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Richmond College Messenger.

Vol. I X.

RICHMOND, VA., MARCH, 1884.

No. 6.

EDITORS.—*Mu Sigma Rho*, J. T. REDD, E. L. SCOTT; *Philologist*, J. G. PATY, W. J. H. BOHANNAN.
BUSINESS MANAGER.—R. C. HUBBARD.

REVERIE.

I.

Illusions are mortal :
Oh ! claim not the portal
Until it is past,
And its shadow has cast
Reality true
On yours and on you.

II.

Shadows of shapes
Cling about life ;
Mystical shapes
Fill it with strife ;
Painful fatality
Mocks the reality
We have desired.
Thoughts of past years
Cluster in tears ;
Yet, if we but wait,
Sometime the gate
Will open with reason
For every dark season
We have acquired.

III.

Heat in the day,
Dew-drops at night ;
Darkness in storm,
Followed by light ;
Shadows that linger
Move with the finger
Pointed by God.

On the breeze-crest
 Rideth a sleep,
 Claiming a rest
 For those who weep ;
 Crickets chirp sweetly,
 Daisies blow neatly,
 Over the sod.

IV.

In the far days
 Dim through the haze,
 Love lights are there.
 Soft, sweet, and fair,—
 Dimming the far away
 Dark by their starry ray—
 Cheering the heart
 In those cool dells—
 Aidenn's sweet dells—
 Lily-blown dells—
 Love-showered dells—
 Coralled by shells—
 Sad by no knells
 Making us start ;
 Beautied with green—
 Silvered with sheen
 Of celestial stars ;
 Bound by no bars
 Discord may bring ;
 But, where they sing,
 Day after day :
Love, friend, forever,
Severing never,
 There we shall see
 (Not as now be)
 Shapes of the real,
 Which, for ideal,
 Never decay.

CLINTON.

 WOMAN.

Woman is not holy ; she is not perfect. She is not a spotless saint, nor yet an angel. But with all her faults and frailties, she is the noblest work of God, and His best gift to man. As mother, wife, sister, daughter, she makes

home more beautiful, the future brighter, and the world happier. She is God's bright angel of joy, and Heaven's own expression of love. From the time fair Eve was crowned Queen of Love and Beauty, poets have sung of the loveliness and worth of woman, but did any ever accord to her a truer, sweeter name than has Scott?—"A ministering angel!" Yes, thus she is to us, not only "when pain and sickness wring the brow," but when corroding care gathers thick around us, and gaunt poverty points at us its skeleton finger. Oh, the priceless value of the love of a true woman! Gold cannot purchase a gem so precious—titles and honors confer upon the heart no such serene happiness. Time cannot mar its brilliancy; distance but strengthens its influence; bolts and bars cannot limit its progress. It almost seems that God, compassioning woman's first great frailty, has planted his jewel in her breast, whose heaven-like interest shall cast into forgetfulness man's remembrance of the fall, by building up in his heart another Eden, where perennial flowers forever bloom, and the crystal waters gush from exhaustless fountains.

Q . . . BERRY.

THE POWER OF ILLUSTRATION.

Man's life is pre-eminently objective, as is clearly seen by observing the natural and the normal development of his mind. It is only by a special discipline and by persistent attention to his subjective life that he is enabled to enter into the secret processes of thought. In the development of the minds of the young, the objective, the material, and external is first brought before them and impressed upon their plastic minds. The profound and the abstract, the concise and the condensed,—in fact, almost every subject devoid of ample and suitable illustrations and examples,—finds no place in the minds of very many of mankind, awakens but little interest on the part of the majority of men, and never excites that lively interest which characterizes subjects fully illustrated and sufficiently amplified.

The mind naturally grasps more readily whatever is present for it to observe, whatever can be known directly by one's own experience, whatever can be known through and by means of the organs of sense. No description of an interesting and picturesque scene is so capable of presenting to the mind a vivid and symmetrical whole as the immediate observation of such a scene. Lecturers, recognizing the power of illustration, seldom attempt to discourse on scenery, ancient ruins, or works of art, with the expectation of having an appreciative audience, without providing themselves with whatever approaches as nearly as possible to the original. With the aid of illustrations, he can more effectually present to the minds of his auditors the object of his description in its beauty, and glory, and completeness. A scene which fills with pleasure and delight the heart of the observer, is much more forcibly impressed on his mind, whenever he looks at it, than if he had read a description of it; and besides that, he can easily recall the scene, with the accompanying circumstances of pleasure under which he observed such a scene. Consequently, if by any means the speaker has it in his power to illustrate his subject by some familiar as well as striking example, similar to what may have been experienced by any of his auditors, his subject will be far more interesting and impressive; it will awaken attention on the part of his auditors.

