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No. 3.

EDITORS.—*Mu Sigma Rho*, O. L. STEARNES, E. B. POLLARD; *Philologist*,
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BUSINESS MANAGER.—R. C. HUBBARD.

CUPIDS ON THE CURTAINS.

O you airy little Cupids!
On my window-curtains there,
Springing up from beds of flowers,
With your cherub-faces fair!

O you naked little rascals!
With the wings of butterflies,
Holding high your purple flambeaux,
Peering cutely with your eyes!

With the varied blooms about you,
And the arbors overstead,
Quite a picture, I confess me,
Makes each flaxen little head.

But, why rise you from your flowers,
With your torches flaming bright?
Seek you some poor heart of mortal,
O'er which to assert your right?

And you all seem at me gazing,
As if I the victim were.
Is it I, O mischief-workers,
Who should now your bondage bear?

Then, why seek me in such numbers,
Hosted as you are up there?
One alone—one Cupid only—
Is enough my heart to tear.

But, oh! you cannot catch me!
You are *there*, and I am *here*!
Closer you must venture, rascals,
Ere your flames will cause me fear.

So I feel a perfect safety,
Gazing at your pretty charms;
For I know that you are pictures
Only—and devoid of harms.

November, 1883.

CLINTON.

CLASSICAL STUDY.

Before we enter into our subject proper, let us notice briefly the origin of the Latin and the Greek languages and their relation to each other.

Philologists designate the Bactrian plateau, a plain in the western part of Central Asia, as the place whence the different races were dispersed. The first race which left the common centre, settled in Phœnicia, Egypt, and Ethiopia. This race has been called "Turanian." The next race, after leaving the common centre, settled in Southern Asia. The name "Semitic" has been applied to this race. The last race which left the common centre emigrated southward, and entered India. This race then advanced west over most of Europe, and became the progenitors of the Greeks, Romans, Persians, and the Teutonic tribes. The name "Indo-European" has been given to this race, because different branches of it settled in India and Europe, or "Indo-Germanic," because the Germans have been foremost to investigate its affinities. The fact that the language of the Iapygians was more closely related to that of the Greeks than to any language in Italy, suggests the probability that the Greeks arrived in Greece some time before the arrival of the Italians in Italy. For it seems that the Iapygians emigrated from Greece to Italy before the arrival of the Italians in Italy. The date of the entrance of the Italians into Italy is very obscure, but was probably B. C. 2000.

Of the languages belonging to the Indo-European family, the branch which is most closely connected with and related to the Latin is the Greek language, though the Greek is vastly superior to the Latin in flexibility, smoothness, symmetry, and beauty. The nation for which the Greek language was the instrument of thought, far excelled in science and art that for which Latin was the instrument of thought. These two languages were closely associated in ancient history, but the Greeks reached the pinnacle of fame and worldly renown much earlier than the Romans. The date of the earliest monuments of the Greek language has never been exactly determined, but is about B. C. 1000. The earliest writings in Latin which we have, date as far back as B. C. 250.

The dialectic differences of Greek are insignificant when compared with those of Latin. The Romaic Greek differs from the classic Greek much less than modern Italian from classic Latin; so we see that the classic Greek has been better preserved than classic Latin.

The term "classic" is drawn from the political economy of Rome. The people were divided into classes, and the class to which each individual belonged was determined by the amount of his property. The number of the class was generally given, as second, third, fourth, &c. ; but those who belonged to the highest class were designated simply "classici," without giving the number. So with writers, those of highest merit were termed "classici." The best writers in every language might properly be called "classici"; but those who wrote in Latin and Greek so far excelled writers in other languages that the term is employed in popular usage to designate those who wrote in Latin and Greek, the most celebrated writers in those languages.

The study of the ancient languages has for a long time held a prominent place in the educational courses of the schools in all refined, intelligent, and cultivated nations. The knowledge which the learned scholars of the world had of these languages several centuries ago is far less than what is known of them at the present day. The scholars of that time could read and write Latin, perhaps, more readily than those of the present day; but when we come to examine their knowledge of them, as related to other languages, we find that it was very deficient. As for Greek, it was a rare thing to find a man who had mastered even the elements of the language; but with the progress of the ages in literature and science, Greek has risen gradually to the position which it so deservedly holds in our educational institutions. Since so much attention has recently been given to the study of comparative philology, the development of the ancient languages has been extraordinary. So extensive has been the study of ancient languages during the last century, that almost every subject, even in its minutest details, has been critically and carefully examined.

Some men, of an apparently practical spirit, have expressed themselves opposed to the study of ancient languages in our schools of learning, on the ground that it is an expenditure of time to no purpose, that the ordinary graduate in our best colleges can with difficulty translate the simpler authors even. It is sufficient to say in reply that a student's knowledge of Latin and Greek is not perfected in his college course, but that he is merely prepared to pursue the study of the ancient languages for himself after he shall have left college. It is obvious that an instructor is of great assistance to any student just beginning the study of any language. The student is taught how to study and what to study. A more perfect familiarity with the languages is left for the student to acquire. If an undisciplined mind

attempts to study the classics without assistance, it will be found laborious as well as fruitless. The scholar must not be judged by the mass of facts which he has acquired while at college, but by the development of his powers, the enlargement of his capacities, his ability to apply what he has learned, by the readiness, clearness, and accuracy with which he is able to impart to others what he has learned. The ancient languages will not only be continued as a prominent part of our higher college and university courses, but will be studied even with increased interest. Those who think that Latin and Greek ought to be abolished from our college course, recommend that the time thus spent be given to the study of modern languages. It is true, we may learn to some extent modern languages even if we have never studied ancient languages; but to understand the structure and origin of modern languages, a thorough knowledge of ancient languages is very important. An acquaintance with ancient languages aids us in understanding more readily and apprehending more clearly the real significance of words in modern languages.

Ancient Greece and Italy have contributed more to oratory, poetry, and philosophy than any other lands on the globe. As orators, poets, sculptors, logicians, and philosophers, the ancient Greeks and Romans have excited the admiration of the world. Nothing can be detracted from their achievements in the literary sphere, no laurels can ever be plucked from their crowns so meritoriously won. The world will always acknowledge their achievements in literature, will ever continue to sing their praises.

In classical study, the facts which are found lead to discussions in which we gain much information somewhat indirectly. Since the ancient Greeks and Romans were more highly cultivated than any other nations of antiquity, to these we must go for our knowledge of antiquity. But for these nations, much of antiquity would be in comparative obscurity. The histories of these nations are eminently practical in their application to the present day. Biography and history furnish examples for our edification and government as well as means by which mistakes in the science of government may be corrected. Who would attempt to become a successful and eminent statesman without having made himself familiar with Greek and Roman history? Both Greek and Roman history abounds in eminent orators and statesmen. The policy adopted in various cases, as well as the results of such policy, are known from Greek and Roman history: consequently, the statesman of modern times has examples of good and bad policy, and their results, from which he may be able to

predict the results of some measures adopted in modern government. In literature, the classics furnish the most perfect examples of orations and poetical compositions. It has been said that the oration *de corona* of Demosthenes has never been, and will never be, equalled.

