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THE SOLDIER'S SHIELD.

I.

Come, buckle the blade on me, mother,
   And lash o'er my shoulders the sack;
Now, kiss me—your eyes are all tearful—
   Some anxious days ere I come back?
Now, nay; do not think of my dangers,
   There's a call from the Land we must heed;
So off to the wars and their rattle,
   The blast will but bend the slight reed.

II.

Away to the storm of the conflict!
   No back to the battle's harsh brunt;
Away to the strife that is deadly!
   The brave must be found in the front.
Yes, off to wars and their horrors!
   With musket and knapsack and blade—
Ere the soldier come back from his jade.

III.

The boom of the guns was a thunder,
   Whose lightning to many was doom;
And hearts all courageous fell thickly
   Around me—and more filled their room;
But, strange! oh, a mystery to me—
   Through many a blood-flowing dale
I passed, as through fire—but with body
   Untouched by the death-dealing hail.
The wars and their carnage were over:
I?—well not scar did I boast;
No wounds from the bullet of hatred—
Just wearied of toil at the most.
In the front and the thickest of skirmish
We fought, heart to heart, with the foe;
Yet, why I was left and they taken,
I was not then able to know.

So, homeward the worn soldier wandered
To greet those he left long ago,—
And this is what mailed him from danger
While dealing so close with the foe:
At morn, and at noon, and at night-time,
That mother had lifted a prayer
To God for the life of her darling
Whom she'd sent with a sword to the war.

THE ORACLE AT DELPHI—ITS LOCATION.

Turn, please, kind reader, to a map of Greece. Observe how its shores are everywhere indented with deep bays, giving it more coastline than any other country of its size on the globe. See, also, how the whole land is filled with mountains, and how close they are to the sea; here they rise right up from the water in an inhospitable precipice, there they fall back a little way, leaving a pebbly beach and a pretty valley, which invites the mariner to stretch himself on the green sward beneath its shadowy olive-trees. In six weeks of travel by water and by land, from Rhodes to Corcyra, there was never an hour when we could not see mountains, and never a day's ride, even through the heart of the country, that did not give, from more than one eminence, ravishing views of the bright blue of the Mediterranean. To describe such scenery in detail is impossible—nothing less than the painter's art could convey any adequate conception—and yet the leading features of the landscape are few and comparatively easy to construct in imagination.

Turn again, please, to the map, and find the Gulf of Corinth, making in eastward from the Adriatic, and almost cutting the peninsula in two; and observe the narrow bay of Crissa, jutting northward from this gulf to a point not far from the geographical centre of Greece.
By this route was the usual approach to Delphi, and the little town at the head of the bay is now called Scala—i. e., the ladder, or ascent. All the country is mountainous; but in this region mountain rises beside and above mountain. Some few peaks are white with perpetual snow, but most of them are steep, craggy, limestone cliffs, looking dark or gray, as they happen to be in shadow or in sunshine, and dotted here and there with sombre green from thin clusters of dwarf-pine. The placid waters of the gulf and bay make an inexpressibly beautiful contrast with the rugged frame-work in which they are set. They combine the brightness of a limestone lake with that deep, pure blue which one can find nowhere else, and which our language labors in vain to convey to any who have not seen it. There is no rise and fall of tides, no wild, roaring surf, but a gentle, joyous laughing, as the sportive wavelets break upon the shore.

At the head of the bay of Crissa is a flat and fertile plain, some two or three miles wide and about five miles long. It may have been, in primeval times, a portion of the bay itself, long ago filled with alluvium from the surrounding mountains. Here, anciently, was celebrated one of the national festivals. Once in two years a vast assembly gathered to witness the Pythian Games, in honor of the Delphian Apollo, contests in music and poetry, as well as in gymnastic exercises and chariot-races. All is now covered with a flourishing olive orchard, and yields, besides, a rich crop of grain growing under the trees.

Into the northern end of this plain projects one of the spurs of Mount Parnassus. The main ridge is perhaps seven miles north of Scala, and runs off eastwardly some fifteen or twenty miles. Its highest part is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and in May was still covered with glistening snow. About half-way between top and bottom there is a broad, upland plain, a cool refuge in summer for the villagers from below. The southern boundary of this plain is a perpendicular wall of natural rock. Its top, the level of the plain, is nearly horizontal; its height, we might better say, its depth, varies, according to the conformation of the ground below, from two to three hundred to two thousand feet. Here and there, in the ten miles of its length, are a few places at which it may be scaled by men and goats; there is one single place up which pack-mules may climb obliquely along its face. We noticed at one point a stream of snow-water issuing from a cleft near the top of the wall; as it fell it broke up into separate drops, like rain or mist; these gathered on a projecting ledge about half-way down, leaped off again in a solid stream, and again broke up into spray before reaching the bottom. From the foot of
the wall down to the plain of Crissa, or, to speak more accurately, to
the narrow ravine which falls into it from the east, the horizontal dis­tance
is less than a mile, the fall about two thousand feet. This gives
a slope about as steep as an ordinary railroad embankment, but, of
course, rough with projecting spurs, and with huge boulders which
have been tumbled from the heights above in earthquakes or other
convulsions. The region shows many evidences of volcanic forces.

Hold now, in imagination, the bay and plain, wild mountains on
the right and on the left, and in the dark back-ground, as far as the
eye can reach, Parnassus, with its singular conformation, rising near the
centre of the picture, and running off to its eastern side; add a rocky
spur projecting from the western end of Parnassas, half a mile or more
southward, bounded eastwardly by a wild, rapidly-descending—
ending suddenly in tall cliffs overhanging the Crissaean plain. Just
where the spur leaves the main chain, on a steep slope fronting south­
est, and close up under the grand wall above described, stands the
town of Delphi. If we may compare the famous haunt of the muses
to a boot-leg, and the spur just mentioned to the toe, Delphi would
occupy the instep. It is at present a straggling village of rude stone
huts, built on the old terraces, and in large part of the old polished
and carved marbles which once did service in temple or treasury.
Among the remains of its ancient splendor are a grass-grown stadium,
made level by cutting down one side and walling up the other; a the­
atre constructed on the hill-side, rather for deliberative meetings than
for dramatic entertainments; the foundations, with some parts of the
columns and walls, of several large temples and store-houses; and the
ruins of an extensive gymnasium, in one corner of which a garrulous
old Greek "takes in" strangers, and displays with equal pleasure the
compliments and the maledictions which English and German tourists
have entered in their own languages on his register. Many terrace­
walls, built of hewn stone, not squared, but nicely fitted in polygonal
blocks, and covered with archaic inscriptions, may still be seen. But
the site of the main temple, the prophetic fissure, and the sacred foun­
tain called Delphussa, are covered deep in rubbish, partly the débris
of the fallen temple, partly stones and earth from the overhanging
cliff. It is reported that an archaeological society has bought the
ground, and intend to remove the modern huts and excavate the old
foundations. They may find much to reward their toil, but will
hardly hear again the long-hushed voice of divination.

