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No. 2.

EDITORS:—*Mu Sigma Rho*, F. F. FOWLER, G. W. YOUNG; *Philologist*, G. W. QUICK, M. L. WOOD.

BUSINESS MANAGER:—R. C. HUBBARD.

GONE.

I.

Gone, gone, gone!
And wrapt in a sable robe is my heart,
More black than the robe I wear;
And the heart below is crumbling apart,
For its burden is too heavy to bear;
And my life is breaking fast away
For the love that lies buried here;
And my life seeps down beneath the clay—
As a soul to all that is dear—
To lie with him that is gone:
The sunlight is sickly—the future looks drear—
And the dew is chilling my heart.

II.

Gone, gone, gone!
O my heart! why live but to break?
Why live to know but grief?
Oh! burst and be free, and the breaking will make
For thee and for me a relief;
For what is there left to us now, save life
With a crushing burden of woe?
O death! it were kind that you end our strife,
And let us sweetly go,
And be with him that is gone:
The light'ning-crushed oak lies shattered and low,
And the ivy's heart's ready to break.

III.

Gone, gone, gone !
My light, my love, my life—my all,
Gone, gone to the grave alone—
Oh, no ! not alone—'neath that gloomy pall
My heart is with his own ;
They are locked, they are folded in fast embrace,
And nothing can ever them sever ;
And my lips are ever close to his face,
And my soul will be forever
With my love that now is gone :
The lights are out, and my heartstrings quiver
As I walk through the dismal hall.

IV.

Gone, gone, gone !
O sable garments that I wear of black,
How you mock my aching grief !
Oh, to go to him who will never come back,
My soul sobs loud for relief !
Heaven, stay not my tears, but let me weep,
My life is sweeter then ;
For I know that my weeping will soon bring sleep,
And I'll leave the haunts of men
And go to him that is gone :
Where he is they are robed as the lilies, I ken,
And never a robe of black.

V.

Gone, gone, gone !
But I'm coming, my only love and life,
My heart beats slow with its pain ;
Its aching will soon cease all my strife,
And then I'll be with thee again.
I ask not to live when thou art gone,
Life loans not a pleasure to me,
For I feel, in the great, wide world, I'm alone,
And I long to be with thee—
My love—my life that is gone :
The soft, mellow beams of your summer I see,
And I'll soon be again your wife.

—"CLINTON."

OUR PROGRESSIVE AGE.

A Final oration by Mr. A. J. MONTAGUE, of Middlesex county, delivered June 19th, 1882.

[Mr. Montague's engagements in teaching this session have prevented the earlier publication of his address.]

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen :

The discovery of America gave a new impetus to the world. This blest of all lands presented a refuge to those who crowded one another in the Old World. The continents on each side of the Atlantic sustain a relation like to that existing between the ends of a pair of scales. The balancing of these scales required an equal distribution of the people. When this surplus arrived here, Europe was rid of its heavy pressure, and its social and governmental machinery started with renewed vigor. On the other hand, the settlers, upon reaching this country, realized that they had to work or to die. From that time to the present, progress has been manifest. Especially obvious is progress in America; indeed, it has become the distinctive characteristic of this nation.

Upon this era—commonly called, Our Progressive Age—I shall offer some hasty and crude reflections, which, I trust, will not be entirely inappropriate to this occasion. If we withdraw from this headlong course of modern advancement; place ourselves upon an eminence, and look down upon its mad career; watch its drift; speculate upon its causes and theorize upon its results,—we shall find beneath the dress and external splendor of our so-called progress much analogous to retrogression. Perchance it would be well for me to say in this connection that I am not opposed to progress, except it be that kind which simply changes, and is therefore a misnomer. Herbert Spencer said that the progress of this day cares not so much for its reality as its accompaniments; “not so much for the substance as the shadow.”

Upon reaching America, the first obstacle that presented itself to our forefathers was nature; therefore, they armed themselves to cope successfully with her. Science was to provide them with their means. It is said that “circumstances make men.” At least, we know that the human mind is most energetic in supplying that which it most needs, or in remedying that by which it is most heavily oppressed. There was a need for science, and science sprang up to meet this demand. The advent of America within the pale of civilization created this need, from which the entire world has caught the inspiration. Preëminently conspicuous has been the advancement of physical

science. Minerva, with her wreath of olive, usurps the throne of spear-bearing Mars. The chemist, with his alkalies and acids, takes the place of the restless warrior. The astronomer weighs with his balances the stars, and marks out their courses and periods of revolution. The geologist reads in fossils the history of our world, and, threading his way in the bowels of earth, gives us our metals and the black substance, which was once the verdant fern or stately tree, that makes our firesides so inviting and penury so happy. In biology, man knows so much of animal existence as almost to "draw the ideal archetype that preceded their creation." There is no need to paint the advancement of mechanism in the applications of steam and electricity, for this has been startling.

While the physical sciences were making such rapid strides, that element of man's mind which takes hold of philosophy did not stand still. I shall not weary your patience by tracing the career—the four great eras—of philosophy. From away back in the traditional wisdom of the Hindoos down to the present, philosophy has not been unprogressive. Sometimes revealing great truths; again, smothering them. Sometimes dealing with the reality of an infinite and absolute; again, narrowing and contracting its sphere to matter and finite things.

Knowing that physical and moral sciences ought to go together, can we fail, at the same time, to see that any tendency to unite these as one is injurious? Yet, I do not hesitate to say, the drift of this progressive age is to make these two necessarily distinct sciences one—an indivisible unity. In other words, to merge the great subjective states of man into matter, thereby accounting for mental facts by physical laws. We see this in the theory of evolution: a bald, arid, skeptical theory. Yet, it is a theory of *change*, and necessary for the spirit of the times. Looking over this audience of so much intelligence and refinement, I make bold to say that this subject of the unity of these two distinct sciences has your disapprobation. The condemnation of a people is a power. Their approval of this tendency makes it strengthen; their disapproval wipes it out. This sublime function, to a great extent, rests with you. The united voice of a people can eradicate this pernicious tendency, and give a permanence to the real truth, which, with its clear voice of present reality, will ever be heard above the din and turmoil of future possibilities.

Giving rein to imagination (if you will pardon the simile), I picture a philosophy uncontaminated by the curse of this so-called progress in the form of a pyramid: beneath the surface I would place the traditional lore of India; upon this, as the broad foundation, the

vigorous, penetrating, logical philosophy of the Greeks. The face of this stratum I would embellish with the names of Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle. Next, I would place the mediæval strata, and upon them should paint with artistic pencil a dim light of Christianity. I would then place that philosophy which has emanated from our modern ages; and upon this, stone after stone in honor of the men who have walked in its speculative realms, until the pyramid would glow resplendent in the encircling heavens. Then, all through, penetrating its every filament, I would have myriads of lines of truth converging to the summit and leaping in flames of fire to enter the sublime mysteries above, and fulfil the grand mission of uniting in sympathetic harmony the beauties of that infinite with the deformities of this finite

From the progress of sciences—what man can know—I pass to the higher and more difficult consideration of what he can feel and what he shall be in society.

