IN THE DELL.

BY LEON.

I.

Far in the dell, I wander in the gloaming,
To watch the dying daylight fade away;
Till gathering night-tide checks my footsteps roaming,
And mem'ries of the gone, arrest my hopes' decay.

II.

Deep in the dell, the sun's last gleams are dying,
Lonely and sad, I weep through all the hours;
Through the listless leaves, the gentle winds are sighing,
A cadence low, a dirge o'er summer flowers.

III.

Deep in the dell, the rain falls colder, colder,
Safely she sleeps beneath the myrtle tree;
The roses fall, yet sorrow ne'er grows older,
But thrills through all the silence of a mournful past to me.

IV.

Deep in the dell, the tides of mem'ry flowing,
And flowing downward through the sun-set gates;
The twilight lingers yet, to light my going,
The silver dewdrops fall, yet sorrow ever waits.
THE ORACLE AT DELPHI—ITS ORIGIN.

"While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.'

Thus much is sure, being guaranteed by the divine promise to Noah, and, in these latter-days, mathematically demonstrated by proving the stability of our solar system. But will the day be fair and pleasant, or overcast with sulden clouds and swept by penetrating winds? Will the night be calm and peaceful, or shall its darkness be lit up with the lurid flames of a conflagration? Will seed-time favor the farmer, or shall late frost nip his tender plants? Will the harvest repay his sweat, or is the fruit of his toil to be blighted? Will cold weather brace and invigorate the system, or breed pneumonias and wasting consumption? Will summer be radiant with life, or gloomy from the outspread pall of a deadly plague? And if human wit cannot provide against effects which depend mainly on the few and simple laws of matter, how much less can it forecast results into which enters that most variable of all factors—human agency, both our own and that of others? This ignorance of a future into which we are ever rushing, lies at the foundation of that strange eagerness with which men of all ages, of all religions, and of all degrees of civilization, have been prone to seek unto witches and fortune tellers, prophets and interpreters of dreams, augurs, necromancers, and spiritualists. Among the Greeks, besides their full share of strolling impostors, there were also established oracles. The gods, as they believed, caught glimpses of the irrevocable decrees of fate, looked into the hidden springs of conduct, and so knew some little about the future, which they would readily communicate, if properly approached.

There were at least half a dozen oracles worthy of note. We may group them in pairs. The two most ancient are said to have been founded by fugitives from Egyptian Memphis—the one in an oasis of the Libyan desert, the other at Dodona, in the almost inaccessible wilds of Epirus. At this last, doves cooed in lofty oaks, and wily priests interpreted their voices. Two were in the marshy, mountain-locked Boeotia. South of Thebes was a fissure which, as the legend tells, yawned in answer to the prayers of Amphiarus, as he fled before a hot pursuit; the prophet went down, but came up every night to get the food prepared for him, and leave written answers to any questions. The other was a cave in a dark gorge near Lebadea; it was dedicated to Trophonius, could be consulted only at night, and was
so awful that not a few came out with reason dethroned, while none, they say, who had once entered, was ever known to smile again. Of course there were priests who, for sufficient consideration, would take the questioner's place and bring him an answer. Far superior to all these, in fame and influence, were the two oracles of Apollo, the god of music and of light. One was at Branchidae, near Miletus. It enjoyed great reputation until it misjudged the issue of the Persian invasion and proved false to the cause of Hellenic freedom. The priests fled with the shattered fragment of Xerxes' mighty army, and the oracle was silenced forever. The other barely escaped splitting on the same rock, came out, however, with enhanced reputation, and maintained its existence down to the fourth century of our era, and thus deserves more extended mention.

For at least a thousand years, perhaps twelve or fifteen hundred, the oracle of Delphi was consulted, and this not only by Greeks from all the shores and islands of the Ägean and Euxine seas, but by half-civilized Macedonians and Thracians, from the north; by wealthy Phrygians, Lydians, and other Asiatics, from the east; by imperious Etruscans and haughty Romans, from the west—consulted, too, on all sorts of subjects, on laws and constitutions, on dynasties and rulers, on battles and expeditions, on founding cities and sending out colonies, and still more frequently on minor matters, such as marrying and journeying, going into business or choosing a profession, finding lost treasure or recovering a stray mule. A foundling went to Delphi to discover his parentage; a dreamer to learn the meaning of his visions; a sick man to find a cure for his disorder; a tyrant to see how he might maintain his power; a patriot to get encouragement in his schemes; a law-giver to obtain divine sanction for his enactments. For each and all the priests must be ready with acceptable advice.

The shrine was a fissure from which issued a noxious gas, probably sulphurous, since the region is volcanic. Over this an elderly woman, commonly chosen from the lower class, and called Pythia, was seated on a tripod. When the fumes took effect, she began to foam at the mouth and utter sounds which to untutored ears were unmeaning; but trained priests, listening intently, gathered the sense, and interpreted her ravings to such as had duly propounded their inquiries. At first, and later on special occasions, the responses were given in solemn hexameter verse; in its palmiest days, however, so great was the number of seekers that they had to be content with short answers in plain prose.

Of the establishment of the oracle there are two accounts. The
rustic tradition is, that away back when there was yet no human habita-
tion at Delphi, a herdsman, feeding his flock on the mountain,
noticed his goats frisking strangely around a fissure in the rock. He
drew near, inhaled some of the vapor, and lo, the spirit of prophecy
came upon him. He informed his neighbors, priests were appointed, a
temple was built, and its fame soon spread to all the world.

The other and more poetic account comes to us in one of the so-
called Homeric Hymns. According to this myth, Apollo, in the
fresh bloom of his youth, descended from Olympus to found a temple
at which he might exercise his "chief office in promulgating the
unchangeable counsels of his father Zeus, * * without which mankind
would perish under the innumerable doubts and perplexities of life." Many places he inspected in the Cyclades and Euboea, then crossed
through Boeotia into Phokis, where he found a splendid fountain at
the foot of Parnassus. The clear water, bursting from a mossy rock,
and dancing away through green meadows, struck his fancy; but the
water-witch who inhabited there, not liking to be eclipsed by the
glory of the god, suggested to him that the solemnity of his oracle
would be disturbed by the rumbling of chariots and the braying of
mules, and urged him to examine a little fountain, in a lonely glen,
high up the mountain-side. She indulged a secret hope, it seems,
that the intruder would be killed by a dragon that guarded the spring
to which she was sending him. When Apollo reached the spot, he
soon slew the dragon. Its name was Python; hence he was sur-
named Pythian, his priestess was called Pythia, and the place itself,
"the rocky Pytho." The more common appellation is explained as
follows: Having found a site, he needed priests; and looking away
southward over the mountains of Peloponnesus, he descried a ship
sailing from Crete to Pylus, and "containing many good men." He
thereupon assumed the shape of a huge dolphin, splashed around the
ship, drove it off its course, into the Corinthian gulf, and up the bay
of Crissa. He then appeared, as a young man, on shore, invited the
terrified sailors to land, revealed himself to them in his true character,
marched them up to Pytho, installed them as his ministers, and bade
them worship him as Apollo Delphinius—delphin being the Greek
name of what we call dolphin. So, from the form in which he ap-
ppeared first to the sailors, he was called Delphian, and his oracle
Delphi. The story adds that the water-witch was punished for her
insincerity by having a great crag tumbled down upon her beautiful
fountain. One could have wished she had escaped this punishment,
for her advice, whatever may have been its motive, was in itself most
excellent. By the universal consent of all who have seen Delphi, Greece does not furnish another spot more suitable for the purpose to which it was dedicated. But the almost impossible task of describing the locality must be reserved for another time.

THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

A "monthly oration" delivered by L. R. Hamberlin, of Mississippi, before the Mu Sigma Rhonian Literary Society, January 12th, 1883.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

Lingering on the listening ear and flitting before the eyes of imagination and memory, are sounds and scenes of the fleeted past. Not the dead or sleeping past, but the past that, to-night, thrills with the pulse of enduring life; the past that pictures to the dullest perceptions deeds of chivalry and greatness; the past that flings before us the fullness of thought, the depth of philosophy, and the flight of imagination; the past that teems with the gloriousness of action and missions fulfilled; the past that offers models and ambitions numberless for him who, in this age of enlightenment and advance, strives to be known in a literary, scientific, or religious world; and the past that mocks with the sneer of disapproval and reproach, and chides, in her disappointed hope, the sluggard, who, dead to real life, sleeps—physically, mentally, and morally—until the dews of life's fresher and most hopeful hours are sapped from his manhood by the noon-tide sun, leaving the self-made wretch to befittingly sink into the oblivion of useless souls. Wonderful—breathing—living—watchful Past! And we need not to robe her in garments that flow with the brilliancy of thought and the elegance of diction, in order that we may more fully portray her completeness thus beautified: she is no skeleton; she is no fancy; she is no ideality. Far from it! Reality is stamped upon her life-lit brow, and the beauty of Progress marks the roundness of her sentient and shapely limbs. Nor need we whisper into her ears words for her Delphic lips to utter. Oh! we presume not so far; but at her revered feet, as a listener and learner, we choose the rather to sit, receiving the lessons she has summed up out of the ages of her experience.

The words of the Delphic Oracle were at least dubious, if at all intelligible; but the sounds that issue from the lips of the ever-advising and truth-speaking Past bear not the semblance of a doubt to the
honest seeker of information; and for her words she asks no bribe, no pay, save that of attention.

Enthroned on a cloud of gone and cycled years, surrounded by the dust and desolation of once well-walled and magnificently-templed cities, the ghosts of fallen powers, commingled with the glorious and ever-brightening memories of laurelled names,—she bids you gaze on these, and with simple, yet much-meaning words, she only says, "These things mirror the Future!" She says nothing of the Present, for there is no Present. Ere man can appreciate time, it is flown. There is nothing, then, save a Past and a Future. The Past is our Reality, and the Future is our Hope. And the things of the Past mirror the Future. What, then, may our Hope for the Future be? We can surely prognosticate this by a simple review of the Past.

Peering back over the fleet flight of the ages, we see, rising in the sublimity of intellect and the grandeur of pyramid and sphinx, the famed and historic land of the Pharaoh and Ptolemy. Learning, art, and magic filled her royal and mystic halls. Wealth and magnificence shaped many a city into grace and beauty. Oriental splendor gleamed and glittered in the court of king and nobleman. Her ports commanded the commerce of the world. Her traffic yielded her golden showers of wealth. Her power was felt and respected by the princes of earth. But, lingering too long and persistently in the slough of conservatism, refusing to advance with her sister powers in revolutions which would have promoted her political station, fated her to become subject to a nation, which, greedy of power, reaching out its mighty arm, lashed into dependence all it could find that was the weaker. So, after ages of power and distinction, the last of that long line of mighty and learned rulers, the "Beautiful Sorceress of the Nile," whose fame for lust blackens all her glory, dies in the dying arms of an infatuated and ruined Roman prince—and Augustus names Egypt a Roman province. Superb and exalted though she once was, not much is now left to tell it to the traveller, save those age-crested piles of monumental stone, and the hieroglyphs of tomb and tablet, that may, some day, reveal to us something more of her departed grandeur and glory. Egypt was, but is not.

In another spot, we are led to behold the land of Homer and Sappho, of Solon and Lycurgus, of Herodotus and Thucydides; the land of Thermopylae, of temples, and of sculpture; the land

"Where each old, poetic mountain
Inspiration breathes around,"

Richmond College Messenger.
Here rose true philosophy, lifting from the surrounding darkness, the soul, to higher conception of science and of life; here was sung the epic of the deathless, yet blind, old bard; here history was born, and laws were made; here valor burned; and here the votive temple, reared by zealous hands, bespoke the religion of the land and the matchless skill of the architect; here sculpture found perfection, and the Parian stone, touched into life by the artful stroke of the master's chisel, revealed the glory of wrought imagination and design. But dissolution came to thee, O glorious land of Zeus! Thy power is broken. Thou dost not now spread thy limbs, like the green-bay tree, by the pleasant waters. Others share thy glory. The "golden-throned" Hera no longer smiles upon thee from the Olympian mount. But thine, with the names of thy many immortal children, shall, to the dying of far-away years, fall pleasantly and sweetly upon every cultivated ear.

In another place, Rome rises the mistress and glory of earth. Her Virgil and her Horace have penned us pages, whose worth shall outlast the enduring bronze or brass. Her Caesar, the greatest man of antiquity, combining in a solitary soul, the statesman, warrior, poet, and historian, has filled echoing time with the laudations of his name. Her Cicero, the master of her tongue, moved the Roman Senate with the pulse of living words, and the fire of burning thought. Her Livy has enrolled his name on History's stretching page. Ah! Rome, with one foot planted on the silver shore of Britain, and the other set on the heaven-kissed crest of Egypt's pyramid, boasted: "This is the breadth of royal Rome!" City of the Seven Hills! the Goth and the Vandal have sacked thee! Thy long arms have been lopped from thy quivering and dying body! The Forum, whose pillars, year by year, are tumbling to the dust, hears no more the eloquence that startled its walls two thousand years ago! The Coliseum resounds no more with the shouts of a maddened populace, which greeted the winner of the dusty race, and made more hideous the horrid clash of the Galatian's steel; but its walls are crumbling 'neath the weight of heavy years, the wild ivy is mantling its desolation, the hollow hoot of the midnight owl floats harshly from its open and dusty windows, and even the lovely moon of classic Italy renders the scene but the more desolate and ghastly by the gentle light she flings over the still towering, but rugged, cracked, and perishing walls. But, Rome, History thrusts thy name athwart the ages. It will not wholly die.

Then, apart from their nation or country, stand, in bold relief, men, whose history is told and echoed with the very mention of their
names. Need I say what Galileo and Herschell, Dante and Milton, Raphael and Angelo, Wolf and Hegel, Gibbon and Macaulay, Beaconsfield and Wellington,—and a thousand others, have done? Ah, no! Each name, as I recalled it, flung before us a history and a lustre of its own.

But, enough. I will not weary you with further illustration.

How does the Past mirror the Future? Thus: Unfold to our vision the scroll of recorded time, and it shows us power succeeding power, nation after nation rising to supremacy and rule; then, worn with their own greatness, or crushed by their own luxury and depravity, fading away like snows before the spring-tide sun, and leaving sometimes, not more than the snows,—a memory. It shows us strength from time to time, supplanting weakness. There we see lives, upon which we gaze with admiration, of men striving through darkness to light, climbing the ruggedness of unbeaten ways, lifting themselves by individual effort to the summit of manly greatness in art, science, reason, and religion, shedding abroad, upon an appreciative and a wondering world, the lustre of God-given and self-cultivated faculties, leaving for themselves laurels fadeless as time and heirs of eternity.

