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Richmond College Messenger.

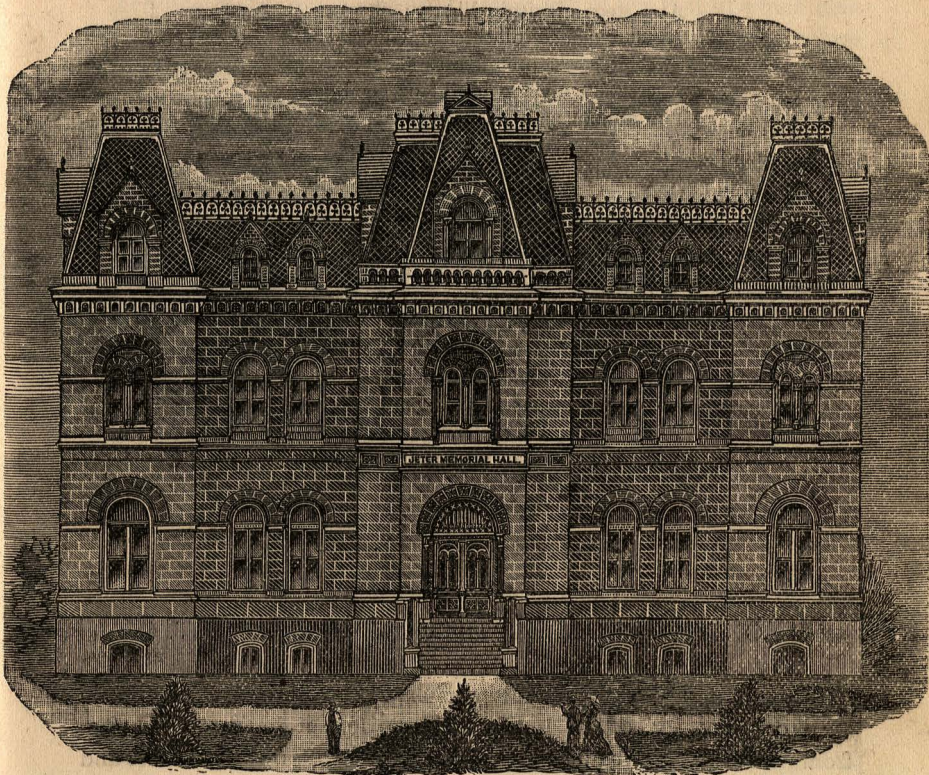
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No. 6.

EDITORS:—*Mu Sigma Rho*, G. C. BUNDICK, G. C. ABBITT; *Philologist*, J. L. LAKE, G. W. HURT.

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JETER MEMORIAL HALL,
RICHMOND COLLEGE, VA.

"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT."

She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight;
 A lovely apparition, sent
 To be a moment's ornament.
 Her eyes are stars of twilight fair;
 Like twilight, too, her dusky hair;
 But all things else about her drawn
 From May-time and the cheerful dawn—
 A dancing shape, an image gay,
 To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon a nearer view,
 A spirit, yet a woman!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A traveller between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a spirit still, and bright,
 With something of an angel's light.

—"WORDSWORTH."

ON THE PROGRESS OF HUMAN THOUGHT.

In the harmony of the universe we observe two mighty forces set in antithesis, not, indeed, in a discordant strife, but in that antagonism from which spring life and progress. These two forces are nature and man. They are composite elements of a grand design, which is identical with the purpose of creation.

The intimate relation of these two forces, and their dependence one upon the other, is manifest in every phase of existence. Not only does man draw from nature his material support, but that which develops his intellectual being is also from the same bountiful source; and even in our spiritual being, where do we get those enduring ideas and vivid impressions which link our spirits to the mysterious Spirit of all things, in character so real and everlasting, as in the pregnant tablets of creation? And on the other hand, does not nature look to man for that fulfilment, of which the eternal thoughts embodied in her are the prophecy and the promise? Here do we find the grand idea of the end of human existence: here alone do we see in its fulness the Divine conception of man as an agency of expression for the ideas that exist in His own being. And nature is the material embodiment of these ideas, of which man is to be the living exponent.

Arriving at the conclusion that nature has in her that of which man is to be the fulfilment, we are prepared for the deduction that nature is the first mover in the mighty scheme, that she first kindles into life the dormant spark under the broad sunlight of whose growing light all nations shall bask in the coming ages; and all that is dark shall be illumined with a light, indeed kindled on earth, but whose spark is from the eternal altar. And this is, as well, the logic of fact. It is exemplified in the basis on which the lofty tower of human progress is reared, whose top shall ever be excelsior, until it mingles with the heavens, and, like the "bow of promise," spans the wide abyss linking the material world with the spiritual. This basis is poetry, which, like "Hesperus, bringeth all things," the fair mother of all progress. And poetry is an inspiration, an inbreathing of nature into man, for whose symphonious melodies he is little more than the audible expression: like some Æolian harp breathed upon by the gentle zephyrs, or like some faint echo that draws out in linked sweetness the harmonies of nature, the soft, low cadence of some rippling streamlet, or the tuneful melody of some love-lorn nightingale, mingling its softest strains with the gliding moon-beams, in union close and sympathetic.

Man is, indeed, endowed with faculties of mind, but their activity is made subservient to the capabilities and energies of his corporeal being, and therefore dependent upon the material and external world for stimulus. Until perception is awakened by impression from without, the powers of mind are dormant; for this is the earliest and simplest effort of the faculties, and therefore the basis on which mental development is founded. And as is the case with individual progress, so, also, is the case with national development. The seed of progress

must first be planted, before it will germinate and bring forth fruit. Now nature comes into play, and looses the powers of mind from their thralldom, infusing spirit into the energies of the intellect, by the vivifying influence of the varied impressions of her manifold phases. And as with the frenzied sibyl of Apollo, the inspired thoughts within compel to utterance and overwell the bounds of individual feeling, until all nations are included in the magic circle of its wave, and shore answers to shore in sympathetic strain.

Thus far we observe that only the intuitive faculties have been called into play. At this stage of development the age is essentially one of imagination and of creative impulse. Fancy rules the world and peoples it with her gay fantasies, and conception takes form and dwells in its own airy realm.

Here we see the beginning of progress and the first stage of that development which shall ever widen the sphere of its action, until it shall include within its symmetrical being every energy of the human and every phase of the natural, blending the two into one mighty and harmonious system—thus together accomplishing what either alone could not do.

But by a law of mind which exists in the relation of the faculties one to another, the activity of one soon arouses the others to their appropriate exertion. Thus the imagination, in its exercise, calls into play the reason, by furnishing it with material for reflection. Man cannot always be satisfied with mere perception and reproduction; and the very endeavor to reproduce, combined with the innate tendency of his mind, urges him to examine causes as well as effects, to analyze, and to deduce therefrom. In order to analyze impressions and effects, the mind must be turned in upon itself, and in the doing of this the other element, humanity, is initiated into the work; and the reciprocal play of their functions marks a new era in the history of progress, the dawning of self-consciousness, which is the foundation-stone of all philosophy. Man, before, was a feeling being; now, he has become a thinking being.