Hierocles said that each individual person was a centre, circumscribed by many circles. From ourselves the first circle embraces parents, wife, and children. The next extends out and comprises relatives; then, fellow-citizens; and, finally, the whole human race. The force which unites humanity in these varied circles is sympathy: a law of our nature as silent and as pervasive as that unseen force which binds the planets to their central sun; and which tells us that men—each a microcosm—should not exist isolated from each other, but that man is dependent upon man. Society is as essential to the existence of man as water to the fish. Now, this mingling together in society, this contact, this interdependence, begets, *aye is*, sociality. Success and happiness in this life, and one of the best sureties for that to come, depend upon the aid we give one another. We know that genius and wealth cannot so elevate, or penury and crime so debase a man, as to be independent of his fellow's sympathies.

Even from a faint glance at this picture of the grand function of sociality, can we fail to see that any tendency to pervert its ends or to distort its means is pernicious to the last degree? And yet, this age, I fear me, shows unmistakable signs that it is doing this very thing. Customs express the social state; and customs, too, are said to be the "law of fools." Sad condition, "piteous predicament," for how many. Fashion, the surest and most trustworthy exponent of the tendencies and foibles of society, is an index, to a great degree, of human sympathy. Fashion is the audible utterance of the spirit of sociality. Therefore, we must be allowed to judge that what is per-

nicious in fashion is pernicious to social life. These sustain to each other the reciprocal relation of cause and effect.

A Scottish clergyman of Aberdeen being asked where fashion originated, replied: The people here get their fashion from Glasgow; the people of Glasgow get theirs from Edinburgh; these from London, and the people of London from Paris. Being asked from whence the Parisians got theirs: From the land that lieth beyond the Styx, responded the honest minister. This is more witty than true, for fashion has its start in human nature, and its shrine in every human heart. Man, in his mind as well as in his body, is to a large extent a creature of habit. And if we accept Mr. Darwin's theory about the *imitativeness* of man, we cannot fail to observe that fashion is but an expressive channel of this principle.

But I must desist from defining this ever-shifting Proteus, specially since I am aware that this audience know much more about it than I do, and pass on to ask, What effect the progress of this day has upon fashion? Its great result is manifest in the tendency (and in many cases, reality) to hide every motive; to make us expert in duplicity and insincerity—in short, to make everybody appear what he is not. This tendency seems to be an offshoot of the principle of that wily old Frenchman, Talleyrand: that words were made to conceal our thoughts, except that the modern American would also embrace actions, in order that his deceptive powers might thereby be made "doubly sure." Is not this duplicity and insincerity in most malignant form? Does not this principle demoralize and defeat the very aims of sociality? Is it not a shame that fashion should contribute so powerfully to make the social contact of man an estrangement rather than a bond of union?

Do not misunderstand me as railing against all fashion. There is in it some philosophy and great usefulness. We get our ideas of courtesy, self-respect, mutual forbearance, and self-sacrifice from contact. Much of this necessary culture is dependent upon custom. Those accomplishments which mark us gentlemen and gentlewomen, to a great extent, are derived from the traditions of society. Fashion, rightly appreciated and properly used gives an ease and polish to those innate gifts of true manhood. Thus used, it is a helpful servant, and not a goddess to be worshipped. Her masters confer honor upon fashion, and upon her votaries, fashion confers honor—if, indeed, they have any.

The progressive spirit of this age cares little for virtue, talents, or honesty; in fact, these are by no means essential requisites for entrance into that charmed circle. The conversationists of the American parlor

do not speak much reason, nor are its realms startled by anything like wit. Literature is entirely too insipid for the drawing room; philosophy "not too deep," but out of place; politics too muddy for this mystic sphere. Their twaddle seems to be a patent-right, specially granted to the fashionable sphere. For certainly they all talk alike. They appear extreme mechanical apers. But we take back the word; it is rather too opprobrious, and will hold the opinion that it is a patent-right. Our modern swell must use the accomplishments of a swaggerer, and should by no means talk in a low tone. He should be dressed well—yes, even so far as to be decked in *sunflowers and lilies*. These, and especially artificial ones, you know, give us an idea, a sublime conception, of the "true and the beautiful." This is a charmed circle, formed after the modern order. Ecstatic individuals sleep within its orbits as did Endymion of old; save that he was soothed by the mellow kisses of Diana, whereas these are lulled by the breaths of paper lilies and by the sulphurous dust of dried sunflowers.

Looking at the fashion of this day, are we not more forcibly directed to speculate upon the grander aims of man? Do we not see clearly that this boasted progress tends to efface everything like cordiality and real social freedom—in fact, the very aims of sociality; and in place of these to instil insincerity, duplicity, and knavery, with all their consequent evils? If we know right by knowing wrong, surely we ought to conceive, and make, a fashion which is a true correlative of society from this miserable substitute that is foisted upon us by the spirit of the age.

From this brief consideration of social relations, we readily pass to society in its governmental relations.

There is a great tendency in this country to remand political topics entirely to the hustings and the wrangling demagogue. Many say, with much self satisfaction, that politics should never enter into any sphere of refinement or intelligence. These men deserve not the protection of a good government, and possess not the faintest conception of the blessings of liberty. There was a law of Solon's requiring every citizen to take part in the politics of his country. This decree allowed no neutrality. What difficult material for the application of such a law in this country! But I digress. I cannot conceive of a more fitting occasion than this to discuss a few of the fundamental principles of government. Especially in a place where our duties are not disturbed by the mutterings of parties or the clamors of factions. Amidst these classic shades, which have recovered from the bruises of the iron heel of war, and are unmolested by the pathetic special plead

ings of either the "ins" or the "outs," truth can be handled with justice and impartiality.

Looking at the American form of government as marked out by the Convention of '87, and at the departures from that rule in this day, we are almost forced to conclude that our boasted republic will also perform her cycle; that our glory is but a transient shower, a flashing meteor; and that the "sun of freedom" is destined to move in its "westward course," and once more to shed its gorgeous rays upon the same historic nations which in centuries past were made refulgent by its hallowed beams. Governments are "creatures of circumstance." Accepting this, we cannot fail to see that governments and progress are closely allied. Still, we know that progress manifests itself in no more illusive garb than in the growth of governments. History tells us of governments glutted with prosperity, whose past archives are replete with great deeds which are only to be equalled in their future careers. Yet, these in one breath topple, and are overshadowed by clouds of tyranny and buried in the fogs of infamy. Dr. Capen sets forth clearly the principle of governmental growth; so I adopt his words: "Colonization belongs to humanity. It is an outward condition of advancement. It began with the existence of man. It is a progressive process, and develops some new feature at every step. It is allied to no policy but that of principle; it stops short of no result but that which is in harmony with human progress. It precedes the action of government, and changes or outlives its original relations of dependence." This seems to be a terse and clear exposition of the material progress of governments, but, let us ask, In what sense can a government advance that it may be "in harmony with human progress"? Only in that it approaches nearer and nearer a state of perfect liberty; therefore, liberty is the object of all governments. I here use liberty in its only true meaning—a meaning which is utterly alien to the sickly cant of this day, and combats at every step that wild, fiendish lawlessness which the Red-Republicans of France are wont to style liberty.