Look about you. What has man done? He has bound the elements at his feet—slaves of his good pleasure and will. He has engirdled the globe with a circle of thought. He has traced the orbits of yon hurtling brilliances, and settled the centres of their systems. He has bidden the earth, and she gives up her store of powers and fruits. Ah! nature bows before the likeness of her Creator, and human intellect reaches Godward in its dizzy graspings.

Our world is very far advanced; but it will not, cannot yet delay in its astounding progress; and a century hence will doubtless look back upon a more startling dash from ignorance to light than we, to-night, witness behind us. Philosophy is not dead, but ripening; theory is not exhausted, but freshens in every speculative mind; science has no consummation as long as phenomena exist; while there remains to us the retentive canvas and the yielding marble, art will become yet more perfect; and while the mind of man shall thrill with the quickening fire of the Divine Essence, thought, like a mountain-fed stream, shall ever broaden its yielding bounds, flowing with the strength and grace of oratory, and chrysallizing, here and there, into the tangible and lasting beauties of fame-giving literature.

The Past has come down to us in the garb of advance and development: as naturally as life, the Future will and must take up the thread here, and, weaving doctrine with example, sentiment with proof, lives
beautified with truth and hope, ever, ever advance to the culmination of all things, when Time, wearied with the silver wreath of ages, quivering in the last throes of existence, shall step into the eternal midnight of her yawning grave, and the almighty hand of God shall set upon her tomb the seal of "Nevermore."

RECREATION IN STUDENT-LIFE.

"There is a time for everything," is a favorite proverb with many people. While in morals it may not hold good, and is often used as a mere apology by those who do not wish to be restrained from engaging in whatever may please their fancy; still, there is much that may be gained by giving the proverb a certain limited degree of application.

It is not our purpose, at present, to write an essay on ethics, though among students such an essay might be of great benefit; but we wish to jot down a few thoughts of a practical nature as they occur to us. We do not call into question the truth of the doctrine of the superiority of mind over matter. The mind, the soul, is the differentiating principle between man and the lower class of animals. But mind alone, however much it may be cultivated, will not make a man. A thorough education requires, as one whom we may safely follow has said, a perfect development morally, mentally, and physically, and we will dare to add, socially. To make a few observations in regard to the two latter, is the object of this article. Some students seem to be utterly regardless of development in either of these directions. They imagine that all their hopes of the future are bound up within the lids of their books; so they gather around them a huge mass of books, new and old, and sit quietly down by their desks and pore over them until their eyes grow dim and their brain is all in a whirl, their ideas become indistinct and poorly defined, their limbs grow tired and weak, the blood circulates lazily through their veins; thus decarbonization is retarded, and the student is actually dying. Yet, actuated by a blind economy, they say they have not time for recreation; whereas if they would take the proper amount of physical exercise, and give the tired brain rest, they could do more and better work than by continually drooping over their books. And not only would there be a real time-saving while connected with an institution of learning, but when the time came for them to enter the arena of
life they would be equipped for the battle; for it is a sad truth that many young men with brilliant prospects before them have witnessed the burial of all their hopes by erring at this point. They feel within their bosoms a longing to be felt in the world as living powers. They wish to accomplish something that may be left as a rich legacy to the world, and that will enshrine their names in the memories of generations yet unborn. So, actuated by these desires, they begin their ceaseless toils as students. They become careless of everything except their books. They

"Work, work, work until the brain begins to swim,
Work, work, work until the eyes grow weak and dim."

By these means they store their minds with many rich gems of thought. At length the course is completed and the time comes for them to begin to make their contributions to the world, and instead of the rich legacy which they had contemplated, they cast out upon the world a broken constitution and fast-failing body to be cared for. Those golden treasures which they labored so hard to bring up from the mine are in "earthen vessels," which are fast crumbling away, and ere they can make their impress upon the spirit of the age, the vessels are broken and the treasures lost. Thus, we see that the mind cannot perform its functions without physical mechanism, as a machine, through which to act. The locomotive sports with its train of twenty laden coaches as the school-boy plays with his sled upon the ice. Its power is due to the steam shut up in the steam-chest, but without the piston and driving-wheels, by means of which the power is to be communicated, the train and its burden would never be moved. On the other hand, the machinery may be all perfect, and without the application of steam no power will be manifested. So it is with mind and body; they are so interdependent that the one cannot act without the other. If, then, the physical part of man is absolutely necessary in order that the mental part may perform its functions—and this every one is compelled to admit—how exceedingly unwise it is for a student to utterly disregard bodily development. The student who pays all his attention to the cultivation of his mind, and allows his health to become impaired and his constitution entirely broken down, may be likened to a man who purchases the most costly and elegant furniture, and places it in a board shanty, whose roof admits sunshine and rain, and whose framework is so weak that the first rude blast will make of it an indistinguishable mass of rubbish. Let the student be faithful to all his classes, but let him not undertake more than he can
Recreation in Student-Life.

accomplish and give himself time for exercise. Let him look forward to, and strive to acquire, "culta mens in sano corpore."

But there is another point at which some students err. They disregard what we called at the beginning, social development. This error is almost as grave as the first. While a young man is at college his character is taking shape and direction, and what he is at college he is almost sure to be when he goes out into the world. Without any restraining influence, it is quite natural for young men to fall into manners that are rude and unpolished, to say nothing of the vicious and unmanly habits which they contract. Where can this restraining influence be found while a young man is at college? We answer, in the society of refined and cultured ladies. What a potent influence woman wields over man. This influence manifested itself while our first parents dwelt, and were happy, in the garden of Eden. Through all the lapse of ages it has been felt, and it is felt to-day. No young man can afford to be without the refining influence of the society of modest and polished ladies. But before we proceed further to urge the importance of ladies' society, allow us to make a suggestion as to the kind of society to be sought. We do not say that all women do not have a great deal of influence, but we do say that the influence of all women is not advantageous to the forming of the best character and the most polished manners. That woman who is never capable of a sober thought, and can engage in no more edifying conversation than the mere gossip of the day; who is always giddy, thoughtless, and even careless; whose highest ambition is to have a long train of so-called admirers, that she may play the coquette with them, is not likely to be of any service in forming a good character in any young man, but vastly to the contrary. If we were writing to young ladies, we would say to such, that they are largely responsible for the worthlessness of many of our young men; but as we are writing to young men, we say, be careful in forming your acquaintances, and most particularly in forming more intimate friendships. But to come back more directly to the subject in hand. A young man must seek the society of the ladies; and let it be the society of the true, and noble, and ennobling. By their influence he will be led to seek the development of his higher nature, and to look down with scorn upon things that are low and unmanly. But there are some students who say they cannot spare the time to visit. Of course, if they give all or the most of their time to visiting, they will fail as students; but let discretion guide them in the matter, and they will be better fitted for their duties as men and citizens. And besides this, visiting is a privilege that
affords more real pleasure and enjoyment than any other. The ladies constitute the roses of life. Who would be always toiling among the thorns and never stop to enjoy the lovely flowers that bloom along his pathway? With the lofty spirit of woman as a beacon-light, the frail craft of poor, erring man may yet be steered clear of the rocks. And with woman's noble heart to sympathize with him, and with her kind words to cheer him, lonely, downcast man may yet be happy.

"Sael."

SILENCE.

Our first idea of silence is the total absence of sound. But a general treatment of this subject would necessitate a more extended definition—namely, the absence of unnecessary sound. That there are times for total silence to prevail is not to be questioned. But when, where, and why shall I be silent, are questions of no minute importance. A certain one says that he has learned, from sad experience, not to talk when some one more competent is talking on the same subject. The difficulty in his case, perhaps, is, he doesn't always know when he is in the presence of such individuals; therefore, he does not always maintain silence at the proper time.

