

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 5
Number 4 *The Messenger, Vol. 5, No. 4*

Article 1

1-1880

The Messenger, Vol. 5, No. 4

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

(1880) "The Messenger, Vol. 5, No. 4," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 5 : No. 4 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol5/iss4/1>

This Complete Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger (archival - 1870-) by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

ARCHIVE
78.2

Vol. IV.

—1878.—

No. 1

OCTOBER.

Richmond College

MESSENGER.

PUBLISHED BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES.

EDITORS:

MU SIGMA RHO:

R. H. PITT.

PHILOLOGIAN:

J. W. SNYDER.

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

MIDNIGHT, by James Russell Lowell,.....	1
SOUTHERN YOUTH AND THE GENERAL GOV'T,	2
RICHMOND'S EARLY HISTORY, by Winslow,.....	4
WILLIAM COWPER,—Delta,.....	7
WORK,.....	9
KISSES,	10
SOCIETY NOTES,.....	11
ODDS AND ENDS,	23
EXCHANGES,.....	25
LOCAL MENTION,.....	26

RICHMOND, VA.:
BAUGHMAN BROTHERS' STEAM POWER PRESSES.
1878.

LIBRARY

RICHMOND COLLEGE

RICHMOND, VA.

Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. IV.

RICHMOND, VA., OCTOBER, 1878.

NO. 1

MIDNIGHT.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The moon shines white and silent
On the mist, which, like a tide
Of some enchanted ocean,
O'er the wide marsh doth glide,
Spreading its ghost-like billows
Silently far and wide.

A vague and starry magic
Makes all things mysteries,
And lures the earth's dumb spirit
Up to the longing skies—
I seem to hear dim whispers,
And tremulous replies.

The fire-flies o'er the meadow
In pulses course and go;
The elm-tree's heavy shadow
Weighs on the grass below,
And faintly from the distance
The dreaming cock doth crow!

All things look strange and mystic,
The very bushes swell
And take wild shapes and motions,
As if beneath a spell—
They seem not the same lilacs
From childhood known so well.

The snow of deepest silence
O'er everything doth fall,
So beautiful and quiet,
And yet so like a pall—
As if all life were ended,
And rest were come to all.

O, wild and wondrous midnight,
There is a might in thee
To make the charmed body
Almost like spirit be,
And give it some faint glimpses
Of Immortality!

THE RELATION OF SOUTHERN YOUTH TO THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT.

Senator Thomas F. Bayard, in a recent oration before the citizens of Delaware, took occasion to invoke the interest of honest men in the welfare of their country. The earnestness of the appeal bore testimony to the greatness of the request. The statesman felt he was asking no ordinary thing. It may have been a fit exordium to address such a petition, but he knew well that patriotism springs not like Minerva full grown into being. He knew well that it was the result of culture, that it was inculcated at the mother's knee, that it was instilled into the heart of the boy, impressed upon the budding intellect of youth and that it was a strong, vigorous principle with the man, if it existed at all. *Æsthetically* speaking, as a piece of rhetoric, the invocation of patriotic interest doubtless did very well. The effect was probably fine. But to the discerning eye of the orator it must have been a melancholy question whether there was really one patriot in all that sea of upturned faces, whether there was one Leonidas or one Gordian in that vast assemblage of American citizens.

I am sure, young men of the South, that if you were asked as to the amount of patriotism you possessed respecting the general government, you would, as honest men, be puzzled to discover whether you had any at all. And if you have given much heed to the Delphic injunction, "know thyself," you would, in the light of your instruction since the late civil war, confess to a disgust, nay, to a hatred of the name now of our common country.

In all the outlook for the future this state of feeling seems to me the most to be deplored. In all the sad prospects of our country none seems so dark as the fast coming day when citizens shall have no patriotism, the commonwealth no devotion, when allegiance to the Republic shall be as the snow-flake upon the bosom of the river, a moment there, then gone forever! In the Good Book the children of Jonadab inquired if it were well for them to be better than their fathers. Unless the cultured youth of our land concur in laying aside the animosities of our fathers who have fought, bled, suffered in the war of the sections; unless those who are to be the thinkers and the leaders of thought in the coming age unite in preserving the vestiges of liberty; unless the principles of patriotic interest and devotion extend from the rich and wise to the unlettered sons of toil, the chaos of malicious indifferentism will inevitably introduce the reign of the commune and all its unhappy following.

Hardly a month ago a communistic agitator from a Pacific State was received in the East with applause and enthusiasm, while the socialistic labor reunions, over the length and breadth of our land, attest a wide-spread and growing disaffection with a government which is hated for reasons opposite to our own.

If patriotism is a Christian duty—and is there one so ignorant or depraved as to deny it?—it is a matter of painful consideration how

often it is either unenforced, untaught, or openly and flagrantly disregarded. The youth of our land, accepting the mantle that has fallen from the shoulders of their fathers, on bidding adieu to the grove, have entered the marts of trade or ascended the bema, with all the prejudices without the provocations that their predecessors had. It is the consummation of malignity to hate without reason, and the climax of folly to destroy that whence cometh our hope.

Youth of the South, pause and consider the duties you owe to your country!

Your section has emerged from a bloody civil war which has at least decided two great questions that have so often convulsed our native land. Slavery is forever gone. The right of secession has been tried before the tribunal of war and the irrevocable judgment of that court has been pronounced against us. State rights, if they are not hopelessly lost, are only to be recovered by the patient statesmanship and the patriotic discretion of our Southern youth. There are now no questions that are ever likely to divide our land as before. New issues, of more or less importance, may indeed be expected from time to time, but with the ordinary vigilance of patriotism, great convulsions are matters of the past.

If your country is not what it ought to be, what is your duty in the premises? Are you to sit down by the roadside and mewl out your unmanly complaints when a well directed energy would rectify abuses? Are you to waste your stentorian lungs in the piteous laments of a disappointed wench, or the whinings of a wounded puppy? Is your giant bulk, your crested brawn, your knotted and corded muscle, to become the mushy flesh of an obese and gluttonous slave, or the effeminate consistency of a supine and petted eunuch? Or, retaining your activity and your strength, will you prostitute them to the base usages of a meddling quidnunc a garrulous croaker and a political scold? If your feeble, palsied hands can no longer grasp the sceptre which your forefathers wielded with vigor, you do well to let it slip from your degenerate fingers and seek safety in contemptible obscurity. If your heart be so selfish, so craven as to wish alone for the welfare of a circumscribed state or section, in the general protracted misfortunes of your country, you will richly deserve the contumely, the disappointment and the oblivion which you will successively and inevitably receive. But if you are, as I believe you to be, the vigorous offspring of a brave, manly, though now unfortunate race, I beg you, in the interest of liberty and good order, to throw off the indifference or the animosity, the lethargy or the hatred, which, if gratified, will plunge our whole country into irretrievable ruin. In the dignity of your incomparable chivalry submit with patience to the consequences of war. Take a lively interest in the political and the diplomatic measures of your country. Search out the remote as well as the proximate, the fundamental as well as the superficial causes of the discontent, the financial stringency, the decay of enterprise and the loss of hope in these unhappy times. Bind yourself lustily to make the best of your situation. Hope, *while you labor*, for that good day a coming when the Republic shall be restored in its virtue, when liberty and learning shall elevate the sunk

and harmonize the affections, and when the statesman shall esteem it his highest prerogative to scatter peace and plenty o'er a smiling land.

ZENASH.

[We agree with the writer in most of his views. With him we say, bury the old animosities so deep that they shall never be exhumed. But let us be careful not to fall into the opposite error of forsaking what we know to be true. We do *not* say forget the *past*, but only its bitterness, its hatred. It is our solemn duty, our high privilege to cherish fondly the memory of that patriotism which the writer so forcibly advocates, shown on many a hard fought field, whose record is written in the blood of the brave and true. Were we for one moment to forget or depreciate our sleeping heroes, surely calm, peaceful Hollywood would swarm with sheeted dead ready to rebuke our base recreancy. We are not politicians, and this paper is in no sense political, and yet we cannot forbear saying that devotion to or respect for the general government, as at present administered, is by no means an essential constituent of genuine patriotism. The writer, however, strikes home when he says it is our duty to work rather than scold.

To us the future has more of fear than hope we confess; but if we are manly and true fear should not paralyze, but rather stimulate us to more vigorous effort to avert, if possible, the impending danger.

