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Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. V.

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NO. 8.

EDITORS:—*Mu Sigma Rho*—B. A. PENDLETON, M. A. CHAMBERS; *Philologist*—J. D. PERKINS, GEORGE BRYAN.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION:—*Mu Sigma Rho*—C. PURYEAR, W. P. HINES, G. C. BUNDICK; *Philologist*—S. H. HALLY, W. G. HURT, B. B. VALENTINE.

SWANNANOA.

Swannanoa, nymph of beauty,
I would woo thee in my rhyme;
Wildest, brightest, loveliest river,
Of our sunny, Southern clime!
Swannanoa, well they named thee
In the mellow Indian tongue—
Beautiful* thou art most truly,
And right worthy to be sung.

Through the laurels and the beeches,
Bright thy silvery current shines,
Sleeping now in granite basins,
Overhung by trailing vines;
And, anon, careering onward,
In the maddest, frolic mood,
Waking, with its sea-like voices,
Fairy echoes in the wood.

Peaceful sleep thy narrow valleys,
In the shadow of the hills;
And thy flower-enameled border
All the air with fragrance fills.
Wild luxuriance—generous tillage—
Here alternate meet the view;
Every turn throughout the windings
Still revealing something new.

Where, oh! graceful Swannanoa,
Are the warriors who of old
Sought thee at thy mountain sources,
Where the springs are icy cold—
Where the dark-browed Indian maidens,
Who their limbs were wont to lave,
(Worthy bath for fairer beauty)
In thy cool and limpid wave?

Gone forever from thy borders,
But immortal in thy name
Are the red men of the forest!
Be thou keeper of their fame!
Paler faces dwell beside thee—
Celt and Saxon till thy lands,
Wedding use into thy beauty—
Linking over thee their hands.

—JACQUES.

*Swannanoa—the Cherokee—is translated, beautiful.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

A monarch who is a true philanthropist may justly be regarded an historical anomaly. But still more so one, who, though a warrior and a warlike king, is nevertheless a Christian, regardful of the morals of his soldiers, and devoted to the interests of spiritual religion. Yet such, undoubtedly, was he of whom we write. Although subject to human passions, and fallible as all men are, he was, unquestionably, a hero of that great and rare genius to which the world owes its purest incense of praise and posterity a lasting tribute of reverential sympathy.

It is difficult for those removed by the lapse of centuries from the eventful arena of the Reformation to fully comprehend the great results therein achieved, and still yet more so for them to appreciate the heroic character of its principal actors. Catholic Rome had, for centuries, bound with her iron chains of idolatry and superstition the European people; ignorance and oppression, her cherished favorites, had long effectually barred the entrance to knowledge and obstructed the highways of freedom of thought and social progress; while corruption sat in her high places, dealing out rich rewards to vile, ambitious and debauched minions, who aspired to usurp the holy name of "the clergy." These evils, still multiplying, called loudly for reform. But from what source must it come? Who would dare to break this yoke of despotism, when Jerome and Huss had been burned for attempting to reform the church, and Savonarola, who did not deny the authority of the popes, was condemned to the flames for denouncing the vices of his age rather than the evils of the church.

The Reformation was not destined to be originated by dignitaries in the church or state; not by bishops, nor philosophers, nor kings, but by an obscure teacher of divinity in a German university. It was reserved for Luther, the bold, earnest, intrepid monk of Erfurt, to commence the first successful rebellion against the despotism of Rome, and to give the greatest impulse to freedom of thought and a general spirit of reform which ten centuries had witnessed.

Luther's indefatigable efforts and enlightened zeal may justly be regarded as the source of that series of great events, which have culminated in the diffusion of knowledge and the progress of civil and religious liberty in Europe. But, though a man of the greatest genius and possessing preëminently the characteristics of a reformer, alone and unaided he could never have permanently dispelled the clouds of effete scholasticism and dark superstition that threw their dismal pall over the mental horizon of Europe; nor could he have successfully combated with the hydra-headed monster of oppression that gorged it-

self upon the blood of the innocent and unsuspecting. Luther was the prime, the original actor ; but the complicated machinery of reformation was too comprehensive for one man to manipulate, the resistance to be overcome too great to be accomplished by individual effort. The great opposition to the Romish See once begun, dogmatism once attacked, scholasticism once assailed, others desiring the prosperity of the principles of eternal truth joined in the great polemic contest, and, among the greatest scholars and wisest men of that pregnant age, their great souls burning with philanthropic zeal, the names of Erasmus, Melancthon, Carlstadt and Zwingli shine as a bright constellation around the glorious polar star of the great Reformation—Luther.

One of the most striking features of the Reformation was the completion of such radical changes with such unprecedented rapidity. This appears to have been the result of a concatenation of four distinct causes, viz. : (1) The corruption and despotism of the church which heaped up wrong and oppression upon the people, thereby giving them a just cause for resistance ; (2) the decay of scholastic philosophy, and in its stead the growth of true philosophy, which naturally generated a spirit of freedom of thought, revealing to them the justness of their cause ; (3) the fact that it was *prima facie* and essentially a moral and religious revolution, intimately affecting their most sacred rights, touching their most sensitive passions, and appealing to their consciences, by which was produced the moral fortitude sufficient to make them maintain their hazardous cause ; and (4) the growing power and encroachments of the House of Austria, which involved the temporal interests of the princes, thus securing their active coöperation with the people.

As before stated, the Reformation was not only a moral and social revolution, but it was a religious revolution in the most comprehensive sense of the term. Religion alone could, in time, have effected all the results of the Reformation. But, unaided by temporal interests, to what a prolonged extent must the fearful struggle have been carried. The despotism of which the Protestants desired to rid themselves was too firmly fastened to be shaken off by trivial, unorganized efforts, which must have been those of the people, how just soever their cause and magnanimous their zeal, had not leaders for them sprung up among the princes. Had not private advantages and State interests been closely connected with this struggle, vain and powerless would have been the arguments of the theologians ; the cry of the people would have never met with princes so willing to espouse their cause, nor the new doctrines have found such numerous, brave, and persevering champions. It is, indeed, true, that the doctrines of the old church had become particularly obnoxious to prince as well as people, that the dawn of a better light had awakened in both clearer conceptions of the principles of

truth ; yet, as was evinced by the double treachery of Maurice of Saxony, nothing but political considerations could have driven the princes to espouse the new doctrines with such daring devotion and glowing zeal. " Had not Charles V., in the intoxication of success, made an attempt on the independence of the German States, a Protestant League would scarcely have rushed to arms in defence of freedom of belief ; but for the ambition of the Guises the Calvinists of France would never have beheld a Condé or a Coligny at their head. Without the exaction of the tenth and twentieth penny the See of Rome had never lost the United Netherlands. Princes fought in self defence or for personal aggrandizement, while religious enthusiasm recruited their armies and opened to them the treasuries of their subjects." The encroachments of the House of Austria, combined with its zeal for the old religion, the former arousing the princes, the latter arming the people, united both in a common cause. By this union, they were the better enabled to withstand the attempts of their common enemy ; and, thus, by a providential combination of circumstances, was virtually terminated in one century those violent dissensions that agitated the political and theological worlds, which, otherwise, might have continued to the present time.

