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"You have heard," said a youth to his sweetheart, who stood
While he sat on a corn-sheaf, at daylight's decline,—
"You have heard of the Danish boy's whistle of wood:
I wish that the Danish boy's whistle were mine."

"And what would you do with it? Tell me," she said,
While an arch smile played over her beautiful face.
"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid
Would fly to my side and would there take her place."

"Is that all you wish for? Why, that may be yours
Without any magic!" the fair maiden cried;
"A favor so slight, one's good nature secures;"
And she playfully seated herself by his side.

"I would blow it again," said the youth; "and the charm
Would work so that not even modesty's cheek
Would be able to keep from my neck your white arm."
She smiled, and she laid her white arm round his neck.

"Yet once more I would blow; and the music divine
Would bring me a third time an exquisite bliss,—
You would lay your fair cheek to this brown one of mine;
And your lips stealing past it would give me a kiss."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with the whistle you'd make!
For only consider how silly 'twould be
To sit there and whistle for what you might take."

ANONYMOUS.
PATRIOTISM.

[Oration of A. B. Rudd, delivered at the reunion of the Philologian Society.]

Our minds, as we enter these walls to-night, hesitate between running back to scenes of the past, and looking anxiously forward to the promising future. There would certainly be pleasure, if not profit, in either occupation. Some people live entirely in the past, others live in and for the present, while others still live exclusively in the future. I have but little love or sympathy for either class. The man who lives in the past makes no pretensions at all to schedule time; the man who lives in the present is always behind time; while the man who lives in the future is constantly ahead of time. But the man who lives aright is he who so combines the past, the present, and the future, that they shall act and react, the one on the other, in such a way as to give proper speed to his manner of living.

A reunion is a happy occasion to an old student; for as we meet here from our homes in different parts of the country, and look into each other's faces, there comes over us a feeling of joy and pleasure occasioned by the remembrance of the many happy sessions spent together in our literary halls. It is also a critical period in the life of a new student; for it is then that he frequently decides the momentous question, Shall I be a Mu-Sigma-Rhonian or a Philologian? As I was trying to decide on a subject upon which to address you at this reunion, I pictured myself standing before you to-night, looking into your happy faces, and in my fancy I could see depicted on your every countenance true patriotism. And it is to this as my subject that I ask your attention to-night.

I. What is Patriotism? I do not mean to reflect in the least on the intelligence of the gentlemen present, by asking and endeavoring to answer so common-place a question. My object is rather to remind than instruct on this point. Some great truths which we may thoroughly understand, frequently cease to wield their potent influence over us simply because they are not kept vividly before the mind. I have told you nothing new when I have told you that patriotism is "love of one's country"; and yet when we come to look more particularly into this definition, there is more in it than appears at first sight. It involves one of the strongest passions of the human soul. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of emotions of
which the soul is capable, I am sure I express the sentiment of every gentleman present when I say that love is its ruling passion. No matter what particular direction our love may take, whether we be philanthropists, philosophers, Philologians, or patriots, this passion exercises over us an impelling influence in that direction; and it is this particular feature we wish to bring out. Patriotism, then, is that love for one's country which impels to active service whenever and wherever such service is needed. The man who claims to be a patriot and yet turns a deaf ear to all calls of duty which come to him from his country, is like the man who claims to be a Philologian, and yet is rarely, if ever, present at the meetings of his Society. Patriotism is the principle upon which every government, rightly so called, is founded; the brick and mortar of which every hall of legislation should be constructed; the tie which binds together the thousands of people who go to make up a nation.

II. It is an ancient and universal principle; it is coeval with man. From sacred and profane history we find that it has ever dwelt in the heart of man, and has more or less influenced his actions. Milton, in closing up the last book of his memorable epic, makes our first parents pause, and drop "some natural tears," as they look back, perhaps for the last time, upon their lost home. Nor does it require much stretch of the poetic fancy to suppose that such was the case. We have but to read the history of Greece to see that this principle was alive in the early ages. We see it shining forth with great splendor and brilliancy during the time of the Roman supremacy. We see evidences of its existence and indisputable results of its influence in studying the history of England. Nor is it wanting among the uncivilized nations. There dwelt in the heart of the red-man of America, as he delighted himself in the war-dance, or wandered through the solemn stillness of the forest, as true patriotism as ever fired the heart of the white man, who so ruthlessly robbed him of his hunting-grounds. Thus, wherever and under whatever circumstances there has existed a nation worthy of the name of a nation, there has ever been a vestige, at least, of patriotism.

III. It is the first element of true statesmanship. It is that which gives proper tone and direction to the actions of a statesman. His wonderful knowledge of law, his unique skill in the administration of government affairs, his natural tact and abilities, all combined do not constitute him a true, safe statesman. He needs to have his heart all aglow with patriotism; for, unless this be the case, he will soon prove himself to be a self-man, and not a states-man. First and foremost, as
the basis for all the rest, he needs to have genuine love of his country; for it is this, and this alone, which furnishes a safe foundation upon which to build a political life. A public character, with such a foundation, is one around which the fierce storms of national calamity or political disaster may wildly roll without damage, for it is founded on a rock.

This principle needs to be deep-rooted. Many a man has started out in public, believing himself to be a patriot; but rising rapidly, from one position of honor to another, he soon finds himself seeking not his country’s, but his own advancement and welfare. *Selfism*, with all of her craftiness and witchery, has arisen and usurped the throne where Patriotism was once thought to hold power supreme.

I hope, gentlemen, you will not understand me to imply that there is the slightest antagonism between a noble ambition to excel and true patriotism. No man ever rose to eminence in any department of life who hadn’t the ambition to rise; no man deserves to rise who is devoid of ambition. But there is a great difference between ambition, which merely draws one onward and upward, and selfism, which shuts its victim’s eyes to country, people—everything save self. The two, ambition and patriotism, are not foes, but friends, and when found together, the former is but the attempt of the latter to make an outward expression of itself,—to prove its existence by its works.

Almost all nations have furnished men who claimed to be statesmen—who really were men of genius,—but who had not the dimmest spark of patriotism burning in their breasts. Greece, perhaps, furnishes the most striking examples. At a critical time in her history, there comes to the front the youth Alcibiades—handsome, learned, wealthy. He made no pretensions either to patriotism or ambition until the latter was aroused in his heart by a perusal of Homer. But his was a selfish ambition. His eyes were shut to everything save his own interest. He loved not his country, but Alcibiades. An unscrupulous traitor, he espoused whichever cause promised him the greatest advancement. Although an Athenian commander, what course does he pursue when accused of having taken part in the mutilation of the Hermæ? Does he return to Athens, and there stand his trial as a patriot? Far from it. Soon we find him an abettor of the Spartan cause, and exerting himself to the uttermost to carry out the sentiment contained in his own words, “I will show them that I am still alive.” So blinded was Athens by the brilliant glow of his natural genius, that she could not look into the man and see that he was wanting in the first element of a statesman, and thus committing
herself into the hands of such an one, she soon meets with the necessary consequence of such a course. Even Miltiades, the hero of Marathon, whose praises were sung throughout Greece, and whose wonderful trophies are said to have robbed Themistocles of sleep, ultimately sacrificed his patriotism to his selfism, and thus left a dark stain on his formerly brilliant career.