We commend the article to the careful reading of our young comrades.—EDS.]

RICHMOND'S EARLY HISTORY.

BY WINSLOW.

Richmond, although the capital of the first-settled State, is not itself an old city. Its record is more remarkable for the romantic and historic interest connected with it than for its length. The conspicuous part it has acted in many great events has had a tendency to attach to it, in the mind of the general reader, a greater antiquity than in reality is deserved.

The foundation of Jamestown was laid in May, 1607, but not until a *hundred and twenty-six* years afterwards was the site of Richmond selected, as the following extract from the journal of Col. William Byrd, the founder of the city, testifies:

“September 19th, 1733.

“When we got home we laid the foundation of two large cities, one at Shacco's, to be called Richmond, and the other at the falls of the Appomattox river, to be named Petersburg. These Major Mayo offered to lay out into lots without fee or reward. The truth of it is, these two places being the uppermost landings of James and Appomattox rivers, are naturally intended for masts, where the traffic of the outer

inhabitants must centre. Thus, we did not build castles only, but also cities in the air."*

Peter Jones was one of the party included in the term "we," and to him, as the proprietor of the land, is Petersburg indebted for its name.

But here we are speaking strictly, and not recognizing the city as founded until the very site upon which it now stands was occupied by civilized beings. A little more leniency would give Richmond a much earlier origin. In the first records of the Old Dominion, mention is more than once made of a village on the James river, near that part of Richmond now called Rocketts.

In fact, as early as 1609, Master West, with a colony of one hundred and twenty people, being driven from Jamestown by famine, settled at the falls of the river. In 1644-'45 the Assembly of Virginia ordered a fort to be erected at the falls of the James river, to be called "Fort Charles."

In 1676 a party of Indians, evacuating a fort on the Potomac, where they had been besieged by the colonists, "took their route over the head of that river, and thence over the heads of the Rappahannock and York rivers, killing whom they found of the uppermost plantations, until they came to the *head* of the James river, where they slew Mr. Bacon's overseer and one of his servants, whose blood he vowed to avenge, if possible."†

"Bacon's Quarter Branch and Bloody Run, near Richmond, still call to mind Bacon and his rebellion. The term Bacon's Quarter's indicates that his plantation lay there. Bloody Run, according to tradition, is so called from a bloody battle Bacon fought there with the Indians. We have not been able to find anything in the history of those times to confirm this tradition, and it would seem more probable that Bloody Run derives its name from the battle in which Hill was defeated and Totopotomoi slain. The stream is a small one, and is said, during the battle, to have run blood."‡

In 1679 certain privileges were granted to Col. Byrd, upon the condition that he should settle fifty able-bodied and well-armed men near the falls, in order to protect the defenseless frontier against the Indians. Whether *this* Col. Byrd was an ancestor of the aforementioned Col. Wm. Byrd, I am not prepared to say, but I think it probable.

I have already quoted from Col. Wm. Byrd's journal, but I cannot refrain from repeating it. The following extract is so newsy, smacks so of home items, and withal is expressed in a style so spicy and epigrammatic, that I am confident it will not prove amiss. He mentions his plantation at the falls as follows:

"September 18th, 1732.

"For the pleasure of the good company of Mrs. Byrd and her little governor, my son, I went about half-way to the falls in my chariot. There we halted, not far from a purling stream, and upon the stump of a propagate oak picked the bones of a piece of roast-beef. By the

*Manuscript copy of Col. William Byrd, of Westover.

† T. M.'s account of Bacon's, Rebellion.

‡ MSS. of Charles Campbell, Esq.

spirit which it gave me, I was better able to part with the dear companions of my travel, and to perform the rest of my journey on horse-back by myself. I reached Shacco's before two o'clock, and crossed the river to the mills. I had the grief to find them both stand as still for the want of water as a dead woman's tongue for want of breath. It had rained so little for many months above the falls that the Naiads had hardly water enough left to wash their faces. However, as we ought all to turn our misfortunes to the best advantage, I directed Mr. Booker, my first minister there, to make use of the lowness of the water for blowing up the rocks at the mouth of the canal. The water now flowed out of the river so slowly that the miller was obliged to pond it up in the canal by setting open the flood-gates at the mouth and shutting them close at the mill. By this contrivance, he was able, at any time, to grind two or three bushels, either for the choice customers or for the use of my plantation. Then I walked to the place where they brake the flax, which is wrought with much greater ease than the hemp, and is much better for spinning. From thence I paid a visit to the weaver, who needed a little of Minerva's inspiration to make the most of a piece of cloth. Then I looked in upon my Caledonian spinster, who was mended more in her looks than in her humor. On the next day, after I had swallowed a few poached eggs we rode down to the mouth of the canal, and from thence crossed over to the Broad-Rock Island in a canoe. Our errand was to view some iron ore, which we dug up in two places. That, on the surface seemed very spongy and porous, which gave us no great encouragement to search deeper; nor did the quantity appear to be very great. However, for my greater satisfaction, I ordered a hand to dig there for some time this winter. We walked from one end of the island to the other, being about half a mile in length, and found the soil very good, and too high for any flood less than Deucalion's to do the least damage. There is a very wild prospect, both upwards and downwards, the river being full of rocks, on which the stream tumbled with a murmur loud enough to drown the notes of a scolding wife. This island would be an agreeable hermitage for any good Christian, who had a mind to retire from the world."

Col. William Byrd died in 1744.

The residence of Col. Byrd is thus described in Burnaby's Travels in North America in 1759-'60: He "has a small place called Belindue, upon a hill at the lower part of those falls, (James river,) as romantic and elegant as anything I have ever seen. It is situated very high, and commands a fine prospect of the river, which is one-half of a mile broad, forming cataracts in the manner above described. There are several little islands scattered about, very rocky and covered with trees, and two or three villages in view at a short distance. Over all this you discover a prodigious extent of wilderness, and the river winding majestically along through the midst of it."

Richmond was not made a town by legislative enactments until during the reign of George III. In May, 1742, the Assembly of Virginia passed "an act establishing the town of Richmond, in county of Henrico, and allowing fairs to be held there in the months of May and

November, on the lands of William Byrd, Esq., at the falls of James river." In 1744 an act was passed to prohibit the building of wooden chimneys, "by reason of the imminent danger of fire."

In 1777 the troops, arms, ammunition and public records of the State were removed from the Capitol at Williamsburg to Richmond, in view of the exposed condition of the former town. This same reason, as well as the national tendency to move westward, led to the passage in May, 1779, of "an act for the removal of the seat of government" to the town of Richmond. This same act includes a section authorizing an enlargement of its limits by the addition of two thousand lots or one hundred acres.

At this time "Richmond was but an insignificant place, scarcely affording sufficient accommodations for the officers of Government. The Legislature bestowed upon it the title of city; but it was only such in embryo, possessing few objects of interest, except grand natural scenery. The analogy of the situation, it is said, to Richmond-on-the-Thames, in England, suggested the name of the town."§ In 1789 Richmond contained but three hundred houses.

§ Hoore's Historical Collections.

WILLIAM COWPER.

In looking back over the annals of literature, one is much impressed by the many misfortunes which have befallen some of our most oft read poets. And yet we do not take this into consideration often enough when reading their works, upon which are impressed some phases of their sorrows. When his gloomy reveries and misanthropical soliloquies are read, Byron is often judged too harshly, and that, too, by those unacquainted with his sad life and the difficulties attending his eventful career. We sometimes condemn too severely the atheistic principles expressed in "Queen Mab," and speak too coldly of him whose whole life was one mournful tragedy and whose body, one bright, sunny morning, was found floating on the rippling, treacherous waves of the Gulf of Leghorn. Too little sympathy is generally given to the author of "The Eve of St. Agnes," the beautiful promise of whose young life was blighted by the cruel and unjust criticism of the *Quarterly Review*. And when reading the graceful, polished expressions in "The Sofa," or dwelling lovingly on those immortal lines "On the receipt of My Mother's Picture," or wondering at the quaint mishaps of "John Gilpin," that "citizen of credit and renown," we rarely think of the misfortunes and sufferings of Cowper.