But the Reformation was not a bloodless revolution. It was not one of those social and political changes, wrought by subtle statecraft, that accomplish great result yet arise and pass away without clamor or tumult. In Germany, particularly, the schism in the church, combined with that in politics, made that country for more than a century the theatre of confusion, resulting in a desolating war of thirty years duration. This war, raging from the interior of Bohemia to the mouth of the Scheldt, from the banks of the Po to the coasts of the Baltic, devastated whole countries, destroyed harvests, and reduced many hundred towns and villages to ashes. It opened a grave for many thousand combatants, for half a century smothered the glimmering sparks of civilization, and threw back the improving manners of the country into their pristine barbarity and rudeness.

It was during this momentous struggle, when a series of sore defeats had left the Protestants almost without hope, when the dawn of civil and religious liberty was almost extinguished and the Stygian waves of absolutism seemed to be inevitably settling down upon Germany, that Providence raised up a friend to a distressed people in the person of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden. It was not to gratify a vain-glorious ambition, not for personal aggrandizement or to gain worldly renown, that *he* lent his powerful arm to the Protestants, who thus far had vainly struggled against Maximilian, Tilly and Wallenstein. Conscientious zeal for Protestantism, a spirit of true philanthropy, a holy

desire to relieve his German brethren from the oppression heaped upon them by the Austrian princes, all this, added to strong personal provocation, induced Gustavus to declare war against the emperor. On the 20th of May, 1630, taking his daughter Christiana in his arms, then only four years of age, he presented her to the States as their future sovereign, and made his farewell address. "Not lightly, not wantonly," said he, "am I about to involve myself and you in this new and dangerous war. God is my witness that I do not fight to gratify my own ambition; but the emperor has wronged me, has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends, trampled my religion in the dust and even stretched forth his revengeful arm against my crown. The oppressed States of Germany call loudly for aid, which, by God's help, we will give them."

"I am sensible," continued he, "of the dangers to which my life will be exposed. I have never yet shunned them, nor is it likely that I shall always escape them. Hitherto, Providence has protected me; but I shall at last fall in the defence of my country and my faith. I commend you all to the protection of heaven. Be just, conscientious and upright, and we shall meet again in eternity. For the prosperity of all my subjects I offer up my warmest prayer to heaven, and bid you all a sincere—it may be an eternal farewell."

Are there, in all the annals of history, words more expressive or sentiments more sublime; and that, too, coming from a monarch in the prime of life, flushed with the honors of previous victory and success? Throughout that noble address is breathed a spirit of Christian fortitude, meek submission, and firm reliance on the all-protecting power of Jehovah's ruling hand—the same spirit for which Holland and Spain had seen their racks fed to fatness, for which the Waldenses and Albigenses had suffered, and the zealous martyrs of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries bled and died. Even then an intuitive premonition of his coming fate upon the gory field of Lützen seemed to pervade his mind, as he expressed his belief that he should fall in defence of his country and his faith. Still, the sun of that Christian warrior was destined to set in a cloud of glory which forever dispelled the false glimmer that lingered around the names of Ferdinand II., Francis I., and Charles V.

At the head of fifteen thousand men, Gustavus landed in Germany, June the 24th, 1630. This was, indeed, a small force with which to oppose the victorious troops of the emperor, but they were brave, well disciplined, devoted to their royal master, and prepared to die in the defence of their religion. Gustavus himself was, indisputably, the greatest general of his age—frugal yet generous, serene in the greatest dangers, and magnanimous beyond all precedent in the history of kings.

He had scarcely landed in Germany before his victorious career began. France concluded a treaty with him, and Ferdinand, who thus far had viewed with indifference the actions of the "King of Snow," as he contemptuously styled Gustavus, awoke to the reality of the danger. Nothing could check the victorious progress of the Swedish hero. He met the imperial army under Tilly at Leipsic. The imperialists were completely routed. Tilly barely escaped with his life. Saxony was freed from her enemies, Bohemia, Moravia, Austria and Hungary were liberated from Catholic despotism. Ferdinand himself was no longer safe in his capital; *but the freedom of Germany was secured.* The Protestants everywhere hailed Gustavus as a deliverer, while their admiration of his genius was only excelled by that of his virtues. He rapidly regained all they had lost, and the fruits of a twelve years' successful war were, in the short period of one year, snatched away from the emperor. The complete triumph of the Protestant cause seemed inevitable.

The outlook for the emperor at this juncture was peculiarly gloomy. Wallenstein had been disgraced and removed, Tilly was dead, Prague and Munich were in the hands of the enemy; while the king of Sweden traversed Germany as "conquerer, law-giver and judge." No fortress was inaccessible to him, no river checked his victorious career. The Swedish standard was planted in Bavaria, Bohemia, the Palatinate, Saxony, and along the banks of the Rhine. Meanwhile the Turks were preparing to attack Hungary.

In this state of affairs, Ferdinand was compelled to recall Wallenstein. Though selfish and unprincipled in the extreme, he nevertheless was one of the greatest generals of his time, the only one calculated to extricate the emperor from his embarrassing position. To Wallenstein, therefore, was given the unlimited command of the combined armies of Austria and Spain. Then, indeed, began the sharpness of the conflict. Not for two centuries, in all Europe, had two such generals as Gustavus and Wallenstein been pitted against each other.

After several engagements, for the most part unsatisfactory to both parties, on the 15th of June, 1632, they found themselves face to face on the plains of Lützen, in Saxony. The following night was spent by the Swedes in preparation for battle. At about 10 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, the fog clearing away, the imperialists beheld the whole Swedish army kneeling in prayer. They then arose and sang Luther's hymn, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, and also a hymn composed by *Gustavus himself.* Gustavus leading the right wing and Bernhard of Weimar the left, they charged upon the enemy. At the first onset, the imperialists were driven from their intrenchments, but, being re-enforced by the arrival of Pappenheim with a body of cavalry, they in

turn repulsed the Swedes. Gustavus then threw himself into the midst of his confused troops and succeeded in rallying them to another charge. In this onset, the king performed the most prodigious feats of valor, but alas! while at the head of the charging columns, and in the thickest of the fight, he received a fatal wound. The Swedes, being aroused to fury by the example and sad mishaps of their king, rushed onward with an impetuosity that nothing could withstand. Pappenheim fell, mortally wounded, and Wallenstein fled in dismay, while Gustavus breathed his last amid the shouts of victory and the tears of his devoted followers.

Thus fell one of the greatest generals, one of the most devout Christians, one of the most magnanimous kings, and one of the most philanthropic and patriotic heroes the world has ever seen. He departed in the fullness of his glory and with an untarnished fame. His efforts were among the most gigantic and successful in securing the social and religious liberty of Europe, but it was not permitted him to witness the glorious results. After all, perhaps it was the best. "By a timely death," says Schiller, "his protecting genius rescued him from the inevitable fate of man—that of forgetting moderation in the intoxication of success, and justice in the plentitude of power. It may be doubted whether, had he lived longer, he would still have deserved the tears which Germany shed over his grave, or maintained his title to the admiration with which posterity regard him—as the first and only just conqueror the world has ever produced. The untimely fall of their great leader seemed to threaten the ruin of his party; but to the Power which rules the world, no loss of a single man is irreparable. As the helm of war dropped from the hand of the falling hero, it was seized by two great statesmen, Oxenstiern and Richelieu. Destiny still pursued its relentless course, and for full sixteen years longer the flames of war blazed over the ashes of the long-forgotten king and soldier."