Since frequently a single word contains many facts of history, our knowledge of ancient Greece and Italy increases as we better understand the ancient languages. The relation of Latin and Greek to each other and to other languages is to a great extent determined by the study of words of same origin found in ancient and other languages.

A thorough knowledge of ancient languages is necessary for the man of literary pursuits especially. Since the English language is so largely derived from ancient languages, either mediately or immediately, a nice selection of words and their proper use is dependent on one's knowledge of ancient languages; the exact idea intended to be conveyed cannot be expressed concisely and accurately without knowing the real significance of words. To have the power of nice discrimination, and to distinguish delicate shades of meaning in words of almost the same signification, are both acquired in a high degree by the study of the ancient languages. The poet's ideals must be expressed by means of language, yet language never expresses all that the poet imagines; indeed, no medium of expressing ideals is perfect. It is obvious, then, that the poet especially needs a copious vocabulary from which to select such words as will most nearly express his ideals. This copious vocabulary can be acquired by classical study.

It is of great importance to the gentlemen of the medical and legal professions to have some acquaintance with Latin and Greek. If any new discoveries are made in medicine, or any new terms incorporated into the profession of law, they are usually expressed in Latin. Natural sciences are indebted to Latin and Greek for technical terms. Chemistry, particularly, has been much abbreviated by employing words derived from ancient languages. The system of nomenclature in modern chemistry is made up almost entirely of words derived from Latin and Greek. These words, moreover, define, to a considerable extent, the nature of the element or compound. These scientific names are more easily remembered by any one if he has previously acquired some familiarity with Latin and Greek.

Perhaps no better example of systematic languages could be found than that furnished by the ancient languages. Most modern lan-

guages abound in irregularities both of form and structure. The ancient languages adhere in their construction to some definite and fixed principle, some reasonable principle. It has been said that the Greek verb is the most beautiful example of conjugation to be found in any language. Beauty here denotes "multiplicity of detail combined in unity." The ancient languages seem to have been founded more on a scientific plan than modern languages. Even men of modern times can to some extent appreciate the beauty of the Greek language, by continuous study and by reciting some poems often enough to feel the force of their words. An oration correctly delivered in the Greek language, with all of its smoothness, harmony, and melody, might well have excited in the ancient Greeks a desire for illustrious achievements, inspired them with so great zeal, and inflamed their patriotic spirit with the determination that they would conquer or die.

* *

CHARLES THE FIRST—HIS EXECUTION.

All are acquainted with the *history* of Charles I., his ascension to the throne, his great public acts as well as his private career. A discussion of these is not here intended, except as they throw light upon the last great event in his experience—his execution. It is not his *life*, therefore, with which this article is especially concerned, but his *death*. Whether or not the conduct of Charles I. while upon the throne warranted the severe punishment which was inflicted upon him, has been often and vehemently discussed, even by historians. Hume inclines to the opinion that he by no means deserved the death which overtook him, while Macaulay ardently condemns the course of Charles, and strongly advocates the justice of his sentence. It is a question which might admit of difference of opinion.

Charles had many good qualities. He had many bad ones. Macaulay puts in the mouth of Milton: "He was grave, demure, of a solemn carriage and sober diet; as constant at prayers as a priest; as heedless of oaths as an atheist." He was "grave, demure, of a solemn carriage." Should not a king be grave, somewhat demure, and of a solemn carriage, since the responsibility of the office with which he is entrusted is grave and solemn? "And of sober diet"—a very commendable trait, and especially so in a king, who has so many opportunities of being otherwise. "As constant at prayers as a priest"—extremely commendable in subject as well as king. Then,

wherein did Charles err? "As heedless of oaths as an atheist." Ah, there's the sin. Charles was perfidious. That he would fulfil his promises could be as little relied on as the direction of the gentle zephyr. "Upon my faith," "upon my sacred word," "upon the honor of a prince," fell so easily from his lips, and dwelt so short a time on his mind, that his subjects soon learned that Charles was not a "man of his word." He would sign petitions, make promises, ratify laws, and in his very next act would break those promises and violate those laws. He ratified in a most solemn manner that celebrated law, the "Petition of Right," which was styled the second "Magna Charta" of English liberties; by the ratifying of which he bound himself never again to levy taxes without the consent of Parliament, never again to imprison any person except in the due course of law, never again to subject his people to courts-martial. To which had he faithfully adhered, a long series of calamities would have been averted, and peace and prosperity would have reigned throughout England.

It is true that many good and wholesome laws were enacted during his reign; but if good and wholesome laws had been sufficient to restrain the king, the people would have had little cause for complaint. But these laws could not have had greater authority than the "Magna Charta" and the "Petition of Right"; yet, neither the "Magna Charta," hallowed by the veneration of ages, nor the "Petition of Right," sanctioned by his own hand, was able to restrain Charles and defend the people.

As has already been said, Charles had many good traits of character. Alas! how his evil, while on the throne, overshadowed and darkened the good of his private life. Few men have ever possessed such a varied character, one so filled with the blending of good and evil—no, good and evil can never *blend*—but a character in which the good and evil seem to alternate; now the good attaining the ascendancy, now the evil. Such was the character of Charles I. It is somewhat difficult to place a correct estimate upon such a character. Although we should, with unprejudiced eye, see the good which one possesses as well as the evil, yet the fact that one possesses much good in his nature cannot be a reason why the evil should not be frowned upon and given its just recompense. Although Charles possessed many most excellent traits (it is supposed that no man is utterly destitute of all good traits), yet those which were bad should by no means be palliated and excused. Commendation for the good of his private life should not exempt him from the censure which his evil

administration deserved. Or, in the words of Macaulay, "If he oppress and extort all day, shall he be held blameless because he prayeth night and morning? If he be insatiable in plunder and revenge, shall it be overlooked because in meat and drink he is moderate? If he lived like a tyrant, shall he be forgotten because he hath died like a martyr?" It was the public life and doings of Charles with which the people were especially interested, and for which he was led to the cold block at Whitehall.

That Charles was guilty of tyranny cannot be questioned. For the most trivial offences were citizens punished, and there was no redress. On a certain occasion, a nobleman's servant quarrelled with a citizen; the servant, to show his importance, displayed his master's badge, which he wore on his sleeve. The badge was a swan. The citizen, who was not quite so used to coats of arms and the insignia of royalty, replied, "What do you think I care for that goose?" For these words he was summoned before the Star Chamber, and fined an enormous sum "for insulting a nobleman's crest," in that he was not sufficiently learned to make proper ornithologic distinctions.