Nor was this principle wanting merely in Greece. France, Rome, England, and America have suffered the evils which attend its absence. This mighty serpent, *Selfism*, has been crawling down through the ages, following close upon the heels of civilization, shedding its poisonous scales among all peoples, and scattering the seeds of a deadly malaria which to-day is spreading like a fearful epidemic all over this and other lands. It aims its deadly fangs at the heart of the proud bird, Patriotism. Its fiendish hiss can be heard from the private offices of public men as well as from the halls of legislation. Upon the dome of the capitol of all lands where this noble bird should sit in majestic splendor, may be seen the serpent, coiled with many a snakey fold.

IV. Patriotism in the hearts of the people at large is a requisite to a country's national prosperity. A country will rise to eminence or not according as its people do or do not possess patriotism. To work for a country's interest, we must ourselves feel an interest in that country. The man of business will get but poor returns for his money expended, if he employ workmen who labor with an eye exclusively directed to their own interest. And so that country will have but little prosperity whose occupants look not to their country's, but to their own individual welfare.

Our country owes much of what she is to-day to the patriotism that has lingered in the hearts of her children. Dim has been this spark at times, but at others, fanned into a flame, lighting up the land from lakes to gulf, and from ocean to ocean. Ours is kindled afresh when we remember that which so completely filled the souls of our forefathers. Could we but pause to-night and relight our smoking tapers at the camp-fires of patriotism that burned in colonial days, then would come up from all over our land the exultant shout, "My Country!" "My Country!"

Young gentlemen, do you believe that a country is just what its people make it? Do you believe that they make it prosperous or not, according as they are or are not a patriotic people? Reason answers these questions in the affirmative. Observation corroborates the affirmative answer. History bears testimony to it. Then where is
your patriotism? Are you here at this institution of learning, fired with a patriotic spirit? Are you here preparing yourself to honor and serve your country? Your country needs you; in thunder tones she calls you. Positions of honor and trust await you. Step into them, not with the spirit of the office-seeking demagogue, but with the spirit of true patriots, desiring to be the means of elevating your country, and of advancing her interest so far as may be in your power.

O, Patriotism, proud bird of a prouder people, awake! Bestir thyself from thy long resting-place! Shake off the dust from thy beautiful plumage! Wend thy winged way over the length and breadth of this loved land of liberty? Perch thou, and view from loftiest bough the ruin wrought in thy absence! Favor us once again with the musical notes of thy melodious voice, and at its sound will all unite to praise thy matchless charms.

THE ETHICAL VALUE OF OLD TESTAMENT BIOGRAPHY.

[A lecture by Rev. E. C. Dargan, of Petersburg, Va., delivered Oct. 17th, in the course of Biblical Lectures.]

The value of biography consists not wholly in its substance, but somewhat also in its form. A jewel depends much upon its setting. So the story of a life may be made as powerful in its work and influences as was the life itself. A biography may be long or short, couched in general statements or going into minute particulars; it may be prose or poetry, ornate or simple, elegant or uncouth; it may be simply narrative or profoundly critical, and all these things will affect its interest and its value. But after all, there is nothing so important in biography as that it should be accurate. Truth is better than style.

The Hebrew narrative style, in its plain directness, its sweet simplicity, its unadorned majesty, is unequalled. It completely fulfils, if indeed it did not unconsciously suggest, the Shakespearean maxim, "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." It is a frank, naïve, simple narrative—most frequently with no comment at all upon the events and actions described. The characters are just placed before the reader as they were, and he must judge of them for
himself. It is not, then, too much to say that no small part of the ethical value of the Old Testament biography consists in the character of the narrative itself. Such biography cannot fail to be of very great ethical value. The theme which demands of us the investigation and discussion of this value, is both timely and practical.

Biography is valuable both as history and as illustration. Its ethical value on the practical side is well expressed in Longfellow's familiar lines:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime."

Its ethical value on the historical side consists in the aid it gives us in tracing the origin and growth of ethical principles. It is right to take into account in the discussion of our theme, both these lines of thought, and endeavor to show how the lives that are described in the Old Testament give us important light on the development of ethical principles, and important aid in their pursuit.

I. The lives of the worthies of the Old Testament are living instances of the working-out of ethical principles. These characters were representatives of a most interesting race, at various periods of their history and under various circumstances. As will become apparent, I trust, in the discussion, the Hebrew race, from the ethical point of view, is the most influential and interesting of all the ancient peoples. Matthew Arnold, who surely cannot be accused of having Christian prejudices; asserts in his brilliant, but, in some respects, absurd book, "Literature and Dogma," that as surely as we are indebted to the Greeks for culture and to the Romans for law, even so surely are we indebted to the Hebrews for righteousness. This was the great idea which distinguished them among all the families of the human race. If this be a sound remark, and I have no occasion to question its truth, then the lives of those men who lived under this idea and contributed to its development and expression cannot fail to be of interest and value to the student of ethics. The historical development of any science is a matter of consequence. Abundantly so that of ethics.

All ethical principles, as the very existence of the science itself, are founded in the distinction between right and wrong. It is not within the province of this paper to discuss the origin of that great and unalterable distinction, either in its human or divine relations, or both combined. The simple fact is that there is, and so far as we know, always has been, such a distinction. The first records of all races
indicate that they felt there was a difference between right and wrong, and no race of men has ever been discovered, so far as I can learn, where this distinction does not have place.

Granting the universality of the distinction in a general way, we are brought to the very important question, What is right and what is wrong? How can the distinction be made apparent, and men be led to choose the right and avoid the wrong? In other words, the question before us is the question of standards. What seems right to some men appears wrong to others; what is approved as right in one age is condemned as wrong in another; what is held to be right by one race of men is considered wrong by another. Hence the nation, the age, and the man, are to be judged not as to whether they had any notion of right and wrong, but as to what standards they had, and with what success they adhered to them.

The lives of the Old Testament worthies give evidence of a very remarkable standard of morals. There is no disquisition, no treatise, on the speculative question as to what is right or wrong, but the simple narrative of their lives infallibly discovers to us how they settled the question in every case. Their great standard of appeal was in every instance their God. What Jehovah approved and ordered was right, and what He disapproved and forbade was wrong, and this to them was the end of all controversy. Even a slight acquaintance with the character and conduct of these ancient heroes is sufficient to establish the substantial accuracy of this statement. Now, on every supposition, this is an elevated standard.

