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# Richmond College Messenger.

Vol. VII.

RICHMOND, VA., JANUARY, 1882.

No. 4.

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[ The following little poem is by an unknown author, and was given to us by a friend. We are sure that our readers will appreciate its pathos.] .

## THE OUTCAST !

Found dead ! dead and alone !

There was nobody near—nobody near  
When the outcast died on his pillow of stone.

No father, no mother, no sister dear,  
No friendly voice to soothe or cheer,  
Not a watching or pitying tear.  
Ah ! the city slept when he died alone  
In the roofless street on his pillow of stone.

Many a weary day went by

Whilst wretched and worn he begged for bread,  
Tired of life and longing to lie

Peacefully down with the silent dead.  
Hunger and cold, and scorn and pain,  
Had wasted his form and seared his brain ;  
Till at last on the frozen ground  
The outcast died. 'Twas there he was found.

Found dead—dead and alone,

On his pillow of stone in the roofless street ;  
Nobody heard his last, faint moan,

Or knew when his sad heart ceased to beat ;  
No mourner lingered with tears or sighs,  
But the stars looked down with pitying eyes,  
And the chill winds passed with a wailing sound  
O'er the lonely spot where his form was found.

Found dead ! dead ! but not alone ;

There was somebody near—somebody near  
To claim the wanderer as his own,

And give a home to the houseless here ;  
One, when every human door is closed  
To his children scorned and poor,  
Who opens the heavenly portals wide—  
Yes, God was there when the outcast died.



MOLIÈRE.

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If a French critic were asked to whom, in the whole range of French literature, he would give the first place—not forgetting the grandeur of Corneille, the pathos of Racine, the sublimity of Bossuet, the elegance of Voltaire—he would probably say, to Molière. And who, one might ask, is this man whom you rank so high? The son of an upholsterer. The son of an upholsterer, and you prefer him to all the other writers of France! How is that? It is because, as La Harpe has said, “Molière is, of all those who have ever written, the one who has the best observed man without announcing that he has observed him.” His comedies are apart from all other comedies; no nation, either ancient or modern, has produced a comic dramatist who can be compared to him. What can be more lively than the plays of Congreve, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and Sheridan! Wit sparkles in almost every line; but the wit has been doled out in regular portions, and as much of it falls to the share of the valet and waiting-maid as to their masters and mistresses. It is very different in Molière’s comedies. We find there an examination of nearly all the follies and vices of man, and the charm of perfect naturalness pervades. In another respect, also, Molière differs from all other writers. Satirists, though aiming to correct and improve man by means of ridicule, the most powerful of all weapons, have rarely attained the desired end. Horace, indeed,

“Still charms with graceful negligence,  
And without method talks us into sense;”

but his works had little effect on the society or manners of his day. The same may be said of Juvenal and Persius, and in modern times of Boileau, Pope, &c. But the satires of Molière have had a visible and most desirable effect. But what effect, you ask, have they had? Have there been fewer misers since the *Avare*, fewer libertines since the *Festin de Pierre*, fewer hypocrites since the *Tartuffe*? Assuredly not; human nature is too hardened to be altered by a comedy. What, then, has Molière done? Let us see. In the early part of the reign of Louis XIV., the nobles were overbearing and insolent in their manners; the doctors, for the most part, stupid and ignorant quacks, and the ladies affected and pedantic to the last extreme. But in the latter part of the seventeenth century, what a change do we observe! We find instead of insolence, politeness and courtesy; instead



of ignorance in the medical profession, learning and science ; and good sense and good taste, after a long sleep, resume their sway over both sexes. Although the progress of civilization, the more discriminating study of the ancients, the works of other writers, and the general influence of the times, took considerable part in effecting this memorable change, yet, to a great extent, it was due to the inimitable pen of the dramatist. Molière had little faith in the power of physic or physicians. He said once to the king : " I chat awhile with a physician, he prescribes remedies for me, I do not take them, and I recover." And well might he have had little faith in them, if he has given us a correct picture of them, as, allowing for satire, he doubtless has. The principal pieces in which he attacked the miserable charlatans are *Le Medecin Malgré Lui* and *Le Malade Imaginaire*, in the latter of which we find the character of Diafoirus, a physician who is recommended by his uncle, on account of his blind admiration for the ancients and obstinate refusal to accept any of the so-called discoveries of the day, such as the circulation of the blood and other like nonsense. But it was against the literary women of Paris that Molière directed his keenest darts and his most crushing satire. The celebrated *Hôtel de Rambouillet* was established by Catherine de Vivonne, widow of the Marquis de Rambouillet. It soon became a literary circle in which the most distinguished persons took part. There might be seen Richelieu, the greatest statesman ; Condé, the greatest general ; Corneille, the greatest poet of the age. Although the *Hôtel de Rambouillet* improved the language and did much good to literature, in general, affectation reigned there supreme. Its members avoided all ordinary phrases, and endeavored to clothe the most trivial thoughts in new and striking expressions. One of the most famous persons by whose society it was honored was Madeleine de Scudéry, who, in her interminable romances of the *Grand Cyrus* and *Clélie*, ascribed to the ancient Persians and Romans mediæval chivalry and French courtesy. These works soon became the fashion, and every one aimed to be like her heroes and heroines. Molière, struck with the ludicrousness of this, and, perhaps, somewhat piqued at the ladies' unfavorable criticisms on his plays, put on the stage *Les Précieuses Ridicules*. Gorgibus, a provincial man of the middle class, brings to Paris his daughter Magdelon and his niece Cathas, whose heads have been completely turned by the romances that they have read. Disgusted with their homely names, they have changed them to the more euphonious ones of Polixène and Aminte, and wish to think, act, and talk exactly like Mademoiselle de

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Scudéry's heroines. Both have excellent offers in marriage; both refuse, because their lovers desire a speedy consummation of their wishes, and this, they say, is preposterous. Mandane did not marry Cyrus until after years of separation and trials. "There must be," says Magdelon, "adventures, rivals, persecutions of fathers, jealousies conceived by false appearances, complaints, and despairs. But to make love only in making the marriage contract and to take the romance by the end, nothing can be more gross than that, and the vision of it, alone, makes me ill." In this Molière does not exaggerate. Julie d'Angennes, the beautiful daughter of the Marquise de Rambouillet, would not consent to marry the Duke of Montausier until after a twelve years' courtship; so much Platonic love did the ladies of that period exact! But let us return to the *Précieuses*. Their lovers, angry at their rejection, determine to play a trick on them. They send to see them Mascarille, a clever valet, dressed as a marquis. He tells Magdelon and Cathas that he has heard so much of them that he could not resist coming to see them. They are delighted to be complimented by a person of such high rank, and go into ecstasy over an absurd sonnet which he reads. They all three converse in the fashionable jargon, Mascarille sends for musicians, and they are in the midst of a dance when Gorgibus arrives with the suitors, who undeceive them, to the infinite disgust of Gorgibus and confusion of the girls. This charming little piece, perhaps, did some good, but it was far from curing the evil. Near the close of his career, Molière again took up this theme, and produced the *Femmes Savantes*, the most amusing, brilliant, and delightful of all his comedies. "In no one instance," says Mr. Hallam, "has Molière delineated such variety of manners, or displayed so much of his inimitable gayety and power of fascinating the audience with very little plot, by mere exhibition of human follies." The characters of Philaminte, Bélise, Armande, Trissotin, Vadius, and Chrysale, are drawn as Molière alone could draw them. Philaminte is a true "savante." She rules her household with a rod of iron; she drives away her maid, not because she has broken any porcelain or glass, not because she has stolen silver or jewelry, not because she has been unfaithful. "No," says she, "these would be trifles; she has, with an insolence second to no other, after thirty lessons, insulted my ear by the impropriety of a low and barbarous word, which Vaugélas condemns in decisive terms." Bélise thinks that everybody is in love with her, although she admits that all her lovers have revered her too highly ever to declare their love. Some of them, she says, refrain