After a long absence, attending college, or, perhaps, visiting the picturesque scenery of the world, the youth returns home. He is not only well informed about all that is past and present, but has more than an ordinary knowledge of what is to be. At the first lawn-party, or any other social gathering, of course, all present are to be edified and entertained by his witticisms. Such cases have come under our observation, but, we hope, not in our experience. It is not necessary for us to extend our observation to bring before us numerous cases in which we may see the folly of not knowing when to maintain silence. But there are always two extremes; few there are who hit the mean. In general, the adherence to one extreme is as fatal as adhering to the other.

Shall we remain silent when injustice is wielding the sceptre; when truth is suppressed, and the standard of right is trailing in the dust beneath the feet of the ignoble? Are these times for our lips to render disobedience to the noble impulses? If we preserve silence under such circumstances, we either have a misconception of silence, or manifest a cowardly spirit; both of which produce fatal results. When we consider silence in word, we recognize two facts: first, it is
Silence.

folly to talk too much and at the wrong time; secondly, it is a great injustice to self and pure incentives not to express ourselves at the proper time.

Silence is significant. The babbling brook, as it seeks its way from the mountain-side to the sea, creates a noise which is by far more than proportional to its volume; but the mighty Amazon is gentle and quiet in its course, yet its power is inconceivable. It is a well-established fact in mechanics, that the less noise a piece of apparatus makes when in motion, nearer to perfection is that model. The most powerful steam engine the world has ever seen causes less noise when in full gear, and doing an immense amount of work, than some very insignificant machine of olden times.

There seems to be much truth in the statement, that as the power of a machine increases, the noise decreases. From these observations, we readily conclude that silence is significant of perfection and indicates power. We, in amazement, gaze upon the results of man's genius. When we look at the application of steam, and consider the wonderful inventions of man, we realize that the mind of man is truly great. But when and under what circumstances were these conceptions made? When is the mind capable of reaching forward and converting the unreal into the real? Is it amid the whirl and confusion of the multitude? Did those who have immortalized their names by their inventions and discoveries make these achievements while they were engaged in the transient scenes of the world? No; when men were making these great intellectual achievements they were to be found in their studios, enraptured in silence. While the intellectual power differs widely from the physical, yet it is a conceded fact that the former is the greater. As an evidence of this fact, it is constantly transplanting the latter, as is seen in the various inventions of the present day, and numerous other ways. No one fails to recognize this great power, and we would have our readers to remember that this intellectual work, great as it may be, is done in perfect silence. It is the shallow mountain-stream that creates an immense noise in its course downward, and not the deep river, which can scarcely be heard in its gentle flow. So with men; that man who is heard on all occasions is not the man of thought.

Silence is not only significant of power, but is a power itself. After the sun has sunk beneath the western vault of heaven, when twilight is calmly unfolding her mantle to enrobe the physical world, the God of nature begins to speak in silent, yet impressive, tones. As the great luminary of heaven recedes farther and farther behind the western
hills, nature becomes enwrapt in the pitchy mantle of chaotic darkness. But soon the queen of heaven is seen peering above the eastern horizon and sending forth her silvery rays, driving back the darker shades of night; all is silent, except, perhaps, now and then, the low of cattle, or the bark of the farmer's dog. Does man stand under the sparkling vault of heaven and in the silvery rays of the moon unmoved? No; though neither the tread of man nor the tramping of beasts is to be heard, yet nature is speaking in inaudible but impressive tones. Perhaps "the iron tongue of midnight hath tolled twelve," and man stands in frenzic fury gazing upon the pale landscape, and now up in the mystic vault which hangs over him. With whom is he conversing, or is he bereft of reason? No; but he is under the power and influence of Silence—that mystic power.

THOMAS H. BENTON.

Colonel Benton's name marks a glorious page in American history. Though accused by some of his political adversaries of being vindictive and dogmatical, no one has ever been found with the hardihood to accuse him of dishonesty, or to malign his motives. He was born in North Carolina in 1782, and died in Washington in 1858. His early education was very imperfect, but was liberally supplied in after years by his own individual exertions. His father dying when he was quite young, his mother removed to Tennessee, where young Benton commenced the study and practice of law. While thus employed, he became one of General Jackson's staff in the militia, with the rank of colonel, which title he always retained. In the war of 1812, he distinguished himself as a valiant soldier in a volunteer regiment under General Jackson. After the close of the war, he went to St. Louis to reside, where he devoted himself most attentively to his profession. He became thoroughly identified with the interests of the West, and was soon recognized as their most prominent advocate. In 1821, he was elected as a senator from Missouri, and served continuously for thirty years. After his retirement from Congress, he devoted the remainder of his life principally to the production and publication of two great works—"Thirty years in the United States Senate," and an "Abridgement of the Debates in Congress." The latter he had hardly completed at the time of his death.

Colonel Benton possessed a powerful frame, enjoyed excellent
health, and a memory of wonderful tenacity and accuracy. With his retentive memory and persevering industry, he was at all times ready to discuss the mighty questions agitated in the Senate during his career. When Colonel Benton believed himself to be right, even when alone, he did not hesitate in acting, as in his first attack upon the United States Bank. This proved that he was far more devoted to principles than to expediency and policy. He was remarkable for self-possession and the fearlessness with which he at all times spoke and voted. He was a firm friend and a vigorous opponent, whom few wished to encounter.

No senator was ever more familiar with our public affairs, or was more felt in their discussion. He most energetically resisted the efforts of the United States Bank to obtain a re-charter, and defended with irresistible force General Jackson’s veto. He was a life-long Democrat, and always faithfully supported Democratic measures. The offer to place the American army under his general direction was very wisely and promptly declined.

Colonel Benton very early took strong grounds against nullification, and made some of his greatest efforts to sustain the cause of the Union. His chief effort was designed to secure to the masses that protection and independence which the Constitution intended for them. He was a firm opponent of sectionalism, from the time it sought to prevent Missouri from coming into the Union, to the end of his life. He always feared that it would end in destroying the Union. The memory of Colonel Benton will ever be cherished as one of the most firm, consistent, and useful Democrats of his day.

TACITUS.

NEW YORK AS SEEN BY A BOY.

At last my long-cherished hope was to be realized. For many years I had felt a burning desire to visit New York and behold with my own eyes some of its wonders and attractions, of which I had so often heard and read.

So, on Saturday morning, the 22d of July, 1882, with bounding heart and joyful expectations, I took the Richmond and Fredericksburg train bound for New York. I was accompanied by a particular friend. He being somewhat my senior, and having a little more loose change at his disposal than I had, it was agreed that I should follow his directions and he should pay all expenses.

The ride was also very enjoyable. The country passed over between
Richmond and Washington is so destitute of anything to attract and interest one's attention, that, but for the pleasure in prospect, the journey would have been very tedious. Pretty soon, the sight of the capitol dome, which loomed up before us in the distance, assured us that we were nearing the metropolitan city. The Union depot here is the largest I ever saw. It is about two squares long, and brilliantly illuminated by electric lights. Cars are rushing in and out from every direction about every half-hour. Then, there is a confusion and rush of people getting on and off of their different trains, and unless one is very careful as to the car which he takes, he may, instead of going to New York, as he intends, be flying at a rapid rate in an entirely different direction. Soon the sound of a large gong informed us that unless we were in an extra hurry in getting aboard we would be quietly left, and permitted to take our chance at some later train. At a rapid rate we were hurried on towards the Monumental City. Inasmuch as the cars run as much as four miles under the city, we were not enabled to see much of it. From this point onward the journey grows more and more interesting, as one passes constantly through towns and villages, and beholds on all sides rich and well-tilled farms. The cars run for eight miles through Philadelphia, and therefore affords to the tourist a fine opportunity for viewing it.

