

The Messenger (archival - 1870-)

Volume 10
Number 5 *The Messenger*, Vol. 10, No. 5

Article 1

2-1885

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Recommended Citation

(1885) "The Messenger, Vol. 10, No. 5," *The Messenger (archival - 1870-)*: Vol. 10 : No. 5 , Article 1.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger-rc/vol10/iss5/1>

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Richmond College Messenger.

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Vol. X.

RICHMOND, VA., FEBRUARY, 1885.

No. 5.

EDITORS.—*Mu Sigma Rho*, L. L. PRITCHARD, E. B. POLLARD;
Philologist, J. W. MITCHELL, E. W. STONE.

BUSINESS MANAGER.—W. A. BORUM.

A LEGEND.

Pascagoula, a wandering stream,
Hath charms to entrance sweet pleasure's eye,
For on its silvery spray the waters gleam,
When soft moonbeams steal gently from the sky,
And twilight veils the eye of heaven, for night
To wake the moon from its musing sleep;
Then from its bosom comes a wondrous sight,
For beautiful murmurs leap from the deep.
From under water seems the sound to come;
Sweet music fills the soul of him who stands
And hears notes, oozed through the billow's foam,
When ripples roll like winds from strand to strand,
Ten thousand harps in distant concert beat.
Æolian strains float on the air;
The sad and lonely heart in peace to greet,
And from the weary soul drive 'way its care.
In the valley there dwelt a clan of men,
A gentle, gay, and inoffensive race,
That lived among the elms of the glen—
A shady and balmy resting-place.
A temple they had, with a goddess fair,
And a mermaid sat on a bench of pearls,
Flecked with jewels; and a golden hair
She had, that flowed in waving curls.
Each night that the moon unclouded shone,
They gathered round their deity wrought;
And with instruments strange, and flowers strewn,
Paid reverence to the one they sought.

But a day when Mauvila was no more,
 There came a priest with cross in his hand,
 To guide the wanderers safely on shore,
 And bring them to a happy, peaceful land.

It was night, and twelve, perhaps, the hour—
 The solemn hour, when cares are all at peace;
 For sleep an armed man overpowers,
 And with dreamless slumber makes them cease.
 But a sound of rushing waters roar—
 Invisible myriads of wings unseen,
 Swept through the air to swarm upon the shore,
 And wake the sleepers from their couches green.

Towering on the heights of crested waves,
 Stood their goddess with magnetic eyes,
 And breathing strains, brought madness to her slaves,
 Who extolled her praises to the skies.
 Amazed, bewildered, in they went,
 And sank to rise no more, in death's embrace.
 Thus the melodies from the grottoes sent,
 They tell us, is the murmur of this race.

“GLENBROOK.”

[The following article was intended for the January No. of the MESSENGER. but was received too late for publication. Feeling confident that the theme will attract attention, we have ventured to give place to it in our columns for February.—EDS.]

THOUGHTS ON A NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

Seated all alone by the glowing grate, everybody else in the house under the spell of the drowsy god Somnus, the circling blue smoke from my cigar floating in misty vapor above my head. The clock tolls slowly and solemnly the hour of twelve, as if conscious that its measured strokes proclaim the old year's death, the low wind sighs and mourns, and then suddenly grows silent, as if gathering strength for a louder wail of sorrow. The rain splashes against the window in fitful gusts. Nature is shedding bitter tears over her favorite's grave. Verily

———“'Tis a time
 For memory and for tears.”

And yet we all hail the New Year's coming with joy.

Does no one drop a kindly tear on the poor withered corpse?

Does no one think of the joys or sorrows buried in his grave?

Does no one cast a last lingering look into the inner chambers of his heart, and sigh to find it just as hollow and cold as when he first welcomed 1884?

Does no one say to the old man fallen just across the threshold.
"Stay, oh! stay, for 'round you cling the fondest memories of my life?"

Do we all forget the past in our anticipation of the future?

Does no one welcome the "blooming boy" with feelings of mingled sorrow and gladness?

I hate to see the years glide by so swiftly, for the river of time rolls onward ever, and each year brings added bitterness.

"Noiseless and rapid as a dream
Forever flows the widening stream,
While every wave or transient hour
Heaves up a weed and takes a flower.

"The Isle of Life, that seemed to be
A continent infinity,
Grows bleaker, narrower, day by day,
And channelled by a salter spray.

"Like shipwrecked men who closer flock
To the bare summit of a rock
When the loud storm that wrecked them flings
Some loftier billow from his wings,
We climb from youth's wave-rippled strand,
With heavier heart and feebler hand,
Up the gray rock of Age, whose peak
Time's hungry billows mounting seek.

"There from the barren top espy
A girdle of tears—an ashen sky;
Bowed heads, cold hearts, and palsied feet
To ages pinnacle retreat,
While the dull tide that swells below
Pursues them with a sullen flow—
The rock is hid, the waves beat high,
And, lo! an ocean and a sky."

One by one our friends fall around us, swept away perhaps forever by "hungry billows" from our yearning gaze, for who *dare* say what eternity holds. More light! More light! This is the hourly cry of poor blind humanity, this is the prayer of unhappy man. Groping amid passion and pain round the walls of the prison of vanity.

Everywhere darkness and doubt, everywhere pain and sorrow in expressible, and woes unendurable. We laugh while we weep. Skeletons are veiled by the garments of merriment.

