire the habit of accepting nought else than clear ideas and accurate knowledge. Early trained to see clearly, discriminately and “for certain,” the mental vision must be clarified and strengthened, it will find no satisfaction in vague ideas, and almost insensibly the sharp-eyed sight-seer becomes the acute little philosopher. But, of course, in addition to all this much instruction of a purely mental kind is given, yet so mingled with other pleasant and profitable exercises that the young mind is not burdened, but its natural curiosity only satisfied, and instead of this or that faculty being neglected, or by over stimulants, dwarfed, all are evenly and naturally matured and strengthened. It is not difficult to believe that system of education best which regards and cultivates the senses and faculties in the order Nature has developed them.—EDITORS.]

Men of great minds have been puzzled to know how to interest children, and none have succeeded as well as Froebel.

The very precincts of a Kindergarten have a magnetic attraction, and groups of bright faces are often seen peeping through the iron
railings anxious to catch every glimpse the windows afford of the happiness within.

Let us take a peep! The room itself is very attractive, bright with plenty of God’s sunshine; its walls adorned with pretty chromos, charts, and over the mantel the motto of the great founder, “Come, let us live for our children.” Two long tables, painted in the primary colors, and two rows of bright red chairs in which are seated our flowers; more beautiful than the purest lily, the modest forget-me-not, and the richest rose, are our little immortelles. The bell is tapped, and with one accord, the children rise, and their voices join in the old, old hymn, “I want to be an angel.” It has never sounded so sweetly, nor been so impressive as it is now with the appropriate gestures. Little hands are placed on the foreheads where the crowns will rest; and tiny fingers hold imaginary harps. Hands are raised and eyes upturned as they sing:

“There right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I’d wake the sweetest music
And praise him day and night.”

The Natural History Class is our pride. Little portfolios filled with animals, which they have classified themselves according to the type, order and family, lead to many interesting talks. The cat and dog family always furnish a lively topic; and just here, Douglas says, “Miss J., what do you think? I went in Mrs. Smith’s to-day and asked for a vertebrate angel to put in my portfolio. She laughed, and so did everybody in the store, and wanted to know what I meant. I told her that I wanted an angel with a back-bone; then they laughed again, but I know, Miss J., that we have back-bones, and we make angels when we die, so angels must have back-bones.”

The study of geography, with the advanced class, is one of untiring interest, and our little professors are making wonderful discoveries in their voyage around the world. Books of designing are used preparatory to drawing and painting. The geometric forms, quadrangles, polygons and triangles, are cut in colored paper by deft fingers, and pasted in books, thus giving them a practical knowledge. Any child can describe these forms, naming the lines and angles. In speaking of blue, the first primary color, the kindergartner remarked: “There is more blue in the sunshine than any other color. Now, where do we get the blue with which we dye our rich velvets and silks?”

Stewart, a bright, original boy, answers: “I reckon men go up in balloons and get it out of the sunshine.”

Gymnastics is an important feature; the various joints and parts of the body, being brought into use systematically, thus developing grace of motion and ease of manner, unconsciously of course to the child. Of what priceless value is this alone!

God speed the day when there shall be Kindergartens all over the land, for this beautiful system tears away the forbidden tangled growth, with its gloomy shadows, from the fountain of knowledge, and wreaths the sparkling waters with evergreens and flowers.
When Henry VIII. and his advisers drew up the platform of the Anglican Church, quite a number of his subjects objected to it because it was too closely allied to Romanism. The convictions of these dissenters were deepened by the tyranny of a despot, who, in addition to the prerogatives of his predecessors, claimed a divine right of absolute control over the affairs of Church and State. Throughout the long reign of Henry, the Brownists, though objects of ridicule and scorn, gained in numbers and in firmness of purpose. Neither Edward's inactivity nor Mary's bloody rule could extinguish the convictions of men sustained by a clear conscience, and a fixed determination to follow its dictates. During Elizabeth's prosperous reign, when men were beginning to inquire into the causes of things, and to expose the absurdity of tenets, maxims, and traditions, to which generations had stupidly assented; when science offered its gigantic powers, and education began to elevate men to a higher civilization, Puritanism gained a firmer footing. Elizabeth, who cared little about religion except as it affected the politics of Europe and the loyalty of her subjects, was influenced by this rising power in her reforms.

The opposition which the Puritans made against the new theatre, and the vices attending its operations, will demonstrate their progress and power in Elizabeth's reign. In James' reign, the storm of oppression set in more furiously upon the "Dissenters" or "Independents," but without the desired effect; for the justice of their cause had enlisted among their advocates the ablest and best men of England.

Having briefly traced the history of the Puritans up to Charles I., let us look at them as a religious denomination. In some important respects Puritanism was not inconsistent with that religion which St. James defines in these words: "To visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." It is said that "England became the people of a book, and that book was the Bible." Under its influences life gained in orderliness, in a just conception of what and in what true manhood consists, and in moral grandeur. Puritanism, or the Bible reading which it caused, led men to recognize the solemn duties growing out of their social relations. For the first time in English history, men began to discriminate between paramount duty to God and servile obedience to rulers.

Since the Puritans professed to have been regenerated and sanctified through Christ, they had no order of priesthood, and the privilege of teaching the faith was conceded to all members of the Church. If the observance of the Sabbath is proof or result of Christianity, the Puritan is entitled to full credit for consistency in this respect. In that Puritanism elevated man and improved society, it was consistent with the purest forms of Christian religion.