UN SUEDOIS.

A favorite serenade of the Princeton boys to the professors is :

“There'll be no faculty there,
There'll be no faculty there,
In heaven above where all is love
There'll be no faculty there.”

Law Professor: “Mr. R., name one of the actions that you might bring on a promisory note.”

“Detinue, sir.”

“No, you would bring debt.”

“Yes, debt-I-knew, sir.”

NATURE VERSUS REVELATION.

Nothing will seem more obvious to the casual observer, than the difference in the condition of the world before and after it had received the light of Revelation. We speak, of course, more particularly in respect to the difference in civilization. The boasted culture of Greece and Rome in their palmy days was simply a cloak for debauchery, cruelty and rottenness—whited sepulchres they were indeed, appearing beautiful outwardly, but within full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness. But when Revelation, with its cleansing and reforming power, was brought to bear on the evils which infested these so-called civilized states, we hear no more of the revolting contests in the amphitheatre which so deeply tarnished the fair name of those who encouraged them.

In speaking of knowledge as derived from Nature, we may mean any knowledge as opposed to that derived from Revelation. In this sense—which we do not consider unwarrantable—we may include ethics, politics, law, aesthetics and social science, under the word Nature. Unquestionably, thus considered, Nature is an important force of civilization. A glance at history will show us that civilization on the one hand and law, politics, ethics and the like, on the other move along *pari passu*. The study of the law, for instance, has been gradually developing for the last fifteen centuries, until it has attained to an excellence unsurpassed by any of the sister sciences. But we look up to find that civilization has not been idle, but has been moving along with giant strides, until with the spirit of complacency and self-satisfaction characteristic of the age we imagine that we have attained perfection. The same remarks might apply to social science and politics, and perhaps in a more limited sense to ethics and æsthetics. In the case of the latter, the court of final appeal is, of course, one's own consciousness and in that sense Aristotle and Socrates had as good opportunities of reaching a reliable conclusion as Herbert Spencer or John Stuart Mill. With the march of the centuries, however, has come also a broader field of observation. The facilities for arriving at a satisfactory conclusion are increasing in number and excellence. Old phenomena are being reinvestigated with the aid of helps that science in its many branches brings to bear. New instances are being examined and careful analyses made. In this way have we made great advances and the progress of the sciences has been the progress of civilization.

“Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged and universal light,
Life, force and beauty must to all impart;
At once the source, and end, and test of art.”—*Pope*.

That Nature is the supreme force of civilization we are not prepared to admit. In calling to memory the recent achievements of civilization and the sciences, it must not be forgotten that until they felt the inspiration of a divine power, they were locked for the most part in the profoundest slumber. That quickening power was Revelation. What real marked advancement was made in law, philosophy or the sciences until touched by the divine hand, they sprang up strengthened and invigorated? If the Revelation had never been made—if the world had continued in the state of disgusting debauchery, selfishness and effeminacy, which sapped the strength of Athens and delivered Rome to her enemies, whence would the impetus to cultivate the nobler pursuits have been derived and where would now be our boasted civilization? It is to Revelation, quickening, electrifying, inspiring our faculties and powers, that we owe our present state of civilization. Nature by herself could never have produced the results. Politics, ethics, law and science were languishing, nay, dying in the hands of the besotted, voluptuous crew that had the nominal charge of them, until Revelation breathed upon them, inspired them with new life, and caused them to grow together in the formation of that magnificent structure, whose priceless benefits we now enjoy—the Civilization of the Nineteenth Century.

PHIKIA.

CONVERSATION.

It behooves us, in the first place, to discriminate between genuine, unartificial conversation and what is called the "small talk" of society. This latter is a necessary evil, and must be endured with becoming fortitude until men and women become embodiments of perfection, or until some astute friend of humanity suggests a fitting substitute.

There are two reasons why small talk is indispensable. In the best conversation there must ever be to a greater or less extent a diffusion of the personality of the conversers. As is natural and proper, they give free vent to what they feel and think, without restraint or restriction. Now, of course, this practice would be unadvisable when there is an audience, not of one, but of ten or a dozen persons. And, then, in every mixed company there are always some who, either from incapacity or disinclination, are not willing to have their mental energies taxed, and are, therefore, content with the weakest dilutions and the most infinitesimal particles of truth. In any social gathering very apparent inequality is out of place, and so if any aspiring individual is present, he must needs suspend his soarings "above the Aonian mount," and descend to the level of his humbler neighbors.

The law of *one to one* is the first grand requisite, and is as peremptory in conversation as it is in matrimony. The plentifulness of the "feast of reason" and the readiness and fullness of the "flow of soul" is largely, if not entirely dependent upon the number of those who engage in social converse. "The more, the merrier," is a saying equally trite and true, but this sort of merriment is usually attended with few facilities for mental improvement. For our part we prefer to subscribe to another old saw, which tells us that "two is company, but three is a crowd." But to descant at length upon the truth of this statement would be a work of supererogation when most of our readers are young men. Every member of this fraternity who has been so lucky as to find his "other self," can tell you of times without number when his flow of utterance has been checked, and his heart's floodgate slammed and blocked; when he has found himself dispossessed alike of ideas and vocabulary by the unwelcome entrance, and the still more unwelcome presence of an alien to the "Court and Parliament of Love." It is Friday afternoon, and Augustus, arraying himself in faultless attire, calls upon his Angelina. She meets him at the door and ushers him into the parlor; they find a comfortable seat on a sofa,—just big enough for *two*. The talk begins. The theme is a touching one. "Soft eyes look love to eyes which speak again, and all is merry as a marriage bell." They reach and they rejoice with joy unspeakable in the high freedom of great conversation, which, according to Emerson, requires the running of two souls into one. But hark! did ye not hear it? The footsteps in the passage—her footsteps—Angelina's *grandmother*! Alas! it is all over now. "Frost o' the mouth" there may be, but there is no "*thaw* o' the mind." Like a bird with its wings clipped, Augustus *would* but *cannot* soar. He may endeavor to play the *role* of the Polite Philosopher, and talk with his wonted animation, but he never gets beyond platitudes; he "speaks an infinite deal of nothing, and his reasons are as two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search."

The next requisite to enjoyable and profitable conversation is *congeniality*; the two who converse must be congenial spirits, or, to use an expressive term of Goethe, they must be "elective affinities." It is impossible to define with any sort of exactness this peculiar coaptation of mind and heart, but all have felt its absence, and some of us have felt the inspiration of its presence, when both our thoughts and words seemed to be the very music of true soul-talk. Conversation without this affinity is flat, stale, and unprofitable, a thing to be sedulously avoided, for it is a slow fire which consumes the flowers of fancy and withers the blossoms of sentiment. Without congeniality, conversation is "an

escapade, a non-committal, a gag, and not a communication." Where men and women are entirely unrelated, where they are bound by no ties of mutual interests or affection, they may reasonably expect little or no lasting pleasure from social converse. The latent powers of the one can never be made known to the other. There is a wide gulf between them which can only be bridged by a mutual understanding.

