

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 7
Number 2 *The Messenger*, Vol. 7, No. 2

Article 1

11-1881

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Recommended Citation

(1881) "The Messenger, Vol. 7, No. 2," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 7 : No. 2 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol7/iss2/1>

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Richmond College Messenger.

Vol. VII.

RICHMOND, VA., NOVEMBER, 1881.

No. 2.

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AMOR AMICI.

The following lines we take from the *Amateur Press*. They were written by a talented young lady, and although she is now dead, this little gem deserves to live after her.

Oh! sweeter than music, at evening,
From lips that are loving and true,
And fairer than visions of dreamland,
And softer than falling of dew,
And richer than earth's richest treasure,
And purer than infancy's tear,
And more to be prized beyond measure
Than aught which is granted here,
Is the love of a friend that will cling to us still,
When the heart-buds lie withered and trampled and chill;
That will plant a fresh flower on the grave of the past,
To flourish, and bloom, and be sweet to the last.
If unto thy prayers such a friend shall be given,
Oh! keep the rich gem as the best gift of heaven.

E*****.

I'm willin' a man should go tolerable strong
Agin wrong in the abstract, for that kind of wrong
Is allers onpopular and never gets pittied,
'Cause it's a crime no one never committed;
But he musn't be hard on particular sins,
'Cause then he'd be kickin' the people's own shins.

—Bigelow Papers.

WHAT IS A TRUE STATESMAN?

In these days of political fluctuations men are heralded and appellated statesmen, by the press of the country, who have never displayed any knowledge of governmental policy, or an over-burden of brains; in fact—

“ All ‘are’ deemed, e’en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics, as well as wit;
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bless us) statesmen all at once ”!

Surely this sentiment, which many give credence and advocate, is fraught with tendencies that must be productive of the most pernicious results.

The most casual observation suffices to convince us that this country is swarming with so-called statesmen, and the question spontaneously suggests itself, Why this sudden appearance, and great glut in the political market, of statesmen?

The answer is plain. The American people allow favoritism, in other words, partisanism, to weigh too heavily in the formation of their conceptions of statesmen; and as favoritism is diversified and plentiful, therefore, in a corresponding ratio may we expect statesmen.

If a man hold a prominent position in your party, or in mine, he is dubbed a statesman. Undiscriminating praise, and a boundless adulation of our political friends, should not prevent us from detecting their characteristic defects, or hinder us from contemplating the “ huge spots on the blazing disc of their genius.” In plain terms, because a man is my party leader and political hero is no reason that he should be a statesman, and *vice versa*. The leaders of parties are not always statesmen, and parties should not be so vain as to think that all their prominent advocates are men of the calibre of Aristotle or Lycurgus. Do not understand me to decry parties, for all must admit that parties are essential to the welfare of any form of republican government: at the same time we should bear in mind the fact that parties must have limits to their partisanism. Let us not think that the party makes the statesman, but that genuine integrity of character, true patriotism, and *sound* political principles, (for these three elements constitute the statesman,) are oftener imbibed from domestic and parental education, than in public seminaries of learning, and in the confines of party speculation.

Again: the fallacy that *mere knowledge* of governmental machinery

constitutes the statesman. This is obviously untrue in principle as well as in fact and experience. Knowledge is an essential attribute of a true statesman, but knowledge alone does not make the statesman. History affords us examples of men with gigantic intellect, and vast knowledge of governmental works: yet these men were not statesmen. None can question, in reference to the understanding of governmental workings, the attainments of Themistocles, Cataline, Bonaparte, and Cromwell: but none honor these men with the sublime appellation—statesman. In this country, Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr illustrate my assertion. These men display as much knowledge of governmental policy and political research as any this country has ever produced; still few, indeed, call them statesmen. We must admit that Mr. Hamilton's words and actions indicate that his entire political aim was to assimilate the form of this government to that of England. There is abundant evidence that Colonel Burr used his whole knowledge of government for the purpose of deposing his country, and for his own aggrandizement. I merely mention these names as illustrative of the fact that knowledge alone does not make the statesman; for these men were "beyond a shadow of a doubt" anything but statesmen, and every school child is intimate enough with their respective histories to know that they were men of great mental capacities. What constitutes the statesman if knowledge does not? I answer that the heart, or genuine morality, is more important in the make-up of a statesman than brain or mere knowledge of governmental machinery. I hold that every statesman must have a thorough knowledge of the workings of his government, and that this knowledge should be based upon conscientious principles that in no way ought to have connection with any purpose or design, whatever, but which tend to the universal welfare of his country. That is to say, if party principles do not coincide with your ideas of a government's welfare, then by all that is moral and just, cling to your own principles in preference to those of party, or sectionalism. No man can be a statesman who is guided by sectionalism or partisanism.

But it is asked, Since you embrace partisanism so fully in your definition of a statesman, does it not follow from your argument that no man belonging to a party can be a true statesman, as partisanism, of some degree, must exist between two contending parties? By no means. Statesmen are essential to parties, but not the invariable constituents of these bodies. If a party be devoid of statesmen it follows from logic and experience that the party degenerates into a *faction*, the sole object of which is to promote corruption and dishonesty, and

to gain public remuneration. It is not my purpose to give the respective definitions of parties and factions, for the distinctive features of difference are obvious to all.

It is necessary that parties have men to advocate their principles, and often these men are statesmen; but no man is a statesman who sacrifices his principles to the changing whims of a party. Men ought to be subservient to, and further the supremacy of, their parties so far as parties have jurisdiction, but must remember that there are great issues in the course of every government which are not pertinent to party in the least degree; therefore should be considered, and acted upon, in a non-partisan manner. When political men ponder, and act upon, these fundamental issues—which ask their consideration as men unallied to party, clan, or section—in a calm and philosophical manner, then it is that the attributes of a true statesman are clearly visible and beautifully delineated.

The true statesman is guided by principles, and principles never change, for if they do they cease to be principles. Statesmen elevate parties as much so as countries; while on the other hand so-called statesmen and petty demagogues debase politics and degrade countries. Burke might be cited as a statesman eminently conspicuous for his strict maintenance of political principles. We have seen him advocating measures, against the haughty will of Britain, with a fortitude and energy “unaw’d by power, and unappal’d by fear.” None can doubt but that Burke’s exertions in behalf of America in regard to the English-American war were evoked from the purest patriotism, and based upon the soundest principles of his own government’s science and welfare. Few instances in history reproduce Burke’s example. He was the same at all times and under all circumstances; ever guided by his motto that a thing could not be *politically* right and morally wrong. He was cool, and possessed much foresight in times of public throes; patriotic, wise, and unbiassed in times of peace and prosperity. What nation does not wish for, and envy the genius, the patriotism, and sagacious statesmanship of such an one?