The question next arises, What are the obstacles in the way of gaining this boon of civilized governments? In the language of Judge Tucker, (1) "Dissension within, (2) Violence from without." Of course it is evident that the removal of these two impediments do not alone secure liberty, for many minor causes present themselves. Cortès says, "Liberty has never been the direct result of the will of man, but the indirect result of the impotency of different powers in the struggle of each to gain the ascendancy." We know, I trust, the

value of liberty, therefore feel the sacredness of it. It has been sadly abused in this age, and well may we say with Madame Roland, "O, liberty, liberty, what crimes have been committed in thy name!"

Another great function of governments is the *protection* of rights. Rights beget legislation. The more populous and prosperous a nation becomes, the more numerous are the rights of its people. To meet the exigencies of this increased complication of political machinery, new rules must be had. These rules, or laws, are commonly called, general legislation. Here lies a great evil. The progressive spirit of this age, believing in its infallibility and trusting in its power, has instilled into the people the idea that legislation has the power to add to or diminish rights; and, to keep pace with the age, we find the application of this principle in the addition of rights. That is, legislation beyond the demands of the people. The ranting demagogue shouts, and the sophomoric editor, in bad grammar and with less brains, clamors, "more legislation!" The spirit of the times demands this. O, progress! how thou hast distorted legislation. Would that the pungent reasoning and scathing sarcasm of the sage of Roanoke could be heard to-day decrying with all of his old vigor the "curse" of legislation.

Leaving this subject, with all its dangers, to your minds, I shall pass to a theory which has done more to pervert the true aims of government than any with which we have ever contended. This is the theory that all men are born free and equal. It is an offshoot of the French revolution. This is an exceedingly fine theory for fulsome rhetoric and bombastic spouters. It sounds well while sitting in our libraries reading De Tocqueville and other political dreamers. But on coming from our closets we find it to be the flimsiest of dreams, and that our practice and preaching are as widely separated as the poles. Are men free from the physical and moral laws of this world? The answer to this question either denies or admits the *free* clause of this mobocratic insanity. Advancement in mechanism was a great factor in equalizing physical powers. Still, the ingenuity of man could invent no machinery to equalize the human mind; and we find to-day, despite progress, that the inequality of the mind is a barrier not to be overcome. The principle of inequality is a law of nature, and as unchanging as truth. It is necessary to the existence of man or of anything else. It obviously shows itself in the organic as well as in the inorganic world. All men, *if equal*, would be Lycurgus, Socrates, Cæsar, or Newton; or as rude and as ignorant as the Bushmen of Africa; as

immoral as the slums of Calcutta; and as unjust as the sneaking banditti of Italy, or the merciless freebooters of Polynesia.

Springing from this dangerous principle, we find the theory of De Tocqueville about the "sovereignty of the people"—in plain words, the complete rule of a numerical majority. From this emanates the communistic factions of this country, France, and Russia. The spirit of progress tells us that there is nothing harmful in the rule of majorities. Alexander Hamilton himself says: "Give all the power to the many, and they will oppress the few; give all power to the few, and they will oppress the many." Still, the progressive politicians of the times (men who claim to be actuated by the teachings of this great Federalist) tell us that majorities cannot oppress. If the minority oppress when it has exclusive control, and the majority, in like situation, do not, then I fail to apprehend the reason. Why men grow better by agglomeration, why they grow better when bound together in a mere numerical majority for the accomplishment of some political purpose, or the execution of some political crime, my intellect fails to grasp. The absolute control of a numerical majority—what does it do? It makes virtue—which Montesquieu says is the basis of all republics—subservient to the fiendish clamors of an excited and infuriated populace. It is the principle which makes the thief to boast of his cunning, and the homicide to prate of his rights. It is the great levelling machine that gives the results of an honest man's toil to the profligate loafer; a machine that seeks to drag wisdom and culture to ignorance and vice; which "unfrocks the priest and laughs at the marriage tie"; it is the eradication of justice, the supremacy of crime; in fine, the absolute rule of the "wild beasts of Plato."

Time forbids me from saying anything upon the progress of our political history from the time this equality theory held sway, save to note the swing of this mighty pendulum as it goes to the other side. It is the logician's law of relativity, by which either one of two contraries produces the other. This returning swing is the glaring tendency of the times to make our boasted republic an imperialistic form of government. But many are so intoxicated that they think these United States are the appointed arena for the culmination of prosperity, and the realization of an eternal liberty. As for myself, I cling to the universality of causation. Such causes in the past have converted republics into imperialistic governments, and I see no reason for not fearing like results in this day. Those who are so infatuated by the progress of this age will wake, I fear, to find themselves woefully mistaken. Similar causes under normal conditions, produce similar

results. Let us be just in our observations of these analogies, and impartial in our conclusions.

To stay this mad course of modern progress I shall expect much of you, my fellow-students. I know that there are students here who are destined to roll on the car of science, to confer honor upon the society in which they may live, and to weave chaplets in unfading laurels for the brow of their native land. From such men as these, I hope, with all the hopefulness of youth, that much may be done in staying the evils to which I have directed your attention. Let us bear in mind that there are certain great principles which are immutable and eternal; let us bear in mind the distinctness of the two realms of science; let us bear in mind that that is not true advancement which renders sociality meaningless and void; let us bear in mind the great political truths, such as virtue, morality, and justice, which progress cannot pervert nor overlook; in short, let us remember that "Times change, and men often change with them; but principles, never."

BEN HILL.

From time immemorial men have been seeking after fame. They are urged on by that inextinguishable longing—the longing after immortality—that "deathless name"—that something which the "smothering vault shall spurn" when the ephemeral body has decayed, when "dust has returned to dust, and the spirit to God, who gave it." Some adopt the pen as a means of reaching the goal of their ambition, and unclouded is the fame thus acquired if no blot mar the purity of their writings, if no dark deed of private life sully their record; others with their swords carve out, in letters of gold, glorious names that shall endure forever; and still others, by their rare intellectual power and God-given eloquence, are carried to the highest pinnacle of greatness, and there shine out, with surpassing radiance, "a bright, particular star."

Of the latter class, Ben Hill was one. As a boy, he was strong and healthy, but gentle and unassuming; and when he first entered the State university at Athens, in 1841, he was a plainly-dressed country boy, with none of the personal beauty that so distinguished him afterward. I have heard him described as a shy, awkward, tow-headed boy, that had grown up without filling into proportion. It is said that he did not impress one with being a boy of extraordinary ability, and

even when he graduated his class-mates did not consider him their most promising man, though the faculty undoubtedly did. His graduating speech was a grand piece of eloquence from beginning to end, and was followed by enthusiastic applause. Directly after leaving college he began the study of law, and was eminently successful. In 1857, when but 28 years old, he was sent to the lower house of the Legislature. From that time forward he was elevated from one office to another, until he was given the highest position that Georgia could bestow upon him.

