KISSING—A PARODY.

Once upon a midnight dreary,
Ere December's winds grew weary,
I was sitting on a sofa
With my girl behind the door;
Vainly there I had been trying,
With entreaties and with sighing,
While my soul was almost dying
For the kiss I did implore;
O to kiss that pretty creature!
"Just one kiss," I did implore—
Only this, and nothing more.

Ah! distinctly I remember,
All that night in bleak December,
While each dying corn-cob ember
Wrought its faint ghost on the floor,
How I tried 'till near the morrow,
How I tried, in vain, to borrow
Just one smack—but oh! I sorrow,
Sorrow as I think it o'er:
"Just one little kiss, my darling,"
This I pleaded o'er and o'er—
But, replied she, "Ask no more."

Here, the dog-gone, quick, uncertain
Rustling of a window curtain
Thrilled me, filled me with paternal
Terror never felt before;
So that now to still the beating
Of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some stranger, cold, entreating
Entrance—but he's missed the door—
Some poor stranger, cold, entreating
Entrance, but he's missed the door—
That it is and nothing more."
There awhile I stood to listen,
And I thought I saw eyes glisten,
Thought I saw the "old man's" frownings
Through the window blinds to pour;
And the fact is, I was frightened,
When, all suddenly, it lightened,
And the window by it brightened,
While a light fell 'cross the floor;
For I thought it was a lantern
Throwing light across the floor—
But 'twas lightning, nothing more.

But I tell you I was "skeered up,"
And my brain was slightly stirred up;
Dreamings of that "old man's" anger
Filled me then as ne'er before;
For I oft had been forbidden—
By her father been forbidden
Ever to be found there hidden
With that girl behind the door;
And I surely thought he'd caught me
Try'n' to kiss her 'hind the door—
But 'twas lightning, nothing more.

So, back to the sofa turning,
All my soul within me burning,
Soon again I took to begging,
For the boon I'd asked before:
"Surely?" said I, "surely there can
Be no serious evil lurkin'"
In one kiss; O tell me where can
You find soul to say 'no more'?
When you know it makes my heart ache,
Why then tell me—'Ask no more'?—"
Then she whispered—"Close the door."

Ah! alas! I should have shut it
When the maiden told me, but it
Never happened to my mind then
What could happen through the door;
For that beauteous girl beguiling
All my fancy into smiling,
I began straightway to piling
Stronger prayers than e'er before;
There upon the sofa prayed I
For the boon I'd asked before—
Then fell kneeling to the floor.
Kissing—A Parody.

There I knelt engaged in praying,
All my love to her betraying,
As I murmured words of pleading,
And my soul I did outpour:

"Only once," I lowly uttered—
And my big heart, how it fluttered,
When she scarcely more than muttered—
"Only once, then ask no more";
And she bended toward me, saying,
"Only once, then ask no more"—
Then we kissed behind the door.

Whoop! ye gods and fiends of evil!
May I never see the Devil,
If I did not feel that minute
Nettles hot that made me roar:
I had knelt to kiss a maiden,
And my soul was in an Aiden,
When my back was sudden laden
With whip-lashes by the score;
And my soul recoiled within me
At whip-lashes by the score—
All for kissing 'hind the door.

But that whip was sign of parting,
And I quickly set to starting,
With no hat, in double time, too,
Out the opening of that door:
I had blue stripes as a token
Of that anger never spoken;
And sometimes there is a broken,
Funny itching as of yore
That creeps o'er my back and shoulders,
As I think I've felt of yore—
Felt while kissing 'hind the door.

Often when I'm sitting lonely,
With no company—cigar only,
I do rue th' unlucky moment
By the sofa, on the floor;
For I feel that I am master
Of those lashes that fell fast, ah,
Faster, with a sad disaster,
'Till I dashed without that door:
Oh! I swear I'll kiss no other,
Until I have closed the door—
Oh, no! never—never more!

—"Clinton."
Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

Could my tongue be loosed to-night in thoughts that breathe and in words that burn, then I might hope befittingly to speak to my talented fellow-students and to this intelligent, bright-eyed, sparkling audience. But as Mr. Genius and Mrs. Eloquence (two very big bugs) uncourteously refused to accept my invitation to meet me to-night and dwell in my little tent, I cannot hope on this happy occasion, when merriment sparkles and joy overflows, to lend additional charm to the pleasing scene that rises in brilliancy before me. I very much wish, ladies and gentlemen, that I could give you to-night—

"Orators' flowers tied up with logic's twine,—
Though such bouquets as these seldom grow in button-holes like mine."

Nevertheless, just as an unskilled artist may trace rugged outlines suggestive to a more accomplished pencil, just as a rough miner may extract gems which the hand of skill may transform into beauty, so may I hope in discussing my subject, the

"TIME-TABLE OF LIFE,"

to present some truths which, by your more cultivated minds, may be fashioned into shape and beauty. I propose to treat the "Time-Table of Life" in a railroad-istic manner,—because, in travelling on land, to use the classical and oriental language of a colored "bro." in travelling on land, "Ef I bust up-thar I is;" but if, on the wings of sophomoric oratory, I soar aloft to Arcturus and Orion, "Ef I bust up then, whar in the name of sense is I?"

From our railroad outlook, then, Life is the track, Man the train, Duty the engineer. As the course of the railroad passes through beautiful and cultivated fields, their rich verdure delighting the eye and attuning the heart to gladsome praise, so also must it pass through rugged mountains and dark tunnels. Thus it is with human life; to-day we are up, to-morrow we are down (I don't mean down town); to-day the rainbow of hope may span our horizon with its blended and entrancing beauty, to-morrow the darkening cloud of disappointment may lower; to-day the sunlight of joy may infuse a radiance into the soul, attuning its countless notes to a symphony of sweet sounds, to-morrow we may be as forlorn as an old bachelor or
an old maid! Yet, whether we glide smoothly, swiftly, through sunny fields of prosperity, or find ourselves plunged suddenly into a dark tunnel of adversity, duty, the engineer, must guide man, the well-constructed train, unflinchingly on the true track of life!

To run the train aright, several things are necessary: 1st. It must be switched to the right track; 2d. The machinery must be understood; 3d. It must have the steam-forces, energy, and perseverance. Just as the locomotive without fuel and water, the essentials of steam, is unable to dash through hill and dale, so we cannot keep pace with the progressive age without energy and perseverance, the essentials of true advancement. Without these, Franklin could not have chained the lightning and made it subservient to the uses of man. Now it throbs as the pulse of the nation and flashes on electric wires from continent to continent, defying the fury of the ocean's waves. Without these essentials, the stammering orphan, Demosthenes, of feeble lungs and ungainly carriage, deprived of education by avaricious guardians, would never have become the prince of Grecian eloquence. Without these, the illustrious Dante, when tossed by the stormy feuds of the Italian republics and forced into exile, would not have had the heart to compose his divine comedy, a work alike remarkable for its terrific grandeur and wild display of creative genius. Without these incentives, Tasso, the poet, the orator, the logician, excelling in every kind of composition, might not have developed his genius in the madhouse of St. Anne. Not one of the most illustrious intellects, from Homer down—the giant minds which, in the language of Machiavelli, "rise above the level of their fellow-men and stretch out their hands to each other across the interval of ages, transmitting to each succeeding generation the torch of science, poetry, and art"—not one of them, taking all things together, was placed in circumstances favorable for the cultivation of his faculties. And yet, by energy and perseverance—the wood and water of the locomotive—they moved on to grand results.