Suppose, for instance, that there was really no divine revelation; that they only believed in it on tradition; that such tradition, was in the beginning simply the coinage of the brain—still, we see that if their God was no reality, and only an idea, yet He was to them the concentrated power that makes for righteousness. Their idea was an excellent one. So that, even ruling out the supernatural altogether, and looking at their conception purely from the human standpoint, it cannot be denied that their standard of morals was very high; for they invested their Deity with noble qualities, and represent Him as encouraging and commanding the best things.

But take the other and far more natural and probable supposition that God is a reality and His revelation a true one: then the fact that they regarded His will as settling the question of right and wrong for them is greatly in their favor. For if God really be what they evidently believed Him to be, His will is the highest law. They did not regard Him as arbitrarily settling these questions out of caprice and
tyranny. Abraham’s appeal is, “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?” Think of such an appeal as that being made to Jupiter! The qualities which they believed their Deity to have, rendered it not strange or inconsistent that He should be to them the source of morals. Thus it is clear that upon either the “orthodox” or the “infidel” view of this matter, they had a high ideal standard of right and wrong.

Here, then, it is proper to say that on this account there could be, and there was with them, no divorce between morality and religion. This was essentially a heathen view. The gods of paganism were so bad that the worship of them could not inspire morality. Hence, it was necessary to distinguish between ethics and religion. But to the truly devout and typical Hebrew, there was no such distinction. What God ordained was right to him, and what God disallowed was wrong. It is not to be denied that in later times the tendency was to pervert this original and honored principle into the monstrous folly of exalting the ceremonial above the moral law of God. But David, Isaiah, and others protested against this exaggeration long before our Lord withered it with the blight of his keen denunciations. Still, the tendency only shows the truth of what I am saying, that in the lives of the Old-Testament worthies there was no distinction between religion and morality.

Now, this is a very important ethical principle. For it places on the side of right the sanction and the stimulus of religion. And I have no hesitation in saying that to this united exercise of religion and morality is due the moral greatness of the Hebrew race. I cannot further pursue this line of thought, but must remark, before passing on, that it is unfortunate both for religion and for morals if ever, in the conceptions and practices of men, they are disunited. This Old Testament biography exhibits the grandest ethical principle, in that it displays the moral character of man forming by his free obedience to the commands of a holy God.

Biography, however, does not describe speculation, but practice. We can gather from its study what principles underlay the characters, but the chief point of interest is in the characters themselves. While the biographical sketches in the Old Testament are valuable for their hints as to the standard of right and wrong, their chief value is in the illustrations they give of the actual historical working-out of ethical principles. How near did the men who held the will of God to be the standard of right and wrong come to carrying out that will in actual life? If they failed, what were the causes of their failure?
How do their successes and failures bear upon the question as to whether the principle is a safe one? These are important questions. A full discussion of them would carry us too far away from the subject in hand. But it is no small part of the ethical value of this biography that it does bring out clearly, as I think, these facts:

(1.) It is beyond doubt true that in the exercise of the principles they held, the men described in the Old Testament reached a moral greatness far above that of their contemporaries, and bearing favorable comparison with the moral heroism of any age and any nation. Some of them will remain examples for all time.

(2.) Granting that many of them failed to reach the highest moral character, the causes of such failure, wherever given, would have produced failure under any system of morals. That is to say, men disobeyed God, and knew they were disobeying Him. Their wilful disregard of the principle by which they felt bound to act was ever the cause of their failure.

(3.) Hence it follows that the biography of the Old Testament has this value in ethics, that it demonstrates the correctness of the principle that the best morals are to be found where the best religion prevails. Anything which clears up men's minds on that point cannot fail to have great ethical value. It is valuable, in an ethical point of view, to the devotees of religion in that it should show them the absurdity of professing to be religious without the practice of morality. It should be of value to the irreligious, as showing that the surest way to the highest moral excellence is the consistent practice of religious duties.

II. We shall find in the Old Testament biography also a practical ethical value. Not only does it throw light upon the history of the science of ethics, but it will be found instructive and helpful in the discharge of the duties of morality. The ethical uses of all biography are twofold: exemplary and monitory. By studying the lives of other men we may find help in our own lives. Their successes encourage us and their failures warn us. We shall find the biography of the Old Testament especially fruitful in both these regards. It is very remarkable that after the lapse of so many centuries the lives of these ancient men and women should still be such potent forces in shaping the lives of others.

In the way of encouragement and stimulus, we may find great help in the story of these ancient worthies. They lived in ages far remote from ours. The manners and customs of the times were widely different from our own. Their cultivation was necessarily far inferior to
that prevalent among us. In judging them, all these things must be taken into the account. We must carefully consider the difficulties that forestalled their efforts, and the lack of many helps which we now possess. Chief among these must be reckoned the life and teachings of the great Master. For nearly nineteen centuries the world has had the advantage of His pure life and glorious doctrines, and though these splendid privileges have been too little improved, they have not been wholly neglected. But these ancient heroes had no such helps in the achievement of high moral character. If we find then, upon investigation, that in spite of their drawbacks and difficulties they did attain to a very high measure of moral excellence, this should be to us a perpetual stimulus and encouragement. We ought to be better than they. Now, it is undeniably true that the lives of the worthies of Old Testament times not only indicate a very remarkable standard of morals, but upon the whole a very remarkable success in reaching that standard. They had a grand ideal, and aiming at it, they reached a grandeur of moral character far beyond that of their contemporaries, and in some cases beyond what has ever been reached at all. The men who figure in the Old Testament history will bear very favorable comparison with those who made the secular history during the same periods. How grandly do they stand forth as lights in dark times, showing to the world forever the way to be good!

Yet, we must consider the other side of the question also, and see what use can be made of their failures. For it is the sad office of biography to warn as well as to encourage, to deter from evil as well as to incite to good. The lives of these old heroes were not free from stain, their moral character was not perfectly good. Many of them can only serve as warnings, and almost all will serve both purposes.

It must be borne in mind that while the light they had on moral questions was less than ours, it was far greater than that of their contemporaries. So that, while there is some extenuation for them if they fell below the standard of our Christian times, if they came down to the level of their own times, or fell below it, they were peculiarly blameworthy. There were among them lives so bad as still to rouse indignation and shame. What terrible warnings are offered by the careers of many whose deeds of violence and wickedness are faithfully told in this wondrous narrative!

Again, we find in many of them—indeed in the majority,—mingled example and warning. Of very few can it be said that to all appearance they were wholly good, or almost wholly good. Of few, on the other hand, can it be said that they were hopelessly and entirely bad.
In some the good predominated, in some the evil, in others there is almost a balance.