During the reconstruction period, when Georgia was under military rule—when bayonets were used to awe and gold to purchase submission to wrongs most foul and monstrous; when law was dethroned and the liberties of the people depended on the caprice of soldiers mad with passion and drunk with their newly-acquired authority; when the people, stunned with defeat and overwhelmed with disaster, moved amid the ruins and ashes of their homes, bewildered and uncertain whether to further struggle against the policy of reconstruction—Ben Hill's voice rang out like a trumpet through the State, not yet free from the smoke of battle, as he called on Georgians to rally and regain with the ballot the liberties they had lost by the sword. The enthusiasm which met his appeals was unbounded. He made a speech in Davis's Hall, and just before he began, the Federal generals, in full uniform, with glittering staff-officers, entered the hall and marched to the front. Mr. Hill arose, and with his superb figure erect and his gray eyes flashing, without hesitation, launched his denunciations on them and the power they represented. When he had done, Georgia was once more organized and ready for the victories of '70.

During the late years of his senatorial services he made many eloquent attacks upon that political spirit that, headed by Mahone in Virginia, threatened to divide the South, give the negroes the balance of power, and put them once more in control of the State government.

When he was slowly dying from the effects of the terrible cancer, there was one thing that troubled him. He had a message to deliver to the people that could not be delivered. He said that if he could only have the strength to write out his reflections, he thought they would be of greater service to his people than all the other acts of his life. But it was not to be. The strength of this Christian hero and statesman ebbed away, and his last thoughts remain unuttered.

His career might be compared to the course of the sun in the heavens. It arose in all its beauty on the morning sky and cast a rich radiance

around. Steadily it ascended till it culminated in its zenith. There, with resplendent glory he shone, a sun with no spot upon his disc ! But evening came, and the sun set to rise no more on earthly scenes. "He has sunk from sight, but, like a snow-drift, he has but passed into the sod to spring again into new and more beauteous form in the hearts of his fellow countrymen."

M. R. W.

WHAT MAKES THE MAN?

Let us be impressed with the fact that men are made. If a man is an artist, or a mechanic, it is in consequence of his study and application. Men are not born statesmen, but are made statesmen by developing their native powers. Man is very similar to dead matter. If there is no force applied to matter, there is no change made in it. But by the application of force, matter can be changed into almost any shape. The sculptor converts the uncomely mass into more fitting shapes ; not that, by his skill, he creates new matter, but simply makes or moulds it to suit his purposes. So with men : they are what they are made to be. We do not wish to inquire what makes the men of any particular profession, but what makes the true man, the model man. What makes that being, in whom exists those qualities essential to elevate him above all that is degrading or ignoble ? We would give the word *man* its fullest meaning. Not that we would be so vain as to seek in men for more than man, but for the embodiment of all that is necessary to characterize the true man. If a man is the achiever of some noble act, the world recognizes him as a man, regardless of the other requisites to constitute the true man.

By making men, we do not mean endowing them with new faculties, or giving them anything in addition to what they naturally possess, but making them so far as human agency goes. Not making him physically, but taking a youth and developing him into a noble-minded man. Our conclusion, therefore, is the development of the intellectual powers and distilling noble principles into the heart and mind. There is no one thing that can produce these great results ; for there are different results to be produced, and there seems to be a special agent for each part of the work. What would develop the intellectual powers, would not necessarily distil good principles in the mind. Consequently, to answer our question, it becomes necessary to notice separately these several human agents.

It is not necessary for one man to be exactly like another, whom he may think to be a model, in order to be made. There are, probably, no two men alike, or equal in their intellectual endowments. Consequently one man might imitate another in everything, and yet not develop his own powers or make himself, in the true sense. One man may not be able to accomplish what another does, still the former may be made; in such a case we attribute the cause not to the want of development of any power or faculty, but to the non-existence of that power in the one which is possessed by the other.

Some men make wrecks of their lives, either by the application of improper means, or the misapplication of the right means. Consequently, there are two things demanding special attention, in order to bring the right results: First, we must use the utmost caution in making a selection of means; secondly, equally as much discretion in applying them.

There is one class of men that would tell us that men are made by circumstances. This may be partially true, but it requires a very little reflection to discover how far short circumstances, within themselves, fail to make men. By circumstances, is meant favorable conditions. If the youth is reared under the guidance of noble and true parents, who endeavor to infuse right principles in his mind, and if he has all the advantages of an education and the social circle, it does not necessarily follow that these circumstances will make a man of him. How often we see men surrounded by the most favored circumstances possible, and yet they fail oftentimes to represent the average man; while, on the contrary, we find men who are gradually being developed into noble representatives of humanity, and under the most unfavorable circumstances. While circumstances may seem to be of no minute importance in making man, yet they are not predominant as an agent in this work. A restricted observation furnishes ample illustration of this fact. There comes from the rural district an orphan boy, for instance. This lad, by his rustic appearance, may make no impression, nor give any indication of greatness. Not only is he bereft of friends, perhaps, but he commands no personal financial aid. There seems to be nothing in his favor, or that would place him on a firm basis. Adversity faces him in all directions. But notice this youth, how, with renewed vigor, he meets each successive storm of life. By and-by he has won for himself not a fortune, but a fair start in life; and by his assiduity, he wins the favor of the observer. Slowly, but surely, he ascends the ladder of fame; finally he reaches the top. Instead of faltering under the blows of adversity, he utilizes them in bringing out the truer

and nobler qualities of his nature. The world looks at him now and says, "He is a man"; but circumstances didn't make him. But bring before your mind the reverse picture. You do not gaze upon an ill-favored youth, but one most highly favored. And do these circumstances develop him into true manhood? He might become a man under these circumstances, but how often such cases present to us a spectacle characterized by all that is degrading and unmanly. His path never seems to be overshadowed with clouds of adversity, but he dwells continually in the sunlight of prosperity--and all this does not make him a man. The fact is, the best men are those who have struggled and overcome amid adversity. There are few, if any, men made under a cloudless sky. "All sunshine makes the desert."

Does money make men? It requires little reflection to answer this question in the negative. It does not require an extensive observation to convince us that money falls far short from bringing out the true qualities of a man. While money may be an important auxiliary in this work, it never is the sole agent; it contributes liberally, but does not make men. We claim that education is an important element in this work, and the first thing to be sought, when one wishes to take a course of study, is the means that will enable him to prosecute his studies; consequently, in this way, financial aid assists in making men. But, aside from reason, illustration furnishes ample proof that money is only an auxiliary means in enabling man to accomplish the ends for which he was created.