How different is it when two choice spirits meet and blend! No need now for shrouds, or masks, or disguises. Side by side they stand upon the same divine platform. There is no striving now after correct expression, for ideas, words, illustrations, apposite quotations flow on in the mingled tide of talk,

" Like waters after summer showers,
Not as if raised by mere mechanic powers!"

No matter what the theme is, be it common-place or transcendent, if it evokes the deep sympathies of two kindred souls it is gilded and glorified by the innate majesty of those who descant upon it.

Of course when we speak of congeniality we do not mean *sameness*, for this is almost as bad as immoderate contention. Variety, "the spice of life," is also the spice of conversation. Two warm friends may disagree about the most vital matters, but their differences of opinion are conducive and not impeding to interesting conversation. The two conversers must agree to disagree. There must be on either side a distinct and well defined individuality. There must exist between them that rare mean between likeness and unlikeness. Ah, how irksome it is to talk to a person who agrees to all that you say! As old Tom Carlyle truly remarks, an echo may please for awhile, but it soon becomes most wearisome. "It makes me sick, it blots out the daylight when I look for a manly furtherance, or at least a manly resistance, and find only a *mush of concession*. Better be a nettle in the side of your friend than his echo." Perfect accord produces mental stagnation; while constant freshness of thought and unceasing development are the legitimate outcome of a peaceful collision of intellects. Truth, like the atmosphere, is purified by disturbance; a few lightning words from the lips of a wise man do often serve to consume the incrustations of error, and render an idea useful and available. A. B. C.

Charming girl to her sweetheart, "No, I never take a good picture." "I am surprised," replied he, "it's the only time I ever knew you fail to make a good impression."

MAY.

BY JAMES DAVIS.

How joyous bright is laughing May!—
 All nature winsome, blithe and gay,
 With music filled each gentle gale,
 While beauty gilds each hill and dale.

The sun a flood of glory sends
 Upon the earth,—the flow'ret bends
 To breezes with its own perfume
 So full, scarce for *its* mite there's room.

Upon the grass far o'er the mead,
 The diamonds of the morning bead,
 Outsparkling far the gems so rare
 That deck proud beauty's raven hair.

In yonder waving field of wheat
 I hear the partridge call and greet
 Its mate,—a drowsy, medly song
 A myriad insects e're prolong.

From yon old forest's giant trees
 What music's wafted on the breeze,
 As robin, mockingbird and dove,
 Pour forth their songs of joy and love!

Now on the clover-scented gale
 Gay butterflies, so gaudy, frail,
 Are sporting to and fro,—the bee,
 To nectar's fount fast hieth he.

See yonder purling, silv'ry brook!—
 From every little bend and nook
 The speckled trout in frolic dance,
 As through its shallow pools they glance.

Now round about the fresh-shorn dam,
 In gambols sports the wanton lamb;
 And 'bout the barnyard, far and nigh
 Resoundeth chanticleer's shrill cry.

Yea, truly doth the poet say
 That his ideal month is May;
 For in all nature, great or small,
 In smiling valleys, mountains tall,

In every motion, flashing ray,
 Or babbling brooklet, rolling bay,
 More poetry he findeth here
 Than in the whole revolving year.

FORTUNE BUILDING.

If by the word fortune is meant the possession of gold, then fortune building is not always dependent on individual exertion. But if success in any calling, trade or profession is meant, then, we think, it is true that each man moulds his own destiny. Although Mr. Brown died and left his nephew John \$75,000 a year, the circle in which the irrepressible John moves is made each day more mindful of the fact that the doting uncle failed to bequeath any portion of his brains.

In the economy of the world's government, the Creator has seen fit to lock up his richest stores; so that man might owe, in a great measure, the obtainment of them to the "sweat of his brow."

Each man must be the architect of his own fortune, because he can find no one who is able to build for him.

"Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

These are rather peculiar blocks to lay, hence each one must handle them for himself.

It is idle to think that genius descends from father to son. Although, Lamartine says: "The source of genius is often in ancestry, and the blood of descent is often the prophecy of destiny," the very man on whose career these words are a comment was a most indefatigable worker. It is proverbial that the sons of great men seldom reflect honor on their father's name. When one then perchance does bind his father's chaplet on his own brow should it be regarded as a natural consequence? Is it not rather an exceptional instance? We imagine sometimes that this idea of hereditary genius must have been conceived in the multiparous brains of those sycophants who hang about the skirts of royalty. One of this class would trace the ancestry of Napoleon back to some renowned personage; "Sir," said the emperor, "I am the first of my line." A man has not success because of the name he bears, neither can he buy it as he does his dinner, or have his knowledge cut to order as he does his coat. No! his own hands must perform the labor.

A man's fortune may be good or evil, short-lived or lasting. He may pile a heap of sand which will be scattered by the first breath of wind, or he may build a pyramid which shall resist the storms of ages. All men who have attained to eminence owe it to their own exertions. When one wishes to read a sketch of any great man it is not necessary to consult a biographical dictionary, but only such works as "Self-Help," and "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." But the men of whom these works speak are extraordinary characters? Only in that they had unlimited perseverance and wonderful capacity for labor. Take such men as John Napier, Swedenborg, or, coming nearer to our own

time, Brougham or Macauley. You may say that they *should* have been successful since they had wealth at their command, but does not wealth tempt to ease and luxury? Indeed the names of men may be produced who have resigned their fortune and sometimes thrones in order that they might be undisturbed in their pursuit of knowledge. On the other hand, it is well known that the celebrated composition, "Rasselas," was written by Dr. Johnson that he might obtain money to bury his dead mother. Probably the world would never have heard of "Waverly," but for the baseness of Sir Walter Scott's partner, who eloped leaving the firm £100,000 in debt, and the assumption by the former of that debt—an act which causes the character of the world-renowned writer to shine with brightest lustre, for he wrote only that he might meet it.

But why should I multiply instances; whether wealth would lull him to sleep in its luxuriant bowers, or poverty would congeal his energies, man will overcome all and prove himself the architect of his fortune.

Suppose fortune building is not dependent on man's own effort, where then the incentive to action, what then is there to urge him on in his course? Without it he sinks to the level of the brute. Deny it theoretically he may, but admit it practically he must. JOHN.

POLLY PRIMROSE TO ZEBEDEE SIMPKINS.

SCRUBTOWN, April 1, 1880.

Dear Zebedee,—I am your aunt. I have been your aunt ever since you were born; and, as you are twenty-one years old to-day, I have been your aunt for twenty-one years. I am, as you know, very fond of you, Zebby. When you were quite a small boy I pulled you out of a tub of soap-suds, into which you fell while fishing for sturgeon with a spool of cotton and a pin hook. Ever since that accident you have been my pet nephew, and I have always tried to help your father to train you up in the way you should go.

I am, as you have doubtless heard, President of "OUR SISTERS AND OUR COUSINS AND OUR AUNTS' ASSOCIATION." Our special mission—and a noble one it is, too—is to aid our friends and relatives in elevating the rising generation. We think that young people need a great deal of watching, as they are apt to indulge in such carnal pleasures as love-making and other impious diversions of like nature. Consequently, when we see two young people conning over the alphabet of love, out of consideration for their spiritual welfare, we take measures to stop them ere the lesson of life is well begun. But I must not discuss this topic now, as our constitution and by-laws will give you all the details.