Wm. Cowper, born on the 18th of November, 1731, was the son of one of the chaplains to George II. His father being a man of some means, he received a good education, and at the age of twenty-one, having decided to be a lawyer, he "took chambers in the Temple." In the

same year he contributed some articles to the *Connoisseur*, a paper conducted on somewhat the same plan as Addison's *Spectator*. Soon after his father died, and being unable to pursue his legal studies for need of funds, he tried to obtain the position of clerk of the private committees to the House of Lords. While attempting to get this office, his mind being filled with gloomy forebodings about the future and being unable to see how to obtain a livelihood, he attempted suicide. Being now no longer safe in his own keeping, he was "consigned to the care of Dr. Colter." After being in a state of insanity for twenty years, he recovered the full possession of his mental powers. It was then, in his declining years, that he wrote most of his poems. He died in December, 1799, surrounded by a circle of loving friends.

He published his poetry in two different volumes, in the first of which are "Table Talk," "The Progress of Error," "Truth," "Expostulation," "Hope," "Charity," "Conversation," "Retirement," and some short poems. Most of these are of a sad and desponding character and are in blank verse. In his second volume the most important production is "The Task." In this poem he shows his ardent love for country life, and in one place, after praising rural occupations and declaiming against city life, he says: "God made the country, and man made the town." Cowper's style is very graceful and easy. He rarely indulges in any bold metaphors or striking similes, and in his poems we seldom, if ever, find passages which fire the blood and make the nerves tingle. Cowper possessed, in an eminent degree, purity of thought. Buffeted about as he was by the cares and troubles of the world, and receiving some of fate's hardest blows, still we find in his writings nothing of a gloomy or atheistic style. His every thought is pure and fresh as a dew-drop and as transparent as crystal. There is not a line in all his poetry which the tender mother might fear would bring the blush to her daughter's cheek.

"John Gilpin," one of Cowper's most celebrated poems, is the only one in which he indulges in any real humor or merriment. His most oft quoted poem is "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture." This is certainly one of the most beautiful and pathetic poems in our whole literature, and while pure thoughts and tender feelings hold sway in the human breast it will live and be read with ever increasing feelings of admiration and delight.

But why need I say more of this ill-fated genius whose career was one sad epic, whose life was filled with the strangest vicissitudes, and whose memory will ever be cherished by all whose opinions are worthy of being prized.

"Pardon, good friends, I am not here to mar
His laurelled wreaths with this poor tinselled crown,
This man who taught me how 'twas better far
To be the poem than to write it down."

DELTA.

WORK.

It is very important that the new student should make a right beginning. You have entered college; you have competent instructors and approved text-books; but these are only helps, and the determination of how great shall be the results remains with you. It is victory or defeat, just nicely in proportion to the showing you make of pluck, prowess and perseverance. Then work.

Whoever you are, you must work. If you have genius, you must work; if you have no genius, you must work; senior or preparatory, you must work. No man can afford to shirk work. "No cross, no crown" is a sure maxim in all fields.

There is no need of wasting time in deciding whether you have brains or not. For, whatever be that decision, your brains stay just in their old fix; and besides, you run the awful risk of making a mistake in your calculations. Neither can it profit you much to dream about the brain-power of other men. You might as well hope to add a cubit to your stature by considering the dizzy heights attained by an editor of last year's *Musings*. Only think of Newton to do what Newton did,—and go to work.

Keep to work on it, even if you do not like some particular study as much as you thought you would. Probably, like Mackintosh, you do not yet know what you like, and may imagine every ticket easier than the one you have taken. But a man who comes to college ought not to be in search of easy things; and besides, that other ticket will not look so pleasant when you get nearer to it. Don't jump from the frying-pan into the fire; that would be the worst kind of pan-ning out. Stick to your ticket; and *work* it; and for these reasons, to wit: First, you will learn to like it. Secondly, you will wax strong where, before, you were weak. If your mind is not mathematical, study mathematics above all things, and never leave it without its blessing. Thirdly, you will thus gain a *character* (not merely a reputation) for pluck, work and patience. And what a character that is to carry as a very armor of mail into the battles of life! You may never need your Latin again; but every day you will want the nerve and perseverance that you developed in mastering Latin. You may have no occasion to ever expose the fallacies of Professor Bain's Utilitarian Theory, but throughout life you will need to make those nice distinctions that the study of Moral Philosophy demands. Work!

Do honest work; and no work is honest if it does not fully employ the powers God has given you. If you do not the best you can, you do not do right; you are guilty of the sin of omission. If one talent out of the five be permitted to rust, you cannot escape censure. Again, the only way to develop your powers is to use them to the utmost. So, if you are making "95" in "Junior I" *with ease*, take "Junior II" where you will be *uneasy*. Easy work is not honest work; and your powers are rusting for want of exercise. When we hear of a man making no failures we are convinced that unless he is a wonder-

fully-active and prudent saint he is holding too low a plain; he is employing his giant strength in doing a child's work. The fellow who never gets knocked down is—pardon the language—the one who rarely “comes up to the scratch.” Do honest work!

We hear much, at the present day, of the rights and honors belonging to the workingman. Let him have the honors, for they do belong to the workingman. Only workingmen keep the Commandment “Six days shalt thou labor.” The world owes nothing to its drones. If we shall merit any honor, we must be workingmen. If we are not horny-handed sons of labor, we must be horny-headed ones. If you propose to live by mental labor, see to it that you “blister” your brain. Work! Do honest work!

KISSES.

Envy, oh child,
 Is counting our kisses,
 Therefore kiss quickly
 A thousand kisses,
 Quickly thou me,
 Quickly I thee,
 Quickly, oh, quickly,
 Oh Laura kiss
 A thousand kisses,
 In order that he
 May make many misses.

—From the German by a member of the Dessendorf Confederation.

Finance is the rage. The most endearing epithets are bandied back and forth by the representatives of the “Greenback Craze” and the “Gold Lunacy.” A correspondent asks for our views on the question. Our views are intensely practical. If he insists on knowing them, let him enclose five dollars, (gold or greenback).

Tim says he has read a hundred pages of medicine and a hundred pages of law, and now he ought to “pool his issues” and take medical jurisprudence. At least we trust he has not taken enough of medicine to throw up the law.

It is well for the juniors to have a “Minor” study, but as long as the seniors have “May” there is no such word as can't.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The Philologian and Mu Sigma Rho Societies are in quite a flourishing condition. Their reünion meetings were well attended and were very pleasant. We congratulate the Societies upon the era of good feeling. At no time during the past five years has there been such friendliness. Positively there is no bickering, no animosity. This is as it should be. The interests of the two are in many regards identical. If the daughter suffers the mother must suffer, and conversely. During the past session the Philologian Society, through the generosity of its active and honorary members, was enabled to add to its library and adorn the hall. Through the munificence of one of its old members, it is the happy possessor of a bust of George Washington, copied from the Houdon Statue, by Richmond's gifted artist, E. V. Valentine, Esq. The account of the ceremony of unveiling this bust was given in the *Monthly Musings* last session. Below may be found the account of the unveiling of a pair of busts, one of Cicero and one of Demosthenes, ordered by the Mu Sigma Rho Society and purchased by Professor Harris during his recent trip to Italy. The speeches of Professor Harris and E. V. Valentine, Esq., on this occasion, possessed such general interest, and withal were so fine, that we give them below in full.

The regular election of officers was held in the Philologian Hall, October 4th. The following were elected: President, E. E. Holland, Nansemond county; Vice-President, J. M. Garnett, King and Queen county; Recording Secretary, L. P. Brown, Fauquier county; Corresponding Secretary, C. W. Brooks, Fauquier county; Treasurer, W. A. Vaughan, Rockingham county; Censor, J. E. Peake, Norfolk county; Librarian, J. L. Lake, Fauquier county; Critic, L. C. Catlett, Gloucester county; Chaplain, C. T. Herndon, Fauquier county; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. C. Gentry, Gordonsville; Board of Managers, W. T. Hudgins, Texas, Tim Rives, Prince George; Editors of *Gem*, H. L. Davies, King and Queen, H. H. George, Caroline, H. P. McCormick, Loudoun, J. H. Smith, Texas; Reading-Room Committee, Jones H. Goodwin, Joe Baker, J. H. Smith, W. J. Decker, W. S. Holland; Editor *Messenger*, J. W. Snyder, Richmond; Scribe, J. C. Gentry, Gordonsville; Monthly Orator, W. S. Holland, Isle of Wight; Historian, L. C. Catlett; Publication Committee, L. C. Catlett, L. J. Huff, Tim Rives.