As the mind begins to reflect upon itself, by the fixed law of development the objects which first attract its attention must be the most potent, the simplest, and the most fundamental. In accordance with this law, the first grand conception that presents itself to the mind is the relation of man to nature, and the momentous question arises, What is that relationship? When man looks within himself, he sees that he is subject to laws having their source external to himself, and exerting over him a power absolute, not in any manner subject to his

will. When he looks without himself, he sees in nature the embodiment of these laws, whose fixed authority control and shape the energies of his own being. Thus man arrives at the conclusion that there is a power greater than himself, and using him as an instrumentality, an agency through which the mightier energies of its own existence might find vent; and he looks to nature as the embodiment of this power, whatever it may be, to explain his relation to it and the problem of his existence.

But with the dawning of self-consciousness the centre of mental activity has become changed. Man is no longer dependent upon nature for impression, but looks within himself for the motive as well as the end of intellectual action. Thus, when he regards nature, it is not directly, but through the light of a new principle, and he sees her, not as she is, but as colored by the self-principle. And in the fickle gleam of this principle there is just sufficient light to mislead, and in the effort to pursue the empty shadows that flit across its feeble gleamings, man is involved in all those labyrinthian mazes and dark mysteries of nature, until he seems forever lost and separated from light, doomed to wander forever in the gloom of darkness, unvisited by even a single ray to guide his way. Such is the origin of those dark superstitions and hideous systems of the early ages. New systems were invented on the ruins of the old, but all alike were artificial. They bore not on their front the impress of the truth, and the heart of man knew it and grew sick; until, at last, all systems were cast aside as worthless, and there was an hiatus, a yawning chasm, in the effort of humanity after progress. The two forces humanity and nature seemed to recoil from each other, and, severing the vital current of reciprocal activity, to lie in the stupor of death. Then was the time for a new element to come into play, quickening again these dead forces, by harmonizing and linking together anew their dissevered energies. Such an element was revealed religion, and such was her object, the reconciliation of man and nature, to be effected by the destruction of a selfish egoism, and by compelling man to recognize that which is external to himself, in the light of its own actuality.

In its opposition to the self-principle is to be found that which renders revealed religion repugnant to the human mind. In this can we account for the ages of opposition, and even persecution, with which it met. But truth has a power, innate in itself, to overcome all obstacles, and finally to crush out all opposition, so that the progress and ascendancy of this new principle was but a question of time, and one which time has fully answered. Religion triumphed, and as she

gained ground, selfism lost. The grand modern philosophy of observation and experience resulted. Progress has been animated with a new impulse. Man and nature have been, in a measure, reconciled, and are together entering upon the mighty design of their creation; and we see the Divine thought working out its appointed ends through the medium of the human.

B.

OUR SEMI-CENTENNIAL.

No notice has been taken in these columns of the approach of the fiftieth anniversary of the College. It is an important and interesting event, and one that merits, as it will doubtless receive, special attention before the close of the session. Perhaps a brief narrative of the early days of our *Alma Mater* will be of interest to a large circle of friends, old and new. Everything has a beginning, and so our now vigorous institution had its birthday and its cradled years. The coming July will be fifty years since its life began as a regular school. From such data as I can command, I learn that the first practical effort to found what is now Richmond College was made in 1830. While the Baptist General Association of Virginia was in session that year, in Richmond, a few ministers and others favorable to the establishment of a school for the special training of young men who expected to preach, met in that favorable month of June, in the Second Baptist church, and after careful consideration organized the "*Virginia Baptist Education Society.*" This Society went at once to work, and for two years received applicants, who were matriculated into two schools, one taught by Rev. Edward Baptist and the other by Rev. Eli Ball. One of these schools was located in Powhatan county, the other in Richmond, perhaps. During the first session there were, all told, thirteen students. At the close of the second session the efforts of the Society had met with so much favor that a more permanent arrangement was found necessary. A farm was purchased, and in 1832 the school became "settled," and known as the "Virginia Baptist Seminary." The name of the first "local habitation" was "Spring Farm." It lay some five miles from the Richmond of half a century ago, and on what was then the "Old Brooke road," but is now the continuation of Brooke avenue. It may serve as a hint to the men of 1881-'2 to know that our fathers had "a conviction that manual labor,

united with study," was "almost essential to the preservation of the student's health." Hence, the significance of purchasing *a farm*. The improvements of "Spring Farm" provided accommodations for "the teacher, steward, and twenty students." The "cottages" of those far-off times were "built of pine poles and covered with slabs." At least, so the writer has been told by one of "the boys" of that day. There, though the spot is now forgotten, were found "health, retirement, and convenience." What more was needed? And the whole establishment cost \$4,000. Here, *on the 4th day of July, 1832*, was planted the "Virginia Baptist Seminary," under the direction of Rev. Robert Ryland. Of that first session I know but little. One thing we may rejoice in—viz., that *the enterprise showed life from the start*. A few months only sufficed to show that "a burden too heavy was laid on one teacher," and because of "the various grades of improvement among the students and the diversity of studies pursued," the "exigencies of the case" demanded a second teacher, who was duly installed in the month of April following.

Now things came down to regularity and system. Each recurring session added to the resources and power of the school, and it is not too much to say that from these pine-pole cottages, and from the sweat of this farm, there came forth some of the best workers, at home and abroad, that Virginia has ever equipped.

Let it be noticed, however, that while the effort to found a school of high grade for the State had its inception in the desire to provide an educated ministry, the privileges of the seminary were not limited to this class only. The Board considered it their duty "to receive moral youth of the required age without reference to the ministry." In the second session of the Seminary the matriculates had reached nineteen. It was about this time deemed best to move nearer the city. Consequently, the present site was purchased, and the Seminary became more comfortably domiciled in the "west end." The College proper came through a regular charter in 1840; but the cradle had been cast aside, and the Seminary had for years been doing college-work before the ægis of the State was thrown over it. All the steps of work and growth need not be followed here and now. The object of this paper is merely to call attention to the fact that on the 4th day of July, 1882, occurs the fiftieth anniversary of our noble school. From 1832 to 1882 there has been no break. It has been under one management, it has had one aim. The men who planned so prayerfully and wisely, in 1830, are the same who matriculated the first students, wrought out the first plain home, bought the first property,

secured the present site, and obtained the first charter. All the way through, the Seminary and the College are really *one*, and the Semi-Centennial is at hand.

Shall not proper steps be taken to observe this day with appropriate ceremonies? Or, what would perhaps be better, shall not the regular commencement this year be made the anniversary occasion? Let the sons of the College be called, and let a feast be spread that shall gladden all hearts. And then, when we surround the family board, and look into each other's eyes, and grasp each other's hands, let it be with a pledge of renewed devotion to Richmond College. C. H. R.

MOZART.

This whole session there has been "music in the air," and so we have thought it might not be inappropriate to have a short sketch of Mozart, and some practical lessons from his wonderful life.