Some error had incorporated itself in the doctrines of the Puritans, but when you take the circumstances by which they were surrounded in consideration, how favorably will they compare with other religious denominations? Without the pale of the "saints" lay a world which was hateful to them, because it was the enemy of their God. Surely it was this utter isolation from the "ungodly" that explains the con-
trast between the inner tenderness of the Puritans and the immorality of some of their actions—the result of prejudice. One historian says “that it was the Puritan’s absolute devotion to a supreme will which led to such absurdities.” The circumstances rather justify the conclusion, that it was misinterpretation of God’s revealed will that led to such confusion. By their rigid application of divine injunctions improperly interpreted, cheerfulness was deemed inexpedient; social enjoyment, inconsistent; the sprightliness of youth, an indication of ungodliness; juvenile hilarity at Christmas and other holidays, criminal; to eat a mince pie, or to dance around the “May Pole,” exceedingly wicked. Opposed to the riotous and dashing cavalier, the Puritan strove to draw the line of demarcation as sharply as possible between himself and his godless antagonist, and to stand in every respect as far apart from this gaily attired reveller as he could. Principles, of course, were carried to fearful extremes.

Let us briefly consider the effects of Puritanism as a doctrine embracing social and political principles. Hume, the last man who would discriminate in favor of the Puritans, is obliged to confess that to the Puritans alone “the English owe the whole of their freedom as respects their constitution.” Then who can estimate the happiness resulting from liberty of conscience? Who can number the hours of social enjoyment around the sparkling firesides of Australia, of Canada, of England and the United States? All traceable to mother England.

Predominating religious doctrines constitute a formative element in all the political institutions of a people, therefore, certain religious opinions are peculiar to a particular period in their civilization, and their political condition always modifies their notions of religion. It was an important epoch in the history of freedom, when the Puritans of England, headed by Oliver Cromwell, with John Milton as his secretary, marshalled their forces against a throne which had stood firm amid the storms of six eventful centuries, and against a tyrant, supported by the traditions of the age and the examples of his predecessors. Upon the issues of this contest the destiny of all Europe was suspended, and to its results may be traced the powers of the House of Commons, the great pioneer of representative governments which are the bulwarks of liberty.

If Puritanism died when Charles II. entered Whitehall, it died only to be quickened like the seed corn, which lies for a few days under the clods that it may spring up with a new body and vigorous life, the harvest of which is for the preservation of the nations. The oppression of this reign drove many Puritans to Holland and America where the seed, falling upon a good soil, has brought forth some a hundred and some two hundred fold. From the associations of the Mayflower, from the tears at Delf-Haven, from the landing at Plymouth Rock, to the Congress of the United States is a contrast as great as that between the she wolf which nursed Romulus and Remus and the Roman Senate that swayed Italy and the world.

If we ask how such results were achieved, the answer comes from the gaols of England, the rocks of the Atlantic, from the howling forests of America, that the instrumentalities employed were repentance and prayer, patience and tears, determination and self-sacrifice,
agony and death. And yet these men have been called “Puritanic Knaves,” “the very pests in the church and Commonwealth,” “the pinched fanatics of Leyden.” A compromise might have purchased a profitable peace, but not peace of conscience; it might have afforded shelter from the fierce storms of winter, but it would not have given them a place in all unprejudiced hearts forever.

A. T.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Since the recent improvements in the western portion of our city, the most direct approach to the College Square is by the means of Grace street. Topographically, geographically and geometrically speaking, there is now nothing to prevent a man from proceeding directly from the college to the capitol. But, until very recently, the only heavenly thing about the several new blocks of this avenue, was the name. Otherwise it was a “howling wilderness,” or speaking more to the facts, “The Slough of Despond.” It was customary to estimate the weight of pilgrims by the depth they would sink into this newly-opened country. The car of civilization dare not sweep on as a flaming chariot in its march of conquest, from a very reasonable fear of sinking up to its hubs in the clay, and getting stuck. Two members of the law class, also, on account of the weighty responsibilities resting upon them, did not presume to keep open their line of communication with the city. (One of them was missed by the judge.) But we rejoice to herald a change. The prayers and petitions of a loyal people have been heard, and the Common Council, with a munificence that should enure to their perpetual glory, and erect for them a monument more enduring than brass, have given us a cinder side-walk. No longer can the weary disciples of learning complain that there is no royal road to knowledge when he is granted the supreme boon of measuring his legs over such an avenue of combined majesty, pleasure and beauty as this—an avenue destined, we prophecy, to be known henceforth in classic record, as “The Boulevard of the Extinct Coals.”