The idea that education is non-essential in making man is prevalent not in a few minds. But such conclusions are not only false in themselves, but their authors are blinded to reason. We do not limit this word to book learning merely, but give its full signification. To say that education has nothing to do with making men, is equivalent to declaring that his mind is no part of the man. The greatest achievements in the world have not been accomplished by physical strength, but by intellectual power. It was not muscular power that applied steam to navigation or discovered the electric telegraph, but mental power that made these contributions to the world. We are indebted to the human mind for the multitude of advantages which we enjoy. A well-developed mind is rich in resources, and fertile in productions. To make a man, you must develop his mind.

"'Tis education forms the common mind." What makes the essential difference between the man who has always basked in the sunlight of intelligence, and the one whose mind is blacker than midnight? Is it because the latter is void of intellectual powers? Would

any man say that the only reason men are unenlightened is because they are devoid of mental power? There may be just as great intellectual endowments in that pitiable representative of the human race, who is now roaming over the plains of paganism, as there are in the most enlightened and distinguished character. Yes, these powers may exist in the benighted man, and we can see no reason why they, by nature, are not equal to his enlightened brother. In one case, the powers have been developed; in the other, they are dormant, or inwrapped in intellectual slumber. If, however, we arrive at the conclusion that the only essential difference between these two characters is that the one is developed intellectually, and the other is not, we necessarily recognize education as being essential in making men. It is not to be argued that it is possible for a darkened intellect to be enlightened; and to bring a mind from such a deplorable state is certainly an important part in making the man. Now, what illumines the benighted mind? Is it not education that elevates it from its deplorable depths of degradation? Not the study of text-books simply, but the bringing out of his faculties of mind. Would the pagan ever become enlightened if he was not educated? or rather is not enlightenment education? Therefore, when you are educating a man, you are making him in a great measure. Thus we see there are certain external agents which partially make men. We might make our observation more extensive, and we would fail to find anything, outside of man himself, that will make him. That the development of a man depends upon his friends is quite a prevalent idea with many. As a rule, probably friends do act the most prominent part in this work among the external agents; but if the making of a man is dependent alone upon his friends, he shall never be made. Friends are not only valuable, but essential. But they can't go beyond their limits. It requires only a limited observation and a short experience for us to arrive at the conclusion of another, that "every man is the architect of his own fortune." It is true that there are some cases in which men seem to be brought to manhood purely by circumstances, but let us not fall into the error, that our ends shall be shaped regardless of our own actions.

One of the most distinguished characteristics of the model man is a fixedness of purpose. How is one to attain great results if he does not direct his efforts properly? In the first place, he must have a purpose, if he would achieve great success. A young man at college was once asked his purpose in taking a course of study; he replied that he had no purpose. So, to-day, our college halls are thronged with young

men who are as devoid of a high and noble aim as the dead are of life. The cause of so many wrecks of the human life is to be attributed to the want of a good purpose more than anything else. The navigator would be imprudent to launch out upon the unknown deep without the purpose of reaching some port. The young man is equally as imprudent to set out on the sea of life without an aim. A man without a purpose, is a body without a head. Life is but a game of chance to that man who makes no aim. The progress of the world is retarded by the non-existence of good purposes in men more than anything else. Our aims must be high and our purposes true. All men have some sort of an aim. The desperado, in his maddened and frantic revellings, is not without an aim. The negligent student is not without a purpose, although it is not his intention to make diligent application of his powers of thought; yet, in the pretended prosecution of his studies, he seeks an opportunity to execute the forecastings of his evil nature. A purpose, good or bad, is inevitable. But the purpose which makes men is noble. After the end has been forecasted, and we are thoroughly convinced that our intentions are just, the importance of remaining steadfast is the next consideration. We would not censure a man for changing his opinion from bad to good; but it is possible and obligatory for a man to have proper purposes or motives. After we have utilized all our powers to determine what our purpose is to be in life, and are firm in the belief that we have decided correctly, then we must remain fixed if we would be men. If men would execute their good intentions, the great mass of difficulties would be obviated. There are some men who give every indication of fixedness in their purposes, and they are, so long as their plans are not thwarted; but when they are, they falter. Those conjunctures, which prove whether men are fixed in purpose or not, are not always produced by bitter, opposing forces, but oft-times by very enticing means. The commander beholds in the distance the vast army of the enemy. He watches their movement, estimates his own efficiency, and judges that of the enemy. After the necessary consideration, he lays his plans and becomes fixed in his purpose. His commands are forwarded to meet the enemy, who seem as much fixed in their purpose as the former commander. Now, does the former commander, in consequence of fierce opposition, become less stable in his purpose? No! If he is a true officer he will remain steadfast in his intentions until the last hope is swept from him. A man may have some high and noble aim, and lay his plans for the future; but if his plans are thwarted, and circumstances work counter to his undertakings, very

often he allows these obstacles to divert him from his former intention. But if he is fixed in his purpose, and utilizes everything to the best advantage possible, he shall outstride all of these opposing forces, and thus develop himself into noble manhood. But to prove that a man is fixed in his purpose does not always require the application of means which are antagonistic to his design. Men are sometimes diverted from their plans by persuasive means; such means tend to lead us from the moral to the immoral. If an immoral man wishes to corrupt the morality of his friend, he does not approach him in a hostile manner, and threaten him with the application of cruel means, to lead him into the vices which he in his depravity worships; but in the most gentle manner he presents himself, and oft-times with so much sagacity does he adapt himself to his friend, that he is successful in his endeavor to demoralize him. Now, if a man, when met by such contemptible wretches, would treat their allurements with unmitigated disdain, he would not only do a noble thing, but would prove himself a man of noble type. For one to remain fixed in his purpose, to advocate the right, when he is tried in this gentle manner, is, indeed, true manhood. If a man positively declares that he will do a certain thing, and wilfully fails to do it, the world censures him violently. If he also resolves never to violate a *moral* principle, and does do it, the *world* rather approves of his action. But he is failing to act the part of a man when he violates a moral principle as well as any other. While we recognize fixedness of purpose as an essential constituent in true manhood; yet, let it be understood that good purposes only are meant. Consequently, we include those purposes to execute the moral as well as any other good design which may not be classified under that head. To acquire the resolution and moral courage necessary to reject those allurements which are demoralizing in themselves and pernicious in their results, is infusing into the mind one of the noblest principles.

Stability of character must be recognized as an element of true manhood. By the character of a man we do not mean his reputation, or what he is said to be, but what he really is. It requires but little reflection to verify the statement that instability of character is possible. Every man has a character of some sort. If it is a bad character, it demands stability to render him exactly what he is. If, however, it is a good character, stability is necessary to maintain the true man. That character is instable is a very natural conclusion. There are few, if any, men and things that undergo no changes. To be constantly changing seems to be rendering obedience to nature's laws.