from visiting her in order to show their respect for her ; others ridicule her on account of their jealous rage, while despair has induced some even to marry. Armande professes to think that a woman ought to wed herself to philosophy only, and that to marry a *man* would be very bestial. Chrysale is far from liking the ways of his learned wife, sister, and eldest daughter ; most of his affection is centred in his younger daughter Henriette, who does not admire her mother's attainments, and openly declares her ignorance of Greek. He likes the homely manners of the women of the preceding age. " They did not read," says he, " but they lived well ; their household affairs were all their learned conversation ; their books were a needle, thread, and a thimble, with which they made their children's clothes. But the women at present are very far from these customs ; they wish to write and to become authors. At my house everything is known except what ought to be known ; they know all about the moon, the polar star, Venus, Saturn, and Mars, with which I have no business. My whole house is employed in reasoning, and by reasoning they have driven away reason. One burns my steak while she reads some beautiful history ; and another dreams over some verses when I ask for something to drink." The ladies are shocked at such ideas, and Bélise wonders that she can be the sister of such a man. This piece was too much for the learned women. Their pedantry gradually languished and died. Thus with a veritable Parthian dart did Molière put an end to this absurdity, which has revived, in our own times, under the name of *Æstheticism*. Would that the stage would come to the rescue ! But, alas ! the present age, though offering ample fund for satire, produces no Molière. In 1667 the *Tartuffe*, the best of Molière's, and consequently the best of all comedies, was first performed. He had composed it three years before, but had not been allowed to put it on the boards, on account of the opposition of the clergy. Strange that an exposure of hypocrisy should have been considered as an attack on religion ! Few plays present a greater variety of characters. That of *Tartuffe* is the most detestable, as well as one of the most perfectly delineated, that dramatic literature affords. In the *Avare*, we see the folly of avarice, in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the absurdity of a man who desires to put himself above his rank. In these works Molière has painted others, in the *Misanthrope* he has painted himself. Comedy, this plan is called ! There are few tragedies that are more touching. Pathetic it would be at any rate, but how much more so it is, when we know that the sincere *Alceste* is Molière, and the heartless coquette, *Célimène*, his wife, Armande Béjart.



Molière is one of those few writers admired by all nations, but his supremacy, so readily acknowledged by all succeeding generations, like that of most great men, was far from being admitted by his contemporaries. The discerning few perceived and appreciated his merit, but many of his best plays were unsuccessful. He was betrayed by his wife, deserted by his friends, and the life of the greatest comic genius of the world was a sad one. The king, one day, asked Boileau who was the greatest man in his kingdom. "It is Molière, sire," replied Boileau, without hesitation. "I am not of your opinion," said the king, thinking, perhaps, that he was a much greater man than the comedian Molière. But posterity has confirmed the judgment of Boileau; for time has stripped Louis the Fourteenth of most of his borrowed glory, while it has served only to enhance that of Molière.

He has painted men as they were in his day, as they are in ours, and as they will be in all others. His comedies are a faithful mirror, in which we see everybody, with one exception. We see our acquaintances, our friends, and our enemies, but we do not see ourselves. We are there, do not doubt it, but we do not recognize ourselves, and we apply everything to others. Let us beware of this fault; let us glance at ourselves, and profit by the good lessons which Molière has given us. All honor to the dramatist who exposed folly, censured vice, reformed manners, and restored good taste ! C.

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### CHIVALRY.

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It is difficult to disrobe chivalry of the romantic habiliments which poets and novelists have fantastically folded about this institution; and it is no less difficult to carry ourselves back in imagination over ten centuries of change and progress, and see in its proper light the state of civilization of Western Europe which produced and nourished chivalry. However widely men may differ in regard to the influence of chivalry upon civilization, yet, when a view is taken of the period in which it flourished, and of the object which the noble knight ever kept before him, it must be acknowledged that it was truly a meritorious institution. In order to get a clear conception of this subject, it is necessary to bear in mind the political and religious condition of Europe at the time when this institution rose and flourished. The Roman Empire had fallen, and, like the fall of the majestic oak in the forest, which bruises and mangles all the smaller trees under it, this



fall crushed the high sense of honor and noble ambition which were preëminent qualities in the Roman character. Along with the other things that went down with the decline of the Roman Empire, was the love of learning. This affected all Western Europe. What did the man of the Middle Ages care for the immortal poems of Virgil or the glorious works of Cicero? Living without any specific purpose, and void of that ambition which leads both individuals and nations to grand achievements, a majority of the men of this period were eking out their existence. Feudalism held complete sway. Far more impregnable were the barriers by which the liberties of individuals were circumscribed, than were the walls of stone surrounding the baron's castle. The heart of him who had authority was more impervious to the demands of justice, than the mail armor to the violent blows of a foe's blade. Might was the standard of right; consequently the weak and unprotected were the recipients of great cruelty and oppression. When a lord was oppressed by the king he vented his spleen by oppressing the baron, and he in turn relieved himself of his ill-humor by maltreating his vassals. The feudal baron withdrew into his gloomy castle and heartlessly imposed upon the serfs and tenants, who had no source of redress for their grievances, since the baron himself was the magistrate.

Of course, there must be a check upon this injustice and lawlessness. One such check is found in the rivalry of the chiefs themselves, whose mutual jealousy made them somewhat lenient toward their vassals. Another is found in the Church, notwithstanding its corruptions at this period; yet, by interposing it did much for the protection of the weak. Beyond the checks just mentioned, there was an agency which proved far more potential in the redress of evils than all other instrumentalities of that age. The human heart, however crushed and bruised by tyranny or dwarfed by selfishness, is, nevertheless, endowed with an impulse of generosity and a sense of justice which urge man to action when he sees his fellow-creatures unjustly oppressed. This magnanimity of soul was, indeed, the cardinal principle which led to the grand institution of chivalry, far renowned in story and in song. Add to this the great honor paid to the profession of arms, and, likewise, the high regard and delicate gallantry of the Teutons toward the female sex, and it will give a clear idea of the causes which led to the rise and success of chivalry.

Chivalry sprang from feudalism, and was its brightest flower. It was a gallant offspring, and, although it didn't long survive the departure of its mother, still it did much by way of reforming her vices.



Having noticed the origin of this romantic institution, let us look for a moment at the gallant knight himself, whose matchless valor thrills our hearts with admiration.

At the age of seven, the training of the boy who was a candidate for knighthood was commenced. Being placed in a castle under a governor whose duty it was to give him lessons in all that pertained to the Order of Knight-Errantry, he remained there until he arrived at the age of fourteen. During this time the appellation of *page* was given him, and his duties were, in addition to his lessons in chivalry, to carve, wait upon the table, and perform other menial services about the castle, which were not at that time considered humiliating; but his leisure hours were spent in accompanying the ladies of the castle in their pleasure walks and rides, and on their expeditions of hunting and fowling. At the castle the page was surrounded by grand ladies and valiant knights, whose influence ever filled his youthful nature with the highest emotions of gallantry, honor, love, and bravery. History informs us that the page, even before he reached his teens, usually selected a young lady, at whose feet he displayed all his gallantry; and the lady, on her part, undertook the polishing of his manners. The page was also instructed in the principles of religion, which occupied no insignificant place in the creed of the mediæval knight. "The love of God and the ladies," says Hallam, "was enjoined as a single duty. He who was faithful and true to his mistress was held sure of salvation in the theology of the castle."