In the attempt to instruct, or in any way to impart information, no way seems more likely to impress so firmly on the mind of the learner what one is endeavoring to teach than by using striking and suitable illustrations. Abstract sciences are very difficult to master when stated in a condensed form, and when they are not fully illustrated with numerous examples and special applications of abstract principles which required centuries, perhaps, to be thoroughly tested and criticised so as to be a fact stated in a perfectly scientific form. These abstract principles have very little in themselves to insure a proper train of thought on the part of the student in his first attempts in this sphere of knowledge. Yet, it must not be supposed

that it is here intended to detract anything from a systematic and concise treatise on abstract knowledge, for a clear, concise, and condensed statement of principles evinces a thorough acquaintance of the author with his subject. But it seems that for the beginner, who has not yet disciplined his mind to the use and comprehension of technical terms and expressions, it is far better to expand, amplify, and illustrate the subject so as to make him familiar with the principles and so as to make him capable of applying them in special cases. How often is it the case that a student—teacher, too, sometimes,—can repeat high-sounding words arranged in sentences, but which are to him empty forms, unmeaning signs. They do not convey to his mind that significance which is contained in them, and that fullness of thought which is concealed in them. In “teaching the young idea to shoot,” the subject which he is to learn must be made as plain as may seem practicable and sufficiently elucidated to be within his comprehension. That which is most lasting and beneficial to the student, is what he has learned practically, what he has acquired by observing the experiment itself. That is a very superficial acquaintance with a subject which is learned without the aid which practical exercises necessarily give. In the natural sciences, reference must be made almost invariably to experiments in order that a comprehensive and general principle may be enforced.

In other departments of knowledge, resort must be made in a greater or less degree to experiment. Practice is what makes one familiar with his subject; practice gives that quickness of insight and skill in invention which is a distinguishing characteristic of one who comprehends what he studies. Illustrations are often suggestive of explanations which one might seek directly but be unable to find. In the study of some subjects—as history, for example,—we cannot enter fully into the spirit of the narrative without finding some events of the present day similar in some respects to events of many centuries past, or to the events of which we are reading. If, by means of similar occurrences in the present time, we are enabled to bring the

past down to the present, as it were, we will be able to better understand and appreciate the facts of history under our consideration. Whenever subjects are taught in this way, the student's interest in the subject is increased, and there is a probability that he will remember much more completely and much more effectually than if the subject be taught purely in itself, without the aid of practical exercises, experiments, and illustrations.

This brief article is of a length wholly insufficient to estimate the power of illustration at the bar and in the pulpit. Consequently, we will present to the reader only a few points in regard to the influence and importance of vivid illustrations at the bar and in the pulpit. The imagination of the lawyer is exercised most vigorously in depicting some tragic and horrible scene. He tries by all means to bring forward some picture before the minds of the jurors to arouse their sympathies, to reach and touch their very soul, to displace a calm, candid, and deliberate consideration on the part of the jurors of the law and the evidence bearing on the case. It is needless to say that the lawyer often effects by his power of illustration what he can scarcely accomplish by the force of his argument. This aid of imagination is sometimes very important, especially when the lawyer has unsafe foundations for his argument. In ancient oratory, the speaker often swayed the vast multitude by employing his fertile imagination to make the facts appear in their best or worst aspect, according as the one or the other view suited him.

Whenever they were addressing a vast assembly, they often excited the populace to anger, provoked their enmity, aroused their just indignation, by picturing to the crowd the wrongs which others had done them, the injustice which they had suffered; and they endeavored to present this picture in its worst phase. The power of illustration in the pulpit is so grand and glorious in its results that it is scarcely proper to speak of it in this brief article. One might well find in it abundant material for a long and instructive discourse. In the eternal and imperishable truths propounded to men on earth almost nineteen centuries ago, this was a favorite method of instruction even with the

Lord of heaven and earth. Among the numerous illustrations which are given to elucidate the subject of the minister's discourse, some are very likely to touch the soul of some hearer and to sink deep into his heart, producing results which are to him of inestimable value. For an instructor in any department of knowledge, whether a writer or speaker, to have acquired from many sources diverse illustrations so as to have some ready to be applied to any subject which may belong to his sphere of instruction, is an acquisition of which he can very easily see the importance and advantage.

ETA.

A TRIP TO LURAY CAVE.

The morning of August 15th last was breezy and filled with the fragrance of summer flowers. The eastern sky was flecked with clouds which partially intercepted the heat of the rising sun; and as we rode away from Meadow View, Madison county, our hearts palpitated with expectant joy, which was enhanced by the melody of rippling streams and mountain cascades, by the sweet lays of birds carolled in the bosky groves, and by the beautiful scenery along our journey. Passing through the upper valley of the Robison, which is proverbial for its beauty and fertility, we found it convenient to visit a venerable Lutheran church, within whose sacred walls the humble Lutheran has sought communion with his God for more than one and a half centuries, and on whose steps James Madison stood and addressed a crowd of anxious hearers till the winter's cold froze his ears. The organ was among the most interesting things we saw. It is strangely constructed, but gives forth a sweet, mellow tone. It was a gift from the Prince of Wales, and was hauled from Philadelphia on an ox-cart.

The lovely valley was soon in our rear, and our thoughts, emotions, and admirations found an easy transition from the smiling valley to the imposing Blue Ridge that raised his "awful form" before us. Seeing his head veiled in the ethereal blue, the origin and appositeness of the name, *Blue*, were no longer a mystery. We entered the defile that leads to Milan's Gap, and as we proceeded, the defile grew

narrower and the rugged mountains higher, until they seemed to kiss above our heads when we reached the Gap.

While our horses quaffed the crystal waters that gushed copiously from the mountain side and were resting their weary limbs for the onerous task before them, we gazed, we wondered, we talked, and at last we concluded Nature was working on a stupendous scale when she rolled up that heap from chaos. We reached the summit after a seven-mile ride, and a few paces brought us to the western slope. What now are the hour and prospect? It is evening; the sun, like a ball of fire, is sinking behind the gray ramparts of the Massanutton. Ten thousand purplish tints sleep within the winding valleys and glens below, while the heavens above glow with splendors of pink, red, gold, amber, faintish-blue, and green.