In the Mu Sigma Rho Hall, October 11th, the regular elections occurred, resulting in the election of the following officers: President, J. J. Taylor, Henry county; Vice-President, Walter Christian, Richmond; Censor, W. F. Bagby, King and Queen; Recording Secretary, R. T. Ogg, Rockbridge; Corresponding Sec'y, C. H. Jones, Richmond; Treasurer, G. C. Abbitt, Appomattox county; Critic, A. P. Staples, Patrick county; Librarian, W. G. Hix, Prince Edward county; Sergeant-at-arms, ——— Latane, King and Queen county; Editor *Star*, M. B. Curry, Richmond; Editor *Messenger*, R. H. Pitt, Richmond;

Board of Publication, G. B. Taylor, Rome, Italy, J. W. Fleet, King and Queen county, Va., S. A. Fishburn, Texas.

At 8 P. M., on Friday, October 11th, a large and appreciative audience assembled in the chapel to witness the unveiling of the busts ordered by the M. S. R. Society, and purchased by Professor Harris while in Rome. The exercises began with music by the "Arion Club," of Richmond. Mr. Mercer, the President, then explained that the object of the meeting was to hear a report from the Decoration Committee. Mr. R. H. Pitt, Chairman, responded by introducing Professor Harris, whom the committee had requested to present the busts. Professor Harris spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE MU SIGMA RHO SOCIETY:

In behalf of your committee I have the pleasure of presenting a pair of objects designed for the further decoration of your new hall. Let me explain to the audience, who have honored us with their presence, that these objects are given to the Society, not by me, but by its members of last session, some of whom still enjoy the privilege of attending the meetings, others have gone forth to practice in a wider sphere the arts here cultivated. As grateful, loving sons, they raised a sum of money to be spent upon a birth-day present to adorn the chamber of their kindly mother. It is not usual, Mr. President, to proclaim the ages of ladies who have passed their teens, even at natalian festivals; but I trust that the goodly matron whom you represent has enough of pride in the hundreds of noble sons she has sent forth to prevent her blushing when it is stated that she began her career on the 10th of October, 1846, and that we are now celebrating her thirty-second anniversary. The difficult task of investing the money in something suitable for the occasion was entrusted to an honorary member who was opportunely spending a few weeks in the land of art. Tastes differ, and it may very well be that something else would have been found more appropriate. Indeed, among the thousand and one different objects seen in scores of studios at Naples, Rome and Florence, it was very difficult to choose, and several times I have more than half regretted my choice since it was made. Let me ask all present, especially the ladies, for they have more taste than we poor men, not to scan too critically my selection. The sum at my command, though generous as a voluntary contribution from young men not overburdened with worldly gear, was quite too small to command the time and talents of men of genius, who find ready sale for their productions to the crowned heads, the wealthy nobles, or the merchant princes of Europe. This I regret the less, because at the other end of the street down which we front there stands a masterpiece, which, for perfect symmetry and artistic merit of the highest style, has few equals and but one superior, if one at all, in all the world. When you wish to cultivate your æsthetic susceptibilities you cannot do better than sit and study, hour by hour, the Washington monument, and let it grow upon you as you gaze. We have with us this evening one whose fertile imagination has already conceived something worthy to take a place at this end of the most favored street in Richmond, and I trust

the day is not far distant when the liberality of gentlemen who live on either side of this splendid vista will enable us, over against Crawford's tribute to the founders of our civil liberty in the Capitol Square, to set up on our College grounds Valentine's offering to the heroes of our religious freedom. But this in the due execution will call for thousands, and must, perhaps, wait till more prosperous times.

Debarred from purchasing a work of creative art, the next best thing seemed to be a product of imitative skill; and this we have, accurate copies, made by one Signor Giovanni Marsili, of two antique heads, which were themselves faithful representations of real men—men whose lives are worthy of study, in some respects, of imitation. Every man is unconsciously chiseling his own features. I trust you will be able here to read the inner lives of these men as it wrought itself out on their faces, and is preserved to us in enduring stone from the quarries of Carrara.

This which I shall first unveil was the son of wealthy parents. In his education no pains, no expense was spared. He was a lad of uncommon promise, and specially distinguished for the powers of declamation, with which he often delighted the honest country folk who visited the village school. He passed with distinction through what we may call a college course; became the best Latin scholar of his time, and learned to write and speak Greek almost as fluently as his native tongue. Having at length finished the usual curriculum of a liberal education he applied himself to law, and with it the kindred sciences of politics and philosophy. For a year or two he practised his profession, with fine success for a young lawyer, but deeming his education yet incomplete, crossed the sea to widen his mind by contact with other men and other ideas, and to prosecute his studies at the greatest University then known. At thirty years of age he returned and entered upon active life. By good morals, true patriotism and fervid eloquence he won his way, in twelve years, step by step, through various subordinate positions, to the highest office within the gift of his fellow-citizens. These years included the period of his greatest personal influence. Through them all he stood with character unsullied in the midst of evil times. Around him were many other men of genius, of learning, of eloquence, but neither on the hustings, nor in the senate, nor at the bar, could any cope with him in argument or in appeal. He stood at forty-five without a peer. But there came infractions of the constitution, usurpations of power and civil disturbances. He was too pure to take part in the deeds of the times, too strong to be let aloné; the afternoon of his life was darkened with angry clouds, while personal sorrows came thick and fast as his days declined; twice he was banished, and roamed a miserable exile; his property was swept away by confiscation; his wife, for whom he had not much affection, drove him to secure a divorce; his only daughter, as virtuous as she was fair, his solace and support, the only woman that he ever truly loved, was snatched away to an untimely grave, and the strong man bowed as a bull-rush. His posthumous fame, however, rests mainly on the letters and the discussions with which he consoled himself under his heavy afflictions. Like the aroma of a fragrant

shrub, his choicest sweetness was exhaled, not in the prime of full bloom, but after he had been crushed. Would that I could draw a veil over one feature, the darkest of them all, but truth requires me to say that during the period of which I am now speaking, besides his constant arguments before the law courts, he several times appeared in more public arenas, encouraged by fleeting apparitions of his former popularity, but alas, took counsel of his fears, pursued an insincere and vacillating policy, and even advocated measures which he really disapproved. He was, as we might phrase it, a firm believer in State's rights and strict construction, but spoke more than once in favor of centralization and of the doctrines of a "higher law;" or, in the shibboleth of the present hour, he was at heart an out and out hard money man, but so far yielded to popular clamor as to accept nomination upon a greenback platform. He had well nigh lost his honor and sunk in shame; but you have seen the sun, just before its setting, burst through a bank of clouds and shine with almost noonday splendor; so this man, at sixty-three, thinking that he saw a chance to reëstablish constitutional liberty, again mounted the hustings and delivered a series of most magnificent political addresses with all the former ring of true statesmanship. 'Twas in vain; his vigorous attack served only to infuriate his opponents, and when they came into power he was obliged to flee for his life. Overtaken by a band of pursuers, led by a base renegade, the old man stretched his head from his carriage window to have it severed from the trunk. The tongue that had so vehemently assailed a tyrant was torn from its roots; the hands that had been uplifted to plead for liberty were cut off from the arms that raised them. Such was the life and such the death of [*unveiling the head*] MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO.

Notice the sturdy Roman neck, mark the imperious brow, observe the massive strength of a gigantic intellect, watch the nostril quivering with excitement. But notice, too, the irresolute, vacillating lips, the physical cowardice playing about the hanging chin, and the sad, sad expression in which the shades of disappointed ambition seem to mingle with deep grief for Tullia's early death. In the Capitoline Museum, overlooking the old Forum, there is a bust very like this, but of larger size and still more massive proportions, a face that no one who sees it can forget. It stands in the so-called Room of the Philosophers, and is catalogued as Cicero; but there is strong probability that it ought rather to stand in the adjacent Room of the Emperors, and bear the name of one of the later Cæsars. I chose this head, though a little less striking than the other, because there is no doubt about whom it represents. The statue from which this is copied, was found some years ago at a villa near Rome, and is now in the Vatican Gallery.