The world and everything in it is changing, and with equal propriety we may say that man and his attributes are changing. Remembering the definition of character, we readily recognize that it is unstable. It is what the man is. Now, is there any man who is always the same thing? But a slight change may not necessitate what is properly termed instability of character. Our observation teaches that there are men who are characterized by true manliness at one time; at another, they are characterized by none. Can we recognize him as a true man who is one thing now, and after a while something quite different? If a man is assiduous at the bar one week, practices medicine the next, and turns his attention to agricultural pursuits the third, we do not recognize him as being true to any particular profession. So, also, with character: he who is constantly wavering from one stage to another, lacks stability, and is without one of the first requisites for true manhood. Character is indispensable in man; consequently, when his character is defective, the whole man is greatly impaired. Impure character does not deserve nor does it receive the approval of the just. If character is recognized as essential to manhood, it follows that stability of character is necessary; for, when character is unstable, it fails to perform that function required of it in making man. Character is invaluable. A man without character is altogether unprofitable. "She can't be parallel'd by art, much less by nature."

He is not a model man who does not adhere to the true and noble. The man that seems to possess true and noble principles, and fails to adhere to them at all times, is an object of contempt. Not to adhere to a principle produces as fatal results as the non-existence of that principle. It is as creditable, and probably more so, to be without a principle, as to possess it and fail to adhere to it. In the first place, these principles must be implanted within the man. This, too, is a work assigned to each individual. It may, however, be greatly promoted by certain influences, but nothing is so much depended on as the man himself. It is only within the power of the individual himself to adopt certain principles as the guide of his life. While there may be certain things that conduce extensively to such a conclusion, the absolute power is a characteristic only of the man himself. After the true principles have been adopted, it remains for us to adhere to them. The very attempt to adhere to a true principle indicates nobility, and no one is a true man if he is ignoble. When a man adheres to the true and noble, he is cultivating true manliness, in that he is infusing in himself principles antagonistic to what is ignoble; and when he is eradicating evil desires and impure motives,

he is developing some of the noblest elements that enter the constitution of man. But constant adherence is necessary to evolve the noblest qualities. It would be proper if men were respected in proportion to their adherence to noble impulses; for he who will forsake the true and follow the false is no longer a man, but a faint representation of what is sometimes improperly termed a man. He who does not properly regard morals is not a man. We do not have to confine ourselves within the pale of Christianity to substantiate this statement, but this fact is sustained by all intelligent classes. He who scorns those endeavoring to elevate the moral standard of a people is no longer a man, but little else than a fiend in human shape.

Let us reiterate the sentiment that the individuality makes the man. He who holds and sways the multitude at his will, is the man who has an originality. There is no true eloquence without originality. To be original, we must be ourselves; therefore, develop ourselves. Men make themselves, or have within their domain the ability to make themselves. While this task is assigned to the whole human life, there are certain periods in which there is more to be done than in others. It is in the morn of life that we do most to mould our characters and to lay a firm foundation, upon which we may erect a noble structure. Then, young men, let us see to it that we are making the most of the morning light. This is the proper time for work; by-and-by the noon-day will come, and the shade of evening will creep upon us. But he who diligently applies himself in early life in developing his intellectual and moral natures, is like the matured fruit, ready to be plucked and gathered in at the proper time. This is acting the part of a man—meeting all the demands of life, and being ready to give it up when the assigned time shall have come. Correct thinking is of vital importance in man. To-day there comes a cry from the Senate chambers for thoughtful men to fill those halls, men who can discern the fallacies so prevalent in our midst. The world stands in need of men—true men. Would that our laws were made and administered totally by men morally and intellectually developed. Let every youth look upon life as falling far short of the great design, unless he makes the most of his God-given powers. Be it understood,

“Man is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster.”

Q—CK.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

This illustrious statesman was born in Abbeville county, S. C., on the 18th of March, 1782. Born at the close of our struggle for liberty, and reared in the infancy of our republic, his life was spent at a most opportune time to serve his country. His name will ever be venerated and held in esteem by the State that gave him birth and the State he loved so well.

The early educational advantages of this distinguished man were very poor, as schools were very few and quite widely scattered. At an early age, while on a visit to a relative in Georgia, having access to a library, he, instead of engaging in peurile sports, applied himself most assiduously to the reading of history and the standard authors of the age. Being of a very tender and delicate constitution, this persistent application and mental strain so seriously impaired his constitution as to necessitate his recall home by his parents. At home, being denied access to the source of literary knowledge, his constitution was strengthened by out-door exercise and by duties pertaining to the farm, until, having arrived at nineteen years of age, he had determined to make a farmer of himself, saying at all times that he would prefer one of the learned professions, but that he had abandoned the idea, as he would rather be a first class farmer than a half-informed physician or lawyer. This is a noble example, worthy of imitation by the rising generations of all countries and of all ages.

An elder brother of Mr. Calhoun, who was in a counting-house in Charleston, hearing of his brother's declaration, with magnanimous generosity promised to run the farm and to defray his educational expenses for seven years. To this proposition Mr. Calhoun eagerly agrees, and leaves home immediately for a preparatory school in a neighboring State. There he commenced the Latin grammar, and after two years of hard study, he enters the junior class at Yale, and graduated in two years, four years after commencing the Latin grammar. Remarkable and wonderful does this assertion seem, so much so as to border upon an exaggeration; but we gain our information from reliable biographers and historians, the writings of whom we cannot doubt or question.

While at Yale he gained a most enviable reputation as a hard student. Being questioned by some of his class-mates as to why he applied himself so diligently to his studies, replied that he did so in order that he might be better fitted in after life to represent his State in Congress. This was no display of egotism, as he knew his abilities

and talents, and was not ashamed to make use of them. From the president of the college he received the highest encomiums and praises, that he had talent enough to be President of the United States, and with the accompanied prediction that he would some day occupy that exalted position. The president's opinion of the abilities of his favorite pupil was not over-estimated ; as to why his prediction did not come to pass, the world knows too well.

After completing his collegiate and law education, Mr. Calhoun returns to his native State, and begins the practice of his chosen profession. He meets with wonderful success, and fast gains a reputation as a successful advocate. The young jurist enters into a very lucrative practice, and clients crowd his door from all sections and quarters.

He soon abandons the practice of law and enters politics, being elected to the Legislature of his State. He very soon becomes the leader of that body, and, after serving a term, is elected as a member from his district to Congress. It was a time of deep political excitement—the country was upon the verge of a war with England. Mr. Calhoun was a warm supporter of the war, and was very soon the acknowledged leader of the war faction. His speeches in reply to Mr. Randolph, the champion of the peace faction, created a profound impression, and won for him a national reputation as a logician and debater. In all of the debates and proceedings of Congress, Mr. Calhoun took an active part. He was the advocate and defender of the doctrine of State rights, which taught that a State was an independent sovereign, and could sever her connection with the Union whenever she chose. He espoused those doctrines at a very early age in his political career ; and, throughout the remainder of his life, he defended them with such powerful and forcible arguments that are unto this day unanswered. He won from his enemies the title of “the hair splitting logician and arch nullifier”—a title worthy of any man's possession, yet, by those given, a very unintentional compliment.