An illiterate preacher once took for a text the words descriptive of the character of Job, as "One that feared God and eschewed evil." He read it, "One that feared God and issued evil." His point was, that though Job was in the main a good man, he also did some bad things—he issued evil! Now this, though a sad blunder in language, was doubtless a correct diagnosis of Job's character.

The obvious ethical lesson contained in examples of this sort is not excuse for our own lives, on the ground that good men have sometimes fallen, but that in spite of their sins they did do some right things—encouragement; and in spite of their goodness they did through temptation fall—warning. Rightly used, therefore, the Old Testament biography offers us valuable aid in the study and practice of morals both by the examples and the warnings it gives.

[The lecture concluded with striking illustrations from the lives of Enoch, Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Saul, and David, which we are reluctantly compelled to omit for want of room.—Eds.]

CHARACTER.

"Character is moral order seen through the medium of an individual nature. . . . Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong."—EMERSON.

Men who perform honestly their tasks, in whatever vocation of life they are in, command the respect and confidence of their fellow-men. What little of good there is in this world is maintained and upheld by these men of character. Men who accomplish great things by the power of their intellect, are admired; but those who perform their deeds through impulses of the heart, are the men who are respected. Only a few can accomplish great things, but each can do faithfully what is allotted to him. This doing of one's duty involves a great deal: from it we obtain a true idea of a man's character. We cannot tell what a man really is from the way he conducts himself when he knows his acts are to be criticized by his fellow-men, but we can know him from the way he transacts the affairs of private life. And indeed it is the virtue which has to be used at all times that is of the highest type, and accomplishes the greatest good. Cloistered virtues are not of much value. He who seeks the shadows of a cloister's
cell, debases the nobleness of his manhood. Seclusion may indicate a superiority of self or contempt for others, but usually it indicates indolence and cowardice. It is only by associating with mankind, taking upon one's self a fair portion of the burdens and labors of this life, that we find our chief sphere of duty, and train ourselves in patience and endurance, which shape and mould character. Our character depends on what way we meet trials and difficulties. The virtuous cloister, shielded from the temptations, trials, and labors of the outside world, should rather be condemned than lauded. Hasn't every man a duty which he owes to his fellow-man? Is he performing that duty? God did not create man to lead a life separate and distinct from his fellow-man, but placed upon man an obligation to his fellow-man.

He who possesses character has more wealth than rubies and diamonds can bestow—a wealth that gives more pleasure than glittering gold. In the affairs of every day life, character is of greater value than learning. A man of the highest intellectual ability and training can never obtain the respect and esteem of his fellow-men unless he is also a man of stability of character. While on the other hand, let him be ever so unlearned, simultaneously with the manifestation of his character, will he command the respect and esteem of his fellow-man. Character is indeed a precious gift—a gift that cannot be stolen: men may rob us of our silver and gold, but character no man can take from us. It is to be preferred to reputation, though if we have the former the latter generally accompanies it, but sometimes we find either alone. What value is a reputation without a character? We see the blackness of our own hearts and despise ourselves—we are wretched. He who has character, even though his reputation is lost, has the consciousness of being true to himself. Guilty conscience does not rob him of his pleasures.

"Straws show the way the wind blows": so the smallest things indicate character. Small things have their train of consequences, and they should not be despised, but should be kept under control, if we would possess an enviable character. Our characters are daily undergoing change, for better or for worse, as we do or do not control small things in our actions, thoughts, and deeds.

"To-day most trivial act may hold the seed Of future fruitfulness or future dearth."

After the influences of home, come the influences of example. We cannot help being influenced by our associates—indeed, they produce...
a powerful effect on our character, either for good or evil. We scarcely notice the effect of imitation, but its influence is permanently fixed on our character.

Among the most important trainers of character is home influence. It is at home that our habits are formed and our character moulded. It is at home that the man imbibes those principles that guide and rule him through life. The mind is most easily and permanently impressed in childhood. What we did, what we learned in childhood, is more readily recalled than those things which happened last week. A Catholic priest well said, "Give me a child during his childhood, and I will answer for his being a Catholic the rest of his life." Ideas are quickly caught, and live lastingly. It is said, "circumstances make the man." Be this as it may, at least circumstances greatly influence the making of the man. Blessed is he who is reared up in a pious home—thankful should he be that he was surrounded by such favorable circumstances. Home, where love and duty prevails, where head and heart rule wisely—man as the head, and woman as the heart of humanity—where daily bread is obtained honestly and virtuously, thence we would expect to see issue useful, happy beings, following in the paths of courage, virtue, and true manliness marked out for them. Parents may strive to develop an upright and virtuous character in their children seemingly in vain; it seems like bread cast upon the waters, and is lost, but it will return. John Randolph says: "I would have been an atheist but for the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father, who art in heaven.'"

If we select our associates from among those whom we love, honor, and respect, we are mutually strengthened. If our associates be those in whom we have implicit confidence, whom to know it is to love, honor, and esteem, we profit by their experience, are guided by their counsel, aided by their confidence, strengthened in our resolves, elevated in our aims. Hence, companionship with the wise, good, and true, has a most valuable influence on the formation of character. While on the other hand, let our associates be unrefined, coarse, and depraved, they will, instead of elevating us, degrade our character. Be careful, young man, how you choose your associates, for, imperceptibly, you will mould your character by their example.

"In habit will be found the best support of character." Habit may be a kind ruler or a despotic master, as the will is directed rightly or wrongly. It may be the means of ennobling our character or debasing it. Habit is formed by careful training; there is energy
spent. He who allows habit to rule him is a slave— a slave who has power to conquer and rule if he would exert his will-power. Burns was a slave—a slave to drink, which, with its debasing associations, lowered and depraved his whole nature. We must make our habits a kind ruler early in life, for if they obtain undue power over us they will not relinquish it in old age.

Above all this, there is the self-originating, a self-sustaining force of one's own spirit that must be the main support of character. When we see a man do his duty, even in the face of danger, we know he brings the elements of his character into action by determinate will-force, he exhibits character in its highest type, and embodies the grandest principles of a truly great man. No doubt the acts of such a man become repeated in the lives of others, who are incited by his example. No doubt his associates are elevated by his character, but at the same time they must have the same self originating, and self-sustaining force that the model and associate possessed.

Character embodied in thought and deed will last as long as time. The story of a great deed will be remembered and repeated from generation to generation, and exert its influence on the character of this one and that one in all the ages. The thoughts of Socrates and Plato as embodied in their works tended to mould the characters of the Romans who lived even long years after these philosophers had perished. Who at the beginning of the present century was more respected by the Italians than the famous poet Dante? The biographer says: "During the long centuries of Italian degradation, his burning words were as a watch-fire and a beacon to all true men." At his death all the learned Italians had his best passages by heart, they were repeated and reechoed by the masses, and so they eventually influenced the character of that nation. Can such writers as Bob Ingersoll be too heavily condemned when we see what effect they will have upon the characters not only of this age, but also upon ages to come?