Earth is a vast theatre filled to the brim with discordant existences, everywhere opposite: Anguish and levity, riches and poverty, light and shadow. We trust friends only to find them false and unworthy. We enshrine idols in our hearts only to find them clay. It is little wonder that the world is so filled with cynicism.

With some of us existence is a drag, and we are glad to see the old year go, for we hope it brings us nearer to forgetfulness. Others forget that time is journeying on, and live only in the present, forgetting, and striving to forget that somehow, somewhere, there is an eternity of joy or pain.

Others still, can see afar with eyes of faith that pierce the mystic veil that hides the future the shining parapets of Paradise, and long to reach the shores of joy beyond the grave.

To-morrow will be a happy day for many—to-morrow is the fashionable time for us to make good resolutions, and to turn over a clean new leaf in the book of life, and resolve to keep it free from blot and stain; the hearty hand-shake, and the jolly, loudly-spoken "Happy New Year!" though we may know the wisher only utters it for want of something better, yet it does us good and gives us a better opinion of others and ourselves, and as a general thing we need both. To-morrow, on all of us Dame Fortune will bestow a benignant smile, causing us to forget her ill-natured sister for a time. But after all—

"What are Dame Fortune's thousand smiles
Against Miss Fortunes frown."

And some of us whose lives have not all been cast in pleasant places, can tell how constant is this ill-starred Miss, and how unlike her more favored fickle sister.

'Tis sad to behold the garland of our most cherished hopes, braided so carefully, nothing but withered blossoms—it is sad to see the fruit and sweetness of life so carefully preserved turn to ashes on our lips.

Oh, well, open the casement and fling the old year out, is the universal cry, welcome to the ruddy child, with dimpled limbs and laughing lips and eyes, that no sorrow or pain can dim. But let us gather around the old year's death-bed, we who have felt his sting, but who fear some more evil in the reign of the Young New Year, and hesitate before we enter into the shout of "the king is dead! Long like the king!"

But the clock has struck, and I awake from my reverie; the fire has burned itself out, and I realize that whether it be for weal or woe, yet the New Year has come. Has the world cause to smile or mourn? What say the Omens of his coming—what do the Destinies ordain; is it pain or happiness?

But grim Fate is mute and awful, as she stands silent over the wretched corpse.

Old year, Farewell; your joys and your sorrows are all of the past."

"I weary of my pen,
And write of my own accord;
It was my slave, and I was happy then;
'Tis now my lord.

MOONSHINER.

HOME.

The readers of the *Messenger* will remember an article in the October number of the present volume, on this same subject, "Home." It is not my purpose to antagonize that article, which presented the most common and generally accepted phase of home. My object is merely to present another phase, which, although not so natural to many, is more natural to *some*. It is the home of an only son, isolated from the homes of children of his own age. "M * * tin" well described a mother's influence in a home, yet he did not describe it

fully, nor can it be done. So far from fully expressing it, the mind has never yet been able even to comprehend the vast influence which a mother exerts upon a child; much less can it be transmitted to language. Although she adapts herself to the wants of the child in a manner which none other can, there are, however, many wants which she cannot supply. She is to a great extent a playmate for the child, yet he instinctively feels her superiority, and the disadvantage under which he plays. Nowhere is man's instinctive love of equal associates more manifest than in a little child. So the child seeking associates, and finding no children of his own age with whom to associate, naturally bestows his affections upon the humbler creations of God. He takes the dog for his boon companion, the trees and rocks for subjects, and thus sovereign of all that surrounds him, he plays from morn till night. After vain attempts to infuse fire into the inanimate "stick-horse," he mounts the dog, who serves him first for a horse and then for a companion, as he roams through the fields talking to the birds, the brook, and the flowers, never feeling offended because they do not answer; he answers for them, and goes on his way merry and happy. O the purity of such a life. The new soul, so fresh from its Maker, seems still to be held to God by some invisible tendon, and thus to drink from the great fountain of purity through a medium which those souls that have dwelt longer in this miry world, and been coated with its venomous spatter, have long since forever lost. He has a vague, indefinite idea of the outside world; imagining it to be a place where there are conflicts, yet where truth and the right always triumphed in the end.

The child becomes a man, and with these ideas of the supremacy of truth, he goes out into the world. Horror seizes his soul when he beholds for the first time truth, his ideal of sovereignty, vainly struggling in the death-coils of deception's squirming reptiles. After a time the shock wears off, and he is infatuated by the cunning deceptions of this "great farce." He glories in his power to detect the subdued serpent's hiss amid noisy flattery, and to conceal his own emotions.