From this point onward I became very much interested in a youth of Jewish extraction, who, seating himself by me, began to discourse in a most fascinating and pleasant manner. I was specially charmed by his brilliant conversational powers and the amount of information which his small cranium contained. He began by informing me that New York was really the grandest city in the world. He took special pains in acquainting me with the objects of interest in and around New York, which I ought, by all means, to visit. He was the very kind of boy I was hoping and looking out to see. He said that Central Park had no equal; that the Elevated railway was the greatest wonder of the age, and that Broadway alone was worth a visit to New York to see. By this time I was listening spell-bound at his side. He finished by remarking that Broadway had always been specially noted for its large and magnificent buildings, and that the finest of these were its clothing establishments, "and," said he, "it is generally conceded by the public that the cheapest and most fashionable in the whole city is the one which I have the honor of representing; and, by the way," said he, handing me his card, "I shall be very glad to have you call around while you are in the city." The name of the youth is Marks, and although a gentleman in Brooklyn a few days
later did appear a little amused at my asking if he knew a young gentleman by that name over in New York, yet I will not be so unjust as to suppose that any of my readers are so ignorant as not to be well acquainted with my young Jewish friend, Mr. Marks, who, permit me to say, by the way, will be pleased to see them at any time at his establishment.

We landed at Jersey City at half-past eight o'clock, and entered a ferry-boat of large dimensions, but not specially attractive. Soon the whistle sounded, and we started across East river, and there before me stood New York in all its grandeur. How my heart was thrilled as I beheld it! The first object that attracted my attention was the building of the New York Tribune, brilliantly illuminated by electric lights. But my gaze was directed to too many sights to remain long on one.

A lunch at the Astor House was very acceptable and strengthening to our tired and exhausted bodies; a cool and refreshing trip across the river to Brooklyn was better; but after a short ride on the street cars, to be given a cordial welcome by a lovely family in a beautiful home, was a pleasure which I do not wish to contrast with these minor enjoyments. They were strangers to me, but were well known by my fellow traveler.

On Monday morning we took the ferry and crossed over to New York. To begin the sight-seeing of the day, we visited the Stock Exchange. Before I reached the building, the humdrum and chatter of voices, far above the noise and confusion of the streets, reached my ears, and entering by a tall flight of stairs a large gallery, the sound that greeted my ears and the sight that met my eyes cannot be described. In a large room below were about a thousand men, walking backward and forward, and screaming at the top of their voices: Each man seemed to be trying to see if he could not shout louder than any one else (and why shouldn’t they, for the fortunes of many of them hung just upon the transactions of the moment). The bids, as they were made, were by some machinery caused to appear on the wall, in large letters, in full view of the people, and at the same instant they were telegraphed to all parts of the United States. Men buy and sell thousands of dollars worth of stock which they never see. The result of these bids affects trade in other cities as well as in New York. Men in all parts of the country are losing and obtaining fortunes just by the bids at this Stock Exchange. Here are the headquarters of what are termed in commercial circles Bulls and Bears.
No one is allowed to enter that exchange, either as a member or speculator, without the payment of $30,000.

A man enters that building in the morning, rejoicing in his wealth and prosperity, and by an unlucky turn of machinery leaves it a pauper and a miserable bankrupt.

On account of an extended ride on the Elevated railway, with great reluctance I turned my back upon this place of turmoil and confusion, and pretty soon was rushing past the second- and third-story windows of maidens and matrons, where was afforded a passing glance of the inner life of every grade of society.

The Elevated railway is about twenty-five feet above the sidewalk, and extends along the principal streets of the city. The cars travel at the rate of a mile in two minutes. At every seven or eight squares are small but handsome depots, which are connected with the street by several flights of stairs. The cars run up to these depots and stop in a second; then there is a rush of passengers getting on and off. With a spring, the doors close, the whistle blows, and they are gone. Unless one is exceedingly prompt in boarding the train, the doors may close before his face and leave him standing on the platform. But he is not kept waiting long, for in about two minutes another train, puffing and blowing, comes rushing up to the depot. At the end of this ride we had a distant view of the famous High Bridge. The sight was magnificent. After partaking of a lunch we boarded a down train, and in a few moments we were at the other end of New York, purchasing tickets to Coney Island, one of the most fashionable resorts of the North. The ride on the ocean was charming. The boat landed at an iron pier about two hundred yards long and sixty-five wide. It consists of two stories, built out in the ocean. One could very satisfactorily spend his evening here, where there is an elegant restaurant, a fine view of the ocean, and many other attractions, but for the sight of more numerous and grander wonders on the shore. The end where one lands is composed mostly of shows, museums, and thousands of devices for attracting the people and obtaining their money; but, after a ride on a crowded stage, he finds himself in entirely different surroundings. A large hotel, elegantly furnished, lines the coast at about one hundred and fifty yards from the ocean. The dining-room is very beautiful. It is a large and spacious hall, with the costliest table-ware, the most elegant furniture, and the finest-looking waiters I ever saw.

On the evening I was there, I suppose fifteen or twenty thousand were present. The most delightful feature of the place was the music.
It began at about dark and lasted until nearly midnight. It was conducted by a brass band, consisting of fifty skilled musicians in uniform, who were placed before a kind of concave wall, which greatly strengthened and enhanced the sound of the music. And there, in the cool of the evening, hearing the splash of the ocean almost at my feet, fanned by its refreshing breezes, and lulled by the entrancing music of the band, was one of the most delightful and charming sensations I ever experienced. I could not forego the pleasure of an ocean bath; so, after getting into the most appropriate attire, (which was, I think, the most ludicrous and convenient I ever entered,) I walked into the water. Although one does spend half his time swallowing and spitting out salt water (I think I spouted out a small-sized ocean myself), yet the pleasure of the bath far more than repays one for this annoyance. Nothing is grander than to stand about knee-deep in the water, and let one of those large ocean waves take you up, and filling your eyes, nose, and mouth, and turning you upside down, land you high (if not dry) on the shore. But all such excitement and pleasure came to an end for a time, and pretty soon I was rushing towards Brooklyn at the rate of a mile a minute; and a little later, was at my stopping-place, having spent one of the most excitable and pleasant days of my life.

On Tuesday, I had the pleasure of enjoying some of the delights of sea-sickness, on a trip from New York to Sandy Point. From there we took the cars, and after a ride of about ten miles we began to enter Long Branch. At first, the number of houses was few, but as we rode further on they became more numerous and handsome, until we found ourselves in the midst of most beautiful and costly cottages. Long Branch extends for six miles along the sea coast. It consists of residences of the finest workmanship. Situated at about a mile apart are five or six large and elegant hotels, surrounded by beautiful grounds and walks. Some of the wealthiest men in the country own cottages here. I had the pleasure of seeing Francklyn cottage, in which Garfield died. It is not so large nor costly as many others, but very neat and comfortable. Some of the buildings cost as much as $100,000. General Grant's was, perhaps, the most handsome residence in the place. It is a large, two-story building, deeply embowered in vines and flowers, and has on all sides beautiful shrubbery and walks. I was reminded here of what avenues of luxury (as well as of vice) wealth affords. The summer population of the place is estimated at 30,000. For the enjoyment of this trip, as well as a royal dinner, I was indebted to Mr. John Hodgson, of Brooklyn.
We landed in New York at 5 P.M., and after a pleasant ride on the Elevated railway we arrived at the famous Central Park. Beset by a multitude of hackmen, each claiming that his hack was undoubtedly the cheapest and most comfortable of them all, we finally secured one and drove through the park. It covers, I suppose, 1,000 acres of land. One sees here on all sides lakes, fountains, beautiful drives and walks. It is the most fashionable drive in the city. We were soon in sight of the obelisk, an immense pillar of stone projecting high in the air and carved all over with figures and hieroglyphics. It was brought over from Egypt a few years ago, by a great amount of labor and at a great expense. One cannot gaze on such a structure without feelings of wonder and sublime admiration.