We never realized before that there was so much real happiness in walking over a burnt district. All is now serene and happy. No longer is the weary pilgrim hardly able to maintain the integrity of his own footing, harrowed by such cries as “Help me, Cassius, or I sink!” from some mired and bewildered class-mate, and no longer does every rain-storm—and “every rain-storm” in these latter days, means “a great many rain storms”—foretell the sudden disappearance and untimely loss of some gifted mind in a mud-puddle; yea, no more such sad epitaphs as “Died for want of longer legs,” or “Didn’t know how to swim.” Further, even the infants of our law class have again open communications with the city, so that once more we can be edified, by direct intelligence, of the announced or contemplated decisions from the bench. Yes, all is serene now, and let us be grateful.
It is very natural that a contributor should wonder why his article is "respectfully declined." It is of his own creation; it is his flesh and blood; he loves it as the apple of his eye, and in it he can no more see fault or blemish than in his own august self. Of course a dozen strong reasons may militate against the worth and acceptability of an article, but we think it may be said that the would-be author oftener makes a mistake in the selection of his own subject than in his treatment of it, or rather that a weak treatment follows, almost as a matter of course, the unwise choice of a topic. Most any level-headed man of ordinary culture, could tell something of interest and profit to the world if he would be content to treat those themes with which his life-work or study has made him familiar. An intelligent shoe-maker could, undoubtedly, write with no little force and clearness about the mysteries of mending a pair of shoes; but we can hardly look to him for a judicious and advanced opinion on the best way to establish a daily newspaper. The editor can always entertain, with peculiar satisfaction, the treatment of any topic of which the writer, from a mastery and knowledge of the subject, has a right to speak. What peculiarly enrages the presiding genius of the sanctum and leads to this early demise—since madness is ever ruinous to health—is to have a contributor insist upon discussing some theme of which he cannot, in the very nature of things, know anything about, and with which neither his taste, study or life-work has brought him into the faintest contact. We do not care to have the doctor writing us about law, or the lawyer about medicine; neither to have discussions of themes in the fields of moral and mental philosophy by persons who have never, perhaps, so much as read a treatise on these subjects and who, therefore, just as likely as not, only more so, will, under the belief that they have made a great discovery, advance some old, exploded notion, which the first page of such rudimentary works as Porter or Caulderwood would severely annihilate. We believe in original thought, but let it be of that kind that is born in the midst of light and not in the depth of darkness. We have no special reverence for that class of original thinkers who will resurrect some theory buried for centuries, just through ignorance of the serious malady, of which it died, and without so much as having read the full and satisfactory burial permit, which consigned it to the grave, and which should preserve its rest inviolate. If they had first studied thoroughly the subject they would not, let us believe to their credit, have failed to be very much ashamed of their crude theories and vain hobbies. If John Jasper was a "Fellow" of some Royal Observatory, we believe he would not maintain so strenuously his views that the "sun do move," and, therefore, as his opinions might be materially modified by further research, one would prefer him to have more enlightened views, to have him know, in short, what he was talking about before the Messenger would care to receive his theory of the movements of the heavenly bodies; but, on the other hand, all the learning of the universities would not give many members of John's flock clearer or more satisfactory views on "hunting 'possum" than they now possess, and accordingly they are fully prepared to give, and do give, the world very profound and sagacious hints on this topic. We do not say that one should know everything about a subject before he presumes to speak or
EXCHANGES.

write anything about it, but we do believe he ought to have a good rea
son for the faith within him, for the beliefs he holds upon the topic he
discusses, and that he should sincerely and earnestly perceive his right
to speak and his claims to be heard. Accordingly we would recom
mend to the contributor that, all other things being equal, or anywhere
near equal, he select for discussion that subject with which he is most
familiar, and over which he has obtained the most decided mastery.

EXCHANGES.

“Oh, Diamond! Diamond! you don't know the mischief you have
done!” is all very well and proper when it has reference to poodle
dogs; and yet we'll wager two inches of lead pencil that Sir Isaac's
language would have been different had he been speaking to a printer
who handled his copy a la mode moderne. In our last issue, for in
stance, he, of the types, after various other enormities, perpetrated at
our expense, attained the acme of his achievements by inserting our
closing remarks upon the Randolph Macon Monthly under the article
on the Penn College Monthly. We trust that the gentlemen of both of
these journals are sufficiently acquainted with the factiousness of the
printer of the day to extend us their pardon and sympathy.

Reverting to the pile of exchanges for last month, we find every
where evidences of work renewed after the holidays. Many appeal to
their little Christmas frolics as an excuse for late issues. Some seem
to have renewed their labors with fresh vigor and ardor, while others
seem to have resumed their pens with a sigh and a groan. To each
and all we wish a sincere God-speed and happy results from their
labor of love.

We are first attracted by the Transcript. It opens with a most
sensible article on “The Popular Student,” which shows the absurdity
of those attribarious recluses, who consider that popularity implies a
lack of individuality and independence. Popularity, especially in a col
lege community, depends upon congeniality of disposition, refinement,
of feelings, and delicacy in the treatment of another's opinions, and
by no means implies that its possessor is a cringer or “bull-dozer.”
In fact the former class generally obtain the contempt, the latter the
suspicion of all around them.

“The University at Leipzig” is an interesting description of some
of the features of that great institution. Further on we find that the
Transcript has still another representative abroad. “Art in Munich”
suggests its matter. These foreign correspondences are quite a treat.
The editorial and local columns are conducted in a manly and digni
fied manner. The Transcript has entertained us very effectually, and
we lay it aside with reluctance. (No bribes received!)

It affords us much regret to observe that the Jewell announces sus
pension with its December number. This has been one of our most
able and acceptable exchanges, and we sincerely hope to see it re-sumed shortly.

The January issue of the Beacon comes out under the management of a new board of editors, all of whom seem to be in a good humor until we get to the exchange column. Here some of the brothers are "gone for" in the orthodox style. The piece on "Scholarship and Character" exhorts the student not to "develop his mental at the expense of his moral character." Amen, brother. "Friendship of Obstacles" gives a good list of statistics on the same old subject. The editorials are pleasing and decidedly the best feature of the paper.