We remark, in passing, that we here have an illustration of the fact that human nature remains essentially the same in all ages. At the first thought, we are astounded to see the reverence and devotion of the youthful page toward the object of his ambition and idol of his life; but the page of ten summers, who in the twelfth century worshipped at the shrine of the goddess of his affections, was no more the slave of his angelina than the bare-footed school-boy of the present day who engages in the combat of *assault and battery* with his rivals "for her dear sake."

At the age of fourteen, the *page* became a *squire*, and, sad to say, at this interesting age he was compelled to put an end to his office of love, as attendant of the female sex, and to become the attendant of the knight. His duties were then of a more arduous nature. To lead the war-horse to battle, to prepare the knight for the contest, to lead in another horse when his lord was dismounted, to rush to the assistance of his master when hard pressed, constituted the principal duties of the squire. Eternal constancy being a test of true knight-



hood, the squire, on leaving the castle to assume the duties of his more honored calling, never proved unfaithful to the guardian angel to whom he had paid his vows, and whose benign influence he had received while being educated at the castle—his *alma mater*. This is a compliment to the knight which cannot be paid to all *esquires* at modern institutions of training who indulge in the use of “calico.”

Such was the training, such the duties, and such the life and character of the squire until he reached the age of twenty-one, when the dream of his boyhood, the longings and labors of his maturer years, were realized—he became a knight.

We pass over the ceremonial initiation of the knight, which was administered with much solemnity. These exercises were more solemn than the reader would suspect, if he judges from the laughable initiation of Don Quixote at the inn, upon starting out on his famous tour.

The most vivid imagination can picture nothing more splendid and romantic than a knight of the fourteenth century. In the heyday of chivalry, when the knight was in the acme of his glory, he was a grand figure. What is there in all the military displays of modern times so superbly grand as the knight of this period, mounted upon his richly caparisoned steed, glittering in his costly armor of steel, with plume and crest and helmet, with lance and mace and battle-axe, going forth upon some errand of mercy?

While we contemplate the institution of chivalry, some examples of the illustrious knight involuntarily come to our minds.

Among the French knights who distinguished themselves in that knightly land of France, stands prominently the chivalrous Bayard. No one doubts that he deserves the unmingled praise and admiration bestowed upon him in the appellation “the fearless and blameless.” He possessed the qualities of the noble knight in their perfection and purity, beautifully combining the valor of the warrior with the humane spirit of the philanthropist.

We can't help thinking of Sir Philip Sidney as a brilliant example of the English knight. To his other manly virtues he added the attainment of being a finished scholar. One incident in the life of Sidney will serve as an illustration of the magnanimity of the true knight.

As he was being borne from the battle-field, having received a mortal wound, he complained of thirst, whereupon a bottle of water was procured for him. As he was about to drink, he was touched by a wistful look of a wounded soldier who fixed his eyes upon the water. Taking the glass, untouched, from his own lips, Sidney handed it to



the suffering soldier, with the words: "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine."

But the glory of knight-errantry has passed away. When civilization, in its resistless progress, demolished the moss-covered walls of the baron's castle, it likewise crushed the institution of chivalry. The invention of gunpowder was an important agent in the overthrow of knight-errantry. The chain armor and helmet and breast-plate might be impervious to the arrow and lance, but they were powerless to resist the cannon-ball. Chivalry lasted longer in Spain than in any other country of Europe, and passed away, at the close of the sixteenth century, amid the inextinguishable laughter produced by Cervantes' immortal romance of Don Quixote, which is, beyond a doubt, one of the most humorous works ever written in any language. Although chivalry, as an institution, is reckoned with the things of the past, yet its influence still lives. It is true, that, as we stand on the elevated plain of the civilization of the nineteenth century, and look back on the knight of the Middle Ages, we see that he was not free from imperfections, but his virtues outweighed his vices. "From the knight of the Middle Ages," says a prominent writer, "grew the gentleman of modern days, the elements of each remaining the same. This is a character new in history. Antiquity produced *heroes*, but not *gentlemen*." So it may be said we owe the noblest human type the world has ever known to the same influence which shaped chivalry in the period of the Middle Ages.

So long as the chivalrous gentleman shall be regarded with such high esteem as he is generally held, especially in our own Southern land, a veil of charity should be folded over the defects of the mediæval knight, so that his virtues may shine with greater brilliancy. As we turn away from the departed knight of the Middle Ages, we trace afresh the carved letters on his mouldering slab, while our lips meekly murmur the sentiment expressed :

"His bones are dust,  
His good sword rust;  
His soul is with the saints, we trust."

PALM.



LEGARÉ.

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There is a tendency in this country to let many of our greatest men sink into oblivion, and especially obvious does the truth of this statement appear in the South. We shall not here discuss the causes of this tendency, but simply say that it is a fact which we must accept, however unwillingly.

Among these illustrious men of the South who are only known, with few exceptions, to the student of political history, Legaré is preëminently conspicuous. We would not be understood as saying that the only knowledge we have of such men is to be gained from the political records, for the biographies of many such men can be found in every complete library in the South; still few, except political men, read them. Let us ponder awhile upon the subject of this piece. Few names have come to us from the balmy South more deserving, heroic, and greater than Legaré's. If we will only think upon the lives of such men we will find that we have not gone back into the past to grope in the Lethean shadows, but as we progress in our study the paths will illumine with sparkling genius.

Hugh Swinton Legaré was born in Charleston, S. C., on the second of January, 1797. His father was of French origin; in fact, was an immediate descendant from one of the French emigrants who fled to Carolina soon after the "revocation of the Edict of Nantz." Legaré's mother belonged to the celebrated family of Scotch Swintons—"the hardy warriors of the border." The reader will remember that Scott refers to this family in his *Halidon Hill*.

In passing over the boyhood of Legaré we would simply note the death of his father; his (young Legaré) terrible illness owing to being inoculated with small-pox, the result of which retarded his growth and completely stunted the development of his lower limbs. In this connection one of his friends remarked that, "seated, his length of body, set off by a broad, manly chest, a noble head, and an air unusually imposing, he looked of commanding person; but, risen, he seemed in a moment to have shrunk out of his bodily advantages." Thus afflicted, we see that he was precluded from taking bodily exercise, or entering into the sports and plays so characteristic of boyhood.

Despite these bodily infirmities Legaré made good use of his time. Few boys could be found with a mind so soundly and fully developed, and with an information so comprehensive and accurate.

He entered the State College, in Columbia, at the age of fifteen.



He was noted as a student; indeed, his power of concentration and mental application was looked upon as a wonder by his fellow-students.

Legaré, in his college life, did not confine himself to his prescribed studies, but was a great reader, spending all his time after college hours, and especially his holidays, in the State Library. We find him, also, taking an active part in the literary societies, and soon gained for himself an enviable reputation as a logical and eloquent speaker.