But at length he tires of thus being a passionless actor, of ciphering people's motives rather than accepting their testimony. From

the depth of his soul he sighs for the simple fidelity of even a dog. He longs for a place where he can act what he feels, and judge the motives of others by their actions. He tires of the giddy rush of life's stream, and would fain escape from its rapids to his home, where cool breezes would fan his heated brow, and rustling leaves sing lullabies while he slept. But on returning he finds the home which he beholds is not the home of his childhood. "Time, the great tomb-builder," has left its impress upon all. The old dog who was wont to meet him at the gate with gladness pictured upon his mild face, has given place to a younger one, who, snarling and snapping at the prodigal's heel, says in language peculiar to himself, "You are an intruder." He turns for comfort to the brook whose murmur is associated with every boyish glee, but the ancient melody of its murmur is gone. The drippings of the years have worn a new channel, and the water rippling over *new* rocks sings a *new* song. Weary and disappointed he turns to the old oak whose foliage had screened his boyish locks from the summer's sun, there hoping to recline in peace beneath its friendly shade, and *look on* as the great stream of life, foaming and hissing, rushes by. But, alas! here, too, change hath been wrought. The old tree has measured its length upon the earth; and while he stands moralizing upon the ruin, a startled hare, springing from its decayed trunk, glides away in the undergrowth, and all is quiet again, save the distant roar of life's stream echoing in his ear, defying him to escape it.

He has no alternative but to follow the summons, and again embark upon life's great stream; in fact, he has never disembarked, but has only been sailing in an eddy, soon swept out again into the current; for those once launched upon this stream, there is no anchoring, but one continual voyage of hopes and fears, triumphs and failures. Life's stream is composed of two currents: an upper current, running forward; a strong under current, making backward. If we exert ourselves to our uttermost, swimming bravely to the top, the upper current will bear us forward; but if we despair and let down, the under current will bear us backward. And, as we cannot escape life, but must be borne by one or the other of its currents, either to the front or to the rear, we should look on the bright side and

make the best of it. We are too much inclined to search out the false and bad in life, and to ignore the true and good. It is true, there is in life much to abhor, yet, at the same time, there is much to admire; and if we would only be as diligent in our search for the true and noble as for the false and base, we would be far happier. So let us look to the bright side, doing all in our power to keep up where the upper current will bear us on to success and honor.

JAQUES.

SHAMS.

The boast of the nineteenth century is the progress which has characterized it in almost every branch of learning. And many a man, I doubt not, while looking at our achievements and success only, has been led to think that we have almost reached the limit of man's ingenuity. Whereas if he were to consider this advancement from other standpoints, he would come to the conclusion that there is mixed with what appears to be pure gold, a great deal of alloy. In other words, shams occupy a prominent part in our boasted attainments. Might it not be well for us to examine more particularly this important factor, and reflect upon its relative proportions of truth and falsehood, sincerity and hypocrisy, reality and pretense, which constitute our thoughts and actions?

People in general, are not as careful as they ought to be in reporting what they have heard. How few there are who can state a fact just as they heard it. How different when first told from the "revised version" of it after it has been repeated several times. I have known of incidents of travel in distant lands being written by a person who had never been from his own country; and even of Richmond College boys describing, with all the power of their fertile imaginations, places which they had never seen. Witness that public speaker who rises from his seat and delivers to astonished multitudes, what he declares to be an "extempore" speech, which, at great labor, he has no doubt been months in preparing! How cunningly that preacher manipulates his written sermon, baffling the keenest

eye as he slips it in the Bible, and turns the leaves with an agility which would put to shame the effort of an accomplished professor of legerdemain. Oftentimes it is while burning the midnight oil that a writer arouses the most profound emotions of the soul, and excites the imagination to its utmost limit by a graphic and picturesque description of a beautiful sunrise, though he may not have seen one for years. and it was the lot of him who never had a home to write those immortal lines, "Home, Sweet Home."

Of all the evils of society, the village "professional" gossip is one of the greatest factors of evil, and one of its worst characters. This suggests to us that the state of society of the day, is preeminently a system of shams. With Eve, the first and fairest of deceivers, this bent of woman's nature showed itself, and will no doubt ever hold a prominent place in her being.

The society belles of to-day care nothing for reality, but all for appearance. It is impossible to tell what the average society girl really is, back of her thousand shams [charms (?)] and caprices, with her ruffles, paints, bangs, &c. We are told of the practice of peasant girls in Hungary, (and I fear it is the case with not a few American girls,) who take arsenic as a means of beautifying themselves, and, when discontinued, as after marriage, become thin and haggard. A very distinguished writer says, rather roughly, "that they are smitten with everything showy and superficial, and the right adjustment of their hair is the principal employment of their lives."

The boasted civilization of our own country, its wonderful achievements, its phenomenal rise to great wealth and power, is necessarily in a great measure a mushroom growth. It has too great a proportion of the pretense and emptiness of the day. Much of our literature, art, and science is but a mass of shams and superficiality.

Too many of our tradesmen, mechanics, and professional men care not to what measures they resort to make money. The fact that ours is the country from which wooden nutmegs, oleomargerine, and a thousand other such deceptions had their birth, is *food* for serious thought. It were well to consider where such cheats are to stop.

Some people are by temperament more inclined to exaggeration than others. This is seen in them at an early date, as when the

boy declares he has seen a thousand birds and is afterwards made to confess he only heard a bush shake. This faculty seems to be inherited often, and, like every evil in our natures, easily and imperceptibly grows into a habit, and, if not checked very soon, takes complete possession. The fact that a "*Mendax Maximus*" medal has been given here among the boys, shows that this propensity is not entirely outside of college walls.

As many people are in error persistently, some are so believing it is right. "The sun do move, and the yearth am squar," is as devoutly believed by a colored citizen of this city as people in general believe the opposite.

Some shams have in the world's history been productive of great good. For example, the oracle at Delphi exercised an influence over the world for centuries unparalleled by anything in history, I believe, on the whole, it exercised a beneficial control over the minds and hearts of Greece which no human institution of its day could or would have done.