The Campus for January is before us. We have read its opening articles with considerable pleasure. "Accurate Thinking," "Self-Control," and especially "Social Culture" will well pay perusal. Next, however, we regret to see, comes a two column editorial pursuing the controversy which our criticism on the Abe Lincoln ode caused the Campus to inaugurate. We had hoped that this matter was at an end, but cannot forbear noticing briefly the unpardonable manner in which the Campus misrepresents us. In our November issue appeared a mild criticism on a poem entitled "An Ode to Abraham Lincoln." Now, because this criticism was not so favorable as had probably been expected for the verse, and because forsooth, we happen to be located at the Capital of the old Confederacy, the editors of the Campus indulged in the remark that we "objected to the ode more on account of its subject than its mediocrity." That such language was highly misplaced and uncalled for, was well calculated to re-awaken the slumbering recollection of by-gone horrors, to stir afresh the smouldering embers of fraternal discord, was an insinuation as pregnant with intent as Iago's insidious whispers—no unbiased person can fail to recognize. Acting on this impression we gave the Campus a rebuke, which we considered it richly deserved, adding that its language indicated "a feeble attempt to wave the bloody shirt." They deny the soft impeachment, and say "nothing sectional or political has ever appeared in the Campus, and it was therefore exceedingly discourteous for the Messenger to make the charge." Whether or not the assertion, that we were influenced in our criticism of the ode by a feeling of hostility to its subject, has a sectional cast or not, we leave for others to decide. We are glad, however, that the Campus disavows the intentions which its language implied. Further, we will be more liberal than its editors and accept them at their word, expressing our regret at having mis-interpreted them. But the Campus doesn't stop here. In his insatiate spirit of retaliation, he searches through the columns of the Messenger and finds somewhere the expressions, "Let us not forget the past"—"to us the future has more of fear than of hope," &c. Although this was written at a time when the country was deluged by tramps; when Kearneyism and Communism seemed about to clasp the republic in their incendiary grasp, it is denounced as "possible to be tolerated in a partisan journal, but inexcusable in a college paper"—"the language which breeds discontent and revolution." This, of course, is a mere matter of opinion. For our part, we fear that our contemporaries have been unduly influenced by the Tribune's blood and thunder fictions, and Harper's lying cartoons. We are far from lending our
columns to anything which tends to prolong the sectional discord. Heaven knows our country has suffered enough in the last score of years without our entering the public lists, bearing aloft the fire-brands of old dissention, and uttering afresh the battle-cry whose echoes died away, let hope forever, in the hills around Appomattox. We still repeat, "let us not forget the past," but rather keep it verdant in our memories as an ever present caution in the administration of the future. But as long as such papers as the Campus continue to cast towards the South their argus eyes of jealousy and suspicion, torturing her slightest expressions into howls of treason, the realization of complete fraternity must needs continue a conception as fanciful as the dream of Eutopia.

"Chacun a son gout." Why don't the University Press and College Courier let the Wittenberger indulge its little Math. idiosyncrasies without waxing frenzical about? Those beautiful formulæ, especially those of the Calculi, are very interesting. They furnish an excellent series of light reading for Sunday afternoons. The Wittenberger's excellencies are not confined to this, however. Its editorials are above the average, and the article "Art Admonitory" is especially entertaining.

We congratulate the Undergraduate on sending us an exceptionally good number for January. We fell thoroughly in love with the poem with which it opens. These five little stanzas evince more of the real poetical spirit than anything we have ever seen of the kind. We give them in full:

A COLLEGE RHYME.

A Freshman enters the classic halls,
A leaf from the tree top gently falls;
With an earnest gaze, he scans his book,
The leaf floats down in a mountain brook.

A Sophomore trifles with college rules,
The leaflet lingers in stagnant pools,
He shuns suspension and labors well,
The leaf floats on in a shady dell.

A Junior treasures a golden curl,
The leaflet plays in an eddy's whirl,
He leaves his love for brighter face,
The leaf speeds on with a swifter pace.

A Senior yearns for a blooming bride,
The leaf is at last on the river wide,
His manly worth by the world is tried,
The leaf is tossed on the ocean's tide.

A hero striving for fame we see,
The leaf bears seed from its parent tree,
The victor's crown of success he wears,
An isle of the sea a forest bears.

The whole journey of life is summed up in these brief, expressive lines. Each word is a chapter, each sentence a volume. There is no danger of our race of poets becoming extinct, (as we were beginning
to fear,) so long as we have College youths who can write such poetry as this. "Things that Shrink in Weighing" indicates considerable knowledge of the world and human nature on the part of the author. It shows how thoroughly "distance lends enchantment to the view" in man's pursuit after idealities. "Romance in Real Life" sets forth that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction" in a number of aptly chosen historical illustrations. The style is somewhat too rhetorical and declamatory. "Cave Canem," translated in a foot note, "Beware of the Dog!" Really, this foot note quite rejoiced us. We were altogether nonplused by the mysterious characters, until thus set straight! The article, however, has placed us thoroughly on our guard against certain classes of individuals, who have evidently been victimizing the author. Thank you, brother; if they come around our way, we'll "cane-'em."

It seems that the Undergraduate is conducted on a somewhat peculiar basis. Its stockholders have had themselves formed into an "incorporated publishing association," by an act of the General Assembly of their State. Their capital stock is five thousand dollars.

Will the College Message please inform us whether the Rev. A. J. Ryan, who supplies their poetical column, is identical with the "Father Ryan" who was the author of "The Conquered Banner?"

We congratulate the Southern Collegian on the excellence of its management. The division of labor between its editors seems to be perfectly arranged, and everything is conducted with the greatest care and energy. They evidently take great pride in their work, which is, after all, the great secret of success. Accept our congratulations also on your successful call for volunteers in the service of the Muse!

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MISCELLANEA.

(Sent by that Room-mate of Mine.)