The doctrine largely prevails that an office-holder ought to execute the wishes of his constituency regardless of his conscientious convictions and plighted oath; in other words, the representative is merely the tool of his constituency. Surely the analogous argument does not hold, that the constituency bear the same relation to the representative as there exists between *presentation* and *representation*; that is to say, in simpler language, the representative is entirely dependent upon his constituency as to what course he should pursue, what plans and prin-

ciples he must advocate. Without *presentation*, as all know, there could be no *representation*, but we must see that this relation exists in no degree of similarity between the constituency and the representative. The people, as a mass, are indebted to their political leaders for the ideas they hold in reference to governmental policy, therefore it seems fair to conclude that the representative is oftener the *presenter* than the real *representer*; certainly this supposition is in direct accordance with experience. Solon compared the people to the sea and orators to the winds, inasmuch as the sea would remain quiet and calm if the winds did not trouble it. This adage seems especially befitting to these times. The greater part of the people would remain content but for the harangues of demagogues and menaces of party leaders. I would not be understood from this as decrying popular suffrage, for since the formation of reasoning faculties I have entertained the belief expressed in the old proverb, "*Vox populi vox Dei*": still we should not fail to distinguish the difference between the "*vox*" of a people unexcited by prejudices or self-interest, and that of a people given to none of these vices, or, as some say, enticements.

But to come back to our subject. The writer does not, in the least, object to the representative being the agent of his constituency; but we must remember that there is a significant difference between the *agent* and the *tool*. Mr. Webster, and many others less distinguished, considered the representative as merely the tool of the people: yet, in the face of this, I hold that no doctrine could be more injurious and more incompatible with the duties of a true statesman.

Which should be law, the selfish wishes of a corrupt people, or the sagacious principles of a statesman? Should a representative execute the desires of his constituency when he knows that these desires are unconstitutional, therefore in direct conflict with the laws which he has sworn to support? Certainly none can hesitate as to what reply they make to these questions. Yet the affirmation of these questions are polished by such instruments as party success, and then go through a most mysterious process of deglutition, after which they become a part of the incorporated being and are held as no-wise incompatible with the principles and oaths of a statesman.

The true statesman holds his honor and principles above office, the so-called statesman holds his office dearer than principles and honor. The true statesman addresses himself to the reason and morality of men, the so-called works upon their passions and prejudices. The true statesman endeavors to perform every just act which will benefit people at large, while the so-called statesman only executes the desires

of clans, sects, and monopolies—and performs these wishes solely that thereby he may gain or retain office. I do not oppose the idea in every case that the office-holder ought not to execute the wishes of his constituency, but the point I attack is this, men affect the opinions of their constituency in order that they may gain or retain their favor and support. This mode of proceeding is upon the principle that the end justifies the means. Let us have office, and it matters not the means by which we secure this boon. Such is the principle which animates our modern statesman. Every day but serves to convince us that the so-called statesmen clutch after office, and gain it by any means, fair or foul; in fact, by death itself if necessary. We have to make no special efforts to discern that the modern diplomatist uses the means death as quite a lever power to gain the hopes and longings of his soul(?)—an office. Such means are wrong in law and morals, hence wrong in the actions of would-be statesmen. But the modern statesman must have no fixed principles; he must gain office, for party success demands it. This is the motto of the modern statesman; indeed, no long time has elapsed since in our Congress the Hercules of this class of statesmen boldly proclaimed that the *means* sank into insignificance when party success asked for the enactment of some law or the division of sectional spoils.

The honor and principles of no statesman can be transitory. The man who advocates these principles one day and those another can never come under the category of statesmen. Changing public leaders are to be abhorred. No country could ask a greater blessing than be rid of

“A statesman, that can side with every faction,
And yet most subtly entwist himself,
When he hath wrought the business up to danger.”

This class of political men receive the title of statesmen, but any one possessing reason and morality sees that there could be no grosser misapplication of the import of statesmanship. Our political leaders should lay aside their party and sectional ties, and put forth their best efforts in behalf of our common country; then our “longings sublime and aspirations high” will be realized, and America—despite the sneers of older nations—will be resplendent in the galaxy of the earth’s kingdoms.

Politicians should use no dissimulation; for no element more inconsistent with the statesman can be found. Position gained by dissimulation tends in no way to make the man a statesman; but, on the other

hand, it diminishes and degrades his moral faculties, and as I have strived to show that morality was the main element in the statesman, therefore it weakens the powers of any statesman. Bacon says, "Di-simulation is but a faint kind of policy, or wisdom; for it asketh a strong wit and a strong heart to know when to tell the truth, and to do it; therefore it is the weaker sort of politicians that are the greatest dissemblers." The writer hopes these concepts of a statesman will meet with the approval of some of our readers.

In conclusion I would say, let our public men, and especially leaders, be guided by a strict principle of morality, and the firm maintenance of justice to all grades of mankind, and happiness "where no crude surfeit reigns" will be the result of their efforts, and our country will rest unshaken upon the pillars of "liberty, virtue, glory, knowledge."

M.

THE TRIALS OF A STUDENT.

We well know that almost all people have their own peculiar trials and toils and cares in the great battle of life, but then there's a certain class called *students* (though some of them, we are sorry to confess, never prove their right to that title,) that are especially blessed (?) with an abundance of little worries and other things that send silent pangs to the heart; the unpleasantness of which only a student can know.

In the first place, it's disagreeable even to mention and make public these little perplexities—in fact, it's a *trial*. But as murder and all other bad things will *out*, we suppose you'll somehow or other find out about our little catastrophies, and we might as well make a clear breast of it at once. One tremendous bother of a student is long and hard lessons. We always did think when a professor gives out a recitation, he forgets he was ever a boy, or believes in the adage "misery loves company," or something of that sort. Sometimes, however, by dint of labor, together with much puffing and sighing, the student masters these half-mile lessons and is happy—what little there is left of him! Then again, if he doesn't succeed, it's a trial, and with a heavy heart he adds it to his list. At other times, when his soul is fired with youthful enthusiasm and romance, he picks up his Latin or Greek and begins to translate, thinking that he sees even in the classics a reiteration of his dreams of fancy. He

lays the book down and congratulates himself that he can read it "bully." On the morrow comes the test. "Will you translate"? asks the dignified and sedate professor. Our hero bursts forth in strains of sophomoric oratory, and is only checked by the kind gentleman of letters. "Where under the sun is all that, Mr. ———." And dare you say that this is not a trial?

Then, too, somehow or other, the girls—bless their dear hearts—seem to think that the poor student knows everything, and during his vacation or "calico" calls—

"When he yearns to be free from care,
And invites the gentle breezes to flirt with his hair"—

then it is that his sweethearts ply him with questions as to something that happened in ancient times, or want him to work some great problem, or to relate some legend that belongs to mythology, and ought to stay there. Now, the poor fellow hasn't the manliness to confess his ignorance, and so tries to prove himself equal to the task, but, of course, winds up in confusion and dismay, vowing to himself that he will make every one of his next session's reports average one hundred! What are these but trials?

The constant burning of the midnight lamp is a severe trial to the student, especially if he doesn't possess enough vigor of mind to solve the problems that are daily given him. It is a trial to him—and a great one—to fail in an examination or recitation after he has spent hours and days in its preparation; it is a trial to him to hear his kind instructor tell him to "practice up on this," when he misses some example, for he well knows what those words, spoken so kindly, mean; and lastly, it's a trial to him, after he has spent so much time and care in the *cultivation* of his moustache, which he is patiently preparing for some special occasion, to have it suddenly and mysteriously to "strike in"!