Charles was an enemy to religious liberty. Thousands of men were compelled to flee from England on account of their faith, which they loved even more than their native land. Could they exclaim, "England, with all thy faults I love thee still"? There were men who, in the cause of their religion, "feared, less than the oppressions of Charles, the rage of the ocean, the hardships of uncivilized life, the fangs of savage beasts, and the tomahawks of more savage men." Charles tried violently to check this maddened stream of emigration, but he could not prevent the population of New England from being largely recruited by stout-hearted, God-fearing men from Old England. There is one circumstance connected with this history which almost indisputably shows that Charles did not have the favor of Providence. During this emigration, Hampden, Pym, Cromwell, among others, on account of the oppression, started for America, where "freedom rings," but were prevented by Charles and retained in England. These were the very men who were most instrumental in having him led to the block. Thus he became the nourisher of his own destruction.

Charles was not dealt with foully, nor put to death without trial. He was allowed to plead his cause before a tribunal and to have intercessors; nor was he sentenced by a few prejudiced minds, but by a tribunal of one hundred and thirty-three men, selected from among the representatives of the people and citizens of London. He was

found guilty, and pronounced "a tyrant, a murderer, a traitor, and a public enemy." Charles was led to Whitehall, and there the head of England's king was quietly placed upon the cold, dark block, and severed from the body. Thus did one of the most perfidious, oppressive, tyrannical, and yet in private life one of the most meek, temperate, and religious of England's rulers die. Often has it proved better that a tyrant's throne be stained with his blood than ornamented by the rubies in his crown.

We have but to read the inscription on the tomb of one of those who were foremost in the removal of Charles, buried far from his native land, in order to perceive the true spirit which animated them: "Reader, remember that resistance to tyrants is obedience to God."

RALEIGH.

THE MISER.

There are many men in the world who do not appreciate the true beauty and pleasure of life. They never understand the grand purpose of their existence. Nor do they see the glory of the world round about them. Perverted by wrong notions of their duty in the world, and deluded by selfish and other unworthy motives, they spend the period of their abode on earth in the menial service of some tyrant to which they have, of their own will, subjected themselves. Whatever be the nature of this tyrant, whether some low desire or false purpose, it as really exercises tyrannical sway over its subject as does the arbitrary and cruel despot who unjustly imposes grievous punishments and heavy burdens upon those under his power. Many breathe the free air of heaven, as it wafts over land and sea invisibly, yet really and constantly, those vital elements without which life must immediately become extinct, and never does a feeling of gratitude to the Giver of both life and its support prompt them to lift their eyes thankfully toward heaven for the constant preservation of life, nor to employ their time in a manner worthy of the pure air they breathe. The light of the sun shines forth only for them to seek the gratification of their sordid desires. They live, in the sense of existing, and die without adding anything to the world's welfare and without enjoying the best blessings of life. Humanity is not to them the great circle, including all men, and demanding of every individual in it obedience to its claims for the constant support and elevation of its moral standard, but is an extremely small circle, in which they exist.

as the centre. Frequently they are but stumbling-blocks in the way of those whose purposes are more noble and elevated, and their departure is only the turning over to another the talents which they have so long kept hid.

In the list of these unhappy and, largely if not entirely, unprofitable beings comes the miser, whose nature and condition language reveals to us without inquiring of the miser himself what his mental and moral state is. How often is this word correctly applied, without considering how much meaning and force there is in it. By its origin it tells its own tale, being transferred, as it is, bodily from the Latin, where it has the meaning of pitiful, wretched, and the like. How true must this be of a man who dries up all the streams of joy and happiness by his burning zeal and distressing anxiety about his hoarded treasure. His excessive cares concerning money, his fears of poverty, while around him lies the unused and needless gold, dispel from his mind all thoughts of a noble character. He stores away and fondly re-counts his dollars, not with the purpose of investing them in some benevolent enterprise, nor for the good of succeeding generations, but simply for the gratification of his own depraved wishes. His eyes are blinded to everything noble by the all-absorbing thought of hoarding money. His soul never feels any of those higher impulses which influence and arouse the true man. Nothing is of any importance to him which does not bring to him some increase in his store. He desires not this increase that he may invest it in some profitable cause, but that he may niggardly conceal and hold it, as if it were something intended to be preserved with the greatest care, or as if it were something sending out from itself, as the source, the only true happiness and the most ecstatic joy. Money is not to him a means, but an end, unto which he makes everything else serve as means. Money is his idol, upon whose altar he sacrifices the most sublime principles of human nature and the best interests of mankind. The gold coin shines brighter than the sun, and his ears are very sensitive and keenly attentive whenever anything with a monetary sound is mentioned. Humanity, however strong and urgent its appeals for help, does not touch a responsive chord in his heart, and he thinks no man worthy of his money.

Society has no attraction for him, unless there is some material profit from it. He wishes to mingle with his fellows only so far as he may thereby swell his purse, and even then he is filled with fear that they will take the advantage of him and defraud him in some way. He is painfully suspicious of other men, and doubts the honesty of

every man, however honorable and upright he may be. Never does he enjoy the pleasure of strong confidence in any one, nor of mutual sympathy. He finds pleasure in re counting his treasures in some quiet resort. But then he is uneasy, with fear that some one will come upon him and see his wealth, and continually he is unhappy and discontented.

He is painfully apprehensive even of friendship. If any one seems rather friendly to him, he is after his money. Friends are not sought by him, because he is afraid that their friendship will cost him something or hinder him in acquiring new additions to his store. Those who would tell him of the evil he is doing, in disregarding the genial association of friends, and in bowing in the idolatrous worship of money, are looked upon by him as deceivers, trying to get from him his gold and silver. He listens not to any who would lift him above such base principles and awaken him to grander purposes in life. There courses through his veins none of the pure and healthy blood which gives life and vigor to the true man. The flow of his blood is quickened and he is animated about nothing as about his sordid gold. He becomes repulsive to those who are closely connected with him by family ties. His manners are unattractive to all with whom he has to do. They shun him and want to be with him as little as possible. Hence, he is left alone to follow his own base inclinations. He feels none of that nobler joy and happiness which comes through the medium of warm, mutual friendship. Those emotions which spring from that high and unselfish love for one's fellow-men are unknown to him. His heart is not the seat of those worthy feelings and desires that seek after the world's advancement and the moral elevation of man.