THE PAPER'S PROGRESS.

Does any one doubt that this is a progressive age? If so, let him but look at the short history of this Magazine, and his doubts will be removed. When one of the students gauged the feelings of his fellows in regard to a college paper, by publishing the Mercury, he little thought that in two years it would be a magazine. The desire of the students to have a literary organ was too great for the Mercury to be long-lived, and in two months it turned its lyre over to the Musings, which in due time gave way to the Messenger. What a progression and how eagerly we have watched it! And thus it happens that the Mercury is an a-Musing Messenger, mingling mirth with mature meditation, and so making a mighty magazine.

PROFESSOR'S PUZZLE.

One of our professors was once president of a large female college. He was always a fine disciplinarian, and perhaps he was too strict for
the gentler sex, at any rate they propounded the following, which your readers may solve at their leisure:

My first is the name of an ancient town;
My second is an elevation on the ground;
My third is an adverbial termination;
My whole is tyrant of this nation.

FRATERNAL FEELING.

During the grand ovation that was tendered Governor Hampton, when he and the presidential party were in Louisville in '77, many of the theological students sought an introduction. Mr. L., of South Carolina, said that he knew the Governor, and would be happy to introduce them. He led them forward through the immense crowd, and waiving all formality in the excitement of the moment, said: "Bro. Blank let me introduce you to Bro. Hampton." The bystanders twitted the red, but the Governor, with a pleasant smile, gave the brother a fraternal grasp, which made the theologies feel at ease. Such are the characteristics of a Christian gentleman, willing to acknowledge "one of the brethren," even though a Governor, and in the presence of the President and his gay party.

MY MIRROR.

I entered an office in our city some time since where a young man was standing behind the desk. He eyed me closely; saw that I had on a "Greek letter" society badge, and, after advancing a few steps, addressed me as follows:

"Been to college?"
"Yes," I laconically replied.
"I have too. Member of secret society?"
"Yes."
"I am too. Study theology?"
"Yes."
"I did too. What's your name?"
"Smith."
"Mine is too."

I did not think that two men of equal parts could thrive in the same place, so I politely bowed myself away.

SCIENCE SWAYS THE SCEPTRE.

We have seen collars, shoes, buckets, flour barrels, boats and car wheels made out of paper, and now scientific men are considering the propriety of building paper houses. An experiment has already been made in Europe. There is a church built of paper, near Berlin, which can contain one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The reliefs outside and statues within, the roof, ceiling and corinthian capitals, are all papier mache, rendered water-proof by saturating in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of eggs. When we think of a psalm sung by a thousand voices pealing through a splendid edifice made of old rags, we feel as though we had lost the right to be surprised at any further achievements of science and art.

Imagine yourself living in a beautiful brown front the material of
which may have come from the city streets or from great garrets in
country houses; it may have enwrapped the luxurious form of beauty
or have been stripped from an Egyptian mummy; but whether from
the robes of a queen or the rags of a menial, it gives no clue now to
its former condition; and in its changed state we accept and enjoy it,
returning our thanks to science for the queer metamorphosis.

HUFASIL.

LOCALS.

Cram!
Got a pony?
How did you get through?

Law class had their pictures taken at Reese’s gallery last week.

Scene at photographic gallery: Student singing sweetly, “I want to
be an angel, and with the angels stand.” Sarcastic class-mate: “But
the other angels might object to that.”

“Cupid” is at Illinois College, and is an interesting creature. He
is fully six feet tall, lisps, wears a white “plug,” and is the impersona­
tion of innocence.—Ex.

All a mistake; we’ve got him here, and he has the loveliest pair of
siders you ever saw; at least he says so.

*Sic transit gloria mundi.* Oh yes, he had seen it before; it was the
motto of his literary society. This is how he rendered it: “Thus we
journey to the stars.”

Law class—Professor, in answer to question: “But, sir, the promise
of a married woman is worth nothing.” Mr. R., with much feeling,
*sotto voce*: “Nor of a single one either.” Class sympathizes loudly.

There is a vague rumor afloat that the fair members of the Phi­
lospheric Society brought up with them, the other night, some big cop­
ners, thinking that a collection would be taken up. What can they
have meant by it? Did they think that the Mu Sigs were lacking in
cents? Can such things be and overcome us like a summer cloud?

Mr. B., who had an examination in chemistry last Friday morning,
went to see his sweetheart in the evening, and spoke in the Mu Sigma
Rho Society at night, was heard talking in his sleep on that night as
follows: “Miss Nitrous Oxide, I do love free agents; for breathes there
an air-pump with Leyden jar so sweet as you are, my dear laughing gas.
I swear by all that’s holy Demosthenes does boil by convection—”
Just here his room-mate conveyed his foot against him and woke him up.

Isn’t this a piece of wit(t)? If five inches of a cow’s caudal append­
age are worth thirty dollars, how much is the whole cow worth?

The interest in the fraternities is evidently waning at Richmond Col­
lege. So slack is the interest, in fact, that the janitor of one of the
halls allowed the goat to escape, and he was roaming around the Col­
le building like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour. He unfortunately got hold of an examination paper containing the *pledge* of an "anti-frat," and it killed him. "Friends of the family, &c."