"Then courage, brothers! Though each breast feels oft the rankling thorn, despair, That failure plants so sharply there, No pain, no pang shall be confest; We'll work and watch the brightening west, And leave to God and heaven the rest."

Then, too, to run the train exactly correct, it must be run on schedule time—not too fast, not too slow, but up to the minute—on schedule time! Be sure you have the right of track; keep the siding
until you know the right of track is yours. Strike the foot of up-grade with full head of steam, so you may make the summit on schedule time. The importance of this is obvious. How are the great connections of life to be made, how are the golden moments, as shifting as the "gay motes that people the sun-beams," to be turned to advantage, unless there is system, purpose, punctuality—schedule time?

Let us consider, first, the danger of running too slow. You are apt to be run over. You are likely to be telescoped. While you are standing with your hands in your pockets, thinking, "Oh! it's no use to go along, there's nothing ahead except a car-load of failure, everything good happened before the war;" while you are standing thus in old fogies' shoes, with your spirit hovering caressingly around old relics, some enthusiastic, energetic man, running on schedule time, will pass you, pluck your honors, and move grandly on, with increasing speed, into the depot of victory, amid the triumphant shouts of a world's hurrah! Let me give you the signal: these men are whistling around the curve right now!

Then, again, in running too slow, there is danger of missing connections—(matrimonial connections not excepted!) If you've ever missed a train, you know the force of this remark. Of all the soul-trying things, I think the worst is to miss a connection, to have to carry your luggage back, and start again! In travelling too slow, we incur this danger. There may be golden fruit on the tree of fortune, and yet, if we are too slow to pluck it, it will be bitten by the tooth of time; there may be paths opening the way to grand opportunities, and yet, if we are too tardy to enter, over them may grow the thorn and the thistle!

Who are too slow? With one unanimous voice, I reckon the ladies would say, "The old bachelors are too slow." (I'm not going to say anything about it myself; there might be some of 'em here who would see me later about it!) That man is too slow who stands, like the clown in Horace, waiting on the banks for the stream to flow by; too slow, those who fear to cross a little babbling brook of difficulty, when just beyond lies the sunny land of victory; too slow, the man who drags on forever, like Pharaoh, with the wheels of his chariot off; too slow, the chicken that waits for the sun to get up before he crows for day; too slow, the man who hasn't got an opinion till everybody else has one, who, "like a becalmed ship, never moves but by the wind of other men's breath, and has no oars of his own to steer withal." George Combe, who studied mathematics for seven years,
and couldn't master the multiplication-table, was rather too slow. (I say it, in justice to this honored institution, he didn't study it here!) Too slow is the man who, if you stick him with a pin, won't jump! Can't be pierced by honor, truth, right; sensibilities dead, impene-
trable to the claims of the beautiful in nature, science, and art—such a man is too slow!

On the other hand, there is equal danger of running too fast over the track of life. Fatal collisions often occur from undue haste; excessive wear and tear of the machinery is the result of reckless speed; but the principal danger of galloping, Gilpin-like, through life, is, the first thing you know you'll jump the track!

Who are too fast? Some of our modern reformers; the apostle of the Beautiful, with his aesthetic craze, his satellites affecting the sunflower and the lily—rather swift! Kant, in his Critique of Pure Reason, expels all realities from the world. (Mr. P., your sweetheart is a reality, and I reckon you think Kant is too fast in not allowing her a "local habitation and a name.")

Cesar thought that the time had come for the Roman Senate to crown him; but, instead of a crown, the fatal stab of Brutus "laid in ruins one of the noblest men that ever lived in the tide of times;" Napoleon, breathing the atmosphere of carnage, rushed madly on, conquering and to conquer, till, entrapped in the pitfall which his own mad haste had dug, he breathed out his life in exile on the isle of St. Helena; Robert Burns fed too rapidly the fire of his soul, and ere the noontide of fame had been reached, this brilliant star of genius sunk beneath the horizon. Truly, too-fast time is but "the gilded shore to a most dangerous sea."

Again, too fast are those who think they know everything. Such people remind me of the Irishman, who, looking at a cannon, declared, glorying in his knowledge, "Faith, I've known that thing ever since it was a pistol!" The student (present company excepted) sometimes leaves college impressed with the idea that he not only knows what has been, what is, but also what am to be! He goes home and tells the old man that the shovel is made of the sesqui-oxide of the protoxide of ferrum, and the old man gives him a sesqui-knockside the head which checks his flow of knowledge, and more especially of nomenclature. To alter Shakespeare slightly, "You might as well go stand upon the beach and bid the main flood bate his usual height; you might as well forbid the mountain pines to wag their high tops and to make no noise when fretted with the gusts of
heaven," as to undertake to teach a man who thinks he knows every­ thing. He’s travelling the track of life too fast—he’s running ahead of knowledge and common sense.

Too fast those wrangling, jangling, ambitious politicians, of whatever party, who try to put the world and all mankind in their pockets; who swell trifles into consequence, and work the ocean into a tempest to waft a feather or drown a fly! Conkling too fast!

"The man who’d serve his country best Should seek to give her a little rest."

And now, ladies and gentlemen, allow me to mention one or two of the trains that run over the track of life. First, there’s the Lightning Express; fifty miles an hour; whistles by men and things; no stops at small stations; has some great city in view. You have time scarcely to see its head-light gleaming around the curve before it dashes past you with majestic roar, becomes a speck, and vanishes in the distance. This train is the man of great talent; transcendent genius; does not stop for difficulties nor halt at trifles, but presses right onward to gather up the treasures from the great metropolis of truth. He is the man of thought, the man of action; man like Bacon, Leib­ nitz, Kepler, Newton. Its a fine car—this Lightning Express (so they say—I’ve never had gumption enough to entitle me to a ticket on it). They tell me the head-light of the Lightning Express is the lamp of genius; also, that the train is made mostly of a curious material, that doesn’t grow on trees; can’t be found in stores or foundries—love nor money won’t buy it—a rare and cherished article called B-R-A-I-N-s! They say, also, that this article is mostly in the engine—the skull—especially in the back part, called in plain, simple English, the medulla oblongatta.

Yonder comes another train; flags flying, bells ringing, steam whist­ ling. Its the mail and passenger; full of good men (and better ladies), intermediate between the highest genius and the ordinary in­ tellectual level. This mail and passenger train does a good and great work. It carries the baggage—the practicalities and utilities of life; speeds the advance of civilization, and diffuses light and truth in its onward march.

Next comes the old material train. Slow time; has to get off the track for every train; has no schedule; no rights—general manager, roadmaster, master mason, master carpenter, all order it about at pleasure. This train is the undecided, unsettled man; does as everybody says, and to use the eloquent and thrilling words of a dis-
tinguished gentleman, "The opinion of a good, fat York River oyster" knocks him off the track.