In the valley below, "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," and "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way." It was too resplendent to last long. We descended the mountain as the evening shades were gathering thick and fast around us and the air filled with echoes from waters that rolled over precipitous rocks. We spent the night with a German farmer, and the next morning found these noisy waters collected in the Hawksbill, a winding and picturesque stream, which flows through the centre of the valley by the same name, and which, after watering miles of fertile meadow, we found to pass under the rustic bridge at Luray and lose itself in the Shenandoah.

Luray, an attractive little town, is in the valley of the same name. For the lover of the beautiful in nature, Luray is endowed with innumerable charms. The scenery that sleeps around it is superb. The eye traces the river as it meanders through enameled meadows till it becomes a silvery thread in the distant verdure, and in the background of the city the eye sees the Blue Ridge, blue as heaven with its various outlying spurs, a little to the left, the azure tinted peaks of the Massanutton.

One mile west of this lovely town rises a conical hill, with slopes disfigured with "sink-holes" and masses of lower silurian limestone projecting in horizontal strata from the surface, and near whose summit is the entrance

to the wonders below, which let us go down and view. Imagine a bosky dell widening and contracting alternately, lakes in its recesses, ever and anon a ravine radiating from it, and thirteen pale moons pouring their misty light into its black darkness. Now carry such a valley below, the dell becomes a ravine, the trees find their similitude in the stalagmitic formations, the lakes become limpid, the radiant valleys multiply, the moons wane into electric light, and the sky passes into a stony roof.

With this imperfect delineation we furnish ourselves with lights, and at the sound, "Ready!" follow our guide, observing the blue limestone walls as we descend into the Entrance Hall, the vestibule of the realms of Stalacta.

We here find a disposition to be sober, silent, and meditative. Awe and reverence possess us. We at first associate this strange abode with that we read of in a *certain book*. We do not see the ascending smoke, but see the servants of the Fireman in the imps and gnomes who dart from shadow to shadow behind column and angle as if viewing their new *fuel*. Strange, indeed, we remember the little mean things of our past life—as story-telling, apple-stealing, and Sabbath-breaking. But the mind soon accustoms itself to the monstrous shapes, the silence, and the weird influence of this subterranean world. Every object suggests some growth of animal or vegetable growth, yet every resemblance proves illusive. Before us are glittering stalactites and fluted columns, strong enough to bear a world; draperies in broad folds and a thousand tints cascades of snow-white stone; and, beyond, a background of pitchy darkness in which the imagination locates more than the eye can see.

But let us examine wonders more closely under the glow of the electric light. We first view Washington's Column, a fluted, massive stalagmite about twenty-five feet in diameter by thirty in height, reaching from floor to ceiling.

From the roof depend several stalactites as if nature designed them to support chandeliers.

Three avenues radiate from Entrance Hall. We enter the largest one, and, passing along, observe rich and rare formations on the left; the wonderful Flower Garden,

with its bulb-shaped stalagmites resembling vegetable forms, bunches of asparagus, cabbages, &c., on the right, till we cross Muddy Lake and come to the Fish Market. This is one of the most natural and unique sights in the cave. We see the fish hanging in a row, black bass and silver perch done up in a bunch, and the illusion is so absolutely perfect that we would expect them to wriggle if touched.

We ascend a flight of steps and enter Elfin Ramble, a vast plateau, some three and a half acres in area. We traverse the plateau and come to Pluto's Chasm, the rift through which the god is supposed to have borne Proserpine to the nether world. Here the solemnity and peculiar train of thought which alarm us on entering, recur. The name is singularly apposite, and does not suggest to the timorous mind more horror than the yawning gulf reveals. (The landlord did not show himself, nor did I ring the bell, as I had no special business with him.)

At the bottom of the Chasm is the Spectre, a tall, white, fluted stalagmite, bedecked about its upper part with a fringe of snowy draperies. It is not difficult to see in it a meditative ghost, muffled in white like the traditional spectre of the drama. At a distance from the Spectre we perceive in the misty light Proserpine's Column rising from the pitchy darkness below.

Passing along the dizzy edge of the Chasm, we enter a long hall, Hovey's Hall, adorned with admirable formations, clusters of corals, resonant draperies and statuary—Hagar gazing pensively at her famished child Ishmael. The lakes, filled with pellucid nectar, extend along our journey. Now we arrive at Skeleton Gorge, where lies in the grip of the stone, a real skeleton, or the larger bones of it. There has been, it seems, much dispute between the romantic and the practical over the sex of the unfortunate deceased, the former averring that she was an Indian maiden, who, crossed in love, came here to find congenial gloom in which to indulge her reveries. Her neglected torch burning out, she became lost in the darkness and intricacies of the cave, and, wandering about, stumbled over the precipice and perished. Competent anato-

mists assert that the bones are those of a boy or small man.