But enough of this—you see we have difficulties with which to contend—and that is all we wish to show. Our trials, however, after all, are for the best. They rob us of our conceit, by showing us that others have far greater claims to intelligence and talents than we; they make men of us by teaching us that honors are won by merit and perseverance, and come not by inheritance; and, finally, these trials, this college discipline, fit our minds for higher and nobler positions in life, and enable us to appreciate more highly the inestimable advantages of education, which are ours not by gift, but by toil and labor.

STUDENT.

SELF-MADE MEN.

"Man is his own star," says the poet. He is not a satellite controlled by another planet; but, rather, he is a fixed star, the master of his own actions. Whether circumstances make men, or men make circumstances, is a topic which the writer does not purpose to discuss in this paper; but, taking self-made men as he finds them, will notice some of their characteristics.

Perhaps a definition of self-made men should be settled on in the outset. In one sense, no man is self-made. Every one has heard of the bigot who boastfully asserted that he was a self-made man; where-upon a wag standing by wittily replied, "Well, sir, I am glad to know that you have made yourself, for that releases the Creator from reproach for having made such a man." It is evidently not meant that any miraculous power has been used by the individual to whom this appellation is given, in bringing himself into existence.

Likewise a man cannot be self-made, if we regard the term to have reference only to those improvements which the man has made for the elevation of his moral, social, and intellectual nature. It is impossible for one to live in the world and not receive much valued assistance from his friends and companions. When the old man whom the world calls self-made, at the end of his life retrospects his career, he sees all along the journey of life where he has been the recipient of deeds of kindness which have had a telling effect upon his life and its successes.

There is another sense, in which it *can be said* that every man of true worth is self-made. Wealth may not have been accumulated by the man who possesses it, reputation and social position may come as an ancestral legacy, but the qualities which make the character and true worth of man are the products of his own labor. By almost universal consent the wealthy are given but little credit, however great their attainments may be. This is evidently wrong, for oftentimes the sons of the wealthy have greater difficulties to encounter, in becoming learned, than do boys of humbler circumstances. Many things conspire to make their intellectual attainments difficult. Society makes heavy demands upon their time, not having to rely upon their own labor for success, and a score of similar difficulties militate against their intellectual attainments.

In its absolute sense, all great men are self-made; but, in the discussion of this subject is meant by the self-made man that man who,

notwithstanding his obscurity and poverty, rises to positions of honor and usefulness.

I conceive that the particular circumstances under which self-made men labor, have both advantageous and disadvantageous effects. I have time to notice and comment upon a few of each kind.

The student of human nature, or even the casual observer, has been struck in many instances with the defects in the characters of self-made men, which are to be assigned to the necessary circumstances of their lives.

Oftentimes there is a *sternness* in the self-made man which gives him a haughty and defiant manner. The consciousness of having sprung from an obscure family, the marked deference paid to the sons of honored men, the striking inferiority of his wearing apparel, together with being the object of sport, all tend to give a resentful spirit to the boy of humble estate. He soon learns to look with suspicion upon every nod, wink, or side-glance which he chances to see. These feelings increase as years pass, and when the man enters upon the active duties of life, he has acquired such a sternness that the manner in which he treats an opponent or competitor amounts to discourtesy and unkindness. He congratulates himself and boasts to other men that he is a *plain, blunt* man, and he thinks that is a sufficient reason why mankind should cheerfully bear all of his insults and injuries.

Egotism is preëminently a fault of self-made men. If this fault could be pardoned under any circumstances whatever, it certainly should be done in the case of self-made men. It is quite evident that egotism grows out of the necessary circumstances of self-made men. Success generally bestows a feeling of self-confidence upon the fortunate party, but victory makes the victor vain. It is often said that small minds only are susceptible of vanity; but common observation and historical facts corroborate each other in showing that the *literati* are sometimes endowed with a superabundance of egotism. The consciousness of having risen from a common plebeian to a position of the highest honor to which a Roman could attain, caused Cicero to be vain and boastful. That his efforts to preserve Rome from the fury of the conspirators' sword and torch, and that his eloquence had hurled Rome's vilest enemy out of the city, made each page of his orations against Cataline fairly to bristle with the emphatic pronoun "*ego*."

The magnificent victories achieved over Egypt, Tyre, and Jerusalem, in addition to the grand improvements made upon his native

city, called forth the celebrated boast from the King of Babylon, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power and for the honor of my majesty"?

The self-made man has not only been successful, but he is a conqueror. He has triumphed over obscurity, poverty, and ignorance. So there need be no surprise when he chuckles over his own merit and makes himself the hero of his own story. These are some of the faults of the self-made man. Unpleasant, indeed, are these blemishes upon his disposition; yet I heartily commend him to your confidence and sympathy, asking you to judge him leniently, and, "with all his faults, to love him still."

Having noticed some of the objections to self-made men, I now turn to look at some of their redeeming traits, which may be styled *advantages*.

No other quality is so universal in its application to this class of men as a *spirit* of complete *independence*. This is always admired, provided it does not attain to haughtiness. The world is outspoken in its denunciation of what politicians call a *milk-and-water policy*. The very effort to succeed has taught the self-made man that a close adherence to doctrines and principles is absolutely essential to success. His pathway has not been strewn with flowers, nor has he been floating along upon a current of negative popularity, but his reputation has been gained by *doing* something. All of his experience has been a school continually developing a spirit of independence. If long-standing customs are to be abolished, if creeds, doctrines, or laws are to be changed, if great revolutions are to be made, or if religious reformatations are to be effected, no one is so well qualified to brook the insults of the populace, ignore the bulls of a pope, or hurl defiance into the face of an unscrupulous tyrant as the self-made man, who has been accustomed from youth to meet with opposition. History abounds in striking illustrations of this fact, which rise, unbidden, before every mind.

It may be put down as a rule that self-made men are not ashamed to acknowledge their inferiority of birth.

It is quite refreshing to see a man in high position not attempting to disguise the poverty and obscurity of his birth. It is said that Pope Sixtus V., upon being raised to the tiara, used to say, in contempt of the pasquinades that were made upon his birth, that he was *domus natus illustri*—born of an illustrious house—because the sunbeams, passing through the broken walls and ragged roof, illustrated every corner of his father's hut. There may be persons who do not find

pleasure in telling of the primitive manner of their raising, but rather magnify the hut into a princely mansion, and with quixotic extravagance speak of the mule they had often ridden to mill "as the pampered steed of boyhood recollections." Yet, as a rule, I think the self-made man, like the old pope, is willing to disrobe the inglorious past of the romance which time seems to give it, and present facts in their natural garb.

It is said that Primaslaus, who married a princess of Bohemia, was in early life a plain husbandman. So far was he from being ashamed of his former condition, that he preserved a pair of wooden shoes in remembrance of his poverty. The writer is not so enthusiastic over the subject as to assert that all men who have risen in the world are so honest as the example just given. Perhaps not a few could be found who, should they meet with the good fortune of marrying a rich lady, would not be disposed to preserve a pair of farm boots as a relic of their former poverty; but, without a doubt, this style of independence is a characteristic trait of the self-made man.