Last, but not least, is the freight train; travels mostly at night; unseen—but it carries the produce to feed the world. This train is the mechanic, the farmer. In the language of Edward Everett, "Do you ask what the mechanics have done and are doing for the public good? Go to your exhibition rooms and see the walls of the temple of Liberty fitly covered with the products of American art. And while you gaze with admiration on these creations of the mechanical arts of the country, remember they are the productions of a people whose fathers were told by the British they should not manufacture a hob-nail! In the great temple of nature, whose foundation is the earth, whose pillars are the eternal hills, whose roof is the starry sky, whose organ-tones are the whispering breeze and the sounding storm, whose architect is God—there is no work more important than that of the intelligent farmer, the freight train of the track of life."

And now, in conclusion, my fellow-students, we may not all be able to draw on our boots of seven-leagues, and step after the Lightning Express; we may not all wield the pen of brilliant writers, nor be able to hold the multitude entranced by thrilling, burning words of eloquence; we may not, as our illustrious trio of statesmen, Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, enroll our names on enduring tablets of fame; yet we can, with chivalric spirit and undaunted courage, fulfil our life-mission just as nobly, though in an humbler sphere! If at this honored institution, the round-house and machine shop for heart and brain, our car is not equipped with oil and necessary repairs for the journey of life, the fault is ours; if here the great propelling power, education, does not impart an impetus, which, unbounded by time will reach the shores of eternity, this honored faculty is not to blame!

HOW LONG WE LIVE, NOT YEARS, BUT ACTIONS TELL.

[Oration delivered by A. J. Fristoe before the reunion meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Society.]

As a representative of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, it is my pleasure as well as my duty to comply with the wish of that body in the delivery of an address upon this the occasion of her opening celebration. I am not here to sing her praises; they have been sung by her daughter, the Philologian Society, and the noble sons she has sent
into the world. They do honor to the organization where they equipped themselves for those noble and honored positions which they hold throughout these United States. The good she has done the students that have attended this institution, and the benefit which our country has derived from her through the partial training of its young men, has led me to introduce as the theme of my address, "How Long we Live, not Years, but Actions Tell."

This world is a stage, upon which appear human beings in the great drama of Life. One appears as an inventor, and with his invention declares to the world that he is a living man. Around him flock the thousands who grasp his thought, and proceed at once to follow up its various trains; new ideas are advanced, new principles are developed, and attaching these to the main thought, the whole stands out as a vast monument, to speak through all the future ages the praises of the living men who have founded and constructed it. The commander steps forth upon the stage, his eye flashing for conquest, his heart hot and thirsty for blood, goes upon the field of battle, and victory after victory heralds his success to the world, and he is a living man. The discoverer sails the seas in quest of new lands, and they herald his birth to the world of renown; he pries into the hidden chambers of the hills, and their treasures bid him live. The patriot lifts his fallen country from its degraded and reckless condition, through his own voluntary self-sacrifice, and though dead, yet lives. Empires rise, and their lineage of rulers holds sway for centuries till it trembles and falls before the hands of the conqueror, both classes known as living men.

Such is life. Like the fowl preying upon fowl, one is nourished by the body of another, one rises where another falls. I do not wish to convey to the minds of my hearers the idea that every man that exists is a living man; they breathe and die by the million without ever having lived. Do not understand me to say that every man that breathes could be a living man. There are thousands who are incapable of breathing the pure atmosphere of life; and, again, there are thousands who have never been born simply because they were too lazy to breathe; numbers who could have made men of themselves, numbers that could have been instrumental in lifting the banner of civilization higher than ever before, by giving to the world such literary and scientific productions as they were capable of giving, had they not allowed indolence and negligence to take the place of industry and perseverance; hundreds and thousands of young men to-day,
who are capable of forming for themselves grand futures, young men who have golden opportunities and everything that a noble life demands, yet declare by their very actions that they will not put forth a single effort to avail themselves of afforded opportunities. They will and they must sink, to be trodden upon by the persevering and industrious class, and die regretting that they had ever been born. Some are slowly advancing to success; but by-and-by, like the Egyptian pyramids, that were constructed by the labor of years, their lives will stand, grand structures that time can only obliterate by its ceasing.

Gentlemen, thus briefly have I given you my idea of Life; but perhaps some will say you have failed to speak of useful life. The man that aspires to the topmost round of the ladder is bound to be a useful man.

Be ambitious, not tyrannical; but be filled with high and noble aspirations that when death shall come the world may look upon your life with admiration, and be proud that you have lived in it.

"How Long we Live, not Years, but Actions Tell." The benefit the world derives from our lives tells how long we live. Who in the history of all nations has lived to a grander and more glorious old age than the famous hero of Mount Vernon? His name has been spoken of for more than a century, and will be spoken of for centuries to come. To-day, by his having lived, the banner of Liberty waves over a nation second to none on the globe. What has contributed more to the success of that nation than some of its noble statesmen and patriots? Who has contributed more to the success of the manufacturer than Watt with his steam engine? Franklin, with his noble colleagues, has chained the lightnings and linked the continents, and thereby wonderfully benefited the world. They have lived long and well. Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Raleigh, and numbers of others have recorded the world's proceedings and thus enabled us to note its progress. They have not lived in vain. Let the Muses tell if time has upon its record the names of those who have contributed more to the polish and enlightenment of the world than the Blind Bard of Greece, the "myriad-minded" Shakespeare, and the modern poet who sang of the Fall of Man and Paradise Regained. Grand and noble purposes at times fill our breasts which can never be realized. Though many of us have never seen the commanders who fought in the "Lost Cause," yet our hearts go up in praise to God who gave us such men as a Lee and a Jackson. The good deeds which have characterized their lives have told us how long they have lived. I speak as a young
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man to young men. Gentlemen, are we to go forth upon the great stage of the future as living men, or are we, with the advantages we have over hundreds and thousands of others, to rise no higher than they, and let our lives be perfect wrecks and failures? Some of you are looking forward to bright futures; but do you stand upon the present looking far away into the future, and roll back the scroll upon which are recorded the names of the heroes that are to be, and behold in blazing letters your own names without putting forth every effort that the picture of the future which your ambitions minds have painted may be realized? Are we, when failures attend us, to sit down and say we have missed our calling? If in our societies we fail in our attempts at oratory, are we to determine in our hearts that we will never attempt to speak again?

Remember that the grandest of all orators failed in his first attempt. Had he, like numbers at the present day, resolved to appear no more before the public,—instead of standing upon the Hellenic shore, his tongue supported by the pebbles, the beach as his rostrum, and the foaming billows as his audience, think you Demosthenes would have swayed the thousands with his eloquence?

I know that I speak to ambitious young men—young men who are anxious to succeed, and will be successful; young men who are to be instrumental in forming the future of our country. Do you wish to be living men? If so, persevere.

The stalactite is formed by particles of lime in drops of water which have been falling for centuries; and the structure of a grand life must sometimes be formed by a slow and steady process. You may never be a Demosthenes, a Cicero, a Clay, or a Webster; but your tongue, prompted by a noble, cultivated, and educated heart, may be used to influence thousands for good, and thus help to make of our country what she has been termed in the past, "The Venus of Nations, the Star of the World."