But instances as above are exceptions, and shams of religion have probably done the world more harm than shams of all other kinds. From our point of view, the heathen systems of religion are a great mass of shams—many of them hideous in the extreme. It is and has been the province of the Christian religion to combat these systems of error, and, along with shams of religion, shams of every other kind are falling and will fall until truth shall reign supreme. But, sad though it be, it is not alone in heathen religions that such evils exist, but, much worse, men who ought to know better, who have everything to make them so, are not. In the time of our Lord, the Pharisee, with his solemn face, long prayers in public places, and doing everything to be seen of men, is a good example of a religious sham. He was outwardly and in form living up to his religion. The church of to-day is afflicted with too many Pharisees, men who are outwardly living a Christian life, but are as whitened sepulchres. Just here we would put the so-called "Sunday Christians," who are devils during the week and "saints" on Sundays.

Then we might mention professional shams. As to which of the

professions contains the most shams, many think "the medal" lies between the physician and the lawyer. Nowadays almost any young man can read law a few weeks, "hang out his shingle," and lie in a short time to equal any of those who have been longer in the business. While the number of M. D.'s who are annually turned out of our medical colleges is alarming, all ready to "peddle pills" of destruction to innocent beings. The Bible tells us of two persons who were taken sick. One called in no physician and got well; the other sent for one and then "turned his face to the wall and slept with his fathers." A lawyer said to a doctor, "Your mistakes are buried six feet under ground." "And yours," said the doctor in reply, "are hung six feet above." Doctors, with their theories of temporary insanity, have saved many an impious criminal from the gallows; while dishonest lawyers were the cause of a whole country's feeling shame, and lives and property being destroyed recently in a Western city.

Not a few preachers are there who are servants of sham. It is the promise of better pay and the chance to preach over a "barrel" of sermons that induces some preachers to *prayerfully* consider a new call.

But the shams of other classes and professions have strong rivals in the bold effrontery, the hypocrisy, "the cheek," of some of our professional politicians. Their somersaults and acrobatic feats are not equaled by the circus clown. A man goes along with seldom ever an idea of his country, her government, or her management, often profoundly ignorant of such matters, until suddenly he is smitten with a desire of office—that almost insane desire of many of our people. He immediately begins a series of lying speeches, vilifying that side which he thinks is now or is likely to be the weaker. "Oh, the people, the *dear* people," along with the greatest anxiety as to their every interest, is sounded with a stentorian voice from every rostrum in the land, when suddenly, with one of those clownish feats, he is in the opposite party, vilifying that one to which he formerly belonged, stuffing them also with sickening compliments and trying to blind them with "star-dust." But soon he is defeated, and see how his love for his country has vanished! How soon his voice, with its former thrilling cry, "The people, the *dear* people," is heard no more in the land.

Shams get their hardest hits from newspaper men, yet no class is more pretentious—none are under such complete thralldom to their power. They plan campaigns, fight battles, show how one party conquers and another is conquered, run the wheels of government, &c (all on paper). We are forcibly reminded of their powers just

now in the cabinet-making business for the President-elect. They are the supreme court, the "returning board," beyond which there is no appeal, and so they are authority on all questions of theology, law, railroads, government, &c., and are characterized with an equal measure of profound wisdom in them all. Their only style is Johnsonese, clothing a most ordinary occurrence in the most gorgeous colors.

The shams in our systems of education should not go unnoticed. Too many of our "high schools" are so low in standard as to properly be called preparatory. Many of our so-called colleges are dishonorable to the name, not doing the efficient work that a good, private school ought to do, while the name "University" is getting exceedingly common, so that many good people of the day are misled by sending their children at great expense to a school because it has the name of "University" in preference to a good college much easier of access. We are told of some institutions that go by the name of colleges that send out emissaries to drum in students, guaranteeing them before they have entered the college walls to graduate with a degree in a specified time, without any thought as to their ability or preparation, or how they will apply themselves. Merit is not a word in their vocabularies, and such sent forth are but instruments for practicing shams upon others. The cause of this is largely due to the inefficient officers and the incompetent professors who occupy chairs in too many of our colleges.

Passing now to lower systems of education, I verily believe no greater shams exists than our system of public country schools. A person of merit will not, without necessity, teach for such meagre salaries as are given these teachers, and as incompetent teachers make poorly-prepared scholars, if a person wants his child instructed thoroughly in the rudiments of education, he must be at the double expense, both to pay his free-school tax, from which he reaps no advantage, and the salary of a private teacher. The system of giving a mere sham of an education to the negro children of the South is a great disadvantage to them. In many cases they are taught just enough to make them fools—too "smart" to do manual work, and, by the sweat of their brow, earn their bread, and not taught sufficiently to get it honestly otherwise.

There is something more than simple humor in the statement of the old negro who said of his two sons, that one of them learned to read and write and was now working out his time in the penitentiary for forgery, while the other, who knew nothing of either, was now running for Congress.

This subject might be continued much farther, but as this article

is not intended to be exhaustive, but only here and there note the more salient points of the subject, we hasten to conclude.