Friday night, the 24th of January, was an occasion long to be remembered by the Mu Sigma Rho Society. On that night, by invitation, the Philomathic Society of the Richmond Female Institute attended in a body the regular session of the Mu Sigma Rho Society. The Philomathic Society had recently given a most enjoyable entertainment, to which some of the students of the College were invited. Hoping to bring the two organizations into closer relations with each other, it was resolved, at a meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho, that a committee be appointed to invite the Philomathics to attend some meeting of the Society. The answer was waited for with fear and trembling. When it was announced that they had consented to come almost divinely illumined the faces of some of the members. Messrs. Howard, Mercer, Davis and Jenkins, after agreeing to treat the President, were appointed a committee to hire two omnibuses to bring the young ladies up and to escort them to the classic shades of the College. After the President (Mr. H. J. Lewis) had welcomed the Philomathics to the hall, the Recording Secretary announced Mr. Curry as reader, who was followed by Mr. Howard, as declaimer. Mr. S. D. Jones then delivered the monthly oration, taking as his subject "Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is Dead!" Mr. Jones did his part well, and his speech was well received by the audience. The question, "Is the principle, 'My country, right or wrong—my country always,' a correct one?" was then discussed affirmatively by Messrs. Heflin, Staples and Curry, and in the negative by Messrs. J. J. Taylor, Loving and Dickens. The question was decided in favor of the negative. The Society then went through its regular order of business, and when the time for adjournment came the members (the first time we have ever seen them so) were very sorry to close the exercises of the evening. With beauty's smiles beaming on them, the boys would have liked to continue the meeting *ad infinitum*. But

"All that's bright must fade,—
The brightest, still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
But to be lost when sweetest."

And so, thanking the Providence that so blessed them, and hoping in future to see more of the young ladies of the Institute, the Mu Sigs left their hall consoled with the hope that at no distant day the Philomathics would again honor them with their cheering and vivifying presence.

The other day the occupants of one of the rooms in the DeLand Cottage determined to have a good old game of dominoes, study hours or no. One of them said he would *die* rather than not play, and another remarked that his nature was too *fiery* to be bound in by any regulations. They had just gotten well into the game, when in walked what their excited imaginations told them was the chairman of the Faculty. To say that those boys collapsed would hardly express it. Newly fallen snow would have looked dingy by their terror-stricken
faces, and they would probably have banished *vacuus auras*, had not their untimely visitor told them he was not Professor Puryear, but only Chris! Roland says that you had just as well kill a man as scare him to death.

Many of the new students have been visiting some of the city girls most zealously lately, and seem to take much more interest in "calico" than in isosceles triangle or Greek roots. From the self-satisfied, complacent appearance of some of them we should judge that they must have made some conquest (?)

The resident students of the college are known wherever they go. Although no uniform makes them conspicuous, no gold and silver lace glitters around their persons, yet they are known and recognized as "college rats" wherever they go in the city. The reason of this is because they never black the heels of their boots. From time immemorial has this custom existed here. No loyal student ever touches the back part of his shoe or boot with the blacking brush. We knew a student here once who, when he had by mistake brushed his shoe all around, took a piece of mud and smeared it over his heel—so patriotic, so devoted to duty was he! Now boy's, do reform this thing and, having made your heels all brilliant and shining, you will be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Scene in Chemistry lecture room:

*Prof.*—"What color has nitrogen?"

*M. V.*—"Don't know, sir. I never saw any."

*Prof.*—"I don't suppose you have. But if all your knowledge is limited to what you have seen or experienced, I don't think you know much." Mr. V. tries to get through the key-hole or to dissolve into NO fumes.

One of the Senior Math. men, who, by the way, is sure to leave his foot prints in the sands of time, is so graceful a skater that he may be seen every evening on the basin working his problems on the ice.

One of our second floor friends is rather fond of the "rosy," and has a propensity for hugging lamp-posts, but he is trying hard to overcome his tastes and devices and we honor him for it. He made a pledge New Year never again to "quaff the flowing bowl," and he has not tasted a thing since—except lager and Catawba wine.

We will bet any man a half a pint of peanuts that there is more red clay between the college and Shafer street than there is in the same distance in any other city in the Union.

Some of the members of that law class do beat anything we ever heard of. A few evenings ago when snow was on the ground a foot deep and it was drizzling fast, four of them were seen playing croquet on the campus. In after years if they don't bulldoze many a jury we'll give up.

We overheard some juniors lying about how cold the weather had been at their respective homes during the vacation. One told of a day when every breath he drew froze into point lace in his nostrils, and the mercury had to be bobbed for with a pole and line. Another referred feelingly to an occasion when his blood froze into globules
and rattled through his stiffened veins like bird-shot through tin spout­
ing. A third mentioned sitting so close over a roaring grate that the
gutta percha buttons on his vest flattened out like wafers, while all the
time his back was above the line of perpetual snow. The Doctor will
have fun when he comes to teach that crowd moral philosophy next
session.—College Transcript.

The young man who can hum "I want to be an angel" when his
washervoman has lost two of his collars and there are seven buttons
gone off his best shirt, ought to be promoted to the professorship of
moral philosophy, and never asked a question.—Roanoke Collegian.

We are glad to welcome our old friend Bawn back to College.

Professor of Law is lecturing on "Remainders." The subject is
appropriate. Two men in the class understand what he is talking
about. The "remainder" do not.

A crusty old bachelor says that love is a wretched business, consist
ing of a little sighing, a little crying, a little "dying," and a deal of
lying.

PERSONALS.