The young man that goes into the world, his heart all aglow with philanthropy, putting forth every effort to benefit humanity, will ere long be a jewel of the world; and the success which shall attend his life will indelibly pen upon the page of fame the world's pride that it had such a man.

This is an age in which civilization is seemingly at its climax. Superstition is rapidly dying, and I trust the day is not far distant when Old-Fogyism will breathe his last. The men of this half of the nineteenth century are, in point of civilization, education, and scien-
scientific progress, head and shoulders above their ancestors; and the world is progressing.

Years, and but few, will demand a greater effort for the highest cultivation of talent and mental development. The present age is bringing to light wonders that have slept in the dark past; wonders that would have astounded our forefathers; wonders that the hand of Providence has withheld from the men of the past, to be disclosed to the men of the present whose needs and stage of progress would call for such. Gentlemen, the age is not making the men, but the men the age. I admit there are those who are doing all in their power to corrupt it and impede its progress; but, with the noble institutions of all kinds and the material which they are preparing for the future, the age which the young men of to-day must make will be far superior to that which the past has ever witnessed.

EGYPT.

Verily imagination hath a power, an influence, to glide into our musings, and control our silent moods, an inspiration out of floating fancies to shape ideals, and to conform them into sympathy, to found them upon the consistency of realities, and out of the past to construct the fabric of the future. It also has a power of retrospection, a capacity to quicken again the dead scenes of the past, and on the present to rear memorials of their greatness, to drive back on its fount the tide of history, and to awaken again the echoes of the ancients.

Whispers of the mighty come down through the ages, and the misty shadows of Egypt loom up in the present. The tombs of the Pharaohs give up their dead, and the Nile once more flows through the midst of its gods. Silence reigns in her sacred groves, and gloom hovers over her temples. The bounds of darkness and of light conflict with each other, and darkness yet triumphs, while the shadowy form of the Sphinx smiles grimly at the victory, and the deep tones of Memnon bear it along on the muffled waters of the Nile. The confines of the natural are lost in the supernatural, the real is mingled with the unreal, and spirit and matter are one. This is mystery; this is Egypt.

Egypt has planted herself into the ages, and all time has felt her
influence. Out of her, history had both its rise and its record. There, on the banks of the Nile, science had her first generation, and art with nature was linked in wedlock. All this is of interest, but not this alone. The charm of Egypt rests not alone on her memorials, the romance of her history, but lies deep in the mighty principle within, her religion—a principle that absorbed and drew within itself all modes of thought and moulded all phases of action. As nature is the mighty monitor of mankind, so also, in degree, she exercises dominion over his creations and beliefs, and manifests the subtilty of her power in drawing his religion into apparent consistency with herself. Egypt has infused into the religion of her people more than usual measure of her individuality by reason of two great facts: the marked distinctiveness of her phases and her separateness from other nations; thus furnishing an illustration, the most unmixed, of the mighty sympathy between man and nature and her potent influence over the energies of his intellect.

It is an opinion in general acceptance that idolatry has its root in hero worship. And this opinion is founded on the supposition of a corrupt understanding of the primal truth laid down in revealed providence—namely, the incarnation, the union of divinity and humanity in one personality. Hero worship is developed into Sabianism, the adoration of the heavenly bodies, into which the souls of the departed were supposed to have passed, and which were regarded as symbols of their presence and influence. Thus the progress of religious system was made to commence in man and end in nature. Our conviction on this subject is exactly the reverse. We hold that the religious systems of the ancients were based upon nature and rose to man. And our opinion is founded, not on the empty supposition of tradition misinterpreted, but rests on the logic of a natural development. In the infancy of the race the mind of man was little capable of abstraction, and had a marked tendency to confound principles with the mediums of their manifestation. To them the source of power and intelligence was lost in the agency through which the manifestations of its functions had their appointed scope; and observing that the inexorable laws that governed the energies of his being had their foundation and their action in the constitution of the natural universe, what was more natural than to confuse nature with that power and intelligence, of which she is but the expression? But the mighty system of law inherent in nature had various phases and modes of manifestation; and here, again, somewhat of abstract conception became necessary. In order to abrogate this difficulty, man had
recourse to symbolism, and no symbol in the universe could be found more appropriate for the presentation of the idea of an intelligent power than the type of a man, whose attributes should accord with the modes of its being. A method of symbolization was further necessitated by the constitution of primeval language, which was ideographic rather than phonetic; so that, for all purposes of linguistic expression, a system of types was absolutely demanded. And this was particularly an exigency in the Egyptian from the early and prevalent use of written language. Thus we see, from the necessity of multiplying types, that their system of symbols was expanded to include even the lower animals. And the symbol being confounded with its idea, animal worship was introduced.

The religion of ancient Egypt indeed followed the law of development from a worship of nature to that of symbols; but yet there were causes which operated in checking in a degree full sympathy with this tendency, and fixing on religion a strongly pantheistic character. This probably resulted in a very great measure from the influence of a peculiar phase of Egyptian phenomena—namely, the preponderance of the supernatural element, the apparently independent action of the forces of nature; for example, the Nile, a river flowing hundreds of miles through an arid desert, and creating for itself on either side almost a paradise, without visible source, and with no tributaries to feed it, but seeming by its own mighty impulse to roll down the rich treasure of its waters. In a land like this, how much more easily would the blind forces of nature be regarded as self-acting intelligences, than in a land where one operation of natural law could be traced to another, and so on through an endless succession?

In this pantheistic nature of her religion is to be accounted the invariable disposition of Egyptian gods into triads, composed of male and female and their offspring. It is a supposition on this point, that this arrangement into triads was an imperfect presentation of the dimly preserved idea of the Trinity. But this idea of the cooperation of two in producing a third is a fundamental result of pantheism, in that nature holds no other principle more prominently to view, and may therefore be regarded as purely Egyptian.

In the devotional phase of Egyptian religion, we are struck with this cardinal principle, that the supreme essence should be adored in silence. Within the brief limits of this dogma is contained the whole significance of her religion, and the connecting link between it and the occult sciences, whose practice was made a concomitant of religion. This simple tenet expresses the whole idea of a pantheistic worship.
All worship must be found, on the abstract idea of religion, to be in sympathy with its modes. And how perfectly in accord with pantheism is the doctrine of silent adoration; a faith in an all-pervading influence, an indwelling and commingling of the spiritual with the natural; a worship which fits the soul by silent contemplation for the reception of influence and for the perception of the mystic. What greater bond of sympathy can there be between man and nature than silent contemplation? for the language of her power, of her truth, and of her beauty, is one voiceless harmony which the soul can only catch when it rises above and flows over the narrow confines of sense. Then alone can the soul throb in unison with the mystic.