There were two much-travelled routes to Delphi. If the inquirer
came from the east, he would pursue a road parallel with the crest of
Parnassus, through a region which Mahaffy has well described as "a land of huge form and feature—meet dwelling for mysterious god or gloomy giant, but far too huge for mortal man—a country in which the feeling grows not of solitude, but of smallness." Or he would land at Scala, go up through the sacred plain, with the mountain rising higher and higher above him as he approached, turn to his right along a narrow defile, then climb in tortuous zigzag some two thousand feet. On either way, he would see ponderous stones, fragments of the mighty mass which Apollo once hurled down on some who went up, not to worship, but to plunder. Believer or sceptic, he could not repress a sense of helpless fear, as he drew near to the foot of that towering cliff. At the eastern end of the town, he would find a narrow gorge, cut by waters from the upland plain, more than a thousand feet in depth, and running far back into the bowels of the mountain. The famous gorge of Trient, in Switzerland, is grander in its proportions; Watkins glen, in the State of New York, is longer and more varied; but neither of them is so profoundly awe-inspiring as this. At the mouth of the gorge was the Castalian fount, a basin dug out of solid rock, ten by twelve feet square, three or four feet deep, and filled with icy-cold water. Here the votary must put off his travelled-stained apparel, bathe from head to foot, array himself in festal robes, then, with a prayer in his heart and a paean on his tongue, go up some two hundred yards westward to the great temple, with its frenzied Pythia and solemn priests. Here he must, first of all, dedicate his offering, for none might go in empty-handed; then make known his request, and wait in silence till the god deigned to give him a response.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Man generally gains his place in history as he has evinced genius or heroism—genius, as displayed in war, literature, politics, science, and religion; heroism, as applied in executing the particular mandates of genius, or in daring to act for the sake of goodness and justice. However, my subject is an exception to this general rule; her fame is due solely to her misfortune. Not that Mary was not a woman of tact akin to genius, and of fortitude closely allied to heroism; but these weigh imperceptibly little in the scale with her misfortune.

Mary—commonly called, Queen of Scots—was born in December,
1542, a few days prior to the death of her father, James V., of Scotland. James had made no plans for the education of his daughter, nor had he left any instructions for the guidance of the kingdom during her minority. Thus we find this infant queen cast upon the pity of a pitiless age, upon the charity of ungenerous subjects, and totally callous of the growing passions which daily threatened to burst forth with all the rage of intestine violence.

The marriages and attachments of Mary seem to have been the chief source of all her troubles. We find Henry VIII. early negotiating for a marriage between her and his son Edward. But the terms of this marriage clearly indicated the designs of Henry, who was little versed in the art of dissimulation, and the Scots were restless to annul a treaty so detrimental to their interest and galling to their honor. Henry, thwarted in his grand matrimonial scheme, invaded Scotland upon some specious pretext. However, a treaty was soon concluded. This proved as ephemeral as the capricious temper of that monarch, and he again invaded Scotland. This invasion ended in a grand victory for the English, in the famous battle of Pinkie. The effect of this was to cement a closer union between the Scots and French, which alliance resulted in the offer of the young queen to the Dauphin, oldest son of Henry II.

Mary, then only six years old, was hurried into France to be educated. Here she was thrown into the most polished court of Europe, and rapidly acquired all the accomplishments, and some of the vices, of a court as marked for its brilliancy as corrupt in its morals.

On the fourteenth of December, 1558, Mary and the Dauphin were married. For two years Mary so presided over this splendid court as to win friends and gain applause. But amidst her present enjoyments and bright hopes, she was cut short by the death of her husband; and thus left a widow amidst all the internal disorders of France, and along with these the malignant jealousy and intrigues of Catherine of Medicis.

The Scots, now longing for a more permanent head to their government, invited Mary to return and assume the crown of her native kingdom. She consented with no little reluctance; and, in her eighteenth year, set out for Scotland, after a slight delay caused by the ungenerous refusal of Elizabeth to grant her a pass-port that she might be safe from the insults of an English fleet by which she had to pass.

Mary left France with a peculiar mixture of sadness and anxiety; sad
to leave a country which in after years she fondly cherished as the oasis, the alloy of happiness, in her strangely checkered life; and solicitude at the prospect of reigning over a kingdom, the royal prerogative of which was very limited, and from the rudeness of whose people she rightly anticipated many a shock to her delicate sensibilities.

The young queen had no small undertaking to govern Scotland. This poor, proud kingdom was filled with the utmost discord. Jealousies and feuds of a vindictive and powerful nobility; religious fanatics and church machinations warring against each other; and extreme anarchy resulting from these disorders, were evils which required more political sagacity than Mary possessed. Still, the auspicious beginning of her reign, the respect and obedience of her subjects, gave her strong reasons to be hopeful, and none to anticipate what followed.

The hand of a young, beautiful, and powerful queen could not long remain unsolicited; so we find Mary's marriage not only engrossing her attention, but that of her subjects and almost the entire of Europe. She successfully rejected the proposals of Arch-duke Charles of Austria, Don Carlos, the heir to the Spanish throne, and the Duke of Anjou, who soon after mounted the throne of France. Her refusal of these powerful suitors was based upon a political expediency no less wise than timid. Mary anxiously desired Elizabeth's approval of any match which she might make. And it is strange that a woman of Mary's acuteness should be so duped in this style. It seems, as a matter of course, that Elizabeth would never approve of a marriage which tended to strengthen Mary's power, nor would the Scots acquiesce in a union detrimental to the then heated reformation.

At length, on the 29th of July, 1565, Mary married Lord Darnly (Henry Stewart), eldest son of the Earl of Lennox. This marriage was the result of a most unreasonable passion on the part of Mary, and the secret intrigues of Elizabeth. It is the beginning of all Mary's woes. In the first place, the match was inexpedient, and totally failed to produce the results for which Mary so longingly hoped. In addition to this, Darnly was not in the least congenial to Mary, or to the Scottish people. They detested that arrogance which usually accompanies weak minds in their sudden transitions from exile to affluence and power.

Mary's misfortunes begin now to follow in quick succession. First among these, in point of time, is the rise of David Rizio, the son of
a musician in Turin. Why this upstart ever gained so much favor with the queen is a matter of wonder; that he did, is a matter of regret. Few things have done Mary so much injury as her intimacy with this man. Her enemies have gleefully grasped it as a fit instrument to defame her character. One historian, Buchanan, has gone so far as to accuse Mary of a criminal passion for Rizio. But this historian was a rabid partisan. I cannot here enter into the details of a subject so delicate; yet, I will say, in defence and justice of one who has had enough to bear besides this accusation, that natural causes almost place this flagrant charge beyond the range of possible truth. About six months after the marriage of Mary, Rizio fell the victim of a conspiracy in which Darnly himself was implicated. This atrocious act served to increase the queen's enmity for her husband. In fact, the glitter of a splendid-looking young man had been dispelled by the utter flimsiness of the object. Mary, upon finding her thing of beauty a mere shell of external attractions, began to hate him with as much vehemence as she had loved him. After two years of married life, however, she was delivered of this hateful object and faithless husband. The unfortunate cause of his death entailed untold miseries upon Mary during her life, and succeeding ages have imputed to her a stigma which neither time nor argument can efface.