Mozart was a native German. His father was a book-binder; who, however, had a talent for, and no mean knowledge of, music. When three years old, Mozart began to show his wonderful precocity for music. It was observed with pleasure by his father, who began immediately to encourage him. When five years old, he began to compose pieces for himself. Before he had completed his eighth year, his father had taken him through all the principal cities of Germany, to Paris, and to England. Wherever he went, kings and nobles were his auditors, and all men listened to him with wonder and amazement. Queens, delighted and enraptured, when they heard music which seemed to be executed by a god, and saw the infant fingers of Mozart moving over the keys of a great organ, gave vent to their admiration by pressing him to their bosoms and regaling him with kisses. On one occasion, when playing for a distinguished audience, so astonishing were the movements of his fingers that the people thought it was due to a charm which he carried in his ring; but when he was informed of this he removed the ring, and continued to play with even greater ease. But it is useless to attempt a description of the musical feats he performed and the wonder he excited.

He received the highest musical honors of Venice and Verona, when but a boy. He held musical contests with the greatest musicians of his day, in all of which he came off completely triumphant. When

only twelve, no piece of music, however difficult and complicated, was handed to him, that he did not play at sight with consummate accuracy. He was a true musician, and the air which he breathed he seemed to transform into music.

The question naturally arises, What was the secret of his success? Undoubtedly he was a genius. Nature, with lavish hand, had supplied him with precious treasures. And she had chosen a worthy casket in which to deposit her jewels. In the brain of Mozart, they were not allowed to lie untouched and be as useless to the world as if sepulchred in the bowels of the earth; but he turned them about, found out their worth, polished them, and caused them to excel those of his contemporaries in brightness, attractiveness, and grandness, as far as Orion does the lesser constellations in the heavens.

"There is no excellence without labor." There is no truer maxim. We might suppose that Mozart was an exception; that there was no need for a man of such undisputed talent to rack his brain with labor. But not so. He worked hard and constantly. He himself said, in writing to a friend, that whoever thought that he composed without trouble was vastly mistaken, for there were few men who worked as hard. He applied himself with almost unexampled and untiring energy. When he had a great work on hand, we see him sometimes with pen in hand for days and nights at a time. When anything was on his mind, he rested not until it was put on paper. He did not allow himself to be interrupted by trifles. In the midst of a gay throng of pleasure-lovers, he would produce some of his most soul-stirring compositions. In his journeyings through the country, which he liked to make in a private conveyance, while gazing upon the green fields as he passed and listening to the songs of the merry laborers, his pen was in his hand, ready to put his meditations into a lasting form.

But his favorite place for work was in some quiet hall of nature's own building. There, with his feet upon the velvet carpet which nature had spread, seated upon a chair which she had made, protected from the heat of the sun by a veil far surpassing the work of man, his cheeks, fevered from overwork, fanned by gentle breezes, and the carols of birds chasing away from his mind all cold and common thoughts, his soul would burst forth into such strains of melody and sweetness that Morpheus would be pleased to sit at his feet and listen.

But alas! he overleaped the bounds of nature. She said to him, Thus far shalt thou go, and no further. He disregarded her command. Just at the meridian of life we see him fainting at his desk from over

exertion. Before he reached his fortieth year his body gave way beneath its burden; and he closed his eyes chanting his immortal *Requiem*.

Let this, reader, be a timely warning to you! You who are treading the downy path of Science and luxuriating in the Elysian fields of "Math.," let not your brain become intoxicated by the rich draughts which you are daily quaffing. Suffer not your thirst to carry you beyond the bounds which nature has set. Heed her laws, which you show that you have already broken—by your sunken cheek, palid expression, and slumbering eye. Be moderate. Take time. The race cannot be won in a day.

"Examine well, ye Pises, weigh with care,
What suits your genius, what your strength will bear."

Mozart studied human nature. He composed music for the people, and he tried to write such as would please the people. On going to a city, the first thing he did was to study the tastes of the people, that he might know what sort of music would please them. He could not afford to waste his great talent for want of a little discretion. It was his sorrow all through life that he had, from pecuniary necessity, to conform to the sickly sentimentalism of his audiences, and could not write music as he thought it should be written. It is well for us to remember that we cannot live to ourselves alone. We are not here to improve our minds, expand and broaden our intellects, that we may go home, shut ourselves up in a closet, and pass our days in blissful ignorance of the outer world, but we are here to prepare for the life struggle. Our contest must be with men; men not inferior to ourselves. We must be prepared for it. We must understand the workings of the human mind, the various effects of the same influences on different men. All men do not think alike, feel alike, nor are they prompted by the same motives in doing the same things. No knowledge is half so important, so absolutely essential to success in life, as a knowledge of human nature.

Let us briefly notice some of the most striking characteristics of Mozart. It is touching to notice the tender regard and devotion he had for his parents. He never forgot them. He loved them, and struggled to make his life an honor to his father's name. He studied to prove himself worthy of the mother who bore him. He recognized the fact that his life would be either an honor or a disgrace to his family, and so when temptations presented themselves he spurned them from him.

He had great confidence in the sincerity of his fellow-men. Possessing a pure and affable disposition, he was not always suspecting the ill-will of some one towards him. Though he often lost by being too unsuspecting and confiding, yet he was far happier. And the same is true of us all. He who is very suspicious, who is always looking for some one to be plotting against him, will not have to look long in vain. The mind that dwells forever on unpleasant things will soon become so unpleasant itself as to be intolerable. Far better is it, like Mozart, always to think the best you can of everybody. Cultivate a bright and happy disposition, and there will often be sunshine instead of shadows.

Finally, in reviewing the life of Mozart, we would learn these lessons: Have a just appreciation of your abilities. Far be it from me to sanction that self appreciation which enables one to see in one's self abilities and qualities which are completely veiled from the sight of others, if they exist at all. But, on the other hand, if you do not appreciate your own abilities, other people will never know that you have any.

Never cease to hope. Mozart, for more than thirty years, saw himself envied, and consequently, had to contend with all sorts of difficulties; but he was never despondent. Even when his heart had been pierced through and through by Cupid's darts, and the maiden who threw them "changed her mind," he found hope in thinking that one so fickle would not be a suitable wife for Mozart. Man without hope is in a more deplorable condition than a ship in mid-ocean without a compass. Hope is a never-failing source of consolation. When failures on examinations sink the heart, hope comes to the rescue. Then, let us hope always. Erect an altar to this goddess, and in the morning, before you go forth to fight life's battles, offer thereon your sacrifices. In the evening, when the struggles of the day are over, lay your offerings at her feet.

May all who chance to read these scattering lines, share as richly in nature's gifts, apply yourselves as diligently, understand as much about human nature, have the same high and tender esteem for your parents, the confidence in your fellow-men, the appreciation of your abilities, and the hope, which were so characteristic of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

H.

[Selected.]

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

From ocean to ocean and from continent to continent, the world around, the electric wave has signalled the death of a great poet. He had himself written in "The Golden Legend,"

"The young *may* die, but the old *must*."