The authors of the light and trashy literature of the day must be men of the lowest type. Character is too great and priceless a gift to be jeopardized. Young man, when you read the light literature of the day, remember that you are endangering your character. As the great and good thoughts of others tend toward the elevation of character, so base and wicked thoughts of others degrade and lower that which is within man. As we honor and praise truly great writers, so we should despise and condemn the authors of this low and debasing literature.
Finally, if we would be a great nation, we must see that the individual men are prompted by the right spirit. It is our unavoidable destiny, if we become as a nation loose in morals and habits, to be ruled by rogues. If we are true, honest, and moral, we will be a free people, and have our nation ruled honestly. Profit by the example of Athens: that was a city great in art, science, philosophy, and culture, but there was a lack of home influence brought to bear upon its youths; then its public men became loose and even corrupt in morals, and how soon she fell! So, the fall of Rome was attributed to the corruption of the individuals. See that the characters of the individuals are right, then we shall have a moral commonwealth.

Z.

SUNBEAMS.

As I sit musing, a sunbeam, blessed messenger of beauty, peeps its radiant face into my window. What is its mission? It comes uninvited, and perches itself upon my window-sill. What can we learn from that shining visitor? Who sent it, whence comes it, and why? Is its errand joy or sorrow? Are its tidings gay or sad?

Its brilliant countenance tells us that it comes from the Almighty himself. It comes a long journey, but still it is here with all its grandeur and beneficence. Nor has it been slow in coming; swifter than the eagle's flight, quick as the lightning's flash, it comes; and yet, how gentle is the little sunbeam! Not with the eagle's harshness, not with the storm's rapid fury, nor yet with the lightning's wild glare, does it come; softly and gently it fulfils its heaven-assigned mission of giving light and warmth to the inhabitants of the earth. Great blows, terrible momentum, have accomplished wonders; so also have those forces which act slowly, but proportionately surely. We have long since learned that it is not always the noisy instrument which does most work, and that it is the empty cart that rattles. Men have never been struck by thunder. Heavy blows from the iron hammer have been withstood by the rock which has yielded to the wood or yarn, made moist. It is no new idea. All have observed that while the blusterer is making his noise, the less noisy man is making telling strokes. In this respect, if in no other, is the quiet man like the sunbeam. How far short of fulfilling its mission would it come if the sunbeam came to us like the lightning; and yet, with
all its gentleness, it lifts up rivers to the clouds, and draws forth vegetation to feed all earth’s creatures, and flowers to deck her bosom. What strength in gentleness!

The sunbeam suggests purity. The atmosphere of a room seems clear and pure as crystal itself; but let the sunbeam, with its radiant, glowing face appear, and how soon do we perceive that we are breathing in myriads of floating particles. We have often had before our eyes objects which seemed perfectly white, and it was only when brought beside, and contrasted with, the pure white snow, that we found out that they were not as we had first supposed. Thus the sunbeam, in its purity, reveals the impurities of the objects with which it comes in contact. And here we may learn a worthy lesson. Our thoughts, our motives, our actions, should possess this attribute of the sunbeam—purity. With it, there is nothing which it would wish to be kept hidden. It reveals everything along its path. And as this earth would be dark, indeed, without the sunbeam’s pure light, so is that man’s heart dark which is full of selfishness and deceit. Never again will man be holy as the Creator. Although he was created in the image of his Maker, who can see a striking resemblance now? Yet, it is well at least to strive to our utmost to “keep clean hands and a pure heart.”

Almost everything and everybody are influenced by contact and association with other things and other persons. This cannot be said of the sunbeam. It is never defiled by contact. It can shine upon and mingle with impurities of every sort, yet come out from among them as pure and holy as when its mission was first given it by the Almighty. What an accomplishment it would be if man could imitate the sunbeam in this, and retain the purity of his robes even amid the cares and darknesses of our imperfect lives.

Bring a prism in the path of the sunbeam, and the beautiful composition of it will be seen—the seven colors of the rainbow. It is only when something unusual, some trial, some sorrow, comes into the pathway along which we are compelled to pass, that we appear in our true colors. Then it is we show our true composition, the real stuff of which we are made. And these colors, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, and red, beautiful array, of which the sunbeam is composed, are not complex colors, but are primitive, simple colors. How beautiful is simplicity. To be simple, in the original sense of the word, is a trait which all may justly covet and zealously strive after. Duplicity in men, whether in public or private life, is soon found out and despised. The man who is simple in character, in word
and in action, is, in the eyes of his fellows, "graceful in every step."

The sunbeam teaches humility. It comes a visitor to the lowliest hut, and sits at the feet of the humblest inmate. No cot is too lowly for it, no room too mean, no crevice too small. As the "sun shines equally upon the just and the unjust," so also it shines upon the humble as well as the proud. Humility is one of the most difficult virtues to practice, and consequently one of the most uncommon. And yet, how little haughtiness gains for one. The sunbeam is not puffed up when it enters the regal mansion, nor does it turn pale, for shame, when it creeps into the lowly hovel and becomes a guest of the humble peasant or wretched pauper.

To be cheerful is one of the greatest blessings which one can possess. Cheerfulness is essential to happiness. How cheerful the sunbeam seems to be. How noticeable is the difference in the cheerfulness of a room, caused by the presence and absence of this bight visitor. How pleasant it is, at times, to watch the sunbeam appearing and disappearing, playing with the clouds. And when all is dark and dreary within, what a change takes place when a sunbeam peeps its cheerful face in at the window-blind. They that are sad, they that are downcast, they that are weeping over their own sins or misfortunes, they that grieve for loved ones, prematurely snatched from their fond embrace, they that are afflicted, are cheered by its holy presence, which seems to say, "wipe away your tears, dry your moist eye-lids, drive away your depressed spirits, for where I come, there is neither sadness nor mourning, but all is bright."

But the sunbeam, as other good things, does not stay always. With all its grandeur and beneficence, we would not have it remain with us forever. The clouds must come and relieve the earth, by bringing back the water which the sunbeam took from her when she did not need it. How grandly in harmony do the forces of nature act! And of all of nature's gifts to man, there is none which is so beneficent, so gentle, so pure, so holy, as the little sunbeam. As we gaze upon it, how can we control the gratitude which at once springs up to the "Father of Light!"
FRIENDSHIP.

"Friendship is a precious treasure,
Use it well!
Joy 'twill give you without measure;
Slight it not, and never blindly
Treat it coldly or unkindly;
Use it well!"