The queen next married the Earl of Bothwell, the chief conspirator against her late husband. This imprudent action of Mary's created general indignation throughout Scotland. The nobles combined against her, the result of which was that Bothwell was put to flight, and Mary taken prisoner. The confederate nobles were now in a precarious condition. To retreat, was unsafe; to proceed, must be with such vigor as possibly to miscarry their plans. The limited prerogative of the queen (which still lingered in this kingdom after its extinction in all other Europe), and the unrestrained oppression of the nobility, contributed to make the peasantry favor the queen's cause. Notwithstanding this support, the large religious following of the queen, and the lenient spirit of many of her conscience stricken nobility, the majority, emboldened by their success, acting according to the dictates of their heated prejudices rather than from any sense of justice, carried the queen to Lochleven castle, where she was detained as a prisoner. In this place, with few attendants, and subjected to the taunts of a haughty and jealous woman, she suffered all the rigors of a severe captivity.

At length, Mary's sufferings, and the jealousy of the nobles to Murray, the regent, won for her a considerable party in Scotland.
At this favorable juncture Mary escaped from her prison in a manner no less perilous than romantic.

Early after her escape she was at the head of a large body of troops, and proceeded more rapidly than expedient to attack the regent. This engagement, owing to the imprudence of Mary and the mismanagement of her generals, resulted in a crushing defeat to the royal party, and the queen herself was precipitately put to flight. Thus, in the period of eleven days, Mary had come from the privations of a prison-life to the head of a large and devoted army, and was now a fugitive in a remote corner of Scotland. Striking commentary upon the vicissitudes of life! Mary was now in a lamentable quandary. Whither was she to retreat? From some cause, but certainly from less display of judgment, she retired into England. Strange move of Mary's. Still, Elizabeth's repeated declarations against the unjust proceedings of the subjects of Mary; her efforts, so ardent as to smack of sincerity, for Mary's release from imprisonment; her cordial invitation to Mary to take refuge in England; and, at the same time, promising in person to meet Mary, and "give her such a welcome reception as was due a queen, a kinswoman, and an ally," had their intended effects upon the disconsolate mind of the unsuspicious Mary. That Elizabeth fell far short of fulfilling these seemingly sincere promises is a matter of general history.

Elizabeth considered the advantages to be derived from her power over Mary with her natural acuteness whetted by an implacable jealousy. She could not think of replacing her upon the Scottish throne; for Mary, with power once more in her hands, could renew her alliance with France, thereby giving new strength to her pretensions for the crown of England. These causes so weighed with Elizabeth that she determined to detain the unfortunate queen in England. Elizabeth speciously delayed the question as to Mary's liberty. But this delay was merely to give a semblance of justice to her actions, for she had already decided that Mary must continue in prison.

It would be no less tedious than out of place to trace the life of Mary through her entire captivity. To a candid mind her punishment was viciously unjust, and to a sympathetic heart the sufferings of her prison-life cause us to turn away with abhorrence. During her imprisonment she is soothed, on the one hand, by Elizabeth's letters of affected condolence and sympathy; while, on the other, her liberty is being daily contracted and her comforts lessened. Thus, day by day, and year by year, did Mary bear, with almost unparalleled fortitude, the rigors of captivity. But her great powers of endurance
(which woman exhibits to a more marked degree than man) must wear away by continually fretting against the asperities of bitter disappointment. At length her fortitude failed her, and she longed for any termination of the sufferings which were daily increased by the cruel and unrelenting enmity of Elizabeth. This queen was only waiting a favorable opportunity to terminate, by radical means, the misfortunes of Mary. The occasion soon presented itself in the form of what is commonly called Babington’s conspiracy, which was aimed at Elizabeth’s life. This conspiracy was the outgrowth of a supreme reference for the bull of Pius V. against Elizabeth. Which bull, purporting to be dictated by the immediate inspiration of the Holy Ghost, made it in accord with the will of God to kill Elizabeth. This conspiracy, though composed of religious enthusiasts, was rendered abortive by the superior genius of one of Elizabeth’s ministers. But the conspiracy was enough. Elizabeth, knowing Mary’s strong Catholic faith, accused her of being implicated, if not the leading spirit, in this conspiracy; and in accordance with the accusation she determined to try Mary publicly, a mode of legal procedure no less unjust than unknown. For one sovereign, with her own picked judges, to sit in judgment upon another, is no less violative of justice than an exhibition of revenge.

Mary at first refused to acquiesce in a trial of this nature. She claimed that crowned heads alone could be legitimate judges. However, she was forced to appear, and as her own advocate, before this court, which presented the anomaly of being accusers and judges. Her speech of defence discovers versatility of thought, logic in her deductions, and, at the same time, every word bristles with the injustice done her. Mary’s entire deportment during this trial was in keeping with a queen and the modesty of a true woman.

This court convicted Mary of all the charges brought against her; and Elizabeth, after the most disgusting dissimulation, signed the death-warrant.

Mary, on being notified of this last act of Elizabeth’s, experienced a sigh of relief, and began hopefully to await the termination of her miseries. Her desires were soon gratified, for she was shortly after summoned to yield up that life which ought to have ended by natural causes.

Upon the scaffold, she exhibited the same fortitude that had characterized her life in its adversity; besides, her long sufferings gave her the additional charm of a meek resignation. Grasping the cross, she uttered this beautiful simile: “As thy arms, O Jesus, were ex-
tended on the cross; so with outstretched arms of mercy receive me, and forgive my sins."

Then laying her head upon the block, it was severed from her body at the second stroke of the axe. Such the tragic end of a queen, aged 44 years, nearly nineteen (19) of which she had spent in prison. When her head fell upon the floor, its gray threads of disarranged hair were touchingly symbolic of the frosted inroads of a biting sorrow.

Mary added to her exquisite personal beauty those external accomplishments which tend so strongly to attract and captivate. Her manner was dignified, graceful, and winning. Her naturally bright intellect was polished by assiduous cultivation. She wrote well, and conversed fluently and sensibly. She was a fine horsewoman, danced most gracefully, sung sweetly, and performed with some skill upon several musical instruments. In short, she possessed all those outward attractions so fitted to win and dazzle.