I am getting to be quite old now, Zebby; and the time will soon come when I will cease making persimmon beer for you to drink at Christmas. When I die I mean to leave you my old blind mare, who can see only out of one eye; and, of course, I shall expect you to take care of the bob-tailed cat, who has been the sole solace of many of my weary hours. But I would not have you, my dear boy, in view of these prospective possessions, to give yourself up to idleness. Truly does Mr. Ward exclaim, "How often do large fortunes ruin young men!" Now, Zeb, I don't want you to be ruined. Remember that riches take unto themselves wings and fly away. Old Dolly—that's my mare's name—isn't as young as she used to be, and Ebo often gets fish-bones crosswise in his throat. Beware, Zebedee, how you fix your affections on the transitory things of this life.

I understand that you are a member of a very select and celebrated literary club which takes its name from a Mr. Gladstone. Parson Dobbs says that Mr. Gladstone is an Englishman who doesn't live in Virginia. I hope your club exerts a healthful moral influence over its members, specially the *girls*. Girls are very giddy now-a-days; they didn't used to be so when I was young.

It isn't from lack of opportunity that I am an old maid, I can assure you; I had a great many beaux when I was young; but, unlike Selina Snooks, I never used to cut their finger nails; their finger nails would have grown a yard long if they had waited for me to cut them. Selina Snooks ought to be ashamed of herself. Only the other day Eugene Francis told me that she used to kiss him through a knot hole in the fence. Now, I haven't much respect for any girl who kisses a gentleman through a knot hole, have you, Zebby? I don't think it's orthodox. I don't believe Parson Dobbs would approve of it.

Parson Dobbs is a fine young man. He is not like the men about whom F. O. S.* writes; they are selfish and *hard*, but Parson Dobbs is *soft* in heart and in head—at least Deacon Grimes says so, and he rarely compliments preachers. Parson Dobbs' first name is Philetus—Philetus Dobbs; isn't it a lovely name?—but, as I was going on to say, his friends call him *Philly*—mind now, and don't spell it *f-i-l-l-y*, for that wouldn't be correct.

Parson got married last month and preached on "*Abundance of Peace so long as the Moon endureth.*" I tell you he *soared*! I never heard a man discourse so loudly. Young Mrs. Dobbs sat in the pew in front of the pulpit and gazed at Philly all the time he was preaching. Somehow or other Parson forgot all his pet theories about supralapsarianism, sublapsarianism, eternal filiation and the double pro-

* A piquant female writer who is in the habit of flaying the men folks.

cession. How happy they did look! Somehow or other I couldn't refrain from wishing that I had yielded to the repeated solicitations which I received from Jonas Spriggins in my early days. Jonas was very fond of me, for he often used to say that I was sweeter than a corn dodger soaked in gravy—Jonas was very fond of corn dodgers. But I don't think I will get married *now*. It wouldn't be prudent, for it is so late in life that I have brushed back my bangs and taken down the sign. Well, as St. Paul says, the unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, and I suppose it must be so, as it is a well known fact that I make the best pumpkin pie in all Scrubtown.

All of us were pleased with young Mrs. Dobbs. She is a beauty, *Regina Dobbs* is. Her eyes and hair are black as night, and she could find comfortable quarters in a small sized peck measure. Parson Dobbs always was a great believer in economy, so he married a wife who wouldn't cost him much in the eating line. Speaking of eating reminds me of our donation party. It was a great surprise to Parson Dobbs. I carried three quarts of beans; Sister Jones, a pillow-case of June apples; Deacon Grimes, two pounds of hogshead cheese; Elder Whittet, one pint hard cider; Sister Anderson, a bag of twisted doughnuts and a pan of her daughter's B Select Italian Cream; and the "SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF SECOND-HAND CLOTHES" contributed a very superior variegated calico dressing gown. Then we sang to the tune of *Beulah* that dear old hymn, "We Give Up *All* for Heaven." Parson Dobbs made a short speech, but I don't think he was altogether pleased. It is quite true, as old man Burgess says, that few men can stand prosperity.

Your loving aunt,

POLLY PRIMROSE.

ESSAY ON FOOLS.

Perhaps you have read Thackeray's "Roundabout Papers." You may have noticed that his rule seems to be not to stick to his subject. Now I don't pretend to be a Thackeray, but I purpose to write an essay on fools, and I hope, having such illustrious precedent, I will be forgiven if I write little about my subject.

I. General Proposition:—*All men are fools.*

II. They may be classed as—(1.) *fools sometimes*, (2.) *fools always*.

The best of us act foolishly now and then, and are, for the time being, members of the first class.

It is really refreshing and encouraging to reflect that not only we, who may be only "one-story or two-story" intellects, stultify ourselves; but that those who add on a third story, who dwell far above ordinary

mortals, the greatest geniuses, betray certain foibles and idiosyncrasies which show they belong to the common herd. If this were not so, we should almost think great men to be demigods. The brilliantly lighted opera house is packed from pit to dome with one of the most fashionable audiences, who, listening entranced to the world's first tenor, imagine themselves transported to the seventh heaven, so angelic are the strains which proceed from this human Gabriel. But, lo! the curtain is down, the audience has dispersed, when in notes not altogether angelic, our warbler rants and raves, because some one has misplaced his overcoat.

It will be remembered how Oliver Goldsmith, having crammed himself with studied compliments, called on the Duke of Northumberland, and being unaware of the fact that the English often make clothes-racks of their servants, eased himself of his burden to the elegantly attired gentleman who met him at the door, who, having very graciously received the profuse flattery, quietly remarked: "I presume you take me for the duke, who will appear immediately!" Just at this moment his grace entered the room, and as we may well presume, poor Goldsmith was so confused as to be hardly able to utter a syllable. What a providence it is for us that he was such a conceited man, and while being a person of the greatest genius, his aspiration was to be thought a man of fashion.

Now, Dr. Johnson utterly despised the latter, but as he walked the street, his highest ambition seemed to be to hit every lamp-post he met.

The second class is, we are happy to say, rather small. Perhaps we may give as an example of this class a certain young man.

He, being a small man, walks fast, speaks loud, and has a very consequential air; would with as much ease address the President as the lowest negro. He met one of the latter near the canal lately, and said: "Hello! Charcoal." "Good mornin' boss," he replied. "Do you run on a boot jack or a packet?" "A boot jack, Sar." "Run by mule power or steam power?" "Narra one Sar! horse power, Sar!" I often think how he would address one of our highest dignitaries in the same style.