He was familiar at this time with the great epic and tragic poets of Greece and Rome, and along with these Milton and Shakespeare. He thoroughly knew French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and in after life added German to his attainments in the line of modern languages, a language which few English scholars at that time studied.

Legaré went to Europe in 1818. Here he travelled not as many do—to say that they have travelled—but he looked and he learned. The active mind, retentive memory, and brilliant imagination were garnering, in this old historic world, rich and profitable material for the use of his clear and logical judgment.

The separation from his mother and native land, while on the one hand it served to sadden him, still, on the other, a separation so painful nerved him to pursue his studies more vigorously in order to dispel his ennui.

The theatres and operas of Paris had few attractions for him, save as places eminently suited to see and study the people. He successfully did this, for Mr. Legaré was a student of human nature. He studied the French people—that impulsive, restless people—and with his wonderful insight he was penetrating the character, virtues, and foibles of that strange nation. In Paris he was no infrequent visitor at the Legislative Chambers, where he listened to the debates of such men as Manuel and Chateaubriand. From this incident in Legaré's life, perhaps, we may account for his familiarity with French politics.

From Paris Mr. Legaré went to Edinburgh. Here he prosecuted with his peculiar energy his chosen profession—civil law.

Legaré soon stood first in his class. We have read of a very interesting occurrence between the professor of law and Mr. Legaré, in which our young American completely overwhelmed the old Scotch professor, to the delight and edification of the students. Many have attributed Mr. Legaré's vast knowledge of jurisprudence to his training at the old Scotch metropolis.

Legaré returned to his home, in Charleston, in 1820. Here his ability could not be smothered. That the people appreciated him is



manifest from his election to the State Legislature in the fall of the above-mentioned year.

Legaré's incipient political life was marked by no action specially brilliant; in fact, he was considered by his fellow-members as a working-man. However, time showed that honors had been, and were, in store for him. About the second session of the Legislature Mr. Legaré obtained much reputation, and his debates were considered the most clear, forcible, and eloquent of that body.

We shall casually note his political career as a legislator, member of the United States Congress, diplomatist, attorney-general of his State, and attorney-general of the United States under the Tyler administration. His political life was characterized as bold and straightforward, at the same time marked by no demagogism. As a stump-speaker, he was one of the most formidable in this country; as a member of Congress, he was one of the ablest in that body, besides gained great personal popularity among his fellow-members; as a diplomatist, he had no superior in the Federal Government; as an attorney general, he was in his appropriate sphere. In this last-mentioned position he was following the choice of his life, and here his genius and powers as a lawyer rose above the din and turmoil of the bustling American life.

While noting Legaré's career as an attorney-general, perhaps it would be well for us to pause awhile upon this eminent man as a jurist. Entering the Charleston bar at the age of twenty-six, he soon gained the reputation as a lawyer of much depth, profound and philosophical among such men as Petigru, Hayne, Drayton, King, and Grimké. This bar, at that time, was the ablest in the South; in fact, we suspect, the ablest in the United States, and for Legaré to be so highly held among such men is a compliment which few young men of this country ever received.

This outline of Legaré would be incomplete if we were to omit his literary attainments. We have seen that Mr. Legaré was a scholar. He mastered the classics, physical and moral sciences at an early age; so we see that no lack of education hindered him from writing, as he was eminently fitted for this both on account of his superior education and broad and impartial judgment. Legaré was a fine writer. The *Southern Review* owed much of its first success to Legaré's contributions. Indeed, the lamented Bledsoe, after speaking of the aid that the *Review* received in its start from various eminent writers, says, "it must be confessed, nevertheless, that it was *vitalized*—made a living representative of the most advanced culture of the age—by the genius and learning of Legaré." This is no unmeaning compli-



ment, for Mr. Bledsoe was a man that never wrote otherwise than his feelings and judgment prompted.

Among the contributions of Mr. Legaré to the *Southern Review*, we find the following articles from which the reader can form his conception of the versatility of Legaré as a man of letters: "Cicero de Republica," "Kent's Commentaries," "Classical Learning," "Memoirs of D'Anguesseau," "Jeremy Bentham," and "The Public Economy of Athens," are classed among his deep writings; while "Lord Byron's Character and Writings," "Hall's Travels in North America," and "Sir Philip Sydney's Miscellanies," exhibit Legaré's capacities as a writer of fine literature. Among all of his writings it is generally conceded that his article on "The Origin, History, and Influence of Roman Legislation" is his finest production. In speaking of this essay, Mr. Bledsoe says that the subject is treated "with a depth of research and a clearness of logical acumen unequalled, to our mind, in the best essays, upon a kindred subject, by Brougham and Hallam." It strikes us that the mere enumeration of these writings are sufficient to convince any one that Legaré was a profound historian, while if we read them—we say this without fear of successful contradiction—we will be compelled to conclude that Legaré was a clear thinker, a ready writer—in fine, a man of genius.

The year 1843, Mr. Legaré went to Boston to "participate in the Bunker Hill Celebration," and here, after a brief illness, on the 20th of June he died.

In this outline of Mr. Legaré, we have called him a great man. Well, we have formed our notions of Legaré's greatness from *facts*, and these facts, to our mind, necessitate the conclusion that he was a wise and great man. The reader plainly sees that we have painted Mr. Legaré in a blunt, matter-of-fact manner.

We would conclude by noting Mr. Legaré's character. As a son, he was obedient, respectful, and loving; as a brother, generous, affectionate, and true; as a neighbor, he possessed pity and charity, and was ever ready to render favors. In this illustrious man we find nothing strange, not even that eccentricity which usually accompanies genius. He was brave, generous, and chivalrous; his honor unsullied, his probity unimpeached. Is there aught in such a character not to be admired, respected, and cherished? Is there aught which we should not ever strive to emulate? Surely not, for these elements make the distinctive characteristics of men—in fine, these elements make the man.

M.



## A NEW TREATISE WISHED FOR.

We saw not long since in a religious journal that some writer had said that woman's needle is the broadsword of Satan—doubtless alluding to the frivolities of fashion, to which it is supposed our fair sisters are specially addicted. That writer forgot an instrument common alike to both sexes—the tongue. We suggest a new treatise on the tongue. There is need for it; and the author who would write such a work well would secure plaudit and profit. Not exactly a treatise like Goulbourn's "*Idle Word*," nor as Hewey's on conversation. Both good in their way, and profitable; but defective, the more in not saying what they should have said than in saying what they ought not to say. Such a treatise as we wish for would, we imagine, deal in some part of it with the topics, *How* we should use the tongue? and *when*? and *where*? What themes we should handle, and on what occasions, and before what audiences, and with what motives, and whether, in the nature of things, some of us would have been better off if we had had no tongues. An expansion of St. James's letter would furnish at least a section. Unintelligible discussions—discussions in which neither talker nor auditor knew of what the discussion was—would come in, doubtless, for a share of treatment. Such discussions, e. g., as one finds in Emerson's essays or in some of Gilfillan's rhapsodies. Profitable use of the tongue—in words of comfort to the distressed, or of guidance to the doubting, or of warning to the tempted. Religious use of the tongue—in praise, in worship, in exhortation, in prayer. Profane use of the tongue—swearing, cursing, blaspheming. Bitter use of the tongue—backbiting, slandering, &c. Corrupting use of the tongue—misleading, contaminating, violating purity of thought and of heart.