It is hard to form a just conception of the character of Mary. Some writers laud with too lavish a hand her virtues; while others, with an indiscriminate judgment, attribute to her every vice. Perchance the mean between these two extremes is nearer the truth. She was of a disposition warm and unsuspicious, yet rash and imprudent. In adversity, she displayed judgment and unflinching fortitude; in prosperity, she discovered all the effusive joy and whims of a school girl. She was religious after the strictest Romish faith. She possessed more fortitude than courage, yet markly displayed both at times.

In thinking over her misfortunes, one is too apt to attribute to her a better character than she in reality had. Still her punishments exceeded her crimes. She fell the sad victim to the jealousy of Elizabeth, whose action in this matter, despite the mellowing influences of time, must receive the severe disapprobation of all just people.

If something is to be learned from studying the humblest life, how much more profitable must it be to study the lives of those who have acted so conspicuously upon the world's stage? But let us be careful in studying these lives, just in our observations and reasonable in our conclusions, for prejudice is not remunerative.
THE STRIFE OF THE FAIRIES; or, THE QUEEN OF THE DUNCES.
A MELODRAMA IN THREE ACTS—(CONCLUDED).

BY "CLINTON."

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Lillian on her throne; Sibyl, Gertrude, and Rosalie attending; about half of the realm of Fairies, who are faithful, arranged in a semicircle before Lillian; Victoria to the front, and sings—(Air, "Hold the Fort"). Time—early morning.

Victoria—Hail, our Queen! for victory's coming,
          Sibyl tells us so;
          We are ready, hands and spirits,
          To thy strife to go.

CHORUS. We are anxious for the battle!
          See, our arms are bare;
          [Waving their right arms]
          We shall love its noise and rattle—
          Hail, our Lillian fair!

Lillian—O cease, my Fairies! Know ye why I bade
          You here? [Matilda advances to Victoria's side.]

Matilda—Aye! aye! Long live our Queen! A mad
          Sprite 'mong us seeks thy crown—Eulalia; and
          Bellona leads to war the Rebel band.
          But we are faithful; and Eulalia's lone
          And only glory shall be, but to own
          The leadership of Rebels. Bid us do,
          And prove our loyalty and love are true!

Lillian—Then, all is well! Make ready, for this day
          Shall prove me Queen—or take my crown away.
          Come, every Fay, and seize a wand; then range
          Yourselves in battle-column, which shall change
          At my command,

          [The Fairies advance, and each one takes a wand from out of the pile.]

          Matilda, form their ranks
          To suit thy martial taste. Place on the flanks
          A Fairy bold, to hold the line. And thou,
          Victoria, give thine aid, and crown us now
          With thy sweet laurel.

          [Matilda forms the Fairies into battle-array, double ranks, and faces them from the Queen. She also places Constance and Penelope in front of the Queen, to defend her.]
Go, Matilda and Victoria, to the front, and lead the band
Of faithful, fair-armed Fairies to the strife:
And Fate's good angels shall protect each life!

[Seeing the rebellious Fays coming—

The Rebels make considerable noise with their feet behind the scenes. They have on black sashes, and carry black wands in their hands. Bellona and Eulalia lead them. Bellona has a black, golden-headed wand; Eulalia has on a black crown.]

They come! they come! the Rebels come!

[At this command they raise their wands with their right hands, and wave them thrice above and around their heads, and shout.]

Matilda—

To arms!

Fate save her from all harms!

[The Rebels rush in.]

Strike for your Queen! your Land!

[They join battle with the Rebels. Strife. Sibyl all the while swinging her staff around her head. Bellona makes towards the Queen's throne. Sibyl sees the danger, and speaks to Gertrude, at the same time pointing at Bellona. Gertrude springs at her, striking her with her short spear. Bellona falls, stunned. The Rebels find her fallen, cry out in despair, retreat, followed by "The Faithful Fays."]

Bellona's down!

All's lost!

[All go after the retreating Rebels except Victoria, who returns, advances to the Queen, and points to Bellona at her feet.]

Victoria—
The victory's thine, O Queen. Thy crown
[The noise has by this time been lost in the distance.]
Is still thine own. See how the Rebels run!
Ha! foolish hearts! they'll chase for what they've done.

[Curtain.]

SCENE 2.—Lillian on throne; Gertrude and Rosalie in attendance; Sybil on the right of the throne. The Faithful Fairies, arrayed in double ranks, on the right, and the Rebels, with Bellona and Eulalia on their right, arrayed in front of Lillian, forming a right-angle. Matilda and Victoria, having wreaths on their heads, stand in front of the Faithful Fairies. Time—evening.

Hark! ye Rebel Fairies! bow, and low, before
Your rightful Queen!

[The Rebels kneel.]

I have no wrath to pour
Upon you; yet, for your ingratitude,
I will that you must feel some chast'ning rod;
Not that you suffer body pain, but this—
That you shall, every one, forget the bliss
You've known in Fairy Land; forget the joy
And happiness, that never knew alloy,
Except by your late folly. *Discontent*
I warned you of but lately. You invent
A plan, at Discontent's own bidding, to
Destroy our peaceful realm, to batter through
My reign, and place my jealous sister in
My stead. But she, at *her own wish*, shall win
A crown, be Queen. *Bellona, too,* shall be
Cup-bearer to her mistress.

Rosalie!
Go to the river Lethe—hie away!
And fetch a pitcher of its waters. *They* [pointing at the Rebels.]
Shall try its powers of Oblivion.
Go now, and be thou but a trifle gone. *Exit Rosalie.*

[To Rebels.]
And though it loads my heart to give you grief,
Some cost to you must give my land relief. *Enter Rosalie.*

Rosalie—
Thy will is all fulfilled, my Queen.

Lillian—
'Tis well!

Prepare it for the Fays who did rebel—
But hold a moment! Bring, Penelope,
A dunce's-cap for every Fay you see
Bowed there. *[Penelope obeys.]*
Now crown each Rebel head with one. *[P. obeys.]*
Your race, as lithe some Fairies, now is run.
And, Rosalie, give each a sip of that
Forgetful draught. *[Rosalie obeys.]*

And while you drink 'twill mat
Your brains, my wicked Fays, 'twill tangle fast
All mem'ries of your fleeted, joyous past;
'Twill set your dizzy thoughts in tune to some
Wild strain of foolish fancy; it will drum
About your ears all silly sounds; 'twill rattle
Your every tongue with jargon, silly prattle.

[The water takes effect, and the Rebels begin to look silly and make grimaces.]

*Eulalia—*
Ha! how my plan succeeds! *Eulalia, I
Would know what thou hast done to-day!*
What mood floats through thy brain—or sad, or gay?
(Silly from the effects of the drink.) *I fly
Up to the moon, and killed some guinea pigs
By chunkin' 'em with yellow soft-boiled figs.*

*Lillian—* Ha! ha!

*Faithful Fairies—*Ha! ha!

*Lillian—* Bellona, what dost thou
Crave most to be?