Mr. Calhoun lived in the days of political giants, and has left a reputation recorded by impartial historians as the peer of any of his times. Mr. Webster was Calhoun's life-long political enemy, and was called by his constituents “the great expounder and immortal defender of the Constitution.” These giants, the acknowledged champions of their respective sections, met in the political arena and measured swords on numerous occasions, each conscious of the momentous issues at stake. The arguments of both will remain through the ages as monuments of American eloquence and oratory,

and down to the present time it is disputed as to whom the palm should be awarded. We know that the doctrine of Mr. Calhoun has no champion at the present day, yet it has never been proven that his doctrines were erroneous.

A celebrated French writer, in comparing the illustrious trio, Calhoun, Clay, and Webster, said that Calhoun was the only one of the trio that was truly "the representative of an idea." A Northern journal, commenting upon this remark, was conspicuously truthful in one instance: that the triumph of the army and bayonet did not prove that the doctrines advocated by Mr. Webster were correct; but in another instance it was as conspicuously false, in that it proved that he was the champion of the grander idea. From such an opinion we widely differ, and acknowledge only that past events have shown that Mr. Webster was the champion of the most popular and politic idea.

Mr. Calhoun has been grossly misrepresented by his enemies as an enemy and traitor to his country. These charges are all unfounded, as Mr. Calhoun was a steadfast lover of the Union of free, independent, and sovereign States, though he never saw such a Union for a very great length of time. Never were nobler words uttered by mortal man than those that fell from his lips: "Though I openly avow myself a conservative, God forbid that I should ever deny the glorious rights of rebellion and revolution." Noble, lofty, and patriotic words—words that will be remembered to the remotest periods of time.

The life of Mr. Calhoun was spent in seeing how and by what means the Union could be preserved. He saw the threatening dangers, and even endeavored to avert and destroy them. He saw that a majority of the States of the Union were overpowering and oppressing the minority, hence his doctrine of nullification and secession, as the only mode of redress a sovereign State could resort to, and the only fit guarantee of her liberties. So completely was he wrapt up in these doctrines, that, being questioned by a friend as to what he should wish his epitaph to be, unhesitatingly answered, "Nullification and secession." No nobler epitaph could be inscribed on the tomb of any man. We know that the name of Calhoun is scarcely known among the rising generation, as he has been stigmatized and denounced by the vain harlequin as a "political fiend and arch nullifier." We should have lived in the days of Mr. Calhoun, to have understood and comprehended his greatness. We are not of that kind that are disposed to abuse Mr. Calhoun for upholding so noble, yet a very unpopular cause. His doctrines remain as pure and unspotted as when

he upheld and advocated them. We will remain steadfastly true to those principles as our only means of final and future hope, though in so doing we do incur the hatred of a revengeful and vindictive North.

The South, bearing the same relations to the Union as does Ireland to the English Government, will, under existing circumstances, endeavor to promote the prosperity and advancement of our Federal Union, although her rights are abused and unrecognized. Give us the rights our ancestors enjoyed, and intended us to enjoy, and we will advocate and endeavor to perpetuate the union of the States forever. We can, under existing circumstances, never become reconciled to the North, nor does the North wish us to, and if we pretend to become reconciled, she will never respect us and have confidence in us. When our rights are granted to us, then will we experience a grand shaking of hands all along the line, then will fraternal feelings once more exist throughout the lengths and breadths of all sections, and indissoluble bonds, never to be severed.

Mr. Calhoun was a tall, slim, and delicate man, his features were very rough and repulsive, and he truly resembled, as he was called, "the cast-iron man." His style of speaking was very ungraceful, rejecting ornament in debate, so much cultivated by speakers of all ages. He generally inclined forward while speaking, and in the fury of his enunciations words dropped from his lips so fast that it seemed as if it would be necessary to crop them off, as they came, in order to make room for others. He was very kind and courteous in debate, always having consideration and respect for his opponent. Vituperations and abuses were showered upon him from all quarters, yet he submitted to all with becoming composure.

Mr. Calhoun was the great friend of young men; with them he often associated, always giving good advice.

Mr. Calhoun was a very devout and pious Christian, his morality was unimpeachable, and he never indulged in intoxicating liquors—elements of greatness in which his contemporaries were so signally wanting.

That he was ambitious, and had presidential aspirations, we do not deny; yet we can as truthfully say of him, as did Henry Clay of himself, he would rather be right than to be President.

In all of the speeches and writings of Mr. Calhoun, it was his chief aim and object to be understood, yet it seems that he has been more misjudged and misunderstood by posterity than any other man of his

times. He died at the age of 68, and, "like the scarred oak of the forest," no one has arisen to take his place. His dying moments were spent in anxious thought concerning the welfare and destiny of his country, and he died fully confident that the slave States would be forced to secede. South Carolina may well feel proud of her Sumpsters, Marions, and Pickenses, but her soil contains no nobler dust than that of John C. Calhoun.

AUGUSTUS.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

As we enter for the first time the Editorial Sanctum, we lift our hats and make as polite a bow as inexperienced editors can make. We assume the trust committed to us with some degree of reluctance; and yet, with a considerable degree of hopefulness, for we feel sure that the many pledges of fidelity that have been made by the friends of the *Messenger* will be kept. And if these pledges are kept, we feel doubly sure that the banner of the *Messenger* will not trail in the dust.

The *Messenger* has made a long stride toward success by the change that has been recently made in the Business Department. Heretofore the business has been in the hands of a committee, known as the *Board of Publication*. At the beginning of this session, it was thought politic to make a change, and now the entire business of the *Messenger* is placed in the hands of one man, known as the *Business Manager* of the *Messenger*. We have secured the services of one who is in every way qualified for the work. He has been at work faithfully, and reports favorably. The *Messenger* was recently the recipient of a liberal donation from one of its earnest friends, who, though no longer at college, still loves the old *alma mater* and all of its interests; especially the *Messenger*. This love he demonstrated more substantially, from a human point of view, than he who looks on and says, "I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod." The *Business Manager* would be glad to accept more such expressions of love. By all means let old students help by subscribing for the *Messenger*.

The appearance presented by our college building is greatly changed from what it was last session. The old building, which before reminded one of some prison that had been crowned by centuries, now looks quite handsome in its new dress. The JETER MEMORIAL HALL is fast approaching completion. When this shall have been completed,

and all the intended repairs and improvements made upon the old building and the college grounds, it will be an ornament to this part of the city, and a building of which all who are interested in the college may well be proud. We confess that the sound of hammers, the scraping of trowels, the smell of paint, and most especially the clay that is brought to the surface in laying water pipes around the building, are not the most pleasant things imaginable; yet we will console ourselves with the prospects before us, and allow no murmur to escape our lips. We earnestly hope that, among the many improvements that are being made, the gymnasium will not be forgotten. The fragments of the old gymnasium have been removed from the campus, as they ought to have been, and now let there be one constructed worthy of the institution; for physical development is as necessary as mental development.

A very sad feature connected with the opening of this session is the absence of Professor Massie. No one knew him but to admire and love him; and while his classes are taught by worthy men, whom we also love, still there is a vacancy, for a loved and honored instructor is not in his accustomed place. We congratulate the University of Tennessee—though we do not like to do it—on securing the services of Professor Massie. What is to us a great loss is to them great gain.

