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TABLE OF CONTENTS:

The Way of the World........................................169
Lord Macaulay.................................................170
Circumstances...............................................171
The Mountain Lake........................................172
The English Language....................................173
Odds and Ends..............................................180
Editorial Notes............................................184
Personals..................................................190
Exchanges................................................192
Clippings, &c.............................................193

RICHMOND, VA.:
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1879.
Richmond College,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE Institution embraces eight independent Academic Schools and a School of Law, under the following

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B. PURYEAR,
Chairman of the Faculty.
The Way of the World.

There are beautiful songs that we never sing,
   And names that are never spoken;
There are treasures guarded with jealous care
   And kept as a sacred token.
There are faded flowers and letters dim
   With tears that have rained above them,
For the fickle words and the faithless hearts
   That taught us how to love them.

There are sighs that come in our joyous hours,
   To chasten our dreams of gladness,
And tears that spring to our aching eyes,
   In hours of thoughtless sadness.
For the blithest birds that sing in spring
   Will fit in the waning summer,
And lips that we kissed in fondest love
   Will smile on the first new comer.

Over the breast where lillies rest
   In white hands still forever,
The roses of June will nod and blow,
   Unheeding the hearts that sever.
And lips that quiver in silent grief,
   All words of hope refusing,
Will lightly turn to the fleeting joys
   That perish with the using.

Summer blossoms and winter snows,
   Love and its sweet elysian;
Hope, like the siren, dim and fair,
   Quickening our fainting vision;
Drooping spirit and failing pulse,
   Where untold memories hover,
Eyelids touched with the seal of death,
   And the fitful dream is over.
All Englishmen love St. Crispin's day, as the anniversary of their forefathers' glorious victory at Agincourt; but in 1800 the day was made one of interest to the much wider range of English-speaking persons, all the world over, by the birth of Thomas Babington Macaulay. Rothley Temple, a genuine English home, with its ample hall, hospitable rooms, sloping lawn and grand old trees, was preeminently suited for the birth-place of a man so essentially Anglo-Saxon in his tastes and talents. It has been said that precocious children rarely become illustrious men. Macaulay is a striking contradiction to this statement, and an interesting confirmation of Wordsworth's saying: "The child is father of the man." As a boy he would leave his playmates for his books; when grown he preferred literature to politics. Think of the little fellow, when only three years old, lying on the rug, before the fire, reading books almost larger than he.

In his eighth year he wrote a "Compendium of Universal History," and a heroic poem, inspired by Scott's "Marmion." At this early age his powerful memory is shown, for once, when he was paying a call with his father, he found "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and while the "old folks" talked he read, forgetful of all else. Having returned home, he repeated to his mother canto after canto, although he had never seen the poem before. After having attended a primary school at Clapham, he entered a private one near Cambridge. With this, his first absence from his parents, his letter-writing began. To his father he wrote about the vital questions of the day, and we are surprised to see a boy of fourteen possessing discretion worthy of an older head. It is true his letters were sometimes burdened with quotations, but this was because of his incessant reading in every department of literature, and was a fault soon corrected.

In 1858 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and the happy years which he spent within those classical walls were always remembered with pleasure. There, with "friends to talk to, and books to read," time never hung on his hands. He was one of a band, every member of which became celebrated in after life. These friends had frequent and long discussions on literary topics, and often would the meeting be ended by a midnight supper of roast turkey and punch. Macaulay was one of the leaders of the Debating Union, and there were his oratorical powers first developed. As a student he was very successful, and obtained many honors, taking twice the Chancellor's Medal for English verse. Perhaps it may be some consolation to poor students of mathematics to-day to know that Macaulay fairly hated that study. Having been elected Fellow, in 1826, he was "called to the bar," but never seemed to have any love for law. His first public speech, made before an Anti-Slavery meeting, was a success, and received much praise. About this time he began writing for the *Edinburgh Review,* his first article being the essay on Milton, and, "like Byron, he awoke one morning and found himself famous." Of all the compliments that were paid him, Macaulay was most pleased when he heard that Robert Hall was busy learning enough Italian to verify the "parallel between Milton and Dante."
The domestic character of Lord Macaulay, and his love of home, are to be greatly admired. Even when a youth, he was always the centre of attraction in the family, and as he advanced in life he became more and more so. To a greater or less degree each one looked up to him. At the breakfast table he and his father would discuss politics and the morning paper. In the afternoon he was off with his sisters for a walk through the busy London streets, telling an anecdote or scrap of history about every old building or square, making puns on the signs, and never allowing the conversation to flag. After tea one would read aloud, or young and old would join in a boisterous game of "blind man's buff." But the favorite amusement was making puns or "capping verses." At the last, Macaulay, with his wonderful memory, was very apt, and when he left for the night, to go to his chambers, he always left a victor, shouting back to his opponents as he fled from the house. The old mansion in Great Ormond street was the place where much of this fun went on. But this was not a time of idleness, for some of his most polished essays prove the opposite. About this time Macaulay entered Parliament, and made his maiden speech on the Bill to Remove Jewish Disabilities. There exists, perhaps, no political body which presents such a severe ordeal to a young speaker as the House of Commons, but Macaulay passed it with triumph, and in his speeches on the Reform Bill, not only sustained, but increased his reputation as a powerful speaker. He was so active in his official duties, that only by rising early could he obtain any time for literary work.

In 1833 he was appointed Member of the Council of India, and the following spring, accompanied by his sister Hannah, he left for his field of work. In this part of his life we see clearly what an indefatigable laborer he was. His official duties were onerous; he spent much of his time making himself acquainted with the customs and languages of the people he had to deal with, and yet was very active in all his literary pursuits. As President of the Educational Committee, he effected important changes in the system, and did much practical good. He also obtained greater liberty for the press. But his most valuable work was the thorough revision and enlargement of the Penal Code. Not only was this herculean task accomplished in a very short time, but was declared by competent judges to be almost perfect. Soon after his return from India he spent some weeks on the Continent. Few who travel are prepared to enjoy such a trip as he was. His extensive reading made him familiar with the history of all the places he visited. The very stones of Paris told him tales of the Revolution, and his mind saw vividly all the great people of that day. Although he was no ardent lover of nature, he could remember with exactness views of towns. He was charmed with Italy, where, at every turn, he was recollecting lines from the classics, and it was with reluctance that he left the ruins of Rome and the galleries of Florence to return to England. Soon thereafter his "Lays of Ancient Rome" were published, and received praise even from Professor Wilson. After three elections to Parliament from Edinburgh, during which time he was most active as a speaker and worker, having once been a member of the Cabinet, he for a while retired from public life and became absorbed in writing his History. Constantly visiting places connected
with his work, such as Londonderry, and studying in the British Mu­
seum Library, he scarcely thought of anything but his History. At
last the first volumes were published, and scarcely ever did any book
have such a sale. Edition after edition failed to supply the demand.
Nor was it a transitory popularity. It still holds its own. In 1848
Macaulay was elected Lord Keeper of the University of Glasgow, and
not long after that was offered the Historical Professorship of Cam­
bridge. In 1852 he was again elected to Parliament from Edinburgh,
and at this time made some of his best speeches, but we cannot dwell
on the minutiae of this period. He still worked on his History. In his
annual autumn trips he spent some pleasant weeks in Italy and Switzer­
land. About 1854 he was made a peer. The few remaining years of
his life he shrank from general society and loved the quiet circle of
nearest friends and relatives better than any other place. The rather
sudden departure of his sister hastened his death, as he felt he never
would see her again. In December, 1859, he passed away, and was
buried in Westminster Abbey. Beneath those gothic arches, so encir­
cled with memories of the departed great, he rests. The sunbeams,
mellowed by the stained windows, play upon the cold grey stones; the
solemn organ peals forth its sweetest notes, and peace and quiet reign.
How could he rest but sweetly when so near by are the tombs of Addi­
son, of Shakespeare, and of Johnson. A little farther off lie Dryden,
and Chaucer, and Milton, and Jonson.

In studying Macaulay’s life and reading his works, we seek in vain
for two sentiments which stand out in such bold relief in most men’s
lives. No mention is made of his personal religion, nor do we find
that he ever felt that "there is nothing half so sweet as love’s young
dream." He truly enjoyed life, but we feel more than once how much
happier the affection of a wife would have made him.