Leaving this unpleasant sight, we ramble for some time, gazing at the wondrous variety of formations, among which are Brand's Cascade, a flowing snow-white stone, rendered gloriously effulgent by the electric light suspended near it; and Imperial Spring, a limpid body of water enclosed in a forest of columns, till we emerge upon the side of a vast space embracing several apartments, to which the collective name Giant's Hall has been given. No pen can delineate what the eye sees. Broken columns, snowy cascades, white thrones, frozen fountains, auburn folds and curtains, sentinels, statuary under the garish electric light, blend to render the prospect so resplendent as to beggar description. We descend into this interesting abode, enter the Cathedral, rap the Organ, which gives forth the exact sounds of the diatonic scale, view the snow-white Angel's Wing, pass through a narrow rift in the solid rock, and after a number of bewildering turns and windings we enter the labyrinthine mazes of Hades. Here, "Silence is vocal if we listen well." We imagine the monotones of falling drops of water are the intelligible voices of the imps, gnomes, and goblins who lurk in the shadows around us. The limpid, quiet water of Lake Lethe is the absorbing feature of this solemn vestibule.

We are now some two miles from Entrance Hall, but not yet willing to retrace our steps. We make one more ramble through halls, chasms, and rifts, noting in our paper the Wet Blanket, the Camel's Head, Mahomet's Coffin, and such like prodigies, when we come to the Ball-Room. The room is circular, and floored with plank for the pleasure of those whose calous hearts allow them to dance even in a catacomb.

The Tombs of the Martyrs, in the Cemetery near the Ball-Room, form the most interesting feature of this apartment. The fair maiden Cinderella leaving the Ball-Room is a natural formation.

We now turn our faces toward the entrance, but go a different avenue. We will not attempt to describe our re-

turn; but suffice it to say, the formations are not less various and exquisite. But our imperfect description would be more imperfect and unsatisfactory were we to leave off speaking of the Empress Column, whose glittering head rises thirty feet above us, and whose cream-tinted surface, dashed with the painted suspicion of pink, is covered with delicate lace-like tracery deftly carved by Nature's hand.

At last we emerge from the realms of Stalacta to the light of the upper world with secrets our tongues will never modulate words to divulge. The most we can say to you is for you to think over every beautiful and pleasant sight your eyes have ever rested upon, recall all the weird fancies and grotesque dreams your imagination has conjured up, and then visit Luray Cave, and find all these sink into insignificance before the beauties, marvels, and spectacular effects that will there dawn upon your astonished gaze.

THE PIVOT OF LIFE.

The traveller standing in the valley, gazing upon some lofty mountain, whose peaks seem to reach the clouds, and even pierce the vaulted heavens, may think those heights inaccessible; but, step by step the rugged mountain-sides are scaled, and the weary traveller stands now upon the summit. Filled with admiration, he beholds the wonderful creation of the earth beneath and the blue canopies of the heavens above. He seems to have reached the summit, but it is not for him to remain there; he must go one way or the other; he has come to the turning stake. Everything capable of progress must go one way or another, and in the progress of all things, there seems to be an acme, a turning point. In the past, we have seen nations rise and nations fall. There is a peculiar crisis in the progress of everything; and it is none the less characteristic of human life. There is a pivot upon which the entire life revolves. Our brief treatment of this subject will no doubt be very unsatisfactory to the reader, but perhaps it will serve to conduct us to more correct views of life.

This important crisis is sometimes early and then again it is later in life. By the *pivot* of life, we mean that point at which there is a radical change in men ; not a change of the physical man, but when he either takes a stand for true and noble principles, or when he forsakes the *true* and debases himself. That there is such a point in life, we think our reader will concur with us.

We deem it not within our present limits to discuss this subject strictly from a moral standpoint ; but that paper which regards it beneath its dignity to incorporate correct moral teachings in its columns, is not worthy of our patronage. Perhaps the most natural treatment of our subject would be strictly from a moral standpoint, and such a consideration of a subject would be far more beneficial to us than any other.

“There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
Which seals the destiny of men,
For glory or despair.”

But it is our purpose to consider this important crisis only as it affects our lives in the world. The study of human life is thrilled with interest, and produces very beneficial results. When we see a character symmetrically developed in every particular, there seems to be a continuous progression, and no time in that development which we might term a critical point. Such is the case in the lives of some men that progress, and that in the right direction, is the motto ; but even in the most symmetrically-developed characters, no doubt there can be traced critical points—a time at which the future welfare of that character depended upon a single action or turn of the individual. If the youth becomes a scholar, illumines the world with his literary attainments, and figures conspicuously in the realm of the learned, it depends almost entirely upon one thing. The whole question revolves upon the pivot, that point in his life when he decides whether or not he will pursue a course of studies. There is such a point, at which, if he decides not to take a mental training, to discontinue his studies, he will never become a bright star in the literary circle ; but if his decision turns

the other way, then, with the proper execution of his design, he will undoubtedly rank among the scholars of his day.

Whether or not the vessel floating upon the bosom of the briny deep shall at last reach a certain port, depends upon in what direction she is piloted. Thrilled with admiration, we gaze at the mighty *steam engine* dashing by, with almost lightning rapidity; seemingly with delight he draws his immense train; he is rushing on at a rapid rate. The only reason that he is making progress in this direction is because he started in this direction. If at the starting point he had been turned in the opposite direction, he would be moving with equal rapidity in a direction opposite to his present course. Let us learn the lesson, our course depends largely, if not entirely, upon the direction in which we start out. Now, there is a point in life at which men seem to launch their barks out. This point is not in our infancy; but in general, this critical crisis ranges between our childhood and manhood. Men mark out their course for a certain goal as positively as the racer when he comes upon the course. It is seldom, if ever, that the racer, after he starts, stops until he has reached the goal. With quite as much certainty do men reach the goal toward which they start; it would be unnatural and unreasonable for it to be otherwise. Hence, we see the importance of a proper course if we would reach the true goal. This principle holds good in everything. It matters not what course we take in life: we are borne forward on a swift current; irresistibly are we carried on. After men launch out on the stream of life, it is not for them to say with what rapidity they will travel. If a man wishes to travel rapidly, he may take a fast train; or if less rapidly, he may take a slower train. He has it in his power to make his choice between the two; but after he has gone aboard one or the other, and it starts off at its usual rate, he hasn't the power to travel slow or fast, though he may have the will. By the simple act of choosing, he marked out his course, and forfeited all control and power over his course. This is a thought worthy of our reflection, that by one single act we determine for ourselves what shall be our