Thus he ignores those distinctive feelings which ennoble man and make him godlike; for the two most honorable bonds that bind men together are those of society and friendship. History, both sacred and profane, shows that man is preëminently a social being. If civilization, honor, and glory shall crown a nation, it must be accomplished through society. We have only to glance back over the pages of history to see that men, in the rudest beginnings, grouped themselves together. The sacred record tells that the Divine mind perceived that it was not good for man to be alone. So it is plain that the great Creator has predestinated man for association. To disregard one's obligations to his fellows is both to violate the will of the Creator and to pervert the ways of truth and morality. History, not more than observation and experience, proves that society, in the true

sense, is the great nourisher of those ennobling emotions of the human heart. For, where has civilization and morality reached the greatest height? Plainly where society has been most advanced and the people have been most loyal to the claims of society upon them. To spend a life in the best interests of mankind, and in the elevation of society, is better than hoarded thousands, and the esteem and gratitude of a people for unselfish and philanthropic deeds are better than the millions of a Dives, and the favor coming from the Giver of all things, for one's right use of his means in accomplishing the grand purpose of his being, is better than the billions of the entire world. He also breaks the bond of friendship which binds human beings in a common sympathy. He knows little of the true joy that comes from a source so heavenly as real friendship. Wretched, indeed, must be the man who has no one to participate with him in his pleasures nor to speak words of comfort in the hours of trouble. Language shows clearly that man is comforted by telling others his joys and sorrows by the many words for expressing these. Experience and observation add their testimony to the fact. But poor must be the comfort for one to tell his troubles and to receive no sympathy from the hearer. The miser receives little sympathy from those to whom he reveals his afflictions when they come, because when he is free from them he spends his time not in any deed of honor or worth, but in slavishly hoarding. Cold and unhealthy must be his heart, and unhappy must be the man who so basely, as does the miser, shuts out from himself everything that pertains to man's better nature. He stands alone as the worshipper of money, an object of contempt. The capacities with which nature has endowed him, and the opportunities furnished for accomplishing grand and noble purposes, are all wasted upon his ignoble love for that which should be made a means only for something higher. He is wretched in the eyes of his God, because he violates His principles; wretched in the eyes of his fellow beings, because he is a dead-head to the interests of humanity; and wretched within himself, because of his insatiate and depraved greediness for money. The miser is, indeed, a miserable man, and language has not swerved from her truthfulness in applying to him a name from which we have our term *misery*, to denote all kinds of unhappiness and distress.

From the unhappy state and unworthy motives of the miser, the natural conclusion is that the love of money, as such, is ignoble and destructive to man's better principles. In the miser we find this love in the extreme; but there are many, who perhaps are never called

misers, that hinder their usefulness in the world by imbibing too much of the miser's spirit. It is all-important that one should earnestly strive to increase his goods, and take care of them after he gets them. But let no one convert himself into a money-making machine. Let not the getting and holding of money be his highest aspiration. Man is a being of nobler principles and grander possibilities, and his aspirations should be far higher than the amassing of silver and gold.

TAU.

MOUNTAIN LIFE.

Few people unacquainted with the traits and peculiarities of mountain people know how to estimate the pleasures they enjoy. In colonial days, only those of the rougher class could stand the hardships to which these people were necessarily exposed. Consequently, it was not an untrue accusation that mountaineers were ignorant, nor an unjust intimation about their being ruffians in those earlier days. How could they have faced the red man in a place so advantageous to his stratagems, or stood the dreary winters of their desolate abode, without such characteristics? No newspaper reached their homes nor teacher taught their children. All alone, unsurrounded by neighbors, and destitute of books, families were reared at war with the Indian and unfriendly to mankind. So, when they visited their cousins at Jamestown and along the coast, they were termed rude and unpolished. Nor was this an unjust appellation, for they had not had the advantages of society and civil protection.

By a natural consequence these people developed bravery, courage, and fortitude. But this was not all: The Eastern people began to dream of the fertile valleys among the mountains. The sparkling streams and cooling waters, the lofty oak with its shady boughs, and the refreshing breeze of the fragrant air, all combined their influences on the Eastern dreamers, and drew them in large numbers to enjoy these splendid luxuries. To the former virtues were added sociability and religious enterprises by these movements. It was not many years, then, until they became in every respect equal to their tide-water kindred. And although that impression of ignorance in the mountains is handed down by tradition to the present day, yet it is an unquestioned fact among well-informed men that Virginia's soil possesses no truer sons than the noble heroes of her mountain homes.

The mineral waters, imparting health and strength to those who

quaff this pleasant luxury, bubbles forth near every home. The rosy cheeks of the little urchins show rustic beauty and country health. The busy little housewife, aglow with health and strength, is at her spring-house dairy, preserving her morning treasure, while flocks of grazing cattle go lowing in the meadows. The green and leafy orchards are bending low with fruit, while the pear-trees of the garden seem anxious for relief. The painted cheeks of full-grown peaches are blushing from the stare of visitors, while the heavy bunches of delicious grapes are hanging from the frameworks prepared for the shady vine. Is this a land of ignorance and worthless citizenship? Are these homes despised? Are these tables rejected and these people looked down upon? Let the reader conclude. But still another view. Let us ascend some lofty ridge, or scale the peaks of Otter. From its lofty summit what do we see? The stranger is speechless and amazed. From Pisgah's lofty height no mortal ever saw grander scenery. On the east, behold a rolling country, stretching away in the distance till the eye perceives it touch the rising sun. The hills appear depressed to an even surface and the lofty Blue Ridge only a half-grown child. Over its head goes the western sun, and illuminates an apparent Canaan between the dim blue mountains. What do we see? Herds of cattle grazing in the meadows, with flocks of sheep upon the blue-grass hills. Fallowed fields and thrify crops adorn the landscape, while the deep-blue waters take their color from the azure-tinted mountains around. Thousands of homes adorn the farms, like white specks on a painter's sky, and all is lovely and grand. Democracy is their breath and liberty their atmosphere. The pine and arbor-vitæ, the oak and evergreen, are all at peace or pleasure, and bow to greet each other. The laurel protects the ivy, and knows not of the poison that courses through its veins. Under such political government the mountain people thrive.

From youth the mountains teach the children to *look up*, and if they would see much pleasure, *climb up*. They also impart food to the imagination, so that all people among them are naturally inclined to illustrations as dim to the understanding as the mountains to the eye. But the society is just as refined, cultivated, and intelligent as any place in the State. Organs and pianos are just as common, and skilled performers no more rare. Why, then, so many allusions to the mountaineers as a rude set? Because the incident is either ancient or the teller an inconsistent manufacturer of improbabilities. The scenery of the mountains themselves is very imposing to the stranger. Just as one who first beholds the sea is surprised at the surging

billows, foaming waves, and boundless waters, so does the stranger feel when first he sees the mountains towering in the heavens. Not long since a middle aged man went with me, from his lowland home, to the Blue Ridge Springs, having skirted the mountains all in the darkness of midnight. Next morning, as we walked through the hotel porch, he exclaimed in astonishment, "I have often read of mountains, but never thought there were any such things as these in the world." He was an intelligent man and a college-bred gentleman. Therefore, I suspect there are many other intelligent students who, having never seen the mountains, have no conception of their splendor nor idea of a mountain home.

Let no heart in sorrows
Weep o'er other days,
Let no idle dreamer
Tell, in melting lays,
Of the merry partings
'Mong the mountain cares;
For there is no land on earth
Like this fair land of theirs.

NOMEL.

NON-ESSENTIALS.

There are some things which in no manner serve to promote success or contribute to the welfare of any object. Yet they have a function, although it may be a debasing one. But whatever doesn't, in any degree, contribute to the present or future welfare of some object, is a non-essential, and should be disposed of as soon as possible. There are certain agencies which are utilized in producing evil results, and in most cases, perhaps, they are indispensable to the attainment of such ends; yet, viewing the matter justly, we are compelled to denounce all of those means, which only attain to bad results, and class them as non-essentials. Whether there are non-essentials, is a question not to be asked. The world is full of them. But how are we to know exactly what they are, or how we are to free ourselves from them, are questions worthy of deliberation.