Next to the ladies, our literary societies would no doubt feel more keenly the slight of not being mentioned as one of the more prominent objects of praise. Such a breach of etiquette in either case would be unpardonable, so we close with a just a word for them. No other learned body takes hold of questions for discussion with the calm, cool deliberation that our literary societies do. They grapple with the knottiest problems of law, politics, religion and science with a calmness and coolness, and with that measure of self reliance and feeling of being able to completely master the subject and explore it to its profoundest depths, that would startle the French Academy of Science or the Seven Wise Men of Greece. Even Solomon, in all his glory and wisdom, would no doubt put on a serious face and blanche at the "profound" wisdom of some of our Literary Society debates.

We beg leave to suggest to our professors that should they meet with a subject that is too deep for them, of which nothing can be learned from the researches of the wise men of the present or past, to turn it over to the Literary Societies with unfaltering trust in their ability to be able to fully and exhaustively deal with the subject. And to each of them, in closing, we would say in the language of the Latin poet, "*Macte Virtute*"—Heaven speed thee in thy high career!

S.

COLLEGE LIFE.

They tell us that "familiarity breeds contempt." If this be true, our subject will be a *contemptible* one, at least to a portion of our readers. But, after all, it is the familiar things which can benefit us, and would benefit us even more, if we should give them the proper attention. Why should we not give due consideration to the things around us rather than spend our time in search of something more remote? Would not our efforts obtain more practical results? In fact, the proper way to become far-reaching in influence and power is to begin by utilizing what is already within our grasp. The man of the emergency is the one whom all ages of the world have demanded. But the principle which underlies the success of such a man is the one to guide us all. We live in the *present* and for the future, *not* in the future and for the present. The institutions of learning in the world are thronged with young men; and it is very important for students to have correct ideas of what college

life is, and should be, because it directly concerns them and their interests; hence the importance of turning our attention to this familiar and commonplace subject.

The college life of the average student ranges between eighteen, or perhaps we should say a little earlier, and twenty-five.

Now, every considerate man must at once see what a powerful influence upon the whole life this portion must necessarily exert. As a general thing, it is within the limits of the formative period of life. This is the critical time of most, if not all, young men. Even the development of the physical man depends in no small degree upon the course pursued at this age, as is seen when young men leave the college walls with their constitutions wrecked, on account of having overtasked themselves with mental work or any other variety of intemperance. How the physical man is influenced by this formative period is seen perhaps more clearly in the more active vocations than in college life. But certainly there is no part of life that has so much to do with the formation of habits, the acquisition of ideas, the building up of character, and the qualifying or disqualifying of one for his life duties, as the college career. At this time of life the mind is generally eager for investigation, the man is in search of truth, and oftentimes he finds error instead.

In the first place, there are erroneous notions about *college life*. Not only the generality of young men, but many parents have very incorrect ideas with regard to this matter. Many a father puts his son in college apparently for the single purpose of saying "he has been to college," hoping it will be of service to the son in securing a position in business. In such cases the parent does his child an injustice rather than a benefit.

Then, too, many young men become matriculates of *colleges* and *universities* without even an *erroneous* notion, in fact, no notion at all as to what the meaning of their course is.

We may have an ideal of *college life*, but after all it is what the student makes it. In some cases it is characterized by too much fidelity to text books. In this class we find the "havn't-got-time" man; he is one who has no time for anything except preparing for his classes, taking his meals, &c. He makes a mistake, and in most cases a fatal mistake. He is not living or working in harmony with the laws of nature. He neglects the physical and overtasks the mental powers. Now all must concede that there is a mutual dependence between the mental and physical. For the maintenance of a strong mental state, the physical man must be kept in a strong and healthful, or normal condition; such a condition is simply dependent on regularity of habits, and the proper amount of exercise.

Now this class of students disregard everything, except achievements in their classes. The slaves to such notions leave college with their minds stored, but constitutions, in most cases, wrecked. They have defeated the chief aim of a college training, viz. : preparation for future life work ; for they have no physical power to propel their mental force. But even if this student does not impair his health, he is still liable to another injustice to himself. Be it said to his credit, he is master of his books ; yet he is not symmetrically developed. He has not sought the improvement of the *literary society*, hence has no facility for expressing or conveying his ideas to the world. In fact, he is a right fair type of an impractical man ; and his impracticability results from his confinement to the class-room during the formative period and neglecting during this period, other things of vital importance. We have spoken of the student that makes a mistake in one direction. But we think his course far better than that pursued by the student, *so called*, whose ambition for literary attainments are subordinate to every other desire. This is the man of pleasure—the card-player, street-walker, the gentleman with the cane. Yes, above all, and worst of all, perhaps, he may have settled down into that numerous but by no means desirable class known in technical terminology as *loafers*. As our *Tide-water* friends would say, “They haven’t three ideas above an oyster” as to the reason they are at college at all. Perhaps some of them are so tired of studying they never begin, or more probably, they are afraid of “breaking down their health.” Reader, which? They take plenty of exercise of the physical order, but their brains lie sleeping in their encasements.

After all, there are some very discouraging features about *college life*, even when the most prudent course is pursued. As already stated, this is the time when the foundation of a great superstructure is laid. “In the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be.” Views adopted, habits contracted, at this special time, are likely to cling to us through life.