Friendship has always been considered one of the purest and noblest affections that finds a place in the human heart. It does not consist in mere acquaintance; there must be some degree of sympathy, or congeniality of thought, before acquaintance ripens into friendship. But perfect agreement is not at all essential to true friendship, for we often choose those whose richer endowments may compensate for our own deficiencies.

Friendship arises from no selfish motive, but burns in the heart with a pure and steady flame; undimmed by the absence of affections, it penetrates beyond the narrow confines of the tomb. It is a bond that clings closer in adversity. When fortune frowns, and popular favor is turned from us, 'tis then that friendship shines with its most brilliant lustre. How fondly do we love those who have stood the test and have been found worthy of our trust! But when they, whose sympathies were once in unison with our own, show themselves to be no longer what we supposed, there cannot be that feeling between us which is essential to genuine friendship.

Friendship deepens and enriches our enjoyments; though surrounded by all other earthly pleasures, our happiness is still incomplete unless it is shared by a friend. It also lightens adversity, sorrow loses its sting, poverty its bitterness, in the sunshine of its brightness. How quickly is the darkness dispelled by the loving smiles and gentle tone of a friend! It ought to be borne in mind, however, that all who assume the name of friend are not worthy of our confidence, for there are many persons who are constantly striving to find a heart that they can pervert or a head that they can mislead. We should admit none to the sacred altar of our friendship without closely scrutinizing their character, if we would not, in the hour of affliction, find ourselves thrown upon the sympathies of a selfish world.

There are persons whom we may call our summer friends. In the hey-day of our glory, and when no threatening clouds over-shadow
us, they gather around, but as soon as our roses are scattered, and only thorns remain, we look but to find that they too have vanished like a vapor. We prize our friends while living, but their real worth, perhaps, we may never know until death has snatched them from us. How many of us would fall in the battle of life, if not supported by the strong arm of a friend! In the annals of ancient and modern history we find examples of its power. Nothing is more interesting or affecting than the history of David and Jonathan, who pledged themselves in a covenant of friendship. They were bound to each other by a tie which no power could sever. Men have offered their lives as sacrifices for their friends. There was one who, to aid his persecuted race, abandoned all the pleasures and enjoyments of the world, and willingly endured privation, calamity, and distress, through motives of love and friendship—such as few have ever felt or practiced. "Bright pages of history, like stars beaming out in the midst of the dark and stormy heavens, have reflected the lustre of friendship, and exhibited its beauty." Who, unmoved, can contemplate the heroic friendship of Damon and Pythias?

Friendship is of every clime; it blossoms in every soil; it cheers the Greenlander and Esquimaux, as they wander among their bleak hills, and gaze upon the rugged cliffs of their ice-bound shores; it flourishes amid the sand hills of the desert, and renders fairer the flower-clothed fields of the tropics.

No one, however poor or despised, is entirely friendless. The natural affections never completely die, sympathy will at least survive and prompt exertion in behalf of the forsaken and distressed, though the kindly sensibilities sometimes become blunted by time, and the heart hardened by selfishness, forgets the tenderness with which it was wont to regard the sorrows of the afflicted. People of every rank, religion, and opinion are united by an indissoluble bond of affection.

But will Friendship's rule end when mortals cease to breathe? No: Through all eternity its benign influence will shed a pure and unchanging light. Ties formed here shall be sealed by the hands of omnipotent love.

A. A.
EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

There is, as a general thing, monstrously little said in the Messenger about the Literary Societies of the college. The Messenger is the creature, the organ of our two Societies, supported by the contributions, literary and otherwise, of the members of those Societies; and yet if we look over the Messengers of the last few years, how seldom do we find them mentioned, unless there is an election of officers, or of medalists, or some other extraordinary occasion. The Societies' organ should be a medium through which the welfare of the Societies is discussed. "Remarks for the good of the Societies" should be frequent in the Messenger. The members of the Societies should express their views as to measures which would tend to the advancement and perfection of the Societies. To think that the Societies must support the Messenger, and the Messenger do nothing for the support of the Societies, is a mistake. If the Messenger were to contain frequent mention and frequent remarks from various members calculated to benefit the Societies, the Messenger would not only be more interesting to the members of the Societies, but the Societies would be profited thereby.

The Messenger is blessed with a very efficient and active Business Manager; accordingly, its entire management is placed in his hands, and very rightly so. But it seems to us that if more frequent reports of the progress of the Messenger were given, a greater interest would be awakened among the students, and they would feel and know more potently that the paper is theirs. When the students can be brought thus to feel, there will be no cause to fear that the Editors and Business Manager will be compelled to bear all the burden and anxiety alone.

We are pleased to state that both the Messenger and the Literary Societies are in fine trim, and bid fair to have a prosperous voyage o'er the sea of '83-4.

The Biblical lectures will be an instructive and, no doubt, enjoyable feature of the present session, to the lovers of Biblical lore as well as to those who have classes at first bell on Wednesday mornings. The only regret which either party can have, is that the lectures do not occur every Wednesday. These lectures, like other good things, commenced at home with our Dr. Brown as lecturer. Subject: "The
Effect of Christianity upon Civilization." The audience, consisting of students, professors, and a number of Richmond pastors, was well paid for the profound attention which the logical deductions of the learned doctor compelled.

The second of the series was delivered by Rev. E. C. Dargan, of Petersburg, on "The Ethical Value of Old Testament Biography." The boys of the college are always pleased to welcome this gifted divine in their midst. He is a favorite. All of them have a grateful recollection of the sermon of thrilling interest which he delivered before them at the close of last session.

There can be no doubt but that these lectures will be an important factor in our college opportunities for the coming session. Under the efficient management of Prof. Thomas, we are sure they will continue to be, as they have ever been, a success.

There has been a great propensity among the older students to call the new students "Rats." This should be stopped. In the first place, there are two kinds of "Rats" among us, this year's "Rats" and the yearlings. For according to the old and established usages of the college, new students are "Rats" until they have successfully passed the great "Bar" of citizenship. Now, the last year's "Rats" having all (such a thing was never known before) failed to come up to the required standard of uprightness, are still "Rats."

But we are glad to say that if this cruel and inhuman system, which was last year abolished (voluntarily of course), is not reestablished, it will not be many years before we will all be "Rats," happy "Rats," together, consequently no particular need for the designation. And it can be announced for the benefit of the "Rats," and the lovers of right and reform generally, that Mr. G., of Accomac, the former chairman of the committee on details, examination, promotion, &c., is the last relic of that dying piece of barbarity.

RISE AND FALL OF THE THREE-CENT STAMP.—

"Say nothing but good of the dead."