If anything is properly called a non-essential, we know its character from its name. The name imports the meaning, as clear as we can define it; and if all non-essentials were classified as such, with facility we would know them separately and collectively, and with equal facility we might rid ourselves of them, if so disposed. But what one

might think to be a non-essential another might regard as highly important. So we are unable to distinguish them by name, but are forced to resort to discretion for aid. A non essential is not necessarily productive of evil, but, as the name indicates, is useless in itself and to everything else. As we have above intimated, there are different ideas as to what we shall class as non-essential; yet there are some things unmistakably non-essential, and by the majority are regarded as such. We shall endeavor to be as general as possible in our view of this subject.

It has been truthfully said that, "so long as the world stands, fashion will continue to lead men by the nose." We know nothing so encumbered with non essentials as the fashion of the present day. To be fashionable, in many respects, is to be silly. If it is true that fashion serves to characterize an age, truly our age is characterized by much that is mere folly. While we are heartily in favor of keeping up with the progress of the times, yet, to do this, we see no reason why we should pay any attention to much that the world calls fashionable, and which is only regarded for fashion's sake. One of the gravest errors of this age is in its fashion. There is too much that is non-essential. We would not have our reader to think we do not admire the beautiful even in fashion, but what we condemn in fashion is that which is neither beautiful nor serviceable, but is adhered to only for fashion's sake. The error we commit in conforming to fashion is, we permit ourselves to be influenced and modified in our habits by very insignificant motives. The proper way is never to act unless moved by a genuine motive, no matter what the tendencies are. A man is never justifiable in his acts, unless he is actuated by a proper motive. But the folly of this age is to do too much, with no motive except mere conformity, which in most cases is a debasing one. Perhaps we may establish it as a rule, those things are non-essential for which we can give no reason. Thus we see we may err in adhering too closely to what is not absolutely necessary; but, on the contrary, we perhaps make equally as grave an error when we attempt to shun or disregard what we may think non-essential. Men make this mistake in making preparation for whatever they may have to do. In certain cases, according to the notions of some, we would think that nearly everything is non-essential. This fault is, for the most part, found in young men. If a young man is unwilling to do a certain thing, he is very likely to think it is not necessary. When he is just entering the threshold of life, fired with an ungovernable temper, blinded by inexperience, he fails in most cases to properly discrimi-

nate between the important and unimportant. The youth may think, and perhaps properly so, that he is called to a certain profession. He recognizes the necessity of mental culture to enter and properly to perform the functions of his calling: he prosecutes his studies with unusual zeal and energy, until he thinks himself sufficiently advanced to know what is, and what is not, absolutely necessary to make him an expert in his profession; and his partial knowledge in most cases carries him, as does the unbridled steed his rider, to a perilous destiny.

In a large and massive building, the builder does not fail to see that every part is properly prepared and placed in its proper place. The less skilled and inexperienced builder would by no means be so exact in every particular. But how necessary it is that every part be in its place. If we go to the national capital, and take our stand near the monument which towers heavenward, and serving to remind its beholders of the grand achievements of him, though dead, yet alive; we stand and look upon that proud summit, bidding defiance to the lightning and storm, and it is truly beautiful and grand. Yet that proud summit would totter, would fall, but for the foundation-rock. Every part has its function, and it would be folly to leave out any part. So, in our preparation for the accomplishment of the designs of life, we should see to it that our foundation is firm. If it is not, how can the superstructure stand? Yet we see young men making this very fatal mistake, regarding something as non-essential upon which depends their future success. Let us not regard the foundation as non-essential. But remember that the towering summit is dependent upon the foundation for its support. To exclude non-essentials, would be to purify current modes of expression. While a thought can only be expressed, no matter what words are employed, yet the same thought can be greatly intensified by using certain words or phrases, though not absolutely necessary, to express the thought. But if there is anything that needs purifying, it is the current, every-day language. There are few who express a complete thought without using some words by no means emphatic, but totally unnecessary, and in most cases detract from the beauty of expression. This is a fault adherent even to the learned. In the conversation of the masses, perhaps one-tenth of the words employed are useless to express their ideas, especially in some of their colloquialisms. The conversationalist would greatly intensify and beautify his mode of expression if he would employ only those words necessary to emphatically express his thoughts.

Some men, in the performance of any duty, will do much that in

no way tends to assist them or bring about the accomplishment of their purposes. How some are perplexed when they have something to do! But if they would properly consider what is absolutely necessary for them to do, and undertake the task, disregarding the non-essentials, much of their trouble would vanish. So in all things, if non-essentials were disregarded, men's minds would not be perplexed with them, and only the absolutely necessary things would present themselves, and more and greater achievements would be made.

The reader may think our view of this subject is much contracted. But if such a conclusion is reached, doubtless it is due to different ideas of success. To take special cases: If a man has anything to do, everything is non-essential in that case except that which will tend to the accomplishment of his undertaking. Yet, those things which he does and should regard as unnecessary in such a case, are by no means valueless, but may only be so in this one case. Then, because we cannot always utilize a thing, is no reason why we should brand it a *non-essential*. But there are some things absolutely non-essential, and it is this class that we wish to be exterminated, and warn our reader against. If we wish to make grand and noble achievements in the world, we must not permit ourselves to be perplexed and retarded by that which is unnecessary. It is very important that we should clearly discriminate between those things; for, by so doing, we will be impressed more with the things that are important and indispensable, and stimulated to greater activity. When we thus adjust matters, we will find much greater satisfaction from our labor.

Q**CK.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

On Tuesday evening, November 13th, by special invitation from Colonel Tanner, the boys of the college went down to visit the iron-works of Messrs. Tanner & Delaney, situated just outside of the city limits, near the track of the Chesapeake and Ohio railway.

For several days before the anticipated trip, the boys were anxious for Tuesday to come, in order to realize the pleasures of the tour of scientific inspection.

When 1:40 o'clock of that day arrived, the dinner-bell rang. Some from excitement, some for other reasons, ate no dinner, while others, wiser than the rest, considered the journey which lay before them, and laid in a good supply. We started at 2 o'clock, about one hundred

and twenty-five strong, attracting attention all along the route; some thinking we were on a tour of mischief, while others thought that there was a political significance, and that we were going to join the torch-light procession of that night. Having reached the gate of the works, not a foe was to be seen; we walked in without resistance, and "took the city." We are not surprised that some of the men, who were not so well acquainted with our intentions, thought, as we came down the hill, "the Yankees were coming," or that we came to steal their fire, as Prometheus did that of Jupiter. But on learning that we did not come with evil designs, or for the purpose of intimidation, they worked easy. Presently our honored chairman of the Faculty, who had been detained behind, drove up with his handsome *grey*, amid cheers which out-sounded the rattle of engines and the knocking of the huge hammers.