By mental training the mind becomes more far-reaching and more anxious for the acquisition of *great* and new ideas ; at the same time, piloted by the false notions of the metaphysicians, error takes the place of truth. Not a few bright minds have drifted into this channel and become the sad victims of untruth. Then, too, we must remember that when the student gives attention solely to books, he necessarily withdraws himself in a great measure from the practical matters of the world.

Inactivity in practical affairs will disqualify him to a great extent for the practical world. This must necessarily be the case. Sup-

pose an American student spends several years in a German university, laying aside altogether for the time the study and use of his native tongue, certainly when he returns to his native land, he will find his English vocabulary greatly impoverished—the result of a disuse of the language. But this objection to college life is more an apparent objection than a real one. For what has thus been lost can be easily acquired, even at a late hour, by proper application.

U—No—Hoo.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

We noticed in the last issue of the *Messenger* a reference to Prof. Puryear's severing his connection with the College. We most sincerely trust that such will not be the case. Prof. Puryear has ever been a friend to the student, and has endeared himself to all of us by his many acts of kindness and love. Richmond College has become noted all over the South for its fine management and the exceptional good behavior of its young men. When the presiding officer of one of our Southern colleges asked him how it was that he had such good order, he replied that he "just let the boys alone," and treated them as gentlemen. It has been our pleasure to attend three colleges, and nowhere have we found such an admirable system of management or such excellent conduct as there is right here at Richmond College, and this, we think, is due in a great measure to Prof. Puryear. We do not know of a single gentleman who could fill the chairman's position as he has filled it. We have never seen any one who possessed greater powers of attraction. He has the knack of making all the boys love him. He treats them as the father treats his own sons, and is ever ready and willing to take the part of one of his boys.

We are very glad to know that so many of our young men attended Mr. Moody's meetings while he was in Richmond. Some of them did not miss a single meeting. We only had the pleasure of hearing him once, and are therefore not prepared to say much about him. He was quite a different looking man from what we had expected to see, being short and corpulent. His style is a little peculiar. He has a good voice, is a fresh and vigorous talker, and understands quite well how to preach the gospel.

His power as an evangelist, we think, consists in his Bible illustrations and the narration of incidents which have come under his own observation. His anecdotes are aptly chosen and always fit his text. He argues well and never fails to move his audience. He denies ever having said anything harsh about the South. We sincerely trust that Mr. Moody may have the same success in the future as has attended him in the past.

Some of the young men have organized a telegraph company at the College, and are now learning telegraphy rapidly. This will doubtless prove of advantage to them in after life. There is also considerable talk about a college band. We hope it will go through, and that in a few weeks we may have some good music. We are glad to see such a spirit of enterprise. We regard it as a good sign.

There is a custom more or less prevalent at all colleges which we wish to say a word or two about. We refer to the habit called "riding a pony." There is nothing which will bring a student to grief quicker. The man who uses one of these articles is, in nine cases out of ten, the man who wishes to appear to be that which he is not. Let him adopt as his motto the words *esse quam videri malo*. These interlinear and literal translations have been the cause of many a young man's failure to pass his final examinations. A great many students (?) procure these books simply for reference, but it is not long before they fall into the long line of stable-men. They may be seen every day sitting astride of some well-groomed "pony" or "short-horse," cantering over the plains of Troy or galloping helter skelter through the Odes of Horace. Why, we have known a single young man to have as many as a dozen

"ponies" corralled in his room at one time. Don't think, young man, that your professors know nothing about it. They can size you up in a very short space of time, and when they find that your daily recitations are so elegant and exact, you may be sure they'll "smell a rat." These books will do very well for those of us who read Latin or Greek merely for pleasure, but are by no means fit for us who are making these languages a study.

Our predecessors' battle with "sentimentality" and "love-sickness," which he says so abounded in the articles submitted to him, reminds us to make a suggestion to those who attempt to write for our columns. Let hackneyed and common-place subjects alone. Do not choose a subject on which others have written a thousand times, and in writing on it express ideas which others before you have expressed a million times. Cultivate originality both in thought and expression. We cannot be absolutely original, no matter on what subject we write, then let us not select a subject on which we cannot even hope to be relatively original. And, above all, please let "Woman" severely alone, for a while at least. Because she gets the best of you with the tongue, is no reason why you should take recourse to the press. If you have anything sweet or otherwise to say to, or about a woman, go and say it to her face, like any other man would do under similar circumstances. If we take up the last issue of the *Messenger* we see there "Woman" dilated on; so with the issue before the last, and so on back, *ad infinitum, ad libitum, usque ad nauseam*. "Time," in all its various aspects, is another subject which appears often in our columns. Take up the last issue again, and look at its table of contents. We find "Some Day," "Now," and the "Future." Take again the December number, and we find articles with the captions, "Procrastination" and "Time." "Take account of the time" may be a good old maxim, but it does not necessarily mean that the account of time should be kept in writing. No, try not to choose threadbare themes. Branch out on historical and biographical subjects, literary criticism, and scientific

investigation. The idea is to cultivate original thought and research ; a little philosophy occasionally, perhaps, would not be amiss.

We do not mean to advise one to jump beyond his depth ; if you are not tall enough to venture on such subjects, add to your height. "Who, by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature"—was not spoken of the mind. Both by thought and by reading our mental depth can not only be increased, but doubled and trebled. Then let us have a little more originality, both in the selection of our subjects and in their modes of treatment, and the editors will not be compelled to publish so many articles of ordinary merit, only because they have no others that are better.