To speak of his writings or to attempt to praise them would be use­
less, in a land where his essays, poems, speeches and History adorn
almost every library. His style, so pure, so clear and so attractive,
commends itself to all. We may never be Macaulays, but we should
imitate and learn him.

LINA.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

The most useful quality which nature can bestow on a man is a ca­
pacity for readily conforming to the circumstances in which he may be
placed. He who is quick to notice in the affairs around him possible
adaptations to ends which may serve his advantage, and who has the
disposition and ability to mould himself, so to speak, to fit into these
circumstances; who, in other words, can make himself a part and par­
cel of the leading events of his time, is the man who will ever play a
prominent part in the history of his day. Those great men who have
been leaders in the affairs of the world have been, invariably, distin­
guished by this characteristic. We often hear the expression that such
and such a man is "a born leader." If we inspect the character of
such men we shall find that they are always quick and accurate in in­
terpreting the indications of their times, and prompt to shape their
CIRCUMSTANCES.

own actions accordingly; that they are keen and discriminating observers, and ready executioners.

Diametrically opposite to these, we find another and far numerous class. The latter is composed of men who have inherent stubbornness in clinging to the scenes and customs of their childhood; who scorn the old proverb "tempora mutanta, et nos illis mutamur," with an inexpressible disdain. They pass their infancy in a certain sphere of action, and if that sphere changes in the least they mope around like Niobe weeping for her children. Had they been born during the flood they would still live in arks. These men make up a considerable factor of every people; they may be found to a greater or less extent in every community. They constitute the "Old Fogy" element of humanity; they will neither head an enterprise nor follow the leadership of others.

The third class, and the class which constitutes the great mass of men is intermediate, between these two. The men who compose it are always ready to follow an enterprise after some one else has planned it out, but are never originators. They are constantly fluctuating around on the "tide of time," having neither the foresight to know whither they go, nor the care to remember whence they came.

In every period of history, and in every society of people, we find these three elements. There are the leaders, the followers, and that nondescript class which constitutes a sort of ever-pressing brake on the wheels of progress. The character which fits a man for either of these classes is, probably, for the most part, born with him. Yet it is certain that the circumstances of early life, and the habits of after years, have much to do with the formation. The "nascitur-non-jit" doctrine, and the opposite one, which holds that "every man is the architect of his own fortune," are, probably, both correct here, in part. It seems certain that some men are born with dispositions which no amount of training can materially alter. On the other hand, persons of naturally inferior parts may, and often do, so cultivate the elements of a successful character as to eventually become what the world calls great, whilst others, endowed by nature with transcendent abilities, frequently so neglect them that they result in nothing.

However this may be, we maintain our original proposition, that a plastic adaptation of one's self to circumstances is an essential element of a successful life. As an example of this let us adduce two of the greatest revolutionists, in their respect departments, the world has ever known—Napoleon and Francis Bacon. In each of these men we find pre-eminently conspicuous the characteristic alluded to above. Napoleon was cradled amidst scenes of revolution. Whilst other men were drifting about, unable to interpret the puzzling indications of their times, and clamoring for a guiding hand to direct them, they cared not whither, or else were holding back with idle remonstrance, Napoleon threw himself in the midst of these scenes, formed himself to suit them, and then made them the instrument of his glory. The secret lay in the fact that he adapted himself to his circumstances. The circumstances were the result of causes which had been in operation long before, and not the result of Napoleon's influence. But what was the secret of his fall? Merely this: The inexorable law of mutation demanded an end of war and revolution, and Napoleon was unwilling to
obey it. In other words, the times changed and Napoleon refused to change with them; hence he fell.

Just so it was with Bacon. He was, by no means, the originator of the great philosophic reform, with which his name is so intimately connected. The Reformation had been brewing for three hundred years, and the culmination was inevitable; and that, too, just in Bacon's day. He did not precipitate it, he only took advantage of the circumstances to make himself a prominent agent in the execution of the decree which his day loudly proclaimed. His genius as an experimenter and as an author did much towards perfecting the movement, but he was neither the designer nor the sole executor. He was merely an offspring and an instrument of the age in which he lived. Indeed, the so-called "Baconian Philosophy," commonly attributed to Francis, was first taught by Roger Bacon more than three hundred years previously. The latter, though not so widely known, is considered, by some to have been a greater man than the former; but it was his misfortune that his age was not ready for the acceptance of his doctrine. Consequently, comparative obscurity has been his lot.

To be successful, a man must be useful, and to be useful he must exercise a prominent influence for good; to exercise this influence he must act in accordance with the spirit of the age in which he lives, and in order so to act he must be quick, prompt, and vigorous.

We have hinted that the qualities which consign a man to the station which he occupies, are, to a great extent, born with him. By this we mean certain elementary qualities, which constitute the foundation of those which are more conspicuous. A large majority of men originally possess them, but the circumstances of early life are very potent in directing and fixing them; also the habits of after years have much influence upon the denouement. The chief of these qualities is energy. Some men are born without it, and development fixes the place for these. If energy is properly trained and directed, close observation and attention may be acquired. The latter, perseveringly and astutely applied, will give the power of foresight. A close observer of what has been is apt to be an accurate diviner of what will immediately follow, and we have seen that he who can interpret circumstances and is quick and vigorous in decision will be sure to make a mark. It is the lack of this bold and decisive action which consigns to oblivion every man of otherwise great abilities. Prudence and caution are fine qualities when they are not in excess; otherwise they are a great drawback. This has been excellently expressed in that celebrated reply of Themistocles, when one of his colleagues sharply rebuked him for his impertinence in endeavoring to bring about the battle of Salamis, and added: "Those who rise at the public games before the signal, are whipped." "True," answered Themistocles, "but they who lag behind it never win a crown."

If, then, we may be permitted to add a word of advice to the rising aspirants of prominence, it would be this: Keep thoroughly posted on the events of your times; look at the issues of your day with a calm, searching, and unprejudiced scrutiny. When you become thoroughly convinced of the tendencies, act immediately, boldly, and enthusiastically to advance them, if good; to retard them, if evil. If your judgment proves correct and your actions effective, you will be-
come great. Your discrimination of right and wrong may make you espouse the unsuccessful cause, and you may fail. But in that case, at least, "You'll go down in respectable mud."

Ever bear in mind that "Those who lag behind the signal never win a crown," and do not, Micawber like, drift aimlessly about without an idea of your destination, or an effort to read your bearings.

THE MOUNTAIN LAKE.

No State in the Union presents a more varied and attractive collection of objects, interesting both for natural beauty and historical connection, than does Virginia. On the extreme east are Norfolk harbor, the place of Cornwallis' surrender, Hampton Roads, and a short distance inland, stretching miles away toward the south, is the Dismal Swamp, well known to readers of history and fiction. Along the banks of the numerous rivers which flow towards the Chesapeake are many of the old colonial estates and a few brick churches whose materials were brought from England. Nearly every mile of James river has some bit of history. Ascending it you pass Jamestown, City Point, Dutch Gap, Drewry's Bluff, and Richmond. But the points of historical interest are too numerous to mention here, and I turn to the wonderful works of nature. The Natural Bridge, Harper's Ferry, The Weyer's, The Blowing, and the lately discovered Luray Caves, have a national reputation; while among the less known, but no less beautiful marvels, are Clifton Forge, Cow Pasture Cliff, and the Mountain Lake. It would take volumes to tell of all these freaks of nature, so I will confine myself to the description of a trip to the Mountain Lake.

The summer of 1877 found me in company with four classmates at the White Sulphur Springs, in Montgomery county. The monotonous routine of pleasure, so common at fashionable watering places, had become almost unbearable, and we were anxiously watching, Micawber like, for "something to turn up." The most energetic of our party proposed a walk to the Mountain Lake. After much discussion we decided to undertake it, consoling ourselves with the reflection that if we broke down on the road we could wait for the stage. All of us had come prepared for walking about the mountains, and so our equipment was quite complete, consisting of base ball shoes, yarn stockings, corduroy knee-pants, colored flannel hunting shirt, and a light broad-brimmed straw hat, besides a tin cup tied to the belt.