"Paint me as I am," said Oliver Cromwell, angrily, when an artist, wishing to flatter the Protector, represented him without a wart which deformed his face. Cromwell knew that he was not dependent upon personal beauty for reputation, and the blemish upon his face would serve to distinguish him from the smooth-faced, shallow-pated cavalier. So the self-made man does not fear the reproach men may heap upon him for his previous poverty and obscurity, but, like Cromwell, he is willing for the world to have his correct picture. How independent is the self-made man! He seems rather to exult in his unrenowned origin than to feel the sensation of shame. As the war-worn veteran exhibits his wounds and scars as marks of his valor, so the self-made man exhibits his brawny limbs and rough complexion as palms of victory acquired on the battle-field of life. He has no reason to be ashamed of his origin on account of his poverty or unrenowned ancestry. It would be as becoming in the lily to look with scorn upon the earth from which it springs, or the snow-flake to veil its head in the presence of the cloud which sends it forth, or the stars to blush at the blue canopy on which they hang, as for man, though he may stand on the pinnacle of fame, to refuse to cherish and honor the memory of the mother who guided his footsteps in the path of rectitude, or to forget the father whose counsel has been as "apples of gold in pictures of silver." Yet the fastidious devotees of *propriety* seem to require *this*. Many had their feelings amazingly shocked when President Garfield, with true filial affection, kissed his mother

on the occasion of his inauguration; an act, by the way, which exhibited the *principle of manhood* that had changed the driver of a canal-boat into the chief magistrate of fifty millions of people.

Again, the circumstances of the self-made man's life teach him self-reliance. This is so patent to all that it needs no expansion. Self-reliance is indispensable to success in every department of life. It is as essential to the freshman as to the philosopher, to the ploughman as to the planter. To be a successful student not only requires faithful, independent study, but it is necessary for the student to rely upon his own judgment. For proof of this assertion one has only to revert to his own experience to see how he has gotten *horrible blue marks* on a Latin or Greek exercise by being governed by the opinion of some one else, though it was contrary to his own judgment. To the self-made man the remembrance that every dollar which he spent in acquiring his education was made by his own labor, that the towering mountains of difficulty have been tunnelled through by his own firm resolution, that the stroke of grim-faced poverty has been averted by his own skill, is an assurance doubly strong that, by relying upon self more firmly, even greater victories may be won. "Nothing succeeds so well as success," and nothing is such a guarantee of future success as the remembrance that in the past *we have succeeded*.

It is also true that the self-made man is more philanthropic than other men. Having had many trials himself, he has learned to sympathize with and render assistance to any who are struggling against misfortune. When pious Æneas, fleeing from burning Troy, came to Carthage after a long voyage of tempestuous sailing, the compassionate Queen Dido, upon hearing the recital of his trials, was greatly moved. Remembering her own turbulent life, filled as it was with sore trials and bereavements, she feelingly said: "Not ignorant of evil, I learn to give assistance to the wretched." Self-made men are proverbial for the interest they take in poor young men who evince noble principles. Especially do they take interest in those who are striving to obtain an education. A prominent Georgia statesman, who is a self-made man, has done an immense deal of good, and has ingrafted himself in many hearts by aiding young men who were struggling to rise.

Much more could be written upon this subject, but we forbear.

Let no one suppose that his circumstances, whether he be rich or poor, necessarily prevent him from making achievements grand and noble. The gods are on the side of the brave, and always help those who help themselves.

PALM.

CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

Upon the moral character of no man as renowned in the literary world as the subject of our brief sketch has there been a greater diversity of opinion expressed.

In "Recollections of Lord Byron, from the year 1808 to 1818," taken from authentic documents by R. C. Dallas, Esq., we have the picture of an individual in whom "resentment, anger, and hatred reigned without control; who could vent his rage against the Creator and universe; who hated his own existence; who spurned the ties of relationship, and abjured even the society of his sister."

Here we recognize the force of those expressive words applied to this bitter misanthropist: "Lord of himself, that heritage of woe." Turning from this dark picture, we gather with pleasure the few and seemingly estray rays of sunshine which have fallen on the history of this strangely gifted and unhappy man.

It is related that after the death of Mrs. John Shepherd, a lovely Christian woman, whom the poet had known in his youth, there was found among her papers a most beautiful, earnest prayer on his behalf, designating him as "one who is, I fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee, as for the transcendent talents Thou hast bestowed on him." In a letter addressed to Lord Byron, the husband enclosed the prayer, very touchingly alluding to the life and death of this simple and faithful servant of the Lord.

The reply exhibits Lord Byron in a more amiable point of view than is generally recorded of him. In alluding to the excellent lady so interested for him, he says: "I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased on my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated upon a living head"!

In accounts of his death-bed sentiments, taken from "Last Days of Lord Byron," he is said to have exclaimed, "Time and space, who can conceive? None but God; on Him I rely"!

With these facts before us, we can but agree with a distinguished author, who plainly shows that such malignant principles and passions as displayed in the general tenor of Lord Byron's conduct, *if resolutely persisted in*, necessarily lead to misery, while the evil effects of an example so dangerous can never be estimated. Yet, with regard to Lord Byron, we are disposed to indulge the hope that his malevo-

lent disposition was in a great measure changed before he passed into the eternal world.

P. G. E.

Slightly paraphrasing Cowper's line, we can truly say—

None but an editor knows an editor's care.

Here we are, just on the threshold of our duties editorial, confronted with the responsibility accruing with the honor we acquire as editors. The responsibility is great—so great! Think of it, ye tender-hearted, and give us your sympathy, if you will not treat us to your counsel! Beside other toils at hand, we are perplexed—shall we confess it?—with the topics we are to choose. Where shall we find them? And then, after finding, how shall we treat them? Must our themes be personal and concrete, or abstract and general? Shall we discourse on divine philosophy, or revel in the realm of poetry? Or, shall we go into the walks of *history*, and tell of Yorktown, and what happened there on the 19th October, in the year of grace 1781? Or, is biography to be ours, with its rich and varied treasures of experiences which the subjects of such biography ought to have had, but never did? Or, will it please our readers more—we are here in the chair editorial for their pleasure and not ours—if we shall confine ourselves strictly to college themes, and furnish the witty remarks of the lecture-room, the campus, and the debating societies?

If we had space—if we had time—if we had capacity (“ah! there's the rub”)—we should like to exhaust the themes first hinted at; but, then, what would be the sense of it all, since the only readers of such immense work would be the printer and ourselves? We must therefore, per force, discuss, in a small way, small topics, and we here give notice to all who wish to contribute, that we are not prepared, just now, to publish anything about Bacon and his inductive system, or about the newest theories of Darwin or Huxley.

If topics be a burden, what of the rest—the manner of treating them? Surely we want help from contributors; but who will give it? We may count on “poetry,” for every student (and especially the new student) must needs write doggerel to please his “Angelina.” But we are not prepared to say that poetry is what we wish. We can get along without it; and would recommend to our young poets “to find fit audience” for their productions, not in the pages of the *Messenger*, but in the ear of inamorata herself, who will appreciate it the

more because it is her "own blue eyes," and her "own fair form," and "her own rosy cheeks" which are therein held up for admiration and delight. We want help. Give us such as you can, the best you can; but give us no strains about Cupid, or anything of the sort.