After passing through the handsomely-fitted offices, we went into the moulding-room, which seemed to excite greater interest than any other of the capacious apartments. It would be very difficult for one inexperienced in the processes of the preparation of iron to give a minute description, even though he had seen them. The furnace or *cupola*, as it is called, is quite tall, and is fed from above, by first a layer of coal, or rather *coke*, and then a layer of pig-iron, which, as all know, is the iron after the first melting from the ore, and then a little limestone is thrown in to purify the mass. As the iron melts, it trickles down to the bottom of the furnace, where there is a hole about one inch and a half in diameter, temporarily stopped with clay. When the meter says the iron is sufficiently melted, then comes the "tapping-out" of the clay, and out pours a lovely stream of liquid, which is caught into deep iron vessels, lined with the non-conductors clay and charcoal. All the waste material, or *slag*, runs out at the rear of the furnace. The pure iron is poured into various moulds, where it stays until it is sufficiently cooled, after which the mould is opened, and there is the hard iron, all in proper shape, and after a little smoothing is ready for use. The visitors seemed very much amazed at the apparently careless way in which the workmen handled the fiery mass; when the red-hot particles would fly out upon them, they would shake themselves unconcernedly, and go on unharmed. We then went into another department, in which there was a hammer that could strike a blow of many tons. Even the pugilists of the crowd admitted their inferiority, as did also another class sorrowfully, for the hammer certainly could *mash*. But it would take too much time to give a description of every department of that huge foundry.

Suffice it to say, the boys greatly enjoyed their visit to the Tanner & Delaney Iron-Works, and were highly instructed. They will ever remember with pleasure the kindness of Colonel Tanner and others who aided them in the enjoyment of the evening

Rev. J. C. Hiden, of Charlottesville, Va., delivered a Biblical lecture, the third of the series, before the students of the college, on the third Wednesday in November. The subject which had been assigned him was "Hebrew Poetry." Dr. Hiden regretted that he had to treat upon a subject about which so little is known. Especially, said he, is little known about the *form* of Hebrew poetry. He spoke of the importance of imagination to worship as well as to science or discovery; that not only did God make man in his own image, but man makes God in *his* own image. A people's God is what they imagine him to be. He asked, What is poetry? Edgar Allan Poe describes it as the "rythmical creation of the beautiful," which, said the speaker, includes the sublime. He next wished to disabuse the minds of the students of the erroneous idea that poetry means rhyme. The fact is, that the best poetry of all ages has not been written in rhyme. Neither Homer, Sophocles, Æscylus, Milton, nor Shakspeare thus wrote their masterpieces. Shakspeare loses his power when he attempts rhyme, said the lecturer. He didn't believe, as do many, that poetry is fast evanishing from the earth, but that some of the grandest poetry that has ever been written, is the production of a man now living—the Poet-Laureate of England.

Hebrew poetry, said he, was either lyric or didactic. That the lyric poetry had for its theme war or love, and was written to be accompanied by the harp or some other musical instrument. The Psalms are of this class. But the didactic poetry had for its aim the impression of some truth and the instruction of the people. The Proverbs are the best example of didactic poetry. The speaker was of the opinion that proverbs are not the creation of single men, but *folklore*, handed down from mouth to mouth, until they assumed permanent forms. With regard to some things, he believed in evolution.

Hebrew poetry, said Dr. Hiden, was not syllabic nor word rythm, but verse rythm, and consisted largely of antitheses, and in this connection gave a very beautiful example of the poetry in antitheses: "When I was a naked babe upon my parent's knee, I cried while others round me smiled. So live, that when thou comest to thy final sleep, that thou canst smile while others round thee weep." He also

attacked the position held by some, that the poetry of the Bible, as such, is superior to other poetry, simply because it is inspired, but said that much greater *poetry* had been written since.

The lecture was very much enjoyed by the students as well as by the professors and others, and all were instructed.

The fourth lecture of the course was delivered by Dr. J. L. Burrows, of Norfolk. The subject which had been assigned him was, "The Kings and the Prophets." We wish we had time and space, and were in other respects capable of reproducing that most instructive lecture. Dr. Burrows commenced with King Saul and his contemporary prophet Samuel, and circumstances and lessons in the life of David, and the bold Nathan, who dared say to the king, "Thou art the man," and of Solomon; thence he took up the kings and prophets of the two kingdoms after the rebellion of the ten tribes, and so on to their captivity and dispersion.

A very finely-executed chart contains the names of the kings and prophets, in chronological order, made by the ingenious hand of Rev. George J. Hobday, an alumnus of this institution, aided greatly in impressing what the speaker had to say.

The lecture was evidently gotten up with great labor and care, and it is to be regretted that the time allotted was not sufficient to enable Dr. Burrows to conclude his lecture without interruption. We are of the opinion that the students should do the gentlemen who deliver these lectures, and especially when they come from a distance, the honor to remain and hear the conclusions, even if it consumes a part of the time of recitation; and we are sure that the professors will excuse them for extending a courtesy which is due those who so kindly consent to come and give them valuable information on Biblical subjects.

In fulfilment of an engagement, we and our "fifteen" boarded the train at Elba, on Saturday, December 15th, after a slight sprinkle of rain, to go to Ashland, to play a match-game of foot-ball with the Randolph-Macon boys. We started, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, fifty three students, and the professor of Greek, who, like the ancient Greeks, is a believer in athletic sports. We left Richmond amid cheers and the waving of numerous and sundry pieces of white apparel from the windows of the students who for different reasons could not accompany us.

After a forty-minutes' ride we reached Ashland, a pretty little place,

about sixteen miles distant. It is scarcely worth the while to state that we sung nearly all the way, for the college youth who can sing, and will not sing, is made to sing on such an occasion by the uncontrollable buoyancy of his own spirits. We were met at the depôt by our friends of Randolph-Macon, and we renewed former friendships and made new ones.

But it is raining; what shall we do? By the way, it is always raining at Ashland, or rather, that's what the Richmond-College boys say. Ashland does not show any signs of death, either past or future. Then, why can it be that the heavens and all nature seem to be constantly weeping over that town? Presently heaven's eyes are dry, but earth's bosom is become wet and soft with heaven's tears. The game is called. And after brief shifting and turning, and slipping and falling, the ball shoots through Ashland's goal, giving the first heat to Richmond. Ah, now comes the tug of war. Who shall have the second? It is long undecided. More sliding and tumbling, and jumping and bumping, until some misguided individual, not participating in the game, kicked the ball, giving a slight advantage to the Richmond-College boys. The captain of the Randolph-Macon Club immediately called a halt; but the umpires, failing to see any irregularities, caused the game to continue, and the Richmond boys again succeeded in putting the ball through their opponents' goal with little resistance, a considerable number of the latter having stopped play at the word of their captain. It having gotten quite late, it was decided to finish the game after partaking of a hearty dinner. But Providence had ordained otherwise. The heavens again wept over Ashland, even to the going down of the sun. And we left, having all had a good time, notwithstanding the rain and the unfinished game, and parted reluctantly with our friends of Randolph-Macon. We enjoyed the trip, and hope it will not be long before our visit is repaid by the boys of Ashland.