It is astonishing, in the number of speculations indulged in by German theorizers that some one of them has not attempted to count how many moments of the hours composing the day each man and woman employs in using the tongue. For the amount of work required of them, how poorly furnished most tongues are. We were present not long since in a company of young people. With every purpose to make the hours pass pleasantly and profitably, there was woful lack of anything like conversation. We do not remember that a single rememberable thing was said the whole evening. For other members of the body, one makes provision. He clothes his arms and his chest, he brushes his hair, he washes his face, he does not venture before others without some attention to his



person. Why neglect the tongue in the preparation? If man is a talking animal, he ought to have something to talk about. Food for thought enough in our father's library or in the good books which any one can now get—food for talk, too, profitable and wise; but the tongue goes into company without any taste of the rich delicacies at hand, and it rattles on (poorest of paupers as it is) as if it had the richest and rarest possessions. No thoughtful man would make our parlors and family gatherings "coversaziones." To expect a jewel at the closing of every sentence would be disappointing and tedious; but is it too much to ask that intelligent people should sometimes talk about something else besides the latest fashions or the common current news of the day? the little tittle-tattle which infests every neighborhood? The last sermon our minister preached might be talked of, if not remembered, something more of it than the text; specially if we caught its spirit and if it had revived and animated us.

The world is all alive with new thoughts, new discoveries, new truth. Men go to and fro and knowledge increases and is increasing. Why not put some of this into our talk?

When the treatise is in preparation we bespeak a place in its pages. We want to write a chapter on the conversation of young men among themselves—when no one of the fair sex is present.

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#### A CARD.

By request of the local editor of the *Messenger*, I wrote one or two little pieces of pleasantries which appeared in the local column of the October No. Some individual outside of college replied to one of these locals, in the November No. Supposing that the new corps of editors would still extend the courtesy of the editorial column to me (as my first piece was written and replied to as an editorial), I immediately wrote a rejoinder, which I expected would appear in the December No. But for reasons best known to themselves, two of the editors saw fit to suppress it. I now give this rejoinder, as originally written, and shall place beneath it a signature which will effectually relieve the two editors of any "responsibility" which may accrue.

I have only to add that if this self-styled "*Solomon*" (!) sees fit to reply, I hope that he will have the manliness to sign his own name.

The *Messenger* is emphatically a college paper, and is intended to be the exponent of our student life. The literary department con-



tains our crude attempts at composition, relieved by a local column into which we bring scraps from the class-room and campus, interspersed with good-humored hits at each other. Yet, while this paper is conducted entirely by students, its columns are always open to the friends of the college, and we gladly publish anything they may write. Presuming upon this, something, sheltering itself behind the nickname of one of the students, attempted a reply to a piece of pleasantry which appeared in the local column of the October No.

We are constantly ashamed of our awkwardness and inexperience, and we lay no claim to a knowledge of journalism. But we believe that we do know something of courtesy and of what constitutes a gentleman, and we are so green as to think that journalistic courtesy is but the embodiment of those principles inherent in every high-toned soul—nurtured and developed at the mother's knee. With such conceptions, we unhesitatingly say, that whatever wrote the piece signed "*Solomon*" violates every principle of journalistic courtesy, and falls far beneath that standard of gentlemanliness to which the students of Richmond College endeavor to attain.

We are not willing to lower the tone of our columns sufficiently to reply to this puny production "*in kind*," for we have long since learned "not to throw dirt with the dustman." We have made no attempt to discover the source from which this effusion emanated; we have not cared to draw aside the screen behind which it has sneaked into our college affairs. Its desperate attempt at wit would excite our sympathy were not our pity overmastered by contempt for this indirect prying into the affairs of others. Whatever it may be, we beg leave to inform it that we are capable of managing our own little affairs without its interference.

CARTER HELM JONES.

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### THE KEW GARDENS.

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The citizens of London have been steadily moving and building westward, so that the last open space in the form of a public pleasure-ground is in the royal gardens at Kew. Here a deep margin of noble forest-trees surrounds the brilliant exotics of the botanical gardens, with their masses of intense and vivid color.

I first visited the old Orangery, a noble conservatory, dated 1761, now devoted to trees from the British colonies,—from Australia,



India, &c., &c. From the lawn I saw the quaint old red-brick palace in which the blind King of Hanover spent the last years of his life; here, also, Queen Charlotte lived; and on an old sun-dial here is recorded that on this spot (1725) Bradley made his two great astronomical discoveries.

But I own I forgot these associations as I looked at the noble and broad boughs of the Turkish oaks, the evergreen oaks of the South, the majestic cedars of Lebanon, full of grand repose, the *yucca gloriosa*, with its tall spire of white blossoms, and the stately Palms. To see the last trees in perfection we went to the Palm-stone, the largest tropical-house in existence. The blaze of light here is softened by the dim arcades of shadowing leaves overhead, some rising in graceful, feathery clusters, others spreading gigantic, tent-like foliage. The vegetable ivory Palm has a stem which creeps on the ground sometimes for twenty feet and then lifts its head barely three or four feet.

I was much struck by the peculiarly melancholy character of the Australian trees, whose narrow leaves, attached edgewise to the stem, produce the strange appearance of a shadowless, colorless forest. There are a few exceptions found in a magnificent pine, rich and glossy, from 100 to 150 feet high, and the exquisite fan-like foliage of the Norfolk-island pine, and some trees of New Zealand.

The great lily of the Amazon opened the day of my visit, and I shall never forget the delicious perfume which flooded the house as the creamy bud opened with a slight noise, revealing the delicate pink within. The great leaves rested in perfect repose on the silver flood and spread over the stone margin of the tank. Near it was another beautiful, though smaller, lily, whose leaf was a marvel of coloring, underneath a rich purple, with its divisions of amber color.

There were, also, the curious pitcher-plants and the palm that grows in the waters of the Indian ocean: tanks filled with the papyrus and the water-lettuce, of which only the skeleton appears. I saw a beautiful blue Australian lily, measuring twelve inches across, and the sacred lotus of Egypt, with its delicate pink flowers and vivid leaves. Among the floral curiosities were the caricature-plant, with its curious marks, and the telegraph-plant of India, remarkable for the spontaneous, jerking motion of its leaves, alternately raised and lowered.

There is a valuable botanical library and several botanic museums in these grounds. Museum No. 2 is devoted to mosses, ferns, seaweeds, mushrooms, &c. Museum No. 1 is especially beautiful, as it contains the flower-bearing plants; but, perhaps, the last museum has



more extraordinary specimens than the others, for here you find a model of a parasite of Sumatra, whose flower is from three to six feet across and has no leaves or stem; a pine which consists of two leaves only, each six feet long; and a bowl-like cup, which is the actual receptacle of the roots of the double cocoa-nut of the Indian ocean; besides historical relics, such as a portion of a ship of Henry VIII.; a piece of old London bridge, 650 years old; a part of the oak under which Wellington gave his orders at Waterloo, and the *Herne's Oak*, of Windsor, under which Shakespeare represents Falstaff as waiting.

On every holiday, and on Sundays and Mondays, crowded steamers pass up the Thames to these gardens, which are the delightful resort of all classes of people; and from this place valuable medicinal and productive plants are distributed to the colonies, largely increasing their resources.

E. F. M.

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*Editors Messenger*: I see in your last issue a letter asking the author of the line, "The conscious water saw its God and blushed." The line is by Richard Crashaw, one of the so-called metaphysical poets of England, who died about 1650. It appears in a collection of his Latin poems, and in that language ran thus: "*Nympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.*"

Respectfully,

B.