lot for years, and sometimes for life ; that our whole future welfare may, and does oftentimes, depend on a single act of our lives. Our successes or our failures are out on the way-sides, and whether or not we shall meet them, depends simply upon which way we launch out. It is amazing how much may depend on so little—how from finite sources there may be almost infinite issues ; but we see this illustrated every day.

The sun, the great luminary of the entire universe, whose size, compared with many other heavenly bodies, is immense. But the area of the sun pales into almost insignificance when compared with the vast area which it lights up. His rays leap out in every direction, and bring joy and gladness to all.

Far up on the mountain-side may be found a little stream gushing from the rock ; but it seeks its way down the mountain-side, and gathering force and volume as it leaps over the cragged rocks, dashing and splashing, giving melody to the mountaineers, and whose foaming spray greatly enhances the beauty of the mountain scenery. Presently we are impressed not so much with the foaming spray on the mountain-side as the dancing ripples on the bosom of a great river. The mountain streamlet has become a mighty river, bearing on its bosom vast ships—turning factories and mills. Great is the work accomplished by the *little stream* gushing from the mountain-side. The mighty glacier gliding down the mountain, carrying irresistibly everything before it—gigantic in structure—sublime in motion—infinite in power—transcendent in beauty ; yet this grand exhibition of power is but the result of many little drops of water being crystallized. This wonderful phenomenon in nature has its origin in the rain-drops. So in nature, and, in general, all great phenomena have their beginnings in little things. These illustrations will enforce what has been intimated above, that by a single act of our lives we may frame our future welfare. Believing this fact clearly illustrated by what has been stated above, let us revert our attention more especially to our subject.

It matters not what our circumstances may be, whether or not we shall be *men*, depends especially upon the exer-

cise of our own will. While men may and do exercise their own will all through life, there is a time when they are compelled to exercise it more than at any other time. This time is when they are crossing the boundary between childhood and manhood. This is the *pivot of life*—on this revolves the whole matter. At this point, life lies before us—we are about to launch out—we are at the point where many roads converge, and no two of which ever meet again. One may lead to failure, another to success; one to indolence, another to diligence; one to fame and celebrity, another to ignominy and reproach. Reader, have you come to this important crisis? If so, what course did you take? You need not be at a loss to know. If you are a successful student, or successful in your occupation, you may be assured that you have decided well. But if failure attends your efforts, and the wheels of progress are clogged, you may rest equally assured you are on the wrong course, and the longer you pursue it, the more fatal the results. But perhaps some of us may be just approaching this point, or right at it. If so, let us make a wise choice. If now we engraft true principles and correct views in our lives and characters; if, instead of neglecting duty, we perform it; if we take truth and virtue, instead of vice and folly, as the guide of our lives; if we endeavor to maintain the *true* and oppress the *wrong*, our choice has been a wise one. But how many young men approach this important crisis, and drift off into the vices of the world, forsaking all that is true and noble! Instead of being pillars in society and *men* in the world, they become a reproach to themselves and a mere outcast; whereas if the youth of the land would pass this point safely, instead of drifting off into the follies of the age, the world wouldn't be encumbered and disgraced with the rabble and outcasts that it is at present. Reader, turn into the true course, make a sure beginning, and the goal of success shall be ultimately gained. Q.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

The eighth biblical lecture was delivered by Rev. W. W. Landrum, of Richmond. We understand that the lecture was a very fine one; but we deeply regret that sickness prevented our attending, and we did not know that the lecture was to take place; otherwise, we would have requested some one to take notes, that an outline might appear in the *Messenger*.

The ninth lecture was delivered by our honored and beloved Prof. H. H. Harris upon the subject, "The Teachings of Paul Compared with those of Christ." After giving a brief outline of the life and writings of the apostle, and noting the time, place, and occasion of each epistle, the Professor proceeded to discuss wherein the teachings set forth in these epistles differed from those of Christ. They differed in form—the one being narrative and instructive, the other epistolary and educative, or rather edificative; in method—the one being authoritative, the other argumentative; in character—one fragmentary, the other complete; and in substance—the one dealing in facts, the other in the significance of those facts. The lecturer then proceeded to discuss the two prevalent theories concerning the teachings of Paul—viz.: 1st, that his teachings were the effects of his own creative genius; 2d, that Christ wrought them through him. He clearly set forth the fallacy of the former theory and the truth of the latter. He then closed his lecture by showing that the teachings of Paul were nothing but the completion of those of Christ, and that Christ was in him setting forth the teachings of his life, death, and resurrection. The teachings of Paul differed from those of Christ only as a full-blown rose differs from the bud. The Professor brought his very interesting and highly instructive lecture to a close with the thought that Paul received the facts through those who saw them, but the interpretation by inspiration, and that the truth of the teaching of Christ and Paul

were the same, but the shape was different, because they were intended to accomplish different ends. Had we been allowed, we would have voted the best lecture of those so far delivered to our learned Professor of Greek.