We started early on Monday morning, reaching Blacksburg in time for breakfast. We met many cadets of the Agricultural College, who treated us very well and pressed us to spend the night with them, one of the number promising to accompany us. We stayed, but at night left the town rather suddenly, owing to the prying disposition of the single policeman, who seemed to be impressed with the notion that we were taking part in a calythump, drawing his conclusions, no doubt, from the fact that one of our number had accidentally put on his coat wrong side out, and two others were playing a duet on those melodious
instruments known as Christmas horns and squedunks. As there was no alternative, we continued our journey, relying on our good looks and persuasive eloquence to procure food, for there is only one hotel between Blacksburg and the Lake. Our walk to the Lake was unattended with any further adventures, save that one of our number was taken for a tramp and we had to use all our powers to secure a breakfast at a farm house. We reached the hotel at seven o'clock in the evening tired, and hungry, and retired immediately after supper, leaving the exploration of the Lake until the morrow.

On waking we found ourselves hardly able to move, owing to our long walk. We dressed and hobbled slowly to the dining room, expressing grave doubts as to the possibility of our continuing the journey, but an old gentleman, who had walked all over Europe, told us to run a quarter of a mile and we would be all right. This seemed a mockery to men who could hardly put one foot before the other, but we tried, and though our progress at first was slow and painful, in a few minutes we got warmed up and came back to the hotel at a swinging trot, feeling delightfully fresh, the pure mountain air increasing our enormous appetites. The homoeopathic maximum, *similia similibus curantur*, was thus happily confirmed in our experience.

Breakfast over, we took boats to row on the Lake, which is three-quarters of a mile long and a half mile wide. It is situated within a mile of the summit of Bald Knob, the highest mountain in Virginia. There is no outlet, and the only visible inlet is a small spring, the temperature of which is 40° F. The Lake is so clear that you can see many feet below the surface. If you take a boat, lie down, looking over the side into the water as you drift along, you will see full grown trees at the bottom. As you glide along silently, feeling no motion, a huge pile of rock rises before you, and continues to rise until a large boulder seems about to touch the boat; you seize an oar to ward it off, and are surprised when the oar sinks deep into the transparent liquid, touching the rock fifteen feet below. All around the banks is a thick growth of Rhododendron and Mountain Joy, and in the early spring, when they are in bloom, the Lake resembles a mirror of silver, bordered by a richly jeweled frame set with coral, pearls, rubies and emerald.

It is said that one hundred years ago the present site of the Lake was used as a "salting place" by a wealthy cattle owner. In the valley there was a spring whose stream ran for a short distance and then sank into the ground. The cattle trampling the place stopped the subterranean outlet, and on the next morning the farmer found, instead of valley and spring, a clear rippling lake. The water continued to rise until it reached its present height. It is now the largest lake at that great height, and, with the exception of one discovered by Stanley, is the highest in the world. There are no fish in it, having been introduced several times, but never seen afterwards.

After having spent two or three hours very pleasantly upon the Lake, rowing, looking at the beauties and trying the echo, we returned to the hotel.

Acting on the advice of several gentlemen, we procured conveyances and rode to the Cascade, five miles distant. The ride was delightful, over a shady road, lined with an infinite variety of ferns, winding
along the side of the mountain, with a bare wall on one side and a deep abyss on the other. When near the falls we overtook a party of four ladies and a gentleman from Botetourt Springs. Knowing the gentleman, we were introduced to the ladies, who added not a little to the pleasure of our excursion. Three of our party took charge of an equal number of ladies, leaving the other pedestrians to bring the lunch baskets. After some slipping, a few tumbles, and a great deal of screaming, we reached the bottom and looked up at the Cascade. The scene amply repaid our exertions.

The water falls in an unbroken sheet for a distance of thirty feet, when striking a rock, it is precipitated into the basin below as a fine white spray, closely resembling an immense bridal veil. The surroundings add much to the weird beauty of the place—high cliffs, above which tower lofty trees, whose trunks are lined with running vines. The sides of the cliffs are covered with innumerable ferns, while the bed of the stream is filled with huge boulders, tossed together in the most admired confusion. We spent some time at the falls climbing rocks, cutting canes, gathering ferns, &c., but one of the party, less romantic than the rest, called our attention to the fact that it had become cloudy. We started on our return and reached the hotel in time to miss a heavy rain storm.

This vetoed our proposed trip to the Knob to see the sunset. We resigned ourselves to fate and passed the time very pleasantly, playing billiards, tenpins, reading, and last, but not least, "by a large majority," talking to the girls. After supper we danced until ten o'clock, when a bell rang, and we walked over to a little chapel where a young man read prayers and we sang some hymns.

The clouds had disappeared and the cool air was delightfully refreshing. Two couples quietly stole down to the Lake, whose crystal waters, bathed in the love light of a summer moon, seemed worthier of dreamland than this work-day world. The ripples reflected the moonbeams like unnumbered mirrors, as the oars dipped silently into the yielding fluid. The boats soon faded out of sight, and as we gazed upon the lovely scene, strains of music came floating over the water, mellowed by the distance into siren-like sweetness; this died away, and the soft, sweet notes of a flute, from a cottage by the lakeside, answered; again the boats replied, and a manly voice trolled out "Nancy Lee!" By this time we, on the hotel porch, had gotten worked-up to the proper pitch of poetic frenzy, and so, securing the stage driver as leader, we sang "Sweet By and By." We didn't sing but one verse. The resident physician, backed by a score of the guests, insisted that singing in the open air was very injurious, and that we would be dead with galloping consumption before morning if we didn't stop. We stopped.

It seemed that we had hardly gotten to sleep before a servant aroused us and said: "If you want to see the sun rise you better git up." We dressed, and muffled in overcoats and shawls, which kind friends had loaned us, we started out. Upon leaving the house we found a fog thick enough to cut with a knife, and were about to duck the ebon gentleman in the Lake for waking us, when an old mountaineer came to his rescue and told us that this was the best day of all, as we might see the "sea of cloud" by going to the summit. We took his
and went gloomily up the mountain, stumbling over stones and vowing we'd never be caught in such a box again. On reaching the top we lit our cigars and sat down on the damp rocks to wait for daylight. We were wet to the skin by the penetrating mist, and a more disconsolate set was never seen.

The stars shone brightly, for we were above the mist now and could see them. Soon the heavens assumed a deep blue, the stars grew dim towards the east, and the blue became softer. Grey streaks shot across the dome of heaven. Star after star faded till the morning star alone shone dimly in the west. A silent gesture, for no one dared to speak, called our attention to the eastern horizon. All around us is a sea of milky whiteness. Here and there are islets, over which the cloud waves sweep. The sea begins to glow with a dull red, which gradually becomes brighter, ever changing its tints, now red, now pink, now yellow, when suddenly a flood of golden light bursts forth, bathing the whole world in a glorious effulgence, while the orb of day rises majestically from the clouds, too glorious in his radiance for the eye of man. The wind blew strongly and the clouds swept by. Ever and anon a rift would give us a glimpse of the country below, like a moving panorama. Soon the clouds were cleared away, and the light shone down upon the earth. The dripping verdure sparkled in the sunlight, birds hopped joyously from limb to limb, and filled the air with melodious sweetness; the stream which was a short while before creeping sluggishly along, or dashing madly against the stones, caught the sunbeams, and throwing them playfully at sombre oaks, ran gaily on to the river. All nature seemed thanking God for His goodness.