With this bow editorial, not more graceful than that of Patrick Henry when instructing young Corbin in the Convention, we shall take our seat and address ourselves to hard work.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Let's make our publication a *Messenger* in the truest, highest sense; a *Messenger* carrying to the old students and friends of the college tidings which will awaken pleasant recollections of college life; a *Messenger* bearing manly sentiments and noble aspirations to the door of every heart that will open at our gentle *rap*; a *Messenger* which, let us trust, will catch some of the inspiration of learning and genius floating about our noble institution, and, in case of a *drought*, carry it to all who will drink of the "*Pierian Spring*." Let our mission be something like this. But as the present age is one of respectability and fashion, let us be careful to dress our *Messenger* in his Sunday "dykes"—that is, let us clothe him with our best garments of thought. Then, when he goes around to homes and hearts, the doors of hospitality will fly open as if by magic, and he will "eat, drink, and be merry." True, to gain the favor of our philosophical friends, we must put on our *Messenger* his thinking-cap; and to ingraft him in the love of a better class still—the ladies—we may find it necessary to entwine about him a flower of rhetoric occasionally; but, then, all this is not impossible, and so, fellow-students, one and all, be it our pride to make our *Messenger* a first-class, genteel errand-boy.

QUERY.—*Editors Messenger*: Will you kindly inform me by whom is the following well-worn, threadbare quotation?

"Deepy, darkly, beautifully blue."

I have not been able to discover the author, but hope to be enlightened through your columns—or pages, I should say. INQUIRER.

It is from Southey's modern works, and is quoted by Byron in *Don Juan*. Eds.

How materially the true meaning of a sentence may be perverted by the improper position of a comma is strikingly illustrated in the following sentence: "Woman—without her man, is a brute."

It is said that under Mohammedan government no school teacher's testimony is considered valid in court. The reason assigned is that any one who undertakes so difficult a task as training the young idea cannot be in the possession of his or her sober senses, or, if any be found weak enough to engage in such a pursuit, the employment of itself is compelled to completely derange the mental capacity.

Happily, *we* are not so hard on this respected class in our enlightened land. "Young America," who considers *his* pedagogue as holding a position of honor as well as of unmitigated pleasure, cannot understand the incomprehensible stupidity of the young Mussulman.

Each editor of this magazine, *mirabile dictu*, has *three* hands: with respect to nature, *two*; with respect to the *Messenger*, *a little behind hand*,—making in all, three. The first No. of our journal was late, and this has made natural curiosities of us, as above described.

How many of our Junior English boys can parse the following sentence: "She said that that 'that,' that that boy parsed was a relative pronoun."

[Oration by Mr. J. A. Barker, delivered at the reünion of the Mu Sig Society.]

THE DUTIES OF YOUNG MEN, AND WHY THEY ARE NOT EDUCATED.

Many are the pleasures and advantages of educated men. This we may learn from almost daily observation.

The linguist peruses the works of ancient writers, and stores his mind with brilliant ideas, which he communicates to others in the most elegant style. The historian records the important events of nations, the daring deeds and the grand achievements of men, and leaves, in his works, a rich legacy for those who are to come after him. The poet's imagination is excited, and he, almost unconsciously, gives a lively description of some Eastern lake, or paints, in shining colors, a picture of a mountain scene in the far-off West. The geologist examines the interior structure of the earth, and brings to light its immense treasures and wonderful curiosities that have lain hidden from human view all through the ages of the past. The geographer surveys earth's broad surface, traces the course of its winding rivers,

gazes with pleasure upon its green valleys and lofty mountains, measures its distances, determines its positions, describes its inhabitants, and acquaints the lonely cottager with the manners and customs of people living in all parts of the world. The astronomer, looking above into the heavens, by the aid of the telescope sees the beauties and wonders of the sun, the moon, and the stars, and stands first, high above all others, in beholding the works of a Divine Hand. The statesman, familiar with the government of his country, strives to secure and continue its prosperity, understands the necessities of his people, sympathizes with them in their political troubles, and uses his influence to promote the comfort and happiness of mankind. The orator, thundering forth his grand truths in well-rounded sentences, arguing from principles of justice and reason, sways his audience, convinces men of error and wrong, prevails upon them to adhere to right, and wins for himself an imperishable name.

But such men as these are comparatively few. And why? There are many reasons why. On the part of mankind there is a great lack of decision, of means, of energy, of time, of manliness—all of which are necessary to qualify men for positions of honor and responsibility.

Of no class of persons is this more generally true than of young men who grow up in poverty and ignorance. They stand upon the threshold of manhood, undecided as to what their course in life shall be, ready to take the advice, good or bad, of any who may chance to come along, unconcerned about the difficulties with which they may meet or in what their acts will result, having never asked themselves whether they are acting wisely or unwisely.

But the question for them to decide, is not whether they shall be mechanics, farmers, lawyers, doctors, or preachers, but whether they shall be men—intelligent, patriotic, self-denying, steadfast men—of unwavering principles.

They may be endowed with all the necessary natural qualifications, but, unless their minds are drawn out and thoroughly trained, they can never influence progressive people or rule successfully in high places.

We live in an age of most remarkable activity, an age largely characterized by political corruption, infidelity, and materialism, and the hopes of our future prosperity must rest upon those who are to administer our laws and govern us as a nation. The political condition of our country calls for men whose courage cannot be diminished by the appearance of overwhelming numbers and whose votes cannot be purchased with gold. From the humblest office in the country to the presidential chair in the capital of our Union, we want men upon

whom we can rely for our national safety, and whose moral characters are counterbalanced by thorough mental qualifications.

But where shall we find them? Not exclusively among those who have been reared in affluence, and whose education has received the most careful attention from their childhood. It is true, many have come, and many may yet come from such a source, whose names, as heroes, statesmen, and patriots, will live on long after their bodies shall have mouldered into dust. Washington and Lee, Jefferson and Madison, may be accounted worthy examples of such; but the source is not sufficiently large to supply the demand. Clay, Jackson, Johnson, and Garfield deserve our notice as those who struggled against obstructions and forced their way upward by their own strength.

Many of our leading men must come from among those who can adapt themselves to unfavorable circumstances and sympathize with suffering humanity, if we are to become a happy, united, and fraternal people.

Some of this class may desire to be useful, and feel that they have decided to prepare for the work that lies before them; but, between them and their fields of labor, there is a rough and thorny road which they must travel. The course of preparation is long and tedious, their expenses are great and their means are limited. No wonder if they are discouraged! No wonder if they are almost ready to turn back without any hope of success!

The accomplishment of nearly all important enterprises requires money. Without it, railroads cannot be built; without it, farming, mining, manufacturing, and commerce cannot be continued; without money, the gospel cannot be carried to the heathen and the world christianized; without money, colleges and universities cannot be sustained; without money, men cannot be educated; and we are not surprised at the slow progress of any nation, when we see its financial resources so inadequate to the literary demands of its population. A nation's financial depression is not more attributable to the improper administration of its laws than to the persistent idleness of its own private citizens. The fact that young men inherit no educational advantages from their parents is no excuse for their life-long illiteracy. Although they are penniless when they arrive at manhood, yet, if they are blessed with physical strength, nine-tenths of them may receive at least a practical, if not a classical, education.