The Zoological Gardens are also here. They are free, and open to the public, but do not equal in any particular those in Philadelphia. Leaving the park, we found ourselves on Fifth avenue, the street on which the finest and costliest residences of the city are situated. Strolling on down the avenue, and gazing upon the magnificent structures all about us, we pretty soon came in view of Vanderbilt’s large, double house. It is built of the finest brown-stone, and the entrance is through a magnificent porch connecting the two buildings. On the square below he is erecting a residence for another of his sons, which, I suppose, is the finest building in the city. It is built of solid granite, and the whole exterior is elaborately engraven with figures and flowers. Stuart’s residence was grand and imposing, but not near so costly and elegant as Vanderbilt’s. Many of the buildings are six and seven stories. Our attention was so absorbed in the elegant residences about us that we had come into Broadway before we were aware of it. This was really my first opportunity for viewing it, but it being dark, and most of the stores having closed, I was not enabled to see it at its best. However, I saw many of the magnificent buildings, which added no little charms to its beauty. I took supper in the brilliantly-illuminated and elegantly-furnished dining-room of the Astor House. Meals are served here on the European style. All the waiters are white, and dressed in the finest broadcloth. Broken down, and with my mind full of wonder, I arrived at my stopping-place at about midnight.

On Wednesday I visited Greenwood cemetery. We were driven around by a young fellow who appeared perfectly indifferent and oblivious to all things around him, but would seem to know by instinct whenever he was near an object of interest. He would rouse up, call out its name, and with a few explanatory remarks, down he would
The Vanquished Years.

21

go again. Such charming drives, such beautiful lakes, such magnifi-
cent scenery. Here are buried the bodies of many of the most
renowned and illustrious men that have ever lived. It is chosen by
men of fame and fortune as their last resting-place. The monument
of Tweed, the noted gambler and thief, was costly and grand; but far
more unique and beautiful was a bust of Horace Greeley, and just
under it young Horace, holding a composing-stick, representing
his life as a printer. Some of the monuments cost $30,000. I
dare say that many of the dead are surrounded by far more elegance
and display here than they were when alive.

On Thursday evening, coming down on the cars from the Polo
grounds, where I had witnessed a game of base-ball between two
Northern League clubs, I had a view of the lower and working classes
of society. Such sights; men holding children, and half the time
spanking them; babies squalling, and children quarrelling. Some
were reading, and others were engaged in very animated discussions,
and each seemed to me to be talking in a different language from the
others. It revealed to me a new phase of life of which I had never
dreamed.

On Saturday my friend was sick, and I stayed in all day and admin-
stered to his wants. And on Monday morning I bundled up my
traps, crossed over to Jersey City, and taking my farewell look at New
York, I took the train bound for home.

I cannot close this simple account without expressing my gratitude
to the family which so largely contributed to my enjoyment. Their
kindness was far more than I deserved or even expected, and I hope
at no distant day I shall be able to express my appreciation of their
kindness in a more substantial way. "MAL. E. SCRIPT."

THE VANQUISHED YEARS.

Silently sleeping in the great Necropolis of ages, guarded by hoary
centuries, lie eternity's lost cycles. Time, the fierce king of this vast
Empire, dares not disturb this dreamless repose with one touch of his
remorseless fingers. The golden sun-gleams that have strayed from the
far-off Elysium to glimmer on the hallowed scene, linger but a mo-
ment, then die amid this deathless stillness, this eternal sleep. O'er
many an ill-starred tomb falls ashes of love's withered roses, from
crumbling urns of pallid marble; their subtle fragrance has been
wafted on breaths of dreamy air, to fade in the sunlight of other climes, sadly symbolic of Change's supremacy. Memories, beautiful and tender, cluster round those century-shrouded graves, and the shadows of regret play above myriad sepulchres of mouldering chaos. Ages and cycles, with their seasons, their changes, their triumphs, their failures, their joys, their sorrows, their grandeur, their decay, lie buried, side by side, in this realm of oblivion. On the bosoms of those years perished the hopes of deluded millions; the pulseless dust of a nation's pride mingles with the dust of misguided genius, and both are shrouded with the tenderness of the earth, the heritage of the animate. Men whose renown in centuries gone, blazed with fiery grandeur 'neath heaven's blue, boundless deep, and whose daring deeds, graven on golden scrol's, won the admiration of a world, have long, long ago been borne down the dark labyrinths of the unknown, the spirits of Infinity have wafted their proud souls over the walls of time, and the surf of eternity's ocean has woven them a winding-sheet of cold forgetfulness. Sad are the phases of human life; each struggling tide bears out on its bosom its freight of human souls, and leaves them to go down in the night of death, chaos, and disaster. Each annual cycle unrolls itself in strange and wondrous fiction, and bids its millions gird on Sorrow's tear-stained armor, and take their places amid seething hosts to struggle for the mastery in life's feverish contest. How few, how very few, reach the glittering goal which gleams in the firmament of the future. The hope of immortality fades into an ashen vapor, and deep, shadow-haunted gloom wraps its ebon pall o'er this prescient hush, and cherished hopes, touched by time's tenderness, mournfully murmur on silken chords, touched by time's fingers, where "sweep the lives, but beauty lingers." As imagination bears us back o'er the ocean of time, over long lines of century-waves, no sound breaks the solitude which lingers there, save the eternal thunders of earth's evolutions as they forge the links in the great chain of eternity. Only a shadowy veil, tinged by a mystic splendor, and held by hands unseen, divides the ideal and the real. The mellow radiance of the one, the sad uncertain of the other, steal in upon the startled senses, and the wail of other years dies on the soul's prophetic altar. To those who would still linger on the memories of the past, life must be revivified with all its terrors. Ere the first strain falls from hope's Utopian lyre, the swelling waves of hell's terrific diapason falls on the soul's nerveless tympanum, and sighs of deepest sorrow are blended with the mournful dirges sung by Lucifer's sable minions in his horror-haunted realm.
stupendous changes "sweep o'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast of dreaming sorrow". The bell's silver chimes float through festal halls and mingle with the merry foot-fall of midnight revellers; yet, ere its last lingering echo has died away in dream land, its muffled tones, borne on sorrow's bated breath, steal through halls yet thronged with the devotees of beauty and pride, where erst low-nurtured cadences fell dreamily on the purple air, redolent with the perfume of rarest roses. Death, the ghastly foe of pomp and pageant, rises, spectre-like, and pointing with fleshless fingers to fortune's favorite son, says, in tones of terror, "Come, reign with me, a silent tenant of the tomb." At his touch, "the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken," and the veil of sad separation is drawn between him and earth forever. Around his pulseless form glide weeping figures robed in funeral black; a hearse, drawn by steeds of midnight hue, stands ready at the portal, its sable plumes wave mournfully; on the grief-laden air, from the quivering lips of a figure clad in priestly surplice, falls the last earthly fiat, Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

De Valroy.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

During the first two weeks in January, it was the privilege of all students, who so desired, to attend a course of lectures on the art of elocution, by Fred. A. Chapman, LL.B, of New York. Those who paid marked attention doubtless received many valuable suggestions, which will be of great service to them if carried out. Those who went into the class with the expectation that they would come out enabled "The applause of listening senates to command," were, of course, sadly disappointed. If the anticipations of some sophomore orators were realized, especially the anticipations awakened when a lecturer on elocution comes around, they would shame the very statues of departed orators. It is best that they should not realize fully their anticipations, but they may be good speakers, at least, if they will pursue a proper course. We wish to add to the instructions of our recent lecturer the suggestion of the great Roman orator, Cicero, "Nulla res tantum ad dicendam proficit quantum scripto." If those at college who are expecting to be speakers would heed the words of this great orator, they would find themselves greatly benefited, and
the editors of the Messenger would not be so pressed with work. Yet, these very men, who never lift their pen for the Messenger, will whine and "blubber" if the Messenger is a little late, seemingly forgetful of the fact that there is a limit to human possibilities.