In lieu of the regular biblical lecture, an address, abounding in striking, original thought, and racy, suggestive illustrations, was delivered before the students on Wednesday, March 12th, by Dr. T. H. Pritchard, of Wilmington, N. C.

In the opening of his address, Dr. Pritchard paid the college and faculty a well-deserved tribute. He said that the building, at present, was one of the handsomest in the South, and for thorough training in their respective departments, the faculty were unsurpassed; if he wished his son to receive a complete and thorough education, he would send him to Richmond College.

He then proceeded to make some thoughtful, earnest remarks relative to the importance of universal education. Just as a nation increases in knowledge, so will it increase in prosperity. We must have better education in every branch of industry. Farming has been almost a failure for years, because our farmers lack education. We send our productions elsewhere to be manufactured, because we lack skilled mechanics. The vast mineral resources of the South remain undeveloped, because we lack geologists and mineralogists.

We should be thorough in our mastery of every subject; conquer everything that we encounter; not only place the ground behind us, but subjugate it. If any of us had to encounter difficulties in securing our education, we ought to thank God for it. The difficulties, if bravely met, would help to make us true men.

There was another thing to which he wished to call the attention of the students: we were all striving to become true men. Education would help us in this endeavor, but to reach the highest type of manhood, we must become Christians.

We are sure that all students who were so fortunate as

to hear Dr. Pritchard, felt grateful to him for his excellent address, and we cannot but sympathize with those who failed to hear it.

“ISAAC TODHUNTER, M. A., F. R. S., the well-known mathematician, is dead; aged sixty-four.—*Cablegram*.

“He was long professor at Cambridge, and some of his mathematical works are now the text-books in many American colleges. His books did more, perhaps, than those of any other man who ever lived, towards “pitching” students on examination. We remember well a brilliant linguist who “hated math.,” and sought revenge for his defeat by writing a fervent letter to the great mathematician, in which he declared his parabolical wrongs. He was not honored with a reply. But indignation meetings against Todhunter continued to be held informally by that student and his sympathizers and their successors, and they are doubtless held still, and will be for many a day to come. Mr. Todhunter gave us many a grievous blow, but we shall try to forgive him. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*. (Unfortunately, his works do not follow him.)”

Apropos of his death and the above article, taken from the *State*, some unknown person has written the following touching lines:

“ ‘Old Tod’ is dead—that good old man,—
We’ll never see him more;
His Calculi, though, still remain
To ‘pitch’ us, as before.

Unfortunately for us, if not for Mr. Todhunter, we were not personally acquainted with him. All of us, however, who reach Senior Math. or Senior Physics learn to know and to love him, by studying his books which are used in those classes. The graduates in math., to show their love and respect for him and their regret at his death, held a mass-meeting, the result of which was about as follows:

Whereas, Mr. Isaac Todhunter has shuffled off this mortal coil and taken his departure to the regions where parallel lines meet, and where the asymptote becomes tangent to the curve; and

Whereas, through his immortal works, he has so endeared himself to us that we would much rather his works had perished than himself; and

Whereas, his Calculi are so full of almost insurmountable difficulties that their beauties are appreciated not even by us; be it

Resolved, That we envelop ourselves in the coils of an hyperbolic spiral as a token of our grief; and, pausing to consider the shortness of human life, mark with a tear the *point d'arret*. Be it further

Resolved, That we claim as exclusively ours the right to set forth the beauties of his works. And lastly, be it

Resolved, That we attempt to illustrate to our fair friends the most beautiful points of the Differential Calculus (namely, points of Osculation,) the very next time an opportunity is offered.

CROQUET.—Poor croquet-players, we grieve for you. How sad it is to contemplate the fallen state of these heroes of mallets and balls. No longer we hear their glad cries over a lucky "shot," or are shocked at their threats when a "pard" gets "whitewashed" or an enemy cheats; for the day of their glory is gone, and their fame is a thing of the past—Weep not, poor fellows; mourn not over the prostrate condition of your once proud wickets. Rest assured that when the green grass again grows where now is the upturned sod, you may resurrect your old "set," brush off the cobwebs, and joyfully place her in "position"; then you may again dance with delight over your juvenile sport.

In the mean while get you some marbles, and play with them under the shadow of the classic walls of Richmond College. You may also try "blind-man's buff," "leap-frog," or the like, but be careful and don't go on the baseball grounds, for you might get hurt. Now, permit us to beg you not to get angry, for it is *wicket to ball post mallet-iction*.

LOCALS.

Out on the first.

High ball, Mr. Pitcher.

Two balls—Strike.

Run! Run!! Run!!!

(Chemistry Class.) Prof.: "What would be the effect of blowing out the gas in your room at night?"

Mr. G.: "I would wake up in the morning and find myself dead!"

Prof.: "What kind of arms did the ancient Greeks use?"

Mr. T.: "Flint-lock muskets, sir."

Mr. B.: "Are you going down to see Blind Tom to-night?"

Mr. M.: "Is he going to act one of Shakspeare's plays?"

(Two "rats," talking.) "First "Rat": "How did the Juggernaut get its name?"