*Bellona—* (Silly, too.) A little yaller cat,
What had to live on frogs, an' things like that.

*Lillian—* Ha! ha!
The Strife of the Fairies, &c.

Faithful Fairies—Ha! ha!

Lillian—It is enough—and now,
Receive your doom! Eulalia! Hark to me!
[Eulalia stares blankly at the Queen.]
Thou once didst sore desire a queen to be—
Thy wish is all thine own.

Eulalia—I wish I had
A ginger-cake!

Lillian—Be quiet! Thy name, no sad
Name—shall be, Fatua, the Queen of all
The Dunces. This thy doom!

Eulalia—Say, I can call
Up hogs; pig!—

Lillian—Silence, silly Queen! And I
Now make Bellona thy cup-bearer, shy
And silly like thyself. Bellona, hear
[Bellona looks.]
Me. Thine the duty—noble task—to bear
Thy foolish Queen her drink. Come, Rosalie,
Give her the dunce's cup, and let us see
How she would use it.

[Rosalie gives Bellona a gilded cup of enormous size.]

Bellona—(Looks at it critically.) This 'ill do to keep
Old shoes and batter-cakes in; say, its deep
Enough to swim in, aint it?

Lillian—Now, be still,
Bellona, I am satisfied. My will
Is done. Eulalia, by to-morrow's dawn,
Thou and thy dunces all must be upon
Your earthward course; and sad your fate will be—
You never more our Fairy-Land will see.

(To the Faithful ones.)
My Fairies, all, take warning by this fall.
Resist the syren voice of Discontent,
Which lures you by a vile encouragement,
To ends and deeds which you cannot recall.
Live in Content, with motives pure as snow,
And life will ever be a joyous flow
Of laughing gladness, as the merry rills
That gurgle down the slopes of flowered hills.

Lights! Tableau! Curtain!
SLANG.

It is very important that language, as the vehicle of thought, the medium of communication, should be kept pure and free from vulgarity, or any unrefined and inelegant expressions which obstruct the running of the vehicle and obscure the medium. Thought cannot be conveyed to the minds of others with that force and vividness which it has in the mind that gives it birth, unless it is clothed in the most lucid and appropriate language. The thought of itself may be ever so moral and sublime, but unless it is expressed in a high and chaste style, its moral force will be weakened and its sublimity lowered. The water may be clear and pure when it is first drawn out of the river, but if the aqueduct be not clean, the water will lose its purity before it reaches the reservoir. It is not necessary that thought should be clothed in rhetorical flourishes and pedantic displays. On the contrary, beautiful rhetorical flourishes are likely to take attention from the thought; while pedantic displays will repel one from giving a careful consideration of what there may be worth considering in this show of would be learning. The personal beauty of the princess may be the object of greater admiration when she is attired in her plain, neat, and unostentatious apparel, than when she is decked with gems of the richest hue, laces of the most delicate choice, jewels of the most dazzling brilliancy.

The simplicity and homeliness of one's style are by no means objectionable, provided the language is chaste—free from slang phrases and words unauthorized by standard usage. It is necessary, in order to keep up the moral excellence and refinement of a people, that due attention should be paid to the refinement and moral tone of the language of that people. One of the evils that should be guarded against and suppressed in language is slang.

There may be some slang words and phrases that are very expressive; but cannot there be found good words and phrases, of established usage, that will express the thought as well as, or even better, than the slang? It is true, we do not find so much slang in the written language of the present time as we hear in conversation; but we find more in writing than ought to be there, and it ought to be condemned and avoided as much as possible in conversational language. It is an exponent of impure thought, an index to that natural inclination of man to what is wrong and immoral, and by giving vent to such thoughts and feelings, we increase them, not only because we
thus communicate them to others, and turn their minds into the same channel, but also because we multiply them in our own minds, since, by retaining them long enough to give them form and expression, others are suggested to the mind. Then, too, this low, vulgar language has its reflex influence upon the user. Serious and wholesome thought will find expression in pure language. It is only the vain, superficial wanderings of the mind that find their expressions in low, indecent words. It may seem extreme to speak in such strong terms in regard to the apparently more delicate slang; but, even when slang seems to have no tinge of vulgarity, it is nevertheless a corruption of the language in which it is used, and mars the beauty and chastity of it. So we would gain, rather than lose, by avoiding all slang, however expressive it may seem; for its tendency is evil, and its influence hurtful to speaker and hearer.

Occasionally a slang phrase may be adopted into authorized usage; but even then, in order to keep our language correct and elegant, we should not be too hasty to give it a place in our vocabularies. And if our literati would take care always to select the best language in which to clothe their thoughts, and would give diligence to furnish good, solid thought to the people, there would be very few slang words adopted into our language. A language so varied and rich in resources to draw from, as is the English, has no need to stoop to slang.

Again, besides being a corrupt medium of communication, and a bane to correct and refined speaking, slang is local in most instances, and frequently it is not understood anywhere else as it is in the community or locality where it originates. In travelling, one must, if he is a close observer, notice that in almost every district the people have, some of them, slang expressions peculiar to themselves. These, used in any other district, would not be understood. It may be thought that such words and phrases may be laid aside as easily as they are used, and, when necessary, correct language be substituted; but this is a plain mistake; for if we habituate ourselves to use certain improper words and phrases, we will find that these terms cannot be banished and replaced by better ones as easily as we had imagined. The mind shows a natural fondness to follow the tracks that it has previously made. If the object upon which the mind has once acted is presented a second time to the mind, in general, the expressions made, or the mental images that these presented, will recur, in whole or in part, to the mind. So the use of slang leaves its impress upon the mind. When one wishes to convey an idea or a thought like a
former, the mind runs in the old channel; and if the former was clothed in slang, the memory will present this slang for a second use, and he is apt to use the same word or phrase that was formerly used. There may be a strong desire to substitute more elegant language for such a phrase; but the previous association of the thought, and the object of the thought with the expression, impresses this expression so forcibly upon the mind that it hinders, for the time being, the use of other words.

Frequently an attempt to alter one's style leads to an awkward pause and painful embarrassment, while a little care, constantly given to the selection and use of pure language, leads to fluency in the use of an elegant style, and such care will compensate any one for the trouble, by its refining and ennobling influence.

Slang abounds in obscure, trashy literature—the most of it very coarse slang. The use of this slang seems to be a servile attempt to please the idle fancy and excite the love for what is ridiculous, in order to secure the sale of such literature. The writers of this literature show, by their language, what gross and worthless thoughts their minds entertain. They sit in their sanctums, and, after a period of quiet incubation, they hatch out pure nonsense, and feather it with slang words and ridiculous phrases to feed vain imaginations—and that is all these do feed, being lamentably poor in thought. Their productions they disseminate throughout the country, duping many people and destroying the morality and refinement of the commonwealth. It is to be regretted that there are so many in our land who prefer to read this trash to reading sound, wholesome literature. Any literature that is not written by one who is able to furnish profitable moral thought, and express it in language free from slang and vulgarity, is not worth being perused by any one. It fills the mind of the reader with impure, vain thoughts that never would have found place in his mind had he remained in blissful ignorance of such literature. Alas! our land is teeming with books, pamphlets, and papers filled with the productions of these profound Solomons!