He had exceeded by a fourth of a score of years the Psalmist's estimate of "threescore years and ten" as the limit of desirable life. Longfellow is no more a man among men; but is the *sentient existence*, that constituted him the loved and revered Longfellow, no more?

In his own expressive verse—

"There fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
A shadow on those features fair and thin;
And softly from the hushed and darkened room
Two angels issued, where but *one* went in."

In the vigor of middle-aged manhood he wrote, in the oft-quoted "Psalm of Life," that—

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

It was the belief of the man whom men call dead that—

"There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

Longfellow is now numbered among the illustrious band whom he in life thus hailed:

"O ye dead poets, who are living still,
Immortal, in your verse."

Is Homer dead? Are Isaiah and David dead? Are Virgil and Horace, Dante and Camoens, Shakespeare and Milton, Bryant and Longfellow, dead? As the unfortunate L. E. L. (Miss Landon) wrote—

"Can that man be dead,
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
He lives in glory; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breath-moulds."

Of the most distinguished of the New England poets, Bryant, born in 1794, Holland in 1819, and Longfellow in 1807, have—

“Gone before
To the unknown and silent shore.”

Whittier at the age of 74, Holmes at 73, and Lowell at 63, still labor

“At the flaming forge of life.”

Of these the genial Dr. Holmes, who, for prudential reasons, dares “not be as funny as he can,” bids fair “to be the last leaf on the tree.”

As Coleridge has said,

“The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can;
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost bough that looks up to the sky.”

Of Southern poets, a Timrod, a Selden, and a Lanier; a Poe, a Simms, and a Wilde (R. H.), have, alas! too sadly illustrated the presentiment of the latter in his beautiful poem opening thus:

“My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close
Is scattered on the ground to die.”

As in the azure dome of the heavens bright stars are rising in the east, while others are setting in the west, so departing poets are succeeded by those of other names, and the light of poesy in the Southern firmament still shines as luminous, if not as voluminous, as in the auroral flashes of more northern climes.

Among the favorite poets of the South occur the names of Ryan, Holcombe, Hope, and the gifted Mrs. Preston.

Let us, then, while we lament the loss of a Bryant and a Longfellow at the North and of the departed singers of the South, not neglect the claims of the living, as the old Greeks did their living Homer, of whom it has been too truly said, that

“Once in Ancient Greece
A living Homer begged his bread;
Now all of Ancient Greece that lives
Is that same Homer dead.”

But there are no *Northern* poets, nor *Southern* poets, for all are

world's poets, and the touch of nature that "makes the whole world kin" has kindled their lips with poetic fire. The true poet is quite unlike the politician,

"Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

Like the constellations of the Zodiac, adorning the skies of both northern and southern hemispheres. true poets, wherever their native land may be, have all one native planet, and the light of their genius is for the cheering of the nations.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," in torrid or in frigid zones. Who can estimate the influence in human affairs of great truths condensed in aphorisms of poets? We will instance a single quotation from a poem descriptive of natural phenomena—in fact, the earliest known treatise on Meteorology. It was when, at the risk of his life, a descendant of Shem, to whose race "were committed the oracles of God," would impart them illustrated by the wonderful truths of the gospel, of which he was not ashamed, to the philosophic and highly cultured sons of Japhet.

It was when St. Paul quoted to the Athenians, on Mars' Hill, a single line from one of their own poets. That apt quotation, and a few brief comments, saved the mortal life of the great apostle and gained a foothold for Christianity in Europe. Ah! who can estimate its import?

Three centuries before, the rustic poet Aratus had written what may be thus rendered in English:

"From God we spring, whom man can never trace,
Though seen, heard, tasted, felt in every place;
The loneliest path, by mortal seldom trod,
The crowded city, all is full of God;
Oceans and lakes, for God is all in all,
And we are all his offspring."

Again, in the familiar fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, Paul enforced an important truth by a quotation from Menander, a Greek poet. It was, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

But we quote no more. In this busy age, stock and market quotations are more sought for than citations from poets. We have seen how the civilized world is stirred by the announcement of the deaths of such writers as Bryant and Longfellow, and thus we get a glimpse of the vast influence exerted on mankind by intellectual culture and poetic inspiration. If the bards and minstrels of ruder nations of former times were the soul of their national life, still more are the

more refined and enlightened peoples of modern times dependent for the maintenance and growth of a higher civilization on a healthy and ennobling literature. It is the intellectual food on which will mainly depend the character and stamina of the coming men and women of the world.

No fond father or indulgent mother would give to a hungry child a *stone* instead of *bread*, or a *scorpion* instead of an *egg*, but many parents thoughtlessly allow their children's very souls to be poisoned by the vile and insidious trash which floods town and country, not always as half-dime or dime stories and novels, but which even find its way, under covers of blue and gold, into family book-cases, and sometimes into school libraries. The writings of the poets we have named, and of scores we might name, contain no poison for young minds.

Parents, ponder well the influence for good, of good thoughts well expressed, and guard the fountain whence your children drink.

N. B. WEBSTER.

Norfolk, Va.

IMAGINATION.

The grandeur of this world has often been to us a subject of profound consideration. Nature has charmed us with its awful sublimity, and the material universe has filled us with the deepest interest. We walk to and fro upon the earth and realize that the animal and vegetable kingdoms are but tools in our own hands to work out our own ends. The prairie and woodland, the mountain and valley, the quiet serenity of a lake and the rolling billows of the ocean, are the products of nature. Yet, in all the diversities of nature, there is nothing that gives to us so much pleasure as the imagination.

The imagination is the grand store-house of the human intellect. It has for its basis memory, and from it it draws conclusions that sometimes harrow the very soul, and again it acts as a balm upon the troubled breast. Imagination consists in gathering together the fragments of our conceptions and from them forming images more delightful, more striking, and more grand than that of ordinary life. It dwells in the real rather than the ideal.

At that time when the child first moulds his thoughts into definite

ideas, then it is that his imagination begins to play. Thenceforward, throughout youth, manhood, and old age, even until death shall have cast pale shadows across his brow and his locks be frosted with the snows of many winters, and not until thought is dethroned, does Imagination cease to sway his sceptre. The imagination does not simply confine itself to our waking moments, but oftentimes when we are asleep it disturbs or pleases us in our dreams. In tracing our memory back to our childhood, we find that as children we thought as children and that our imaginations were as the imaginations of a child. The child fancies that he can be no happier than when playing with his favorite toys or accompanied by his most select companions. He watches the soap-bubble as it floats gracefully through the air and claps his hands with delight at its rainbow-tinted hues. His childish mind pictures castles built of toys, and he smiles at the thought of each newborn pleasure. As the child develops into a youth, his imagination becomes more intensely acute and more vivid than at any other period of his life. It is then that we put away childish things and make plans for the future. We are governed by principle rather than parental influence. A thousand things affect us that do not influence children. We picture in glowing colors each profession and we become familiar with each trade. We weigh our chances for success in business, and our imagination grapples with each chance, and we live, as it were, in the ideal world of the future, rather than in the reality of the present. The dreams of the youth are but a magnification of his every-day experience. At one time he is borne along in a chariot of gold, riding upon clouds of glory and heralded by the wings of fame. He is clothed in robes of purple, and at the sway of his sceptre whole nations bow before him. Again, he dwells in a tenement of sorrow, and is ministered unto by imps of darkness, and is accompanied by an ever-present grief. Thus it is that our imagination takes upon itself a thousand forms and assumes a thousand shapes. It carries us from hill-top to mountain, from ocean to ocean, from continent to continent. We are left by it in scenes of revelry, and by it placed upon some lonely mountain, with only itself to keep us company. While there, we see below us both land and sea, and we watch the trees blooming in the spring-time, and behold dark waters becoming radiant in the sunlight. It is now, while the bloom of youth is upon us, that our characters are becoming moulded. We are continually reminded of the great struggle of life that is before us, that we are to prepare ourselves for that strife, and that for ourselves we must clear a pathway for the future. This responsibility gives to us a

certain dignity of bearing and thoughtfulness of expression. We realize that we are becoming men, and as men we must live.