But alas! how many there are who are more anxious about the softening of their hands than they are about the hardening of their brains! How many of our muscular young men are surrounded with

golden opportunities for the acquirement of means by which they may educate themselves, but who are utterly deficient in energy to improve these opportunities, and are satisfied to loiter around places of indolence and vice, complaining of "hard times," sending up a bitter wail, "O my misfortunes"! when it *should* be, O my laziness!

But the want of energy among this class is no greater than it is among some who bear the name of students; for there are many such who would be willing, it seems, to spend the whole day in the initiation of "rats" or playing ball, and half the night in pulling toes, disturbing the peaceful slumber of the weary student, and then appear happier under a consequent failure on their examinations than a man who has won the degree of Master of Arts.

To bear off the highest honors of this institution, as has been evinced by those of her sons whose success in life has reflected honor upon her history, requires that one must work from the time he enters until he leaves.

"A brother of the distinguished Edmund Burke, after listening to one of his eloquent speeches in Parliament, was found in a very thoughtful mood, and on being asked what he was thinking about, replied, 'I was wondering how Ned had contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then I remembered that when we were all at play, he was always at work studying.'" There was the secret of Ned's success, and there his brother's wondering ceased.

But a want of time, it seems, is a great obstacle in the way of many uneducated young men. Not unfrequently do we hear them speak in favorable terms of education, and express a strong desire to take a collegiate course for its acquirements; but they excuse themselves on the ground that it will take so much of their time that they will have to abandon the idea and be content to remain uneducated.

Yet if there is more true happiness, more real pleasure in education than in ignorance, and if by it men are better qualified for usefulness, every uneducated man at the age of twenty-one should set aside the following ten years of his life, that he may, by honest toil and diligent study, prepare himself for any duty that may devolve upon him, either religious or political. This would appear very disheartening, but it is not how long we live, but how well.

Young gentlemen, your presence here as students is an evidence that you are not satisfied with your present amount of learning; that you have decided to improve your opportunities and be useful to your fellow men; that you have the means to defray your expenses while here; that you have the energy to go forward in your undertaking;

that you have appropriated a certain amount of your time for the accomplishment of a noble purpose ; but, in addition to all these, you must have manliness, if you would be successful.

Here, as well as elsewhere, you will be the subjects of temptations, which only the truly faithful can resist, and obstacles may rise up in your pathway which only the most resolute can surmount. Many condemn what you have undertaken. They say that education is only the means of developing the natural worthlessness of men ; and sometimes they speak the truth.

But this should not slacken your energy or diminish your courage. The fact that a few ships are lost at sea, is no reason why all others should lie idle in the harbor. From some of you the flowery fields of literature may be far off in the distance, and the hill of science may seem steep and rugged ; but let me say, press onward and upward, and however great your success may be, always remember to give due honor to Him whose "eyes are everywhere beholding the evil and the good."

PEOPLE I HAVE MET.

[Dr. Talmage, in Sunday Magazine.]

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT—WASHINGTON IRVING—PETER COOPER—
DANIEL WEBSTER.

In my house on Oxford street, Brooklyn, we had a memorable gathering in October, 1876. Many fine ladies and gentlemen were present ; but the most conspicuous—not because of any pretence on his part, but by sheer force of elevated character—was William Cullen Bryant. He did not much like to be helped out of the carriage when he came, nor to be helped into it again when he departed. He was the impersonation of simplicity. He no doubt knew that he was admired of all, but he gave no demonstration of that fact.

The evening had nearly passed when the mayor of the city made an address of appreciation both of Martin Farquhar Tupper, the English poet, then present, and of our venerable American poet. Bryant and Tupper, before the other guests came, had been seated on the sofa, quoting poetry and reviving reminiscences. After the mayor, addresses by Messrs. Bryant, Tupper, and Peter Cooper, and the Rev.

Drs. I. S. Prime, Dowling, and others. But I had alway been desirous of hearing Mr. Bryant read one of his own poems. I had attended the Bryant meeting a year or two before in Chickering Hall, New York city—a meeting at which the music was good and the speaking good, but there was a great lack in it of William Cullen Bryant himself. His speech of response was only about three minutes, while he spent all the rest of the evening in doing nothing except keeping silence and looking venerable. I thought, Why does not somebody think of asking the glorious old man to come forward and read his “Forest Hymn,” or lines to a “Water-fowl,” or the “Death of the Flowers”? But no such thing happened. On the evening at my house I resolved that no such omission should be repeated. I sprung my stratagem on him in the most unexpected moment. Mr. Tupper, at our request, had read a selection from his own poems, and read them well. Turning to our American poet, I said: “Mr. Bryant, I have always wanted to hear you read ‘Thanatopsis,’ and I have no doubt it would be a great joy to all our guests to hear you read it. I have it here in Griswold’s compilation. Will you grant us the great favor of reading it”?

Bryant blushed like a bashful miss when asked to play on a piano. There evidently was a struggle between his modesty and his desire to be obliging. After a moment’s pause he said: “I would rather read anything than my own writings; but if it will be of any pleasure to you I will do as you say.” Taking the book, he advanced to the middle of the room, looked up at the chandelier and then looked at the book. “Take my spectacles,” said Mr. Tupper. “No, no,” said Mr. Bryant, “I do not need spectacles.” The type of the book was rather small, but he made no hesitation. There he stood, at eighty-two years of age, about to read without spectacles a poem he had published in the *North American Review* in 1816, when he was eighteen years of age! He turned round and said: “You will understand that I do not recite this from memory, for I am not familiar with it. I only read it.” With calm, slow accent he read on.

It was a scene never to be forgotten. It was Eighteen Hundred and Sixteen reading to Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-six. He did not hold the book away off as octogenarians are wont to do when they read without glasses, but just as a man of thirty would hold a book. His long white beard snowed upon the page. As he came to the last nine lines his voice became feeble, not with physical weakness, but with suppressed emotion. I had read it, and reread it, as everybody else has, until I thought there was no more to get out of the closing lines

of "Thanatopsis"; but he gave it a new translation that autumnal night. Could it be that I had ever heard it before? The white, overhanging eyebrows, the deep-sunken eyes, the great dome of a forehead above a thin body, the realization that it must be the closing hours of a long and beautiful life, and the sound of the strong autumnal winds that swept round the house while he was reading, were a commentary upon the immortal passage, until I write them here under half delusion that no one has ever seen or heard them before :

" So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

We never saw him again. We said " Good night " till under other skies we shall say " Good morning." I could not that night help thinking of the first time I saw Mr. Bryant. It was in the days of my boyhood, at Tripler Hall, at the meeting in commemoration of Fennimore Cooper, who had just died. Washington Irving came forward to call the meeting to order. He was embarrassed as I never before or since saw a speaker embarrassed. He had his hat in one hand and his gloves in the other. His chief perplexity seemed to be how to change his hat and gloves to the other hand. He hemmed and hawed and stuttered, and blushed and bowed and half broke down while presenting Daniel Webster as the chairman of the meeting. Daniel Webster in a speech introduced William Cullen Bryant as the orator of the evening. For more than an hour Mr. Bryant discoursed of his friend, the author of " Wing-and-Wing," " Red Rover," and the " Two Admirals." What a night in Tripler Hall that was ! Was there ever such a group upon one platform ! Washington Irving calling to the chair Daniel Webster to introduce William Cullen Bryant !