The editors are, we acknowledge, due their readers an apology for this number's late appearance. Their excuse is the pressure of work caused by the intermediate examinations. But these are over now, and we can breathe more freely; and while exulting in this freedom, we breathe a farewell to the luxuries of the editorial sanctum. The dream has flown. No more, for us, the delightful repose of the editor's easy chair. No more the anxiety caused by a blotted and mutilated manuscript trembling over the yawning waste-basket. No more the flattering compliments of those who think that the editors have done very well, but with a slight change here, and a little improvement there, they would have done far better. No more the cherished privilege of listening to the philippics of those who think that the proper fluid had not been used, and that the hand that moved the quill lacked certain qualifications. 'Tis hard to turn away from such delights, yet we bow to the inevitable. In retiring, we thank those who have aided us, for their kindness; and those who have read, for their lenity in criticism.

We extend our felicitations to the incoming editors. We hope that under their skilful management the Messenger may attain to greater success than it could possibly do through our poor efforts. We bespeak for them the earnest support of each student of the institution. Then success is sure. "So mote it be" Vale.

In the Philologian Society the following officers were elected for the second term: Final Orator, M. L. Wood, Pittsylvania county; President, A. B. Rudd, Chesterfield county; Vice-President, G. W. Quick, Loudoun county; Recording Secretary, E. B. Hatcher, Richmond; Corresponding Secretary, J. G. Paty, Tennessee; Treasurer, Isaac Waters, Pennsylvania; Censor, J. D Garrett, Loudoun county; Librarian, W. L. Lemon, Botetourt county; Critic, J. E. Watt, Gloucester county; Chaplain, J. M. Coleman, Appomattox county; Sergeant-at-Arms, L. W. Wilson, Westmoreland county; Editors Messenger—L. D. Shumate, Giles county, J. L. King, Halifax; Board

The following are the officers for the second term in the Mu Sigma Rho Society: President, F. F. Fowler, Texas; Vice-President, J. F. Gunter, Accomac county; Censor, Amzi Hooker, Mississippi; Recording Secretary, Harvey Tharpe, Tennessee; Corresponding Secretary, C. L. Coker, South Carolina; Treasurer, B. S. Redd, Mississippi; Chaplain, W. C. Robinson, Sussex county; Critic, G. W. Young, Tennessee; Librarian, M. E. Parrish, Botetourt county; Sergeant-at-Arms, G. C Bundick, Accomac county; Editors Messenger—L. R. Hamberlin, Mississippi, W. W. Talley, Lynchburg; Final Orator, T. J. Shipman, Roanoke county.

---

**LOCALS.**

Raise the uvula, broaden the pharynx, lower the larynx, and expand the diaphragm *in two minutes.*

Prof.: “Ah, Mr. S., you don’t look right about that example.”
S.: “No, Professor; I don’t feel right about it, either.”

F. (reciting in English): “Professor, I think a good illustration of that point is found in the New Testament where it is written, ‘There were added unto them twenty thousand souls.’ New (per) version.

W. (in examination): “Professor, what kind of animal is that gosamer?”

Prof.: “Well, Mr. W., it is about as near airy nothingness as you can get; but you will please give it, if not a local habitation, at least a name.”

Prof.: “Mr. P., take that word to pieces, and see what it means.”

P. (pronouncing the whole word): “Professor, I can’t get it.”

Prof.: “What do you do when you get hold of a piece of tough beefsteak?”

P.: “I generally leave it on the side of my plate.”

Prof.: “Perhaps that accounts for your being so lean.”

This may apply to flesh, or the knowledge of Greek.

Score one for *Prep. Physics.* A. and B., after the examination in this class, were consoling themselves by reminding each other that
they knew a great deal about Physics, anyhow. "Yes," says A., "we can tell when a man living in Petersburg is going to die." "How?" exclaimed one not so far advanced in that science. "When his time comes," replied A.

Class-room immediately after roll-call Prof.: "Mr. W., we will hear from you, please."

W.: "Ah,—Professor, what is the lesson to day?"

Prof.: "Mr. R., what is the sum of $10.00 and two bushels of potatoes?"

R.: "It depends upon the price of the potatoes." "Correct."

A member of the Int. Math. class is making an honest endeavor to extend his knowledge of that science by delving into the equation to the eclipse. We have hopes for you, partner.

Elocutionist: "P., have you learned to use your diaphragm in vocalization?"

P.: "What do you take me for? What use do you suppose I've got for a diaphragm?"

A student with a young mustache entered the room of his friend, and observing a bottle of mucilage, remarked, "Partner, let me have some of that hair-dye." The generosity of his friend brought down the mustache.

Mr. C., after taking his girl to church, was snugly seated by a good fire, and so absorbed in the words which fell from the lips of his fair "dulcinae," that he never once thought of its being fifteen minutes after eleven, when he was suddenly aroused by a shout from the old man's chamber, "Johney, ain't you going to bed to night?"

Mr. C., in the wildest excitement, made a leap for his overcoat, remarking, "I suspect it is time I was going to college." He started.

Mr. G. W. Young, of Tennessee, took breakfast in Ripley on the morning of the 5th.

A certain young man of this institution was recently in company with several young ladies. It happened that the mother of the girl he liked, whom he had not before seen, was present. The young man became uncertain as to which he liked best, thinking that they were sisters. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

Prof.: "Mr. L., what would you do if you were in a perfectly dry atmosphere?"

L.: "Dry up, Professor."
During the Christmas holidays, Mr. D. took his dulcina to the Christmas-tree. On being called out to lead the devotional exercises, Mr. L. quietly took his seat by the girl. When D. observed this, his wrathful propensities got the better of him, and he remarked on returning, "They may do their own praying hereafter."

The noble scion of the House of S — laid old Demosthenes in the shade, in the matter of philippics, on the occasion of the joint meeting of the Societies; in truth, the cheek of ye local grew strangely pale, and the fighting-editor cowered beneath his fiery invectives, as he stood, in the pomp and majesty of his ire, his flashing eye in a fine frenzy rolling, and demanded that ye local henceforth dip his pen in the fluid of truth and guide it with a hand that never prevaricates" Says he, "There are many things published in this journal which are not fit for a Messenger, however appropriate they may be for other papers" We'll score one this time for ethics, and recommend to our successors the advisability of ordering at once about fourteen gallons of the "fluid of truth."

PERSONALS.

On the 10th of January, Mr. A. J. Reamy was married to Miss Ramsdell, of Chesterfield. May heaven's benison rest upon the happy union.