But as this idea is an outgrowth of pantheism, so, also, does it give birth to another principle equally fundamental—namely, that man rises to inspiration rather than that inspiration descends to man. Here is the root of the science of magic, and less directly of astrology; for nature is a magnetism, and man is capable, by the innate power within, of conforming himself into sympathy with her. In this is an explanation of a ritualism rich in symbols, and of the exorbitant power of Egyptian priestcraft, a power which rendered Egypt almost a hierarchy. This also is an explanation of her slavish obedience to the priesthood, and of the bitter conservatism of her principles; which latter operated most powerfully in effecting her destruction. The vital spring of all principles and modes of action is progress, and unless men bend to its all-conquering power they will be broken, What an illustration of this is Egypt. Her glory has departed; her fame lies buried in the dust of the centuries. And the gloomy ruins of her temples, lone mementos of her past, seem even in their decay, although witnessing to its vanity, yet to uphold the mystical idea of her worship.

Francis Bacon.

[Oration by Mr. G. W. Quick, delivered at the reunion of the Philologian Society.]

If every young man would resolve, before he leaves his mother’s fireside, that he will spend a life that shall be profitable to himself, beneficial to his neighbor, and an honor to his God, and adopt the means, which are ever to be obtained, to bring about such results, he would spend a profitable life. A man, after making a wreck of his life, can look back through the dim vista of time and behold his failures and past follies staring him in the face, but too late to correct
his error; he has reached the end of his natural life, and it is overshadowed with clouds of failures. To know the human life, we must study it. It is impossible for a man to make a thorough study of his own life until it is too late for that study to be of much benefit to himself. This fact and the great importance of knowing the human life evolve the necessity of biographical study. If a man wants to be a statesman, let him study the life of Calhoun, of Clay, and of Hamilton, men who were statesmen in the broadest sense of the word. If he wishes to be a literary character, let him study the life and character of Chaucer, of Shakspeare, and of Milton; men who, though dead, still speak through the products of their pen. But study them for what purpose? To imitate them? Far from it! Imitate no man in any respect. Let every man be true to himself, to his own nature. But in studying the lives of men of the past, we see the results of certain applications, and we know that the same applications, under similar circumstances, shall produce similar results. If there is any man's life that ought to be a universal study, it is Francis Bacon's. Bacon has not been selected as our subject because he was a type of perfection. While there was much to admire and love in Bacon, there was much also upon which our nature frowns. His character was a wonderful composition of good and bad elements. In looking at these elements together, as they are made manifest in Bacon, we have a just conception of what is noble and good, and a contempt for what is low and ignoble. Studying Bacon thoroughly is not looking at the human nature through a glass darkly, but we behold it openly. Let us not take a side view of Bacon, but behold him as he was. The world looks on Bacon as a great philosopher, and seems to judge him in every particular from this standpoint. The causes of this error lie deep in the inmost recesses of the human nature. We are all inclined to judge of men as we find them. Our estimate of a character always depends much upon the manner in which that character affects our own interests or passions. We find it difficult to think well of those by whom we are thwarted or depressed; and we are ready to receive every excuse for the vices of those whom we love or respect. This is a tendency inherent to human nature, and can be only partially removed by experience and observation. How unwilling we are to admit the truth of any disgraceful story about any of our friends! How long we struggle against evidence; how fondly, when facts cannot be disputed, we cling to the hope that there may be some explanation or some extenuating circumstance with which we are unacquainted! The number of those who suffered by the vices of Bacon
is small compared with the number of those to whom his talents are a source of gratification. In a few years all of those whom he injured passed away; but his works remain, and are a source of delight to millions. Nothing can be more natural than for us to entertain a respectful and an affectionate feeling toward those great men with whose minds we are holding constant communion; yet, nothing can be more certain than that these men have not always deserved our respect and affection.

The world looks on Bacon as a great philosopher, and seems to forget all his vices. It will not do for us to proceed on the assumption that Bacon was eminently virtuous. To take a man's character for granted, and then from his character to infer the moral quality of his actions, is following a plan that is by no means Baconian. Time would fail us to confine within proper limits a full sketch of Bacon's life; therefore, we will state such facts as shall aid us most in forming a fixed opinion of him. While it may not be proper, as a rule, to try the character of a man of one age by the standard of another age, yet, men of this age cannot fail to judge Bacon correctly, after a thorough study of his life and character. Bacon was so tried that there was not a good quality that was not revealed or a bad one that was not exposed.

I. BRIEF SKETCH OF BACON'S LIFE.

It is scarcely necessary for us to say that Francis was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who held the great seal of England during the first twenty years of Elizabeth's reign. The fame of the father was eclipsed by that of the son. At the age of thirteen, Francis entered Trinity College, and spent three years in that institution, during which time it is said that he planned that great intellectual revolution with which his name is inseparably connected. Evidence, however, does not seem sufficient to prove that any definite scheme of that kind could have been decided upon, by Bacon himself, at such an early age. But it is certain that after a residence of three years, Bacon departed, carrying with him a profound contempt for the course of study pursued there, a fixed conviction that the system of academical education in England was radically vicious, a just scorn for the trifles on which the followers of Aristotle had wasted their time and powers, and no special reverence for Aristotle himself. In his sixteenth year Bacon went to France, as one of Elizabeth's ministers at the French court. France, at this time, was in a deplorable state. The Huguenots and Catholics were mustering all their forces for the fiercest and
most protracted of their many struggles. Bacon, whose duty it was to restrain both, had, by his vices and follies, so deeply degraded himself that he had no authority over either. Bacon's prospects were greatly overshadowed by this event. Being desirous of devoting himself to literature and politics, he applied to his Uncle Burleigh and to the Government for the means that would enable him to become "a pioneer in the deep mines of truth." But, failing in his repeated attempts to obtain the means from these sources, he sought and won the friendship of Essex. A close friendship was formed, and one destined to have a dark and shameful end. No man can say that the Earl did not prove himself a friend to Bacon, though he failed in securing the office of attorney-general for Bacon. To use his own words, he spent all his power, might, and authority. So keenly did he feel this disappointment, he sought consolation in the liberality of presenting Bacon with an estate worth nearly two thousand pounds; and, as Bacon said, "the manner was worth more than the matter." Necessarily we follow out this friendship to form a fair estimate of Bacon. During this period he was tried. Though Bacon's reputation rose, his fortunes were still depressed; he was in great pecuniary difficulties. On one occasion Bacon was arrested for a debt of three hundred pounds, and it was the kindness of the Earl that liberated him. Bacon seemed to scorn his love and forget his many deeds of kindness. The lamentable truth must be told. This friend, so loved, so trusted, bore a principal part in ruining the Earl's fortune, in shedding his blood, and overshadowing his memory. But let us be true to Bacon. Until the last some believe that Bacon had no desire to injure his friend; that he did all he could to dissuade him from accepting the government of Ireland; that his advice was prudent counsel. Bacon attempted to mediate between the Earl and the Queen. A difficult task. He had two proud and ungovernable spirits to control. At Essex House he had to calm the rage of a young hero incensed by multiplied wrongs and humiliations, and then pass to the Whitehall, where he had to soothe the peevishness of a sovereign who, in declining health and old age, was doubtless eccentric. It is hard to serve two masters. Situated as Bacon was, it was scarcely possible for him to shape his course so that he would not offend either or both parties. He found, in endeavoring to prop the fortunes of others, he was in danger of shaking his own. Consequently, he disobliged both parties. Essex thought him wanting in zeal as a friend, Elizabeth thought him wanting in duty as a subject. His attempted reconciliation was hopeless. The fall of Essex was seen by eyes less keen than Bacon's.
He shaped his course accordingly. When the Earl was brought before the council, and had rendered himself liable to the highest penalties of the law, Bacon, after a faint attempt to excuse himself from taking any part against his friend, submitted himself to the pleasure of the Queen. This was one of the conjunctures which shows what men are. Bacon did not preserve neutrality, but it seems that he wilfully turned traitor to his old friend. The Earl urged as a palliation of his frantic act, that he was surrounded by powerful and inveterate enemies; that they had ruined his fortunes; that they had sought his life, and driven him to despair. This was true, and Bacon knew it to be true. But he hearkened not to the Earl's cry, and treated him with contempt. He made no attempt to save him, although the Earl acknowledged his wrong. The Earl was executed. It is painful to go on with this lamentable story. Bacon was guilty of the basest ingratitude. He exerted his professional talents to shed the Earl's blood, and his literary talents to blacken his memory. Upon his brow shame ought to have blushed to sit. Bacon had a cold heart and a mean spirit. He lacked strong affection, and was wanting in fidelity. He could make no sacrifices and was too selfish. But, gentlemen, you may think that I am taking a side view of Bacon, but the redeeming traits of this man will be mentioned in the next division of our subject. The difference between the soaring angel and the creeping serpent is but a true type of the difference between Bacon the philosopher, and Bacon the attorney-general; Bacon seeking truth, and Bacon seeking seals. You may estimate him with unmixed admiration by taking one view of him. But you judge Bacon correctly, only, when you take in at one view, Bacon in speculation and Bacon in action.