We had the pleasure lately of a visit from Lieutenant J. C. Gres­
ham, of the United States cavalry. He went from our college to
West Point, graduated with distinction, and by his fidelity, intelli­
gence and carriage has won, very early, a first lieutenantcy. Lieutenant
G. has given gratifying proofs of his affection for his Alma Mater. He
brought for the museum an interesting collection, illustrating martial
and domestic life of the Indians of the far West. If our other boys,
in army and navy, and in other professions, would give us such sub­
stantial tokens of their regard, they would brighten the lengthening
chain that connects them with the college. We hope to have from the
Lieutenant, when he returns to his command in Dacotah, some articles
descriptive of western scenery, Indian customs, or military life.

Rev. George F. Bagby, session '52-'53. has accepted a professor­
ship in Bethel College, Russellville, Ky.

Rev. C. T. Bailey, '56-'57, is editing the Biblical Recorder in
Raleigh, N. C.

P. H. Carpenter, '49-'50, has been made recently superintendent
public schools for Halifax county. He is also editor of the Record,
published at Halifax Courthouse, Va.

Rev. C. C. Chaplain, '55-'56, has been elected chaplain of the
Texas Legislature. He has charge of a rich church at Independence,
Texas.
C. B. Gwathmey, '47-'48, has retired from business and lives in ease, on Grove avenue, near this city.

Rev. Thomas Hume, '52-53, was recently married, and he has resigned his church in Norfolk.

J. C. Griffin, '48-'49, of Southampton, is in the Virginia Senate, and is a working member.

R. J. Jesse, '58-'59, has lately accepted a professorship in the Louisiana University, at New Orleans.

Professor R. H. Rawlings, '47-'48, has made a fortune at teaching girls. He now is in charge of the Albemarle Female Institute at Charlottesville.

We regret very much to hear that our friend "Socrates" has left college, he was always "Bent-on" visiting the girls. "Call back 'gin sometimes."

R. R. Gwathmey is clerking in the State Bank, Richmond, Va. In his quiet unostentious way he is doing a noble work. May we have many more like him.

Lilburn Myers is at the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad. He has the reputation of being a lady-killer. Come out to see us.

T. A. Cary divides his time between the N. W. M. Insurance Company and the Sænger Hall (up stairs).

Tom Starke and John Price are with Wannamaker, and would be glad to see their friends. Tom sings in the choir at the Second Baptist church, and John—well, he don't sing.

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SOCIETY NOTES.

Mr. L. J. Huff was elected final orator for the Philologian Society last Friday night. The contest between Mr. E. E. Holland and the orator-elect was a warm one. Mr. A. R. Hefflin will represent the Mu Sigma Rho Society. With these two gentlemen as speakers the societies need have no fears of a poor celebration.

Mr. H. I. Lewis, who has so ably filled the President's chair in the Mu Sigma Rho Society for the last month, has left us. Although he was a student in the academic department several years ago, he entered the law school this session a comparative stranger. Since that time he has made many warm friends by his affable manners and pleasing address. We heartily bid him "good speed" in his profession.

The Philologian Society is making active preparations for its public debate.

What has become of the jollification committees? Isn't it about time they were at work?
DEATH OF PAUL DOMBEY.

Through the curtains poured the sunlight
With a sudden gush of joy,
Where upon his bed of weakness
Lay a dying little boy.
On the rising airs of evening
Balmy sounds of Summer came,
And a voice amid their music
Seemed to call him by his name;
And the golden waves were dancing
On the flooded chamber wall—
On the sunny hair of Florence,
And the brow of Little Paul!

As the sunset's tide receding,
Ebb'd again into the sky,
Passed the faint hue from his features
And the lustre from his eye;
As if up the rosy surges
Of that shining river's flow,
Went his spirit to the angel,
Who had claimed it long ago!

Fonder still and full of yearning
Seemed to come that gentle call,
And the throb of life grew fainter
In the heart of little Paul.

But the fond arms of a sister,
Like a link around him lay,
Chaining back his fluttering spirit
To the love which was its stay;
And his own weak arms were folded
In a clinging dear embrace,
Till his cheek and dewy forehead
Rested gently on her face,
Slowly sank his weary eyelids,
One faint breathing—that was all,
And no more the kiss of Florence
Thrill'd the lips of little Paul.

Through his childish world he wandered,
Like a stranger still and lone,
For the depths of manhood feeling
Had within his bosom grown.
Yet the love whose meek entreaty
In his patient features smiled,
Gave at last the sainted mother
To her happy Cherub Child!
Sad and silent through the chamber
Crept the shadows up the wall;
Cold against the cheek of Florence
Grew the cheek of little Paul.

—J. Buyard Taylor.

The author of the above poem, whose death occurred shortly since, was probably one of the greatest men of the age. He once made the following remarks in concluding a response to a toast at a banquet tendered him by the citizens of his native place, Chester county, Pa.:

"A young man wrote to me, asking me to communicate to him the secret of my success. I answered: 'There is no secret.' But there are laws which govern success, and whatever I may have won in the battle of life has been owing to an instinctive observance of those laws, without confining their application to my own personal aims I have always reverently accepted them. I hope and believe that they are true and eternal. First, labor: nothing can be had for nothing; whatever a man achieves he must pay for; and no favor of fortune can absolve him from his duty. Secondly, patience and forbearance; which is simply a dependance on the slow justice of time. Thirdly, and most important, faith. Unless a man believes in something outside himself, something far higher than himself; something infinitely purer and grander than he can ever become—unless he has an instinct of order beyond his dreams, of laws beyond his comprehension, of beauty and good and justice beside which his own ideals are dark, he will fail in every loftier aim of ambition—and ought to fail. If this occasion shall give me the means of impressing these truths upon other minds, I cannot thank you better than by declaring them."