On Saturday morning, November 11th, the news was hurriedly borne through college that a man had fallen from the tower on the Broad-street front of the building. A crowd of students, workmen, and passers were soon gathered at the scene of suffering. A physician was summoned immediately, and every effort was made to relieve the pain of the sufferer. The city ambulance took him to his home on Brook avenue, where he died Monday evening, November 13th. He leaves a widow and one child. The name of the unfortunate man was H. C. Franklin. He was painting the new tower on the Broad-street wing of the college. His fall was from a height of about seventy feet.

Not long since we called at Mr. M. J. Powers' art-gallery, 525 Broad street, to look at a life-size painting of Dr. J. B. Jeter. We were charmed with the exquisiteness of this painting; all the work was admirably done, bringing out every feature and the expression of the noble man. In his hands he holds the last copy of the *Herald* that he read, and on the stand by his side lies the last copy that con-

tains an editorial from his pen. It is certainly a master-piece of workmanship. If there had been no other pictures in the gallery, this one would have satisfied us as to the skill of Mr. Powers as an artist; but we saw many other fine specimens of art hanging upon the walls and many excellent photographs in the show-case. We think Mr. Powers accomplishes well the purpose expressed in his motto: "*Ego studio placere.*"

For want of space, we, the ex-editors, failed to notice in the last copy of the *Messenger* the reception of a complimentary ticket to the State Fair. We return hearty thanks to General Wickham for this kindness, and wish for the Fair in future years the success that has so far attended it under his skilful management.

LOCALS.

The lovers of athletic sports have organized a foot-ball club. Merry shouts may be heard on the campus in the afternoon, occasioned by the elastic bound of the new ball when it comes in contact with a No. 9.

Prof. Chemistry: Mr. F., suppose Virginia to sink gradually for a thousand years; what would be the effect? F. (after a pause): I don't know much about politics, Professor.

Prof. (To student affected with *cacoethes loquendi*): What is it that escapes from your lungs in respiration?

Garrulous student: Gas.

Diffusion of smiles.

From the nocturnal yelps and howls in the west end of the city, one may infer that the prospect is good for "Canine Bolognas" this winter.

Mr. P.: Come in B., take a seat. Look here, I broke my lamp the other day; do you think there is any danger of its *exploring* if I use it now?

B.: It's likely.

A Rat, after spending his Sunday afternoon at the penitentiary, went at evening to take his girl to church. A little girl of some six summers came in and asked, "When did you get out of the penitentiary"?

A young man, whom we would naturally suppose had always been

fond of the means of navigation, has recently manifested his preference for an instrument for mowing hay, though it is thought that he cares but little for the blade.

Some young men were taking an afternoon stroll down the street not long since, when, at some distance from them, they perceived a barrel evidently approaching them; upon closer observation, they recognized Mr. A. under the barrel, wending his way to college. It is needless to mention the sensation this spectacle created on the street.

EXCHANGES.

With brow bared and soul aglow with inspiration, we don the robe laid aside by our pithy predecessor, and embark on the ocean of adventure. And though the array of lore upon our table looks somewhat formidable, yet we enter into the arena of criticism, not with apprehensions grave, but with the reckless dash of a boy. And while we don't intend to throw down the gauntlet, our purpose is to express our opinions, and we accord to our contemporaries the same privilege.

We have read with no little interest the *Microcosm*, and though this is not a college journal in the strictest sense of the term, its contents are of vital interest to both students and scholars. It is a religious-scientific monthly, devoted to the investigation of modern science and philosophic thought. The October No. contains many items of interest to students of philosophy. Comparing Materialism with the new philosophy of Hall, which he terms Substantialism, it says, "The Materialism that pervades our sciences to-day is a blighting curse upon the name"; it treats that "force is a mode of motion," that motion creates that activity we call life, and that from the differentiations of that little albuminous moneron has come primeval man, and from its initial activities has eventually sprung that wonderful product, the human conscience. But Substantialism treats that all *force is substance*. That heat, light, sound, elasticity, magnetism, gravitation, life, soul, spirit, are all incorporeal, substantial entities; that each is an emanation from that Eternal Being from whom came the worlds, and that out of Himself created He all things, and not "out of nothing." We think Substantialism in perfect harmony with *facts* in physical science, but in conflict with existent theories.

The *Academicia* is an excellent college paper, if excellence consists in giving its readers an insight into "important meetings of the students," &c. Two of its pages are burdened with "Locals," in which appear, in heterogeneous order, locals, personals, items, announcements, clippings, &c. Give us fewer "locals" and more editorials, brothers of the quill, and extend your range of observation, and the *Academicia* will improve.

The *Philosophian Review* is one of our best exchanges, its style is truly artistic, and its *tout ensemble* evidences careful preparation on the part of its editors.

The *Georgetown College Journal* is a little sheet, but its editorials are well worth perusal.

The October No. of the *University Mirror's* exchange column consists, for the most part, of a clipping from the Boston *Herald*, which relates to a "hazing scene" enacted at Harvard, in which the pugilist Sullivan starred. While we don't credit the account given by the *Herald*, it is in a high degree amusing, and Sullivan must be a second Goliath of Gath, for the account says that when he had "laid out" sixty-five of the smart Alecks with his fists, doubtless the remaining ten who had escaped through the window thought Samson's ghost had appeared among them. The *Mirror* might have gone on and stated that Sullivan remarked to the president of Harvard, as he received his \$500 for the job, that he would eat something, as he had taken his usual before-breakfast exercise.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* is among our last exchanges received in October, but its articles are not less interesting by its late appearance. The "Little Man" contains many hints which, if observed, would be a decided benefit to the average college boy.

We have received a number of exchanges edited by young ladies. These we have noticed particularly, and while we cherish in our hearts a chivalric devotion for all that is womanly, we are constrained to consider the effusions of the dear girls, for the most part, *vapid gush*. Now, we do not approve of an attempt on the part of the young ladies, whose souls are surcharged with sentiment, to write metaphysical treatises on subjects embalmed and sepulchred in ancient texts, for in that case the silly *travesty* would be as objectionable as the *gush*; but we think there's a golden mean, a something beautiful and tender, which should flash out from the sunshine which bathes a *woman's soul*.

The *Alma Mater's* most noticable feature is a "Letter from South Carolina," which is spread out over the first page. We didn't read but four lines to get a diagnosis of the epistle, and breathing a sigh of sympathy for Mr. H., we laid the *Alma Mater* away in the archives of Richmond College, that coming generations might read and prepare to "flee from the wrath to come."

We acknowledge receipt of Exchanges as follows: Wirtenberger, Heidelberg Monthly Journal, Queen's College Journal, Earlhamite, Institute Journal, Justice, College Rambler, Varsity, Ariel, Adelphian, College Index, Normal News, Lariat, Portfolio, Academy Journal, Roanoke Collegian, Undergraduate, Aurora, Wheelman, High-School Bulletin, College Message, Ed. Monthly, Home Journal, Hagerstown Seminarian, Central Collegian.

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