LOCALS.

Examinations !

Look out, boys, or you'll "flunk."

"Well, W., are you going to shave me or not ?"

"Oh, yes ; just wait till I get my *lava* fixed."

Hurrah for the Philologists ! They have elected a man as censor who can't even see how to tie his own shoe-strings.

A visitor asked Mr. L. if he could tell him who the rector of the college was. Mr. L. replied that he did not know unless it was Robert (the janitor).

A young lady while up in the tower the other evening, had her attention called to Mr. H., who, with his thumbs in his vest, was strutting about the campus. Being asked what she thought of him, she exclaimed, "Why, he's nothing in the world but cheek and moustache."

A student while visiting the Penitentiary asked a convict for what offence he had been imprisoned, and received the following reply: "I stole a mill and was caught while after the dam." The young man was suddenly called elsewhere.

Mr. S., while talking to a young lady a few days since, and speaking of the changeableness of the weather and its bad effects, exclaimed, "I just declare, this is the worst weather I have ever seen—it is real *enervating*."

"Yes," said she, "it is quite depressing."

Prof. : "Mr. M., can you tell us to what class these ideas belong?"

M. : "Yes, sir ; they belong to the Primary."

Prof. : "Very good ; now, to what class do these other ideas belong?"

M. : "Why, to the *Seminary*."

During Mr. Moody's meetings, one of the young men concluded that he would go down. When he got there he was at a loss as to where he should go next. He stepped up to a policeman and said, "Say, Mister, can you tell me where the college boys are?" He evidently needed salting.

We are sorry to learn that there will be no match-games of foot-ball between the Richmond College and Randolph-Macon boys. The eleven here is probably the best that has been here in several years. We had anticipated much pleasure from these games.

It is a caution to snakes the way the "Callythumpian Rangers" scatter when the bold "Tomahawk Brigade" sallies forth with its blood-curdling war-whoop.

If you haven't got a mouth-harp you had better go out and buy one, or you will have the unenviable pleasure of being left behind by an advancing world. A few days ago one of our collēge *harpers*—bless his little musical soul—came into the reading-room, took his seat, put his feet upon the table before him, took out his harp, wiped his mouth and began "Sweet Evelina." The Librarian perceiving that there was "music in the air," wrote the following words and sent them to Orpheus II.:

"'Harpers harping with their harps' may do for heaven but not for a reading-room.

By order of

THE LIBRARIAN."

The strains were hushed, the harper harped no more, but left the hall wondering why that which was good enough for heaven was not good enough for a college reading-room, and at the same time unconsciously whistling "Sweet Evelina."

One of the students who is deeply enamoured of a certain young lady, while writing to her the other night, suddenly sprang up, and addressing himself to an imaginary somebody on the opposite side of the room, poured forth his

soul in the following words: "Would that I could stand upon the loftiest Alpine peak and dip my pen deep down into the Vesuvian crater, and write upon the starry firmament in burning letters the words, 'E——, darling, thou knowest I love thee.'"

PERSONALS.

W. Y. Quisenberry, session '83-4, we learn, is succeeding admirably as colporter in Bedford county. He paid us a visit a few days ago while in the city attending the Moody meetings. Come and see us again, Quis.

Bro. Frank Wilson, session 1883-4, is teaching school near White Gate, Giles county. As Frank and I are confidential friends, I dare not tell what kind of a school he says it is.

F. W. McCay, session 1883-4, is studying law at Warren C. H. Do you ever tell any "solemn truths," these times, Mc.?

M. L. Wood, session 1883-4, now of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, has been called to and accepted the pastorate of some church in Charles City county. He is to take charge immediately after the close of the present session. That is right. Come back to the Old Dominion boys.

What a number of the Richmond College boys there are at the Seminary now. Wood and Barker and Haislip and West, and a number of others just as good. Do your best, boys. Raise high the banner of your *alma matar*.

T. J. Shipman, session 1883-4, was to see us a few days ago. We hear that he has been quite successful as pastor in Greenville, Va.

J. T. Tucker, session '82-3, now pastor in Chesterfield county, came to see us a few days ago. Come again, Joel. We are always glad to see you.

Reuben H. Garnett paid us a short visit last week. He has resigned his professorship in Georgetown College, Ky., in consequence of ill-health, and has come to his Virginia home to rest.

A. G. Loving, a former student of Richmond College, and now pastor at Louisa C. H., spent several days with us a few weeks ago.

John Wyat, session 1881--2, has been called to the chair of Greek in Georgetown College, Ky.

J. F. Settle paid us a short visit recently. He is now principal of the Churchland High School.

C. M. Coleman, session '80--81, is principal of the Churchland Academy.

L. R. Hamberlin, session '83--4, is principal of a school in Brownsville, Tenn.

Henry Latane, one of our former students, called to see us a few days ago *en route* home from his Texas expedition.

Rev. A. J. Reamy is located in a very pleasant pastorate in Clark county.

EXCHANGES.