We were enjoying a view of the landscape on the James upon one occasion, when he exclaimed, "This is truly bully!" I was unable to comprehend his meaning, and to this day do not know whether his remark applied to the river, to the scenery, to the rocks, or to himself. I am rather inclined to the latter opinion. However, he often uses words which are inexplicable. "Tarnation take this business!" greeted my ears one day; first surprised and then delighted, I thought, "I have never presumed that he was very well-read," but here he quotes the name of a god of whom I have never heard. I determined to inquire

whether he referred to Jupiter, or Mars, or Jug-or-not, but on approaching the subject could get no response. He only continued, "Tarnation take this business! I might have been in the office with a gold pen stuck behind my ear, instead of being here delving and hammering for two dollars a day." "Yes! yes!" said I, "instead of having a good constitution and an independent life, you would be subject to all the evils of a sedentary life and be a complete slave to your employer." "Pshaw, a man can take care of his health any where. I might have been one of the firm now; any how, I would be making \$1,200 a year. I determined to get the name of being the wildest boy in the city, and I got it. You needn't say anything about it, though." Alas! Alas!

"For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: it might have been."

Without doubt, he had wrecked all his hopes, hopes which he did not magnify either, by following the lead of his passions.

A celebrated lecturer on one occasion, while addressing an audience, drew his hand under his eyes, thus forming an imaginary line between his nose and eyes, and said: "All below this is sensual, animal and often devilish; above is the intellect, mind and higher faculties." I would supplement this by saying: let us therefore strive to cultivate all that is beautiful and true, all that is lovely and lovable, thus we shall rise above these minor thoughts and sensibilities, approach nearer to the invisible, and be more like God's own image.

Let us cultivate our moral man first; next the physical man. How admirable was the training of the ancient student, who was required to recite no longer than he could stand. What physical giants have been some of the possessors of the greatest minds the world has seen. And why should not all be so? Why should Horace Greely die from sleeplessness induced by having never taken time to listen to nature's sweetest and most remunerative call, which at length left him? Why should John Randolph become crazed because of physical infirmities. Let one's first business after religion be health, for this is the corner-stone of happiness. Intellectual culture is well, but the body carries the mind, and let the cargo be never so valuable, it will surely be lost unless placed in a strong ship.

Lastly, the intellectual man—of this I need say a little. Let a man think, think for himself, study well two books, the Bible and nature. How superior to the man, shut up amidst his musty manuscripts and worm eaten volumes, who can only think in connection with his books, is he who, ascending some hill top, can

"Hold converse with nature's charms,
And view her stores unrolled!"

draw sweetest impressions from the brook which meanders through the verdure-clad fields, stopping awhile to learn sturdiness from the oak, modesty and simplicity from the little wild flower, which half hiding its head 'neath the shadow of a rock, scarcely betrays itself by the air it has perfumed. Then, lifting his head he takes in the surrounding horizon at one glance; then, with upturned face, he is praising "God for all his wonderful works to the children of men," when he catches sight of the lark soaring away, up, up, until at last his eye fails to see it; then his soul is filled with loftier ambitions, holier aspirations, and determines, like the lark, to bask evermore in the sunshine of his Maker's presence, and ever soar higher, higher in all he undertakes. Ah! would that men studied nature more; this is the great evil of the present. Let men of the present generation remember this, that the greatest men have been those who studied nature most.

Now it might be said that we can cultivate all of these natures together; so it can be, must be. But we say he is a fool who neglects his moral nature for the physical and intellectual. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." "In his heart," observe, not with his lips; in his daily walk, not by incendiary speeches. He also is a fool who neglects his mental culture, and he who neglects his physical culture; but let us in the first be temperate, there is often need for such advice. Remember, if we do too much at one time, we must do too little at another.

What a fool is he who sacrifices the intellectual to the animal, the moral and spiritual to the sensual! He is greatest who cultivates the whole man.

M. X.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

With our next issue the MESSENGER completes its second year. It is a success, more so, perhaps, than the most sanguine had anticipated. Financially it is more than self-supporting. The beauty of its exterior finish impresses all, and its clear, bold type within, is refreshing to the eyes. Its matter compares favorably with, and perhaps equals that of any of our exchanges; and in the arrangement of this matter in full page, rather than double column, we think we have the advantage.

This is not written in a spirit of egotism, but to impress upon the students that this journal, which is their's, is one of which they may well feel proud.

We have taken occasion to look over the bound volume of last year's journal; and it was with real pleasure that we turned over its leaves and recognized here and there an article from the pen of some well

known student ; and we do not doubt but that in years to come the student who shall thus have had the MESSENGER bound will lay it up among his most treasured volumes, and sometimes, turning aside from the turmoil of busy life, will take it down from its place on the shelf, and peruse this memento of his college life with a peculiar interest, not the less pleasant because, it may be, he observes in it articles which he himself penned, and which were his first attempts at composition.

As we may not have so good an opportunity again, let us here say one word to our fellow students. "In the coming vacation, don't forget the MESSENGER. We know that you will work for it, and get subscribers for it ; but let each one esteem it, not only a pleasure and a privilege, but a duty to write at least one article. A whole vacation on one article ! What cannot a Richmond College student accomplish in that time ? Fellow student, do you intend to allow a few men to write all the articles ? Remember it is *your* journal, and your compositions have as much right there as those of any one else. Away with any monopoly of your journal. Begin to write as soon as the session closes. Open our next volume with a 'boom.'

If every student takes this matter to heart an impetus will be given to the journal, such that its past success will be but an earnest of its future prosperity.

EXCHANGES.

With many anxious forebodings do we, for the first time, take our seat in front of a pile of exchanges, numbering more than fifty, and realize the fact that we must examine them one by one ; praise, where we think praise is deserved ; advise, where we think advice is requested ; criticize, where criticism is needed ; condemn, where condemnation alone can be given ; and last, but by far not least, pray for earnestly and hopefully where prayer alone can avail.

Truly, the true saying, that variety is the spice of life, cannot better be exemplified than is shown by the different manner in which our exchanges are conducted, the various appearances they represent, and the different kinds of matter treated of. Some of the exchanges are almost entirely devoid of any literary matter whatsoever, and devote themselves entirely to sporting news, locals, personals, and campus items ; others present a solid phalanx of argumentative dissertations on science, politics, art, and literature ; while many have entirely discarded the exchange notes, that department which should, and does, to an extent, serve to awaken life in the dying structure, to become the

means of comparison of college sentiment and ideas. In our egotistic bliss we smile content, and solace ourselves with the remark, "*Chacur a son Gout.*"

The *College Message* comes to us printed in a clear bold type, and free from typographical errors, but put up in a very poor shape. The more we see of other college journals the more we fall in love with the MESSENGER. We don't know any thing about the pecuniary condition of the *College Message* but it certainly seems to us, from the life and vigor displayed in this paper, and from the numerous advertisements which bedeck its pages, that the managers might dress it, as we do ours, in the garb of a pamphlet, with a nice paper cover, where there is no cutting of leaves, no folding and refolding, and falling to pieces, *verbum*, &c. Our friend has several literary articles, but none displaying peculiar merit. "Sketches of English Life" is a citation of dry and uninteresting historical facts put in a not very entertaining manner. "The Twelve Labors of Hercules." Under this head, five of the twelve tasks of Hercules are dilated upon, after a long introduction of jaw-braking names, in too concise a manner to be retained in the mind of a novice. In the editorial column, the writer thirsts and pants with unabated vigor and conciseness for the hearts blood of "The College Upstart," which must necessarily cause the pretentious college quitate to quake with fear. In answer to the exchange note of the *Message* relative to the laziness of our editors, we need only say to cause a retraction, that the majority of *nom de plume* articles are contributed by the editors, most of whom are aspirants for the writer's medal.