This other represents a man whose life forms a striking contrast to Cicero's. He was a sickly, feeble boy, with many bodily defects, and a frame that hardly bore the strain of containing a great soul. Left an orphan at the age of seven, he was stripped of nearly all his patrimony by the mismanagement and dishonesty of his guardians. The only son of his mother, and she a widow, he was delicately raised and

right much spoiled. His education was not neglected entirely, but pursued in a *dilettanti* sort of fashion. He studied not what was good for him, but what he liked. If his property had been faithfully administered and his thousands duly paid over when he came of age, in all probability his genius would have been covered up and his name unknown. But the dishonesty of which he was a victim saved him from inglorious ease. At eighteen he began a suit against his guardians, and by the aid of one of his teachers, seems to have prosecuted it through several years of delay to a partially successful issue.

Flushed by this triumph in a law court, and having now a sum of ready money to his credit, he thought himself a grown man, though only twenty-one years of age, and fancied that he knew all about certain matters then agitating the public mind. He felt like Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Buzzite, "as wine which hath no vent, ready to burst, like new bottles," and so he said: "I will speak that I may be refreshed," "I also will show mine opinion." He came before a large and intelligent audience and ascended the platform. Before he had uttered many sentences, his irregular features, his awkward manner, his weak voice and indistinct articulation, coupled with his self-conceit, provoked such a storm of displeasure that he gave it up and slunk away, his cheeks burning with mingled rage and mortification. This experience befel him not once only, but twice or three times in succession. The people set him down as an utter failure. Two or three discerning friends, however, encouraged him to try again, and more than all, his own spirit, now thoroughly aroused, urged him forward in the chosen path. Like Antæus, when hurled to earth, he renewed his strength and entered a high resolve that that same audience should hear him, aye, and should be swayed by his keener intellect and stronger will. For seven years he gave himself preparatory study with an earnest and intelligent devotion for which the world has hardly a parallel. Awkward in gesticulation, he declaimed before a mirror, and trained his boay arms to move in graceful curves. To correct the ugly habit of carrying one shoulder higher than the other, he suspended a naked sword from the ceiling so that its keen point might hang just above the refractory member. To get rid of an unmanly lisp, he carried pebbles in his mouth to keep back his unruly tongue while sounding a sibilant. His lungs were weak; he strengthened them by walking up hill, declaiming as he went. He had quailed before the uproar of a tumultuous assembly; he practised on the sea-shore to speak in the face of howling winds and roaring waves. But much more than to all of these, the externals, the drapery of oratory, he gave attention to its substance. In seclusion he studied his own heart and learned the most difficult of all lessons, self-control. He mastered all the history within his reach; stored his mind with facts of the past as guides for the time to come; traced streams of moral influence to their springs, and saw how seemingly slight causes issue in far-reaching effects. He thus gained a wondrous power to forecast the future, or, in his own expressive phrase to see "events in their beginnings." At seven and twenty he again came forward, with a manner which unfriendly critics

called artificial and theatrical, and with matter at which they sneered as smelling of the lamp, but with a command of his powers, both physical and mental, and of his subject in all its bearings, which gave him complete command of his auditors. Seeing a storm rising, when the cloud was yet no bigger than a man's hand, he had the patriotism and the courage to tell the truth, however unacceptable. Unlike the politicians of his day, not to say of ours, he would not ingratiate himself by descending to popular views, but undertook the nobler task of raising the people by magnetic power to his own more elevated plane. During his career of thirty-three years there were civil dissensions and foreign wars; the world succumbed to a victorious warrior who wept for more to conquer; bribery and corruption ran riot; a degenerate people gloried in their shame; he, and he almost alone, stood firm for truth and right, for patriotism and honor. His fearless character is well portrayed in the familiar verses:

Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,
 Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
 Non vultus instantis tyranni,
 Mente quatit solida, neque Auster,

Dux inquieti turbidus Hadriæ,
 Nec fulminantis magna manus Jovis;
 Sic fractus illabatur orbis
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Nor was his success less remarkable than his boldness. The ship of state, with rotten keel and splintered yards, with scant supply and a mutinous crew, was tossing on a stormy sea; but there was one on board who knew the shoals and reefs, who watched the ever changing winds and tides, whose voice rang out clear and commanding from the quarter-deck, and though he could not bring her with colors flying into the desired haven, he at least saved her from the general wreck, and left a wondering world in doubt whether most to admire his skilful statesmanship or the splendid eloquence which rendered it available. At sixty he gained his greatest triumph, but soon after was doomed to death by the minions of a foreign tyrant. He fled for refuge to an open temple, taking with him, as a last resort, a stylus in which was secreted a fatal potion of hemlock juice. When about to be dragged from the sacred shrine, he obtained permission to write a farewell letter to his wife, and as was his wont, composing slowly, chewed the stylus. As soon as the poison took effect he staggered to the portal and fell, not dead, for while love of liberty dwells in a human breast, while patriotism is esteemed a virtue, while statesmanship is held in honor, while eloquence is studied, while exalted character is revered among men, so long shall be preserved in story and in marble the memory of (*unveiling the bust*) immortal DEMOSTHENES.

In looking on this face, a copy from a very ancient bust now in the Campidoglio at Rome, you will notice at first its defects. The mouth distorted by his habit of carrying a pebble or something of the sort in the left jaw; the aquiline nose a little crooked to one side; the narrow face hardly filled out by coarse, stiff hair and well trimmed beard.

But look rather at the traces of those qualities which enabled him to triumph over his natural defects. Observe the high forehead, the eagle glance, the compressed lips, the meditative air, the lines of stern and high resolve. These mark the keen intellect, the brave firmness, the calm thoughtfulness, the unsullied honor of him

Whom Athens, wondering, saw
Her fierce democracy at will o'erawe
And fulmine over Greece.

I now, Mr. President and gentlemen, commit to your custody these marbles. Five months ago they were rude blocks just from the quarry. They have been fashioned to their present shape by patient labor, chip by chip. Upon the moulding much time, much earnest thought has been bestowed, and there is a wealth of meaning in every line the artist's hand has traced. Do not dismiss them with a passing glance, but gaze upon them day after day and week after week. Learn to read the lessons they convey. I trust, too, that you will be incited to study afresh the lives of Cicero and Demosthenes; note their faults and foibles to avoid them; mark well their excellencies to reproduce them; and remember that these two, in common with all great men, made themselves by hard, earnest, continuous labor. I have spoken of their diligence in youth, I ought to have said that this diligence lasted all through life. One had fine natural parts and rose to great eminence, in spite of some cowardice and weakness of will. The other, with inferior opportunities, clomb to the topmost pinnacle of fame by sheer force of character.

Shall I wish for you, young gentlemen of the Mu Sigma Rho and Philologian societies, that among you may be found many orators equal to these two? But they were what they were, in part at least, because they shared in the expiring throes of constitutional liberty. Both fell in the downfall of freedom. To wish that you may be as they, would be to wish that our Republic too may become an empire, or that our good old Commonwealth may be conquered by barbarians. Far be it from me to prophecy evil, but, gentlemen, I warn you that it is not impossible you may live to see even worse convulsions. You may find a Verres rich with the spoil of fertile provinces; you may have to confront a Cataline preaching communism for his own personal aggrandizement; you may be called to oppose a Cæsar, crossing the Rubicon of law and trampling upon the constitution; you may have to grapple with an Aeschines prostituting his splendid talents at the shrine of Mammon; or to counteract a sturdy, though shortsighted, Phocion, lulling to peace, when there is no peace. I charge you therefore be ever ready to prosecute the plunderer, to denounce the conspirator, to curb the usurper, to assail the hireling traitor, and to rouse the slumbering masses from deadly lethargy, and let these mute monitors plead with you to go through life with hands unsullied by the touch of filthy lucre, and to maintain a character above suspicion. If you will do this and will study as these men studied, then, gentlemen, I dare to hope that some of you will give forth grander strains of eloquence than ever fell even from these lips. You may not use the terse and vigorous tongue of

Cicero, nor the clear, rhythmic and ringing sounds of Demosthenes, but you have a language with more strength than either Latin or Greek, and containing a far richer store of thought. As I stood in May upon the old Athenian bema, I tried to conjure up the crowd which gathered round it three and twenty centuries ago. But how could I? The Acropolis, Hymettus Parnes, the sea, were indeed the same, but how changed the picture in this enduring frame. Instead of triremes in the harbor, slowly propelled by ashen oars, there lay a fleet of iron steamers flying the flags of a dozen different nationalities. Instead of the long walls connecting city and port, there ran two rails, and on them the locomotive sped to and fro. Instead of couriers going on foot with weighty messages, there now run north, east and west little wires, "a way for the lightning's flash," connecting the capital with every town in Greece, and indeed with all the world. I could but exclaim within myself, what men these would have been if their lines had been cast in this latter half of the 19th century of our Christian era. Cicero had no higher doctrine than the tenets of Stoic philosophy; Demosthenes knew no wider patriotism than for the little Hellas—we have in Christianity a love all-embracing as the skies, ideas higher than the heavens. Need I remind you, students of Richmond College, that much is required of them to whom much has been given; that your responsibilities are in proportion to your opportunities. Let me then address to each one of you the advice of a fallen premier to his young successor:

* * I charge thee fling away ambition.
 By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't.
 Love thyself last: Cherish those hearts that hate thee—
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's and Truth's. Then if thou fall'st * *
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

Mr. Mercer responded on behalf of the Society, in a neat and appropriate address, closing by introducing E. V. Valentine, Esq., who had been requested to deliver a speech on this occasion, and whose remarks we are happy to be able to give in full.