It is the part of wisdom in our young men to guard well against throwing away their time in reading such slang literature. It has made such successful inroads upon our language, that it has stormed the very citadels of learning, and has gained an admission within the walls of our colleges, the very purpose of which is to train, improve, and develop the minds of the young. Those who assemble at these institutions of learning for their mental culture should pay the strictest attention to their mother-tongue, because it is in this that
Thoughts on the Style of the Essay.

they will have to speak during their lives, and the better they train themselves in the use of it, the more advantageously can they use what is acquired during their scholastic course. It is at these places of learning that the young of both sexes, to a great degree, form their characters and fix their habits, and it is very important that here they equip themselves in the best way possible for the battle of life, that they may nobly and successfully act their part in the great drama of life.

SILINUS TAU.

THOUGHTS ON THE STYLE OF THE ESSAY.

The word "essay" means an attempt at something; so, I take it, he who first gave this title to the product of his pen, signified by it that he had attempted to write upon the subject which headed his paper, but met with little success, and produced matter of little worth. When, however, men of genius began to give this name to their productions, and philosophers writing learned treatises called them essays, the term was no longer restricted to the composition of a school-boy, or the paper read by the graduate of a young ladies' seminary on commencement-day, to the delectation of her friends, the enrichment of the florist, and the insolvency of those dear ones, whose small change that wizard has changed into bouquets and baskets of fragrance and beauty. Till tasteful genius crowned the entrance with pointed arch, and by its tools gave symmetry and ornateness, the essay was an humble hut, and as the primitive form of architecture developed into varied styles of structure, as the builder's taste prompted or his means allowed; so the essay, rising from the uncouth and barbarous to grace and elegance, took on a degree of polish which was measured by the writer's talent.

The structure of the essay, when perfect, would seem to be gothic; not that I would compare it to a cathedral, for it is only meant that it should never be built four-square. Nothing should recall the workman's tools. It should appear as though in its construction neither square nor rule were used. No sharp angles should distress the eye which is rather pleased with delicate pointing and graceful curves.

In comparing the essay to a house, it may not be improper to note, that as the latter is a comprehensive name for most edifices, so the former is a term including many subjects. Indeed, the writer of an essay has infinite choice of theme; he may write upon a broom-stick,
a calathump, or the majestic sweep through space of the suns with their planets; he may write of fashions and foibles, newspapers and negroes, patent medicine or patent baggage-smashers, ducks, drakes, sweet potatoes, hash, or pie, understanding or misunderstanding; almost anything and everything will furnish a good topic for the essayist, and as the insignificant insect encased in transparent amber delights, even a trivial subject may be set in diction which will attract and please.

It is essential to the essay that its style be easy, gentle-flowing, mel­lifluous. It should not resemble the river, falling over high rocks and dashing between huge boulders, but rather the brooklet, purling in its winding through banks of green and under spreading trees. Its qualities are manly, yet rather feminine than masculine. Never over-ner­vous, never feeble, it should be characterized by elegance rather than energy. It is said that a delicious languor steals over him who has taken an opiate. His body is recumbent. It rests. His mind is presented with a varied panorama. He wanders through grassy meadows, plucking flowers; he stands at the foot of lofty mountains; he walks through vast avenues of pillared shade, where the forest is deep, impenetrable, and fills his soul with awe; he gazes upon the pyramid of Cheops, looks upon the ice hills of Russia, visits Rome ancient and Rome modern, is present at the court of Louis Napoleon. Yet there is no conscious effort; certainly nothing akin to the vigorous bend of the mental powers to a problem in conic sections. So, if the style of the essay has reached perfection, and to quote a writer on the science of rhetoric, "that form of language is most excellent which yields its contained ideas with least expenditure of mental power," the reader, in its perusal, is conscious of little effort of mind, and drinks in, as it were, the beauty of the thought with the cadence of the lines.

Perhaps few, in reading those essays which have become classic, have failed to note this characteristic. And just here there occurs to me a little incident in my own experience which I may be pardoned for introducing. I was immersed in one of Macaulay's brilliant productions, when I was interrupted by the postman's ringing the bell. On going to the door, he handed me a pamphlet. Leisurally tearing its wrapper, unfolding and reading it, though it contained an oration by one whose eloquence has given him world-wide fame, I was con­scious, in the transfer of my attention from Macaulay to the oration, of a feeling similar to that of one who, being on board a yacht and sailing down some picturesque river on a lovely June day, had been compelled to leave it for a small row boat, and row up stream.
Indeed, recalling how pleasant they are to read, and yet how little thought is contained in many compositions of not a few of those who deservedly bear the enviable title of Essayists, I had almost said that this element of style is the only essential; for not seldom do they answer to Bassanio's description of Gratino's conversation, "He speaks an infinite deal of nothing. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find them." This is true of some of Addison's, more of Irving's, and many of Lamb's. They remind one of richest tapestry with which a lofty hall of some baronial castle is hung. The tapestry hides the bareness of the wall; so these brilliant words and choice phrases, woven with consummate art, keep out of sight the bareness of thought beneath.

From this efflorescence of verbiage found in the masters it is not uncommon to conclude that beauty of expression and depth of thought cannot coexist. Inference from example, always misleading, is here peculiarly so. Because Burke's French Revolution is full of imagination, fancy, and fervor, there is not less "thought" in it than in some essay on the theory of rent, which is hard logic from end to end; nor is there less thought in Shakspeare's "Tempest" and "King Lear" than in some dry dissertation on the Doctrine of the Absolute. Burke and Shakspeare have as much "thought" as the political economist or metaphysician, but the thought is inspired by imagination, and glows with sententious phrase and sparkling word. Allowing that thought is rough and unattractive, it should and can be ennobled by chaste and elegant expression, and it is the business of the essayist to see that in its presentation it is polished and shapely. The prepared precious marbles, silver ore, the gold of Ophir, and cedar and fir trees from Labanon for the house of the Lord; but the timber did not remain in rough logs, nor the marble lie unpolished, nor the costly metals unshaped into beautiful forms by the artist. No; when the temple sent up its gilded roof heavenward, every part was shaped and polished. So thought, when first mined, may be shapeless, but is perfected in neatness and symmetry by labor.