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## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

### VALEDICTORY.

With the completion of this issue the duties and pleasures connected therewith of the present corps of editors cease. Then, instead of being thought(?) "the observed of all observers," they will descend to the lower walks of college life, "unhonored, unwept, and unsung," "without a local habitation or a name." The places that knew them will know them no more. The pleasant meanderings among the *Exchanges*, *Locals*, and *Personals*, will be as strangers to them. Instead of their quiet sanctum, "where oft in the still night" they could commune with those they love—to write about—they will be set adrift to seek a "lodge in some vast wilderness," where the recipients of the toe-pullers are "making night hideous" with their dismal groans. And the worst part of this is, that the toe-pullers may, thinking "the



proper study of mankind is man," lay hold of the scratching appendages of the ex-editors themselves, to test the suppleness of *their* joints. Is it any wonder, then, that they should prefer the quiet repose of the editorial sanctum? That they should retire, is "a foregone conclusion," and cheerfully do they accept the verdict. That they desire that distinction which is the recognition of having faithfully performed their duties as editors, they do not deny. But they do deny that they, as editors, are as desirous of fame as he who set fire to the Temple of Diana, accounted one of the seven wonders of the world, in order that his name might descend to posterity; or, like that beauty of the Spanish court, who, when her name was omitted in an abusive satire, through respect for her feelings, requested the writer to insert it, thus being willing to be thought infamous in order to become famous. And, on the other hand, neither are they so free from the desire of fame as to be willing to depart from the editorial sanctum, like Ulysses from the cave of Polyphemus, in the guise and garb, or *nom de plume*, of *No-man*. If they have afforded any pleasure to their readers they have been amply repaid. That they gave to their readers a lot of nonsense, was due to the fact that they thought

"A little nonsense, now and then,  
Would be relished by the wisest men."

The editors, too, have derived pleasure from their connection with the journal. True, they are not quite as fond of scribbling as it is said Coleridge was of talking. Charles Lamb, in his inimitable style, tells of an amusing incident in which this love of Coleridge was displayed. One evening Lamb, having stopped for a few moments at Coleridge's house, Coleridge, as usual, launched out into an anecdote, and, as was his habit, closed his eyes while doing so. Having proceeded for some time in his narrative, fearing Lamb would leave him, he caught hold of a button on Lamb's coat, and continued his narrative. Lamb's patience finally deserting him, he quietly took out his penknife and very gently severed the button that connected him with his loquacious friend. Lamb then went to fill an engagement, and on his return to Coleridge's house, after an absence of two hours or thereabout, he found Coleridge *still* grasping the button, and proceeding in his talk as serenely and calmly as ever, having been utterly unconscious of the departure and return of his friend!

Since the editors are to surrender their pen, they must say that, not even if they had had *their* choice, would they, or could they, have chosen more acceptable men as editors for the *Messenger* than their



successors. The societies are to be congratulated on the choice they have made, the readers on the rich treat there is in store for them. Truly, a "gude time is coming" to all connected with the *Messenger*.

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We do not know when Oscar Wilde was born; but must, from subsequent events, infer that

"It was the time that lilies blow  
And clouds are highest in the air."

And who knows but that the trees clapped their hands, while the winds whistled joyfully? who knows but that the birds sang gleefully and the brooks meandered pensively when the apostle of nature, the interpreter of the sunflower and lily, was brought forth? It was an epoch in the history of the world!

We had not thought that our beloved country would ever feel the tread of this great man. But we have lived to see it. Yes, Oscar has come. We almost hold our breath when we make this record. He is here. He says that he found the Atlantic ocean tame and commonplace. This proves his unbiassed judgment. He does not allow his conclusions to be warped by the opinions others have expressed. Thousands of poets and thinkers have gone into ecstasy when looking upon the ocean. Byron, we believe, told it to roll on; and, as far as we know, it has rolled on ever since. At any rate, it was rolling on when we saw it last. But we would not linger on what displeases Oscar; let us turn to that which finds favor in his eyes. The greatest event which has happened since his arrival—the newspapers give us daily bulletins—is his visit to Niagara Falls. "February 9th"—memorable morning—"Oscar Wilde breakfasted early, and wrapping himself in his long fur coat, stood on the veranda of the hotel for nearly an hour, steadily gazing upon the scene before him." Impressive tableau! Sublime spectacle! Oscar Wilde looks at Niagara Falls. Niagara Falls look at Oscar Wilde. They both look at each other. What the falls thought of Oscar is not known; what Oscar thought of the falls is thus chronicled by the pencil of the reporter who, with palpitating heart, stood at his elbow listening for the verdict: "At first Mr. Wilde was disappointed in the outline." "The design was wanting in grandeur and variety of outline. But the colors were beautiful." What finally overpowered him was the view from underneath the falls at Table Rock. "It was there that he realized the majestic splendor and strength of the physical forces of



nature." "The sight was far beyond what I had ever seen in Europe. It seemed a sort of embodiment of pantheism." We must naturally conclude that he was brimful of emotion, and that some outlet must be found for his overflowing feelings. Fortunately, an outlet was found. It was in the private album of Prospect House that he gave vent to his feeling. In that book, now immortalized, the pen of Oscar traced these words: "The roar of these waters is like the roar when the mighty wave of democracy breaks on the shores where kings lie couched at ease."

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Before laying down our pen and heaving the proverbial sigh of relief, we wish to take the friends of the *Messenger* into our confidence and make a few remarks relative to the interest of our college paper. We are desirous of arousing in the students more enthusiasm in behalf of the *Messenger*, yet we shall not call to our assistance the beauties of rhetoric or the laws of logic; but merely make a few suggestions which it is to be hoped shall commend themselves to the consideration of the readers.

That every member of the two literary societies should feel an ardent interest in *his* paper does not need to be asserted; but going farther we say that every student of Richmond College should feel concerned about his college paper, being the literary representative of his *alma mater*, and going, as it does, to the best colleges in the *States* and in Canada. Without fear of being styled a constitutional croaker, we say that such a high and unselfish love is *not* felt for the *Messenger* by some of the students. Many do not subscribe because their roommates take the paper, while others depend upon borrowing their neighbor's copy. Come, gentlemen, this should not be so. Help the *Messenger* by taking at least two copies, one for yourself and one for y-o-u-r—*mother*.

The students are aware that the *Messenger* is supported largely by its advertisements, hence the importance of procuring them. Upon this subject we have three suggestions, which are respectfully submitted to the students: (1.) Patronize men who advertise in the *Messenger*. (2.) When you are trading, let the merchant understand by some incidental remark that his advertisement secured your patronage. (3.) Let each student feel that he is appointed a committee of one for procuring advertisements. By acting upon these principles, next October, when the joint meeting of the societies is held, it will be found that the *Messenger* shall not be asking for help, but entirely out of debt.



It has ever been a mystery to us that the College does not advertise in the *Messenger*. When we look among our exchanges we see that each one has a handsome advertisement of the college where it is published, but in vain do you look for such information in the *Messenger*. That the *Messenger* is worthy of patronage, that it needs financial aid, that it would be advantageous to the college to advertise in the college paper, are facts too patent to every mind to require any discussion. Will not the faculty give us a handsome advertisement in the next publication? We indulge the hope.