We would say to the *Literary Banquet*; that after its lengthy citation of complimentary notices, it should do something more deserving of them in the future than to devote its single puny column of literary (?) matter to blaspheming its enemy, the "*Banner.*"

The *Yale Courant* proper, supplement, and extra, are all devoted, *ab initio* and *in toto*, to sporting college news. One would think that the *courant*, bearing as it does, the name of one of the noblest institutions of learning in our land, would not leave to its well edited associate, the *Yale Lit*, the task of sustaining the highly deserved reputation of Yale for learning, and content itself with discoursing upon such items as it confines itself to. Bestir yourselves! cast off your sloth, and know ye that there is a work allotted to every man, which he should at least feebly attempt to perform!

Woe be unto us, that we were ever guilty of publishing that severe article on city girls! The writer, after raising the hue and cry of the populace, has cowardly stolen away, and committed his carcass to the briny deep, and has left us to bear the numerous attacks caused by his folly.

Foremost in the charge comes the *College Mirror*. It devotes an

article two columns and a half long to this subject, the purport of which we were able to gather after three or four careful readings in order to lodge in their right position more than half a dozen misplaced lines. While this article is exceedingly instructive, we would remark that life is too short, and knowledge can be gained through too many channels, for the *Mirror* to expect its readers to exert this unnecessary trouble. The printer must have been drunk, or the proof-reader must have wasted all her time in gazing with tear-struck eyes at a funeral pile of returned letters, flowers, photos, &c. The writer says that the MESSENGER'S article on "City Girls" is unjust, illogical and untrue; but when she retaliates by showering blasphemy and vituperation, not only on "City Boys," but on all boys, we must needs cry out: nay, physician, heal thyself! After expending all her long pent-up indignation in this manner, she says: "We would not do the city boys the injustice to say that these remarks are applicable to them alone. No, no! we find it true of the boys everywhere, city or country."

We are glad to extend the hand of welcome to our friend from across the border, the *Queen's College Journal*. It would be expected that this paper, with its large corps of eight editors, would not be so devoid of literary matter as an inspection of its pages shows to be the case; such matter as would commend it to the non-college world.

It has an instructive clipping on "Higher Female Education in England," which painfully shows to us the long felt necessity of American facilities for a higher standard of female education.

The *Wabash* presents a very nice appearance for a college journal. Probably that portion of this paper which deserves the least commendation is the editorial column. The only article under this heading worthy of notice, is that on the "English Classics," in which the writer vainly essays to prove conclusively that the same, or a greater prominence, should be given to the study of the English classics than to those of the Greek or Latin languages. The English language, in its present form, should be taught as exhaustively and as scientifically as any other; but time spent in the study of the English classics purely, could be more profitably expended in becoming familiar with the ancient classics, which is the only way we can acquire those languages. The article on "The Puritan Element in our Modern Civilization" shows careful thought and study, but the conclusions at which he arrives gives far too much prominence to Puritan influence.

LOCALS.

The new corps of editors in making their bow would simply state that they hope that their success will be equal to their good looks.

(It is now in order for some witty student or contemporary to tell us that we are very modest in our expectations.)

THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.—On Saturday, the 1st inst., our first and second nines went up to Ashland to play the annual game with the Randolph Macon College nine. With a natural pleasure we state that both of our nines came off victorious, the score being 14 to 4 first nine, 9 to 8 second nine. Mr. McCormick, of Ashland, acted very efficiently as umpire. In the past we have been treated with such uniform kindness and courtesy by the Ashland boys that our trip is always looked forward to with pleasure. On this occasion they nobly sustained their reputation for hospitality. We sincerely hope that a return game may be played in the near future. We returned to the city on the 10 o'clock train, entirely satisfied with our day's work. What with the victory of the morning, the smiles of Ashland's fair maidens, and from other causes, our editorial head was glad to lay itself down at night with the satisfaction of having been "attentive to our duty," and you insist upon it, "sober, sober men and true."

The work of improving the College grounds goes on. The grading of the front campus is almost completed, and the workmen can move on to further conquest. The work of stuccoing the College building has not, as yet, been undertaken. But our efficient Executive Committee does not believe in spending money before we make it; and really such noticeable progress has been made that we may look for the completion of this part of the work as a thing of the near future. Certainly there is none more important. The moral effect of handsome buildings and neat grounds would prove of incalculable benefit to the institution.

"Farewell, my own! Light of ——" That was as far as he had gone, when a bullet went crashing through his brain. We picked up his lifeless body, and could but acknowledge the justice of his punishment. The remains were forwarded to his family. Next!

We think it is our duty to state that the *May* referred to in the poem on another page, is not our genial friend, Augustus May, although we are far from denying to him the description of "joyous, bright and laughing."

As far as we can hear no further steps have been taken to discover ✓

the "hewers of wood" who worked so valiantly on the night of April 6th. But to those who think it is all over we say *cave*. The Faculty has the innings on the boys, and when it comes to the refunding of the contingent deposit, it is barely possible that some of the latter will be enabled to make a home run.

By the way, one of the "originals," given to the Moral Philosophy class at their last examination, was as follows: "College Ethics; or, discuss the propriety of students banding themselves together for the protection of some of their number who have been guilty of wicked and wanton destruction of College property." One of the class suggested the theory of the frost, and ask to be allowed to discuss the question on that basis, but he was summarily squelched.

The friends of W. E. Smith, '72-'73, of Wilmington, N. C., will be glad to learn that having conquered his prejudices on the subject he has taken to himself a wife.

"Sing hey! the merry maiden and the tar-(heel)."

We are pleased to announce that our friend, George J. Hooper, Jr., B. L., '77-'78 is a candidate for City Council. We wish him the success his talents and energy deserve.

Professor: "Mr. K., give me an example of the impossible in nature." Mr. K.: "Well, sir, to turn up the left bower, for instance." (Looks of profound ignorance from the rest of the class.)

May not a hangman be properly said to have the drop on his victim?

It was our friend Green (from the country) who borrowed *Banks on Curtesy* from a member of the law-class, thinking, from the title, that it was a book on etiquette.

Since our last issue, Richmond has been regaled with the "Pirates of Penzance." The troupe presenting it gave great satisfaction, and, we may safely say, that its popularity is assured as far as the College critics are concerned. Just here, as so much credit is given to Gilbert and Sullivan for their originality, might they not have invented some name a little fresher than "Penn's Aunts?" We are long-suffering. We might have stood Penn's brothers, or even his children, but when it comes to his aunts, we object. Our ears have been aching long enough with "his sisters, his cousins and his aunts," and to think that we are to put up with this, in addition, is more than we can—stomach. What! ho there! minion! Our horse-pistol! We would put an end to our miserable existence.

We were sorry to bid good-bye to Mr. L. A. Spencer, who left College

for his home the early part of the month. We trust that he will come back next session, as we will miss his anecdotes very keenly.