Youth, also, is a time for sentimentality, and there is no one thing that affects the imagination more than sentimentalism. Although we nerve ourselves to withstand our rugged contacts with the world, yet, to the assaults of Cupid we are more or less a victim. Each one imagines that his loved one has eyes like gems from the ocean, that her lips are a wreath of rubies surrounding a sea of pearls, that the morning sun in his steep course looks down upon her fair form and surrounds her golden locks with a halo of refulgent light. With an increase of years, there is a corresponding decrease in the wandering of the imagination. Experience gives a stability to the character and a calmness to the spirit. At that period of a man's existence when he can be said to be neither old nor young, his thoughts are more occupied with his business and his surrounding associations than at any other time of life. The imagination of a middle-aged man dwells but little in the past, not much in the future, and a great deal in the present. Let us draw on apace, and endeavor to fathom the thoughts of the aged. We are pleased by the brilliancy of the youthful mind, and the eloquent thoughts of the young man charm us, but there is that grandness in the imagination of the old man that inspires us with awe. "The young man dreams dreams, and the old man sees visions." The spirit of the old man is one of resignation. He loves to dwell upon scenes from his memory; and to gather children around him, and tell them of his experiences, is one of his greatest pleasures. Yet, the old man is ever conscious of a fate that hovers over him, and he wonders to what destinies it will lead him. He is ever mindful that his body will soon be returned to the dust of the earth. In his imagination he tries to penetrate the relentless eternity of the future. Conscious of an ill-spent life, he pictures it as one vast chaotic labyrinth, as boundless as space, with ever-increasing blackness; or, conscious of a life well lived, he paints with his imagination a hereafter where all is beautiful and grander than the universe.

We think of the imagination as a continuous stream of diversified ideas continually agitating our minds, and that these ideas come and vanish like the dews of the morning. While we are interested by our own thoughts we are equally interested by the products of the imaginations of others. The results of the imagination are handed down from year to year, from century to century. Who can but admire the vivid thoughts of Virgil and of Horace? While I speak of the writings of one man, I feel disposed to praise the works of a hundred men.

I will not mention the works of Shakespeare, of Milton, and of Byron, for they carry with them their own praises. Even in our own times, we spend many pleasant hours enjoying the poems of Longfellow and of Tennyson. By the diligent application of our minds we can make our imagination a stepping-stone to our future glory. Amid the crash of matter and the destruction of nations imagination holds its sway. "As long as the rivers shall flow into the sea, and as long as the clouds shall hover around the mountain tops," so long shall the imagination be one of the ruling elements of our nature. L.

"NIGHT BRINGS OUT THE STARS."

With the first awakening of life comes the dawn of suffering. A ray of hope and of pleasure ever and anon brightens up the darkened panorama, but quickly a cloud of pain or fear darkens the scene. A succession of smiles and tears is human life; sometimes the harmonious cadence of joyous music thrills the soul; then come the surges of sorrow's notes, hushing in awe the enchanting melody.

These vicissitudes alike apply to nations as well as individuals. For a time the sun of prosperity will roll with undimmed lustre athwart the heavens. The barns of the agriculturist are filled with plenty, the tide of commerce flows on with no obstructing wave to keep back its wealth, the march of civilization is rapid, scientists astound with their wonderful inventions, and the man of letters, with untrammelled pen, attests the truth of the assertion, "the pen is mightier than the sword." But soon clouds darken the scene. The thunder of war is heard in the distance, the ploughshare becomes the sword, and the peaceful pursuits of life are exchanged for the clamor of arms. Such adversity has peculiarly the power of testing character and often of developing it. History furnishes many cases of such development, and exhibits characters which, unknown before, have in times of emergency been made to shine out more clearly and prominently,—just as the star is more brilliant in consequence of the darkness of night.

Adversity is not without its hope and testing-power. Hope, of all the guardian angels of man alone left behind, offers in times of distress its soothing consolations. There are few who, beaten down by

adversity, arise from the conflict, as Bacon says, like precious odours which are most fragrant when incensed and crushed. It requires a struggle to keep from lagging under the burden of adversity. As Jeremy Taylor beautifully expresses it, "All is well as long as the sun shines and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us on the sea of life. But if you will try the work of faith, place the man in persecution; let him ride in a storm; let his bones be *broken* with sorrow and his eyelids loosed with sickness; let his bread be *dipped* with tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low; let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise and the *keels* toss till the cordage crack, or our hopes bulge under us and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes"—under such circumstances a man's character is peculiarly tested. The weak will succumb, but the wise man of decision attempts to guide and control these adverse waves and make them subservient to the accomplishment of his ends.

When the liberty and free spirit of Germany was being almost crushed out by the despotic doctrines of the Church, when free inquiry was considered heretical, then it was there lived a man destined to restore freedom to the German mind and accomplish a work whose effects will live forever. Martin Luther arose amid the darkness of the times, and shone forth in the Reformation as a star of the first magnitude. His father was very poor, and Martin while at school was often in such destitute circumstances as to be obliged to earn his living by singing from door to door. "It is God's way," he would say, "to make men of power of beggars, since He made the world of nothing." So overburdened was he at times, he almost decided to give up study, though under the pressure is said to have kept his heart pure and character spotless. He was designed by his father for the legal profession, but devoted himself to the study of theology. During the two months of leisure which he had in the castle of Wartburg, (where his friends placed him for security,) he undertook the translation of the Bible. Thus, purely to the circumstances of darkness under which Luther was placed, and a mind capable of subordinating them to his ends, is due the Reformation—freeing men's minds from the trammels imposed upon them by papacy—and the translation of the Bible, disseminating its truths to all mankind and laying the foundation of classic German,—the German of Schiller and Goethe.

History is replete with similar illustrations. Washington, the father of his country; Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of

Independence; Napoleon, the unparalleled general, and a host of others developed in seasons of depression, and became stars in the night. Thus it is, genius often lies latent until developed by the night-time of adversity.

“The rugged metal of the mind
Must burn before its surface shine;
But plunged within the furnace flame,
It bends and melts—though still the same.”