Second "Rat": "Because an Indian once took it for a jug, and found naught in it to *squench* his thirst."

First "Rat": "How is the word apothecary derived?"

Second "Rat": "In olden times, doctors used to carry their medicines around in a pot; so the people began to call them a-pot-he-cary."

Mr. H. has been eating grindstones for the last few days to see if he can sharpen up his wit. If the remedy succeeds, the Local editor will try a few.

Mr. S.: "Blind Tom certainly did imitate the church organ well, when he played 'Praise God from Whom,' &c.

Mr. P.: "You are mistaken, S.; he played 'Old Hundred' when he imitated the church organ."

Mr. McK. has again startled the geological world: he has announced that the *carnivorous* age belongs to the Paleozoic time!

Mr. T. informs us that the next time he has a big speech to make, he is going to take a dose of nitro-glycerine, so as he can make a noise when he goes off.

Mr. K. has arrived at quite a wonderful place in his study of what he calls "Humanics." He lately pronounced love to be but a miserable pest, although but a short while ago he said that his little bunch of flowers (from *her*) spoke volumes.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel."

Whenever Mr. O. unfolds the wings of his imagination, and spreads them upon the breezes of thought, and begins

to sail off in the regions of eloquence, listen, for surely you will hear something new. (?)

Druggist: "What kind o' syrup will you take in your soda?"

Mr. McK.: "*Lassis*, if you please, sir."

Mac has a sweet tooth.

Where, oh, where is that "Athletic Club?"

"Echo answers, where?"

GAS.—Too much *gassing* has been going on in College lately, and if it is not stopped we expect fatal results. Several of the students have been almost talked to death.

But we are now looking for better times. One of the boys has invented a very ingenious machine, known as the "*Fulminating Luminator of Boisterous Thunderations*." He first constructed it on the rubber-bag plan; but the first time he took up to the society hall it collected so much *gas* that the machine bursted in less than five minutes. But, thanks to this "genius of college," he has succeeded in working the concern on the compressed-air plan, and has announced that already sixty speeches and all the college talk of three weeks are pressed in a space no larger than a pea! This man of genius uses the *gas* thus collected, to supply his lamp of wisdom and light his way along the path of knowledge.

Mr. P. wishes to know if astronomy is taught in the chemistry course.

Mr. L.: "What is the price of your apples?"

Merchant: "Either two for five cents apiece or three for ten cents."

Mr. L.: "I'll take two for five cents apiece, then."

VENERABLE UNCLE EDWARD.

I.

There was a venerable colored individual, rejoicing in the cognomen of
Uncle Edward,
And he existed an extended length of time since.
He was utterly devoid of capillary excrescence on the summit of his cranium
In the location where the capillary excrescence was accustomed to luxuriate.

Chorus.

Place in a recumbent attitude the agricultural implements,
Suspend in an elevated position the musical instruments,
For there's no more manual exertion for indigent Uncle Edward—
He has taken his departure to that region which an all-wise Providence has
prepared for the immortal part of religious ladies and gentlemen of
African descent.

II.

His digital extremities had attained the length of saccharine vegetation which
flourishes in uncultivated regions,
And he was bereft of his optical organs, generally used for beholding objects,
And he was destitute of dental appliances for masticating the confection of
triturerated maize,
Therefore he was compelled to forego the consumption of said confection.

Chorus.

III.

Deceased was an individual of high moral character,
But was unfortunately affected to an unusual degree with kleptomania—
He secretly abstracted the entire contents of a two-storied grain receptacle,
And caused the obloquy of the action to be thrown upon the Shanghai
rooster.

Chorus.

IV.

When this aged African shuffled off this mortal coil, his former owner was
overcome with grief,
And moisture was deposited from his optical organs, resembling the precipi-
tation of moisture from the atmosphere,
And the physiognomy of the consort of his former owner assumed a lugu-
brious cast,
Owing to the fact that the said ancient African had forever disappeared
from view.

Chorus.

PERSONALS.

James A. Borum, session '82-3, is in the grocery business with his father, in Norfolk.

R. S. Brooks, session '82-3, is in the grocery business in Norfolk.

Frank D. Tabb, session '82-3, is in business with John Foster, in Portsmouth.

R. D. Tucker, who left college some time ago on account of injuries resulting from straining his wrist in the gymnasium, has returned. We are glad to see him back, but are sorry to learn that his hand is not yet well.

William G. Hatchett, session '82-3, is at Washington and Lee University. He was down here on a visit a short time since, looking sharp enough to split an inch-and-a-quarter plank into imaginary planes.

R. E. L. Tanner, session '82-3, has an engagement to play an important part in *Romeo and Juliet* on the Richmond stage. We hear that he is going into partnership with Ward the tragedian, as a junior partner. Richmond College may, in the near future, point with pride to him as her son.

T. Marian Anderson is practicing law and editing the *Conservative Democrat*, in Smyth county. He is getting along finely. He is expected in Richmond on a visit shortly. We hear that his matrimonial prospects are good.

I. M. Mercer is preaching in Halifax county. He has been with us quite often of late, as he has been staying in Richmond to be treated by some of the good doctors with which our city is so well supplied. His malady, however, is not small-pox.

M. S. Payne, session '77-8, is farming in Fauquier county. We hear that he is going to be married shortly. May his good *Luck* attend him through life, and may he not be overrun by the little *pains* and trials of life.