SPEECH OF E. V. VALENTINE, ESQ.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

I need hardly assure you that it has always given me pleasure to be present at the ceremonies connected with this Institution. On this occasion, however, I consider it rather unfortunate for me that I should be confronted by busts of Demosthenes and Cicero—feeling but too keenly my lack of power in their beautiful art. It has been asserted by historians that when the Fine Arts of a nation flourish in their greatest perfection, then we may discover an unfailling indication of that nation's approaching decadence and downfall. There is doubtless

much truth in this assertion, but it would be unjust to allow that the most precious gifts of God are, of themselves, instrumental in bringing about the woe and ruin of His people. Unfortunately for their theories, historians and political philosophers have failed to show that this decadence or downfall was the result of any demoralizing or destructive principle in true art. Is it not rather due to the wrong application of art by corrupt governments and individuals? Art has reached its greatest perfection when it has been the interpreter of the religious sentiment in man. Although the religion may be but the creation of the poet's fancy—as in the case of old Homer—yet these immortal fables, petrified by Phidias, will live as the purest emanations from an unchristianized mind. "Homer gave to the Greeks their gods," and Phidias gave these gods bodily shape. If such works, as interpreters of a grand though merely human system, affect us aright, then must they elevate the mind and charm the fancy. If on the other hand art is to be the illustrator of the vain-glory of ambitious and unscrupulous rulers—as was the case in the reign of Louis XIV, whose declaration was—"l'etat, c'est moi"—then it will not be necessary to await the verdict of the historian, but even the least of the prophets may easily foretell the ruin of the nation.

These two busts which have just come into your possession through the instrumentality of the honored Professor of Greek in this institution, suggest to me the appropriateness of offering a few remarks on the subject of "*Portraiture in Art.*" Since they are copies of *antique* busts, it may be well for me to refer here more especially to portrait sculpture as practised among two of the renowned nations of history—the Greeks and Romans. The former were the philosophers, poets and artists; the latter the conquerors and law-givers. The Greek mind imaginative and rich in the ideal; the Roman in the shrewd practical affairs of life. The Greek the originator of the beautiful; the Roman the imitator and utilizer of his ideas. Notwithstanding the difference in the genius of these two nations, yet the artists of both have produced in portrait sculpture the most faithful representations of the individual characteristics of their distinguished men. The busts of Socrates, Diogenes and Demosthenes are as unidealized likenesses as it would be possible for an artist to produce. So it is with the Roman busts of Brutus, Marcus Aurelius, Caracalla and Cicero, for they are representations of the men as they looked in actual life—yes, you may look at these features and in your heart thank the authors of these busts for preserving with strict truth the lineaments of the men whose orations have electrified the world. I was particularly impressed by the naturalness of the *antique* busts in the Capitol at Rome, and it is interesting to note that the same type of face which you find there, you may see in the streets of Rome to-day. Faithful portraiture in art is a very valuable auxiliary to the historian as furnishing material for a right understanding, not only of the characters represented, but of the costumes and characteristic manners of the times. In art Anachronisms are to be conscientiously avoided. The non-observance of this rule has given rise to numerous comments on the works of certain artists, who fell into the error of clothing their subjects in draperies

which did not belong to them, and of others who were inclined to dispense with draperies altogether. For instance: The "Grand Monarch," Louis XIV, was represented in Roman costume, without shoes, and wearing a wig of the last century. Very naturally this excited some astonishment, and a certain unsophisticated individual was heard to exclaim—"That must be a very ancient statue, for at that time shoes were not even worn." The English ladies erected by subscription a statue of Wellington in the character of Achilles, which was but scantily clad. Every morning might be seen hanging near the statue a suit of clothes, with an inscription inviting the "Iron Duke" to put them on. Having reasons to believe, then, as already said, that the ancient artists were conscientiously accurate in the representations of the men of their times, how much should you prize these busts, and I may almost say *souvenirs* of an era in history in which every student must take the liveliest interest.

Richmond College has commenced a good work in the establishment of a museum where objects of art and archæology may be preserved. The rooms containing these treasures will, I believe, be thrown open to the public, and if this enterprise is energetically carried forward and liberally supported, great good will result. I know of no better means of imparting instruction than through the medium of a well arranged museum. Experience has proven this to be a fact in European countries, and wise educators and public spirited citizens in our own land are endowing and establishing similar institutions. A Baltimore paper stated about a week ago that a gentleman in that city had donated \$15,000, for plaster casts to be placed in the Peabody Art Gallery. Our University at Charlottesville has been rendered more useful and attractive by the addition of a museum of natural history—the gift of a citizen of another State—and Washington-Lee has received a similar donation.

Only think of what England has done and is still doing for her industrial schools and museums of art and archæology. The great material advantages which the nation derives from the encouragement of Decorative and Industrial Art which is taught at South Kensington Museum, is equalled, if not surpassed, by the happy results which follow the earnest efforts of those who would learn from art the valuable lessons which she teaches, and a writer at the time of the great exhibition of historic portraits at this now famous museum says, in speaking of the pictures of renowned characters in English history: "A lady looks into the face of Jane Grey or Mary Queen of Scots, and draws a sigh; a statesman approaches the figures of Wolsey or of Bacon, and is taught the instability of power and the fallibility of the human intellect. It is surprising how the lapse of a few centuries clears the mental vision, how the mists which blinded the eyes of contemporaries in the lapse of years are dispelled; how passions and personal interests subside, so that there remain but justice and truth in the balance of historic judgment. And again, the contact with men, even through their portraits, who have shaken the world and then fallen under the ruins, seldom fails to awaken sympathy. Few, we believe, will remain wholly callous in the presence of a Vandyke

portrait of Charles I; few are the persons who will not be moved to pity while looking at the head of Lady Arabella Stuart. Surely it is salutary thus to reanimate, and in imagination live amid past times, surrounded by the men who made those times great or disastrous. On the walls of that remarkable exhibition of national portraits might be seen the martyr king as he appeared on trial, the man who took his master prisoner, the judge who passed the sentence; there, also, we were in the presence of Cromwell, the Protector, surrounded by the men of the Commonwealth; and then followed the merry monarch and the gay women who succeeded to Puritan usurpation. Verily the artist has painted all these diverse characters in their true colors; Charles I, refined yet weak; Cromwell, resolute but coarse; Charles II, handsome and dissolute. And so these several portraits tell of their sitters a tale, even as the body at the last day shall rise in condemnation." We, also, in this fair land of ours, have a history which must be preserved, and happily for us there are in our midst those who are determined that nothing of interest shall be lost as regards the valuable services of the men who have been instrumental in contributing to the glory of our state and race. The future historian, in searching for materials for his task, will be guided in his labors by the truthful landmarks which we have in our power to preserve. Older nations than ours are alive to the importance of preserving the written records and the not less important materials of archæology and art. See with what eager curiosity the learned are engaged in the work of excavation at Mycenæ, Troy and the buried cities of Asia. Monuments, inscriptions, vases, statues and pictures, furnish materials for the historian which are invaluable. It seems as though these precious relics of an earlier age had immortal tongues, while the names of those who gave them to the world have passed from the memory of their fellow-men. Just so with the artists whose busy minds and skilful hands have fashioned these works—works which will recall the heated debates and angry contentions of opposing parties at Athens and in Rome. The spirit that is chiseled in that cold marble is immortal, aye, it will continue to delight and stimulate humanity when we have passed away. This idea has been beautifully expressed by Macaulay in the following words: "All the triumphs of truth and genius over prejudice and power have been the triumphs of Athens. Wherever a few great minds have made a stand against violence and fraud, in the cause of liberty and reason, there has been her spirit in the midst of them; inspiring, encouraging, consoling; by the lonely lamp of Erasmus; by the restless bed of Pascal; in the tribune of Mirabeau; in the cell of Galileo; on the scaffold of Sidney. But who shall estimate her influence on private happiness? Who shall say how many thousands have been made wiser, happier and better, by those pursuits in which she has taught mankind to engage; to how many the studies which took their rise from her have been wealth in poverty, liberty in bondage, health in sickness, society in solitude. Her power is indeed manifested at the bar; in the senate; in the field of battle; in the schools of philosophy. But these are not her glory. Wherever literature consoles sorrow, or assuages pain; wherever it

brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep, there is exhibited, in its noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens."