I have compared Macaulay's Essay to an oration, but would not be understood as detracting from the merit of the oration to which I have alluded. I only mean that this quality of style of which I am writing was less prominent; and it was so because it is less necessary to the oration than the essay. The oration is to be listened to, the essay read: the former reaches the mind through both eye and ear, the latter through the eye only; the one has all the aids of a modulated
voice, the grace of body and its emphasis, and, properly conceived and rightly delivered, presents thoughts that burn and words that breathe; the other has only the appearance of life—its words and thoughts may be as the figures on the woven hanging, but they are dead, moving not, neither have they breath in their nostrils.

There is not space to demonstrate the utility of this style, nor is there need, for so long as there remains a sense of beauty in the human breast, so long as men exist who will read for the pleasure of reading, and will not read for the profit of reading, so long will he be a wise man and a benefactor to his fellows who, presenting truth in a gracious garb, lures them to profit by holding out pleasure.

And can this be attained, or is it a gift of the Creator? I reply, that as all men have a body and limbs, but some are less graceful than others, yet these, by studying those arts which make grace of movement a second nature, can outstrip the former; so this, too, may be acquired, perhaps by some only through much toil, even as some of the famous ballet girls are said to be compelled, by their masters, to practice for the on-coming ballet with so severe and prolonged exertion that frequently they faint ere their lesson is done. When, however, I read of the labor Macaulay bestowed upon his productions; of Addison, after having seemingly made an essay perfect, so interline the proof with preferred words that the setting up of a new proof was a necessity, this new proof returned almost illegible with corrections; when I see Hazlitt, a prince among essayists, rolling upon the floor, and groaning that it is impossible for him to write; I begin to think that, after all, the question may be one rather of perseverance than of talent, and that the rock impossible cannot long stand in the way of him who holds in his hand the hammer possible; for, under his repeated blows, the rock breaks, and soon of impossible is formed a macadamized road, upon which the victor walks to receive the well-earned laurel. And earned how? By that genius whose fire is love for the work and whose fuel is perseverance and energy.

B. A. P.
MODERN "ANTONY-TO-CLEOPATRA."

I.
I am dyeing, darling, dyeing!
Yes, my looks are changing fast,
And the darkness of a shadow
O'er my young face now is cast.
O, my darling! don't forsake me!
Though my deed be rude and rash,
I'm the same to you as ever,
Though I'm dyeing—my mustache.

II.
Look, my dearest, don't you know me,
Since the blackening deed is done?
Why gaze at me thus so strangely?
Why now from your lover run?
Kiss that fellow with light whiskers?
Oh! I'll mall his head to hash!
O ye evil, thoughtless moments,
When I blacked my blonde mustache.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

On the night of February 24th, the students of our institution were favored with an excellent lecture on the "Welsh Pulpit," by Rev. D. T. Phillips, a Welshman, now pastor in New York. The lecture was largely attended by the students, and greatly enjoyed. We owe Mr. Phillips a debt of gratitude for his lecture and for his deep interest in our institution.

Our other editor, Mr. King, favored us again with the light of his beaming countenance on March 9th. He is looking well since his short rest from study, and it is with no small degree of pleasure that we now welcome him to his full share of duty on the editorial staff. We hope, as our team is now complete, to be able to do better for our readers. Don't forget, however, that we still solicit help from all our friends.

In a recent mass-meeting of our students, it was unanimously decided that "we do have a jollification at the close of the session."
This action, we are sure, always makes our girls like us better than ever (if such is possible). They always look forward with longing to the set time for our jolly time, and when that time does come at last, what a good time we do have! Well, we hope to have a good jollification again, and have no fears that we will not have a large crowd of our fair friends to help us enjoy it.

The practice of having examinations on Saturday seems to be coming into vogue with our professors. Not much complaint has yet been made among the students, because it has not yet become very common. It is thought, however, that a word against it in time will not be out of place. We oppose it for several reasons: (1.) Saturday is not a school day, unless Monday be substituted for it, as is the case in some schools, and hence a professor has no legal right to demand a student to be examined on that day; (2.) When a student studies hard all the week until Saturday, he is not in condition, physically or mentally, to do his best in the examination-room; (3.) When a student is in the examination-room all day on Saturday, and, perhaps, until late at night, he becomes so thoroughly exhausted as to be, in a great measure, unfitted for Sunday. He has not been able to prepare his Sunday-school lesson. If he goes to church, he feels dull and indifferent, and does not enjoy the services; if he desires to read, he feels more like sleeping, and, upon the whole, Sunday is not enjoyed as it should be. Now, we regard these (and many others could be given) as highly practical reasons why examination should come earlier in the week, and we simply venture to suggest it, hoping that it may be considered here, and elsewhere where the same may be practiced.

Some time back, the Philologian Society decided to have a public debate, on the second Friday night in March; but, for several reasons, it was thought best for the debate to be postponed until the second Friday night in April. We hope it may be a success after such a long delay, and that our countenances may be brightened by the presence of many of the fair ones of Richmond on the second Friday night in April.
March! thou month of winds! and begone.

Base-ball! Run hard! Foul!

If oysters are forty cents per dozen, how deep is the Chesapeake Bay? "Come to our rescue," Prep. Math.

Who could think of fire-coals and eat ice-cream at the same time?

Prof. C.: "What do you call the solution in that bottle, Mr. L.?

L.: "Ferric sulphate of iron, sir." Iron him another session, Prof., he isn’t smooth yet.

Prof.: "Mr. S., what is the Greek name for a Polyhedron of six faces?"

S.: "Oxygen, sir." No Greek in S.

"Apud circumjusos ita coepit." Senior Latin man’s translation—"And he began to pour the following speech around them." Look at it again, Mr. R.

Mr. —, while walking down the street a bright Sunday morning lately, passed a group of young ladies, one of whom inquired of another who he was. The quick reply from one of the party was: "That is Mr. —, a sapling from the college." You cruel critter, to speak thus!

Mr. B, snugly seated by her in the pew, lost his hat. "Where is my hat?" said he. "I don’t know," was the sympathizing reply. Then a general search began, but no hat was to be found. "Oh, well," said he, "never mind; let it alone. Its the only hat I have, but I guess I can get along somehow." Oh, happy contentment.

Prof.: "Mr. H, who wrote Alcestis?"

H.: "I don’t know, Prof., I thought Alcestis did."

Prof.: "Well, Mr. H., who wrote Hamlet?"

H.: "Shakespeare."

Prof.: "Then, who wrote Alcestis?"

H.: "I don’t know, Prof., whether Shakespeare wrote it, too, or not." Prof. smiled at him.
Scene at a tea-party: Mr. ——, who was helping a daughter of the family at his left, was speaking of the pleasure students derive from receiving boxes of dainties from their homes. The mistress, sitting at the head, remarked, "If I had a boy out there, I would send him a box often." Mr. ——, in a burst of laughter, as if amused, replied in a general way, "Well, let's some of us be her boys." The mistress did not respond, however, and the daughter blushed, and the rest of the party grinned—what a time!