E. L. Waldrop is preaching in one of the tide-water counties. He must be very fond of taking holiday, as we hear

he has Christmas at all times of the year. He was here on a visit a short time ago.

B. A. Pendleton was with us some time ago. He was looking quite well. He is now at Hampden-Sidney.

Joseph R. Rennie, session '81-2, upholds the fair name of Richmond College and of the Mu Sigma Rho Society at Hampden-Sidney College. At a public debate at that college some time since, he was one of the debaters, and his speech was declared to be the best of the evening.

James G. Field, session '82-3, is studying medicine at the Richmond Medical College. We are sorry to hear that he is sick, and that he expects to go home. We hope he will soon get well, and come back and favor us with the light of his handsome countenance a little oftener than he has done of late.

John B. Williams has gone to the country on account of his health, which has been bad of late. We hope that the country air and the sunny smiles of the fair country maidens will have their due effect in restoring him to health.

J. S. Sheppard, session '81-2, now a student at the Medical College, is very ill. He has our heartfelt sympathy.

John Garnett, session '79-80, who has been teaching at Bowling Green, is now teaching in Aberdeen Academy, King and Queen county. We hear he is to be married soon, and we wish him all the happiness imaginable.

Judge Gunter, session '45-6, was here on a visit to his sons a few days ago. We regret not having had the opportunity of making his acquaintance.

Jim Gunter, who expected to take A. M. this session, had to leave college on account of delicate health, resulting from a bad spell of sickness. We hope he will soon be well, and return in time to "catch up" by examination time.

A. J. Yancey, session '78-9, is drumming for H. Nott & Co., Richmond, Va.

H. G. Moffett, session '72-3, has been elected to fill the office of Railroad Commissioner.

Alexander Fleet, session '71-2, has taken charge of a church in Essex.

Claggett Jones and Jim Jones, two former students of this college, are farming in King and Queen county. Claggett is married.

EXCHANGES.

When we walked into the Loafer's Retreat (our sanctum) and picked up *College Chips*, which was lying on the table, it reminded us of the time—

When we were a brat,
Long before we became a "rat."

when we used to pick up chips at the old wood-pile at home. *College Chips* is very young, but quite well grown for its age.

We find among the clippings of the *Wabash* the following bit of verse, which we are sure will find an echo in the heart of every college student:

My pony, 'tis of thee,
Emblem of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Book of my school-time days,
Worthy of fondest praise,
Worthy of poet's lays,
I'd tribute bring.

My gallant pony, thee,
Help to the wearied be,
When "Ex." is nigh,
I love thy well-worn look,
Thou gentle little book,
Down in some hidden nook,
Silently lie."

"What's in a Name?" is the name of an interesting article in the *Calliopean Clarion*. This article produces some striking illustrations of the great extent to which we are prejudiced in favor of or against anything by its name. Thus Buckland, the geologist, invited some members of his class to dine with him. After they had all commented

favorably on his soup, he informed them that it was alligator soup, which information had the effect of taking away their appetites.

A young man, having been requested at a dinner to reply to the time honored toast of "Woman," closed his remarks with the familiar quotation from Scott—

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please."

Here his memory failed him, but after a little hesitation, he continued in triumph—

"But seen too often, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."—*Ex.*

The *Peddle Institute Chronicle* contains an article called "Country Life." In it, the writer disabuses the minds of all those city people who get their only ideas of country life from romances and the poets. We think, however, that he slanders country life in that he exaggerates the evils and unpleasantnesses of it almost as much as the poets exaggerate the beauties of it. Or, at least, he pictures those evils in their most horrible light, and says nothing of the advantages of country life. While all his charges are in a measure just, in our opinion the pleasures of country life outweigh the unpleasantnesses of it.

"Non paratus," dixit Freshie,
Cum a sad, a doleful look;
"Omne rectum," Prof. respondit,
Et "nil" scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*

The *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* is neat in its outward appearance, and abounds in choice literature. Its article on "Civilization and Literature as Influenced by Christianity," gives evidence of much careful study in its preparation. It clearly shows that Christianity is the basis of all the splendid achievements of the present age.

A man named Gasbill wished to change his name because his girl always objected to his figure when he'd meter. She said he was too high, and turned him off.—*Ex.*

We have just received a copy of the *School Supplement*. It is quite a large paper, illustrated, and full of valuable in-

formation of every kind. We exchange with it with pleasure.

The *Delaware College Review* can boast of a continued story. As we have not seen the beginning of it, we cannot justly estimate its merits. We cannot boast of a continued story, but when you come down to the little ones, we can roll 'em out so fast that it would make George Washington's head swim to think of it

"Alas!" said the hair-pin in the mince meat of a boarding-house pie, "how unfortunate I am! Yesterday, I was calmly seated in the cook's hair, and to-morrow I shall be served up at dinner." "Why should you complain?" returned the fly, who had been mistaken for a currant. "You will at least be discovered and cast aside, but I will be swallowed, and no one will lament my death."

This fable teaches us that no one knows what the morrow will bring forth, even out of a mince pie.—*Exchange.*

We have received circulars from Messrs. Ludden and Bates, denouncing Daniel F. Beatty as a fraud. We have never had any dealings with Mr. Beatty, and therefore cannot vouch for the truth of the circulars. We notice them, however, in order that our patrons may look into the matter before buying from Mr. Beatty.

We received and read with much interest other exchanges, which we regret our inability to notice at length, owing to lack of time and space.

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