RUSTICUS.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

We would call the attention of the students, as has often been done of late, to the condition of the *Messenger*. That it is in a feeble condition financially, every one who has carefully read the Editorial Department well knows.

To the patrons and friends outside of the college, to every student of this institution, and especially to the members of the two literary societies under whose auspices the *Messenger* is edited and published, we would call your attention to this fact, with the hope not only of exciting your good-will in its behalf, but of arousing your exertions. Sympathy, good-will, and a hearty concurrence in the efforts of other people are very necessary and essential things. But we, for our part, have no faith in that interest and sympathy which gives no tangible evidences of its existence. We think all must admit that an interest and sympathy which does not arouse the person possessing it to activity in behalf of the object for which he possesses it, bears on its face evidence of spuriousness. The *Messenger* does not stand in need of any such kind of sympathy: and if it did, the *Messenger* could not possibly pay the expenses of publication with such *counterfeit* coin.

There have been, several times during the session, booms gotten up in behalf of the *Messenger*, which looked as if they would result to the benefit of the paper, but alas! they proved quite spasmodic. If the *Messenger* much longer continues its existence as the exponent of the sentiments of Richmond College students, there will have to be a change in the management of the Business Department. The present manner of conducting this department, that of electing a board of three men from each society every three months, does not work well,

and has never worked successfully with the exception of the first session of its existence, which success was not attributable to the board, but to the treasurer of that board, whom one of the societies had sense enough to elect for three consecutive terms. The societies elect men to attend to this the most important department of the paper, who know nothing of the duties of the office, and in many cases have no real interest in the paper. For instance, in the present board, one of the societies elected three men, and two of those three men really have not interest enough in the paper to subscribe for it. How can the societies expect the *Messenger* will prosper when they commit the management of its affairs into the hands of such men. However little interest the former boards of publication have manifested, and however slackly performed the duties of the office, yet never in our recollection has there been a board of publication who have manifested as little interest and done as little work as the present. Although it has been more than two months since they should have done so, yet up to this writing they have not organized and elected a treasurer.

We have too many men connected with the business management of the *Messenger*. The old proverb, "What is everybody's business is nobody's," is certainly true in regard to the "business management" of the *Messenger*. Every other college paper has one "business manager," and are not everlastingly complaining of their financial embarrassment. We have a half dozen, and are always in that condition.

One unacquainted with the fact would be surprised at the small number of the students who subscribe for the *Messenger*. We can safely say, having examined the mailing books, that not more than one-half of the students subscribe to it. Many of the students have not enough college pride about them to subscribe for a paper which only costs ninety cents a year. Every student should have pride and loyalty enough towards his college paper to subscribe for at least one copy, and send it to his friends who are interested in him, and consequently in the exercises of his college. Let him not, if he has any manliness about him, act such a niggardly part as many of them do—sponge upon their fellow-students. But let every one who does not subscribe for the *Messenger* do the manly thing by calling on the treasurer and handing him ninety cents. Of all the mean things, we think the man who will not subscribe to a paper and reads his neighbor's or roommate's is guilty of the meanest. There is no surer index of the real zeal and interest that persons have towards an object than the manner in which they support it by their contributions.

Inasmuch as the final celebration of the societies and exercises of the college will soon be upon us, we would call the attention of the students to a habit quite common among them, that of congregating in groups around the hall doors and joking and laughing as the ladies, who favor us with their attendance upon our public exercises, pass. We would enter our solemn protest against such a habit. We feel confident that many of those who enter in this kind of merriment do it thoughtlessly. But your acting in such a manner without thinking does not make it less unpleasant to our lady friends, nor can you present it as a valid excuse for thus acting. It is your duty to think before you act. That is the main purpose for which you are at college. To what purpose do you cultivate your thinking powers, if, when the time for action comes, you are to rush blindly forward into error, and excuse yourselves by saying "I didn't think"? Such a habit, to say the best of it, is not polite and in accordance with the strictest rules of etiquette. College students, to themselves and their fellow-students, are duty bound to try to act always in accordance with principles of right. If one college student commits a disgraceful act the innocent suffer for it as much as the guilty. Much has been said in the *Messenger* of late for and against visiting the girls. But in our opinion, judging from the uncivilized manner in which the students act whenever any of the ladies favor us with their presence on the campus, the larger part of our students would not be injured in visiting the ladies a little oftener.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF RICHMOND COLLEGE.—The next Annual Celebration of the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION OF RICHMOND COLLEGE occurs Wednesday evening, June 21st, 1882, and as it is the *Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the College*, it is desired that we shall make it an occasion of exceptional interest. To this end, it is proposed that we have present, to deliver the oration, some gentleman of high national reputation, and whose name in itself will attract a very large concourse of people, from some of whom we may reasonably expect, in the future, some substantial sympathy for the college.

The Executive Committee are now in correspondence with several gentlemen, and thus will be able in a short time to announce the name of the orator.

It is further proposed to have a banquet on this occasion, at which

toasts, instrumental and vocal music will also be had to make a programme which shall be peculiarly entertaining and enjoyable.

It may be further stated, that by the kindness of friends in this city we are enabled to extend to all of the members who may be present the hospitalities of private homes for the day of and the day following the celebration.

Of course, to effect so extended a programme, some expense will needs be incurred by the committee, and this circular letter is addressed you that you may notify the committee before the 15th day of May whether or not we shall be honored with your presence on this occasion, and what amount you are willing to contribute towards defraying the expenses necessary thereto.

A large number of the Alumni have never remitted their initiation fee of three dollars, and these we especially appeal to for at least this amount, which will be so credited. We think it will greatly stimulate and encourage the Alumni to know that the new college buildings, now in course of construction, and in which we anticipate assembling, will then be completed.

We do hope that we may have a generous and early response from the members, and that not one will hesitate on account of the seemingly small amount which he may feel able to give; and be assured that no one will have reason to regret the support he may extend.

Respectfully,

ASHTON STARKE (Chairman),
J. ALSTON CABELL,
W. F. FOX,
CHAS. E. JONES,
G. HARVEY CLARKE,
MANLY B. CURRY,

Executive Committee of the Alumni Association.

Please address, at your earliest convenience,

SOLOMON CUTCHINS, *Treasurer.*

We present with this number of the *Messenger* a cut of the south wing of the main College edifice, now in process of erection. This elegant structure was projected by the "Jeter Memorial Committee," in honor of

REV. JEREMIAH B. JETER, D. D.

When the question of honoring the memory of this distinguished

man was under consideration, Mr. James Thomas, Jr., offered the sum of \$5,000, provided the Memorial should take its present form. The Committee gladly accepted the proposition, and upon this munificent gift, as a foundation, has carried their work of love successfully forward. To the gift of Mr. Thomas and smaller offerings from other Virginia friends, a few Northern Baptists have added a liberal amount. When completed, the building will be in large part a monument to the generous kindness of these Northern friends.

JETER MEMORIAL HALL

occupies the first floor, and will be used exclusively for Library and Museum purposes. It will be a magnificent room, one hundred feet long by forty wide and twenty-two feet pitch. Among other embellishments, the Committee has determined to provide a full-length portrait and a life-sized bust of Dr. Jeter, and there will be an alcove for the books which he donated to the College.