But which most affected me, I cannot easily tell—Bryant, in 1851, applauded of the multitudes in Tripler Hall, or Bryant in my parlors in 1876. The one was " Noontide " ! The other was " Sunset " !

DIFFIDENCE OF GREAT MEN.

It may comfort some of our students, troubled with an excess of modesty, to know that great men have been diffident in company, and have broken down in attempting to speak.

The eloquent Robert Hall made an utter failure the first time he attempted to speak.

The great Pitt was exceedingly shy in his private intercourse with men. Lord Camden was on terms of the greatest intimacy with him, and one day remarked, as Pitt was at his house:

"My children have heard so much about you that they are very anxious to have a glimpse of the great man. They are now at dinner. Will you oblige me by going in with me a moment"?

"O, pray don't" said the orator in great alarm. "What on earth would I say to them"?

"Give them the pleasure of seeing you, at least," said his lordship, laughing, as he half led, half pushed him into the room.

The Prime Minister of England approached the little group. There he stood, looking alternately at the father and the children, and twirling his hat for a few minutes, without being able to utter a sentence.

When Daniel Webster was a school-boy, he tells us: "Many a piece did I commit to memory and rehearse it over and over again in my room, but when the day came, when the school collected, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned upon my seat, I could not raise myself from it."

Cowper's friends purchased him a place as Clerk of the House of Lords, where his duties only required him to stand up and read parliamentary documents. The thought of standing up before such an audience was so terrible to him that as the time drew on, he was in agony of apprehension, and tried to hang himself.

LOCALS.

"Centennial"!

"Fair"!

"Parade"!

"See the foreigners"?

Vaccination has become the vexation of the times.

"I am glad you mentioned it."

"Don't touch my vaccination"!!!

A fat old gentleman was bitten in the calf of his leg by a dog. He at once rushed to the office of the justice of the peace, and preferred a complaint against a joker in the neighborhood, whom he supposed to be the owner of the offending cur.

The following was the defence offered on trial by the wag:

I. By testimony in favor of the general good character of my dog, I shall prove that nothing could make him so forgetful of his canine dignity as to bite a *calf*.

II. He is blind, and can't see to bite.

III. Even if he could see to bite, it would be utterly impossible for him to go out of his way to do so, on account of his severe lameness.

IV. Granting his eyes and legs to be good, he has no teeth.

V. My dog died six weeks ago.

VI. I never had a dog.

—*From an old secular paper.*

"When his thoughts on the pinions of fancy shall roam,
And in slumber revisit his love and his home,
When the eyes of affection with tenderness gleam,
Oh! who would awake (*him*) from so pleasant a dream"?

My toe, Oh! my t-o-e!!!! Cutting string, cruel fellows, to thus disturb the blissful repose of an innocent *rat*.

[For the Messenger.]

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Having put forth my wise proverb long ago, that we must not answer a fool according to his folly, I do not mean to reply to that pigeon-toed editor of the *Messenger* who undertook to be witty at my expense. But I beg leave to present a few of my proverbs, by a study of which that flighty and conceited coxcomb would learn some wisdom:

1. He that hideth the greenness of a stranger is wise, but a fool maketh sport of him that is a rat.

2. A wise man speaketh gently of his neighbor, but he that heapeth contempt on his brother is cruel-hearted.

3. He that hath much knowledge useth plain words, but he that knoweth nothing prateth aloud about Socrates and Plato.

4. He that showeth mercy to a rat will come to honor, but he that poketh fun at the friendless will come to nothing.

5. He that sayeth that Solomon put forth opinions contrary to science is another.

6. He that writeth scornful things of Solomon should go in his hole when the fool-killer cometh along.

The rest of these proverbs I hold back until I hear again from the swollen frog.

SOLOMON.

"What a happy family," remarked a gentleman as he gazed upon three buxom girls, who were busy about their domestic affairs. The youngest of the trio, weighing about two hundred, "heaving a sigh," said, "Not so happy as you imagine, sir. There is need of one more (a fellow) in the family to make an even number." He felt a little mashed.

All friends of Richmond College will be gratified to hear that the board of trustees of the college have decided to make every effort for the rapid completion of the *Jeter Memorial Hall*.

Honorable gentlemen of the Board, please bear in mind the gymnasium. Surely there can be no more essential thing than this to our college. Health is worth more than education.

SCENE.—A student at State Fair, in front of main building, is quite unexpectedly encountered by an old country friend, who is under the mystic influence of Bacchus:

Student—"Why, Mr. H., what are you doing in this part of the world"?

Country Friend—"Doing here! Why, I'm just from Yorktown, and thought that"—

Student (interrupting)—"I have heard that the Centennial celebration was a miserable failure."

C. F. (thoroughly indignant)—"Miserable failure, the mischief! Whoever told you that had no taste for glory. Why, man, the soldiers was thar as thick as bees. Flags was waving every whar. Them people from over yonder in speckled uniform. Saw General Hancock and the President. Heard a hundred bands playing at the same time. And—and—Lor' bless me"!

The old gentleman broke down, and keeled over on the ground in a Centennial ecstasy.

A new student not long since determined to take a ride. He had only five cents to invest in this luxury, and as the street car afforded an investment in this line, he determined to try it. He got on the car and rode to the terminus of the track. Here the car was turned around and started back, when the conductor observed this young man sitting serenely happy, and to all appearances (and in reality, too),

having no idea of leaving the car. The conductor asked for additional fare. The young man replied that he had paid once, therefore was entitled to ride as long as he desired. After a short colloquy, in which the young man's logic quailed before the muscular conductor, this new student very unceremoniously departed. He could take no other car, as his money was out; so he was left "*Scott free*" in the regions that lyeth around the Chimborazo, and after wanderings such as Ulyses of old only experienced, this young man reached this place again, and immediately came into our sanctum, where, with his hand raised, swore solemnly that he would leave the campus no more. Such a conclusion is worthy of the wisdom of Aristotle.

One of our young students said to his brother, "You ought to have heard one of our fellows sing a solo *by himself* the other day." "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

All of us will be glad to see that there is another poet this session who is rapidly gaining the ground which the dubbed poet laureate held last session. Listen to his mystic quill:

TRIALS OF A COLLEGE LIFE.

The night is dark, I must retire,
The clock is striking one;
Though working hard, I would inquire,
What little have I done?

I lay me down in dreamy lands,
My mind would sweetly rest,
But soon there comes in silent hands,
An awful, dreaded pest.

"Arouse, ye dreamy, sleeping one,"
Comes sounding from the floor,
As onward, with their jolly fun,
They drag me through the door.

Lookout! hold on, O stop, I say!
My toe! my toe! my toe!
I don't think now there's fun this way,
I say, as they let go.

And trembling with my sudden fear,
I go once more to bed,
Declaring if they dare appear
Again, I'll shoot them dead.

But sleep I cannot risk again,
My eyes refuse to close,
And thus I lay in secret pain,
Until the sun arose.

The weary night has left its trace
Upon the tired brain,
My thoughts are dull and sad my face,
When breakfast comes again.

But trials still for me await,
My beef is tough and old,
The salt though pure is greased first-rate,
And was for butter sold.