* * *

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The history of no people or nation is more interesting or instructive to us than that of England. Many of the institutions, laws and customs of that country are identical with ours; still there is another closer bond of unity between the two nations. In addition to the fact that they both have one common origin, they speak the English language. To notice some of the peculiarities of this language, to call the attention of the reader to its importance as a vehicle of thought, and to urge upon all the necessity of thoroughly understanding one's mother tongue, shall be the object of the writer. England, from the time of Julius Caesar until the middle of the fifteenth century, was continually harassed by foreign and domestic wars. The Saxons succeeded the Romans, and they in turn were followed by the Danes and Normans. The Celts, the original inhabitants of Britain, retained their language to a wonderful extent, under the domination of the Romans, but when the Saxons gained control of the Island, their language greatly decreased in importance. These conquerors succeeded in introducing their customs, and, as a natural consequence, the language of each nationality prevailed during its ascendancy. In this way, additions of heterogenous materials were constantly made. From these rude collec-
tions, the ground-work of the greatest language in existence was constructed. It follows then, that English is essentially a composite language. We can easily trace a word to its origin, and determine whether it is Celtic, Latin, Saxon or Norman. These researches in derivation and word composition indicate how easily one language assimilates itself with another; and comparative philology finds in English a powerful auxiliary in making linguistic investigations. Another peculiarity consists in its adaptability to almost every subject. We cannot complain of its barrenness, its rigidity, or its unyielding stiffness; on the contrary, we can rejoice in its prolixity, its mellifluence and its flexibility. As a vehicle of thought, English is unrivalled by any other language, either of ancient or modern times, in beauty of expression and in accuracy of statement. It is a great store-house, in which are heaped up inexhaustible treasures, suitable to all classes and conditions of man. The Englishman or American is not compelled to attract the attention of his audience by the contortions of his body like the Frenchman, nor drawl out his words in a gutteral manner like the German. He can make his meaning intelligible by his emphasis, and need not give offence on account of his sluggish pronunciation. Chaucer, the founder of the English language, seemed to possess a prophetic spirit, when, instead of writing in Latin or French, he chose to express his thoughts in the rude English of that period. We cannot overestimate the blessings which he conferred upon posterity, nor can we too sacredly cherish his memory. To him we are indebted for much that now pertains to the glory of our race. His fame will live when the deeds of the greatest earthly conquerors shall have been forgotten. After he cast off one of the fetters which had bound England to the Continent, others imitated his example and brought to light the hidden beauties of this hitherto dormant language. Spenser and Shakespeare contributed largely to its subsequent development, and a reference to their works ought to convince the most skeptical of its wonderful power as a vehicle of thought. With its numerous synonyms, one can always express himself without ambiguity or equivocation. So popular has it become, that leading scientists advocate its adoption as a medium of communication between learned men of all countries who are engaged in scientific investigations. However this may be, we are certain that its diffusion will be more widespread in the future, and its influence greater than it has ever been in the past. The commercial relations of England with other nations, the highly advantageous geographical position of the United States, and the efforts of Christian missionaries tend to make English the prevailing language of the world. In view of these facts, should not English receive more attention than it does at present. It has been truly said that “it is not so much a merit to know English as it is a shame not to know it.” How often do we see young people studying Ancient and Modern languages, whose knowledge of their native tongue is so limited that they are sadly deficient in its very first principles. Such a course, in our opinion, is detrimental to their success in any vocation in life. We are not opposed to the study of other languages; on the contrary, we greatly prefer that they should be learned; but we do insist upon it, that English shall receive all the attention which its great importance demands. We will rejoice when the old plan of teaching it shall be
numbered with the things of the past; when the history of the people with whom it originated shall be indelibly stamped upon the youthful minds; when the writers on grammar shall discuss their subjects in a philosophic and instructive manner; and when people shall cease to regard the acquisition of the English language as nothing, and place it where it properly belongs. Throughout all the revolutions and mighty upheavals we cannot fail to see traces of the hand of Him who said, "I will overturn, overturn, overturn until he shall come whose right it is to rule." We believe that a great destiny awaits our language; that it was subjected to so many changes for some wise purpose; and that, through its instrumentality, Christianity and all its attendant blessings will be spread over the earth.

RUDOLPH.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The weary traveler has now the choice of three ways of reaching Richmond College. He may either descend upon it from Franklin street, or ascend towards it from Broad street, or directly approach it via the Grace street valley. But, whilst the above description is believed to convey an accurate impression of our present surroundings and predicament, we cannot vouch that it will meet the emergency to-morrow, since then it may be Franklin street's turn to go down, Grace street's chance to get up, with Broad street at a dead level. This smiling landscape may then be laughing on the other side of its mouth. No one now ever speaks of the "lay of the county," for, whilst the poor thing is being tantalized at this rate, who can expect it to lay!

The Law Class has been recently considering the subject of "Descent," though not from the standpoint that Darwin viewed it; yet, both were alike intent on tracing the blood of the first purchaser. It was whilst upon this subject that one of the most careful, full, explicit and accurate answers ever made to a legal question, was given. "If a man dies intestate, who inherits his property?" Pause, (indicating care and thought on the part of the student).—fingers of right hand run nervously through hair; answer slow, yet confident,—"his heirs." "Heirs" is good. Meets every case except three,—to-wit: (1) when the intestate leaves no heirs. (2) When the deceased leaves no property. (3) When the recently departed leaves neither.

After a recent lecture in Chemistry on "Tests and the beauties thereof," a member of that class of advanced scientific thinkers was discovered lying one morning wide awake in bed, and perfectly unconscious. He was at once roused from this state. From all that could be learned of this painful affair, he had had a dream. It was a terrible dream, such as people used to have in olden times, before the country had any railroads or readjusters. At first, he even insisted that he had been visited by the nightmare, but as soon as we learnt that he slept in the sixth story, and that his room could only be reached by a frail and
winding staircase, we persuaded him to give up such "wildcat" talk, and come down to facts. It would have done you good to have seen how tenderly he held one hand, and plaintively beheld us out of his blue eyes, as he gave us the full particulars of the sad affair. As before remarked, he had a dream. In his dream he was walking along a dark valley, (he never was much of a walker,—Eds.), and he walked on and on for almost nine miles, when, just ahead, he saw a great light (if anybody had been advertising in our columns, kerosene oil, gas jets, &c., we would here give them a puff—see what they missed,—Eds.) and presently a beautiful landscape, and there were May flowers and June bugs; and then he heard beautiful music proceeding from a brass band, and he forgot in the ecstacy of the moment that he would be assessed at so much a head to pay for that harmony; and then he saw a great throng of beautiful maidens and ambitious students, and he asked the one by his side (there is always somebody sure to be by your side in a crowd,—Eds.) what it all meant, and that one said, "Where have you been staying with yourself?" And the student answered, "I have been asleep," whereupon the aforesaid said, "This is the largest event on ice, this is the commencement night at Richmond College." Then the dreamer lifted up his voice and wept, for he hadn't dressed himself for the occasion, and the white kids that he had left in his room pressed under a Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon were as good as squandered. But his attention was at that moment attracted by the appearance of a portly and handsome gentleman, who began to distribute diplomas right and left, and to receive bouquets, over the left. The student listened with both ears, (his ears were yet red with exertion when our reporter examined them,—Eds.). There could be no mistake,—rewards were being given to those who in chemistry had proved faithful to the end. Then did that dreamer push forward his way, and his soul was of a verity agonized within him. He vowed to heaven that the cold sweat stood three layers deep on his furrowed brow. Would his name be found among the great? Would she not coyly glance at him from under those long lashes if it was only called? (We do not know at this office,—Eds.) Down, down, down, the list,—there was a pause—it seemed ages,—as if he was falling down precipices,—his name would be next if it was,—heavens! was not,—and he fell fainting to the floor. (Not to be continued in our next, but positively to be concluded here and now, though its sadness use up the last man in the office,—Eds.) He was carried to an anteroom. The beloved professor was by his side. The poor dreamer opened his eyes, and murmured in his delirium, "Wait a moment 'till I call the roll,—auribus erectis!—pari passu,—drive out nature with a pitchfork and she will return,—ide, ite, ic, ide,—symbol, O—oh!—oh!" and sank away in a troubled slumber. Again he opened his eyes, the delirium seemed to have passed by, he recognized his beloved professor, weeping by his side. "Oh! professor!" murmured the pale lips, "Why did you pitch me! Why did you! Didn't I say it was colorless, soluble and produced no visible effect! Oh! didn't I?" A stillness,—broken only by the voice of mourning,—then from the beloved professor, in sympathy, and tears, and tender grief, "Yes, yes, Charlie, yes, yes, you did,—you did,—but you know,—don't you remember now?—oh! don't you?—you didn't say anything
about its being like salt or sugar.” Then the student turned to the wall and gave up the ghost.