E. T. Morris, '81-'82, was in our sanctum a few minutes the other day, looking well, and jolly as ever. He is travelling ticket-agent on the Chesapeake and Ohio railway. Look out for locomotives, Ed.

Recently it was our pleasure to spend a day or two at West Point. The pleasure of this trip was intensified by meeting two of our last year's students, Isaac Diggs and J. H. Scott. The former is practising law at West Point; the latter is also engaged in business in that town.

J. R. Harrison, B. L., '81-'82, is now practising law in Oregon.

J. D. Garrett has recently left college and gone to his home in Loudoun. Don't forget us, John; send us more Loudoun boys; she has only one representative here now. Loudoun must do better than this.
Isaac Waters, of Penn., has left college. Why do you leave us thus, Mike?

S. George and W. T. Doss have both left college on account of failing health. We are indeed sorry.

C. L. Coker, of South Carolina, has left college on account of the condition of his eyes.

F. M. Latham, '81-'82, is at his home, in Culpeper, reading medicine.

J. A. Powers, '80-'81, is teaching school in Giles county. We learn that he is gradually improving in health. How do you like the mountains, old boy?

J. L. King, of Halifax, one of the incoming editors, was called from college the other day by a telegram bringing the sad intelligence of the death of his father. We tender him our warmest sympathies.

---

EXCHANGES.

The *Crestomathian* says: “Although we are a small journal, the entire work of composition is left to but a few men,” and it is no light task, and asks literary help from some friends of the institution (Thiel College). For shame! While you have the editorial force that you now possess, ask no assistance from your “friends,” save pecuniary. The literary articles of this small (sized) journal are of moderate length, with barely an exception well gotten up, and they need have no fear of its reputation. The work may be trying to the few; but, young gentlemen, perform the labor yourselves, keep it truly your paper, and it will prove what you are worth.

The *College Record* flaunts a brilliant page, by way of a large, full-page engraving of “Putnam’s one-price clothing-house,” and leaves the modest likeness of its *alma mater* to occupy the last page of the paper. In the “Master’s Oration,” the writer evidently shows his Chinese and negro sympathies. Doubtless he would enjoy leaving his city and home, to go to those “hated, unoffensive, quiet, law-abiding citizens,” live among them, try to civilize and cultivate the filthy-habited, heathen Chinee to the standard of the “Melican man.”
Doubtless he would enjoy throwing his brotherly arms and friendship lovingly and protectingly about the persecuted Southern African, saying, "I am your friend. You are my equal. America is as much yours as mine. You should and shall enjoy equal privileges in it with me." Well, friend, every man to his liking; but no glibbering Chinee and foul-stenched African for our parlors, if you please. The oration is somewhat marred by typographical errors, showing carelessness on the part of the proof-readers. With these exceptions, the oration is good enough. The "Exchange" column might very justly demand more attention to its "get up" as this department is one which generally taxes the time of the busy editor.

We most cordially welcome the Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly to our table. The Monthly comes to us from far-away Texas, and very fitly represents the splendid institution which fosters it. Not many years have rolled away since 'twas our fortune to attend a commencement of this Texas University, and the recollection of that day marks an epoch we'll never forget. We hope 'twill be ours to say more of the Monthly in a subsequent issue.

After noting the many names which grace the editorial staff of Lasell Leaves, with great anticipations we turn its title-page and glance at its contents. We observed on its staff an art editor, a political editor, a scientific editor, etc.; and after looking over its pages, we could but exclaim, How circumscribed the sphere of woman's intellect, for we see nothing artistic, nothing political, and nothing scientific in it, only a dry account of a musical rehearsal, and two or three editorials of a like uninteresting character. It seems to us the Lasell lasses could evolve something from their inner consciences more interesting to their readers than the long programme of foolish, foreign music which makes up their silly rehearsals.

The University Mirror seems to be the most thriving exchange that comes into our sanctum for the month of January. We have only received five numbers of the Mirror, and each number contains a wood-cut of the President. As an advertisement, we think it a success.
G. W. LATIMER,
DRUGGIST,
731 W. MARSHALL STREET,
RICHMOND, VA.

Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours day or night. Telephone orders, and C. O. D. orders by mail or telegraph promptly executed.

JOHN MORTON,
FLORIST,
COR. MAIN AND RESERVOIR STS.

A large collection of Roses, Green-House and Bedding Plants.
Cut Flowers a Specialty.
Baskets and Ornamental Designs Filled at Short Notice. At Low Rates.
All orders promptly attended to.

These Goods are sold under an
Absolute Guarantee
That they are the Finest and PUREST goods upon the market;
They ARE FREE from DRUGS and CHEMICALS of any kind;
They consist of the Finest Tobacco and Purest Rice-Paper made.

OUR SALES EXCEED the products of ALL leading manufactories combined.
None Genuine without the trade-mark of the BULL. Take no other.

W. T. BLACKWELL & CO.
Sole Manufacturers. Durham, N. C.
RICHMOND COLLEGE,
RICHMOND, VA.

The next session begins 21st September, 1882, and continues nine months.

FACULTY.

EDMUND HARRISON, A. M., Professor of Latin.
H. H. HARRIS, M. A., Professor of Greek.
RODES MASSIE, A. M., D. L., Professor of Modern Languages.
A. B. BROWN, D. D., Professor of English.
EDWARD B. SMITH, M. A., Professor of Mathematics.
CHARLES H. WINSTON, M. A., Professor of Physics.
B. PURYEAR, A. M., LL. D., Professor of Chemistry.
WM. D. THOMAS, M. A., D. D., Professor of Philosophy.
SAMUEL D. DAVIES, Professor of Law.

EXPENSES OF A RESIDENT STUDENT.

Two hundred and four dollars, per nine months' session, cover all the expenses of entrance fees, tuition, board, fuel, lights, and washing.

Eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents will meet the expenses of a non-resident student.

For Catalogue, apply at the bookstores or address

B. PURYEAR, Chairman.

D. COLUMBUS,
MANUFACTURING CONFECTIONER.

ICE-CREAM, CAKES, FRUITS, &c.

FIRST-CLASS GOODS AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

301 Broad Street, cor. Third Street.

POTTS, STOKES & CO.,
(Successors to A. Y. STOKES & Co.,)

WHOLESALE GROCERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
CONSIGNMENTS OF FLOUR AND GRAIN SOLICITED.

RICHMOND, - - VIRGINIA.
CHARLES L. SIEGEL,
421 BROAD STREET,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS AND GRADES OF
BOOTS AND SHOES.

The most complete Stock in the city, and at prices that will defy competition. Look and be convinced. Special inducements to Students.

WEST-END MARKET.

Family Groceries, Fresh Meats, Cured Meats, Vegetables,
   Fresh and Canned Fruits, Fish, Fowls, &c.

Groceries, Meats, &c., delivered in any part of the city, at the Lowest Market Prices.

MARTIN OETERS,
GENERAL PROVISION DEALER, COR. LAUREL AND CARY STREETS.

J. B. MCKENNEY'S
STEAM DYEING AND CLEANING ESTABLISHMENT,
No. 418 Marshall Street, near Fifth, RICHMOND, VA.

GENTS', YOUTHS', AND BOYS' CLOTHING CLEANED OR DYED
PROMPTLY, NEATLY, AND CHEAPLY.

BOOKS
IN ANY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE,
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT-BOOKS,
FULL LINE STATIONERY AND FANCY GOODS
AT LOWEST PRICES.

CARLTON MCCARTHY & CO.,
No. 805 Main Street, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.