And while I eat as best I can,
My thoughts afar off roam,
And seems to say the better plan
Would be to go back home.

My love would say, "Come back and rest,
Fret not your life away."
The heart that beats within that breast,
Is dearer every day.

Again, I look to see the light,
That drives away the gloom,
But one gets up and says: "'Tis right
That rats should meet their doom."

So students all, remember please,
Assemble after noon;
For we expect to do with these,
As rats we have to *prune*.

What's that, methinks, what does he mean?
I'll vow I am a man,
I'll strike these vagabonds between
Their peepers, if I can.

Now he's a fool if he supposes
I'll do as he commands,
I'll dislocate a few long noses,
With these, my bony hands.

I wish I were at home, with those
I love, and who love me,
For these may kill me; no one knows
In one week what I'll be.

But soon I stand on head nor feet,
Let loose! let loose! I cry;
In vain, in vain I would repeat;
'Twas useless though to try.

For soon I was the honored one
Who sat upon the bars,
And there I got that bitter fun
Ten thousand thousand jars.

But now 'tis o'er, I am content
To live a student's life,
Though trials all our lives are spent,
In pain, and fear, and strife.

—*Namel.*

PERSONALS.

Jos. F. Gordon, '80-'81, is in business in Lynchburg.

Julian M. Cabell, '80-'81, is engineering, also R. L. Traylor. Success to both of you, boys.

E. R. Barksdale, '80-'81, is in business at Big Lick. Go it little Eddie, we will bet on you.

Lewis Puryear is making a fortune rapidly. We always thought that you had true grit in your gizzard.

W. F. Bagby, *alias* Joe, has formed a partnership with his father, and is now an out-and-out mercantile man.

B. A. Pendleton, owing to his protracted illness, has decided not to return to college. We are sorry to hear this, and are not alone in our sorrow.

Conway M. Knox, '80-'81, is in business in Richmond. The boys need thy wit, and long for thee to call down the muses at the approaching examinations.

There is some talk of E. F. Settle returning to college to finish up his degree of A. M. Come by all means, Jeff. All of us miss you, and the old place does not favor itself without you.

A. J. Reamy is with us again. He went to the seminary, but his health was so bad as to necessitate his leaving. This is a healthy place, any way, Reamy, and the company can't be beaten.

We are glad our friend from tide-water, W. J. H. Bohannon, has returned. His health was such, at the beginning of the session, as to cause a temporary suspension of his college course.

James D. Wright, '80-'81, has left us. He says his health was the cause; but we shall not say how much of this we believe, for Cupid whispered to us the other night, in clear notes, *Matrimony*. We are in duty bound to believe our oracles.

Many of our students will be pained to hear that the health of Mr. T. W. Haynes, one of our old boys, is quite feeble. He is at the University, notwithstanding his ill-health.

J. T. Dickinson has been forced to leave college on account of ill-health. The departure of this gentleman is much regretted. He was applying for his degree of A. B. this session. He has our best wishes for his speedy recovery and success in life.

Willie D. Groton, '74-'75, is at Susanville, California, a regular "two-horse doctor," doing a fine practice and driving the best span of horses in the county. Pity that he hasn't a Susan to ride around with him, or to keep home comfortable against his return. Dispel the causes for our *pity*, Doctor.

EXCHANGES.

Unquestionably, it's a magnificent thing to be an exchange editor : a post of honor we would not swap for the world or the glittering toys thereof. So nice to recline under a pile of papers, whose length, breadth, height, depth, no man can estimate ! So nice to lie there, breathing printers' ink, and feeding on thought ! And, then, how charming to think of the duels we'll be challenged to fight, of how we'll annihilate our antagonist, and save ourself for our country and posterity. In fact, we will have to wait until this noontide of glory (which the thoughts of the honor of our position caused) has passed away before we can settle down to steady work.

We have on our table the *Polytechnic*. It is well named, for, beyond doubt, it comprehends many arts. It seems to understand as well how to stalk into the sublime as to crawl into the ridiculous. To do the former, it dashes off a lofty editorial on "Ambition"; to accomplish the latter, it heads one or two of its columns with ludicrous engravings. One of the pictures represents a shadowy vision of a man about stepping into a mud-puddle. It's an illustrated rebus, we reckon, but the solution is easy enough : The man is the editor, and the mud-puddle the matrimonial sea, and—well, good by, old fellow !

Somehow or other, we always did have a literary appetite for exchanges edited by fair hands. True, the pens, while writing some of the articles, may now and then be dipped into the perfume of flowers or fount of fancy ; yet, after all, when the girls write, something nice is almost sure to come. Under this head we jot down the *Alma Mater*, published by the literary societies of the Wesleyan Female Institute, Staunton, Va. We take off our glove and extend it a hand of welcome to our list of exchanges. We do wish, however, that the fair editress hadn't have asked that awful question—a question the very thoughts of which must have caused a nervous tremor—viz., "At what age do *boys* become *men*" ? We are not going to answer it at all, but we do think that the catastrophe happens somewhere about the time when soap and water wont wash off a certain black streak from the face ! The *Alma Mater* also has an excellent cure for love sickness, which is, of course, published for the benefit of the fair inmates of the Wesleyan.

The *Randolph Macon Monthly* appears this session in magazine form, and looks quite neat and comfortable in its new dress. Wrapped up in this overcoat-covering, it will doubtless keep alive and warm-hearted, even though cold winds of criticism howl all around.

It is well protected from the weather, and yet the October number contains plenty of healthy air, judging from the draft of "Airy Nothings" which is first to fan us. The author of the article thinks "all men are born poets to a certain degree." That's exactly true of our exchange editor. His poetic fancy,—his heart beats with pride to say,—is already to the distinguished degree of *zero*.

The October number of the *College Mirror* (Greenville, S. C.,) is among our exchanges. In points of style and matter this paper compares favorably with most of our exchanges. If we remember correctly, the *Mirror*, prior to this number, has been edited by one of the teachers, but we notice that it now has a corps of editresses selected from among the students. This change has some advantages, as it will secure a more general and deeper interest among the students than they would otherwise feel in the paper.

A majority of the *Mirror's* articles are unexceptionable; but one of its *clippings* leads one to think that the fair editresses, not unlike most persons who consult *mirrors*, are slightly fond of flattery. The *Religious Herald* takes the privilege of saying that, "as a general thing, the girls of South Carolina are brighter and more aspiring than their brothers," and the *Mirror* reflects this sentiment from its smooth surface by way of endorsement. Yes, but the blue-eyed, bonnie lasses of the "Mountain City" will say that deserved praise is not flattery. Well, *say yourselves we are no hands to argue*.

The *Institute Index* prints an excellent article on "Stability of Character." It brings out this point well: if we knock at *all* the doors of life, very likely we will enter at none. The writer thus concludes:

"All the grand deeds of life are accomplished by steady effort; and the ability to make this effort is what we call stability of character. To the young man entering upon life we would say, 'Cultivate this trait. Without it, genius and your learning, your friends and your wealth, will avail you naught. Your life will be one continued failure, without pleasure of living, pride of recollection, or hope of redemption. Fame will pass you by, and oblivion engulf you in her fathomless abyss. With it, the surety of a well-spent life, the possibility of immortal fame, awaits you.'"

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