We have recently published in the *Egyptian Star* an article on Thomas Chatterton, from which we trust we shall be pardoned for reproducing the following: Truly has it been said, “The annals of literature hardly present a more extraordinary example of precocious genius.” And the reviewer, remembering that censure and disparagement are not the whole duty of man, though the man be a critic, gracefully crowns the child, “As, perhaps, the most remarkable of his entire generation.” Even gruff old Dr. Johnson joins the chorus, “This is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the young whelp has written such things.” This lasting fame was achieved by a boy who died in his eighteenth year, achieved by the son of a poor widow, by a charity scholar. The lot of Chatterton was not brightened by the smiles of fortune. No life was more unhappy than his, no death was sadder. Such were the pranks of fortune; but for such insults to the son of Genius, the mother has sternly avenged herself upon the giddy goddess. The favorites of fortune, the superficial wits and proud nobles of Chatterton’s day, are forgotten, whilst to the memory of the loved son of Genius a monument has been erected, of whose stability Horace has sung ages ago as, “A monument more enduring than brass.” Never has Genius more proudly asserted her dignity, more positively declared her child. She would have done yet more for the unhappy boy, would have given him that believing spirit that was strong to guide the giant intellect of Newton, and the cheerful temperament that bore Scott heroically through his troubles, and the affability that made Hawthorne the most lovable of men, yet fate would not permit, and Genius was forced to see her son sceptical, morose and living, as far as man may, unto himself. Yet, the mother cannot desert the son. If one only considers the melancholy of the lad as he walked the streets of old Bristol, or the strange tastes that preferred the gloom of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe to the world and sunshine, and musty parchments to the dearest possessions, and the companionship of the old priest to the friendship of schoolmates, that one might believe that Chatterton was pursued by a demon not natural nor merciful; but there is an inner life, and Genius makes this the most precious of possessions, when she fills it with lofty ambitions, chaste creations, wonderful energies. It was a last hope that made Chatterton leave home and venture all upon a literary life in London. We know how desperate was that hope when told that he reached the metropolis only by the aid of friends. So he had friends at Bristol. Many of his townsmen might view him as the erratic genius of the place, which means that they thought him a fool; but kinder souls saw promise in this melancholy lad, so full of strange love and poetic vagaries. His mother and sister trusted in him, and the faith of such, no less than their love, never wavers. And other maidens than a sister may have shared hopes and dreams of Chatterton’s glory, may have beheld him, through the eyes of affectionate friendship, as already the poet of England. At least, they must have felt an interest in one who had addressed to their beauty gallant odes and ballads. Even from London, he continued to send messages to
the girls of Bristol, though young America smiles to hear that all these love letters passed through the hands of his mother. At five in the evening of April 25th, 1776, Chatterton reached the great city. Taking humble lodgings in Shoreditch, he began the struggle, which many have found so desperate an one, to earn his bread by his pen. What that struggle means the poet might unveil, but only the poet could understand the revelation. All professions have their own cares and disappointments, but of none other may it be so literally said as of the author that by his labor he consumes his mental vitality. Milton calls books "the life-blood of master spirits." The writer and his work has been compared to the spider and his web, spun from his own self. Therefore, I may say that the author not so truly uses his brain as uses up his brain. If the mind's energies be great, and these be renewed by reserved power, sustained by animal spirits, and fed upon success, the cruellest fortune may be endured. In Chatterton's temperament, sanguine and despairing moods seem strangely blended. At one time we find him writing home, "I get four guineas a month by one magazine, and shall engage to write a History of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the papers will more than support me." What a glorious prospect! Again he promises his dear sister "two silks during the summer," and sends his mother "half-dozen cups and saucers," and to his old grandmother "some British herb snuff," all which makes one smile to know how the lad fed the pride and deceived the hopes of the little family at Bristol, whilst he sustained his own despair. But days yet more gloomy came. An occasional guinea may be all that the publisher can pay, but it is not all that the poet can eat. Chatterton was starving, and amid a million souls who professed to worship Genius. The misery of those days? One of his fellow-lodgers writes, "He used to sit up almost all night in writing and reading," and the superstitious one "was afraid to lie with him, for to be sure he was a spirit and never slept, for he never came to bed till it was morning," and "was up again with the young workmen between five and six." The poor people realized that there was one poorer than they, they read the agony upon the face of the strange boy. With the generous sympathy that characterizes the class, they would have him share their little, but the proud spirit rebelled. The sensitiveness that made the poet destroyed the man. The 24th of August came. Hunger had performed its work, had deserted the body and seized the brain. Then the arsenic, which a cruel forethought had provided, brought relief and death. He, who might have lived to become England's glory, took his own life. We are about to censure this pride and this sacrifice, when we pause; our eye has read the poet's own solemn injunction, "Reader, judge not; if thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power; to that Power alone is he now answerable."

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THE FALLING STAR.

See where yon star falls headlong, flashing
Across the purple twilight air!—
An angel, swift-winged, bears from heaven
The answer to a mortal's prayer.
EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is with sincerest regret that we chronicle the fact of the burning of the College Chapel, at Ashland, on the 12th of March. The insurance covers the loss. The relations between Randolph Macon and Richmond Colleges, both on the part of faculties and students, have uniformly been most pleasant, and we can but regard as almost personal anything that interferes, even for a moment, with the deserved prosperity of our nearest neighbor.

We wish to tender, in behalf of the Law Class, the most sincere thanks to Hon. Geo. L. Christian, Judge of Hustings Court, and Capt. Geo. D. Wise, Commonwealth’s Attorney, for their kindness in giving the class peculiar advantages in hearing the Poindexter trial. Their kindness will always be remembered gratefully by the boys.

We regret exceedingly that a personal, not complimentary nor true, about Hon. F. M. McMullen got into our last issue, and take pleasure in correcting the error and apologize to the honorable gentleman for the wrong done him. The personal got in without the managing editor seeing it.

The Secretary of the Society of Alumni has heard from Morton B. Howell, Esq., of Nashville, Tenn., that he will accept the duty of delivering the annual oration before that body in June. Mr. Howell graduated in the class of ’51 and has once before, we think, served the Society in this capacity. Mr. Howell belongs to a distinguished class. There were, originally, only five—Wm. S. Bland, Wm. D. Thomas, Geo. William Keesee, Geo. B. Taylor, and M. B. Howell. Of these Rev. Messrs. Keesee and Bland have died. Keesee was highly cultivated and gave great promise of usefulness. He fell early in the conflict. Bland died two years ago, after a blameless and useful life. Taylor, Thomas, and Howell are left, and will meet on the scene of their student triumphs commencement day. The college will point to them with pride, and their ripening years, full of honors, shall serve as a stimulant to the toiling men of to-day—“our boys” of 1878-9.

We take great pleasure in announcing that Dr. John A. Broaddus has consented to deliver the annual address before the literary societies. We feel proud of the honor which the learned Doctor has conferred upon us. As a scholar and pulpit orator, the Doctor has few equals and no superior. He is a devoted friend of the college, and is much beloved by the people of Richmond. We promise him a full house and hearty greeting.

We have succeeded at last. Our exchanges on every side have been after us for not publishing some original poetry. After much persuasive eloquence, some threats, and a little violence, we have succeeded in obtaining the following:

THOUGHTS OF A PLEASANT HOME.

When I that cottage house erect,
Of which I often speak;
I will, with most polite respect,
A fair companion seek.
I cannot say how long or wide
This rural home will be;
My taste and money shall decide
The size and style for me.

My love of beauty to increase—
To cultivate my taste,
Upon my parlor mantle-piece
Sweet flowers shall be placed.

Between two lofty timbered hills,
Upon the rising land,
Watered by ever-flowing rills,
My cottage home shall stand.

My garden I will cultivate
With utmost skill and care;
The yard my love will decorate
With flowers rich and rare.

But to any floweret, sweet and rare,
Which in Virginia grows,
Though perfumed by Arabian air,
I would prefer my rose.

TO OUR EXCHANGES AND SUBSCRIBERS.

We have a question to put to you. Not a conundrum, but an honest question, from whose answer we desire to obtain information. It is this: What do you consider the most beautiful passage in the language?

We are aware that the question is rather vague, but the form is as condensed as we could make it, and what we lose in clearness we will try and make up by explanations.