We hail this much-needed improvement as a happy event in the history of our noble but struggling College. With the main edifice completed and the campus improved, we shall be in much better condition to court the observation and attention of the metropolis, the State, and their increasing number of visitors. Now that a suitable hall is provided, we chronicle with great pleasure the origin of a movement to bring our small and insufficient library up to a worthy and attractive standard. Oh! the work, the work, needed to build a great College! Let every friend take heart at what has been accomplished, in spite of great obstacles, and help forward the enterprise by every means at his command. Richmond College was projected for the promotion of Christian education. We rejoice to believe she is faithfully performing her allotted work.

We have received documents Nos. 14 and 15 of the "National Antimonopoly League," who have their headquarters at No. 7 Warren street, New York. This association has for its professed object the support and defence of the rights of the many against the privileges of the few. These papers set forth the vast amount of bribery resorted to by moneyed corporations to rule legislation in a way beneficial to themselves, and the tide of corruption which fills our State and national legislative halls. To one reading the facts which these papers set forth, the amount of corruption and bribery resorted to in

high places is appalling. Our legislators, State and national, by receiving "free passes" on railroads and large sums of money from the agents of these corporations, bind themselves to advocate and support their measures. No man elected to State or national legislature has a right to receive, and no honest man will receive, a "free pass" at the hands of any railroad. By so doing he lays himself under obligation to support whatever measures are to the interest of that road, and at the same time acts in direct antagonism to the interests of his constituents. Such a state of affairs is certainly to be deplored. No people will long remain above the moral status of its government. No government can long exist whose morals are thoroughly corrupt. We are loath to believe, but are compelled to believe, that the condition of affairs in this country is rapidly hastening to that in which old Rome, the mistress of the world, was when the Numidian King, sent from her capitol, exclaimed, "A venal city, about to perish, if it can but find a purchaser," and when Cicero thundered against the unjust and corrupt actions of Verres in Sicily.

LOCALS.

We have often heard of Cupid's darts. We have sometimes even dared to think that one has passed so near to us that we could hear the whizzing sound, and the very thought was sickening. But new things are always happening, and we know not what to look for next. We have trained ourselves never to be surprised, but to take things as they come. And yet, notwithstanding all our training, something came a few days since that we were utterly at a loss how to take.

Cupid, heretofore, in fighting with the students, has been contented with simply throwing *darts*, which only wounded us slightly; but of late Cupid has gotten mad, and has hurled a *thunderbolt* into our midst, and whom should it strike but Mr. W. H. Sampson, of Alexandria. We had thought that he was too well-armed, and a soldier of too much experience, to be hurt by such a weapon; but it came like a flash of lightning in a clear sky, and he had to yield to the force of the shock and acknowledge himself vanquished.

The sun set clear on the evening of April 15th, and everything was quiet and serene around Richmond College. The stars were now beginning to spangle the heavens, when the news first came, "Sampson is to be married to-night, at 8.30 o'clock, by Rev. J. H. Wright."

We were simply amazed. If the good people of Richmond were troubled a short time after this startling announcement was made in our midst, by hearing the tramping and whistling of about eighty students as they marched down the streets to serenade the new couple, they will excuse us when they know what great excitement there was in our midst at so unexpected and strange an occurrence. We must tender our best wishes to the two who have lately been made one. May their path in life ever grow brighter and brighter.

And here we would call attention to the wise words of "Monitor," and enter our protest against Cupid's treating us so any more.

A dreamy, worthless student was sitting by his table in idleness. Moving restlessly in his chair, he sighed audibly, "O that I were a poet." Then, seizing his pen, he resolved to make the attempt. It was a stormy night, and he gazed long into the darkness, dishevelled his hair, tried to think of splashing waves and rugged crags, but still no poetry came. As he was about to give up in despair, he luckily hit upon the following :

"I'm in a bad row for 'stumps,'
For they say I've got the 'mumps.'"

Latin Class, reading Horace—"Mr. F., will you translate the following: 'Si collibisset, ab avo. Usque ad mala, iteraret, Io, Bacche'" ; who, if it pleased him, would be always, from "beef" to "boss," always chanting, "Io, Bacche."

Intermediate English Class—Mr. E., whose hair is cut according to the rule, "Go to the root of the matter," is called on to recite.

Professor: "Mr. E., you ought to recite uncommonly well this morning; your head seems to be perfectly clear."

A sudden strain on the buttons of each member of the class.

Extract from an eloquent speech on immigration: "The buffaloes and the deers are now howling in our western prairies."

At the regular meeting of the Philologian Society, April 7, 1882, the following officers were elected: Final President, C. S. Gardner, Tennessee; Term President, W. J. E. Cox, Richmond; Vice-President, G. W. Hurt, Powhatan; Recording Secretary, G. W. Quick, Loudoun; Corresponding Secretary, J. F. Coleman, Appomattox; Treasurer, J. L. King, Halifax; Librarian, E. D. Reams, Charlotte;

Critic, H. W. Tribble, Caroline; Censor, L. D. Shumate, W. Va.; Chaplain, J. D. Martin, Pittsylvania; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. B. Martin, Chesterfield; Editors *Messenger*, J. E. Wiatt, Gloucester, and A. B. Rudd, Chesterfield; Hall Managers, J. B. Cook, Pittsylvania, and R. D. Tucker, Powhatan; Board of Publication, J. T. Tucker, Prince Edward; J. B. Lemon, Botetourt, and Mr. Throckmorton, Henrico.

The Mu Sigma Rho Society elected the following officers at its first meeting in April: Final President, A. E. Cox, Richmond; Term President, Geo. W. Young, Tennessee; Vice-President, Isaac Diggs, King and Queen; Censor, D. L. Stearns, Pulaski; Recording Secretary, W. Warren Talley, Lynchburg; Corresponding Secretary, R. W. Graves, China; Chaplain, Jos. Rennie, Richmond; Treasurer, W. C. Robinson, Sussex; Librarian, W. A. Harris, Richmond; Critic, G. C. Abbitt, Appomattox; Sergeant-at-Arms, Sidney L. Gilliam, Cumberland; Editors *Messenger*, A. M. Bostick, S. C., and Carter Helm Jones, Richmond.

BASE-BALL.—Readers of the *Messenger*, and especially those who have any knowledge of base-ball, are wondering, doubtless, why it is that no one as yet has taken it on himself to inform them about this important part of college proceedings. Because there has not been a sufficiency of talk among the students this session about base-ball, is not the reason why it has not been mentioned in the *Messenger*. But we shall not stop to investigate the reason.

We would say to our friends that the *students* of Richmond College this session are endeavoring to sustain that reputation which has ever characterized their predecessors in this game. Although our graceful and most distinguished player, owing to bad health, is unable to take a part in the game this session, some of his colleagues, with several new men, constitute the present nine. Some of the players of last session, who did not return this, are engaged in business; one is a student at the University of Virginia. Another of last session's distinguished players, and a beloved friend of all in the college, was severed not only from his connection with base-ball and the college, but from earth and all the sports of this life.