Y. M. C. A.—The Young Men's Christian Association of Richmond College is an organization for Christian work among the students. The Association meets once a month, and has its standing committees on various kinds of evangelical work. The Young Men's Christian Association takes the place of the Missionary Society, which was well known to all the old students. By converting the Missionary Society into the Young Men's Christian Association, its members hoped to labor, in a more efficient way, in advancing the Christian work of the college. The Association has laid out for itself quite an

extensive work, and the efforts put forth do not prove to be "pearls cast before swine," but are crowned with success. The officers are: G. W. Quick, president; J. A. Barker, vice-president; J. W. Henson, corresponding secretary; J. G. Paty, recording secretary; J. W. Loving, treasurer. The Association meets on the first Saturday night in each month.

Of all the evils which man finds upon this earth, and in which he engages, jokes are certainly the greatest. There is no mistake about it. Nobody but a madman or an idiot would engage in them, anyway. They say that woman is at the bottom of all mischief, but it's not so; it is this abominable, nefarious thing of joking. It causes more sin, misery, and wretchedness than any other one crime known among men. It is always a premeditated attack upon one's good name, and never fails to bring some good man into disrepute. People may talk about the continual advance of this nineteenth century, but unless this thing of "cracking jokes" is stopped, and that right speedily, our progressive age will be a farce, and the progress of civilization and Christianity thrown back two thousand years.

One of our exchanges says: "Every dog has his day, but night belongs to the cats."

Yes, but dog days come only in the month of August. Cannot some such arrangement be made for the cats? Why not give them, say, February?

We desire here to offer an apology for language used as a joke, the true import of which might not have been understood. We refer to an editorial of last issue, in which Mr. G., of Accomac, was mentioned. We wrote and sent to the printers the said editorial, without thinking how it might appear to those who did not understand the circumstances connected with the joke. We, of course, did not intend to say anything personally offensive of the gentleman. We hope that with this statement, Mr. G. will not regard it as an intended insult, but in the spirit in which it was written—*i. e.*, as a friendly thrust at the *Bar-haters*. Such explanations as this are sometimes necessary.

LOCALS.

Christmas!

Going home?

Excused by the Chairman?

What 're going to give your sweetheart?

You got a box from home—what's in it?

Cake, pound-cake, sponge-cake, cake, another kind of cake, jumbles, pies, apples, and an extra blanket. Come in and see. Ah! thank you.

The floor of the Chairman's office has been nicely carpeted.

Mind how ye joke, ye editors, unless ye can fight.

Can you fight the battle of life—chemically?

A member of the Senior Philosophy class, while "giving the author's treatment" on phantasy, dreams, &c., speaks very complacently of *walking somnambulism*.

Prof.: "Can the presence of oxygen be detected by the senses?"

Student: "No, sir; we can't detect it by either of our two senses."

A young lady who was present at the late public debate, on being asked how she liked, replied, "The music was very fine."

Oh, yes; but *please* say something about the speeches.

"I was offered forty dollars a month to travel with a circus, once."

You were, G.? Why didn't you accept? A splendid opportunity to develop your natural gifts was offered you.

A young man thought he would go down to the theatre to see Othello, and when the Moor appeared on the stage, was heard to exclaim, "That's the darkest-complected actor I ever saw on the stage."

One of our professors *stumped* quite a number of Senior Latin men on the following: "*Quis rudis enim lectus albusque speravit.*"

But there is no difficulty about the sentence, and is interpreted by the following patriotic expression: "Who raw for the read, white, and blew."

A student was anxious to "have the pleasure" of seeing a certain fair one to church. He accordingly wrote her a note to that effect, which she obtained (after having to pay three cents postage on it). He waited patiently; no answer came. He wrote again—still no reply. "Ah," thought he, "silence gives consent." "I'll stop by for her anyway." He stopped by, but soon returned to the college, "on account of the bad weather."

"Rat" No. 1 (to a Senior Latin man): "Are Homer's works embraced in the Latin course here?" (Grins and applause.)

"Rat" No. 2: "Where's the joke?"

The absent-minded man who threw his hat out of the window and hung the stump of his cigar on the rack, was fairly equalled if not eclipsed by Mr. H., who strolled out of church with his umbrella on one arm and his girl on the other, leaving his hat in the pew just vacated. How bewildering some circumstances are!

The Literary Societies have donated their valuable libraries, consisting of over one thousand volumes each, to the college. This was done because it was thought, when the grand college library shall be completed, the libraries of the Societies would become comparatively insignificant and be unpatronized. Some were very much opposed to the gift on account of their Society pride, but we have no doubt but that the action was a wise one.

There is a young man at the college who wants to get married. Can't you give him some points, or advice, or instruction, or all three, Miss Martha?

As several students were wending their way collegeward a few nights ago, a colored man who had evidently been "indulging," staggered up, and singling out a certain one of them, asked him please to show him the way home, at the same time remarking: "Dey

told us when eber we collud folkes gets lost det we must always ax collud republicers to show us de way." The young man wonders to this day why he should have been picked out for the task.

The Foot-Ball Association for the session 1883-'4 organized with about seventy-five members, and G. W. Quick as President; M. G. Field, Treasurer; and Frank Puryear, Secretary and Captain of the club.

On the third Friday night in November, the Philologian Society gave a public debate. The hall was well filled with an appreciative and appreciated audience. Mr. Wood, the President, in behalf of the Society, made a neat and appropriate address of welcome. He assured the audience of the pleasure with which the young men look upon such occasions, when they can, as it were, leave the dull realities of life, and "recline for a season upon the green sward, beneath the shadows of some overhanging tree, and listen to the babbling of the playful brook hard by." He paid a high tribute of respect to, and showed the appreciation of the presence of, "Woman," and described her as "the beacon-light which guides men in the paths of happiness."

"Music in the Air," by the chorus.

The President next introduced Mr. G. Washington Quick, of London, as the declaimer. "Rienzi to the Romans" was handsomely delivered.

The reader, Mr. R. C. Hubbard, of Pittsylvania, read "Curfew Must not Ring To-Night," in his own inimitable style, notwithstanding the fact that he was painfully aware that one whom he expected to be there was absent.

Music by the chorus.

The debate being next in order, the President announced the subject, "*Resolved*, That Art contributes more to Eloquence than Nature," and Mr. Haislip, of Fluvanna, as the first speaker. Mr. Haislip graphically pictured "lispering Demothenes standing upon the beach, with a pebble in his mouth, speaking against the sound of the breakers and whistle of the winds," and also his descent and abode in "subterranean caverns" for the sake of cultivating eloquence; and finally closed with an invocation to "Art, the Queen of Eloquence." In fact, he handled the subject very artfully.