It is not at all strange that the clerk in that Broad-Street grocery and Bar establishment laughed foolishly (?) when a ministerial student called in to purchase a grate for his room, and did not like to be put off without it, even after he had been told of his mistake. The bar-room is a good place to go to get (a) great, but ministerials ought not to do that way.

Mr. D. received a solemn warning last session about his treatment towards the girls; but since he has recently kicked over that lady's five-dollar vase and broken it, it now becomes necessary to warn him, "Beware, David(my)son, how you sling your foot."

Brag Jun. II., poring over his lesson: "Ante decimum diem quam vita discessit. Ante decimum diem, after ten days; vita, ablative; discessit, to depart; yes, ten days after his death; omnes libros, all his children; convocavit, from con, together; and voco, to call, hem—Ten days after his death he called together all his children. That's funny talk, but be-drof if that ain't what it is." Can't we read Latin? Don't you forget it!

Prof.: "Mr. K., what are the acoustic properties of a hall?"
K.: "Its ears, sir." Good for Maryland!

Our latest acquaintance is with an "English-Arabian from Jerusalem" tramp. Quite a mongrel breed.

What is that sticking out of that beaver yonder? There are several of them—fine-looking, too—running around here lately. A beaver at college indicates a "blood," and on the street, a "mash."

Mr. D. on a "big dike," cane in hand, made it convenient to pass the residence where he had spent the previous evening with the young ladies. Fortunately, that he might make a display, the ladies were in the front yard. Observing him, they invited him in, remarking at the same time that they enjoyed his company very much the previous evening. "That was what I thought," replied D. Receiving a smile, he walked off with his usual complaisance, saying to himself, "I have made a mash there." No doubt of it, D.
PERSONALS.

J. S. Shepherd, '80-'82, is merchandising with his father at Columbia, Va. Our German class misses him this year. We suspect, from past experience, that he likes clerking better than German.

W. J. E. Cox, '77-'82, is at the Louisville Seminary. He is preaching frequently. From one of his photographs recently taken, we have a strange, though vague, presentiment that he is about to become heir of a spotless-white-theological mustache. We'll look for you at the commencement.

W. Y. Quisenberry has recently left us on account of chills. We regret his departure, and hope that as the winter is now over he may quit shaking.

J. H. Wright, '77-'82, is at the Seminary, doing well in his classes. He has of late been engaged in a revival-meeting in Louisville with great success. We presage for him a career surpassed by few in his calling.

R. H. Garnette, '78-'82, is still holding his own as professor in Georgetown College, Ky. In a postal recently received, he says "The Messenger is one of my favorite visitors." The Messenger delights to speak well of no one more than of its old and true friend R. H.

R. L. Traylor, '80-'81, who has been in Atlanta, Ga., employed as secretary of the G. and M. Railroad Company during the past year, is now visiting his friends in this city. He honored us with a call, which was much appreciated by all his old acquaintances at college.

W. H. Snead has recently left us. We do not know the cause of his departure, but may prosperity and happiness go with him.

W. Kirk Mathews, '80-'82, is at his home, in Manchester, giving music lessons and having a good time. He favors us with an occasional call.

W. G. Rollins, '80-'82, has been in North Carolina preaching and teaching since he left us last year. We hope our venerable friend is "shining," too, as that was his noble ambition.
EXCHANGES.

We welcome the Bethany Collegian among our exchanges. Its neat appearance is exceedingly commendable; in fact, it is one of the neatest of our exchanges. On second page of cover we notice an excellent cut of the College and surroundings, which we think is in its proper place. The literary department is very good, though we think the author of "Man" goes a little too far in his jest. We are fond of fun, and enjoy it in its proper place, but, in our opinion, the place for fun is in the local department. Young sister, we heartily congratulate you on this your first issue, and if we can take this as a sample copy, you need have no fears for your future prosperity.

The Electric Light, a diminutive folio sheet, emanating from Mississippi College, although but a very little spark, judging from its editorial department, proposes to itself to shine with a ray intense. This is a very commendable ambition; but the means used to obtain this end—namely, "puffing," although in keeping with the spirit of the times, is, to say the least, questionable. In this case, however, it is perfectly harmless, and, fortunately, requires no Macaulay, with his caustic wit. This is what we have to say about this little paper referred to and the lofty standard it sets up; but, looked upon as merely a college paper, there is much which may invite favorable criticism.

The March No. of The Undergraduate (Middleburg, Vt) is before us. On the whole, we consider it an average paper. "Contact with Facts and Men" is above the average pieces written for college journals. The "Mormon Problem" is most too difficult a subject for an inexperienced college rat. We may solve and solve again, and no one will be a whit wiser for all our solving. We notice the "Grave," a very pretty poem, and other literary matter taken from the Haverfordian. We would like to inquire how much they charge for allowing you to "fill up" from their journal. Your editorials are good and generally to the point. We would suggest that you have less of town and campus, college notes, and such scraps, and substitute sound and original literary articles.

The Roanoke Collegian is a monthly of neat appearance, which is the only favorable criticism we can pass upon it. There are in it exceedingly few pieces which assume even the guise of literary articles. These are for the most part very short, and ought to be much shorter; indeed, if the measure of space should depend upon the amount of
thought, a mathematical point would give ample room for the expression of its most meritorious articles, which in the labored manner remind us of the ancient sentence, "Montes parturiunt; nascitur ridiculus mus."

The Wittenberger begins a rather harsh criticism with the following remark: "The Richmond College Messenger is truly a literary paper," then afterwards advises us to give more attention to our locals and less to our literary department. We thank our brother of the quill for his compliment. We have, then, hit the mark. We intended our journal for a literary journal, and not a mere local affair, and we do not propose to substitute frivolous little locals for articles where sound reasoning and thought may be expressed. We do not mean to undervalue the local department of college journals, yet we think everything has its place, and when it gets beyond its bounds should be checked. This, we think, is the case with our friend when he devotes ten of his twenty pages to the local interest of the students.

The young ladies of Hollins Institute have a fashion of alluding to former students as "old girl." Now, accepting the above as eminently refined and the proper mode of alluding to old students, we shall henceforth speak of former Richmond College students as "old horse."

The December issue of the Calliopean Clarion is before us. Its criticism on the Messenger was well intended, no doubt, but badly executed. Printers' mistakes come very well sometimes.

What has become of our old and dear friend, the Randolph-Macon Monthly? You have not graced our sanctum for lo these many months. We were accustomed to read you with interest and pleasure. We hope you are not ill, so as not to be able to come out? Let us hear from you soon.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: College Rambler, Academy Journal, Earlhamite, Wittenberger, Rugby Monthly, Grey Jacket, Archangel, Fordham College Monthly, Varsity, College Message, Chi Delta Crescent, Microcosm, Vanderbilt Observer, the Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly, College Journal, Chimes of Shorter, College Record, Alma Mater, and several others.
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