II. BACON'S INFLUENCE UPON THE WORLD AND HIS SERVICE TO SCIENCE.

Bacon was the originator of a method of investigation differing entirely from that of the old method. We will not speak at length of the philosophy which Bacon wished to supplant. Up to this time Aristotle was the most prominent man in this school—so-called scholasticism. The most that can be said against this Aristotelian philosophy is, that it was unfruitful; yet, it was the philosophy of the day. Bacon saw in his fellow-students men like "becalmed ships, that never moved but by the wind of other men's breath." But was this kind of philosophy never to be uprooted? were men ever to be slaves to such a system? No! Though like a huge breakwater, this scholasticism had skirted the sea of thought; for three centuries it had broken
the wave of every advancing opinion. But as the fifteenth century drew to a close, the sky gave indication of an approaching storm; the sky was overcast with threatening clouds; wave after wave came rolling shoreward from the ocean of free thought. At length the surge of reformation burst with terrifying roar against this time-worn scholasticism, tumbling it out of the way. Then thought advanced; and Bacon came upon the scene to give direction to that thought. Utility and progress form the key of Bacon's philosophy. Fruit was its end—fruit that not only contented the mental appetite, but conduced extensively to the happiness of man. It multiplied human enjoyments and lessened human sorrows. This new philosophy enabled man to be his own interpreter of nature. The laws of nature could be intelligently observed by the sailor, farmer, miner, and by whomsoever that would be a worker in the world. The wise man lives according to nature. This philosophy was more in harmony with nature. Progress was its motto. The pedestrian may use as much muscular vigor on the tread-mill as on the highway; but on the road he will advance, while on the tread-mill he shall not advance an inch. The ancient philosophy was a tread-mill, not a path. This new system could not spring from birth into perfection. Though Bacon never saw it carried into full development, and the world is not indebted to him for all it accomplished, yet its birth was in Bacon. His contribution and service to science were the greatest the world has ever received.

If we were to give our opinion of Bacon's moral influence, it would not harmonize with that of his intellectual influence. His influence was great, and that of his reformation was good. If we go to the sea-shore, and cast something into the water, it creates a wave, and that wave we see seeking its way seaward and increasing all the time in dimensions; by-and-by, the little wave becomes a huge billow. Bacon came to the dead sea of thought, and with his gigantic intellect he created a wave. He put this calm, motionless sea in motion, that wave sought its way seaward, and ever increasing in volume, until it reached from shore to shore. It threw the whole sea of thought into agitation; then the human mind, like a ship in high sea, could not stand still, and would not be tossed hither and thither by this wave. In consequence of this great intellectual agitation, men were forced to make application of their own powers; men became more independent; they saw that they had powers, undeveloped. Bacon simply created this wave; he put the whole intellectual machine in motion; other men had to keep it going and to adjust it. But Bacon was the
The progress of the world to-day is a manifestation of Bacon's influence. It is still the same old wave which he put in motion, coming on down the stream of time. His influence, like a wave, shall not cease to roll until it strikes the other shore of time.

III. SOME PRACTICAL LESSONS DEDUCED FROM BACON'S LIFE.

The great lesson to be learned from Bacon is, he thought for himself—something which every man must do, if he would contribute to the good of humanity and leave his impress upon the sands of time. This world is full of opinions. It is not difficult to find an opinion on any subject. This, then, is not why we must think and have our opinions; but think for ourselves, that we may exercise those God-given powers that are seated within every intelligent man; think, that we may carry out that principle of independence which Bacon was endeavoring to infuse in the minds of men. Treat no man's intelligent opinion with contempt, but let progress be mainly of self.

Bacon did not allow impediments to prevent him from carrying out his purposes and accomplishing his ends. While originating the great intellectual revolution, he was facing the strongest opposition; but did it divert him from his plan? How often men make fair commencements; but at the first appearance of opposition they are terror-stricken, their first resolution takes unto itself wings and flies away. There are few Bacons—few men who will stand fast in adversity.

We learn from Bacon that success is more dependent on the man than on circumstances. We assert, without any hesitancy, that Bacon succeeded in the principle aim of his life. Notwithstanding his opponents and obstacles he outstripped them all, and at last he sang the victor's song. How often young men leave home, carrying with them a reputation and pecuniary aid, all of which is sufficient to meet the wants of any man; but they fall into the vices of the world, become negligent, and success is never attained by them, in spite of the favorable circumstances. The young man decides to take a course of study; he leaves home to carry out his intention, followed by the prayers and good wishes of a father. He enters college under the most favorable circumstances, but, instead of adopting progress as his motto, he becomes a servant of vice, and that father's heart is never gladdened by favorable reports from his boy. But we must cease. In conclusion, let us say, notwithstanding Bacon's vices, we recognize in him "everything of thought the most profound, and in literature the most extensive." With another we conclude by saying, "he was the wisest and meanest of mankind."
In this the initial number of the Richmond College Messenger, for the session 1882-1883, what theme could be more appropriate than the interests of the Messenger? We are, indeed, aware that the subject is a time-honored and a time-worn one; but we are also aware that an old subject in a new aspect may have as much freshness as a new one. Therefore, we will endeavor to develop this subject in a line different from that usually pursued.

The aid of the students has been invoked by an appeal to every sentiment that could excite the emotions. We, recognizing the utilitarian spirit of the age, will press the claims of the Messenger by an appeal to its usefulness. And in the endeavor to do this, we will set forth what is, in our humble opinion, the relationship which the Messenger sustains to the college course.