The asking of the question was suggested by a discussion among several students on this point. We don't confine answers to any particular class of writings. We want to know what you consider the most beautiful passage, whether it be poetry or prose, figure or description. We will publish the result in our July number. The piece considered superior by most exchanges and subscribers will be published.

With this issue the whole of the present corps of Editors leave the sanctum and a new set come in. We, in retiring, wish to tender our most cordial thanks to our exchanges for the compliments which they have seen fit to bestow upon us; for their criticisms, some of which we have profited by; to the members of the faculty and alumni who have kindly assisted us in our arduous task; to fellow-students who have encouraged us by kind words and helped us with contributions; and, lastly, to the societies for the honor conferred upon us. That we have made mistakes we are well aware, that the work could have been done better is painfully evident, but that we did our best and committed faults of the head, rather than the heart, consoles us, and we retire with consciences clear. Those who will take our places have stood high in their classes, and three of the four are applying for the Master's Degree. They are fully competent to carry on the work, and a marked improvement may be looked for in the Messenger.

Some time since we published the bona fide advertisement of our former college-mate, whose name, by the way, is appropriately ex-
pressed by the musical term *diminuendo* (PTOLEMY—WATKIN'S Corr). This card was copied by several of our exchanges as a joke. The *Lassell Leaves* has thrown us into the shade, however, by the following:

"Matty Miller, barber, perri-wig maker, surjon, parish clerke, schoolmaster, blacksmith.

"Shave for a penne, cuts for two penc, and oyled and powdered into the bargain. Young Lady's gentlemen also taught there grammar, language in the neetest manner, and great care taken to there morils and spellin. Also salme singer and horse shoein by the rele maker. Likewise makes an mends all sorts of butes and shues, teaches the hubby and juse harp, cuts corn, bledes and blisters on the lowest terms.

"Cowtillions and dances taut at home and abroad. Also deels hole-sale retale perfumery in all its branches. Sells all sorts of stashunary wair together with blackin ball, red herrin, gingebread and coles, scrubbin brushes, trecy, mouse traps and other sweet-meats. Likewise Godfrey's cordial, rutes, potatoes, sasages and other garden stuff.

"N. B.—I teaches joggrafy, and them outlandish kind of things. A bawl on Wednesday and Friday, all performed (God willing) by me." Next!

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**SOCIETY NOTES.**

The following officers were elected for the final term in the Philologian Society Friday night, April 4th, 1879: Term President, Tim Rives, Prince Edward county, Va.; Final President, W. T. Hudgins, Texas; Vice-President, Conway R. Sands, Richmond; Censor, J. C. Gentry, Gordonsville, Va.; Recording Secretary, W. A. Vaughn; Corresponding Secretary, E. F. Settle, Culpeper, Va.; Treasurer, T. E. Drewry, Georgia; Librarian, W. B. Haislip, Virginia; Critic, E. W. Winfree, Spotsylvania, Va.; Chaplain, A. J. Reamy, Virginia; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. L. Holmes, China; Editors of *College Messenger*, L. C. Catlett and R. E. Glover; Board of Managers of *College Messenger*, C. A. G. Thomas, A. J. Reamy and E. W. Winfree; Board of Managers of *Hall*, C. A. G. Thomas and E. S. Robinson.

The following officers were elected in the Mu Sigma Rho Society, April 11th, 1879: Final President, J. J. Taylor, Henry county, Va.; Term President, J. M. Mercer, Richmond, Va.; Vice-President, W. G. Hix, Prince Edward county, Va.; Censor, A. May, Louisiana; Recording Secretary, C. G. Davis, Texas; Corresponding Secretary, J. W. Fleet, King and Queen county, Va.; Chaplain, J. A. Brown, Montgomery county, Va.; Treasurer, Geo. B. Taylor, Jr., Rome, Italy; Librarian, William H. Ancell, Fluvanna county, Va.; Critic, George C. Abbitt, Appomattox county, Va.; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. P. Gray, Greenville county, Va.; Board of Publication, H. C. Cabell, Richmond, Va.; J. J. Gunter, Accomac county, Va., S. A. Fishburn, Texas; Editors of *Messenger*, J. J. Taylor, Henry county, Va.; M. A. Turner, Richmond, Va.
Messrs. Editors,—I beg permission to say, through the MESSENGER, a word or two to our boys concerning the indifference they manifest with respect to every college enterprise which is set afoot by the more energetic and active of our number.

It is a shame what little interest the boys take in college affairs outside of their studies. Last session there was loud complaint because we had no reading room. Mass meetings were called and some sharp language indulged in. Committees were appointed. They did their work well, raised money and invested it wisely, so that at the beginning of the present session we had a neat, airy room, papered, with shades, gas, and a matting on the floor. It was soon supplied with many valuable periodicals, pens, ink, chairs, &c. Now look at it! What student who has the least respect for the college or himself would dare to ask a visitor into it?

The floor is dirty, the matting would be a disgrace to a third-class mule stable. The chairs are broken, and it is with difficulty you can find a whole paper, and yet the societies regularly go through the form of appointing a "Reading Room Committee!!" They seem perfectly satisfied with the existing state of things, and not a word is heard in protest.

The same is the case with the Gymnasium. It was in perfect order at the beginning of the session, now there is nothing complete about it except its destruction.

If you want to see the amount of public spirit in college, try to collect money to replace the property destroyed. Each student seems to think that all the College property is his, so far as destruction is concerned, and all unite in accomplishing this noble and manly end. But when it comes to making the amende honorable they "turn up missing."

While trying to get up a debate, jollification meeting, or some other public entertainment, you have to plead and scold, coax and shame, before you can get any assistance at all. But let a few hard workers get the thing up and make it a success, and on every side you can hear the boast of what a success our enterprise was. But let the poor mover fail, and instead of receiving consolation, he hears on every side, "I told you so." "Knew it was going to be a failure from the first; that's why I didn't take part in it."

The Jollifications of previous sessions have been very attractive and important features of the closing exercises of the College. This session I notice the workers of the College are having no little trouble in getting the Jollification chorus to practice. Now, these things ought not so to be. Let us arouse ourselves and have the best Jollification we have ever had.

The Philologian public debate passed off very pleasantly Friday night, February 7th. There was a large attendance present, and the hall was filled to overflowing. The debaters all acquitted themselves
well and received much applause. At eight o'clock the president of the society, Mr. J. M. McManaway, called the meeting to order, and introduced Mr. L. Carter Catlett as the declaimer. After the declamation the debate followed on the question, "Ought a system of compulsory education be established in Virginia?" The debaters were: Affirmative, Messrs. Ryals and Anderson. Negative, Messrs. Reamy and Holland. Many of the arguments of the negative were taken from the able and eloquent articles of "Civis" on the "Public School System." Although the young ladies of the city were well represented there, still we saw but two or three Philomatics in attendance. We suppose if they could not ride they wouldn't come at all.

Why don't some of the students organize a boat club? The canal and river are both within easy walking distance of the college, and the price of row boats is lower than it has been for some time. The trouble about the students at our American colleges is that they pay too little attention to the proper development of their bodies and the strengthening of their muscles. Rowing is one of the very best exercises for the chest, arms and back, and if practised often many benefits, mental and physical, will be the result. Now, boys, go down to the canal every evening and row an hour, and in a few months you will feel the good it does you to have *mens sana in corpore sano*.

Mr. W. has been preaching for several churches in Spotsylvania for about a year, and he has so completely won the love and admiration of his members that we heard one of them call him "Spurgeon No. 2" the other day. The young ladies, too, seemed desperately smitten with him, and one of them told him the other day that all he lacked "to be an angel" was wings. Since then he has been cultivating his side-whiskers most assiduously to see if they won't in some measure supply the want.

The Philomatics will have a literary and musical entertainment some time this month. One of the features of the evening will be a debate on some question of vital interest. One of our reporters was down at the Institute one evening last week while the Society was in session. He was in a room adjoining the Hall and heard the whole proceedings. He said he enjoyed it immensely and thinks it would be well for our literary societies to imitate their dignity and decorum.

The students have lately pulled down several old trees on the campus that they might have good base ball grounds. That is right. There are several things about the College and its surroundings which, if the boys took in their own hands, they could improve. There are several other aged and useless trees on the campus which ought to be pulled down. Now "a strong pull, a long pull and a pull altogether," and they will soon bite the dust.