For many years a faithful friend and true,—other friends forsook—but thou stuckest to the very last. No promise, no vow, no duty, but that thou carriedest it out to the last letter. When on dubious journey sent, thou kissedst the lips of the sender, and wast a constant guardian of the good name of the receiver. Yet often badly treated. Torn from the sheet of your companions, left with the ragged edge of for-
tune, man has often cornered thee, licked thee behind thy back, fastened thee down, struck thee when down, blackened thy face, sometimes standing thee upon thy head, often incarcerating thee in an iron cell. How ungrateful is man! Yet in all thy misfortunes thy gaze was ever upward. Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, sweethearts, lovers, "shall rise up and call thee blessed." Thou hast brought the epistle of love as well as the "check from home." Not as others, wast thou particular about the greenback, if only thy face could be green; yet green as thou seemedst, thou couldst be stuck but once. The greatest of all travelers, most welcome of all visitors, beloved by all save one enemy alone (postal-card). Bright and happy as thy face had been ere that, when the first October sun peeped above the hills, thou witheredest as a leaf. Like man and all nature, thou diedst with the fall. In these latter days, everything must yield to fashion. The green dress must be superseded by the crushed-strawberry. The three-cent stamp, as other things not immortal, was influenced by the tastes of the people with which it came in contact and by whom it was enveloped. But its days are numbered. A post-mortem examination is unnecessary. Requiescat in pace. Cursed be he who dares disturb its rest or resurect it, when its successor is—well, just as cheap.

It is the Local Editor who generally gets himself into trouble. But the present editor of this department would take this means of begging that none of his dear fellow-students will feel himself aggrieved at anything which may happen to appear among the Locals, since the present corps cannot boast of having a "Fighting Editor." Accordingly, this Local Editor will endeavor to "dip his pen into the ink of truth," &c., lest at some unguarded moment he write something which is not "fit for a messenger," and thus incur displeasure.

Do not be in too big a hurry, boys, everything cannot be done in a day. We are distinctly told that it took six days to create the earth. Then, we cannot expect the management of the college to have everything perfect in anything like as short a time as that. We will have a gymnasium soon.

On account of his efficient work, the Literary Societies have recon­ferred the honorary, or, rather, onerous degree of B. M. upon Mr. R. C. Hubbard, of Pittsylvania. It is the first time in the annals of the college that the same degree has been conferred on the same gentleman more than once.
Foot-ball is the game.

There are five requisites to a successful college career—especially at the present season: first, swiftness in locomotion; second, facility in dodging; third, certainty in kicking; fourth, a good-sized foot; fifth, cast-iron shins. He who has these, is the man to be feared—if he is not on your side. The second and fourth of the above requisites are possessed by many, the first and fifth by few; but there are only one or two gentlemen in college who possess the third to perfection, and their skill in this branch of science is exhibited in one game as well as another, with the same telling effect.

Holy Writ tells us that Cain was a tiller of the soil. But there is a "Rat" who says that he was beyond doubt a devotee to the "ball and bat," "because he was the first base-man." The "Rat" is correct. He was also a good batter, as further particulars showed, since he successfully "batted out" his brother, and we have no evidence that his brother was not an able pitcher.

The Philosophy class contains some right good foot-ball players, one of whom is Mr. B. Everybody has found out that if he gets into Mr. B's way, somebody must be knocked into an "extended non-ego."

Now the chilling blasts of November have come, and the "Virginia Park" is no longer thronged with the lovers of the "national game," the "grand-stand"—i.e., the college tower.—looks dejected.

Since Sullivan the "slugger" passed through Richmond, everybody, from the small boy to the college student, has awakened to the knowledge that he was born to win fame by means of the "fistic art"; but only one, so far as we have heard, has been actually taken for a pugilist. He is a ministerial.

You will see from the "Personals" that an important personage has lately been among us. Of course we refer to the gentleman who captured the medal in the school of "Mendacity," and was thereby entitled to the degree M. M. To attest the high esteem for which his art is still held, the old students flocked about him with wonder and admiration; the new students stood with ears erect and mouths open to catch something "new under the sun." They always caught it. "And Ananias stood forth." But it is now well known that he stands fifth.

The senior partner of cottage No. 1 has been much annoyed of
late by a "general assembly" around his door. The worst feature of this "general assembly" is, that they have not a speaker, for they are all speakers, all claiming the floor at one and the same time. Now, unless this assembly passes some "subsidiary motion," it is feared that the aggrieved party, who is, rather muscular, will be constrained to form a society of Nihilistic proclivities for its extermination, and thus abruptly adjourn it sine die.

The following is an instance of the way in which some persons, unsolicited, betray their innocent selves. Mr. S. (passing a certain charitable institution in company with Mr. B.): "Say, B., how long do you think it will be before you are an inmate here?" Mr. B. (unsuspectingly): "Pshaw, man, that's no lunatic asylum."

Of course we are glad again to welcome "Cris" in our midst, knowing he will be equally efficient in each of his departments.

Two old students, a few days ago, sitting in "Capitol Square," were discussing the question whether or not they should go out and take dinner at the college; but when the more thoughtful one reminded the other that it was "Boss-day," "the die is cast," the discussion ended, and they start up Grace street, making more than ordinary time, until they reach the "mess hall." We are glad to see our friends, but they need not let "Boss-day" have any special attraction.

A student can learn little or nothing under a professor in whom he has no confidence. For instance:

Prof.: "Mr. Q., six hundred miles make a furlong, do they not?"
Mr. Q.: "Yes, sir." (Applause.)
"Hello, partner, who is your 'old lady'?"
"Haven't got one yet."
"Don't you want one?"
"Yes, I'm going to have one, if I have to advertise for her."

One of our corps has recently been laid up. Foot-ball did it. It was the fifth requisite, previously mentioned, which he lacked. If you had seen him hobbling along with the aid of a stick, you would scarcely have supposed him an editor, so unliterary did he look. We are glad to state that he is well again. He now works for the Messenger, studies Senior Math., or something of that kind, while the other boys kick the ball.

"Who is that young man with the tall-crowned, stiff felt hat?"
"Why, that's Mr. B., of Richmond." "Oh, yes."

The contents of the old museum, and so much of the college library as was considered worthy of new surroundings, have been moved down into the Memorial Hall. Dr. Ryland is acting as librarian, and
"Chris" as exhibitor of the museum. It is wonderful with what rapidity the latter has learned the particulars concerning the various curiosities, the sex and pedigree of the mummy, the age of the snouted pig, &c.

Why are the mess-hall boys like Democrats? Ans. Because they make so much fuss about the Boss.

For fear the above may be considered by men in political circles to be of political significance, we propound the following: Why is the caterer of the mess like Readjusters? Ans. Because he buys up material for the Boss.