We take this relationship to be a supplementary one. The college course furnishes us, in part, with the materials and the means of thought; the Messenger forces us to reduce our materials to form and order. This is a saying of Lord Bacon, worthy of all acceptation: “Reading maketh a full man, conversation a ready man, but writing maketh an exact man.” Observe the climax—first, information; secondly, readiness; and in the third place, exactitude. The first expresses a good, the second implies that good in combination with a higher, while the third represents, in a mystic trinity, the union of these two with a yet higher.

The college course gives us, as I have said, the substance of thought. We cultivate readiness in our societies, but we neglect that which alone can give system and point to our ready thought, and without which thought is almost useless. This age, at least, can appreciate the old proverb, “Nisi utile est quod noscimus, sapientia est stulta.” To give a tangible illustration, we are all endeavoring to shape the intellectual life within us into some form of beauty, some temple of thought, over whose mysteries the fair priestess Harmony shall preside. Of this vast temple of knowledge is the material in its crude state; readiness, this same material wrought out into the beauty of perfection and adorned with all the tracery of art, but all piled in one heap of confusion; exactitude, the nice adjustment of all the parts and the exponent of the indwelling thought, and the beauty of the parts is magnified by the loftier beauty of the whole. Where before reigned chaos, there order sits enthroned, tuning her mystic lyre of seven strings; and still through the sculptured halls her notes in rhythm flow, “like the
faint, exquisite music of a dream," and breathe into each column and each part its own appropriate life and sense of being.

What a potent illustration is this of the truth of the French proverb, "Unity in variety is perfection." Thus it is that beauty is conditioned upon complexity. It is a grand thing to originate an idea; but it is a far grander thing to bring ideas into union and communion with each other, to conform elements into a harmonious whole. In the power to do this lies the mastery of mind.

You may say that all of this is well enough, but why not put off writing until after the college course is completed, when there will be a more convenient time. Simply because of this truism—out of the present is born the future. Now the mind is flexible and can be moulded into almost any form; in a few years it will be crystallized and incapable of bending.

So let us all rally to the support of the Messenger of this session, and in doing this benefit ourselves and uphold the dignity of a paper which has always ranked among the first as a college publication.

LOCALS.

The annual reunion meeting of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, held on the evening of September 30th, was an occasion of interest and delight alike to old and new students. As the old members of this honored society met again in their hall, there seemed to come over them the feeling that they were once more at home. Familiar faces were missed, but there were others present ready to take their places. In the absence of the president and vice-president, Mr. D. M. Ramsey, of South Carolina, graced the chair. The ease and becoming dignity with which he presided evinced his powers as a presiding officer, while the solid matter of his welcome address, together with the style in which it was delivered, clearly showed his abilities as a speaker. Next, Mr. A. J. Fristoe, of Warren, the orator-elect for the evening, delighted the audience with a very excellent address, which is found in this copy of the Messenger. This address was delivered in an exceedingly graceful and attractive style, and deeply impressed upon the minds of the new students the fact that there was talent in the Mu Sigma Rho Society. Then followed short speeches from students of each society and from new students. The evening was a pleasant one. New interest in society work was awakened.
new students connected themselves with the society, the majority of whom give promise of soon becoming useful and active members. The old Mu Sigma Rho has determined to lift high her banner during this session, and, it may be safely added, she has the men with which to do it.

Among the many pleasures attending the beginning of the session, none are more exhilarating and joyous than the annual reunions of the literary societies. The Philologians met in their hall Friday evening, September 29th, for the double purpose of reorganizing the veterans who had been recreating during the summer, and who had returned to the alma mater with garnered strength and renewed energies to begin another session's work, and also to see how many of the new students would make themselves and others happy by becoming Philologians. The society having been called to order, a gentleman from the Mu Sigma Rho Society presented in fitting words a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which had been sent by an old Philologian who couldn't be present, but wished to show that he still remembered and cherished his old society. The vice president, Mr. Hurt, of Powhatan, acting in the absence of the president, then made the usual speech of welcome, which was delivered in a very happy style, and contained many terse and pithy remarks. After this came the opening oration by Mr. Quick, of Loudoun county. The oration evinced considerable thought and research, as may be seen by reading the speech, which occurs elsewhere in this number of the Messenger. Some gentleman then stated that Professor Harrison was in the hall, and called him out to make a speech. The Professor came to the front amid much applause and responded to the call. His remarks contained some good advice and some interesting personal reminiscences. He expressed the opinion that nothing connected with the college was more advantageous to the student than the literary society. Upon invitation, several of the members of the two literary societies made short, pointed speeches. Many regrets were expressed that so many active members had not returned this session. Full many were the promises for greater fidelity and more earnest work this session than there was last. The speeches of the new students are always listened to with much interest. The speeches of some of them were very good. We are satisfied that some of these new men will distinguish themselves in debate. The reunion meeting then adjourned, and the Philologian Society remained in its hall for the transaction of its private business. We learn that they had the pleasure of initiating several members.
The Mu Sigma Rho Society, in its regular meeting, held October 6, 1882, elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, D. M. Ramsey, South Carolina; Vice-President, T. J. Shipman, Roanoke; Censor, W. A. Harris, Richmond; Recording Secretary, E. V. Ashley, Mississippi; Corresponding Secretary, W. F. Gunter, Accomac; Chaplain, M. E. Parish, Botetourt; Treasurer, J. W. Loving, Fluvanna; Librarian, W. C. Robinson, Sussex; Critic, A. J. Fristoe, Warren; Sergeant-at-Arms, H. W. Smith, Prince George; Editors of Messenger, F. F. Fowler, Texas, and G. W. Young, Tennessee.

At the regular meeting of the Philologian Society, October 6, 1882, the following officers were elected: President, J. E. Wiatt, Gloucester; Vice-President, J. L. King, Halifax; Historian, A. B. Rudd, Chesterfield; Recording Secretary, J. W. L. Cheatham, Chesterfield; Corresponding Secretary, J. D. Garrett, Loudoun; Librarian, J. D. Martin, Pittsylvania; Critic, G. W. Hurt, Powhatan; Censor, S. W. Huff, Nelson; Chaplain, W. Y. Quisinberry, Spotsylvania; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. W. Henson, Louisa; Editors Messenger, M. L. Wood, Pittsylvania, and G. W. Quick, Loudoun; Hall Managers, W. W. Hurt, Powhatan, and E. P. Lipscomb, Nelson; Monthly Orator, W. J. H. Bohannan, Matthews.

IN MEMORIAM.

A gloom was cast over the college on Sunday, the 8th of October, by news of two deaths.

James Thomas, Jr., was one of the trustees named in the charter incorporating the college, a prominent adviser in directing its financial policy, and for several years past president of the Board. Seventy and six years he had lived. His business ability had given him wealth; but, though riches increased, he did not set his heart upon them. Generous, warm-hearted, liberal, he leaves his name indelibly stamped on this and other institutions and his memory fragrant in the hearts of hundreds of humble and unknown recipients of his bounty. It was fitting that such a man should be at work even during the last week of his career, should suffer little and briefly in his last illness, and with the dawning of a brief earthly Sabbath should open his eyes to visions of eternal, heavenly rest.