Some years ago a citizen of Newburyport was appointed a justice of the peace. The appointment was regarded a great honor, and he determined to make himself worthy of it. His first purchase was a copy of the General Statutes; his next, a volume of Shakespeare. The great poet produced a powerful impression upon him. "I don't suppose," he said, speaking of it afterwards to his friends, "there are twenty men in Massachusetts who could have written such a book."

A gentleman was staying at a little French country inn, and there was a melancholy-looking owl, which hopped about the garden, and had only one leg. Two or three days after his arrival he had some gibier (game) for dinner. The "game" was very small, but he enjoyed it immensely, and the next day he missed the owl from the garden. "Where has the owl gone to?" he inquired of the landlord. "Monsieur had a little dish of gibier yesterday," was the answer, to the consternation of the traveller. "Why did you kill the owl for my dinner?" he next asked. "I kill, owl—Dieu! no; he died himself."
OUR AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

The marvelous beauty of the illustrated magazines of this country is attracting attention throughout the world. The edition of Scribner in England has doubled within a few months. The London correspondent of the New York Times says: "The whole lot of magazine annuals (English) put together, are not equal in pictorial art to a single number of Scribner's Monthly. But the price at which our magazines are sold is even a greater marvel. For example, a single number of Scribner, "The Midwinter Number," just issued, has a full-page frontispiece portrait of Emerson, of rare excellence, and contains one hundred and sixty pages of letter-press, with more than seventy illustrations; many of which are works of art as before the advent of Scribner appeared only in gift-works and purely art magazines and yet it is sold for 35 cents. It would be difficult to find an illustrated book to match it at $5. The subscribers for the current year, get, in Scribner, not only four of these full-paged portraits of American poets, and nearly two thousand pages of text (equal to 5,000 book pages) of the choicest current literature, with more than 1,000 illustrations, including a completed novel, "Haworth's" by Mrs. Burnett, but shorter stories, poems, reviews, descriptions of travel, biographical sketches, etc., and also the splendid series of papers and pictures of exploration in the great South American empire of Brazil, delivered free of postage, and all for four dollars.

In children's periodicals, too, America leads the world with St. Nicholas. Prof. Proctor, the astronomer, writes from London: "What a wonderful magazine it is for the young folks! Our children are quite as much delighted with it as American children can be. I will not say they are more delighted, as that may not be possible." St. Nicholas is sold for 25 cents a number, and fourteen numbers (November, 1878 to 1880) are given for $3.

At first glance one would say, literature, art, and cheapness can no further go—but in this country intelligence is so widespread, and artistic culture is so extended, that there is scarcely any end to the demand for such magazines as Scribner's for grow-ups and St. Nicholas for children, and, as the sale of these publications increases their conductors will no doubt continue to add new features of excellence and attraction.


ST. NICHOLAS, THE CHILDREN'S ART MAGAZINE, which has reached a total circulation, during the past year, of nearly three-quarters of a million of copies, is steadily increasing its attractions and deepening the impression in its favor. The Western Christian Advocate calls it "the prince of monthlies for boys and girls."

The Episcopal Register, The Churchman, The Evangelist, The Congregationalist, The Christian Intelligencer, and all our great religious weeklies unite with the secular press in giving it the very highest commendations as "a magazine beautifully illustrated, carefully edited,
and sustaining the highest moral standard." A new term has been invented by the wife of an eminent statesman to indicate a peculiar excellence. She says "it contains more applied Christianity than anything else I have been able to place in the hands of my children."

A serial story for girls, "Eyebright," by Susan Coolidge, whose books are so popular with both boys and girls, with illustrations by Dielman, begins in February, and is to run to the end of the volume. Stockton's Story for Boys, "A Jolly Fellowship," illustrated by Kelly, begun in November, will also end with the volume. "Half a Dozen Housekeepers," a short serial begun in November, is already completed.

**SPECIAL OFFER.—1878–1880.—**New subscribers for 1879 will be entitled to receive the back numbers of the volume free,—fourteen months for $3.00, viz: from November '78 to December '79, including the Christmas number, with contributions by Whittier, Warner, Mrs. Burnett, Mrs. Dodge, and others. St. Nicholas for February, the current number, has such a list of good things, that we can only mention a few. There is a poem by H. H., a true story of South African adventure for boys, a charming frontispiece. "Modern Improvements at the Peterkins'," by Lucretia P. Hale, and with Remenyi and Wilhelmj in this country, young people will be interested in an article "About Violins," and a story of Paganini's life, "Little Nicholas, and how he became a Great Musician;" and Mr. Charles Barnard gives a glimpse of child-life in the great English mills, while there are pictures, tender and comic, grave and gay. **Price 25 cents a number; $3.00 a year, or 14 numbers (from November, 1878, until 1880), for $3.00.** Subscriptions received on these terms by all booksellers and postmasters. Persons wishing to subscribe direct should write name, post-office, county, and State, in full, and send with remittance in check, P. O. money order, or registered letter, to

Scribner & Co.,

743 Broadway, New York.

We saw a young man with two heads on his shoulders the other day, but didn't consider it much of a curiosity—one belonged to his girl.—**College Argus.**

Colonel G. was very fat, and being a bankrupt, was met by one of his creditors with a "How do you do, Colonel?" "Pretty well; you see I hold my own yet." "Yes," said the other, "and mine too, to my sorrow."

A college student being examined in Locke where he speaks of our relation to the Deity, was asked: "What relations do we most-neglect?" He answered with the utmost simplicity, "Poor relations, sir!"
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