This enduring influence in art, my friends, when compared with the uncertainty and brevity of human life; recalls to my mind an incident which occurred years ago in a little town in Italy. A visitor to an old monastery was attracted by a picture of the Last Supper, hanging in the refectory above the table at which the monks were in the habit of taking their meals. Showing some interest in the painting, the visitor was addressed by an old man whose garb and bearing clearly indicated that he was a member of the religious order of the establishment. Said the old Dominican, "it seems that you greatly admire that picture. I have sat at my meals before it for seven and forty years; and such are the changes that have taken place amongst us—so many have come and gone in that time—that when I look upon the company *there*—upon those who are seated at that table—silent as they are, I am inclined to think that *we* are the shadows, and they the reality."

The speeches were frequently and rapturously applauded. The music was excellently rendered and greatly enjoyed, and the whole occasion was one of deep and general interest.

The reünion meeting of the Philologian Society was held on Sept. 27th, and was called to order by the President, Mr. R. E. Glover. Prayer by Mr. Loving, of the Mu Sigma Rho Society. The President, in a well conceived and appropriate address, welcomed strangers and visitors to the reünion. The orator of the evening, Mr. L. C. Catlett, was then introduced. This gentleman, in his accustomed easy and impressive manner, delivered an oration on "The Essentials to a Student's success." Remarks were then made by the following gentlemen: Dr. Hatcher, Prof. Harris and Messrs. Snyder, Lewis, Kirtly, Downing, Washington, B. T. Davies, Rives, Spencer, Loving, Powers, W. S. Holland, Jones, Bundick, Brown, Hart, Curry, Clopton, G. B. Taylor and Hefflin, of Mu Sigma Rho. The speeches of the gentlemen were mostly of a humorous character, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. The reünion was in every respect a pleasant one, and was enjoyed by all present.

Confide ye a' in Providence,
 For Providence is kind;
 And bear ye a' life's bitter woes,
 Wi' calm and tranquil mind.
 Tho' hemm'd and pressed on ilka side,
 Ha' faith and ye'll gang thro';
 For ilka, ilka blade 'o grass,
 Has its ain drop o' dew.

—From the Scotch.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Our aspiring declaimers are so partial to Cæsar's Funeral that we know they will thank us for giving from the columns of the *Oil City Derrick* a new prescription for burying the great Kaiser. In the course of his remarks Antony went on to say:

Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears;
 I will return them next Saturday. I come
 To bury Cæsar because the times are hard
 And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker.
 The evil that men do lives after them,
 In the shape of progeny that reap the
 Benefit of their life insurance.
 So let it be with the deceased.
 Brutus hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
 What does Brutus know about it?
 It is none of his funeral. Would that it were!
 Here, under leave of you, I come to
 Make a speech at Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
 He loaned me five dollars once when I was in a pinch
 And signed my petition for a post office.
 But Brutus says he was ambitious.
 Brutus should wipe off his chin.
 Cæsar hath brought many captives home to Rome
 Who broke rock on the streets until their ransoms
 Did the general coffers fill.
 When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept,
 Because it didn't cost anything, and
 Made him solid with the masses. [Cheers.]
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff,
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
 Brutus is a liar and I can prove it.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown
 Which thrice he did refuse, because it did not fit him quite.
 Was this ambitious? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
 Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country,
 But he is a horse-thief of the deepest dye. [Applause.]
 If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. [Laughter.]
 You all do know this ulster.
 I remember the first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 It was on a summer's evening in his tent,
 With the thermometer registering ninety degrees in the shade;
 But it was an ulster to be proud of,
 And cost him seven dollars at Marcus Swartzmeyer's,
 Corner of Fulton and Ferry streets, sign of the red flag.
 Old Swartz wanted forty dollars for it,
 But finally came down to seven dollars because it was Cæsar!
 Was this ambitious? If Brutus says it was
 He is even a greater liar than Mrs. Tilton!
 Look! in this place ran Cassius's dagger through:
 Through this the son of a gun of Brutus stabbed,
 And, when he plucked the cursed steel away,

Mark Antony how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
 [Cheers and cries of "Give us something on the
 Silver Bill!" "Hit him again!" &c.]

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,
 I am no thief, as Brutus is.
 Brutus has a monopoly in that business,
 And if he had his deserts, he would be
 In the penitentiary, and don't you forget it!
 Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish to stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny,
 And as it looks like rain,
 The pall bearers will proceed to put the coffin in the hearse,
 And we will proceed to bury Cæsar,
 Not to praise him.

Law Class. Professor (explaining relevancy of death-bed confessions as evidence in murder cases.) "Now, gentlemen, if a man in *immediate fear* of death, makes a statement, it is admissible as testimony, even though he lives a week longer."

Mr. M.—(intent on knowledge.) How about it, if the man were to get well, professor?

Prof.—Then there wouldn't be a trial for murder, sir. (And the class smole a smile.)

Prof.—Mr. J., in case of a divorce, which parent has charge of an infant child?

Mr. J.—Mother?

Prof.—No.

Mr. J.—Father?

Prof.—"Yes." Good boy.

A conversation between two "rats."

Thos.—I say, George, where are you going?

Geo.—I'm going in Prof. Winston's room to say my physics.

Thos.—Hey, you will make a pretty doctor, I know; this is a great school; you can learn to be a lawyer or a doctor here.

Geo.—I mean Natural Philosophy not Medicine.

The new man hearing that all the Latin seniors had a pony, wrote home that he couldn't keep up appearances unless they sent him on the old dapple stallion. One of the seniors whispered to him "Tacit-us," which means that we keep still about it, but it was—just here the other editor came in and wanted to know if he was to be held responsible for our frenzy, and that many of the *Messenger's* readers had paid up their subscriptions and he didn't think we ought to be torturing them this way, and he pit(t)ied them, and,—well we took the hint.

Over the door of the parlor in the house of one of Danville's nicest widows, is this suggestive motto, "Seek Me Early."—*Ex.* That's good for the widow, but a married lady in this town has over the door, "I need thee every hour."—*Mt. Vn. Enterprize.* A member of the

Dezendorf Confederation says that over his sweetheart's window is written the tender words, "Come to my arms, ye sweet smelling gourd-vine."

One of "us two" feeling mad at the world, and full of malice towards the human kind, worked himself up by incantations and otherwise to such a state of furious frenzy as to be heard to perpetrate the following awful ones:

The editor at his best—sleeping.

Monthly Musings—what will my report be?

Local hits—to be struck anywhere with a brick-bat.

Fighting it out on this line—the fellow in geometry.

Why is the lawyer like the editor? He wants the proof.

The subject for to-day is—wait a minute 'till I call the roll.

"Do you make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Richmond the other week to a salesman. "Always. Are you a minister's wife?" "Oh no, I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

Though we have "magazined," we wish not to keep the contents of our magazine so very dry that the admission of the least spark would prove dangerous. Better have a jolly explosion than die of the dry rot.

A correspondent asks if a snake should swallow his tail and continue to swallow himself, what would be the final result. A chromo will be given for the best solution.

EXCHANGES.

We are so pushed for time that we have scarcely space to notice many of our exchanges.

—The *Campus*, published at Meadville, Pa., is quite neat in its mechanical get up. The ode to Abraham Lincoln is only moderate poetry, and we think might have been wisely substituted.

—The *Earlhamite* is up to its usual standard. It is among the most sprightly and tasteful of our exchanges.

—The *Oracle* (Cheshire, Conn.) for September is only tolerable. Why do they not give us a little more solid reading matter? Not enough to make it a bore, but some, at least. The copy before us is entirely innocent of everything except College news.