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Being a month behindhand in this issue, we note with mournful alacrity the death of Captain Chamberlayne, senior editor of the *Richmond State*. We would be derelict to our duty, as well as disregarding of our feelings, did we not chronicle a death which is lamented by so many people. We wish that we were competent to write of him as he was deserving. In the years yet to come we shall vividly recall the time and fondly cherish the privilege that we, in our boyhood, had the opportunity and pleasure of reading his dashing and forcible writings.

The colleges of Virginia will sadly miss Captain Chamberlayne, for they lose in him a most earnest champion of true education. Himself a scholar, he rightly appreciated the benefits of education, and ever endeavored to promote its influence. Education alone has not lost an able exponent, but almost the entire people of this State have sustained a great loss in his death. Virginia mourns the death of Captain Chamberlayne! She sadly feels the need of his bold writings and faithful patriotism. Yes, all miss him who knew him—all deplore a death which has cut down one in the meridian of his glory—a death which has befallen him like an “untimely frost”—a death which has suddenly obscured a genius as the black clouds hide the “bright exhalation in the evening”! But we forbear, as—

“There is no need  
For man to strike his plaintive lyre and fail,  
For fail he must if he attempts thy praise.

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Emerson, the philosopher, poet, and essayist, will be seventy-nine next May. He is fond of using note-books, always carrying one in his pocket. No matter where he is, on his walks or during conversa-



tion, if a thought occurs to him he pulls out his note-book and pencil and records it. These notes he transcribes into a larger book, without any regard to system. When he wishes to write a lecture, he turns over the leaves of this note-book, culling extracts as he goes, and crossing them out to show that they have been used. His lectures are said to be little else than a collection of these notes, gathered at odd times. From his peculiar notions about the *over-soul*, he is as likely, when he speaks in public, to begin at the end or in the middle as at the beginning.

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"The venerable W. W. Corcoran, Washington's millionaire and philanthropist, has just been guilty of another good action, in bestowing on Columbia College the splendid gift of a large and valuable lot of ground in a most eligible portion of the Capital city."—*State*.

May his days be long, and may his declining years be as the setting of the sun—gentle, peaceful, glorious. He is one of the few who does not wait until death to erect a monument to himself; but who, living, beholds with his own eyes those things which will keep his memory green.

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We know nothing that has been done in these late days that is more silly than the issuing of the 306 bronze medals to the men who voted for Grant at the Republican Convention. The originators of the notion ought themselves to see that it is a mistake.

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#### LOCALS.

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Examinations! E-x-am-i-na-ti-o-n-s!

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Through? Did you make it?

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The campus looks green once more, but how muddy!

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R-a-t! greets our ears. We despise the term, yet like to have new students.



Why cannot an orator tickle nine Indian boys? Give it up? Because he can jest-tickle-eight. See?

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"What will you give me if I restore your eyesight"? asked the quack. "I will see," said the blind man.

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We (some of us) begin to breathe freely once more, as examinations are over. Oh! how "utterly" good we feel!

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Don't many students "take calico" here; but those that do add this school to their regular tickets are its ardent supporters.

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He is tall, slender, and wears a moustache; he is not very handsome, still is a regular "lady-killer." Oh! David(my)son, *Beware!* how you sling your little stone!

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She: "Mr. Slow, are those two men that have just passed, brothers?" He: "I—aw—know that one of them is: but I'm—aw—not quite sure of the other."

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"I wouldn't give five cents to hear Bob Ingersoll on the 'Mistakes of Moses,' but would give \$500 to hear Moses on the mistakes of Bob Ingersoll."—*Josh Billings.*

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Teacher in high-school at —: "Are *pro* and *con* synonymous terms?" Scholar: "Opposite." Teacher: "Give an example." Scholar: "Progress and Congress."

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An Irishman who, very near-sighted, was about to fight a duel, insisted that he should stand six paces nearer to his antagonist than the other to him, and they were both to fire at the same time.

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A married lady subscribed to the *Messenger* not long since. This is a good example. We love to see the *Messenger* patronized by such; indeed, it makes us do better. May the above-mentioned lady never have cause to regret her investment.



Foot-ball is all the go ; still, as the suns grow warmer, base-ball becomes more visible, and soon the countless "curves" will be flying around in all directions, yes, in so many innumerable ways that the mathematicians will not be able to *trace* them.

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A gentleman has been searching diligently for Xenophon's "Analysis" for the past few days. We suspect he is looking for Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Oh! such a mistake is too "utterly beyond" to be excused! May the Greeks have mercy on thy soul, thou barbarian.

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Well, luck was against us in that bean-jar guess we made, and some other fellow has the pants and the silk umbrella. We find this consolation, however, in the fact that we are a poor guesser: Seeing a fellow waiting on our girl the other day, we guessed he had cut us out; but we are a poor guesser, and he hasn't. Hurrah!

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The local editor asks gentle criticisms this time, as he is much disturbed by oyster-war. He dreams of those oysters, and wonders, if he ever get home again, whether these precious *vegetables* will be gone. Oh, thou delicious inhabitants of the shells, stick to the bottom, and we will scrape for you next summer with renewed vigor!

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*Editors Messenger:* Allow us through your columns to return our many thanks for the æsthetic box received from Piedmont, and express our regrets that more of our friends did not contribute; yet it was enough for *that present*. Now, in conclusion, we would say to our other æsthetic friends, Better late than ever.

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No. 3, 3 IN No.

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The Mu Sigma Rhos are to have a public debate on the 22d of April and the Philologists on the 10th of March. The young orators are tuning their melodious voices for the occasion. Do your best, boys, for the young ladies will be present, and 'twould be a pity to fail—well, not that—but a pity not to do as well as you are accustomed to do.

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Can we not have something in which to place the mail after the postman brings it up? This would cost little and be a great benefit.



The students, as a body, cannot "keep the run" of the postman as he makes his morning and evening trips. "Uncle Sam's" box does well enough in its place; but this box is of no use as a receptacle for distributing the students' mail; *i. e.*, this box does not hold the letters *coming* from home, sweethearts, and others, but merely holds letters *going out* to these. This is an urgent request for a *small* gift.

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Here is an *æsthetic* piece that we found in a room not far distant from our sanctum: "Consider the *lilies*: they toil not, neither do they spin; yet even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Solomon didn't have on his dyke. He should have arrayed himself in lilies, knee-pants, &c., and you bet he would have turned the scales. *Balls* bloom with lilies and sunflowers. We have had to *wait* for our *lily-pictures*. Our pasteboard sunflowers are quite well *caked* over and present a *tidy* appearance. We shall be in full costume, and when the *green* grandeur of spring marches forth, shall *lay them* all in the shade. Wild Oscar shall go in sackcloth, and we shall come forth with the song of birds, as sunflowers, even as a bed of roses, yea, as a *lake* arrayed in the apparel of *lilies*." Now, this is exceedingly—utterly beyond—*æsthetic*; so much so, that we, who are not initiated into the *green-ball* mysteries of *lakes*, cannot appreciate it; but we—nevertheless, notwithstanding, though, but, &c.,—hope to see the realization of these lily lake phenomena.

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CLEVERLY CAUGHT.—Quite an amusing incident has lately come within our knowledge, and as is our usual custom with reference to such matters, we lay it before the readers of the *Messenger*:

A colored "brother," determining to embark on the matrimonial sea, proceeded without delay to make known his desire to a distinguished divine. "Marster," quoth he, "I wants to know if you ken marry me and Jane jest presackly like you does white people, an' ef you ken, I'll pay you \$5, 'dout fail." The good man (to whom \$5 just then appeared more than usually desirable), with pleased countenance, declared his willingness to officiate in the most proper manner, adding, that to increase the impressiveness of the ceremony, he would bring other white witnesses.