Last month as our mailing clerk was bringing up a bundle of MESSENGERS from the city to the College, every boy he met stopped him, asked if those were not almanacs (!) under his arm, and wouldn't he "please give" them one. Now, that was adding insult to injury. We know our paper is very dignified and formidable looking, but still, for it to be called an almanac, that was too much. However, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."
Mr. H., of China, has a watch, which he says beats anything he ever saw. He got it only a month or so ago and yet it is about played out already. He says every time the weather turns cold it stops, and if he takes it out early in the morning it will also refuse to proceed. He keeps a fire in his room all the time to keep his watch going. He says he would like to sell the watch, and will take anything from the Koochinor diamond down to a jews harp for it.

We have got a crack base ball nine this year, and we challenge any club in the United States to try to get away with them. It cannot be done. Here they are: W. A. Vaughn, C.; C. R. Sands, P.; L. P. Brown, S. S.; W. T. Hudgins (captain). 1st B.; J. C. Gentry, 2d B.; Roland Johnston, 3d B.; T. E. Drewry, L. F.; C. A. G. Thomas, C. F.; H. H. George, R. F.

One of the students says that every time he goes down town all the children on the streets seem to conspire to try to throw him down by running front of him, rolling their hoops at him, and other things too numerous to mention. He tries not to be beefish about it however, and don’t say anything to them.

The Base Ball Club have gotten their new uniforms. They are very pretty. Blue pants with white stripe, belts, straw hats with blue band, and white shirts.

A good many of the students went down to see the Holman Opera Troupe at the theatre. It is probably needless to say that they were all much disappointed. They never saw that Pinafore, and they never, no never, want to see that Pin hereafter.

There is an unusually large class in Moral Philosophy this session, and deep and learned are the discussions concerning free agency, the infinite, &c. One gentleman is especially good in his reasoning powers, and he does jerk the very staples out of Dr. Porter’s arguments sometimes.

Rev. John A. Broadus, D. D., of Louisville, has consented to deliver the address before the literary societies at the final celebration, and Governor Holliday will preside on the occasion.

The chemistry class felt considerably edified the other day when they were called “nascent philosophers and statesmen in the embryo.”

What has become of the Decoration Committee of the M. S. R. Society? Its members ought to be doing something about fixing up the new busts.

The following notice may be seen in the Museum: “Young ladies will please not flirt with the exhibitor as he is engaged.” Aunty, can this be so? You, who were so certain that college boys ought not to go to see the girls, engaged? Impossible!

There have been on an average twenty cows walking around in the campus for two weeks. Now there ought to be a stop to this. We have a right good campus, but if it is to be turned into a pasture for all the homeless and destitute cows of the community it will be fit for neither base ball, croquet or anything else, except bovines.
Base ball is all the go now, and the campus is thronged every evening with players and lookers-on. There was a match the other evening between the second nine of the college club and a nine from the city, resulting in a victory for the former.

One of the students who has both Jun. I and Jun. II, mathematics, got fifty in each of them last month. When his father asked him how much he got in mathematics, he replied "one hundred." Thus he preserved his reputation as a mathematical scholar and his veracity as a Greenbacker.

Mr. J. says that the difference between his height and the sun is that one is the height of Levin, and the other the light of Heaven.

Query: Were they "wise saws" of which Shakespeare saw sages?

Law Class: Professor—"How does the law regard 'considerations' in restraint of trade?"

Mr. C.: "It looks upon them with a bad eye," and he smiled faintly, it is true, but still he smiled, and the class saw that he enjoyed it and applauded. Then he smiled still more, and the class applauded louder, and he smiled yet again till the corners of his mouth passed each other behind his head.

PERSONALS.

In passing down Main street about noon you are quite certain to meet a youth of lordly mien striding along with manly gait. In any contest his knightly bearing and gray eye would give him the palm or place him high on the roll of honor. This noble youth is Henry M. Wortham, whose fund of anecdote and jovial laugh cheered many a homesick lad while he was at Richmond College. He is now in business with his father, and sometimes honors us with his presence in the Mu Sig. Society.

Dallas Tucker was in Richmond a few days since visiting his family. He has charge of Trinity Church, in Philadelphia, and has, we are sure, endeared himself to his people, by the kind manners and gentlemanly deportment which made him so popular among those who knew him at college. We wish you god-speed in your noble work, old friend.

His many friends will be glad to learn that Tom Gary is coming to college next session. Tom's exploits in the Mu Sig. Society will make him long remembered. We can't say whether he wears the medal or a fair damsel allows it to repose upon her breast.

The late meetings held in this city in interest of the American Baptist Publication Society brought together a number of our "old boys." A. B. Woodfin, Chaplain of the University of Virginia, and Rowland Acree, who, by the way, "has gone and done it"—preached for us. C. F. James and "Dolly" French look perfectly natural.
PERSONALS.

R. P. Felton, '72-75, having taken a course of law under the late Chief Just.ice Pearson, has settled at Columbia, Tyrrell county, N. C., with good prospects of success in the practice of his profession. "The three years," he writes in a private letter, "that I spent at Richmond College were the most pleasant of my past life. I love her as dearly as any alumnus ever cherished his alma mater, and for what I am, or ever may be, I consider myself chiefly indebted to her and the dear old Mu Sigma Rho Society." That his cotemporaries were true prophets when they named him "Judge" will fully appear in less than twenty years.

There are four men who have gained the best debater's medal in the Mu Sig. Society living in Botetourt Co.—Geo. Swann and Jim Wildman, in Fincastle, and C. F. James and Jim Boyd in Buchanan. Geo. Swann is practicing law and Wildman is preaching.

P. B. Reynolds, '67, is teaching, but he combines preaching and editorial work with it. St. Albans, W. Va., is his location, and the Telephone receives the contributions of his pen. Brother, we'd like to have something from you, but we'd die before we'd ask for it.

Dave Miller will attend the next session of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Wm. G. Neeson is reading law under his father in the city, and is a great favorite with the girls.

W. W. Fuqua has married a wife, is teaching in Grayson Co., and will soon send some well prepared young men to his alma mater.

W. S. Wills, '59-'60, has just opened a drug store in Covington, Va.

T. G. Jones, Jr., '66-67, has accepted recently a professorship in the Southwestern University, Jackson, Tenn.

Rev. W. J. Shipman, '56-'57, is building up a fine reputation in Salem.

H. D. Goddin, '69-70, is in the real estate business in the city.

C. M. Shields, '74-'75, has just graduated with distinction at the Medical College in the city, and has been appointed physician for the Almshouse. We hope he will never get there in any other capacity.

Geo. T. Prichard, '74-'75, will take A. M. at Wake Forest College, N. C., this session.

W. T. Cheney, '77-'78, is attending the University of Georgia.

J. C. Johnson, '69-70, paid the Mu Sigs a visit the other Friday night, and gave them an encouraging speech. He is practicing law in Accomac.

W. F. Smith, '75-76, is teaching school in Maryland. He thinks of coming back to college next session.

W. T. Oppenheimer, '77-'78, is at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. Do you remember those watermelons last summer, Opp.?
E. L. Cosby, '77-'78, has gone into the tea and coffee business in the city.

R. E. Scott, '77-'78, is demonstrating the philosophy of the hickory at The Plains, Fauquier county, Va.

W. O. Hardaway, '77-'78, is practicing law at Chula Depot, Va. He is a capital fellow and is hard to get away with.

EXCHANGES.

The Philomathean contains the last address before the Alumni Association of Wesleyan College, Ky. In this age, when so much good advice is given us, and this frequently by persons the most incompetent, we feel especially grateful to him who can express these homely truths in an attractive manner. Prof. Redd, in his oration, whilst not sacrificing truth to fancy, arrays it in garments of much poetic beauty. "Shakespeare" is an article which every one may read with pleasure and profit. It tersely illustrates and condemns the popular fallacy that a person to be brilliant as a conversationalist or as a writer must glean and store away those beauties for which more honest authors toiled; and closes in a good argument for individuality in idea, and original, independent thought.