The Editor of the *Carsonian* meets us on uneven ground for criticism by stating in his article that his journal would be presented in a form "attractive a little to the selfish, and a heap to the unselfish eye." Well, we don't like to be harsh, but we must "own the soft impeachment" and confess that in spite of a careful search, not one literary article has met our eye. This is deplorable in a journal which is the fountain of thought, supplied by fresh, imaginative, trained, and scrutinizing minds. Stir up your members, make them contribute articles worthy of themselves, and compel us not again to act upon a piece of advice given in one of your own articles, "to yawn

and lay aside the paper." Next month we hope to see the inside more attractive than the outside.

In the editorial of the *Star-Crescent* we find a modest disclaimer to a high position in the ranks with their literary co-laborers. Why, bless you, my friend, if you only knew with what interest some of your articles are perused, you would have good cause to think King College had done much toward "giving shape to the lump of mud" as you call it. Some of the ideas in "Never Lost" reveal a depth of thought and a power of word-painting that, to use your own words, will write your name on the "rock of duration." The bit of poetry—"A Theft"—on the last page, is a merry little piece of common-sense—one acted upon at times, we fear, by our students, and which will touch their hearts by its resemblance to some of their own misdeeds.

We are very much pleased with the December number of the *Hamilton College Monthly*, and looked with much interest at the bright pictures, and brighter remarks which met our glance. The style is rather light, though there is good sound sense, and one may find excellent principles contained in "Personal Attraction." The *Monthly* is thoroughly the "honest effort of school girls," as the editors wish it called, we believe; but school girls must develop into "maturer womanhood," and the refining process must be indicated in the fruit. However, we welcome you to our Exchange table, especially when you wear such a bright face and show such earnestness of thought as we found in your "Warp and Woof." Come again, and often.

Next in order we notice the *Kalamazoo Occident*, and though there are few articles of any length contained in the journal, yet those we noticed were very good. The "Treatise on Old Maids" rather tickled our fancy, although it is not natural for the boys to concur in

the statement that it is good for woman, any more than man, to be alone. Not that this "singleness of purpose" is advocated under all circumstances by the writer, only when it is best, if it ever is so. The article on the "Authorship of the Shakespearean Drama" shows good reasoning, and is in every way well written. The writer says, "Imagine Shakespeare, the manager of the 'Globe Theatre,' who spelled his name three different ways in signing his will, covering the ground of the theories of gravitation and circulation of the blood, both of which were discovered after his death; also, entering the field of dead languages, ancient history and physics, and all with an education whose standard could be put to shame by any modern school-boy. Was he one of the gods, that he was able to do this thing?" But the article very aptly concludes with the query, "If he did not write them, who did?" We will not enter into any further discussion of the literary merits and demerits of the journal, however, but will just say in conclusion that you are always welcome at Richmond College.

We began overlooking the January number of the *College Index*, but soon came to a short stop for want of material, not being particularly fond of reading advertisements, locals, personals, and other little dots of notes. These things do very well in moderation, but a body is easily surfeited with such matter. We would have enjoyed a few more articles claiming some literary merit, and it seems that the journal might have consisted of more substantial ingredients. However, we liked some of the articles, and next month we expect to have a good "reading spell" over your magazine, and will look forward with pleasure to its arrival.

Before us lies the *Aurora*, bearing upon its forehead the motto, "Science with Practice"; but we have vainly searched its pages for any vestige of the scientific. Perhaps its only claim to this title lies in the fact that in one verse of the opening poem (?) the Proctor there mentioned is "searching for a noisy cannon ball." He would

certainly need the aid of science in such an undertaking. Witness,

“ We shall never hear the Proctor's footstep
Echo loudly in the hall,
As he searched for the freshmen,
Or the noisy cannon ball.”

But, in view of the editor's statement, pleading as his excuse for omitting more worthy matter, the fact that much space was necessarily devoted to “Commencement matters,” we think the preponderance of locals, personals, etc., may be excused in this number, and we look forward to the next, hoping that the *Aurora* will shine with the brilliancy its name implies, extending its brightness to our Southern skies.

Here is the *Randolph-Macon Monthly* for December, in excellent trim. As we open the book, our eye falls upon the saintly face of the sainted Duncan, and it seems a fitting frontispiece to the book of which the chief aim is to inculcate a love for truth and good morals. The opening poem is touching, and is a good offset to the article on “College Training,” which urges the value of concentrating and systematizing the thoughts of the mind to increase its vital power. We heartily agree with the writer in his opinions on this subject. All the productions of this issue are good, especially the “Life and Character of Napoleon III.” and “Mormonism,” and the general tone of the whole book is one of thoughtful and earnest realization of the truth that “life is not an empty dream.” Come again, and welcome!

The *Alamo and San Jacinto Monthly* for December seems to be in quite a political humor. We quote one sentence from “Political Morality”: “Hence, a duty of vast importance is devolved upon the voters, and a large store of general information is necessary that they may not be imposed upon.” This reminds us of an old negro, who, during the last presidential election, said he was “agwine to vote for the Republican man, but neber knewed what his name was.” We are glad to see the young ladies standing with the sterner sex, though they are put in the “last pew.” We admire the sociability thus dis-

played in the *Monthly*, but pitty the sorrows of the poor girl who was reduced to the necessity of answering geometrical problems with the effusions of the poetical muse.

We have an indistinct recollection that we once exchanged with a pleasant little visitor from the Norfolk College for young ladies. But we miss its radiance now. We cannot imagine what has become of our good, fair friend, for we happen to know that Norfolk College has not lost all of its literary talent. Then, why not come again?

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