Mr. Tribble, of Caroline, was next introduced. He lingered a moment, to speak of the eloquence which the picture of his "fair one" inspires, though she be far away, yet how much more does the "fair

one" herself. In the next breath, however, the speaker took occasion utterly to upset the maxim, *amor vincit omnia*. He probably had reference to *oxygen* conquering all things. How cruel!

Mr. West, of Louisa, the next speaker, *squelched* the previous gentlemen with regard to what it is that "conquers all things," and firmly reëstablished the old maxim previously knocked down.

Mr. Bohannon, of Matthews, paid a high tribute to the eloquence of his predecessors, made the sweeping assertion, and a certain portion of his hearers agreed with him, that "the women of his audience were the products of nature, undefiled by art," and that that accounted for the lovely countenances and smiling faces which were then looking at him.

Music by the band.

"Good Night, Ladies," closed the pleasure of an enjoyable evening.

But the account would be too imperfect were not the names of Prof. Hatcher, organist, Prof. Marrow, cornetist and violinist, Prof. Huff, fifer, and Mess. Paty (not Madame Patti), Haley, and Borum, vocalists, under the directorship of Prof. J. Bunyan Lemon, mentioned. These gentlemen added much to the enjoyment of the occasion, and everybody seemed to be pleased.

PERSONALS.

L. R. Bagby, session '81-'82, was at college a few days ago. He is farming in King and Queen county. Wish we could have seen more of you, Tom.

Rev. A. E. Cox, session '81-'82, made glad our hearts the other day by his genial smile, although we confess that it took us some moments to recognize him through his handsome beard. He has for one or two sessions been attending the Theological Seminary at Lewiston, Maine, and is now spending his vacation in Richmond.

Our hearts were delighted a few days since by the sight of Rev. J. A. Powers, a well-known student of several sessions ago. He is looking much better now than when we last saw him at the Middle District Association. He was on his way to Florida, where he expects to spend the winter, and perhaps to make his home.

We got sight of Wm. B. Crump, session '81-'82, a few days ago. He is in business in the city. Says he is coming back to college.

Joseph Rennie, session '81-'82, is at Hampden-Sidney College.

C. W. Throckmorton, session '81-'82, is practising law in Danville.

Wm. R. Thomas, session '81-'82, is in the tobacco business with T. C. Williams. Willie, you ought to be here to "tackle" Sr. Math.

John S. Shepherd, session '81-'82, entertained us very highly with some little bones the other day. He is at the Medical College in the city.

J. G. Field is also at the Medical College. Why don't you come up to see us occasionally?

Arthur Pleasants, session '81-'82, is in business in the city.

Wilfred Pleasants, session '80-'81, is also in the city, and practising dentistry.

Edward E. Etheridge, session '81-'82, is merchandizing at Indian Creek, Norfolk county, Virginia.

John E. Wiatt, M. A. of '81-'82, seems to be quite well pleased with his position as principal of Churchland Academy, Norfolk county, Virginia.

C. S. Gardner, session '81-'82, is pastor of the First Baptist church, Trenton, Tennessee.

Wm. G. Hatchett, session '81-'82, is at Washington and Lee University.

Joel T. Tucker, of last session, calls to see us occasionally. He has recently bought a fine three-hundred-dollar horse.

B. A. Pendleton, session '81-'82, is at Hampden-Sidney College.

I. B. Timberlake: Does anybody know where he is? Somebody says that Tim has fallen in love with a handsome widow. Is that the reason why you are not back again this session, Tim?

EXCHANGES.

We have before us this month quite a number of exchanges, not quite so many, however, as we had last month. We hope that our friends will pardon us if in the occasional absence of the Exchange editor some of our exchanges should fail to get into the editorial sanctum. We have been looking, but in vain, for our friend from Hollins. But here you come. Glad to see you, Friend *Album*.

We are glad to welcome the *Oak Leaf* to our exchange list. This paper is published by the Literary Societies of Oak Ridge, N. C. Stand by your paper, gentlemen of Oak Ridge, and make it a success. Suddith is a go-a-head fellow, and for aught we know to the contrary, so is your other editor; but don't leave all the work for them to do.

The *College Mirror*, of Greenville, S. C., is before us. The first time we gazed into this *Mirror*, was when we were just getting well from that unpoetic disease the measles. Imagine how we looked when we saw ourself in the *Mirror*; for the *Mirror* actually got poetic at our expense. But we are to deal with the present, not the past. We bid you a hearty welcome, Friend *Mirror*.

The *Alma Mater* comes before us draped in mourning. As we think of our own recent bereavement, we fully appreciate the force of the divine command to weep with those that weep. But the *Alma Mater* is not all sadness. It is always pleasant to us to read of weddings. They make us think of the "Sweet Bye and Bye," when, perhaps, some one will read of ours. Of course we like to read love letters, but we advise each of our young friends to be very careful how he writes to his "Dear Flora" when she goes off to a female college. He may some day see in her college journal quite a spicy article in reply to "A Model and Modern Love Letter."

We have before us a copy of the *Ladies' Floral Cabinet*, which, with its excellent articles of both poetry and prose, and its beautiful floral engraving, appears to us an excellent paper. Doubtless, to our lady friends, it would appear still more valuable.

We are much pleased with our Texas friend, the *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly*. The November number has a list of well-selected and attractively-written articles.

The *College Index*, of Kalamazoo College, Michigan, is not a very

large paper. Not quite half of it is filled with advertisements. Its articles, however, are very good. We would suggest that it might improve its appearance a little.

In the Exchange column of the *College Message* we see what we think a very complimentary criticism upon the *Earlhamite*. In the main, we endorse this criticism. In the November No. of this paper (the *Earlhamite*) an entire page is devoted to the criticism of one paper. We have nothing to say against the character of that criticism, except that it excludes the notice of all other papers.

The *Calliopean Clarion* (Emory, Va.,) is an excellent and attractive paper.

The *American Journalist* (St. Louis, Mo.,) is an interesting and ably-edited paper.

We have received Vol. 1, No. 1, of the *Biographical Magazine*. This paper is to be published monthly by the Pictorial Associated Press, New York city. We regard this as a valuable periodical, and wish for it a high degree of popularity. With each of the large number of well-written biographical sketches is given a cut of the subject. Prominent men and women of the present day are the subjects of the histories. Among them we notice Harriet Beecher Stowe, Martin Luther, Bismarck, and Benjamin Franklin Butler.

We have before us many other exchanges which we would like to notice. In addition to those we have already named, we note the Educational Monthly, the Academy Journal, John Swinton's Paper, the Fisk Herald, the Vanderbilt Observer, the Rugby Monthly, the Volante, College Message, the Wheelman, King's College Record, the Lariat, several copies of the 'Varsity, the Roanoke Collegian, Ariel, the Fordham College Monthly, Wilmington Collegian, and College Journal.

W. W. FOSTER,
Artist and late Manager Davis' Art Gallery.

C. O. CAMPBELL,
Artistic Photographer.

B. S. CAMPBELL,
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