The Valley Farmer lies before us. With it come visions of high-spirited horses, fat cattle, cabbages, pumpkins, &c., &c. We would suppose its editor to be free from matrimonial bonds and bliss, judging from the Ladies' Column, in which he gallantly asserts that a woman's natural laugh is "like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from the heart in a clear, sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels as if bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring." He says "heap-a-more" sweet things about them too. The Farmer is yet in swaddling clothes, but deserves commendation for so well supplying the Valley planters with its peculiar class of literature.

The College Herald's literary columns are not so well filled as usual, though the article, "The Grave of the Years" is well conceived and beautifully expressed. The independence of spirit displayed in its editorials is worthy of high commendation. In one of them occurs the following, which is as sound in morals as in sense: "No man lives entirely in a world of his own. His sphere of activity, be it great or small, has some bearing upon the affairs of his fellow-man. The influence of his actions reaches out beyond himself. His life and conduct come in as factors, contributing a share toward results affecting the condition of men generally."

The University Courier, published by Kansas University, comes to us—the sole representative from that State. Its subject matter made us suspect that it was, as we afterwards found it to be, "devoted to the interests of the Kansas State University." We are loth, though compelled, to believe that the students attending the University are re-
quired to undertake the onerous task of conducting an advertising sheet in its interests! Want, of both interest and pride in the paper, will be the inevitable consequence. We sympathize with the students, and respectfully suggest that the faculty would do well to allow them a paper "purse." We feel sure that the product of such an event would be an exchange worthy of the highest intellectual status of this promising State.

The Student Life, appreciating the value of making a good "first impression," opens with an amusing parody on the time-honored poem, "The boy stood on the burning deck." We are almost constrained to charge the Life with iconoclasm, in that to many a reader it has stricken from that noble effigy of youthful greatness the charm which once lingered around it. Among others, a very sensible piece on "College Clubs" is given us.

The Wittenberger has a remarkably neat exterior, which, in our experience, augurs well for the rest. Our expectations were not disappointed. Its columns are replete with instructive, and, until we came to the mathematical part, interesting matter. And we do think that to fill three pages out of twenty with math. is—well—is imposing on good nature.

It gives us pleasure to welcome to our exchange list the Vanderbilt Austral—an anomoly in college literature. It is published by the law class at Vanderbilt University. Its name is suggestive of "the gentle zephyrs" which are a joy forever to a certain one of our legal aspirants. Doubtless he will ever wait its receipt in eager anticipation. It "will not be a literary paper, but a university newspaper." We predict a bright future.

The Undergraduate consumes considerable space under the head of "Communications"—a feature peculiar to itself. These communications seem to be, in reality, "ethic epistles," delivered in a philosophic style to the "bad uns" of the college. We would like to know whether or not they produce the desired effect on the students.

We trembled a little bit as we took up The Critic. Here's a chance, we thought, to "see ourselves as others see us." Great was our disappointment in finding, instead of criticisms, several solid articles. We congratulate the editors upon the literary success of their periodical.

We place, with pleasure, The Alfred Student on our exchange list. It will pardon us for suggesting that it would be more interesting were less of its space given to personals.

The Wabash, for March, is unusually interesting. A very good paper.

The Tyro is a fresh, young paper, printed in a clear, neat type. It improves as it grows in age. Many of its former crudities have disappeared.

Scribner's, for April, sustains its deservedly high reputation as a literary and scientific journal. Were all the literature of the country as pure and genteel as that found in Scribner, we would be less apprehensive of its future. "The Tendency of Modern Thought as Seen in
Romanism and Rationalism," "John Ericsson," "Actors and Actresses," are especially good pieces.

*St. Nicholas* is always welcome. Nothing gives more pleasant recreation to the mind, murky with work, than to revel for a time amid its fascinating pages.

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**CLIPPINGS.**

A more or less worthy Scotch wife was remonstrated with by her minister for her habit of beating her husband. She explained that her husband's conduct was not all that it ought to be. The minister, recommending kindness and forgiveness, enjoined her no more to use her fists and nails, but to "heap coals of fire upon his head." "Weel, minister," replied the now enlightened wife, "since you say sae, I'll try the coals, but I may tell ye that twa or three kettles o' boiling water hae wrocht nae improvement."

"I never knew a man," says an old author, "who could not bear another's misfortunes just like a Christian"—which reminds us of the old lady who thought every calamity that happened to herself a trial, and every one that happened to her friend a judgment.

**QUESTIONS WELL ANSWERED.**

A sophist, wishing to puzzle Thales, the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him, in rapid succession, the following difficult questions. The philosopher replied to them all, without the least hesitation, and with how much propriety and precision our readers can judge for themselves:

- **What is the oldest of all things?**
  God—because he always existed.
- **What is the most beautiful?**
  The world—because it is the work of God.
- **What is the greatest of all things?**
  Space—because it contains all that is created.
- **What is the quickest of all things?**
  Thought—because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.
- **What is the strongest?**
  Necessity—because it makes men face all the dangers of life.
- **What is the most difficult?**
  To know yourself.
- **What is the most constant of all things?**
  Hope—because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.

Envy, jealousy, hatred, malice, spite and spleen are all mean vices; but the sneak embodies them all, fused into one glomerate of meanness which no language can describe without doing injustice to the respectability of his Satanic majesty. He is perched in all his littleness so low upon the inverted apex of his own descendentism, that it requires a tremendous effort of genius to elevate him to a level where he can become the object of a dignified contempt.—*Whipple.*
An artless newspaper man, who lately bought a few sausages, thus relates his troubles: "I got them sausages home without getting bit; and I cut them apart and left them. In the morning I visited them. Three of them had cuddled up together, and were sleeping sweetly. Two of 'em had crawled to my milk pail and were lapping the milk, and one, a black and white one, was on the back fence trying to catch an English sparrow. I drowned the whole lot."

Truth being founded upon a rock, you must boldly dig to see its foundations, without fear of destroying the edifice; but falsehood being laid on the sand, if you examine its foundations, you cause it to fall.

A young lady defines a "gentleman" as a "human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

A country negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he "regretted the circumstances repugnant to the acquiescence would prevent his acceptance of the invite."

"Whipping is the best thing to make children enlightened," said old Mrs. Bitterkins. "I never whip mine but it makes them smart."

When we are young we waste a great deal of time in imagining what we will do when we grow older, and when we are old we waste an equal amount of time in wondering why we wait so long before we do anything.

WHERE THE PINS COME FROM.—Fifty millions of pins are made daily in England and Dublin. Birmingham alone making three-quarters of them all. The weight of the iron and brass wire consumed in this way is 1,275 tons each year.—Cassel's Magazine. Then they fall to the earth and become terrapins.—Ex.

Jails and state prisons are the complements of schools; so many less as you have of the latter, so many more you must have of the former.—Horace Mann.

AT THE CATTLE SHOW.—Gentleman, with solemnity: "Miss Florence, do you love beasts?" Lady, with vivacity: "Am I to consider that as a proposal, sir?"

THE VOW.
The rose is my favorite flower;
On its tablets of crimson I swore,
That up to my last living hour,
I never would think of thee more.

I scarcely the record had made,
Ere a zephyr, in frolicsome play,
On his light airy pinions convey'd,
Both tablet and promise away.
A STORY OF SCIENCE.

A philosopher sat in his easy chair,
    Looking as grave as Milton;
He wore a solemn, mysterious air,
    As he Canada Balsam spilt on
A strip of glass, as a slide, to prepare
    For a mite taken out of his Stilton.

He took his microscope out of its case,
    And settled the focus rightly:
The light, thrown back from the mirror's face,
    Came glimmering upward brightly;
He put the slide with the mite in place,
    And fixed on the cover tightly.

He turned the instrument up and down,
    Till, getting a proper sight, he
Exclaimed—as he gazed with a puzzled frown—
    "Good gracious!" and "Highty-tighty!
The sight is enough to alarm the town—
    A mite is a monster mighty!"

From t'other end of the tube, the mite
    Regarded our scientific;
To his naked eye, as you'll guess, the sight
    Of a man was most terrific;
But reversing the microscope made him quite
    The opposite of magnific.

"One sees the truth through this tube so tall,"
    Said the mite, as he squinted through it;
"Man is not so wonderfully big after all,
    If the mite-world only knew it!"

MORAL.

Mem.—Whether a thing is large or small
    Depends on the way you view it!

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