Dr. and Mrs. Curry sailed for Europe on the 6th. They go in pursuit of pleasure and health. *Bon voyage.*

Another very important game of base-ball was played on Saturday, the 8th inst., between the "*Scire Facias Base Ball Club,*" of the law class, and the Ministerial B. B. C., in which the lawyers proved superior to the Ministerial's to the tune of 14 to 6. Objection was made on the part of the Ministerial's that the law class had only four men present on their nine—the others being members of the "*Independent Scrubs.*" But it appeared that the members of the law class did all the playing as far as putting the other side out was concerned, and made the same number of runs as the other nine, that is to say, six. Besides, the first base man of the Ministerial's was a member of the Scrubs. So the lawyers may claim the substantial fruits of the victory—which consisted simply in glory.

On the part of the Ministerial's, some very excellent playing was noted, and were it not for the inherent superiority of the law to the gospel, other results might have been hoped for. But it is difficult to change the decrees of fate, and the score as above cited was only in accordance with the eternal fitness of things.

The "*Francis Gwin Medal*" for Philosophy has been awarded to Mr. J. M. McManaway, of Bedford. Our congratulations! *Palmam qui meruit, ferat.*

We are sorry to learn that Mr. J. L. Lawrence, of Isle of Wight county, who left College a few months ago, received a painful wound in the hand from a pistol shot. We hope his recovery may be speedy.

PERSONALS.

Rev. J. T. Kincannon, D. D., is preaching in Washington and Smyth counties, Va.

E. L. Cosby, '76-7 is keeping store in Manchester, and doing a thriving business.

Geo. E. Chiles, '76-7, is studying medicine at Kempsville, in Princess Anne Co., Va.

J. D. Mathews, '77-8, is book-keeper for Julius Myers & Son, one of the largest dry-goods houses in the city.

H. C. Hawthorne, a graduate of the Law School, is practicing in his native county, Washington, and doing well.

C. A. Cutchins, '78-9, has purchased a lot in Carrsville, Va., where he expects to engage in the mercantile business.

J. A. Brown, '78-9, is one of the Professors in the High School at Spartanburg, S. C. He is doing well we hear, and intends taking a course at the Seminary at Louisville, Ky.

THE POKERIAD—AN EPIC.

I.

The boy stood on the poker deck
Whence all but him had fled,
And near him lay a glittering pile
Of silver on the bed.

II.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the lot,
For luck had favored him that night,
And he'd scooped in the "pot."

III.

Two straights, three houses full, he'd had,
And therewith raised high
Those other boys whose pile now is
In the sad sweet by-and-by.

IV.

There came a loud noise at the door,
"Young man, I must come in,
I want to know the cause of this
Extraordinary din."

V.

Our hero saw the game was up,
And gently ope'd the door,
In came the Prof. who soon caught sight
Of a card upon the floor.

VI.

Memories of youth came trooping back,
Dispelled his wrathful flame,
And he proposed that they two should
Of euchre have a game.

VII.

The boy looked into professor's hand,
And straightway staked his pile,
For he thought the professor only had
A few spot cards so vile.

VIII.

Alas! for the boy, the game was close,
Two tricks apiece had they;
The lad threw down his ace of hearts,
But never a word did say.

IX.

Professor quietly played out
That bower yclept the right,
And with his good right hand he drew,
That silver out of sight.

X

There came a yell of wild dismay,
The boy! oh, where was he?

XI.

'Mid clubs and spades and diamonds fair,
That well had borne their parts,
The noblest thing that perished there
Was that faithful ace of hearts.

THE DAISIES.

The daisies come and the daisies go,
 And our hearts are moved with a conscious flow
 Of kindlier love—we love them so.
 They carry us back to our childhood's days
 When the heart was light in its guileless ways,
 And for ever, methinks, that the daisy says,
 “I come and go,
 Failing never; but grow
 O'er all God's earth, and so,
 Proclaiming His goodness in summer's glow,
 Tell how sweetly His love and His mercies flow.”

The daisies come and the daisies go,
 In the woods and fields and by roadsides grow—
 Everywhere, everywhere, seeking to show
 The unceasing love of the Father's care,
 That gifts so lowly a thing such share
 Of the beauty He sheds o'er earth so fair;
 “Still preaching so
 Where'er they go,
 That men may know
 By the breadth of the hills and dales they sow,
 How wide His love and His mercies flow.

The daisies come and the daisies go,
 In childhood's heart make summer glow
 With holier joy; and innocence flow
 With a purer stream, that in after days
 Will afford a guard from the tempter's ways,
 And bless through life what the daisy says—
 “As I come and go
 Let me ever show,
 That where'er men go,
 Through sorrow or joy, they still may know
 God's mercies follow with ceaseless flow.

ROBT. WHITTET.

“It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as if our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those we loved in life! Alas! how long, and how often may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered, and so soon forgotten.”—CHAS. DICKENS.

Charles Wells is a poet who has not produced much, and has been so careless of his renown, that the little he has written would not have been known, but that a few gems have recently been rescued from oblivion by his friends and admirers, among them a dramatic poem entitled "Joseph and his Brethren," portions of which are so excellent as to have won from able critics the high compliment of being called Shakspearean. The New York *World* makes several long extracts from this poem, principally relating to the scene between Joseph and Phraxonor, the wife of Potiphar; but the poet's picture of the rare beauty of Rachel, Jacob's earliest and latest love, is by far the most brilliant of the extracts we have seen. We give it:

So here with this same Rachel was it found;
 The dim blue-laced veins on either brow,
 'Neath the transparent skin meandering,
 That with the silvery leaved lily vied;
 Her full dark eye, whose brightness glistened through
 The sable lashes soft as camel's hair;
 Her slanting head curv'd like the maiden moon
 And hung with hair luxuriant as a vine
 And blacker than a storm; her rounded ear
 Turn'd like a shell upon some golden shore;
 Her whispering foot that carried all her weight,
 Nor left its little pressure on the sand;
 Her lips as drowsy poppies, soft and red,
 Gathering a dew from her escaping breath;
 Her voice melodious, mellow, deep and clear,
 Lingering like sweet music in the ear;
 Her neck o'er soften'd like to unsunn'd curd;
 Her tapering fingers rounded to a point;
 The silken softness of her veined hand;
 Her dimpled knuckles answering to her chin;
 And teeth like honeycombs o' the wilderness;
 All these did tend to a bad proof in her—
 For armed thus in beauty did she steal
 The eye of Jacob to her proper self,
 Engross'd his time and kept him by her side,
 Casting on Leah indifference and neglect.

—*Evening Star.*

This obituary notice appeared in the Richmond *Dispatch* a year or so ago.

DEATH OF TIGER.—Died, at the residence of J. T. Bumpass, Bumpass's depot, Louisa county, Virginia, October 22d, instant, of cancer, after a long and painful illness, TIGER, beloved pet of J. P. Bumpass, Jr., aged nine years. As a guard, she was nobly fierce; as a pet, she was fond and affectionate. How sad the evening preceding her death, as we walked through the lonely grove, the forest mingled with light and shade, our minds reverted to by-gone days, when with our now absent brother, we walked in social chit-chat along the same path-way, accompanied by our noble dog, whose cheerful voice we will no longer hear, and whose eyes are now hid by the dust of the grave.

May the friends of the deceased tender their sympathies to the bereaved ones.

TIGER, we'll meet thee no more,
 Thy voice is hushed in the grave;
 Thy nimble footstep has moved
 Beyond the mundane sage.