While it is our opinion that Richmond College cannot boast of as fine a nine this session as it has had, we think that such are its qualification that it can sustain its former reputation to a considerable extent. But probably what every one is most anxious to find out, is how the Richmond College nine succeeds this session in match-games.

Were it possible to secure the records of the games played, we would give them to you in full. The first nine of the R. C. B. B. C. played its first match-game, April 22d, at Charlottesville, with the first nine of the University of Virginia. The game resulted in favor of the University boys. But our boys think that such results cannot be obtained by the University nine again; and are confident that they could cause them to think that Richmond College boys can play baseball as well as something else, to which previous reference has been made.

The next game was played at Ashland, April 29th, with the Randolph Macon boys. Both the first and second nines played that day. In both games the Ashland boys stood two runs ahead. Probably the reader begins to think that the R. C. B. B. C. is failing to sustain its former reputation. But you must remember that these games were played away from home, and some people don't seem to do as well away as at home; and such has proven to be the case with our boys. Last Saturday, May 6th, both nines from Ashland came down. Our second nine played their second in the morning. The score stood 21 to 10 in favor of Richmond College second nine. The games between the first nines took place in the afternoon. Owing to the late hour of commencing, the game could not be finished. But on even innings the score stood 11 to 6 in favor of Richmond College. Stimulated by this success, and several other considerations, we hope to report more favorably hereafter.

PERSONALS.

John Fizer, '79-'80, is the pastor of four churches in Bedford. You will have to turn around faster now, John. You ought to be quite "curly" in your mountain pastorate.

J. J. Taylor is married. We told you you would have a desperate case when you did fall in love. May joy and brightness be your future lot.

C. G. Davis, '79-'80, has become disgusted with "single-blessedness," and he, too, has entered the matrimonial ranks. How many more *deaths*—to us—shall we have to chronicle this session? We wish you all increased happiness in your new life.

Frank Bouldin is practising law and taking "calico" around Charlotte C. H. We wish you much success, Frank, in the former; but not in the latter. You know why.

"Tom" Fitzgerald, who has been teaching and preaching in Buckingham, has accepted a call to West Virginia.

J. W. Martin is teaching in Amherst, and has commenced preaching at last.

Arthur Pleasants is taking "calico" in the city.

Lewis J. Huff, '79-'80, stopped a few days with us; and we were glad of an opportunity to hear him preach at "Grace Street."

W. G. Rollins has left us. "Gus," we miss your table-talk on philosophy very much. No one presumes to take your place.

EXCHANGES.

The *College Record* comes to us from Wheaton, Illinois. A glance at the editorial staff reveals a happy blending of the sexes. How delightful to contemplate! Would that our prosy sanctum were thus brightened. Instead of joyfully welcoming our successors, we would "bulldoze" for reëlection. The *Record* divides its few pages very pleasantly into literary, editorial, local, and exchange. It devotes its principal editorial to an earnest argument in favor of the right of students to vote, closing the article with a very kind admonition as to how they must vote in the approaching spring elections.

We next take up the *Oracle*, published at the Episcopal Academy of Connecticut. (This we found out afterwards, for the first page is devoted to a huge advertisement of Tiffany & Co.) Glancing through the literary department, locals, &c., we look eagerly until we find the column headed "Exchanges." But what a disappointment! We find only a card stating that "our Exchange column will be closed, at least for the present," soliciting, however, "the criticisms of our fellow-papers." We will try to comply with its request. The literary department contains but two articles—one on "Hamlet," selected from some exchange; the other, which seems to be original, entitled, "Oscar Wilde and Æstheticism." We had hoped to find in the latter an impartial criticism of Oscar Wilde and the æsthetic movement, but we had not to read far to discover that the writer was an enthusiastic follower of the "apostle of the beautiful." He boldly takes up the cudgel in defence of his leader, and denounces the "shameful" treatment which the "cultivated" and "refined" poet

has received from our people generally and from the students at Harvard and Syracuse in particular. This, he says, is "the usual homage that mediocrity yields to genius." He then goes on to give a history of Mr. Wilde and the "English Renaissance," quoting extensively from Oscar's lecture. After a high-flown plea for æstheticism in general, he concludes with a special plea for the æsthetic costume—knee-breeches and silk stockings. He quotes the Scriptures as authority for the lily, but leaves its æsthetic companion, the sun-flower, unsupported by any authority. On the whole, the article is well written, but is impractical and flighty.

The *Alma Mater*, published by the Lee and Jackson Literary Society of the Wesleyan Female Institute, Staunton, Va., is on our table. Young ladies, we always welcome your productions. The tone of this issue is quite funereal, the literary department being entirely filled with eulogies on our great, lamented Longfellow; while in another, sad to say, are resolutions, &c., on the death of a beloved school-mate. Such is life—sunshine and shadow; but let us hope that next time your excellent paper may have more of the *sunshine*.

Aurora.—We shall notice an article entitled, "Decay of the Literary Art," by Professor W. H. Wynn, since it is rendered most conspicuous by reason of its prominent position, and because "by merit raised to that bad eminence." The article seems to be intended as an illustration of the subject, and as such we can say of it, without exaggeration of praise, that it is remarkably apt. So prominent, indeed, is this merit among the number, that we should wish emphatically to be understood as most readily and unreservedly yielding all due recognition of it. Nor does this alone strike our attention. We can in no less degree pass over, without a tribute, the magnificent scope of the piece, and we note, with wonder akin to awe, the broad and comprehensive ignorance manifested in its development—an ignorance coëxtensive with the universe and as profound as profundity itself. And we, too, exclaim, in the imperishable words of this same author, "Who is this being that sweeps away the mountains in his chariot-course and takes up the ocean in the hollow of his hand?" (This was applied to man.) But the sublimity of this conception requires far too vivacious a stretch of imagination to linger long upon it, and we pass on. In conclusion, to sum up and give our condensed opinion of the article, as there is only a step between the ridiculous and the sublime, we do not hesitate to say that it is almost sublime.

If the author continues to write, he will no doubt astonish the world, if he has not done so already. His is a genius far too free to be trammelled by the rules of logic or bound by the laws of consistency. His is the ability to transcend the bounds of philosophic thought and reconcile that which is in its nature irreconcilable.

Academica.—We notice an essay on Thackeray, which we suppose is intended to be critical. The author's estimate of Thackeray is, no doubt, correct, and would be extremely valuable to the world, did he not attempt to illustrate it by internal evidence and a good deal that is wholly external. But we close with "the saddest words of tongue or pen, it might have been." "*Ex uno disce omnes.*"

Our editorial heart is cheered by some kind words the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* gives us. Being itself sprightly and sound, its opinions are worth something, and hence we appreciate the compliment it pays us. The *Monthly*, in "Some Rambling Thoughts on a Very Old Subject," hits pride a staggering blow. Listen at this analogy: "The man who prides himself upon his family antecedents is very much like a potato—the best part of him is under ground."

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