The eventful day arrived in due time. The minister conducted the ceremony with unusual earnestness, which, being over, he expectantly stepped forward to claim his fee. "No, sar, marster; I ain't marrid



like no white folks; you can't git my money; you ain't *kissed de bride!*"

The minister reluctantly admitted that he was fairly caught, since he had always regarded kissing the bride as a very important part of his usual marriage ceremony.

The building—that long-talked-of building—is shooting up into space, and soon the roof will claim kin with the stars. But, then, gentlemen of the honorable Board, while embellishing the roof and the exterior, please don't forget the basement, that basement in which, the oracles say, a gymnasium is to be placed. Pause! ye honorable gentlemen of the Board, and consider how *necessary* the *gymnasium* is to the student's health. It is better than doctors and medicines; it can dispel

"All maladies,

Of ghastly spasm, or racking torture, qualms  
Of heart-sick agony; all feverish kinds;  
Convulsions, epilepsies, fierce catarrhs;  
Intestine stone and ulcers; cholick pangs,  
Demoniac phrensy, moping melancholy,  
And moon-struck madness; pining atrophy,  
Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence;  
Dropsies, and asthmas, and joint-racking rheums."

The local editor takes leave of his many friends, begs pardon for *all* that has not been witty and smart, and for all which has not been *beautifully* and rhetorically expressed. He heaves a sigh of relief, smokes the "pipe of peace," and lays aside his numerous pistols and knives to grow rusty from inactivity. He asks his readers to forget his imperfections, and he will strive to forget his own numerous thrashings. Well, this ends the present existence of the editor of this department; so, when he is gone, quote to yourselves the old proverb: "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" How sweet is repose! We extend a hearty welcome to the coming editor of this department, and can assure him that this is *the place* of all others in the *Messenger*, and that he will never have cause to regret his position.

We give a letter from Hon. Jefferson Davis, replying to our request to deliver the annual oration before the literary societies in June next. The letter is so kind and courteous in its tone that we feel justifiable in departing from all former precedents by publishing it. It is a general



regret among the students that Mr. Davis did not accept our invitation. We haven't a doubt that his speech upon such an occasion would be equal to the highest expectations; for he is a finished scholar, polished orator, and has a manner very forcible and persuasive:

"BEAUVOIR, HARRISON COUNTY, MISS., 24th February, 1882.

"*Gentlemen*,—Your kind letter of the 19th instant was received last night, on my return from a brief absence. I was both surprised and mortified to learn that your former letter had not been answered. It was too highly valued to be forgotten, and I confidently believed it had been duly acknowledged. The failure is more regretted because, being unable to accept your complimentary invitation, you were entitled to an early notification of that fact.

"It would give me peculiar satisfaction to meet the members of your societies on so interesting an occasion, and at a place associated with so many memories which, though sad, are proudly cherished. Please give fitting assurances to those you represent, of my grateful appreciation of the honor they have conferred upon me, and of my regret that it is not practicable to avail myself of their invitation, offered in terms most gratifying to one whose love for his country, and hope for its future, turn to the young men to whom its destinies are soon to be entrusted.

"With best wishes and cordial regard, I am

"Your friend,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"*A. J. Montague, C. H. Jones, J. L. Lake, D. M. Ramsey,*  
Committee."

# PERSONALS.

Lucian Cocke, '76-77, is practising law in Salem, Va.

Eaton Nance, '77-78, is engaged in farming in New Kent.

W. T. Oppenheimer, '78-79, is at New York Medical College.

J. Wm. Boyd, '76-77, is engaged in his profession in Buchanan, Va.

Geo. Wm. Cone, '77-78, is cashier of the Mallory Line railroad, Galveston, Texas.

J. Henning Nelms, B. L., '79-80, is practising law in Smithfield, Isle of Wight county, Va.

E. F. Settle is back. He looks well, and, of course, will cut as big a dash as ever amongst the girls.

Tim Rives, '78-79, is practising law in Prince George county, Va. How about the "Horizontal," Tim?



W. F. Harris, '76-77, is pastor of two promising churches, one in and the other near Covington, Va.

W. W. Field, B. A., has lately taken to himself a *better half*. Our congratulations and best wishes attend him.

Littlebury Nance, B. L., '77-78, is Commonwealth's attorney for Charles City county. We wonder whether he has forgotten his Ashland trip!

W. A. Vaughan, '79-80, is at the Philadelphia Medical College. Drop us a line, old boy, and let us hear whether you practice the "curve" in your profession.

W. T. Hutchings, '76-77, having taken the degree of B. L. at Yale last June, is now practising his profession in Danville, Va. How about those "siders," "Bill"?

A. L. Pleasants and Harry Colquitt have left us. They are both in business in the city. We are sorry you are gone, boys, and miss you mightily. May life be all that you anticipate.

Edmund Morris has also left us. He is in business in the city. May you have success.

The University of Maryland has just conferred the degree of M. D. on Chas. L. Steel, a former student of our college. That he will be successful in his profession we haven't a doubt. "Charlie," have you forgotten the pleasant times we had at "Point of Forks"? The following appeared in the "correspondent" column of the *Richmond Dispatch* of the 2d instant: "The degree of M. D. was conferred upon seventy-three graduates, ten of whom were Virginians, one being from your city—Dr. Charles L. Steel—who last year graduated here with distinction at the Dental College, receiving the degree of D. D. S. I learn that he is also a graduate in chemistry of some other institution, possibly your Richmond College. You may well feel proud of your 'lone star' representative at our University, and we hope you will send us more of the same sort next year."

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### EXCHANGES.

Good bye, Exchanges, one and all! Another will now preside over this department, and criticise you; we are gone. With this issue we jump into the sunny field of liberty with a triumphant hurrah! Don't you envy us? What *is* happier than a retired college editor? Nothing—absolutely nothing. You may eat molasses-candy, and think you are happy; you may look at the smiles that wreath your sweet-



heart's face, and imagine yourself joyful; but, *unless* you've been in editorial harness, and enjoyed the getting out of it, you don't know what happiness is! It's worth a trip from New York here to see us. When we meet an acquaintance, we are not content to give him *one* hand—we extend him *both*,—so great is our joy at being free!

Foolishness aside, however. In retiring, we wish for our many exchanges such a measure of prosperity as shall leave nothing wanting in their successful career; and we beg of you, brother editors, the boon of your kind remembrance—your broad mantle of charity—not to cover our pages, but our unavoidable deficiencies.

The January No. of *The Album* is upon our table. We always like to have *exchanges* of the girls, but this one is specially welcome. Its standard is high, matter good, and sparkling with wit and joviality—such wit and merriment as alone can be penned by the fair owners of tapering fingers and imaginative minds. May *The Album* be in the future as it has been in the past, is the wish of the *Messenger's* retiring Exchange editor.

There is room, we think, for improvement in the typography of the *Institute Journal*. It uses entirely too large type for head-lines. Big heads and big bodies go well enough together, large type and posters suit each other; but, according to our notion, a college paper and a circus-bill are, and ought to be forever, *two* distinct things.

The Nelson county *Examiner* favors us with its visits. Its local columns are read with a relish by one member of our staff, who seems to regard their contents as "news from home." In several particulars the *Examiner* rises above the tone of the average county paper.

COLEMAN WORTHAM.

EDWIN WORTHAM.

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