The faculty met at 8:30 Monday morning and adopted the following resolutions:

The faculty met at 8:30 Monday morning and adopted the following resolutions:
In Memoriam.

Resolved, 1. That in the death of James Thomas, Jr., we, along with the entire community, lament the loss of a venerable fellow-citizen, distinguished for unrivalled business capacity long and most successfully employed in the material and social improvement of the city, and yet more for stainless honor, broad philanthropy, and earnest, simple-hearted piety.

2. That in this dispensation of Providence Richmond College suffers a peculiar affliction in the removal of an officer whose sagacious counsels have in large measure, and through its whole career, guided its policy, and of a generous supporter, whose princely munificence, again and again displayed, has been the chief inspiration of its present liberal endowment.

3. That every member of the faculty has reason to feel deeply the personal loss of a most appreciative, sympathizing, indulgent, and helpful friend.

4. That the exercises of the college be suspended for the day to allow the faculty and students to show their respect to his memory by attending the funeral services.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased in expression of our sympathy with their irreparable loss.

At 12:30 the students assembled, and a committee appointed for the purpose offered the following, which, after some appropriate remarks, were adopted:

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to remove from earth the life-long friend of our institution, James Thomas, Jr.; therefore be it

Resolved, 1. That in his death Richmond College has lost a liberal benefactor, who by his munificence and untiring zeal has sustained and sympathized with our institution in its adversity and rejoiced in its prosperity.

2. That we have lost in this dispensation of Providence an officer well qualified for the responsible position which he held as president of the Board of Trustees, one ever active and watchful of the highest interest of the college.

3. That the students testify their respect for his memory by attending in a body the funeral services at the First Baptist church.

4. That we do heartily sympathize with his bereaved son, our honored professor, and also with the other members of the family.

5. That these resolutions be published in the Richmond College Messenger and the Religious Herald, and that they be sent to the family of the deceased.

D. M. Ramsey,
E. F. Settle,
Percy G. Elsom,
"Committee."

The sad cortege of students which headed the funeral procession from Grace and Second to the First Baptist church was no unmeaning display, but the sincere tribute of respect to one who had so often shown himself our friend.

William H. Ancell came to college, 1877, from Fluvanna county, to prepare himself for the work of the ministry. He was born on December 16, 1862, died 7th of October, 1882. He was the only son of Wm. H. Ancell, a highly respected citizen of Fluvanna county. Tall, symmetrical, and erect, with a cheerful disposition and sympathetic nature joined to gentlemanly deportment, he won for himself, during his four years at this institution, many warm and personal friends. His quiet, unassuming, and consistent Christian life was especially noticeable, and was well worthy of our imitation.

He early connected himself with the Mu Sigma Rho Literary
Society, and while not taking a very prominent part in its literary exercises, yet, by his punctual attendance and the interest which he manifested in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the society, he showed he had its interest at heart. His death was somewhat sudden, and to us quite unexpected. His disease was typhoid-pneumonia.

The Mu Sigma Rho Society, at a called meeting on October 14th, adopted the following resolutions:

"Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove by death our friend and brother, Wm. H. Ancell, Jr.; be it

Resolved, 1. That in his death the Mu Sigma Rho Society has sustained the loss of a useful, punctual, and influential member, one ever zealous in promoting its welfare.

2. That our society extends its heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved family in the loss of one whose character was an evidence of a noble heart, and whose natural endowments bespoke for him eminent success in his chosen profession.

3. That we bow in humble submission to the will of Him who, in this dispensation of His providence, manifests His pleasure in removing the young as well as the old.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the bereaved family.

5. That these resolutions be published in the Richmond College Messenger.

A. J. FRISTOE,
W. F. GUNTER,
J. A. BARKER,
"Committee."

At a mass-meeting of the students the following resolutions were adopted:

"Whereas an all-wise Providence has taken to Himself our beloved brother, W. H. Ancell, Jr.; therefore be it

Resolved, 1. That we recognize the fact that God does not afflict willingly, but doeth all things for the good of them that love Him.

2. That He has removed from our midst one whom we knew only to love, and whose modest, unassuming, uniformly consistent Christian life is richly worthy of our imitation.

3. That the cause of Christ has lost one whom, we doubt not, would have proven himself to be "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

4. That we tender our sincere sympathy to the family who now mourn their loss of him who is singing the song of the redeemed.

5. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased and that they be printed in the Richmond College Messenger.

G. W. HURT,
T. L. WEST,
R. A. TUCKER,
"Committee."

PERSONALS.

Richmond College is represented at the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary by five students of last session: C. H. Jones, W. J. E. Cox, J. H. Wright, C. S. Gardner, and J. T. Dickinson. We miss you in our societies, old boys. Let us hear from you.

R. H. Garnett and J. L. Lake, masters of last session, have
both attained the title of professor. The former fills the chair of Greek and German in Georgetown College, Kentucky; the latter has been elected to a professorship in Howard College, Marion, Ala. May you both gain that distinction of which your college career was but an earnest.

C. Puryear, M. A., of session 1880-'81, is teaching in Bellevue Academy, Bedford county. He expects to return to the University next year to complete his course of engineering. A. J. Montague, 1881-'82, is now teaching in Culpeper county. We miss you at table No. 1, Jack.

H. A. Latané, 1880-'81, after taking the summer course of law at the University, is now teaching school in Southampton county. He spent a few days with us on his way down. Don't forget to visit the city of Boykins while you are in Southampton, Sir William.

T. J. Clulerius, B. L., is practising law at West Point. How comes on your first case, Tommy?

L. C. Catlett, M. A., of session 1880-'81, has left the classic hills of Essex and the land of promise, and is now teaching school in Shenandoah county. We doubt whether he will return home alone.

W. H. Hoge, 1881-'82, is in business in Richmond, Ky. We will "give Jack" your "hand," Sir Knight, when we see him.

David Sutton, 1881-'82, is in business in Lexington, Miss. How many wild cats have you killed this season, Dave?

EXCHANGES.

Before laying aside our robe of office, a word with our exchanges. Instead of the large number of exchanges which generally meet our eye, we have but few.

The Educational Monthly. We would fain write the imposing title of this intellectually-infinitesimal sheet with two exclamation points after it, by way of admiration. We often hear it said that a great name kills a little thing, but we don't believe it. If a paper has nothing educational about it, by all means make it have by calling it educational. And how this little paper does puff up, like the frog in the story, to fit its ponderous name. Whether the result is the same as in the case of the frog we will leave unsaid. Read it and find out. In conclusion, we cannot refrain from adding to our paragraph by a quotation from this same Educational Monthly, to show that we are, at least, appreciative of logic: "Reasoning from analogy, man ought to live a century, as it seems to be a general law in the animal creation that life should be five times the period required for growth. A dog grows for two years, and lives eight; an ox grows for four years, and lives sixteen; a man grows to twenty years, and should live one hundred".

The Wheelman also lies before us. This is a new magazine, published in the interests of "bicycling," not in this alone, however, for we notice that its columns contain articles on literary as well as political subjects. We think it bids fair to be a success in its line.
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