—*Scribner's* for November is fully up to the usual high standard. R. H. Stoddard contributes a highly entertaining article on Henry

Wadsworth Longfellow, beautifully illustrated by steel engravings. Allen C. Redwood, who, if we mistake not, is a Virginian, contributes a spicy, readable article on "Johnny Reb at Play." "The Spelling Bee at Angels," by "Bret Harte," is characteristically humorous. The number is full of interest, and we know of no better paying investment than a subscription to *Scribner's Monthly*.

The same house seems determined not to ignore the children of the family. *Scribner's Monthly* for the old folks; *St. Nicholas* for the younger ones. Full of interesting stories, choicest illustrations, it supplies a desideratum in literature. The beauty about Scribner's publications is that they seek to elevate rather than pander to popular taste.

—The *Montpelierian* (Montpelier, Vt.,) has a readable article on Carlyle. Of course the letter from Athens was written by a woman.

—We like the *Vidette* (Evanston, Ill.)

Other exchanges have been received, which we have not time to notice.

LOCAL MENTION.

The *Monthly Musings* is dead. The funeral took place at a joint meeting of the two literary societies, held in September. The disease of which the *Musings* died is not certainly known. The most accurate diagnosis given of the patient was that of general debility, aggravated by over-exertion in endeavoring to carry a motto which was entirely too much for it. As near as the attending physician could ascertain, the motto ran—"Maiden meditations, fancy free." This is not the first case of suffering and death brought on by this kind of meditation. Believe us, it is dangerous anyway; and when in addition to this "fancy is let loose," premature death is assured. Of course there were many sincere mourners present on the sad occasion, and sympathy was freely tendered the parents of the deceased. Much comfort, however, was derived from the belief that "their loss was our eternal gain." Scarcely were the burial services concluded, when announcement was made of the birth of a stranger, similar in many regards to the *Musings*, but larger and more robust in form. This announcement was hailed with delight, and discussion immediately ensued with reference to the name of the new bantling. Some proposed to call it "The Philo-Mu Sigma Rhonian." This was rejected. The infant, it was hoped, would acquire some distinction, and hence its name would appear in print, and the type-setting would be too costly. Then, too, the "rats" would ruin their vocal organs trying to get the pronunciation correct. These and many other reasons, too numerous to mention, induced those who ruled in the matter to give it a plainer, easier name, by which we now introduce it to the world—*The Richmond College Messenger*.

At a meeting of the students, October 10th, it was resolved to organize a foot ball club. A committee was appointed to draft regula-

tions for the club. Another meeting was held October 11th, at which the following resolutions, offered by the committee, were adopted:

Resolved, 1st, That the club be called the "Alert Foot Ball Club."

2nd. Its officers shall be a president, secretary and treasurer. There shall also be a captain, who shall take charge of the men on the field. The officers shall be elected by ballot. The captain shall have the power to appoint an assistant.

3d. *The Initiation Fee* shall be 25 cents, which every member shall be required to pay within ten days after joining the club.

4th. The membership of the club shall be limited to forty. Each member must be a student of Richmond College.

5th. Each member shall be required to practice at least three times a week.

6th. The committee recommend the adoption of "Peck and Snyder's Foot Ball Rules."

C. A. G. THOMAS,

H. H. GEORGE,

L. P. BROWN,

Committee.

The following officers were then elected: L. C. Catlett, President; R. Johnston, Secretary; C. A. G. Thomas, Treasurer; C. R. Sands, Captain. The Captain appointed C. A. G. Thomas, Assistant Captain. After passing a resolution to challenge the Randolph Macon Club to play one day during the Fair, the meeting adjourned.

Of course we miss many old faces. Some of the boys have gone to the seminary, some have just gone "so," but all of them are very fondly remembered. We miss their voices in "the evening music," but for the sake of peace and harmony, we will forbear to mention it. We miss them when we go to meals; still, board is cheapened so much by their absence that the woes of parting are softened. But we will not chaffer to keep down what we are not ashamed to say. We do long for some of the old faces. New ones are here; most of them bright, honest, manly ones, too; but, however dear they may become, they cannot yet supply the place of the old.

We have one word for these absent loved ones. Wherever you stray, dear boys, whatever scenes surround you, if you remain in the state of single blessedness, or if you venture on the stormy sea of matrimony, no matter where or who or whence you are, take this as your watchword: Work for *The Richmond College Messenger*.

One of the pleasantest things connected with the fearful plague of our Southern cities is the prompt and ready response of Northern cities to their appeals for relief. The royal generosity which measures its sympathy by hundreds of thousands of dollars is worthy of highest praise. Bitter feuds, political animosities, are all forgotten when afflicted and distressed cities hold out their hands for help. From our hearts we say, God bless the men who so deeply sympathize with our stricken people, and who give such substantial proof of their sympathy. And we know the Southern character well enough to say that Memphis, Grenada, New Orleans, will not soon forget their princely liberality.

The session opens encouragingly. One hundred and twenty-seven students have matriculated already, and the number is increasing daily. The law-class is well-attended, eliciting from the chairman the remark that this profession always thrives in evil times. For the "same reason," interposes our law-editor, "that the police force is increased under similar circumstances."

A. J. Yancey, session '76-'77, has forsaken the mercantile business, and is now in pursuit of the profession of law. Look here, A. J., subscribe for the *Messenger*; you will not succeed without it, and besides, you think too much of your "*Alma Mater*" not to hear from her occasionally.

E. O. Hubbard, session '77-'78, has made many hearts sad by not returning. If he had come to college we suspect he would have left numberless sad ones behind. We know that he would have made one sad for which no remedy would suffice beside that of his return. He says he cannot do without the *Messenger*.

J. E. Fitzgerald, session '77-'78, is now engaged in the profitable business of courting the girls. "Fitz," send us a dollar for the *Messenger* and you shall obtain something soft for all of them.

This copy of the *Messenger* will come to many who have not renewed their subscription. To all such we say, renew at once. The printing, binding and mailing costs money, and we cannot go on unless our friends sustain us. If subscriptions are not renewed at once your name must be dropped.

The printing and press work of the *Messenger* is done by Messrs. Baughman Bros. We take pleasure in recommending these gentlemen to the patronage of our readers. They are upright, courteous and obliging gentlemen.

We desire to call the attention of students to the merchants who advertise with us. They are among the best and most reliable in our city. They have the liberality to patronize us, and we appeal to the students to show their appreciation by spending their money with them.

At last the City Council has seen fit to open Grace street and to grade Broad and Franklin. The improvement has been sorely needed. Now let the campus on the north-east be graded nicely; let pleasant fountains play while

The green grass grows all around, 'round, 'round,
And the green grass grows all around.

Let—

well, for further instructions call on the editors of the *Messenger*.

Unavoidable delays have prevented the publication of the paper at the usual time. Hereafter we hope to do better.

Don't forget to call on Herr Ro. Keil for a contribution, as his trade suffers by the delay.

COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS.

Note Books, Memorandum Books and all conveniences for the use of students at

417 BROAD STREET,

C. P. WALFORD & CO.

A large assortment of Fine Stationery, Fancy Articles &c., always on hand. The patronage of Richmond College Students respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.

OLIVER & ROBINSON,

BARBERS,

(FORMERLY WITH HECHLER.)

307 SEVENTH STREET,

We respectfully solicit the patronage of Richmond College Students and guarantee satisfaction.

oc-6m

The Richmond College Messenger

PUBLISHED BY THE LITERARY SOCIETIES OF RICHMOND COLLEGE, IS DEVOTED TO ALL THE INTERESTS OF THE COLLEGE.

Each number will contain Correspondence, Discussion of Literary Topics, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Reminiscences of College Life, Personals, Full Reports of all Public Exercises of the College, Literary Gossip, Reviews, Anecdotes, College News, and will prove interesting to old students and friends of the College.

The MESSENGER will be published monthly at the very low price of

ONE DOLLAR, POSTAGE PREPAID.

ADVERTISING RATES:

	9 months.	6 months.	3 months.	1 month.
One column,	\$35.00	\$28.00	\$16.00	\$8.00
One-half column,	20.00	16.00	10.00	5.00
One-quarter column,	15.00	12.00	6.00	3.00
One Inch,	8.50	6.00	3.50	1.75

Address all business communications to

L. C. CATLETT, Tr., Richmond College.