On Friday night, November 9th, in the Mu Sigma Rho court-room, the following persons were tried on the following charges respectively, to wit:

The corresponding secretary of Philologian Society, charged with maliciously, and with intent to defame and insult, did write and send an incendiary and slanderous communication to the Mu Sigma Rho Society, contrary to the peace and dignity of the said Mu Sigma Rho Society. And that the aforesaid corresponding secretary did criminally endeavor to cover up his whereabouts, with the malicious attempt of eluding justice.

Further, the corresponding secretary of the Mu Sigma Rho Society, charged with aiding and abetting in the aforesaid slander and fraud, and with having been connected with the said corresponding secretary of the Philologian Society in the said scheme.

Both of the accused were represented by expert and able counsel, and given all the privileges which the law in such cases allows. All the attorneys made most excellent appeals save one, who, in the excitement of the moment, injudiciously admitted that he himself had had connection with the affair. It is not yet known how many there really are of these accomplices; but public sentiment has been so aroused by the unfortunate affair, that there is little doubt but that all who had any connection with it will be found out, and the miscreants brought to justice.

A jury of twelve impartial men rendered a verdict of "guilty" in each case, and the judge fixed the penalty, "That they be given over to a committee of sturdy men, to be handled until they are bumped, bumped, bumped; in the case of the former, five bumps; in the case of the latter, ten bumps." The court, however, on motion of the counsel, subsequently set aside the verdict, on the ground that the latter, having been thrown several years ago from a horse, could not
physically endure the penalty; and that, after examination by skilled
and expert physicians, it was considered, owing to circumstances, im-
practicable to inflict the prescribed penalty upon the latter. The court
adjourned.

PERSONALS.

W. P. Hines, session '79 and '80, was with us a few days ago. He left
college, very much to the regret of his old comrades, about a month
after the first of the session; but, having gotten Wise, he wishes either
to come back to college or to go to the seminary. Let other men
who propose to quit college for matrimonial arrangements beware.
They may not get Wise enough to return, or the very act of getting
Wise may prevent them from so doing.

Rev. C. A. G. Thomas, session '78 and '79, was with his Fulton
people a few Sundays ago. He is to succeed Dr. Mundy as pastor at
Warrenton, N. C. Come back, Brother T., and give us some more
of Sister Hare's and Brother Coon's views of inspiration.

John D. Garrett, session '81 and '83, is in business at his home in
Loudoun. It is needless to say that Loudoun is one of the best counties
in the State. Yet, in having only one representative here, it fails to
recognize the fact that Richmond College is one of the best institu-
tions of learning in the South. Gentlemen of Loudoun, be Quick in
rectifying your mistake in not patronizing Richmond College.

W. H. Hoge, we learn, is in Baltimore, and doing a good business.
Billy, don't you think you could kick the foot-ball now?

R. W. Graves is also in Baltimore. The productions of your
brush, which decorated the walls of your parlor, have been over-
shadowed by the ruder brush of the unappreciative whitewasher.

Roger Gregory, session '82 and '83, paid us a brief visit. We were
glad to see him, but sorry he was in such a hurry.

Q. L. Fowlkes, B. A. of last session, is with us at present. He is
in business at his home in Nottoway. He tells us that he has no
thoughts of marrying soon. We don't know what he tells somebody
else.

Here is another personal. L. E. Spencer, '78 and '79, is married.
We knew that it would be some of these days. Well, old friend, you
have a right to be happy. Accept our congratulations.
EXCHANGES.

This number of the Messenger is characterized by the fact that a paper which has been noted for the wisdom and experience of its editors, is now entrusted to a new set of editors, one, at least, of whom is entirely without editorial experience. We enter the editorial sanctum with a polite bow and a hearty welcome to one and all of our exchanges.

With quite a formidable pile of them before us, and but a limited time to examine them, we scarcely know what to read and what not to read. We feel very much like the man whose plate has been too bountifully helped to a good many things that he really likes—that we would enjoy everything very much if there was not quite so much of it. Like that same man, we can't devour everything, but will have to content ourselves with picking out the best scraps. We shall try not get ourselves into a hornet's nest; but if, unluckily, we do, we will next try to make it worse for the hornets than for ourselves.

The Lutherville (Md.) Seminarian is a bright, attractive little paper. The first article of its October number, "Teaching Viewed from a Student's Standpoint," is carefully prepared, interesting, and instructive.

The Portfolio, the organ of the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, is an attractive little paper of sixteen pages, only ten of which is occupied with advertisements.

The College Message, published by the students of St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., is in some respects to be commended. Its Exchange editor seems to be fired with an earnest and honest purpose of criticising. Most of his criticisms are very mild and even complimentary in their character. The Message is undoubtedly unequalled in its collection of humorous sayings. It has one piece which is really an excellent article—"College Life," by J. J. F. It has another article, "The American Dude," in which the writer tries to be witty, learned, or profound, we don't know exactly which. We don't think he succeeded very well at either.

The Academy Journal, edited by the students of St. John's Academy, Alexandria, Va., is a small sheet, devoted mostly to college items.

The October number of the Richmond Miscellany, published by the Alpha Literary Society, is well gotten up. We are glad to welcome this paper to our exchange list.
The November number of the *Wheelman* is before us. This paper is published by the Wheelman Company, Boston, Mass. It is printed on excellent paper and has excellent engravings, but it seems to have a monomania on the subject of wheels. Every picture is the picture of a wheel. It has a most excellent letter from a Harvard student. This letter would lead one to think the *Wheelman* a college journal of the most excellent character, but it ends with an earnest request for a wheel. In reply to the said letter, an affectionate cousin is represented as saying, "I never can forgive old mother Eve for loading us with skirts, and so hampering us that we can't enjoy anything—but our dresses... When you bring that bicycle, I'm just going to ride it... Can't we ride it 'side-saddle'?" Oh, the ingenuity of the *Wheelman*! 'Twill work revolutions in society.

We have before us a copy of Copp's *United States Salary and Civil-Service Rules*. It is a pamphlet of 160 pages, prepared by Henry N. Copp, a lawyer of Washington, D.C., containing a list of all the Government salaries, from President Arthur's $50,000 to postmasters with $500. It contains, also, a list of officials of the Treasury, Interior, State, and Navy Departments, custom-houses, post-offices, and fully 2,000 Federal offices, arranged by States and Territories. Specimen examination questions for admittance to the civil service throughout the country are added. The price of this book is 35 cents.

We have before us many more excellent exchanges, but time and space prevent us from giving a more extended notice of them. We have on our table the Aurora, College Index, the Wilmington Collegian, College Journal, the Agents' Herald, the Baton, the Volante, the Star Crescent, the Alma Mater, Delaware College Review, three copies of the *Varsity*, the Normal News, the Indiana Student, the Rugby Monthly, and the American Journalist.

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